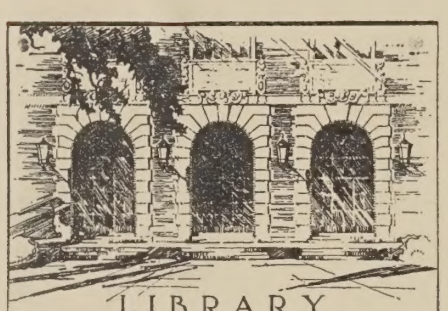


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CORK IN 1806.

(From "Carr's Stranger in Ireland.")



CORK FROM THE MARDYKE WALK IN 1806.

From Carr's "Stranger in Ireland.'

As we approached Cork the view became very fine, the river Lee winding to the Cove, a country on each side well cultivated, and dotted with villas: the city, its superb barracks, the Mardyke Walk, extending a mile under the shade of elms, the New Gaol, which has a noble appearance, and the shipping, presented an uncommonly rich, varied, and picturesque prospect. Cork is the second city in Ireland, and if ships of above two hundred tons were not obliged to unload at Passage, five miles and a half from Cork, it would be one of the finest port towns in the world. In times of peace the flags of every nation may be seen waving in her harbour, called the Cove, now protected by a fort, built on the great island below, commanding the haven, which is perfectly safe, and capable of affording complete protection to the whole navy of England from every wind that blows. Ships from England, bound to all parts of the West Indies, put in here; and in one year, in pacific times, no less than two thousand vessels have floated upon its bosom.

In the city are three convents; two of the order of the Presentation, devoted entirely to the instruction of poor female children, and one called the Ursuline, for the education of females in the higher ranks of life, but in which poor children are also sometimes instructed.

The barracks are upon an immense scale, and very superb: they stand upon a rocky mountain, and command the city, and all the beautiful scenery of the surrounding country. The city stands upon several islands formed by the river Lee, which are handsomely banked and quayed in. Several streets have been gained from the river, and are built like the Adelphi, upon arches: the shops are well supplied, and many of them are elegant. The Mardyke Walk is very beautiful: from this spot I made a sketch of the city. It has many very handsome houses, and the society is refined and elegant.

In the centre of the parade, which is very spacious, there is an equestrian statue of George the Second; it is of stone, and painted yellow, and has nothing belonging to it worthy of further notice.

I saw a review of the military quartered in and near the city here, and never beheld finer men. An English officer of rank and family, who distinguished himself at the battle of Arklow, informed me, what candour induces me not to suppress, that on a march the native troops of Ireland have frequently preceded the English by one mile in four miles.

The poor of this city are very numerous, and bear a dreadful proportion to the population; but this excess is met by an increased active and provident spirit of charity. Yet although there are many beneficent institutions, they are not adequate to shelter and support the many distressed objects of every province who flock to the city for relief.

The inhabitants of this, like those of every other city, are disposed to exaggerate its population, which they estimate at nearly one hundred and twenty thousand; but most of the Roman Catholic clergymen, and the resident physicians who have the best means of information, average it at one hundred thousand: the mode usually adopted of grounding the calculation upon the number of houses, is very fallacious, not only with respect to this, but every other city in the southern and western provinces, and generally throughout Ireland, where the poorer classes are compressed into a space which is shocking to humanity: in several lanes in Cork, the walls of a small, wretched habitation, frequently enclose upwards of fifty persons. Limerick, and I am told Galway, exhibit similar instances of crowded population, and hence have arisen the gross errors of those who have formed their estimate of population upon the returns of the hearth-money and tax-gatherers.

The population of Cork has increased five-fold since the reign of Charles the Second, and has received, notwithstanding the counteractive effects of war, and the decline of manufactures in the south, an augmentation of at least ten thousand inhabitants within the space of ten years.

A Frenchman, with much vivacity in his enthusiastic admiration of porter, called it "La Creme de Londres." As the substition of this wholesome beverage for spirituous liquors, is of so much consequence to the political and moral prosperity of Ireland; and as the greatest and best quantity of Irish porter is brewed at Cork, the porter breweries there formed one of the earliest objects of my enquiry: there are four principal porter breweries, viz., Messrs. Beamish and Crawford's, Messrs. George and Andrew Drinan's, the River Lee Porter Brewery, under the firm of Leslie and Co., and Messrs. Gibbons and Carroll; there are also one or two inferior porter breweries: the principal ale breweries belong to Messrs. Reilly and Hadigan, and Cashman and Sons.

Cork exports more beef, tallow, hides, butter, fish, and other provisions than Belfast, Waterford, or Limerick; her other exports are linen cloth, pork, calves, lambs, rabbit-skins, wool for England, linen, and woolen yarn and worsted. The slaughtering season commences in September, and continues to the latte rend of January, during which time it has been computed that no less than one hundred thousand head of black cattle have been killed and cured.

The market for fish, meat, and vegetables is admirably constructed and profusely supplied. The Irish excel us in the architectural arrangements of these buiidlngs. Provisions were as under: the best beef and mutton at 4d. per lb.; a couple of ducks, one shilling; a turkey, half-a-crown; and a hare, sixpence. In the shambles I met the mayor, distinguished by a cocked hat and golden chain, actively engaged in preventing frauds, and preserving order. For the support of this office, five hundred pounds per annum is appropriated out of the city revenues, amounting annually to three thousand pounds. The civil government of the city is vested in this magistrate, a recorder, and sheriffs. Cork is also the see of a bishop, who has a palace here. There is a small, neat theatre, but there were no performers when I was in the city. At the great cattle-fairs, no woman with a red cloak is permitted to appear; a regulation which arose from the following very extraordinary circumstance, which a gentleman of great respectability assured me was true. At a great cattle fair in this county, a herd of oxen was so frightened by the red cloak of an old woman, that they ran off with the greatest fury and descended a slope of ground with such velocity as to break down part of the park wall of a nobleman.

WHEN BESSIE COMES TO THE SPRING.

The daisies nod merrily one to another,
The marigolds cling to the hem of her gown,
The chickens desert their excitable mother
To clamour for favours when Bessie comes down
With her pail to the spring. Oh, red and white roses,
No fairer are they all a-bloom in the grass
Than the bloom of her cheeks; see how graceful she poses
To watch the cloud shadows that lazily pass,
While birds linger praiseful on fluttering wing
When hazel-eyed Bessie comes down to the spring.

The rabbit peeps shyly from out his sweet cover
Of thick blossomed lilacs adorning the slope,
To gaze with the eloquent eyes of a lover
Where Bessie comes tripping like radiant Hope
From the dream of a poet, her lose-flowing tresses
With arrows of sunlight shot many times thro'—
And Brindle comes lowing to meet her caresses,
The grass showing dark where she scatters the dew,
And backward and forward complacently swing
The winnows when Bessie comes down to the spring.

Her charms owe no tax to the law of cold fashion,
She had all her grace from the glorified One,
And her veins are as free of the latter-day passion
As meadow-stream kissed by the beams of the sun.
From scene-painted grotto no fairies beguile her
In opera fashioned to mountebank's art,
But she hears the lark's melody ripple ecstatic
And full from his throat whereon lieth his heart.
Then up through the meadow with giant-like swing
Comes Reuben to welcome sweet Bess at the spring.

DONAGH MAC NAMARA HARNESSING FOR BATTLE.

A.D. 1309.

(FROM THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL TRACTS.*)

After that harangue of Donagh to his brave people, he arose on the spot with courage and activity, to clothe himself in shining armour. His noble garment was first brought to him, viz.: a strong, well-formed, close-ridged, defensively-furrowed, terrific, neat-bordered, new-made, and scarlet-red cassock of fidelity; he expertly put on that gold-bordered garment (or cotun), which covered him as far as from the lower part of his soft, fine, red-white neck, to the upper part of his expert, snow-white, round-knotted knee.

Over that mantle he put on a full-strong, white-topped, wide-round, gold-bordered, straight, and parti-coloured coat of mail, well-fitting, and ornamented with many curious devices of exquisite workmanship. He put on a beautiful, narrow, thick, and saffron-coloured belt of war, embellished with clasps and buckles, set with precious stones, and hung with golden tassels; to this belt was hung his active and trusty lance, regularly cased in a tubic sheath, but that it was somewhat greater in height than the height of the sheath; he squeezed the brilliant, gilt, and starry belt about the coat of mail; and a long, blue-edged, bright-steeled, sharp-pointed, broad-sided, active, white-backed, half-polished, monstrous, smooth-bladed, small-thick, and well-fashioned dagger was fixed in the tie of that embroidered and parti-coloured belt; a white-embroidered, full-wide, strong, and well-wove hood was put on him over his golden mail; he himself laid on his head a strong-cased, spherical-towering, polished-shining, branch-engraved, long-enduring helmet; he took his edged, smooth-bladed, letter-graved, destructive, sharp-pointed, fight-taming, sheathed, gold-guarded and girded sword which he tied fast in haste to his side; he took his expect, keen-pointed, blue-coloured, and neat-engraved dart in his active right hand, in order to cast it at the valiant troops, his enemies; and last, he took his vast-clubbed, strong-eyed, straight-larced, fierce-smoking, and usual spear in his left, pushing and smiting therewith.

Great was the tumult of the army then, seeking for their purple-branched cassocks, brilliant mails, blazing swords, and spears of ample circumference, restraining their steeds backward by the reins, as not obedient to the guidance of their riders, choosing their arms, the young adhering, for their beauty, to the golden arms, and the old aiming at the ancient arms, with which they often before acted great deeds in battle—the soldiers closely sewing their ensigns to their vast poles, and fastening their colours by the borders to the lofty poles of their spears.

*A specimen of the inflated style introduced into Irish literature in the ninth or tenth century, and probably borrowed from the East. We have no direct proof that the Irish were acquainted with Oriental literature at so early a period; however, the fragments preserved of Irish composition of an earlier date are remarkable for simplicity. (From the Battle of Magh Ratagh, translated by John O'Donovan, Esq).

Mr. A. G. Webster reported to the American Physical Society in New York recently the results of experiments on a single difference in the audibility of sound when passing over water and over grass. Under similar conditions of quietness it was found that a given sound could be heard almost exactly four times as far over water as over grass. The assumption that water is a perfect reflector, and grass a complete absorber of sound-waves is not, Mr. Webster says, sufficient to explain the phenomenon. The practical importance of knowing this peculiarity, where sound may have to be sent across a grassy plain, is evident.

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THIRTY HISTORIC IRISH-AMERICAN FAMILIES.

A BRILLIANT RECORD.

THE Irish chapter in American history is one of interest to all Irishmen: be their political school of thought what it may, they cannot but feel pride in the men of their race who in another country won distinction in the various walks of life No more typical Americans exist than those of Irish extraction. No purer stream of patriotic influence permeates the nation than that proceeding from an Irish fountain-head. The history of the Irish element in the United States is not yet written. Fragmentary productions, illustrating some epoch or condition, have appeared at frequent intervals. These have served to give an approximate idea of the glorious whole. In that manner, therefore, and to that extent, they have discharged their purpose well.

My object in this paper is to contribute another fragment to the general data. I have, therefore, selected as a topic, "Thirty Historic American Families." These families, it should be stated, are all of Irish ancestry. A few of them have become extinct, but their unselfish devotion to the republic is a part of their country's glory. Many of the others still continue to send forth heroes, three or four generations from the parent stem. In tracing the history of American families, how frequently it appears that "The first of the family was an Irish exile," or "His grandfather belonged to the United Irishmen," or "Both his parents were Irish." This, however, is not particularly surprising, when we remember that over twenty million of the American people are of Irish birth or descent.

The accompanying sketches are necessarily brief. They are, however, believed to be sufficiently detailed to convey a fair illustration of the subject. This list does not, by any means, exhaust the material at hand. One hundred other families of Irish blood, in addition to those here given, and of equal prominence, could easily be described. Without further preface, the thirty families are thus summarised:—

THE BURKES, of Virginia.
THE BURKES, of North Carolina.
THE BURKES, of South Carolina.
THE BUTLERS, of Pennsylvania.
THE CALHOUNS, of South Carolina.
THE CAMPBELLS, of Virginia.
THE CAREYS, of Pennsylvania.
THE CARROLLS, of Maryland.
THE CLINTONS, of New York.
THE EMMETS, of New York.
THE FITZGERALDS, of Pennsylvania.
THE JACKSONS, of North Carolina.
THE KEARNEYS, of New Jersey.
THE KEATINGS, of Pennsylvania.
THE KELLYS, of Pennsylvania.
THE LYNCHES, of North Carolina.
THE McKEANS, of Delaware.
THE McKEONS, of New York.
THE McNEVINS, of New York.
THE MEADES, of Pennsylvania.
THE MOORES, of South Carolina.
THE MOYLANS, of Pennsylvania.
THE NIXONS, of Pennsylvania.
THE O'BRIENS, of Maine.
THE O'FALLONS, of Missouri.
THE PORTERS, of Pennsylvania.
THE ROUTLEDGES, of South Carolina.
THE SULLIVANS, of Maine.
THE THOMSONS, of Pennsylvania.
THE THORNTONS, of New Hampshire.

The first family I will take up is so well known that but few words are necessary. I allude to

THE CARROLLS, OF MARYLAND.

One of the first of the family emigrated from Ireland over two hundred years ago. He had a son, Charles. This second Charles's son was the signer of the Declaration of Independence. The third Charles had a cousin, John, who was sent by Congress on a mission to Canada, and who subsequently became Archbishop of Baltimore. The fourth Charles was a son of the signer, and rendered patriotic service to the republic. The fifth Charles was a grandson of the signer, and became Governor of Maryland. Daniel Carroll, cousin of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, was a delegate to the convention that framed the United States constitution, and was afterward a member of Congress.

THE O'BRIENS, OF MAINE.

Maurice O'Brien came from Cork, Ireland, long before the Revolution. He settled at Machias, Maine. He had five sons, of whom the most famous were Jeremiah, John, and William. They were all sailors, hardy, fearless, and intrepid. They won the first naval fight of the Revolution, and received the thanks of Congress therefor. All three were rapidly promoted. They were desperate combatants, and braver naval officers never trod a deck.

THE SULLIVANS, OF MAINE.

I give Maine the credit of this notable family, although New Hampshire and Massachusetts have an almost equal right to the honour. Owen Sullivan emigrated from Limerick, Ireland, where he was born, during the siege of 1691. He was a lineal descendant of Dermod, chief of Beare and Bantry, and left Ireland in 1723, locating at Berwick, Me. His two sons, John and James, were ardent patriots. John was born at Berwick in 1740, and James four years later, at the same place. Upon the appointment of Washington as commander-in-chief, John Sullivan was commissioned brigadier-general, and assigned to the siege of Boston. On the evacuation of the city, Sullivan participated in the triumphal entry of the American troops, and afterward rendered valiant service throughout the war, finally becoming a major-general. After resigning his commission, he was chosen governor of New Hampshire. His brother, James, became governor of Massachusetts, and discharged the duties of the position so satisfactorily that he was re-elected.

John's son, George, was graduated at Harvard, became attorney-general of New Hampshire, and was elected to Congress. James' son, William, was born in Saco, Me., in 1774, was graduated at Harvard, and became a brigadier-general of militia. James had another son, John Langdon Sullivan, who was born in Saco, and became an intimate friend of President Monroe. William's son, John Turner Sargent Sullivan, was born in Boston in 1813, and was a prominent lawyer. John Langdon Sullivan had a son, Thomas Russell Sullivan, who was born in Brookline, Mass., in 1799, and was graduated at Harvard.

THE THORNTONS, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

James Thornton left Ireland previous to the Revolution. Mathew Thornton, his son, was but two or three years of age at the time of his father's arrival in America. Matthew studied medicine. He became President of the New Hampshire Provincial Congress, and was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was also chief justice of the court of common pleas, judge of the superior court of New Hampshire, and was a delegate to the Continental Congress. In 1887, the state of New Hampshire erected a monument in his honour.

THE CLINTONS, OF NEW YORK.

Charles Clinton was born in Longford, Ireland, in 1690. He landed on Cape Cod in 1729, and soon after settled in Ulster county, New York. One of his sons became a physician. Three other sons, Charles, James, and George, became soldiers. James was appointed colonel, accompanied Gen. Montgomery to Quebec, and was afterward commisioned brigadier-general. George was a member of the second Continental Congress. Washington appointed him general of militia, and assigned him to an important post in the Highlands of the Hudson. In 1777 he was made a brigadier-general in the Continental army. He was chosen governor of New York, and was re-elected. George's son, De Witt Clinton, was an eminent lawyer, became United States senator, and was elected mayor of New York city. President John Quincy Adams offered him the position of minister to England, but he did not accept it. James Clinton's grandson, Alexander, was a physician and an officer in the war of 1812.

THE EMMETS, OF NEW YORK.

Thomas Addis Emmet was born in Cork, in 1764, and was an elder brother of the heroic Robert Emmet. Thomas was a member of the United Irishmen. He was arrested by the British government, and confined in Fort George, Scotland. Afterward he was given permission to go to France with his wife, and was forbidden ever to return to Ireland. After a short period, he came to New York and settled

there. In 1812 he became attorney-general of the state. His son, Robert was also born in Ireland. He became a lawyer of great ability, and was made a judge of the superior court of New York. He died in New York. John Patton Emmet, a second son of Thomas, was born in Ireland in 1797, and became an eminent chemist. He settled in New York, and was at the United States Military Academy in 1814-17. Subsequently he studied medicine, and located in Charleston, S.C. He was at one time professor of chemistry and natural history in the University of Virginia. Thomas had a third son, Thomas Addis Emmet, Jr., who was likewise born in Ireland, and became an able lawyer in New York city. He died at Astoria, L.I., in 1863. Robert's son, another Thomas Addis Emmet, was a native of New York, where he was born in 1818. He was one of the twelve founders of the American Society of Civil Engineers. John Patton Emmet's son, Thomas A., was a native and prominent physician of Virginia. He was also located in New York city. Robert's grandson, Robert Temple Emmet, was born in New York city in 1854. He was graduated from West Point, and was attached to the Ninth Cavalry, U.S.A., rendering effective service agianst the aggressive Apache Indians. His twin sister, Rosina, has taken many prizes for art work, and is a member of the Society of American Artists.

THE McNEVINS, OF NEW YORK.

William J. McNevin was a native of Galway, Ireland. He was educated in Vienna, where his uncle was physician to the Empress Maria Theresa. William returned to Dublin in 1783, became a physician of extensive practice, and affiliated with the United Irishmen. He was arrested with Robert Emmet, and upon being released, in 1802, came to New York in company with Thomas Addis Emmet. He wrote many valuable works on patriotic, political, and medical subjects. He created a large practice in the land of his adoption, and was universally esteemed, together with other members of his family.

THE McKEONS, OF NEW YORK.

Captain James McKeon, of New York, a gallant Irish officer, participated in America's second war with England, and rendered especially notable service at the battles of Fort George, Chippewa, and Fort Erie. His son, Hon. John McKeon, was elected to Congress in 1835; was District Attorney of the county of New York, and later became United States District Attorney for the southern district of New York.

THE KEARNEYS, OF NEW JERSEY.

The first of the family left Ireland in 1716, and located in Monmouth county, N.J. He had a son, Philip. Philip's grandson, Stephen W. Kearney, was a famous general. Stephen's cousin, Lawrence Kearney, was born in Perth Amboy, N.J., and became a commodore in the navy. Stephen W., above mentioned, took part in the war of 1812. At the battle of Queenstown Heights, although he was then but a mere boy, he successfully charged an English battery, and was promoted for the deed. He subsequently became a major-general, and participated in the war with Mexico. In 1847 he was made governor of California. His nephew, Gen. Philip Kearney, was a cavalry commander in the Mexican war, and was in many battles, including Contreras and Churubusco. He lost an arm in one engagement. He also rendered gallant service during the Civil War, and "Dashing Phil Kearney" became proverbial throughout the army.

THE NIXONS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Col. John Nixon, the grandson of an Irish exile, was the first to read the Declaration of Independence to the people. He was a member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, of Philadelphia, and subscribed twenty-five thousand dollars in aid of the American cause. His son, Henry, was fourth president of the Bank of North America.

THE MEADES, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

George Meade, a native of Philadelphia, was of Irish descent. He was born in 1741. He was one of the earliest members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and took an active part in supplying funds for the Continental army. His son, Richard W., became a merchant and ship-owner. Richard's son, George Gordon Meade, after graduating from West Point, was assigned to the Third Artillery. He rendered able services in the Civil War, and at length rose to the command of the army of the Potomac. Richard had another son, Richard W., who became a famous naval officer, and retired with the rank of commodore. The second Richard's son, also named Richard, likewise distinguished himself in the navy during the Civil War. Gen. George G. Meade's son, George, was a dashing cavalry commander.

THE MOYLANS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Stephen, Jasper, and John Moylan. These three rendered vast service to the cause of American independence. They were brothers of Rt. Rev. Bishop Moylan, of Cork, Ireland. Stephen joined the Continental army at the siege of Boston. In 1776, Washington appointed him an aide-de-camp on his staff. In the same year he was, on the recommendation of Washington, commissioned by Congress as quartermaster-general. He subsequently raised the first Pennsylvania regiment of cavalry, and was at Valley Forge in the winter of 1777 and 1778. In 1779 he was on the Hudson, and later in Connecticut. Before his retirement at the close of the war, he was made a brigadier-general. Jasper was a lawyer at Philadelphia, and a true patriot. John was United States clothier-general during the Revolution.

THE FITZGERALDS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

"Col. Fitzgerald," says George Washington Parke Custis, "was an Irish officer in the old Blue and Buffs, the first volunteer company raised in the South in the dawn of the Revolution, and commanded by Washington." In the campaign of 1778 he was appointed aide-de-camp to Washington. Thomas Fitzgerald, his son, was born at Germantown, Penn., in 1796, and gallantly served under Gen. Harrison in the second war with England. He became a lawyer of note, and removed to Indiana, and subsequently to Michigan. He was a regent of the university in the latter state, and became a United States Senator. President Pierce appointed him judge of one of the territories, but the appointment was declined. Afterwards he became a judge of probate in Michigan.

THE KELLYS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The elder Kelly, an Irish exile, located in Philadelphia at an early period, became a successful merchant, and was an ardent patriot. He died in 1825, leaving three sons, John, William, and Robert. John died in 1837. William and Robert continued their father's extensive business. One of them became President of the State Agricultural Society, a trustee of Vassar College, and state senator.

THE CAREYS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Matthew Carey was born in Ireland in 1760, and was of sterling patriotism. He emigrated to America, and in 1819 published his "Vindiciæ" in refutation of slanders against the Irish nation. His son, Henry Charles Carey, was a native of Philadelphia, and was born in 1793.

(To be Concluded next week.)

THE SISTER.

With downcast eyes she threads the busy street,
On mission bent, from which she seldom swerves;
No law of simple creed impels her feet,
But love of Him, the Master, whom she serves.

No mother she, but with a mother's love
For homeless waifs beneath her tender care,
Her gentle hand falls, softly as a dove,
On heads, and rests in benediction there.

On duty's altar, low, her heart is laid,
She leaves to Him she serves a fitting price,
And He will see that she is nobly paid—
This gentle one who offers sacrifice.

She sinks to rest, when bells at even toll,
The world all heedless of her noble part;
They little knew that pure and lovely soul
The holy impulse which upheld her heart.

She lies, a saint-like image, cold and dead,
While incense sweet perfumes the holy air,
Oh, place no wreath of glory on her head!
Can you not see—a halo now is there?

RACHAEL SEVERNE.

In Brussels, Malines, and other Belgian towns a novel method of not only getting rid of smoke, but turning it into use, has recently been employed. The smoke is driven by a ventilating fan into a filter filled with porous material, over which a continuous stream of petroleum, benzine, alcohol, or some liquid hydrocarbon flows. The result is that the smoke is entirely suppressed, while the filter yields a gas of great calorific power, which can be used for heating purposes and for driving gas-engines. The filtering material itself also becomes a good combustible.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

(From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland, 1837.)



Arms.

ARDFERT, a decayed borough and market-town, and a parish, in the barony of Clanmorris, county of Kerry, and province of Munster, 5 miles (N.N.W.) from Tralee, and 144½ (S. W. by W.) from Dublin; containing 3585 inhabitants, of which number 717 are in the town. The name of this place, sometimes written ARDART, signifies, according to Sir James Ware, "a wonderful place on an eminence," or, as some interpret it, "the hill of miracles." ARDART has also been considered a corruption of ARD ERT, "the high place of Ert." Mathew Paris calls it HERTFERT, "the place of miracles of Hert or Ert"; and in the Annals of Innisfallen it is mentioned under the name of HYFERTE, which denotes "the territory of miracles, or of Ert." It is thought to have been made by St. Ert, in the fifth century, the seat of a bishop's see, which comprehended the northern part of the county. St. Brendan erected a sumptuous monastery here in the sixth century, which, with the town, was destroyed by fire in 1089: it was again reduced to ashes by Cormac O'Culen, in 1151, and, with the town, suffered a like fate in 1179, on which occasion it is supposed to have been entirely demolished. In 1253, Thomas, Lord of Kerry, founded a monastery for conventual Franciscans, probably on the site of the former, which was held in high estimation on account of numerous miracles said to have been performed in it: the founder and several other lords of Kerry, with many of their respective families, were interred in this monastery. A leper-house was founded about 1312 by Nicholas FitzMaurice, who also erected a castle, of which little is recorded until the reign of Elizabeth, when the town was destroyed by a party of the royal forces under Maurice Stack, in 1599; and in the following year the castle was besieged by Sir Charles Wilmot, and, after a vigorous defence for nine days, was surrendered by the garrison, on some small pieces of ordnance being brought against it from an English vessel; the constable was hanged, but the lives of the rest were spared. The castle was re-built by Patrick, lord of Kerry, in 1637, but was demolished by an Irish leader named Lawler, in 1641, and there are now no remains. In the same year the cathedral was also destroyed, and the south transept was afterwards fitted up for divine service. It has always been considered a borough by prescription, there being no charter of incorporation on record. The corporation, under the title of "The Portreeve, Burgesses, and Freemen of the Borough of Ardfert, in the County of Kerry," consisted of a portreeve, twelve burgesses, and an unlimited number of freemen. The borough returned two members to the Irish parliament in 1639, and continued to exercise the franchise till the Union.

(Next week—Armagh.)

CHURCHES USED FOR CIVIL PURPOSES.

(FROM THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL TRACTS.)

"March 25th, 1329, there was a parliament at Dublin, where peace was confirmed between the Earl of Ulster and Maurice Fitz-Thomas. A great feast was held, the first in the castle by the Earl of Ulster, the next day by Maurice in the Church of St. Patrick."

In those days it was not thought improper to use churches for purposes, which we should now think, of merely civil nature. They were the scenes of solemn banquets, and of parliaments, knighthoods were conferred in them, and the debtor was bound to discharge his bond by payment on a certain tomb. Almost all the abbeys, whose foundations is mentioned in these "Annals" belonged to the Cistercians, which seems to indicate that the "Annals" were originally compiled in a Cistercian house, probably, St. Mary's, Dublin.

Thirteen Cistercian abbots were lords of parliament; Mellifont, in the county of Louth, was the first chief abbey in Ireland, and the abbot had precedence in parliament, before all abbots of all orders. At a general chapter held in 1190, the abbots of Ireland had licence to abstain themselves from the chapter for three years, and to attend the fourth: and the abbot of Mellifont was commissioned so to arrange their turns that some of them might attend every year. Notwithstanding the influence of their constant intercourse with foreign churchmen and foreign countries, the monks here degenerated, for in 1221 the correction of Mellifont was committed by the chapter to the abbot of Clairvaux, who was empowered to substitute in that house religious persons by whom the order in those parts might be reformed.

With regard to the national distinctions, so unhappily introduced into Irish religious houses, and noticed by Cox, who states, from a record in the Tower of London, of 1321, that no person was admitted into the abbey of Mellifont unless he made oath that he was not of English descent, the chapter, in 1323, expresses its detestation of such damnable division, introduced by the enemy of the human race, and warns all abbots, and especially those of Ireland, of whom grievous complaints had been made, that they should remove such walls of separation, and indifferently admit all fit persons of all nations.

Christian O'Conarchy was the first abbot of Mellifont; he was sent by Malachy to Clairvaux, that he might be instructed in the Cistercian rule by St. Bernard, and might propagate the order in Ireland. Pope Eugene III. was also a pupil of St. Bernard at Clairvaux.—Grace's Annals of Ireland.*

*Edited, with a translation and notes, by the Rev. Richard Butler.

LITERARY NOTES.

For the man who is gifted with adequate knowledge and endowed with the requisite faculty of artistic perception, there is no more interesting or delightful business to which he can put his hand than that of the bookseller. The trade is also one of the most lucrative, and handsome fortunes are frequently made by those who follow it. Instances of the extraordinary extent to which the value of books appreciate in the course of a few years are so numerous that they are forthcoming almost daily. Thus at a recent London sale the "Gaiete de Paris, or the Rambles of an English Party," with 21 coloured plates by George Cruickshank, made £46, a great advance on the price at which previously it had changed hands; the editio princeps of "David Copperfield," probably specially bound for Dickens to present to the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Watson, to whom the book is dedicated "as a token of regard and friendship," £30; Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," first edition, £25 10s., and the earliest edition of "In Memoriam," £5 2s. 6d. At the same time, nothing is more remarkable than the fluctuations in the price of the same rare book at different sales—a fact which depends, of course, on adventitious circumstances, such, for instance, as the presence or absence of rich people who may have a fancy for the work offered.

Mr. George Moore, we learn, is at work upon a book about Ireland. It will be called "The Untilled Field," and it may be described as a novel in thirteen episodes. The episodes are short stories, varying from ten thousand words to two thousand words. The theme is always the same, and none of the stories can be said to be an independent story. The same characters recur, and the incidents develop from story to story. A selection of tales will be published separately in Irish. The translation will be made by Mr. P. P. O'Sullivan, a Trinity College student, and a native Irish speaker. "Instead of losing by being translated into Irish," says Mr. Moore, "the stories have gained. I have read the translation of one from the Irish. It was extraordinarily like my original text, but it was fresher. One was like a jaded townman, the other was like the townman after a dip in the primal sea. Dipping is as good for stories as for human beings." The Irish book will be published this month.

The "Academy" tells a piquant little story of a recent disagreement between M. Catulle Mendes, the dramatist, and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, which should be laid to heart by authors who are inclined to wax angry over the rejection of their works. M. Catulle Mendes, it appears, had arranged with the famous actress to produce a poetical drama. Something untoward, however, occurred, which led to a quarrel, as the result of which the play was withdrawn. What will he do with it? Burn it? Re-write it? Send it elsewhere?

No. "I shall put my poor drama into a drawer, for Sarah will understand that I cannot again offer it to the Comedie Francaise. It will sleep there for a long while. The drawer will be a little coffin, where I shall sometimes place a few flowers. They will be red roses, to express my admiration for Sarah, and violets, to express my regret at her capriciousness." Surely, it is sometimes useful to be a Frenchman.

"Fan Fitzgerald," by Mr. H. A. Hinkson (Chatto and Windus), is a novel, dealing with Irish life, which has received appreciative notices in the newspapers. The narrative centres round the efforts of Richard Burke, a young landlord born in Ireland but who has spent the greater portion of his early life abroad, to improve the condition of the peasantry of the countryside in which his estate is situate. When the hero was still at Oxford, and as yet had no insight into the character of his countrymen, a visit which he paid to Ireland awoke in him feelings to which he had hitherto been a stranger, and altered his ambition:

> The glamour of Ireland had caught him, that strange and indefinable charm compounded half of joy, half of sorrow, which has drawn and held even strangers, as well as those who are exiles and the children of exiles.

His experiments meet with a certain amount of success, but the moral of Mr. Hinkson's book is evidently to the effect that the character of the Irish peasantry is incomprehensible except to the man who has lived amongst them all his life, and that no attempt at the amelioration of their condition can be successful which is not directed by the national genius.

The Great White Horse Hotel, of Ipswich, associated with memories of Charles Dickens, was sold by auction the other day, and purchased by the present lessee for £14,500.

Mr. Robert Brown, Jun., the antiquary, publishes, through Messrs .Williams and Norgate, a volume of miscellaneous writings under the title, "Mr. Gladstone as I Knew Him, and other Essays." One of the essays is political. That on Mr. Gladstone is not, for the author's knowledge of the statesman was entirely Homeric. The remainder of the essays are chiefly literary and antiquarian.

A very pleasant picture of the Great Napoleon is given in Chateaubriand's "Memories d'Outre-Tombe," which has just been translated into English by Mr. T. de Mattos (Freemantle):—

I was in the gallery when Napoleon entered; he struck me pleasantly. I had never seen him except at a distance. His smile was beautiful and caressing; his eyes were admirable, owing especially to the manner in which they were placed beneath the forehead. . . Incontinently Napoleon moved away. As with Job, in my night "a spirit passed before me, the hair of my flesh stood up. There stood one whose countenace I knew not . . and I heard the voice, as it were, of a gentle wind.

Napoleon, Chateaubriand says, was a great discoverer of men.

On March 11th, 1702, the first English daily paper was issued in London. It was entitled, the "Daily Courant," and had its office "next door to the King's Arms Tavern at Fleet Bridge." Thus Fleet street was the cradle, as it is now the "hub," of daily journalism. The proprietor of the journal was one E. Mallet, and to give this pioneer his due, it must be admitted that he had good ideas. His design was to publish every day the news arriving from foreign parts without the padding indulged in by so many of the Gazettes, Posts, Intelligencers, and News Letters of the day. In a word, the proprietor of the first English daily paper was the first foe of prolixity in journalism, and the first friend of the busy man who wishes to gather the most important news of the day with the minimum of effort. The "Daily Courant" at first cost a penny, but the price was afterwards raised to two pence.

"Anecdotal Recollections of the Congress of Vienna" (Chapman and Hall) contains an interesting account of the ball given in the Austrian capital by Lady Castlereagh. The raconteur dubs the entertainment "Vanity Ball," and says of it: The sumptuousness of the supper failed to thaw the iciness of the affair. As for the host, according to his habit amidst all those animated fetes where everything was given over to pleasure, he seemed preoccupied and smitten with care. Even when his lordship danced, he seemed to be bent upon giving his serious thoughts the slip by the accelerated movement of his legs, disporting himself in an Irish jig or a Scotch reel. Did Lord Castlereagh really endeavour to get away from the disappointments of an insidious and miscarried policy? Did he already ponder the last scene of the political drama of his life, when the stoicism of Cato, added to the sombre results of his spleen, made him escape by suicide from tardy and by then useless regrets?

The American Newspaper Publishers' Association is already taking alarm at the increasing scarcity of the material for the manufacture of wood pulp (spruce logs), and they have accordingly decided to ask Congress to abolish the duty on wood pulp, mechanical ground wood, and lumber used in the manufacture of paper. They also intend to petition for a reduction of the duty on news-print paper. The matter, it is obvious, is one of great importance for newspaper proprietors in the States. The very scarcity of the material favours a combination of the paper manufacturers. As soon as the latter can control the supply, they can advance the price, and may be forced to do so, even against their will. The publishers, as a general rule, cannot advance the price of their newspapers without incurring great risks. A one-cent. newspaper, for example, cannot raise its price to two cents. without danger of losing the bulk of its circulation, yet a small advance in the price of white paper may make it impossible to sell at one cent. per copy without loss. The entire Press of the country is facing the problem of an advance in the price of its raw material, which will come soon, unless the supply of wood pulp can be increased. It is worthy of note that a high-class and well-informed American journal expresses the opinion that the movement for free wood pulp will be resisted and defeated unless the newspapers solemnly tell their Congressmen that they will oppose the re-nomination and re-election of every one who votes against the measure.

No person who reads the following from "Punch's" "Authors at Bow street," can doubt that there is plenty of material for amusement in the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy:—

Elizabeth Wells-Gallup, an American, who described herself as a Verulamaniac, and gave her address at Ham Common, was charged with ignoring Lee's majeste, in that she had alleged in public prints that Mr. Sidney Lee could do wrong, and that Shakespeare was Bacon. She was also charged with michling mallocko, and old indictable offence dating from the reign of Queen Mab.

The prisoner asserted in Gay and Bird-like tones that she had never heard of Mr Lee. Very likely there was no such person. She had no doubt that if she were to examine one of his books she would find evidence of other authorship.

She would repeat with even more emphasis her old assertion to the effect that after reading Shakespeare's first folio at breakfast she found distinct traces of Bacon on the leaves.

The first folio being produced in Court, Mr. Lee denied that it contained traces of Bacon. The marks, he contended, were the result of margarine.

Mr. J. Holt Schooling, statistician, said that he had carefully counted all the italics in the twenty-six first folios of Shakespeare which Mr. Lee had placed at his disposal. The total was 15,641,616. These figures, it will be seen, can be divided into 1564 and 1616, the birth and death dates of William Shakespeare. (Sensation.)

Mr. William Shakespeare, professor of singing, was next called. He declared emphatically that Bacon never agreed with him.

Sir Thomas Lipton, Baconian expert, affirmed that if any of his young men offered copies of the Temple Shakespeare in place of rashers, his customers would all leave him.

Mr. W. H. Mallock gave evidence on behalf of the prisoner. His attention, he said, had first been drawn to the interesting theory by a letter in cipher, which he had received from her. After obtaining the key from the De Augmentis, he discovered her missive to run as follows: "You ask, 'Is life worth living?' To which I answer, It depends on the liver—and Bacon!"

After further evidence, the Bench found Mrs. Gallup guilty on both counts, and sentenced her to read through the Dictionary of Rational Bi-Hography.

The pun on miching mallecho in the above is very ingenious; for miching is truancy, and mallecho mischief, and Mr. Mallock. . . .

The Nernst electric lamp, which differs from the ordinary incandescent lamp in not requiring a vacuum bulb to contain the glowing filament, has at last, it is asserted, been developed into a commercially available form. The glowers are small, oblong bits of porcelain-like material fused to the ends of platinum wires. In order to maintain a constant current in the glowers they are connected with some glass tubes in which iron wire is mounted, the iron being protected from oxidation by a chemically inert gas filling the tubes. From 1 to 30 glowers are enclosed in a ground-glass globe intended to soften and diffuse the light. The candle-power varies from 50 for a single glower up to 2,000 for a group of 30. It is thought that the new lamp, the light of which is very steady and in quality resembles daylight, will be especially useful in place of arc-lights for streets, large shops, picture-galleries, and drawingrooms.

Hitherto the United States has had the distinction of possessing both the remains of the largest land vertebrates ever known to have existed, the giant dinosaurs of the West, and the smallest living vertebrates of either land or sea, certain cyprinodont fishes of the Florida and South Carolina coast. But lately the United States Fish Commission has received from the Philippine Islands specimens of a new species of fish, belonging to the goby family, which are smaller than any vertebrate animals yet known. They vary from less than 10 up to about 15 millimeters in length. Their numbers are so enormous that they form an important article of diet for some of the natives, who catch them in close-woven nets. It is proposed to call this new fish mystichthys, from two Greek words meaning smallest fish.

How blaze our sputt'ring links, how tall we grow,
In chambers windowless, 'neath rafters low!
So, in this world of dwarfs hung round with night,
Promethean gods they seem, who bear the light.

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

By M. J. B.

Songs of our land, ye are with us for ever,
The power and the splendour of thrones pass away;
But yours is the might of some far flowing river,
Through summer's bright roses or autumn's decay.

"Irish Penny Journal," i., 284.

Fletcher of Saltoun, the Scottish political writer, will long be remembered for his wise observation—"If a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make all the laws of the nation." The sentiment is, of course, as old at least as the time of Plato, but the apophthegm of Fletcher puts the idea in a nutshel. Hence it was no unfounded bigotry that penalised the bards, the music, and the ballads of Ireland. Our Milesian ancestors themselves were keenly alive to the ridicule which kills, and our ancient laws contain many stringent regulations on the exercise of the bardic professional skill. Indeed it was even believed that the musician wielded a magical power which was potent even to taking away life. The learned O'Donovan has a brief discourse on this matter in his introduction to "The Tribes of Ireland" (Dub., 1852). No more striking instance, perhaps, of the political influence of the ballad can be offered than the popularity of the Stuart cause. Here were the most miserably despicable of tyrannical poltroons, exciting the most exquisite devotion, and for absolutely no cause whatever except the influence of the ballad-mongers, who, proscribed by the Puritans, turned all their art to the cause of the most worthless of kings.

Cromwell had necessarily to proscribe music when he proscribed the monarchy—a change in Government, according to Plato and to all experience, necessitating a change in the popular music. The Presbyterians were obliged to follow suit in order to establish the new worship (2). For exactly the same reasons the early Christians were very cautious about permitting music, theretofore used in pagan worship, into their rites (Alzog i. 486), and subsequent events showed the wisdom of this caution (id .488-. Alzog synchronises the reform of the German Church with "a decided preference for the grave and stately church music of earlier ages" (i. 288).

The poet Sperser, in his "View of Ireland," lays great stress on the influence of the Irish bards, and we have an Act of Parliament reciting that none dared refuse the minstrel what he required, lest he be ridiculed in song (10 and 11 Chas. I., c. 16 Ir.). Spenser advised the extermination of the bards by martial law (251). In our own time who will estimate the effects of the poems of Davis and the young enthusiasts of the "Nation" newspaper? In his speech on the prosecution of Parnell the Attorney-General told the jury—"There is no movement in Ireland or elsewhere of this character which has not derived some support, generally from popular ballads. Forty years ago we had the 'songs of the "Nation,"' and some of them were very spirited and effective poems. In fact, from the days of Tyrtæus to the present, popular ballads have been found an admirable mode of preaching popular doctrines." (The Queen v. Parnell and ors., 89).

Polybius, one of the gravest of those ancient historians who were no mere chroniclers, but were profound philosophers and keen-witted statesmen, points out that the Cynæthians came to their ruin through neglecting the cultivation of their music (iv. 3). On the other hand, the Greek prisoners of war so captivated their Sicilian taskmasters with sweet melody that they obtained their freedom (Rollin viii. i. sec. 14, 332).

So astute a historian as Robertson did not fail to inquire into the songs of the American natives before sitting down to write the history of their polity (Hist. America iv. sec. 8, works 9, p. 209).

Indeed, so convinced were the savants of ancient times of the great influence of music that we find them classifying melodies according to their effects.

Thus Aristotle divides music into moral, practical, and rapturous (Pol. v.). Our own ancestors had lullabies, mirth-provoking and plaintive (O'Curry iii., 214). Cassiodorus, a Roman statesman of the sixth century, has the Doric, leading to modesty and chastity; the Phrygian, exciting rage; the Æolian, quelling the tumult of the soul and lulling to sleep; the Ionic, quickening the perception and lifting to heaven; the Lydian, filling with delight (O'Curry's Lectures, i., dcxxxv).

"Pious authors of the middle ages are," writes Dr. Sullivan, late President of Queen's College, Cork, "fond of attributing certain æsthetic effects of a religious character to the eight church tones. Thus the first tone was considered to be grave and serious, and to express the spirit of prayer; the second to be mournful, and to express the spirit of penitence," etc. (O'Curry's Lectures, i., dcxxxv).

Indeed, have we not the warrant of Holy Writ that music is potent to lay the evli spirit himself? (I. Kings, xvi., 23).

Cambrensis reminds us that music soothes disease and pain, and alleviates toil. Hence artificers of all sorts relieve the weariness of their tasks by songs (Top. Dsct. iii., C. xii.). Therefore, when Josias would rebuild the Temple, he set musicians to encourage the workers (II. Par. xxxiv., 12).

Disraeli in his "Curiosities of Literature" has selected various authorities on medical music.

Father Tom Burke, the great Dominican preacher, in his lecture on the National Music of Ireland, claims that the hearing is the most spiritual of all the senses, and hence that actions called into being through melodies came straight from the soul. However, this is rather a metaphysical aspect of my subject, and I had better not pursue it further—ne sutor ultra crepidam. I have said enough, I trust, to set my readers a-thinking and investigating for themselves, and I believe the more they push investigation the more impressed will they become with the importance of cultivating and the far-reaching effects of the influence of music, and the more will the value of Dr. Douglas Hyde's collection of the songs of Connaught be appreciated.

References omitted in text:—

(1) "The Tribes of Ireland," a satire by Aenghus O'Daly, translated by John O'Donovan, Dublin, 1852-18. Spenser's "View of Ireland."
Strabo's Geography, Frag. 19 (Bohn's Lib. i., 508). Schlegel's "Philosophy of History," Lect. ii. (Bohn's Lib. 95). Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature." Articles, "Medical Music."

(2) See Dr. Sullivan's observations: O'Curry's Lectures, i., DLXIII., DCVIII., DCXXVI., etc. Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature"; article, "Characters Described by Musical Notes."

DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

TO OUR READERS.

In obedience to olden and rather hackneyed custom, we have felt bound to place before our readers some statement as to the purposes and objects which we hope to serve by re-establishing the Dublin Penny Journal. We are ourselves convinced that there is no more real need for doing this in the first number of any periodical than in the issues which succeed it, but we have been gravely assured that if we fail to submit a programme of action and a statement of policy to the public, the aforesaid public might be unable to appreciate the ends which we have in view. Personally, we rate at a higher level the intelligence of those whom we hope to enlist as supporters of the Dublin Penny Journal, and we are inclined to think that the present number of that periodical will in its contents suffice to make clear to all who feel any interest in our project the nature of the work we have taken in hands.

As the model of our present enterprise, we have adopted the lines laid down by the conductors of the original and famous Dublin Penny Journal, which sixty years ago proved a means of bringing together a brilliant band of writers on various subjects connected with Irish art, archæology, literature, and science. Of late there has been witnessed in our midst what can only be described as a renaissance of interest in matters connected with the past history of our race and country, as well as in those affecting the development of the intellectual and material resources of the nation. For all those who are inclined to assist the growth of a movement which, in our judgment, must tend towards worthy ends, it is our desire to make the new Dublin Penny Journal a medium of expression of thought and for the publication of their views on questions of moment to the people of Ireland of all creeds, classes, and sections.

In pursuance of the object which we have set before us and which we hope to be ble to accomplish, we have decided that our Dublin Penny Journal shall be strictly non-political, in any party or factional interpretation of the phrase. We are, however, convinced that there are a sufficient number of Irishmen and Irishwomen eduted and enlightened enough to realise the advantages which must accrue from the establishment of an organ of an entirely non-partizan character and which will aim

at the maintenance of a spirit of true and intellectual patriotism.

Although the first number of the new DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL is exactly double the size of its celebrated prototype, we trust that the day is not far distant when the support accorded it will enable its enlargement and the amendment of the many defects of which no one can be more conscious than we are ourselves.

Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor of the DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL, 90 Middle Abbey Street, Dublin.

GALWAY BAY.

Here, from the highlands, I gaze far down on
thy glories, O! Galway Bay:
Long reaches of light, lone splendours of gloom,
dim isles in the far-away;
In the utmost east lies a silver streak, like the
sheen of some radiant soul,
And the mountainous cliffs of the southern coast
stand out where the waters roll!
And the pallid clouds dim not heaven's glorious
blue, but gleam in the shimmering glow
That is blown from heaven on the woods, on the
hills, on the sea lying far below.
Oh! Man's life is glad, and the sunshine good,
and the whole world throbs with delight!
The lark is singing! The buds are bursting! The
wavelets are flashing bright!
To the wide, glad scene, to heaven's heights
above, to thy plains, O! entranced sea,
My heart rushes out! O! Nature, O! World, how
full can life's longing be!

. . . . . .

But, sudden, the sea grew a deep dark blue, with
foamy flecks at the rim
Near the hard rocks, while the mountain-slopes
receded misty and dim,
And a great black cloud drew down o'er the sun
at the edge of the sky,
Like an angry frowning eyebrow o'er a deep,
flashing eye!
And, with those waters darkening, a cloud came
o'er my soul
As I thought of the ocean of Time, and the count-
less years, that roll
Sorrow on crowded sorrow, toil upon endless toil,
Till the hard-grown hearts, like yon hard, cold
cliff, from all suns' warmth recoil,
Bare and unfruitful, ever undewed by love, but
furrowed and scarred
By the wind-spit rains of jeering and hate, till
the sapless veins are barred
With bars like those of unpassioned death, and
lone in the great world wide,
Unfeeling, unfelt, unmarked, save by Him who
comes at the ebbing tide,
O! God, Thy fair world we have ravaged and
soiled, and our hearts are grown sordid and
cold:
And brothers care not that brothers mourn, and
kindness is bought and sold!
Thy whole creation groaneth together and tra-
vaileth in pangs of birth,
And the time is near when the old must pass in
the newness of heaven and earth!
Bow Thy heavens, O! Lord, and come down;
Let the voice of Thy thunder move,
Touch us and fire us, purge and restore, with
the lightning-flame of Thy love!

REV. ARTHUR H. TREVOR BENSON.
The Rectory, Castleconnell, Co. Limerick.

The American House of Representatives passed a Bill recently which is intended to restrain the sale of margarine, coloured to resemble butter, by the imposition of a tax of 10 cents. a pound on such products, as compared with a tax of only a quarter of a cent. a pound on the uncoloured product. The Bill is so drawn as not to interfere with the right of a State to permit the sale of margarine which is manufactured and sold within the limits of the State.

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES

OF THE

CITY OF DUBLIN.

FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS:

COMPILED FROM

Authentick Memoirs, Offices of Record, Manufcript Collections, and other Unexceptionable Vouchers,

BY THE LATE

WALTER HARRIS, ESQ.

WITH AN

APPENDIX.

CONTAINING

An Hiftory of the Cathedrals of CHRIST-CHURCH and St. PATRICK, the UNIVERSITY, the HOSPITALS and other Public Buildings.

Alfo two Plans, one of the CITY as it was in the Year 1610, being the earlieft extant; the other as it is at Prefent, from the accurate Survey of the late Mr. ROCQUE; with feveral other Embellifhments.

——— permulta in urbe noftra, juxtaque urbem, non oculis modo, fed ne auribus quidem novimus; quæ fi tuliffet Achaia, Ægyptos, Afia, aliave quælibet, miraculorum ferax commendatrixque terra, audita, perlecta, luftrata, haberemus. Plin. Ep. lib. viii. Ep. ad Gallum.

Ardua res eft vetuftis novitatem dare, obfoletis nitorem, obfcuris lucem, dubiis fidem. Plin.

DUBLIN.

Printed for LAURENCE FLINN, in *Caftle-ftreet*; and JAMES WILLIAMS, in *Skinner-row*.

MDCCLXVI.

CHAPTER I.

SECT. I.

To point out the precise time when the city of Dublin was first built, would be a vain attempt, and not reasonably to be expected; especially if it be considered that few cities are laid out all at once, but from the advantages of trade, the residence of Kings, navigable and convenient ports, natural situation, or other dvantageous circumstances, they receive a gradual growth and increase; so that what only a mean village now, may in future ges be a large, and populous city, of which the world affords us many instances. The ancient Irish were at no trouble in erecting and fortifying cities, or in providing for themselves habitations of solid and lasting materials; their houses were built of twigs and hurdles, and covered with sedge or straw, and their cities were like those described by Cæsar (a) among the Britons, their ancestors, namely, "a thick wood, enclosed within a ditch and rampart, and made for a place of retreat."

Tara, in Meath, was for ages the principal residence of the monarchs of Ireland, where they held their solemn festivals and conventions upon all extraordinary occasions, and to which, of course, there was a vast confluence of the nobility and gentry at stated times; and yet so slight were the buildings there for the reception of such multitudes, that at present the least ruins or footsteps of any ancient pile there do not appear. Roderick O'Connor, King of Connaught, is reported to have been the first person in Ireland who erected a castle of lime and stone at Tuam, and that so late as the year 1161, which was looked upon as such a novelty then, that it got the name of "the wonderful castle." Yet it is not to be denied but that cities were built and fortified in Ireland long before the arrival of the English, as Dublin, Limerick, Waterford, Wexford, and Cork; but we are indebted for those works to the labours of foreigners, the Ostmen or Danes, many of whom settled here early on the score of traffic, though they did not come hither in an hostile way till about the beginning of the ninth century.

Though Strabo (who wrote his geography in the reign of Augustus Cæsar, about the time of the Christian era) mentions Ireland, yet he is entirely silent in regard of Dublin. But we cannot justly infer from his silence that there was no such place existed at that period. Every reader of Strabo must have observed that his acquaintance with those remote parts was but superficial, for he places Ireland at the north of Britain, if we rightly under-

(a) Comment. lib. 5.

stand his words (a); nay, he ingeniously confesseth that what he relates of Ireland he has taken from the testimony of witnesses not worthy of credit.

The earliest account we meet of Dublin, in any authentic writer, is in Ptolemy, who flourished in the reign of Antonius Pius, about the year of Christ 140, and calls it Eblana Civitas (at least, his translator, Maginus of Padua, so renders it), and he places it under the same parallel with the present subject of our inquiry. This, without having recourse to fable, gives Dublin a just claim to antiquity of more than fifteen hundred years. For unquestionably it must have existed for a considerable time before Ptolemy wrote, or he could not immediately have come to the knowledge of it. The historians (b) of Ireland take notice of it in a short time after Ptolemy. For there having been many sharp battles fought between Con Ceadcathach (in Latin, Quintus Centimachus), King of Ireland, who began his reign A.D. 177, and Mogha Nuagad, King of Munster; a peace was at length made between them, which produced a new division of the kingdom, whereby the fourth part, bounded by a chain of little hills, extending from the High-street of the city of Dublin in various branches to the kingdom to Galway, and called Aifgir Rieda, fell to the share of Mogha Nuagad, and from thence was called Leth-Mogha, or Mogha's share, and all northward of those bounds was allotted to Conn, and called Leth-Quin, or Conn's portion. This bipartite division was made about the year 191; but it did not subsist longer than a year, when it was overturned by the ambition of Mogha-Nuagad, who thought himself over-reached in the partition; because the half of the harbour of Dublin, which he observed to be commodious for traffic and fishing, did not fall within his allotment, to recover which he again commenced hostilities, and fell in the attempt.

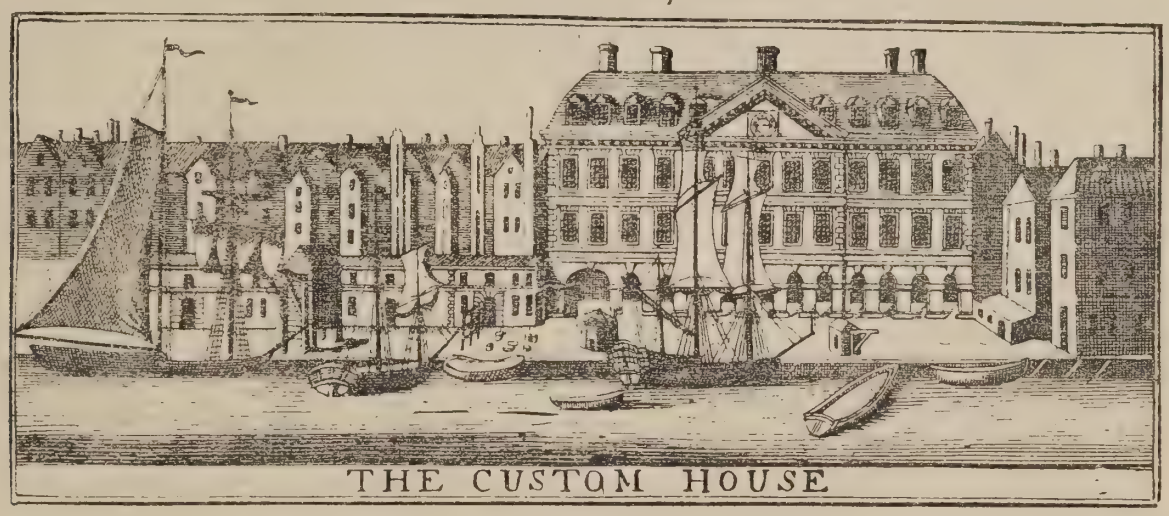
Joceline (a) also, in his life of St. Patrick, mentions Dublin in the following manner: "St. Patrick, departing from the borders of Meath, directed his steps towards Leinster, and having passed the river Finglass, he came to a certain hill almost a mile distant from Ath-Cliath, now called Dublin, and casting his eyes round the place, and the circumjacent country, he is reported to have broke out into this prophecy: 'That small village shall hereafter be an eminent city; it shall increase in riches and dignities, until at length it shall be lifted up into the throne of the kingdom.'" But this monk soon forgets himself, and, in the next chapter save one, introduces St. Patrick into "the noble city of Dublin," of which Alphin MacEochaid was King. The former part of this quotation must certainly be foisted into the manuscript of Joceline for the sake of the prophecy; for no writer could be so negligent as to utter such manifest contradictions within the compass of a single page: besides the fact contradicts Ptolemy's account, who some centuries before St. Patrick gave it the appellation of a city.

The next ancient authority concerning Dublin is King Edgar's charter, called Oswald's law, dated at Gloucester in the year 964, the preface to which runs thus in English: "By the abundant mercy of God, Who thundereth from on high, and is King of kings, and Lord of lords, I, EDGAR, King of the English, and emperor and lord of all the islands of the ocean which lie round Britain, and of all the nations included in it, give thanks to the omnipotent God, my King, Who hath so greatly extended my empire, and exalted it above the empire of my ancestors, who though they obtained the monarchy of all England, from the reign of Æthelwulf, who, first of all the kings of the English, by his arms, subdued all the nations inhabiting Britain, yet none of them ever atempted to stretch its bounds beyond Britain. But divine Providence hath granted to me, together with the empire of the English, all the kingdoms of the islands of the ocean, with their fierce kings, as far as Norway, and the greatest part of Ireland, with its 'most noble city of Dublin,' all which by the most propitious grace of God I have subdued under my power." Some writers (a) have called this charter in question; but they are such who repine that the English should have any footing here at all, not duly reflecting what happiness they enjoy under the mild administration of the best of laws, compared with the misery they suffered while their own rude customs prevailed. The Saxon annals relate "that the power of Edgar was so great, by the means of a considerable fleet and army, which he supported, that the kings of Wales, Ireland, and the Isle of Man were obliged to swear allegiance to, and acknowledge him as their sovereign:" which might have given rise to those expressions in his charter relating to his conquest of a great part of Ireland. That some of the Anglo-Saxon kings had a dominion over the city of Dublin, and perhaps over other parts of Ireland, seems to be clearly evinced by a coin of King Ethelred, next successor but one to Edgar, the legend on the reverse of which expresseth the mint-master's name, and the place where it was struck to be at Dyfelin. Now Ethelred could not assume this mark of sovereignty, of minting money within the dominions of a prince, who did not acknowledge him as his superior lord; and this casts some light over the before-recited charter of King Edgar. 'Tis certain that the Danes, under princes of their own, held the actual government of Dublin during the reigns of both these princes; yet it is no way improbable that they held that city by homage and tribute, though

(a) Vit. Patr. cap. 69.

(a) Flah. Oxyg. p. 39.

OLD CUSTOM HOUSE, DUBLIN.



The above engraving, from Harris's History of Dublin, shows the old Custom House which stood on the site, on the present Wellington Quay, now occupied by Messrs. Dollard's Printing House.

(a) Εἰσὶ δὲ καὶ ἄλλαι περὶ τὴν Βρεττανικὴν νῆσον μικραὶ, μεγάλη δ' ἡ ΙΕΡΝΗ πρὸς ἄρκτον ἀυτῇ παραβεβλημένη.—There are other small islands about Britain, but one large island called Ireland, extended along it, (*i. e.* Britain) towards the north.—Geog. lib. 4. edit. Cafaub. p. 201.

(b) Ware's Lat. Antiq. cap. 3. Flahert. Ogyg. p. 315. Keat. Hist. p. 3. 113.

no mention is made of it by historians. This circumstance elucidates all the difficulties in Edgar's charter, the Saxon annals, and the coin of Ethelred, before mentioned, which is at present in the possession of a gentleman of the physico-historical society. Thus far of the antiquity of the city of Dublin.

SECT. II.

THIS city has been known by various names. The Irish called it Drom-Choll-Coil, i.e., "the brow of a hazel-wood," from an abundance of those trees growing about it. But this name must have prevailed before (by the great increase of buildings, and confluence of inhabitants) it merited the character of a city. The other names since appropriated to it are all founded on much the same reason. The Irish to this day call it Ath-Cliath, i.e., "the ford of hurdles"; and Bally-Ath-Cliath, i.e., "a town on the ford of hurdles." For before the river Liffey was embanked by quays, people had access to it by means of hurdles laid on the low and marshy parts of the town adjoining the water, from which hurdles it took those names, and not from the foundations of it having been laid on piles or hurdles, as some have asserted. We have observed before that it was called Eblana by Ptolemy, upon which word Mr. Baxter (a) has a conjecture, not indeed unsatisfactory, that the word Eblana has been maimed, and that the true reading is Deblana, which proves to be the termination of two British words, "dur" and "lhun," i.e., "black-water," or a "black-channel," the bed of the Liffey in this place having been boggy, and, consequently, the water black. It is certain that ancient geographers have often truncated the initial letters of proper names of places. For instance, instead of Pepiacum and Pedidii in Wales, Ptolemy writes Epiacum and Epidii; and for Dulcinium, now called Dolcigno, in Dalmatia, he has Ulcinium, and Pliny, Olchinuim. The inhabitants of Fingal* call this place Divelin, and the Welsh, Dinas-Dulin, or the city of Dublin, to this day.

SECT. III.

WHO were the original inhabitants of Dublin, is a matter both as uncertain and obscure as the time in which it was built: at best, we are under the disagreeable necessity of founding our reasonings on conjecture. The Blanii, Eblana, or Deblani (according to Mr. Baxter's notion, before mentioned), inhabited the tract of country now comprehending the city and county of Dublin, and a considerable part of the county of Meath.

It is probable they were ancient natives, and either gave the name of Eblana to the city, or took their names from their situation in or near it. But from what country this colony came hither is a matter rather to be guessed at than ascertained. It seems to be the most satisfactory opinion that they came from that part of Britain called Wales, on account of its proximity, the almost identity of languages, and the close conformity of ancient religious rites and ceremonies of both people. The same reasons are given by Tacitus why the Gauls peopled Britain. Hence it is probable that the northern and north eastern Irish derived their origin from the North of Britain. It cannot, however, be denied but other colonies might have, on unknown accounts, arrived here from more remote parts, at different periods, as the Milesians, for instance, from Spain. That the Danes, under the denomination of Ostmen or Easter-lings, built the city of Dublin, or at least fortified and inhabited it, is agreed on all hands; but at what time is not so clear as could be wished. Some allege that they founded it about or before the time of the incarnation, while others transfer that event to the 9th century. Be it as it may, we must leave the fact undetermined, since history has given us no certain light into the matter. We may, indeed, with safety conjecture that it was built and inhabited first by the Irish, as a village, or small fishing town; but that the Welsh and Ostmen, at different periods, finding its situation commodious for trade, made a settlement for that purpose. If Edgar's charter be allowed of any weight (and there seems to be no reason to controvert its authenticity), we may reasonably suppose that that monarch strengthened the old British colonies in Ireland by encouraging a new race of Britons to settle among them. Henry II. pursued the same political steps. For upon the submission of the Irish potentates to him, in 1172, he early the year following, by charter dated at Dublin, "granted to his subjects of Bristol his city of Dublin to inhabit, and to hold of him, and his heirs for ever, with all the liberties and free customs, which his subjects of Bristol then enjoyed at Bristol, and through all England." This charter is the foundation of the liberties of the city of Dublin, which were afterwards enlarged and confirmed by King John, and other succeeding monarchs, and by divers acts of parliament, yet extant in the Rolls-office, of which more hereafter.

(To be continued.)

(a) Gloffar. verb. Deblana.

*In the county of Dublin, to the north of that city.

In referring to the legislation of 1901 affecting local authorities, the 1902 edition of "The Municipal Year Book" states that some unusual clauses were in the Manchester Corporation Act, 1901, which dealt mainly with the construction of tramways and streets and the acquisition of land. These clauses enable the Corporation to make regulations as to the conditions upon which licences authorising children to trade in the streets may be granted, subject to the approval of the Home Secretary. A child trading without such licence may be arrested by a constable without a warrant. A Summary Jurisdiction Court has then power to transfer the custody of the child to a relative or some other fit person, or, if he is under 14, to order him to be sent to an Industrial School. The Corporation may contribute the whole or part of the expenses of the maintenance and education of any child thus dealt with. It may also contribute to the expense of lodging, board, and clothing of any child licensed by it to trade in the streets.

A TRUE MAN.

Yours is the courage which but few suspect;
Yours is the courage which can bear neglect;
Yours is the courage which can suffer long,
The courage of the man whose soul is strong.

"BROKE AWAY"

A MODERN STORY.

The most hopelessly incorrigible old bachelor who rode with the Meadowthorpe Hounds was Major George Barclay—or, indeed, he was so considered until Mrs. Hawtrey came to Meadowthorpe. And by that time the snows of many winters had whitened the Major's hair until its fairness rivalled their own.

There was never a dance at the Meadowthorpe Club or at one of the country houses in the neighbourhood, never a jolly dinner or a jollier stag affair but the Major was there—very much there, in fact, for he was the best of company. And when hounds were running the Major was always well up in the field, mounted on one of his two or three trusty hunters. He was a good man across country, and he always had at least a couple of useful horses in his stable.

Few knew where or when he acquired his military title. They only knew it fitted him well. Doubtless the Meadowthorpe Hunt set would have been surprised to learn that he earned it by valiant service in the American Civil War. He was not given to talking about himself. If he had "fought the good fight"—well, that was a long time ago. At present he was chiefly concerned with fox-hunting and polo.

There was a lurking suspicion in the minds of some that the Major was rich, but this suspicion was unfounded. He had enough to live on very comfortably in a modest cottage home on the outskirts of Meadowthorpe; to maintain his modest household, which consisted of Riggins, his body servant, who had been his orderly in the army, and the latter's wife, who looked after the culinary department; and his stable, which was much more commodious than his house, where one groom attended to his modest stud.

In his unpretentious little red cottage the Major lived an ideal bachelor life. His faithful servants knew his every whim and prejudice, and pampered him disgracefully. The cellar was well stocked with certain choice brands of Burgundy and old Scotch, which the Major particularly affected. In all the length and breadth of that half acre which Major Barclay called his own, there was no one to say him nay; he was an absolute monarch of that little territory.

Once upon a time the Meadowthorpe mammas still counted the Major among those to be reckoned with in the matrimonial disposition of their daughters, but that was before the Major's hair became absolutely snow-white, and before they learned the hopelessly bachelor-like order of things which existed at the little red cottage.

But Mrs. Hawtrey, you see, didn't know all this. She came to stay with the Hallidays late in the summer, and remained for the Hunt races in the fall.

The Major was a frequent diner at Halliday Hall, and he was altogether charmed with the young widow, whose half-mourning of violets and black and whites was extremely becoming to her style. She was tall and rather slight, with rich golden hair and dark eyebrows, a

combination which the Major had always admired.

Then, too, the Major, with a prejudice which is inconsistent but not unusual, disliked any tendency to "horsiness" (an ugly word, but the only one) in a woman; and Margaret Hawtrey did not know one horse from another, though she begged the Major very prettily, soon after he met her, to teach her to ride.

The riding lessons commenced forthwith and progressed so rapidly that by the time Meadowthorpe race meeting took place Mrs. Hawtrey could sit straight in her saddle and put her horse into quite a lively canter without screaming a pretty musical little scream of her own, used with great effect at certain junctures. The Major would take his fair pupil for long rides through the country lanes; and as the walk was the gait which Mrs Hawtrey preferred, they seldom returned in time for lunch. The autumn scenery about Meadowthorpe was particularly fetching that year, and Riggins and his wife began to wonder whether they had money enough in bank to start a stationery shop in the village. They could see straws blowing in the wind as well as anybody.

It was not until the races finally took place that Major Barclay himself began to suspect the condition of affairs and to realise that the teacher had been taught something during those long morning riding lessons. When he saw Mrs. Hawtrey smilingly holding her court from the box-seat of the Halliday drag at the races and felt a little pang of jealousy every time she spoke to another man, he could not but acknowledge to himself that his time had come. He was touched at last.

The Major rode home very soberly and thoughtfully to the little red cottage, and all that evening he sat before the fire and took counsel with his pipe and Jorricks, a sympathetic brindle bulldog. Finally he got up and looked in the glass and examined his white hair very critically. Then he turned in for the night.

Early next morning there was an anxious colloquy between Matthews, the Major's groom, old Riggins, and Matilda, his wife, in the kitchen.

"Rum go, this," said Matthews. "Blessed if I know what's up. 'Ere we are—first meet of the 'ounds—nine o'clock at the kennels, and the gov'nor orderin' 'is 'oss at eleven. I've been 'ere now ten seasons, and I never saw 'im miss the first day before."

"Well, you'll see him miss it again," said Riggins oracularly; "that is," he added in a dubious voice, "if you're here to see."

"You needn't worry," said Matilda gloomily, as she set about making preparations for her master's breakfast. "We won't none of us be here long if he gets married. I'd like to see myself," she added with a snap, "a-takin' orders from that slip of a thing."

"P'r'aps he's forgot about the hounds meetin' to-day, Matthews," said Riggins hopefully.

"Well if 'e 'as," said the groom, "then it's hup sure enough. 'E never forgot a fixture before in 'is life."

"That's so," said Riggins, his face falling again. "Well if it's got to be it's got to be." So the three went anxiously about their respective duties, hastened somewhat by an impatient ring of the Major's bell, which meant, as they all knew well, that he wanted his shaving materials.

Matthews led Sobersides, the Major's best hunter, a big, strapping bay, around to the door slowly. Sobersides was inclined to be festive and to belie his name. He tried in vain to rear, and lashed out behind viciously.

"Blow me," soliloquised Matthews, "but I believe the old chap knows as 'ow there's 'untin' to-day. Precious little you'll see of it, my boy," he said, patting the bay sympathetically on the neck. "Blessed if it ain't too bad, too—and you a-playin' ridin-school 'oss all summer."

The Major mounted, and took his way slowly through the village and along the highway to Halliday Hall, which was about three miles further on. As he was in no great hurry to get there, he kept Sobersides down to a walk, with some difficulty.

The Major was about to take a big leap, and he didn't know what sort of a landing he would make. Out hunting he knew the importance of not "funking" when approaching a jump, but this was a different matter. There was plenty of time—he might as well think it over as he rode.

"Guess I'll have to give you up, old boy," he said, patting Sobersides affectionately on the shoulder. "No more fox-hunting, no more dinners at the club, no more little suppers to the boys at the cottage. It will come a bit hard at first, I suppose."

"But, pshaw! Who wouldn't renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil for such blue eyes as Margaret's? Fancy comparing dinner at the club with a snug little meal en famille—just she and I, with a little round table, and her pretty face on the other side of it. I declare she will make the old red cottage look——"

"Ah, but there's the rub. That little old cottage would never suit her. I'll have to hunt up a more appropriate place," and the Major sighed, for the old cottage with its cozy living-room and the cheery wood fire burning in it, were very dear to him, as were also Sobersides, and Jorrocks, the old bulldog, and Riggins and his wife—even Matthews, the groom, who was, comparatively speaking, quite a new servant, having been with him for only ten years.

"Well, no doubt I can keep most of them about me," said the Major to himself, consolingly. "She will be sure to like my old servants."

Poor simple-hearted old boy. All that has been cut and dried for some time in the innocent mind of the guileless widow, and a discharge is ready and waiting for each and every one of them when the proper time comes. It is little you know of what takes place behind the dark eyebrows of fair-haired widows.

Filled with such thoughts, the Major arrived at last at the gate to Halliday Hall. It was here that another and still more terrible misgiving came over him: What if she wouldn't have him? What, indeed?

But this time the Major took his fence like the hard rider he was. He would soon find out whether she would or not, and he put Sobersides into a gallop up the long driveway.

"Yes, sir," said the footman, as he came down to take the Major's horse. Mrs. Hawtrey was at home. Would Major Barclay care to walk out in the Italian garden? She was there.

Major Barclay would be pleased to do so. It was just the place to say what he wanted to say.

He found her walking in the quaintly formal paths. The autumnal air was just a trifle too crisp to encourage sitting on the marble benches. He thought she looked charming in the light wrap she had thrown about her shoulders. And, best of all, she was alone.

The Major had struck his gait fairly now, and nothing could stop him. Figuratively speaking, he gathered his reins and steadied his horse for the next jump almost as soon as he had greeted her.

"I rode over to-day to ask you a question," he said, striking a close-trimmed yew savagely with his riding crop.

Mrs. Hawtry smiled, and turned those wondrous and wondering upraised eyebrows toward him, as if she didn't know it.

"Yes," he repeated, "I came to ask you if——"

"Oh, Major Barclay, listen," cried a fresh voice from the other end of the garden, "listen"; and all three stood for a moment in an attentive attitude.

The Major was annoyed at the interruption. Mrs. Hawtry only smiled, and bit her lip.

Then, as Beatrice Halliday came running toward them, they heard unmistakably the sound which she referred to. It was the short, sharp yelping of a pack of hounds hot on the scent, and it was drawing rapidly nearer.

"They are coming this way, Major," shrieked the delighted girl—Beatrice Halliday was as keen a sportswoman as Meadowthorpe boasted—"and you are not with them. The first day of the season, too. Oh, Major!"

Major Barclay looked somewhat shamefaced, but did not venture to reply.

"Look!" shouted Beatrice. "Over there on the hill! Don't you see him? There he goes!" and sure enough they could just see a small red object cross the field nearly a quarter of a mile away. Then came the hounds, fully three fields behind the little "thief of the world."

Major Barclay felt his blood stir in his veins.

"Bring Major Barclay's horse, quickly," called Beatrice to one of the house servants. "Hurry!"

Before the Major quite knew what he was doing he was on Sobersides' back and clattering down the hillside.

"The first meet of the season. You mustn't miss it," he heard Beatrice say as he scrambled into the saddle. Mrs. Hawtrey said so, too, though her fine irony was lost upon the Major. He meant to apologise for leaving so abruptly, but Sobersides had seen the hounds and took matters into his own hands—or rather between his teeth.

The Major's blood was up in earnest by this time. Hounds were running fast, but Sobersides was making great headway. Two fields away the rider saw some scarlet-coated horsemen, and presently he was close enough to recognise them: Bradbury the M. F. H., Tim the huntsman, young Tom Halliday, Ralph Goring, and the rest of the "first flight."

And what a run it was! Never in all his life had Sobersides fenced so magnificently or kept his pace so valiantly. He was a hunter in a thousand, thought the Major, and his owner was a lucky chap to own him. On they flew, over the hillside and down the other side, through a series of meadows which afforded excellent galloping, then over a ploughed field and through the grass again. Farmhouse after farmhouse rose up before them, and were left behind as they galloped mile after mile.

Reynard was making for the Barens, a desolate tract, where he thought he could save his brush. But it was still two miles away, and he had left a dozen behind him, straight as the crow flies. The yelping pack were gaining on him closely, and in another few moments they had viewed him.

The Major looked back. He was alone with the hounds. It was the sort of thing to tell one's grandchildren about. The Major had never seen a better run, nor known a happier moment. Suddenly the hounds fell upon the fox in the open and rolled him over, and in another moment the Major was down from

his horse among them, beating them off their luckless prey.

When Bradbury, Ralph Goring, and Tim the huntsman came up a few minutes later, they found the Major standing among the hounds, holding proudly aloft all that was mortal of the fox which had given them the best run of the season.

"Why, hello, Barclay!" said the M.F.H. "Where did you spring from? I thought perhaps you had given up hunting. Didn't see you at the club."

"No," answered the Major, "I was a little late. But when I give up hunting—well, you can give me up too, I guess."

Bradbury only smiled. But when some hours later the Major rode into the stable-yard of the little red cottage and Matthews' eyes lighted upon the brush dangling from Sobersides' head-stall, a smile of supreme contentment and relief came over that worthy's honest face. The Major had the best dinner that night he had tasted for many a day, and as Riggins took off his master's muddy boots to clean he whistled a cheerful tune softly to himself.

Later there was a jolly gathering of the "first flight" in the living-room of the little red cottage—Bradbury, Ralph Goring, Dick Middleton, and one or two others. And quite a lot of the Major's celebrated Scotch was consumed, and innumerable pipes were smoked, and the Major sang his great song—

"Bring me six brandies and sodas,
And set 'em all in a row;
Then bring me six jolly good fellows
To see a hard rider laid low."

And altogether they had a very good time indeed, as sportsman should after such a good day. But in the meantime the Major had despatched Matthews to Halliday Hall with a note which ran somewhat as follows:—

"My Dear Mrs. Hawtrey—As I said this morning, just before I left you so abruptly and so rudely—for which I trust you will pardon me—I rode over to ask you a question. It was this. I am going to give a little luncheon at the club to Grace Halliday and her fiance, the Earl of Dunmore, next Thursday. Will you not be good enough to grace the party as its chaperon?—Yours faithfully,

"GEORGE BARCLAY."

Among the many suggestions offered to account for the swift expansion of the nebulous rings surrounding Nova Persei, none seems more captivating to the imagination than that of Professor Kapetyn in a recent number of the "Astronomische Nachrichten," here he suggests that the phenomenon may be due to the echoing of light. At the probable distance of Nova Persei from the earth the observed velocity of the expansion exactly equals the velocity of light. That being so, it is only necessary to suppose the space surrounding the new star to contain scattered nebulous or meteoric matter, from which the light of the explosion that produced the star is reflected to us at greater and greater distances from the star as the light expands around it. It is like the reflection of the sound of an explosion taking place in a hilly country, and coming to our ears in a succession of echoes as it reaches more and more distant ranges

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Out of 4,200 species of plants gathered in Europe for commercial purposes one-tenth have a pleasing perfume and are used in the manufacture of scents and soaps. The colour of 1,124 species is white, 187 having a perfume; 951 are yellow, 77 with a scent; 823 are red, 594 blue, and 308 violet, the number of these having a pleasant odour being 84, 34, and 13 respectively.

In the last three years, according to the "English Book Catalogue," there were published 178 editions of Shakespeare, 134 of Scott, 82 of Dickens, 40 of Alexandre Dumas, 38 of Thackeray, 27 each of Captain Marryat and Jane Austen, and 18 of George Eliot. Among living authors George Manville Fenn published 47 books, G. A. Henty 32, John Strange Winter and Miss Evelyn Everett Green 27 each, Rosa Nouchette Carey 26, and William Le Queux, Gordon Stables, and Mrs. Alexander 25 each.

NOTES ON IRISH WATER POWER
AND ITS ELECTRICAL DEVELOPMENT.

By W. TATLOW, M.A., B.E., Associate Member.

I.

The fact that no coalfields of any great importance exist in Ireland, and that in consequence fuel for the operation of steam or gas engines has to be imported at considerable cost, causes attention to be directed to the other possible means of obtaining motive power.

The utilisation of the water-power of the rivers naturally suggests itself first, owing to the great success which has attended the large electrical water-power schemes which have been carried out during the last few years, both in America and on the Continent.

The existence of water-power in Ireland has already exerted an important influence on the electrical industry, as undoubtedly the chief inducement to the construction of the Portrush and Giant's Causeway Railway, the first commercial electric line, was the possibility of obtaining the necessary motive-power from the waterfall at Bushmills, and it is probable that the Bessbrook and Newry Railway which was built very shortly after similarly owed its origin to the existence of the stream which provides the necessary power. It can, moreover, scarcely be doubted that many of the smaller electric light undertakings throughout the country, as for example at Galway, Killarney, Kenmare, Carlow, Bray, and Boyle, would never have been set on foot had it not been that water-power was available, and indeed to a certain extent already developed in the majority of these instances. Owing to the preponderance which electric lighting has had until quite recently over the other branches of electrical industry the importance of water-power for poducing electrical energy has been greatly under-estimated.

The demand on electric light stations being only for a few hours per day, the cost of fuel for working heat-engines may be a much less important factor than the interest on capital sunk in the development of water-power, together with the stand-by plant which it is often necessary to provide in cases of failure of the water-power owing to floods or drought. When, however, it is a question of the operation of railways or the driving of factories which require power nearly all through the day, and more especially when it is desired to supply electro-chemical works which run twenty-four hours a day all through the year, the advantage of water-power, when the necessary capital outlay is not abnormally great, becomes very conspicuous. This argument is borne out by the fact that on the Continent out of a total of 166,000 h.p. expended on electro-chemical work, 149,000 is obtained from water-power. The amount of labour required for the operation of a water-power plant should also be much less than for steam or gas plant of the same dimensions, and a less skilled type of labour will for the most part suffice, such as is required for the moving of sluices and the cleaning of straining racks.

Although at the present time the electro-chemical industry as a whole cannot be said to be in a very prosperous condition owing to the over-production of calcium carbide, yet there can be no doubt that electro-chemical processes will within a few years supplant many of the older methods of producing chemical products, as has already happened in the production of aluminium and potassium chlorate, and in the purification of copper, and, to a partial extent, in the manufacture of phosphorus, caustic soda, and bleaching powder; not to mention the large group of products which are only capable of being formed at the high temperature attained in the electric furnace, and in the manufacture of which there is no competition with an alternative method.

The water power of our rivers, when properly developed and controlled, will place Ireland in a position to compete in many of the chemical industries from which she was hitherto debarred owing to the large quantities of coal required for working the older processes. It is encouraging in this connection to reflect that we have already a chemical factory in Cork which produces high-grade chemicals of great purity, and even exports some of these products to Germany, as showing that the technical ability to carry out manufacturing work of this class can be found amongst our countrymen.

As regards the capital which it is permissible to spend on hydraulic works per H.P. developed, this depends on a large number of factors, such as the local cost of fuel and the fuel consumption of the class of heat-engine which could be used as a substitute, also on the load-factor of the demand for power, and on the reduction which the water-power might be subject to either from drought or from back water, so that each case must be considered on its own merits. The highest capital expenditure on the development of water-power appears to have been at Lyons, where it amounted to £84 per H.P. developed, and it is said to have been as low as £3 9s 3d., at Vallorbe in Switzerland, and even lower in Norway, so that an extremely wide range has been covered; nevertheless for the operation of electro-chemical processes requiring, as they mostly do, a large number of units per ton of product an expenditure at all approaching that at Lyons would be quite out of the question. At Niagara, where the capital expenditure was fairly moderate a horse-power is supplied to large users at the rate of £4 per annum, yielding a profit to those producing the electric energy; and electro-chemical industries are successfully carried on which buy their electric energy at this price, which amounts to 0.146 pence per unit if the supply is used continuously.

In considering this question it is important to notice that the capital expended on the development of a water-power in this country would be distributed chiefly among the labouring classes, giving employment which would help to retain and ameliorate the condition of the dwindling population, whereas an annual outlay on fuel is money sent directly out of the island.

It is necessary at this stage to endeavour to take stock of the water-power which can commercially be made available in Ireland either directly or by the aid of electrical transmission. The water-power of a country is dependent on the rainfall, the area of the surface, and its mean elevation above the sea level, and also on the nature of the soil. The rainfall varies considerably over Ireland, being greatest in the south-west and least on the east coast. It averages in Dublin about 30.9 inches, in Belfast 35 inches, Cork 40 inches, Sligo 42 inches, Killarney 53 inches. In mountainous districts it reaches higher figures, such as 83 inches in the Butter Mountains at the head of the Upper Bann, and it has been taken roughly to average 36 inches over the whole island; of this about one-third or 12 inches is carried down to the sea by the river system. Sir Robert Kane estimated the average elevation of the land surface of Ireland at 387 feet, and calculated fro mthat, together with the total area twenty million acres, and the assumption that one-third of the rain flowed away to the sea, the total physical water-power of Ireland at 1¼ million horse-power.

It is difficult to gain any idea of what pro-

portion of this quantity could be practically utilised, but a rough idea may be obtained if the actual condition of some of the larger rivers is examined, so as to discover what proportion the total fall which could be made available for working turbines on these rivers bears to the mean elevation of their catchment areas or to the mean elevation of the whole surface in absence of the above figure. The Shannon and the Erne may be taken as examples. Both these rivers flow many miles with a sluggish current and descend rapidly into the sea within a few miles; the Shannon descending 97 feet between Killaloe and Limerick, and the Erne 150 feet in five miles between Belleek and Ballyshannon. It is obvious that a large part of such fairly rapid falls is capable of development.

In the case of the Shannon it is proposed to use 40 out of the above 97 feet under the new Shannon water-power scheme, and it is possible that a further quantity of power might be developed at other parts of the river above Limerick. In the case of the Erne it is certain that at least 60 to 70 feet of fall could be utilised between Lough Erne and the sea. These facts would lead one to expect that, taking into consideration the falls available on the upper part of these rivers and their tributaries, a fourth part of the total mean fall could by suitable engineering works be made available. Admitting this, there would be an average of 300,000 H.P. available day and night all the year provided the whole discharge of the rivers could be economised.

The above figure would require to be greatly reduced owing to the fact that large quantities of storm water necessarily pass away unutilised, and it is doubtful if more than half of the total discharge of the rivers could be utilised unless special provision is made for the storage of storm water and the discharge of the latter during the period when the flow of the river is below its average value. In his paper on automatic sluices, Vol. XIX. Proceedings of Civil Engineers, Ireland, Mr. Dillon gives 0.488 cubic feet per acre per minute as the ordinary flood discharge in February of one of the rivers draining the central part of the island, and 0.08 cubic feet per acre per minute as the minimum discharge in September—these figures show the very wide range over which the discharge of the rivers varies, the ordinary maximum being more than six times the minimum flow, apart from the question of extraordinary floods which occur about once in ten years.

The quantity of water-power actually in use in Ireland in 1839 was 2,147 H.P., and to judge by the number of abandoned corn-mills to be seen throughout the country it is probably not enormously greater to-day. There would appear to be about 800 H.P. of water-power in use at present for public electric lighting purposes. There is, therefore, a great field still open for engineers and capitalists in regard to the development of our resources in this direction.

The practical question must now be faced as to how and where this power is to be made commercially useful.

There are several places such as Galway, Ballyshannon, and Ballysadare where the fall to be used is into the sea itself, and where the site is suitable for building factories such as electro-chemical works. Other falls, such as those on the Shannon near Limerick, and at the weirs on this river at Athlone and elsewhere, have the advantage of being situated on an extensive inland navigation in communication with the sea. A large number of places where power is available are not, however, so favourably situated, and it would be necessary to construct transmission lines to carry the power to the nearest town or to points on the railways or canals which were suitable for the establishment of factories.

When transmission lines of any great length have to be constructed, their first cost, maintenance, and difficulties as to way-leaves may often prove so serious that it would not be worth while to construct them unless a considerable amount of power was to be transmitted. These considerations seem adverse to the utilisation of many of our smaller rivers which do not yield more than, say, 50 H.P. at any point when the river is at average height. Very constantly, however, we find two or more natural falls or rapids in the same locality. In other places the rivers have been systematically laid out with weirs every half-mile or so, giving a fall of from 5 to 10 feet at each, by means of which corn-mills were formerly worked. In such cases it is quite feasible to gather up the power from the different points by means of a line running along the river bank, and then to transmit the sum total to a considerable distance if necessary.

This collecting system is just the converse of the ordinary system of distributing power from a central station; and having regard to the large scale on which the most successful modern factories of almost any kind are worked, and also to the large quantity of power required for electric furnace work, it is probable that much of our water-power will have to be dealt with in the above manner if it is to be used with the best advantage; and the same arguments would apply if it should ever prove economical to operate the railways of the country by means of electricity.

Great simplicity in the generating plant would be essential to the success of the above system, as specially skilled men could not be employed at a number of small generating stations, and it has suggested itself to the author that this difficulty could best be overcome, in the case of transmission by three phase alternating current, by using an ordinary three-phase generator in the more important power-house, and having three-phrase non-synchronous motors driven as generators in the smaller outlying generating stations. This would reduce the complication of these small stations, as there would be no exciters with brushes and commutators, and no accurate synchronising when starting up, the attendance being reduced to the lubrication of bearings, and the moving of the sluices and cleaning of straining racks. Some trouble would probably arise owing to sudden variations in the load, but this might be arranged for by means of artificial loads at the main power-house; and gradual alterations could be provided for by telephoning instructions to the attendants in charge of the auxiliary generators. As examples of places where some such a system of concentrating power would be suitable, one might point out the two adjacent falls on the Liffey at Poulaphuca and Ballymore-Eustace, the two falls at Colloney and at Ballysadare near Sligo, and the system of weirs on the Nore near Kilkenny.

The simplest application of such a system presents itself where a large factory on the banks of a river, deriving part of its power from water and the rest from steam, might gather in power from other points either up or down stream, and thus be able to dispense with the auxiliary steam-power. Unfortunately, there are in this country many more derelict mills than working ones, and cases where the above arrangement could be carried out are not infrequent. The tail races of these old mills are, however, as a rule, miserably small and shallow, and being as a rule carried beneath the building itself, it is both costly and dangerous to enlarge and deepen them. It will be found that this is one circumstance which greatly reduces the value of these old mills for power purposes.

As regards transmission lines, overhead wires of bare copper run on insulators would appear to be the right thing except in the immediate vicinity of towns, particularly as many of the lines would require to be made across country over bogs and streams where a cable would be out of question.

It would appear that under the existing rules of the Board of Trade an overhead line carrying more than 30 kilowatts cannot be made without special sanction, and should this be so it shows that rules which are found suitable in a thickly populated country such as England are very unsuitable here. It would, in any case, appear to anyone reading the rules and regulations affecting the development and transmission of electric power in Great Britain that these are much more numerous and stringent than those affecting other enterprises which really involve greater risk to the community, such, for example, as the construction of water works and gas works, and the carriage and storage of large quantities of coal and timber; and a person having no technical knowledge of the subject would naturally think, after reading these regulations, that the supply and use of electricity was a most dangerous business which, if it could not altogether be prevented by law, should at least be discouraged as much as possible.

Turning now to make a detailed examination of the system of rivers and lakes which drain the country, I would like at this point to remark that there appears to be a great need of a proper survey of our rivers, including both the measurement of falls at various points of their courses, and also the keeping of records of the water levels and discharges at all seasons, together with measurements of the rainfall over the catchments. Such information would not only be useful for the utilisation of the water-power, but also for determining the nature and extent of drainage works on which large sums are spent in this country from time to time. As an example, I may mention that the engineers who carried out the Erne drainage at a cost of £120,000 were greatly indebted to Mr. Porter, of Belleisle, county Fermanagh, who had kept daily records of the level of Lough Erne for many years.

It is possible that the local Constabulary might be employed at a small expense to keep such records, provided that proper scales were fixed in the rivers for reading the water levels from which the discharge might be computed by an expert, and each barracks might also be provided with its own rain-gauge. The information thus gained should be published from time to time in a form convenient for reference. At present there does not seem to be any published work on the subject of later date than Sir Robert Kane's book on the "Industrial Resources of Ireland," published in 1845. The collection and publication of such information might well be taken in hand by our new Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, which is devoting so much attention to the re-establishment of local industries.

The following list of our chief rivers, giving area of their catchments, is taken for the most part from Sir Robert Kane's book:—

River.	Area of Catchment. Total Square Miles.
The Shannon	4500
The Shannon (above Killaloe)	3600
The Barrow, Nore, and Suir	3400
The Erne	1580
The Foyle	1470
The Corrib	1370
The Blackwater	1220
The Moy	1030
Blackwater and Boyne	1080
The Slaney	815
The Lee	735
Blackwater (Armagh)	626
Liffey, Dodder, and Tolka	570
The Main	277
Ballysadare River	250
Ballinderry	166
Upper Bann	134

Assuming that twelve inches of rain flows away annually through the rivers, it will be found that the drainage of 13.7 square miles will give an average brake horse-power per foot of fall assuming that the turbine has an efficiency of 75 per cent.

The above efficiency is chosen both because it is well within the results obtainable with good turbines, and in larger installations with considerable fall it should cover the loss of conversion into electrical horse-power, and also because it corresponds with the simple and useful formula, that an acre flooded one foot deep can give one horse-power hour per foot of fall.

A calculation on these lines would make the

average flow of the Shannon at Killaloe equivalent to 260 H.P. per foot of fall.

It is important to note that the majority of our rivers have lakes of considerable size connected to them. (See table appended.) These

TABLE giving Levels and Areas of Principal Lakes, and Rivers through which they Discharge.

River	Lake	Level	Area in Acres.
Shannon ..	Allen	146	8,900
	Ree	122	26,428
	Derg	108	30.000
Erne ..	Lough Gowna	214	3,031
	„ Oughter	160	3,076
	Erne (Upper)	151	8,739
	„ (Lower)	150	27,645
Lower Bann ..	Neagh.. ..	46	96,000
Moy	Con and Cullin	40	14,000
Corrib ..	Mask and Carra	51	26,260
	L. Corrib ..	14	50,700
Tributaries of Shannon..	Owel	529	2,527
	Ennell ..	274	36.00
	Sheelin ..	209	4,530
	Derravaragh ..	209	2,974
	Iron	204	479
Blackwater ..	Ramor.. ..	277	1,842

not only aid naturally in equalising the flow of the rivers and reducing the violence of floods, but they are also capable of being used in many cases as storage reservoirs in which storm water can be impounded, and discharged when the natural flow of the rivers is insufficient for power purposes. The greater the elevation of the lake, the greater its value in this respect. It has often been proposed by means of such natural or artificial reservoirs to store up the winter and midsummer floods and hold them over against the very low water which occurs in the rivers at certain seasons, generally in September, and thus to increase the minimum flow of the river.

This method of using reservoirs is based on the idea that the power of the turbines is to be limited to the minimum flow, which is a very wasteful arrangement, as during the greater part of the year much water will pass away unused. A better plan is to make the turbines sufficiently large to absorb at least the average flow, and to provide auxiliary steam, gas, or oil power if it is necessary to work at full power during dry seasons. Using the latter plan the storage reservoir should be drawn upon whenever the natural flow fell below the average, and this would permit of a much greater amount of storm water being caught and subsequently used with a reservoir of moderate size, as the latter would be partially filled and emptied many times in the year, and would be generally in a condition to impound water and reduce floods, which are nearly as objectionable to the mill-owner as to the agriculturist.

(To be continued.)

The reputation of Germany as a country where life is regulated as much as possible in accordance with the behests of science is borne out by the regulations of the German military authorities concerning the marching and physical training of troops. The "physiology of marching" has recently been the subject of careful investigation, and the results obtained are taken advantage of for the benefit of the German army. Among the conclusions reached is that during continuous heavy marching the rations supplied are not sufficient to replace the waste of carbohydrates, and that a day's rest is required after every three days' marching, to enable the body to recover its normal power.

When the model of the great extinct dinosaur called the triceratops, which was shown at the Buffalo Exposition, was in process of making, considerable difficulty was anticipated in sustaining the huge armoured skull in its proper position. But when the attempt was made there was no difficulty. Then it was found that nature, whose lines had been carefully followed in making the model, had so cunningly balanced the parts about the junction of the head with the neck that a single pin in the base of the skull sufficed to carry it.

THE IRISH LACE WORKERS.

(Lines suggested by a piece of lace wrought by an Irish peasant girl).

Some things there are enchanted—they stretch mysterious hands
To ours, and we, half-dreaming, follow their light commands;
Hearts throb o'er wayside blossoms, on breath of music rise,
And little shining star-rays make ladders to the skies.
In aisles of great cathedrals we walk with mitred Saint,
For all we see, of the unseen is but a phantom faint.
One low word spoken thrills us; we sigh o'er pictured face,
And I've beheld a vision in a piece of Irish lace.

O sun-crowned Irish mountain! O spirit-haunted hill!
O glen where angels wander (we call them fairies still),
No wonder, gazing on you, o'er flower-besprinkled plain,
She sought, with magic shuttle, to bind you in a chain.
She had no poet learning, yet as her bobbins flew,
The pattern she was weaving had poems woven through,
While all day long she laboured, with sunshine in her face,
And sunbeams getting tangled in the threads of Irish lace.

And still her white hand fluttered about the filmy thing,
The theme ethereal growing; and still the bird did sing.
Though sometimes want and sorrow, and cruel sacrifice
Seemed asking as an offering a young life's peerless price.
She breathed to it her troubles, her trials and her fears,
And it grew whiter—whiter—for it was bleached with tears,
The love of home and country—the valiant pride of race—
She wove them all together in this lovely Irish lace.

And in and out, upon the mesh, she wrought a thought divine,
Among the weaving tendrils of a softly clinging vine,
And here a modest primrose, for in the primrose time
She thought her very heart-beats were set to ringing rhyme;
And now it was a shamrock, but holy was this leaf,
She crossed herself devoutly with act of firm belief;
The angels smiled upon her, a smile of tender grace,
And counted all the stitches in this holy Irish lace.

O light and fragile fabric, thou still hast strength to steer
Thy message o'er the ocean to those that greet thee here.
We read, along thy tracing, that true and honest art
Still lives, with pulses throbbing, within the Irish heart;
We feel the subtle presence of a spirit like our own,
The fragrance of the primrose has not entirely flown;
And through thy slender fibre methinks that I can trace
A golden thread of kin-love in our own dear Irish lace.

God speed thee on thy mission! Go, cast thy flower-gemmed net,
And capture hearts, and bind them; the world must know thee yet.
Appeal to the art-lover, the generous allure;
Go, turn thy foamy whiteness to bread for Irish poor;
Annunciate the future—the sweetness of thy tone,
Like viol music trembling, will reach heart-depths unknown;
As sun through May-mists shining, Irish genius, Irish grace
Look through thy veil with burning eyes, O priceless Irish lace!

Montreal, M. Guerin.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

An American company has secured concessions for the operation of many European canals by electricity. Altogether 5,000 miles of canals are controlled in England and on the Continent.

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The German Emperor has offered a prize for a motor car suited for the purposes of the farmer. The award will be made some time next year by the Emperor himself.

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Figures compiled in Paris show that 82 per cent. of the road accidents in France are due to horse-drawn vehicles, 8 per cent. to railroads, 5 per cent. to bicycles, and 5 per cent. to automobiles.

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It is said that Fournier, the celebrated French chauffeur, received 50,000 dollars for the use of his name alone, without services, in the recent incorporation of an American company bearing his name.

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An oil well on the ground which is rented from the Crown in Russia, for 5 kopeks a pood (1 2-3d. per 36 lbs.) by the Baku Naptha Company, started gushing at the rate of a million poods daily. Work was stopped owing to the fear of a conflagration.

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Copper or lead in small amounts can be removed from mercury by putting it under warmed diluted nitric acid, stirred at intervals of one half-hour for four hours. Lead in larger quantities is removed from mercury by retorting, the mercury being covered to the depth of about one and one-half inches with powdered charcoal.

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The artesian well at Grenelle, Paris, took ten years of continuous work before water was struck, at a depth of 1,780 feet. At 1,259 feet over 200 feet of boring-rod broke and fell into the well, and it was fifteen months before it was recovered. A flow of 900,000 gallons per day is obtained from it, the bore being 8 inches.

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A project is on foot to make gas near coal mines and pump it 124 miles to Paris. It would be sent highly compressed, and the pressure would be reduced for consumption. It is expected if this project is carried out, that gas can be supplied for something over 1s. 2d. per 1,000 cubic feet to the city, 2s. 4¾d. for private lighting, and 1s. 5¼d. for use as fuel.

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Dr. Hrdlicka has started on his fourth expedition into the country of the cliff-dwellers and Pueblos in the south-western part of the United States and northern Mexico. These trips are made under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History, the money being supplied by F. E. Hyde, Jr., of New York.

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The Society for the Study of Electric Railways of Germany has been carrying out a remarkable series of speed trials upon a new electric railway. The speed attained varied from 100 to 105 miles an hour. While running at the latter speed the pressure was found to be equal to a wind force of 12 feet per second, a force which has only been registered once on the German coast, in the hurricane of February, 1894. The engineers of the railway are confident that even much greater speed can be attained.

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A wireless telegraphic installation is being made on the Zugspitz, the highest summit in Germany, and the postal station at Ebisee at its base. The altitude of the observatory is nearly 2,290 yards above sea level. The station will be very important, as the meteorologist who occupies it is completely cut off

during the winter months, and telephonic communication cannot be depended upon, owing to the liability of the cable being frayed by coming in contact with the sharp edges of the rocks. The Slaby-Arco system of wireless telegraphy will be used.

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M. Sibillot, a Parisian æronaut, has devised a new principle of ærial navigation, which, he anticipates, will solve the problem of travelling through the air. He has completed the plans of a new dirigible balloon which, he maintains, will be manageable in any weather. He proposes to carry in his ærial machine a refrigerator and a heating apparatus. By simply pressing a lever of the former he thus reduces the temperature of the gas, the condensation causing the balloon to descend. On heating the hydrogen the gas expands, and thus the balloon ascends. By this alternative heating or cooling of the gas in his balloon he can rise or fall at will without allowing any of the hydrogen to escape.

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Purdue University will soon inaugurate a new departure of instruction in telephonic engineering. This step is taken in response to the increasing demand by telephone interests for men trained in the particular branch of electrical engineering pertaining to telephony. Investigations have disclosed the fact that students completing the course in electrical engineering must devote upwards of two years additional work in acquiring special details of telephone practice before they are sufficiently equipped with a knowledge which is valuable to merchants and consumers of telephone material.

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The French Government is seeking to devise a method of economising the cost of its system of lighthouse lighting, since it is considered that this department is too expensive. In 1873 the best French lighthouses were illuminated by mineral oil, and the most powerful light equalled 54,000 candles. In 1883 the electric light was introduced, by which means the illuminating power was greatly increased. In the case of Calais lighthouse the illumination was increased to 820,000 candles. At the present day, owing to the rapid progress maintained in connection with lighthouse illumination, a light equal to nearly 3,000,000 candles is produced, and which is capable of piercing fog.

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More than a thousand mummies of birds sent from different parts of Egypt by Prof. Maspero have been opened at the Lyons Museum. A considerable number of these contained only the remains of very young birds, debris of feathers and bones, but it was possible to obtain and study the skeletons of more than 500 birds, which were well preserved. Some of these were in such a perfect state of preservation that they were recognised by a simple examination of the feathers, but most of them were determined after the skeleton. The mummies form two classes of a distinct appearance. The first includes the ibis, and the second the birds of prey. The mummies come from the tombs of Sakkarah, Roda, Kom-Ombo, Gizeh, and others. At Kom-Ombo they are of the Roman epoch, and at Gizeh of the Ptolemaic.

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Dr. M. Ekenberg, of Gothenburg, has made a discovery which will be of importance in dairy farming, says Consul R. S. S. Bergh. He claims to have invented an apparatus by which milk can be brought into the form of powder, like flour in appearance, but possessing all the qualities of milk in concentrated form, moisture excepted. It is said that this milk flour is completely soluble in water, and can be used for all purposes for which common milk is employed. The milk flour does not get sour, does not ferment, and in the dry state is not sensitive to changes in the weather. It can be kept and transported in tin cans, barrels, bags, etc. The cost of production Dr. Ekenberg has estimated at about 1s. 1½d. per 16 quarts (1 ore per liter), and he thinks that flour made from skimmed milk can be sold for about 6½d. per pound (1 krone per kilogramme).

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Mr. Edward Dodson, an English explorer, has recently returned from a prolonged sojourn in the great desert of Tripoli, North Africa. This portion of the country has never been thoroughly explored, and, indeed, has not been visited by a European for over fifty years, so that Mr. Dodson's results are of inestimable value. One of the greatest achievements of the expedition was the exploration of the great petrified forest of Murzuk. Throughout this whole area, which extended for several miles, petrified trees were found, varying in circumference from seven feet to a few inches. Every branch of this forest was, of course, lying prone, and this together with the presence of marine shells, showed that this part of the Great Sahara had at one time been submerged. On one occasion the party passed through a strange experience. They were surrounded with thunderstorms. No less than five distinct storms were in progress all round, and the guns and spars of the party became surrounded by a halo of phosphorescent light.

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Some interesting experiments for the artificial production of rain by means of electricity have been carried out in Japan. The probability of greater success being obtained by this means, in lieu of the system of detonating explosives in the upper air strata, has often been advocated by scientists. This attempt by the Japanese, however, is the first practical effort to prove the truth of this theory, and it was attended with conspicuous success. The trials were made in the Fukushima prefecture. Operations were commenced at eleven in the evening, but there was no sign of atmospheric change until nine o'clock next morning, when a cluster of clouds were observed over the hill on which the experiment was held. At length rain began to fall, followed by a second fall at 11 a.m., and afterwards a third, fourth, and fifth—the last being about 9.30 in the evening. The area upon which the rain fell extended over many miles. As a single experiment of this description is scarcely conclusive, the scientists who carried out these particular trials propose to repeat them, with a view to establishing the feasibility of the idea.

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Experiments to determine the liability of liquids and compressed acetylene to explode were tried recently at Berlin. Several cylinders loaded with 4 kilos of liquid acetylene were placed in position, with a valve at the top. The gas which collected at the upper part of the cylinders was under a pressure of 725 pounds per square inch. A cartridge containing one kilo of picric acid was then applied and exploded by electricity, with the result of blowing off the top of the cylinder, but the acetylene was not detonated, and the cylinder emptied itself on the gaseous acetylene. Another cylinder was charged with 3½ kilos of liquid and a 200-gramme cartridge placed in the bottom; when the electric current passed through into it the liquid acetylene exploded, destroying the cylinder. A cylinder of liquid acetylene was fired at with a rifle without explosion resulting, neither was a cylinder of acetylene disturbed by the explosion of a quantity of picric acid close to it. The experiments proved that acetylene is undisturbed by sympathetic discharges, but that the liquid will explode always if a detonator is in contact with it.

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The Egyptian Exploration Fund has accomplished remarkable results in connection with the operations at Abydos. During the past year the association has completed the most important historical work that has ever come into its hands. The continuous order of seventeen kings has been established, and the foundations of Egyptian history have been settled in a manner that had hitherto been deemed beyond hope. The excavations at Abydos have provided the only contemporary history of the time, and completely vindicated the historical character of the lists which had been preserved by later ages. The historic character of Mena is substantiated, and the long line of a dozen kings back to Mena is rendered clear. The Egyptologists have seen and handled the gold, the crystal, the ivory, with his name and engravings; and even kings that went before him are now better known by actual objects than one-half of the Saxon kings of England. No such complete materialisation of history has ever before been obtained at one stroke from any other country or age. There remains to be examined at Abydos the great temple site, one of the most ancient and promising spots in that land of buried treasures.

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The Paris municipal authorities are paving several streets with glass. About twelve months ago the inventors of this process were accorded permission to lay down their glass pavement in certain thoroughfares on condition that, should the new material not be found to answer at the expiration of a specified time, the streets thus experimented upon were to be repaved in the old style at the inventors' expense. The paving has evidently given satisfaction, since the Municipal Council is laying down the glass in several of the busiest thoroughfares of the city. The vitreous paving-stones are made of powdered glass, which is baked until it becomes almost fluid, then compressed by hydraulic machines, and cut into cubes to facilitate the laying process. The chief objection against the glass pavement is that its surface offers no grip to horses' hoofs, which would render it very slippery in wet weather, but results have proved that no greater danger is to be feared with this material than with the ordinary asphalt paving.

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The work of raising the Great Monolith at Stonehenge has enabled archæologists to form a more reliable estimate regarding the epoch in which these druidical monuments were erected. There has hitherto been much controversy on this point, certain authorities clinging to the assertion that it was built in Roman times, while others contend that it was erected during the bronze period. While making excavations round the monolith for the concrete bedding, a large number of neolithic stone implements were unearthed that show every sign of having been used to cut and to square the stones. They all bore marks of hard working, and when of no further use for cutting, the stones had been apparently thrown aside and afterwards used to make a bedding to support the uprights. Experts, therefore, now entertain little doubt that Stonehenge was built in the neolithic age, for had it been built in the bronze or iron age, bronze or iron tools would have been used. Although leading authorities do not quite agree as to the actual date of the introduction of bronze into Britain, it is generally conceded to have been about 1,500 B.C. It is consequently apparent that Stonehenge must have been constructed at some period considerably previous to that date.

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GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1793.)

MARCH 19.—The disagreeable affair in which Mr. J. N. Tandy is at this time engaged having been variously and erroneously represented, we think it our duty to present our readers with the most authentic account of it we have been able to gather.

At the Louth Assizes held last week in Dundalk, bills of indictment were found against Mr. Tandy for having, some time since, published, or dispersed, a printed paper hand-bill, entitled, "Common Sense" (no part of Paine's pamphlet, of the like name, published in America during the late war), said to contain seditious matter. In consequence of this a Crown warrant was, on Wednesday last, served on Mr. Tandy, and being brought before Lord Clonmel, he entered into recognizances to abide his trial at Dundalk, himself in one hundred pounds, and two sureties in fifty pounds each.

The next day Mr. Tandy, accompanied by his attorney, Mr. Dowling, departed for Dundalk, and arrived thither early on Friday last, on which day we have not learned, with any degree of certainty, whether Mr. Tandy appeared in the court, then sitting; but that on an intimation given him, as we are informed, that the proceedings against him were likely to assume a very ferocious complexion, he thought it prudent, for some time, at least, to withdraw himself from the danger of the prosecution; to which step, we are also told, he was further induced by a rumour, that other bills of indictment, containing charges of a much more dangerous kind, had been preferred to the Louth jury against him, which having no previous knowledge of, he was not prepared to meet.

Mr. Tandy having thus withdrawn, the recognisances were, of course, estreated. If any further procedure on this occasion takes place, the public will, no doubt, be soon informed of it.

Counsellor Grady died yesterday morning. The wound he received last Monday night in Park street, from the ruffians who stopped him, and fired at him before he could deliver his purse was the occasion of his much lamented death.

Twelve of the Defenders have been condemned to death in Dundalk; two of them suffered the day they were convicted.

At Trim five have been executed, and thirty-five remain to be tried. The assizes are adjourned to the 17th of April.

DUNDALK SPRING ASSIZES.

Drogheda, March 16.—Monday the Hon. Mr. Justice Boyd and the Hon. Mr. Justice Downes opened their respective courts, swore the grand jury, and adjourned, without proceeding on any material business till next day.

Wednesday.—Peter M'Bride, Thomas Dowdall, and James Flinn were tried, under the Whiteboy Act, for entering Lord Clermont's house, at Clermont Park, near Dundalk, and taking firearms thereout; they were all capitally convicted, and received sentence of death.

The trial was not over till near seven o'clock, and M'Bride was executed at nine. Dowdall and Flinn were ordered for execution on Thursday. When these unfortunate men were brought out in order to be executed, Flinn formally declared Dowdall to be innocent of the robbery, and through the humane interference of the Right Hon. the Speaker, he was respited.

James Plunket was found guilty under the same act, for taking arms from Charles Craven, Esq., of Drumcashel, and received sentence of death.

George M'Daniel, found guilty of administering the Defender's oath, was ordered to be transported for life.

Bryan Smith, Charles M'Ardle, Bryan M'Clerney, John Kirk, and Matthew Gregory, were found guilty before Counsellor Caldbeck, under the Whiteboy Act, and received sentence of death; also, Arthur Boyle, Patrick Bolard, and Lawrence Halfpenny, found guilty of robbing the house of Mr. Coburne of firearms, received sentence of death, and ordered for immediate execution.

Friday.—Thomas Rath, Samuel Slator, and John Dungan were tried for robbing his Majesty's mail near Flurry Bridge; Rath pleaded guilty; Sleator and Dungan were capitally convicted on the evidence of James Devitt and — Quinn, who were admitted approvers on the part of the Crown.

Same day twenty-one men were tried for administering unlawful oaths, sixteen of whom were convicted and sentenced to be transported for seven years.

The court was sitting at seven o'clock on the trial of John Gimor, Thomas Keenan, and John Cunningham for robbing John Flanagan, near this town, on the 23rd of February last.

Sixty merchant ships, under the convoy of two frigates, from London down Channel, having lain to, in the night of the 14th of last month, under the Isle of Wight, two French privateers stole in among them, and took several by boarding them.

It is with great concern we learn, by a letter from the master, that the Charlotte Campbell, from London to Belfast, was one of the unfortunate number, and carried, with others, into Havre-de-Grace. The loss of this ship and cargo is estimated at about fourteen thousand pounds.

A letter from Trim says that on Thursday two of the Defenders were tried and capitally convicted. The court sentenced them to be hanged that evening; they were accordingly taken from the dock, and, after a few hours preparation, executed. These unhappy sufferers were the only Defenders yet tried.

The Irish lottery has been contracted for by Mr. Cope, of London, the only candidate on the occasion—the price £6 0s. 3d. The same gentleman contracted for the last Irish lottery.

Last night the "Rivals" was performed at the new Private Theatre in Fishamble street, to a brilliant audience of rank and fashion.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir Anthony Absolute	Mr. Lyster.
Captain Absolute ...	Mr. Ashe.
Falkland	Mr. Witherington.
Bob Acres	Mr. Howard.
Fag	M. Hum Butler.
Coachman	Mr. Vernon, Clontarf.
Jacob Gawkey ...	Capt. Hamilton.
Sir Lucius O'Trigger...	Mr. F. Jones.

WOMEN

Miss Campion, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Garvey.

The house looks splendid from the grandeur of the decorations, which are white and gold. The drapery over the boxes is white satin, with gold fringe.

A beautiful scene is used by way of curtain; upon it is painted Apollo's lyre, with sprigs of laurel and oak, ornamented with a glory, in a most pleasing-coloured sky. The motto is: "For our Friends." The servants' liveries are elegant—brown coats, richly laced with silver down the seams, laced scarlet waistcoat and small-clothes, and their hairs dressed, with bags.

MARCH 28.—Yesterday Dr. Reynolds, of Cookstown, in the North, summoned to appear before the Secret Committee of the Lords, was committed, by the House of Peers, to Kilmainham jail, the county prison, for refusing to answer interrogatories from the Secret Committee.

Same day a numerous assemblage of people surrounded the house of an inhabitant of Dame street, led thither by reports that the owner had locked up three of his children in the upper apartment; and that, in consequence of his severe treatment, in denying them necessary food, etc., one had died. To obviate those unfavourable impressions, the children, three females, were exhibited at the windows during the whole of the day, and a guard placed at the door to prevent the irregularities of the multitude.

APRIL 4.—Yesterday Abraham Wilkinson, Esq., was elected Governor of the Bank of Ireland, and George Godfrey Hoffman, Esq., Deputy-Governor, for the ensuing year.

Tuesday night the Right Hon. the Lord Chancellor sailed for England.

A Commission has passed the seals, appointing his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, the Right Hon. Lord Clonmel, Chief Justice of his Majesty's Court of King's Bench; and the Right Hon. Lord Carleton, Chief Justice of his Majesty's Court of Common Pleas; to act as Commissioners during the absence of Lord Fitzgibbon, Chancellor of Ireland.

Last Friday Mr. C——, of Beresford street, cabinet-maker, respecting whose fate his friends for upwards of one month past, have been exceedingly uneasy, returned almost unexpectedly among them. The singular adventure which had befallen him he thus recited:

About the time above-mentioned, he had spent an evening in St. Mark's parish, at a house where he had been kept to a late hour, he thinks between one and two in the morning. As he passed one of the lanes leading from Fleet street to Aston's quay, he was accosted, first by one, and afterwards by four other men, in tailors' habits, whose words and manners were, in the first instance, tolerably courteous; but on a sudden they seized him, put a handkerchief on his face, and threatened destruction in case of noise or resistance, and dragged him to the water side, to a boat they seemed to have ready for the purpose, into which they forced him, having previously emptied his pockets of their contents, being eight guineas and a half.

They then rowed down the river, and boarded a small vessel, in the hold of which they put him, after securing his legs and arms with ropes. In this dismal place he found eight or nine men in the same plight, who had been kidnapped much in the same manner he had.

In some days after this vessel, whose description or destination Mr. C—— was never permitted to ascertain, set sail. The next day, he thinks about the 21st or 22nd of March, it blew a furious tempest, that drove the vessel on shelves, that made her destruction inevitable. The barbarous crew then, coming into the hold, informed the captives of the danger they were in, and cut the cords which bound them. The vessel, which Mr. C—— now perceived to be a sloop, went to pieces; he, however had the good fortune, with three others, to get on shore on a part of the wreck. The place proved to be Cardigan Bay, from whence, when he was able to travel, he has returned to his friends.

(To be continued.)

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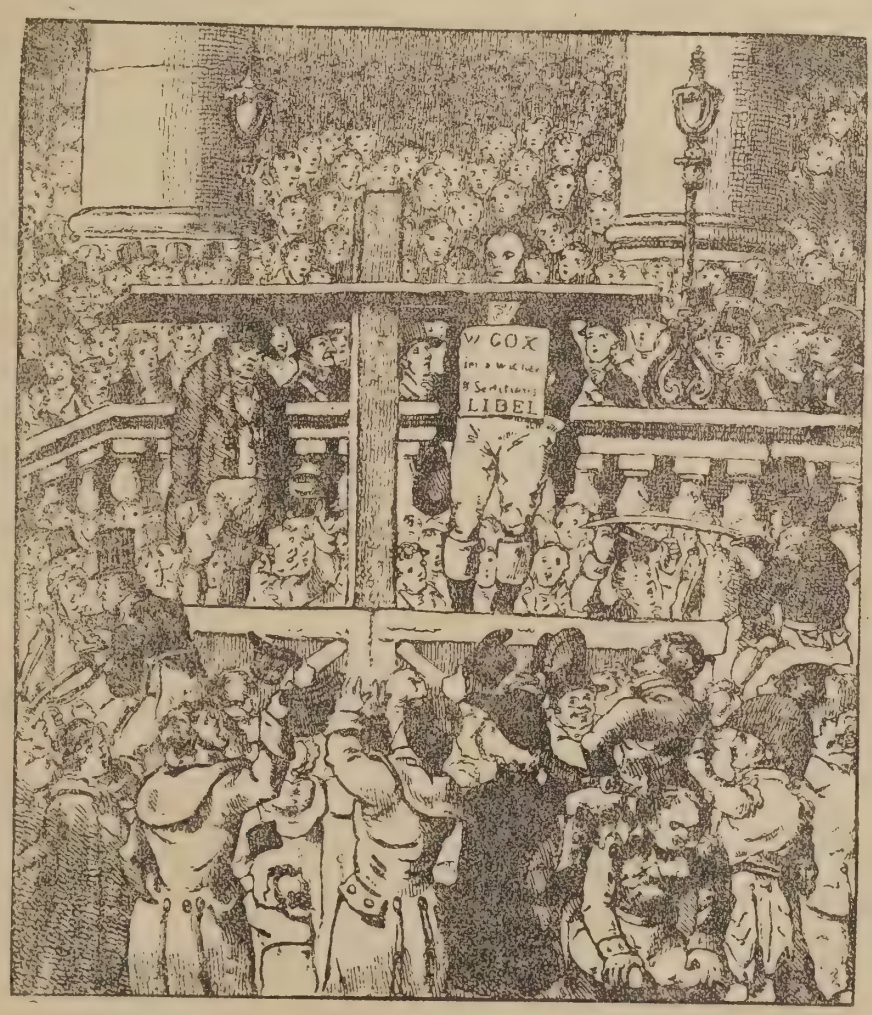
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"MR. WALTER COX ON THE PILLORY."



From the "Irish Magazine and Monthly Asylum for Neglected Biography," for April, 1811.

In his extraordinary periodical, the "Irish Magazine and Monthly Asylum for Neglected Biography," for April, 1811, "Watty" Cox thus described the scene depicted above:—

On Saturday, the 9th of March, this daring culprit, agreeable to the sentence pronounced on him, by Lord Norbury, was conducted from Newgate to the Royal Exchange, where the pillory was prepared for his punishment. On his appearance on the machine, he was cheered by a numerous and respectable assemblage of his fellow Citizens, not less than twenty thousand persons; this honourable expression of the public feeling in his favour, so dissimilar to the putrid opinion of a sorted Jury, gave him confidence, and tended to restore him to his spirits, which suffered a temporary dejection, from the mode of public exposure, intended to fix infamy upon useful labours and honourable industry; and by debasing Mr. Cox, in the eyes of his country, would have the effect of putting public opinion, and the country

itself, into the hands, and under the management, of an English Secretary, an hired Press, and a pensioned Bar.

Webb, in his "Compendium of Irish Biography," says:—

Walter, or "Watty," Cox, the son of a Westmeath blacksmith, a hanger-on of the revolutionary party in 1798, was born about 1770. He proved faithless both to his own side and to the Government. In 1797 he established the "Union Star," nominally in the interests of the United Irishmen, but ultimately repudiated by the Directory. After a visit to America, he established his "Irish Monthly Magazine," a medley of truth and falsehood, in which are to be found some valuable biographical details of many distinguished persons of the period. He carried it on from 1808 to 1815, being subjected to numerous fines and imprisonment for opinions expressed therein. He is said to have ceased writing upon the receipt of £400 in hand and a pension of £100 a year, withdrawn in 1835. He died at 12 Clarence-street, Dublin, in poverty, on the 17th January, 1837, aged 66. Some years before his death he had tried to cut the head off King William's statue in Dublin—relinquishing the task upon finding his tools unsuitable for the purpose. Mr. Madden writes: "The turbulence and restlessness of this man's mind never suffered him to be quiet, or to persist in any pursuit. While he was in America, he had tried all sorts of trades and callings; he had been a newspaper editor, a pawnbroker, a chandler, a dairy-keeper, and a dealer in Irish whiskey—and in all was unsuccessful."

TO THE OCEAN.

WRITTEN AT DUNMORE EAST.

Thou glorious ocean! sure I feel
In adoration I could kneel
And worship thee!
Only such homage may not be
To other save the Deity.

Say rides He not upon thy waves,
With tempests for His chariot slaves,
Sweeping o'er thee;
And when His forked lightnings gore thee,
Sink not all human things before thee?

Does not thy ceaseless rolling tide
Loud speak, as if with heaven allied—
Eternity!
Is there, could silent gaze on thee,
Nor feel thine awful Majesty!

An emblem, too, thy waves upcurled,
Of the friendship of the hollow world,
Which, though twining
Round us in fortune's bright beams shining.
Proves cold and dark when in sorrow pining.

Methinks thy calm and gentle billow,
Might for the weary form a pillow
Of peace and rest:
Where, not by care nor grief opprest,
They might sweetly dream of worlds more blest.

H. C.

Tokio, in Japan, has been destroying rats wholesale as a preventive measure against the plague. This disturbed the religious scruples of Umataro Nagai of Akasaka-ken. To get rid of his scruples he is building a stone pillar, 12 feet high and 6 feet thick, in honour of the spirits of the killed rats.

THIRTY HISTORIC IRISH-AMERICAN FAMILIES.

A BRILLIANT RECORD.

PART II.

THE PORTERS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Few American families have attained a greater degree of fame than the Porters, of Pennsylvania. Robert Porter came from Ireland in 1820, settling in New Hampshire, and afterward removing to Pennsylvania. His son, Andrew, was appointed a captain of marines by Congress, and assigned to the "Effingham." He was subsequently transferred to the artillery, at length becoming colonel of the Fourth Pennsylvania regiment of that branch of the service. He participated in many battles, including Princeton, Brandywine, and Germantown. President Monroe offered him the position of secretary of war, which he respectfully declined. His son, David R. Porter, was governor of Pennsylvania. nother son, George Bryan Porter, became governor of Michigan. A third son, James M. Porter, was a volunteer in the war of 1812. David R.'s son, William A. Porter, was judge of the supreme court of Pennsylvania, and a judge of the court of Alabama claims. Another son of David R.'s was Horace Porter, who was made brigadier-general during the Civil War. George Porter's son, Andrew, rendered good service in the Civil War, and became brigadier-general of volunteers and afterward provost-marshal general of the army of the Potomac.

THE THOMSONS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Charles Thomson, who was styled "the perpetual secretary" of Congress, was a native of Maghera, Derry. He and three brothers were brought from Ireland in 1740, by their father, who died just before reaching land. An elder brother had arrived before them. Charles became, at an early age, a firm supporter of the people's rights, and vigorously denounced British despotism. He was a man of the strictest integrity and sense of honour. John Adams spoke of him as "The life of the cause of liberty"; the Indians referred to him as "The man of truth." He was chosen secretary of the first Continental Congress in 1774, and retained the position until 1789, when he resigned. He died in 1824, in Montgomery county, Pennsylvania. He was among the first signers of the Declaration of Independence. His brother, William Thomson, was also a native of Ireland. Soon after reaching America, he went to South Carolina. At the breaking out of the Revolution he commanded the Third South Carolina Regiment, and saw much service. He took part with D'Estaing and Lincoln at the attack on Savannah, and met and defeated Gen. Robert Cunningham. He was formally thanked by Gov. Rutledge and by Congress.

THE KEATINGS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The Keatings alluded to here were of Franco-Irish descent. The progenitors of the family were exiled from Ireland by British despotism. Rendering valuable services, they were ennobled by Louis XVI. Baron John Keating was a colonel in the French army. At the beginning of the American Revolution, he resigned his commission, settled in Wilmington, Del., and subsequently removed to Philadelphia. His eldest son, John, was a lawyer of prominence, and married a grand-daughter of Francis Hopkins, signer of the Declaration of Independence. Another son, William, became a professor in the University of Pennsylvania, and was geologist and historiographer of Long's second expedition in 1823. William had a nephew, William Vincent Keating, who was an eminent physician in Philadelphia. He became professor in Jefferson College, and during the Civil War was a medical director in the army. Another member of the family, John W. Keating, was also a physician of note, and an author of much ability.

THE BUTLERS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Richard Butler, a distinguished soldier of the Revolution, left Ireland, with his parents, some time before 1760. He was commissioned lieutenant-colonel in the famous Pennsylvania Line at the beginning of the Revolution. He subsequently rose to the rank of major-general. His brother, William, was also an officer in the Revolution. Thomas, another brother, received the thanks of Washington, at the battle of Brandywine, for his gallantry, and Gen. Wayne overwhelmed him with thanks, at Monmouth, for a like reason. His son, Thomas, was assistant adjutant-general in the army under Gen. Harrison, and distinguished himself at New Orleans. Percival, the fourth of the Butler brothers, was a captain in the Revolution, and adjutant-general in the war of 1812. His son, Thomas L., was an aide-de-camp to Jackson at the siege of Pensacola and at the battle of New Orleans. Another son, William O., also did good service at New Orleans, and in the Mexican war. During the latter struggle, he served under Taylor and Scott, and received a sword of honour from Congress. Edward, youngest of the five brothers, was a captain in Gibson's regiment of levies, 1791, and adjutant-general to Gen. Wayne in 1796. His son, Edward G., became a colonel of dragoons in the Mexican war.

THE McKEANS, OF DELAWARE.

William McKean arrived from Ireland in the beginning of the eighteenth century. His descendant, Thomas, was a member of the Delaware assembly, and continued in the position for eleven years. He was held in very great esteem, and both Delaware and Pennsylvania claimed him as a citizen. He became judge of the court of common pleas, and was a member of the

Continental Congress in 1776. He signed the Declaration, and was elected president of Congress in 1781. During the session of 1776, Mr. McKean was a member of the secret committee appointed to contract for the importation of arms. A few days after the Declaration was issued, he marched at the head of a battalion of troops to join Washington. He died at Philadelphia, after having been chief justice of Pennsylvania, in 1817. His son, Joseph Borden McKean, was attorney-general of Pennsylvania. Joseph's son, William W. McKean, was a naval officer, and after many years faithful service was retired with the rank of commodore. During the Civil War he was in command of the Western Gulf blockading squadron.

THE CAMPBELLS, OF VIRGINIA.

William Campbell was a native of Virginia, where his father, an Irishman, had settled. After his father's death, in 1767, he removed with his mother and sisters to the Holston valley. He was made a colonel of the Continental army in 1780. With his regiment of riflemen he performed brilliant feats. Washington, Gates, and Greene highly commended his great ability, and expressed their high sense of his gallantry. Colonel Campbell assisted Greene at the battle of Guilford Court House, and was promoted to brigadier-general. He served with Lafayette in several battles. Gen. Campbell's nephew, John B. Campbell, entered the Nineteenth Infantry in 1812. In the war with Mexico he was elevated to the rank of colonel.

THE BURKES OF VIRGINIA.

John D. Burke came from Ireland, and was of the same family as the great Edmund Burke. John arrived in America about 1796. He engaged in journalism in Boston, and afterward in New York. He published a tragedy entitled: "Bunker Hill"; also a History of Late War in Ireland (Philadelphia, 1799); a History of Virginia (1804), and other works. His son, John, was born in Virginia in 1800, and died in 1888. He was a graduate of William and Mary College, a lawyer of note, and became a judge of the Louisiana courts. His memoirs have been published.

THE BURKES, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Thomas Burke, the progenitor of the family in America, was born in Ireland in 1747. He arrived in 1764, and studied law. In 1774 he removed from Virginia to Hillsborough, N.C. He became a leader among the colonists, and was bitterly opposed to the Stamp Act. He was a member of the Provincial Congress in 1776, and served as a volunteer at the battle of Brandywine. He was subsequently elected to the Continental Congress, and retained his seat for several years. In 1781 he was made governor of North Carolina.

THE JACKSONS, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

The elder Andrew Jackson emigrated from Carrickfergus, Ireland, in 1765. He had three sons, Andrew, Hugh, and Robert. Andrew was a soldier in the revolution, and in the second war with England. His most glorious achievement was the brilliant victory he won at New Orleans in 1815. He became successively, public prosecutor of the western district of North Carolina, district attorney of Tennessee, member of Congress, United States senator, justice of the supreme court of Tennessee, major-general in the regular army, governor of Florida, and was twice President of the United States. His adopted son, Andrew Jackson, had a son who was also named Andrew Jackson.

THE RUTLEDGES, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Dr. John Rutledge went to America from Ireland in 1735. His son, John, who afterward became so distinguished as a patriot, accompanied him, as did also another son, Edward. John, Edward's brother, was appointed commander-in-chief of the South Carolina forces in 1776. In 1779 he was chosen governor. In 1791 he was chief justice of South Carolina. In 1796 he was made chief justice of the United States. Edward Rutledge was one of the signers of the Declaration. Like his brother, he was a member of the Continental Congress, and during the war rendered conspicuous service. He became a United States senator, and in 1794 was governor of the state, as his brother had been before him.

THE LYNCHES, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Thomas Lynch arrived from Ireland long before the Revolution, and settled in South Carolina. His son, Thomas Lynch, strongly advocated the cause of the colonies, at an early age, and was a member of the first Continental Congress. His son, the third Thomas, was appointed captain in the First Regiment of South Carolina, and did good duty in the field. He succeeded his father in the Continental Congress, and was a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

THE CALHOUNS, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

James Calhoun came from Donegal, Ireland, in 1773, and at first settled in Pennsylvania, subsequently removing to Virginia and South Carolina. He had a large family, one of whom was Patrick. The latter in the course of time became captain of a battalion of frontier rangers, and rendered good service against the Indians. He married Martha Caldwell, of Virginia, the daughter of an Irish settler. When Calhoun entered Congress, war was imminent with England. In 1817 President Monroe appointed him Secretary of War, and in 1824 he was elected Vice-President of the United States. In 1828 he was re-elected Vice-President, and in 1843 was acting Secretary of State.

THE BURKES, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The best known member of this family was Ædanus Burke, the great jurist. He was born in Galway, Ireland, in 1743, and emigrated about the beginning of the Revolution. He volunteered in the American army, and rendered efficient service. He became a judge of the state courts in 1778, was elected to congress, and became chancellor of the state.

THE MOORES, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The elder Moore, James, was born in Ireland in 1640. He died at Charleston, S.C., in 1729. He left Ireland when twenty-five years of age. He was a man of extraordinary force of character, and was a natural leader of men. He had ten children. Ever foremost in all matters that were likely to contribute to the public welfare, he became governor of South Carolina in 1700. His sons, Maurice and James, fought the Indians in colonial times and displayed great bravery. Maurice had a son, also named Maurice, who was a judge at the beginning of the Revolution and espoused the cause of the States. James, another son of Maurice, senior, commanded a regiment in the Continental army, and won a battle at Moore's Cerek bridge. He afterwards became a brigadier-general, and was made commander-inchief of the Southern Department. At the close of the war he received the thanks of Congress. Alfred Moore, a son of the second Maurice, raised a battalion of troops, and severely harassed Cornwallis. He was appointed attorney-general of South Carolina, and subsequently the President made him an associate justice of the supreme court of the United States.

THE O'FALLONS, OF MISSOURI.

Dr. James O'Fallon arrived in America in 1774, and located in Wilmington, N.C. At the breaking out of the Revolution, he enlisted in the American army, and rendered gallant service. At the close of the war he removed to the West. His son, John O'Fallon, became a prominent citizen of Missouri, and, attaining great wealth, was well known for his philanthropic spirit. He served under Harrison, and was wounded at the battle of Tippecanoe. In St. Louis he endowed several educational institutions, and was highly esteemed for his patriotism and liberality.

THE SPHINX.

Seven gates the city hath,
  Looming dim and sheer—
Look! She crouches o'er the path,
  Monstrous shape of fear;
Lion-clawed with heart of stone,
  And, to bait the snare,
Lover's eyes have never known
  Maiden's face so fair.

Hearken to the words she speaks:
  "Read my riddle well;
So the best that mental seeks
  Shall thy fate compel.
Read it not, and thou shalt die—
  Life is little worth,
Save the glory of the sky,
  Pierce the mists of earth."

So spake the Sphinx of old, and so men died,
  Even, Dear, as I who, gazing in thine eyes,
  Behold the riddle of the ages rise,
And read it not, nor stand forth glorified:
  The riddle of thy soul—ah! show me grace:
  Must heart more cold be mine, as thine the fairer face?

French statisticians have discovered that during last winter 800,000 tons of snails were consumed in Paris. This indicates a renaissance for the snail, for although it has always been especially esteemed by the French people it has often fallen into disfavour for a season or two past, owing to the fact that the culture of the snail has been taken up largely by speculators, who have aimed at quantity rather than quality in their productions. Many of the snails sold in Paris really come from Burgundy and the Savoy districts, but are represented as from the vineyards of Dijon and Macon. One of the methods of the speculating snail-growers is to raise them in pens of tarred boards that prevent the mollusks from travelling far.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

(From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland, 1837.)



ARMAGH, a city, market, and post-town, and a parish, partly in the barony of O'Neilland West, but chiefly in that of Armagh, county of Armagh (of which it is the capital), and province of Ulster, 31 miles (S.W. by W.) from Belfast, and 65¾ (N.N.W.) from Dublin; containing 10,518 inhabitants, of which number, 9,470 are within the limits of the borough.

The past importance of this ancient city is noticed by several historians, who describe it as the chief city in Ireland. St. Fiech, who flourished in the sixth century, calls it the seat of the empire; Giraldus Cambrensis, the metropolis; and, even so lately as 1580, Cluverius styles it the head of the kingdom, adding that Dublin was then next in rank to it. The orignal name was "Druim-sailech," "the hill of sallows," which was afterwards changed to "Ard-sailech," "the height of sallows," and, still later, to "Ard-macha, either from "Eamhuin-macha," the regal residence of the kings of Ulster, which stood in its vicinity, or, as is more probable, from its characteristic situation, "Ard-macha," signifying "the high place or field."

Armagh is the head of the primacy of all Ireland, and is indebted for its origin, and ecclesiastical pre-eminence, to St. Patrick, by whom it was built, in 445. He also founded, near his own mansion, the monastery of St. Peter and St. Paul, for Canons Regular of the order of St. Augustine, which was rebuilt by Imar O'Hoedegan, and was the most distinguished of the religious establishments which existed here, having materially contributed to the early importance of the place. This institution received numerous grants of endowment from the native kings, the last of whom, Roderick O'Connor, made a grant to its professors, in 1169; insomuch that its landed possessions became very extensive, as appears from an inquisition taken on its suppression. Attached to it was a school or college, which long continued one of the most celebrated seminaries in Europe, and from which many learned men, not only of the Irish nation, but from all parts of Christendom, were despatched to diffuse knowledge throughout Europe. It is said that 7,000 students were congregated in it, in the pursuit of learning, at one period; and the annals of Ulster relate that, at a Synod held by Gelasius at Claonadh, in 1162, it was decreed that no person should lecture publicly on theology, except such as had studied at Armagh. The city was destroyed by accidental conflagration in the year 670, 687, and 770, and also sustained considerable injury in the last-mentioned year by lightning. In subsequent periods it suffered severely and repeatedly from the Danes, a band of whom having landed at Newry, in 830, penetrated into the interior, and having stormed Armagh established their headquarters in it for one month, and on being driven out, plundered and reduced it to ashes. In 836, Tergesius or Thorgis, a Danish chieftain, equally celebrated for his courage and ferocity, after having laid waste Connaught and a great part of Meath and Leinster, turned his arms against Ulster, which he devastated as far as Lough Neagh, and then advancing against Armagh, took it with little difficulty. His first act, after securing possession of the place, was the expulsion of the Bishop Farannan, with all the students of the college, and the whole body of the religious, of whom the bishop and clergy sought refuge in Cashel. The numerous atrocities perpetrated by the invaders at length excited a combined effort against them. Nial the Third collected a large army, and after having defeated the Danes in a pitched battle in Tyrconnel, advanced upon Armagh, where, after a second successful engagement, and while preparing to force his victorious way into the city, the main position of the enemy in these parts, he was drowned in the river Callan, in an attempt to save the life of one of his followers. Malachy, his successor, obtained possession of the city, in which a public assembly of the princes and chieftains of Ireland was held, in 849, to devise the means of driving their ferocious enemies out of the island. In their first efforts the Danes suffered several defeats; but, having concentrated their forces, and being supported by a reinforcement of their countrymen, they again marched against Armagh, and took and plundered it about the year 852.

The subsequent annals of Armagh, to the commencement of the 11th century, are little more than a reiteration of invasions and conquests by the Danes, and of successful but brief insurrections of the natives, in all of which this devoted city became in turn the prize of each contending army, and suffered all the horrors of savage warfare. In 1004, the celebrated Brian Boru entered Armagh, where he presented at the great altar of the church a collar of gold weighing 20 ounces; and after his death at the battle of Clontarf, in 1014, his remains were deposited here, according to his dying request, with those of his son Murchard, who fell in the same battle. From this period to the English invasion, the history of Armagh exhibits a series of calamitous incidents either by hostile inroads or accidental fires. Its annals, however, evince no further relation to the events of that momentous period than the fact of a synod of the Irish clergy having been held in it by Gelasius, in 1170, in which that assembly came to the conclusion that the foreign invasion and internal distractions of the country were the visitation of divine retribution, as a punishment for the inhuman practice of purchasing Englishmen from pirates and selling them as slaves; and it was therefore decreed that every English captive should be liberated. The city suffered severely from the calamities consequent on the invasion of Edward Bruce, in 1315, during which the entire see was lamentably wasted, and the archbishop was reduced to a state of extreme destitution, by the reiterated incursions of the Scottish army.

During the local wars in Ulster, at the close of the 15th and the beginning of the 16th centuries, this city was reduced to a state of great wretchedness; and in the insurrection of Shane O'Nial or O'Neal, Lord Sussex, then lord-lieutenant, marched into Ulster to oppose him; and having attacked him successfully at Dundalk, forced him to retire upon Armagh, which the lord-lieutenant entered in October, 1557, and wasted with fire and sword, sparing only the cathedral. In 1566, O'Nial, to revenge himself upon Archbishop Loftus, who had transmitted information of his hostile intentions to Government, even before the Irish chieftains and the lord deputy had preferred their complaint against him, resolved on a special expedition against this city, and on this occasion committed dreadful havoc, not even sparing the cathedral. In the year 1575, Sydney, the lord-deputy, marched into Ulster against Turlough O'Nial, and fixed his headquarters at Armagh, whither that chieftain, after some ineffectual negotiations through the agency of his wife, proceeded, and having surrendered himself, was permitted to return home without molestation. In the short but sanguinary war carried on between the English Government and Hugh O'Nial, Earl of Tyrone, towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth, the earl obtained possession of this place by stratagem; but unfavourable events in other parts soon obliged him to evacuate the place. In the course of the same war Armagh was again invested, in 1598, by this chieftain, who hoped to reduce it a second time by famine, but was baffled by the treachery of his illegitimate son, Con O'Nial, who, having deserted to the English, discovered a private road by which Sir Henry Bagnall, the British commander, was enabled to send in such a supply of men and provisions as completely frustrated the earl's efforts. Soon after, the English were utterly defeated, and their commander killed, in a desperate attempt to force O'Nial's intrenchments, the immediate consequence of which was their evacuation of Armagh, which, however, was re-taken in 1601, by Lord Mountjoy, who made it one of his principal positions in his Ulster expedition, and occupied it with a garrison of 900 men. In the early part of the 17th century, a colony of Scottish Presbyterians settled here, from which it is supposed Scotch-street, near the eastern entrance of the town, took its name.

At the commencement of the war in 1641, Armagh fell into the hands of Sir Phelim O'Nial, who, on being soon after forced to evacuate it, set fire to the cathedral, and put to death many of the in-

habitants. On the breaking out of the war between James II. and William, Prince of Orange, the earl of Tyrconnel, then lord-lieutenant under the foreign sovereign, took the charter from the corporation, and placed a strong body of troops in the town; but they were surprised and disarmed by the people of the surrounding country, who had risen in favour of the new dynasty: the garrison was permitted to retreat without further injury to Louth, and Lord Blayney, having taken possession of the town, immediately proclaimed King William. This nobleman, however, was soon afterwards compelled to evacuate it, and retreat with his forces to Londonderry, at that period the last refuge of the Protestants. James, in his progress through the north to and from the siege of Derry, rested for a few days at Armagh, which he describes as having been pillaged by the enemy, and very inconvenient both for himself and his suite. In 1690 Duke Schomberg took possession of it, and formed a depot of provisions here. No important event occurred after the Revolution until the year 1769, when the city furnished a well-appointed troop of cavalry to oppose Thurot at Carrickfergus. In 1778, on the apprehension of an invasion from France and of civil disturbances, several of the inhabitants again formed themselves into a volunteer company, and offered the command to the Earl of Charlemont, by whom, after some deliberation, it was accepted. In 1781, an artillery company was formed; and in the following year, a troop of volunteer cavalry, of which the Earl of Charlemont was also captain. In 1796, this nobleman, in pursuance of the wishes of Government, formed an infantry company and a cavalry troop of yeomanry in the town, whose numbers were afterwards augmented to 200: they were serviceable in performing garrison duty during the temporary absence of the regular troops in the disturbanecs of 1798, but in 1812 were disbanded by order of the lord-lieutenant.

The inhabitants were incorporated under the title of the "Sovereign, Free Burgesses, and Commonalty of the Borough of Ardmagh," in 1613, by charter of Jas. I., which was taken from them by Jas. II., who granted one conferring more extensive privileges; but Wm. III. restored the original charter, under which the corporation consists of a sovereign, twelve free burgesses, and an unlimited number of freemen, of whom there are at present only two; a town clerk and registrar, and two sergeants-at-mace are also appointed. The sovereign is, by the charter, eligible by the free burgesses from among themselves, annually on the festival of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist (June 24th); the power of filling a vacancy in the number of free burgesses is vested in the sovereign and remaining free burgesses; the freemen are admitted by the sovereign and free burgesses; and the appointment of the inferior officers is vested in the corporation at large. By charter of King James, the borough was empowered to send two representatives to the Irish parliament, but the right of election was confined to the sovereign and twelve burgesses, who continued to return two members till the union, when the number was reduced to one.

Next Week.—ATHENRY.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

"STUCK!"

Sage, the dapper little City editor of the "Globe," had a great nose for news. He also had a temper. His fits of rage were usually the result of some offence to his journalistic nostrils. They were offended now. His face was as scarlet as the habitual red carnation in his button-hole.

"Bates!", he called, in a tone that boded no good.

A reporter dropped the paper he was reading, thrust a black pipe into the pocket of his shabby coat, and answered the summons.

The editor looked the reporter over from head to toe, and from toe to head, carefully estimating him.

Bates was tall, lean, cadaverous; as angular of feature as he was of form. A great shock of unkempt black hair hung low over his forehead, and gave him a look that was grim, wild, fantastic. The vagaries of nature, as though still unsatisfied, set in his homely head a pair of appealing blue eyes, that diffused a strange peace over his haggard face.

The City editor could not look into those eyes, and be harsh. He knew that by experience. Even now the furtive glance he caught as he looked up at the reporter, softened his rage, and tempered his tone.

"Look here, Bates," he began, more irritated than angry, waving a handful of clippings from rival newspapers; "we've been beaten by every sheet in town, and you're to blame!"

The reporter knew it. He had nothing to say. There is no excuse in journalism.

Sage went on. "This is the third time you've fallen down on an important story within ten days. Two weeks ago you were scooped; and a month before you were beaten by even that insignificant rag the "Gazette." I've warned you repeatedly. You know I won't keep a man on the staff upon whom I cannot depend. I intended to discharge you a week ago; but I thought better of it, and decided to give you another chance. You haven't made good! I can't account for it—you have done excellent work heretofore—you stopped drinking a year ago—what is it?"

"Luck! Rotten luck!"

"Well, the 'Globe' can't afford to employ an unlucky man. As a matter of discipline, if nothing else, I shall have to let you go. I'm sorry! Personally, I like you. You can work on here until the end of the week, and then—take my advice—get out of the newspaper business—you're not fitted for it."

As if to emphasise that point the editor assigned Bates, a man of experience, to report a lecture (about which the paper might print a half dozen lines), and dismissed him.

Bates walked out of the office, dazed, benumbed.

"Get out of the newspaper business; you're not fitted for it." The words whirled through the reporter's mind until his head throbbed.

"My God! if I can't do newspaper work, what can I do? Nothing—nothing! If there ever were other possibilities in me, this business has killed them. I'll simply have to stick to it. But who'll employ me? Every man in town will know why I've been fired."

He was not worried on his own account. His mind was full of a little woman who lay ill in a maternity hospital; the mother of a tiny pink thing—the nurse told Bates it was a boy; the wife whom he feared death would snatch from his arms. And it was this fear, this dread, that usurped all his other thoughts for the past six weeks. It was this ever-haunting horror—a horror that drove the man to the hospital a dozen times a day, when he should have been on the trail of news—which had caused Harry Bates, who had long ranked as a capable reporter, to be classed among the incompetents.

It was a bitter—a hard thing. It hurt his pride—it depleted his purse. Being a space writer, he had been doing badly, for, since he was judged incompetent, he had been given little to do; and for the remaining days of the week he knew he would fare worse.

Fate seemed to have laid a heavy hand on him.

Like most journalists, he had not saved money. He could not afford to be idle a day, so he was obliged to work on through those weeks of worry. He might have had assistance, had he made known the cause of his incompetency; but his sensitive nature, the keener because it was hidden, shrank from the coarse jests some of his fellows would have made at that little woman's expense.

So, thinking of her, he hastened to the hospital, trusting to luck that the lecture would amount to nothing. It did prove of small interest, and, as Bates had prophesied, so did his every assignment for the next five days.

He was despondent, very despondent; not so much that his stories yielded him little, but that his wife was still in the hospital.

"If she were only well and strong again, I could bring in news, and turn out copy they'd be glad to print," he muttered to himself, as he stood by the office window one night, late in the week, and gazed out through the drizzling rain, over the roof-tops.

He sighed and turned from the window. The office clock struck ten. He noted that he was the only reporter in the room. "Yes," he thought, bitterly, "they're all working but me."

Just then the telephone bell rang. A copy reader answered it. He made a few notes on a bit of paper, hung up the receiver, and handed the slip to the City Editor.

Sage raised his eyebrows. "Out of town story; I'll have to see the Night Editor about it." He glanced around the room. The eyes of Bates were on him. "He's the only reporter in the shop," thought Sage; "I suppose we'll have to trust him."

The City Editor rose from his chair, and stepped into an adjoining office, where a dozen men in shirt sleeves were editing copy as fast as it came by wire, telephone, and messenger. The Night Editor, his feet cocked up on the desk, a long Havana between his teeth, was looking over the evening papers. He glanced up as the City Editor accosted him. They exchanged a few words, evidently satisfactory to Sage, for he nodded his head, and re-entered the city room.

"Bates," he said, as soon as he had put his foot inside the door, "here is a chance to redeem yourself." He handed the reporter the slip, and added: "There's a big explosion at Bed Rock, and a lot of people hurt—probably killed. Take the first train out. Hump yourself! Telephone us something—anything—for the first edition; and a good story for the second. Above all keep your wits about you and see you don't get left. Remember, too, that we go to press at one o'clock, and must hear from you, at latest, by half-past twelve."

Though Bates hurried he missed the last train to Bed Rock, a small town about fifteen miles from the city; so that he was obliged to use the trolley line.

It was close to midnight when he reached Bed Rock. As he jumped from the car he caught sight of a mounted patrolman. He hailed the officer and questioned him concerning the catastrophe. The policeman told him where the explosion had occurred; made a wild guess as to the number killed and injured, and a wilder estimate of the losses.

"It's meagre, but it will have to do for the first edition," grumbled the reporter, as he looked at his watch in the dim light of a flickering street lamp, and noted that the hands pointed to ten minutes past twelve. "Now for a 'phone."

He ran along what seemed to be the main street of the town, until, over a barber shop,

*"Stuck" is the expressive journalistic phrase employed when one newspaper appears without an important item of news published by another.

he saw a telephone sign. The place was dark. Bates hammered at the door. A woman put her head out of a window above him.

"I'd like to use your 'phone," began the reporter cheerfully.

"You'll have to wait; my husband's down to the explosion, and I'm not goin' to let any stranger in." The woman closed the window.

Bates glared at the door for a moment as though he had half a mind to break it in, then turned on his heel and inquired of a man in a milk waggon, where he might find a telephone.

"There's a 'phone in the drug store, about a quarter of a mile the other side of the car shed," was the answer.

It was twenty minutes past midnight when Bates found the drug shop. The lights were extinguished, but the druggist was standing at the door.

"May I use your 'phone?" asked Bates.

"No!" replied the man curtly. "I've shut up for the night.

"But I'm a reporter—I've got to send in a story of the explosion—I won't keep you a moment."

"I don't care who you are, or what you have to do. I run this place to suit myself, not you or your paper. If you want a 'phone—go to the Exchange."

"Go to h— !" returned Bates, wrathfully, as he wheeled about and strode up the street.

He was desperate.

It was twenty-five minutes past twelve.

The street was deserted.

He looked up and down the rows of black windows in despair.

"Hello, hello! Yes, this is central." The words floated out through a window above him.

The reporter gazed up eagerly. There was a light in the fourth floor of an office building. Then he made out the sign of a telephone exchange on the door. He caught hold of the door-knob and gave it a vigorous rattle.

A young man thrust his head out of a lighted window. "Well, what's the row, there?" he asked, good-naturedly.

"Say, will you please come down here a minute; I want to speak to you?" The direct request had failed on previous occasions, so Bates was making a departure, with the belief that he could be more persuasive at close range.

"Oh, go on!" exclaimed the youth above; "you're drunk!"

"Drunk! cried Bates, exasperated; "I was never more sober in my life." Then he changed his tone, and put the plea of his eyes in his voice: "Come down and give me a word, and I'll give you a dollar."

The window closed.

It seemed an hour to Bates before the door opened. Then the reporter made up for lost time. He talked like chain lightning. "I want to use your 'phone—got a story of the explosion—must get it into the "Globe" within five minutes—if I don't, I'll lose my job".

"I can't lose mine, to save yours," replied the other. "Its against the rules of the company for me to let even employes into the Exchange, unless they're on business."

"Now, look here, Mr. Central; no one need know I've been here—I'll keep it shady."

It rather tickled the young operator to be called "Mr. Central"; still he demurred.

"My God, man, it's life or death to me—you don't understand!" cried Bates desperately.

The youth did not understand, but he could not resist the appeal of those melancholy blue eyes. "Come in," said he softly; "but mind don't ever give me away."

They hurried up the stairs together, into a large room, furnished only with a rude table, a couple of chairs, and the telephone exchange cabinet. Four or five of the tiny brass hinge-like plates on the cabinet were hanging down, indicating that there were calls for connections.

For the moment the operator paid no heed to the clicking at the cabinet. He busied himself closing the window shutters.

Bates looked at the clock on the white-washed wall. It showed twenty-five minutes of one.

"Be good enough to get me the "Globe" office just as quickly as you can. It is 1-47-62. I must catch the first edition," said the reporter anxiously.

The operator took a seat at the cabinet and clapped a telephone receiver to his ear. "Hello," said he, to someone on the wire; "what number? 1-54-39?"

Bates grasped the youth's arm. "That's the "Chronicle's" number—cut him off!'

"Wires busy; please call again," spoke the operator, into the telephone, with the monotone of a phonograph.

There came another call before "Mr. Central" could move a plug. "Hello! What? Eh? "Daily Graphic?"

"The 'Graphic'! Tell him the wire's busy," besought Bates.

While the "Graphic's" representative stamped about a livery stable, and damned the country telephone operators, Bates was sending in his meagre account of the explosion, in time to make the "Globe's" first edition.

Nor was the "Graphic's" man the only reporter in Bed Rock, that moment, who was swearing. Men from every one of the city's big dailies were fuming because they could not telephone their papers.

Two of the men, at the last moment, rushed frantically to the railroad station to send the story in by telegraph; but they found the office dark, and no one could tell them where the operator lived.

Meanwhile Bates kept right on talking, sending in imaginary details, holding the wire until it was too late for any other reporter in Bed Rock to catch his first edition.

Then he gave up the wire.

"Here's a reporter talking now," said the operator; "do you want to hear?"

"Do I? Give me the receiver!" Bates reached for it.

"You mustn't talk loud," continued the youth, "or they'll hear you at the other end."

"It's Thompson, of the 'Chronicle,' I know him well," whispered the reporter, taking notes of the story buzzing over the wire.

"There, he's through," said Bates, presently. "He's given me the name of every man killed or injured; but he doesn't know the cause of the explosion, or the extent of the losses. It's up to me to hustle a bit for myself."

"Hush, here's another," lisped Bates' confederate, passing the receiver to the reporter.

Bates smiled. He recognised the voice of Johnson, of the Rocket. For ten minutes he did not speak. He was taking down every item Johnson was telephoning.

"Johnson's a mighty good man," remarked Bates, laying down the receiver, and lighting his pipe. "He hasn't half the names, but he has the losses and insurance down pat."

"Then, after a moment's pause, consumed in getting his pipe well lighted, he resumed: "Mr. Central, you're a brick! This is great! Now we sit—pardon me, shall I roll you a cigarette. Very good." He rolled one for the youth. "Here we sit, while the gang rushes about in the rain—I guess you'd prefer to lick the paper yourself"—he gave the cigarette a final twist, and passed it to the operator, as he went on: "while the gang rushes about in the rain, gathering the news, and I edit it on the wire. Do you know, old man, I haven't enjoyed myself so much since ——" He paused suddenly. The light went out of his eyes, and melancholy cast a shadow over them.

The operator did not heed the change, for one of the tiny brass hinges in front of him dropped.

"Here's another reporter," whispered "Mr. Central." He had to pluck Bates by the sleeve before he could get the reporter's attention.

"Eh! What! Oh! Yes!" Bates grabbed a receiver, and was soon puffing clouds of smoke with every scrawl of his fast-moving pencil. The light came into his eyes again. The humour of the situation, and the fact that he was collecting a good story, revived his spirits.

"Drop another dime in that slot," called the operator into the telephone; "you've talked over five minutes." Then he turned to Bates. "Your friend's working the slot machine telephone at the railroad station."

"I think that's Herman, of the 'Eagle.' He's all right for a Sunday special, but he's not much use on a news story. The 'Eagle' will print the history of the Bed Rock Chemical Works this morning, that's about all. Strange no one seems to know anything about the cause of the explosion."

"You can go ahead, now," called "Mr. Central" to the reporter at the railroad station.

Bates took no more notes. "Gosh, but he's long-winded; he's telling the same thing over again," remarked the "Globe" reporter. "Say, isn't it time to charge him another ten cents?"

"He's only been at it three minutes."

"Charge him anyway; I'm getting sick of hearing him talk; besides, it's time I was sending in my story for the second edition."

"Time's up!" cried the operator. "If you've more to say, drop another dime—well, then, two nickels." "Mr. Central" smiled at Bates. "He's kicking!"

"Then cut him off altogether, and connect me with the 'Globe.'"

Bates spread his notes before him. "If I haven't the best story of the Bed Rock catastrophe," he muttered, "it isn't the fault of the other reporters."

. . . . . .

While one of the men in the "Globe" office took Bates' collaborated story over the telephone, a copy-reader whipped it into shape, and passed it, sheet-by-sheet, to the City Editor.

That dapper little person was marvelling at the amount of work that Bates had accomplished, when the reporter at the telephone wheeled about, and exclaimed: "We're cut off, and I've only got the names of two out of the fifteen killed!"

. . . . . .

Bates had been keeping the wire hot with the story, reading it, in disorder, from his hieroglyphic-like notes, and had just come to the list of killed and injured, when the operator switched him on the arm.

"Listen to this," said he, switching Bates on to another wire; "someone's talking to the town burgess."

This is what the reporter heard:—"Hello, Camp—hello—I wish you'd repeat that. Talk louder. I can't half make out what you're saying." Then another voice answered, "We've arrested one man, Allen Reynolds. He used to be engineer of the works, but Hayworth discharged him a month ago. He confesses that he had a hand in the plot to destroy the place, but won't give the names of his accomplices. I think I can lay my hands on 'em, though, in the mornin', if they don't get wind of Reynolds' arrest."

That was enough for Bates. "Give me the 'Globe' again—in a hurry!" he exclaimed. "Incendiary origin! Diabolical plot! Lord, won't that jar the other sheets! I'll beat the town!"

The operator was almost as interested as the reporter. He cut in on someone calling a physician, and gave Bates the city wire.

"Hello, is that the 'Globe'?" asked the reporter. "This is Bates!"

While the man at the other end was taking the reporter to task for keeping the paper waiting, there came a heavy knock at the street door of the exchange.

"What's that?" questioned Bates, anxiously.

"Mr. Central" threw open the window and looked out. He spoke to a man below, and came back to the cabinet. "There's a lineman at the door. He's got to come up to look over the wires. The explosion has mixed up some of them."

"What are you going to do? I've got to get this stuff in somehow." Bates' look was almost threatening.

"I'd lose my job if the lineman found you here."

"Can't I hide in that closet until he goes; he won't be long, will he?"

"I wouldn't dare risk it," replied the operator hastily. "But I've got an idea. I can get you out without him seeing you."

"But I've got to get the biggest end of this story in yet." The reporter's under lip was quivering.

"You can telephone from the livery stable. It's on the block below, and is open all night. Grab up your papers and follow me." With that the operator quietly led the way down the stairs to the second floor. A door stood open on a landing. "Slip in there," said the youth, "until the lineman gets upstairs, then sneak out."

"All right," returned Bates, as he thrust a bill in the other's hand, and pressed it warmly. "You've done me a great favour—I won't forget you."

The operator winked, and slid down the balusters.

A minute later Bates tiptoed down the creaky flight, holding his breath as he went. He opened the street door carefully, and closed it softly after him, then hurried along the street to the livery stable. A sleepy groom admitted him, remarking that he was the third reporter who had been there that night.

Bates stepped into the telephone box. Up in the exchange "Mr. Central" was holding the wire for him, and the big end of the story, which no other paper had even a hint of. The fact that the explosion was the result of an incendiary plot was soon startling everyone in the "Globe" office, from the copy-boy to the Managing Editor.

It was a great story, and the City Editor was only waiting to see Bates to congratulate him. He would not let the reporter go now.

Sage wondered why, on that day above all others, Bates should be late. He grew impatient as the hours passed and still no sign of the reporter. The City Editor was on the point of sending the copy to Bates' address, when he entered the office.

Sage did not notice that the reporter was unusually pale, and that his look was wilder than ever; he merely glanced up from the proof-sheets before him, and said: "Sit down, Bates; I want to talk to you."

Though the reporter hardly seemed to hear the other's words, he sank into a chair. There was something hopeless in his attitude, something tragic in his look.

The City Editor went on, scrutinising the proofs as he talked: "You've beaten the town to-day, Bates. It was a rattling good story, yours. I want you to stay with us. Now, there ought to be a good follow story in that explosion. It's more than likely the Bed Rock authorities have made other arrests. I'm going to send you out there."

Bates was silent. Sage wheeled around in his chair, and looked at the reporter. He found him studying the pattern in the linoleum.

"Well, well!" The City Editor was a bit impatient.

Bates looked up with a start. He had scarce noted Sage's words.

"I want a little money," said the reporter abruptly.

"Broke, are you? How much do you want?"

"Hundred dollars."

"Hundred dollars! What do you need with a hundred dollars?"

"Bury my wife!" The reporter's tone was unnatural, hard, cold; only his eyes revealed his misery.

Sage stared at him a moment. When he spoke it was not the dapper little City Editor, with the red carnation in his buttonhole, and a nose for news; it was the husband, the father, the man. "It will be all right about the money. I'm sorry, very sorry, old man; I didn't even know she was ill."

"Only six weeks."

The City Editor understood now why Bates had been incompetent. "What was the trouble, Harry?" It meant something for Sage to call a man by his Christian name.

"A boy!" Bates' monotone was uncanny.

Sage laid his hand on the reporter's arm.

They were both silent for a moment; then the City Editor spoke: "The boy—eh—he'll live, I hope?"

Bates nodded his head.

Sage was the City Editor again, with the red carnation, and the nose for news! He turned to Bates, and remarked: "You're the only man who should cover that story—you know the ground thoroughly."

Bates' chin was sunk on his chest. He replied without raising his head: "What's the use? I've nothing to work for now!"

"How about the boy?"

The reporter started as though something had stung him: "That's so!" he muttered.

He picked up a handful of copy paper and walked out of the office.

THE MAN WITH THE PEN.

From the king to the serf is a far call, we think,
Yet the symbol of both is a bottle of ink,
For with prowess unmeasured—with work never done—
The man with the pen is the two rolled in one.
He rules like a monarch, he toils like a slave,
And the rest that he dreams of he finds in the grave.

When the man with the pen takes the orders to think,
And swears his allegiance to paper and ink,
He parts with all pleasures that other men find
In the fair world about him—his realm is the mind.
Oh, a wonderful realm is that region, I know,
Where the thought-flowers bloom and idea-plants grow,
But nowhere in serfdom do labourers toil.
With the pick in the mines, or the hoe in the soil,
Like the slave-monarch, gathering thoughts out of space
To aid, and amuse, and enlighten the race.

The king has distractions, the slave has his rest,
But the serf-monarch's sleep is a dream-haunted quest
For ideas—and all the distraction he knows
Is weaving new garments of words for old woes,
New garbs for old sorrow, new names for old sin,
And setting new goals for spent runners to win.
His days are as night, and his nights are as day,
The stern angel Duty walks with him alway;
Through respite, or slumber, he hears the word "write,"
And the end of achievement is never in sight.
Tho' he mounts the top round in the ladder of fame
The cry of earth's hungering hosts is the same;
It strikes to his marrow and rouses again
The toil-weary mind of the man with the pen.

The world moves about us a mighty machine,
And its intricate wheels within wheels are unseen,
An empire is builded, republics are born,
A kingdom is wiped by the finger of scorn
From the slate of the nations—a lesson is taught,
A criminal punished—a culprit is caught,
A statesman and lawmaker rises to power,
A wave of reform strikes the world in an hour
And sweeps all before it; and back out of sight,
As silent and patient, and forceful as light,
Is the impulse to action, the moulder of men,
The guider of purpose—the man with the pen.

The man born an emperor rules while he may,
The millionaire king buys a brief right of way,
But the monarch of thought, tho' his name is unheard,
Knows that nations unborn by his mind shall be stirred,
For thought is a dynamite force, and when hurled
It changes the aspect and face of the world.

The right hand of Progress, sweet Charity's friend,
The eyes for blind Justice, the sword to defend,
Uncrowned yet a monarch, no throne but a den—
God guide him and bless him, the man with the pen!

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC

By M. J. B.

II.

The bards may go down to the place of their slumbers,
The lyre of the charmer be hushed in the grave,
But far in the future the power of their numbers
Shall kindle the hearts of our faithful and brave.

—"Irish Penny Journal," i., 284.

Whenever we wish to describe the highest kind of bravery, we speak of Spartan courage. The ancient Spartans were, and still continue to be, the most famous warriors in the pages of history. They were a soldier nation, long regarded as invincible. However, the fates were once against them, and reverse followed reverse until despair began to gnaw their magnanimous hearts; they sent to consult the famous oracle of Delphi, which advised them to chose for general a lame schoolmaster, Tyrtaeus. This seemed, indeed, a cynical mockery, but they bowed to the oracle. Tyrtaeus knew nothing of war, but he set to composing martial songs, which so inspirited his men, that victory once again marched with the armies of regenerated Sparta. The inimitable Plutarch tells us of the Spartans that "their songs had a spirit, which could rouse the soul, and impel it in an enthusiastic manner. . . Indeed, if we consider with some attention such of the Lacedæmonian poems as are still extant ,and get into these airs which were played upon the flute, when they marched to battle, we must agree that Terpander and Pindar have very justly joined valour and music together. . . When the army was drawn up and the enemy near, the king sacrificed a goat, and commanded them all to set garlands upon their heads, and the musicians to play Castor's march, while himself began the pæan ,which was the signal to advance. It was at once a solemn and a dreadful sight, to see them measuring their steps to the sound of the music, and without the least disorder . . moving forward cheerfully and composedly with harmony to battle" (Life of Lycurgus).

The historian, Thucydides, in one of his graphic descriptions of the battles of his own time, relates how on one occasion the Spartans were pitted against the Mantinæans, Argives, and Athenians, and he describes both armies drawn up and their generals haranguing the allies, and appealing to their reasons, showing what fortunes depended on victory or defeat; but the Spartans had no such speeches. Breaking into warlike songs, they swept down on the allied hosts, and drove them from the field (Thuc. v., 69). Hence Milton represents Satan as marshalling his troops to Spartan music:—

Anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle.

—Paradise Lost, i.

Amongst the Greeks there was a famous war song called the Orthian hymn, and we are told that on hearing this song Alexander the Great was so fired with enthusiasm that he sprang from his seat and called for his arms in the wild frenzy of the moment (Heredotus—Beloe's Translation, Lon., 1821., i., 54, note).

So Pope sings:—

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dared the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian raised his strain,
And men grew heroes at the sound.

—Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

And that versatile litterateur, Father Francis Mahony, was never nearer to sober truth than

when he exclaimed: "From Tyrtaeus to Beranger ,the muse has befriended through every age the cause of liberty. The pulse of patriotism never beats with bolder throb than when the sound of martial song swells in the full chorus of manly voices; and it was in a great measure the rude energy of the 'Marsellaise' that won for the ragged and shoeless grenadiers of the convention the victories of Valmy and Jemmappe. In our own country, Dibdin's naval odes . . . have not a little contributed to our maintaining in perilous times the disputed empire of the ocean against Napoleon"—"Reliques of Father Prout" (Bohn's Lib.,) 352.

Assuredly we, Irishmen cannot hear without some emotion the strains of "O'Donnell Aboo," and can imagine its effect when the front of battle lowered.

The pipers figured most conspicuously in the wars of Elizabeth's reign. Mr. Standish O'Grady, who has made the history of this period a particular study, and who, as one of the editors of State Papers appointed by the Government, had especial opportunities of investigation, thus speaks of these heroes:—"They were brave men, these pipers. . . . The piper went before his men and piped them into the thick of battle—the fall of the musician was an event of importance second only to that of a considerable officer. So in the State Papers, pipers are specially mentioned amongst the slain in such a manner as to indicate that the slayer was particularly proud of such achievements."—"Bog of Stars," etc. (New Ir. Lib.), 155.

Indeed, the pipers have a long history of their own, for the Spartan laws required a certain number of pipers in every regiment; and from these days, to that of Piper Findlater, their record has been one of valour (Thucydides, v., 70).

But not only does martial music inspire valour, it also strikes terror into opponents; and so Sir Francis Drake, the famous Admiral, in the reign of Elizabeth, took with him trumpeters and other musicians for this purpose (Bloomfield's "Thucydides, Lon., 1829., iii., 204).

THE GEOLOGY OF KILLINEY.

The granite veins of Killiney are extremely curious, and worthy the study of geologists. When we descend to the shore a little to the east of the Obelisk, we find ourselves bounded by perpendicular rocks. These are of two kinds—granite and a schistoze or slaty rock, of a bluish colour, termed mica schist. We observe that it rests on its edges on pavement of granite, and reclines against that rock. The junction of the two rocks is quite perceptible, but their is no blending of their characters. We may next observe a ledge of rock partly covered by the sea, and extending in a north and south course along the shore. This is a granite vein of several feet in breadth, several hundred yards in length, and bounded on both sides by mica chist. The great vein running parallel to the strata gives off a smaller vein at right angles to the direction of the strata, and which contains fragments of mica schist. We may conclude from this, that originally fissures were produced in the schist, and filled up by molten granite, which entangled fragments of the mica, which fell from the sides of the fissure. Heat, of course, is the only agent capable of melting granite. We detect other granite veins, each affording some curious and minute fact in harmony with the proceeding remarks. As it is easier to split a piece of wood in the direction of the grain, than transversely, we infer it is easier for liquid granite to insinuate itself between the strata than to find its way across them. The large vein is broader than all the transverse veins put together. At the point near the entrance of the abandoned lead mine, the vein does not hold a straight course, nor is it of equal thickness, but is serpentine and unequal, as if the strata had been violently lacerated instead of being split. The vein itself has been broken and its fractured extremities a little displaced and detached, thus proving that the strata had been exposed to concussion and displacement at that period posterour to that when the vein was found.

THE

STORY OF RATHMICHAEL.

PAPER BY MR. ELRINGTON BALL.

On Tuesday, February 25th, Mr. F. Elrington Ball read a paper before the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland on "Rathmichael and its Neighbourhood." He said that in addition to the exquisite combination of sea and mountain scenery, which the district affords, it was possessed of a history which presented an interesting picture of life on the borders of the English Pale in mediæval times. Although afterwards one of the battlefields on which a bloody conflict was waged between the Irish tribes and the forces of the English Crown, it was for more than a century singularly free from disturbance and concord existed between the Irish inhabitants and the new settlers. The invaders found the district thickly studded with religious establishments, chief amongst these being Rathmichael, where a typical group of Celtic ecclesiastical buildings, including a round tower, was to be seen. Near Rathmichael, where now stands Shankhill Castle, lay the little town of Shankill, which contained, besides other houses and a church, a manor house of the Archbishop of Dublin, to whom the lands belonged. There the Archbishops, in the thirteenth century, constantly stayed. The manor of Shankill was of considerable size, and included the town of Dalkey and Powerscourt, where a weekly market was held. Part of the lands were in the hands of the Archbishop, and part in the hands of his betaghs and other tenants. At Shankill the Archbishop's senechal held a court, in which the inhabitants of the manor were tried for murder as well as for less important crimes. In some cases, however, the offenders fled to the churches within the manor, and claimed the protection of the church, which was freely granted. Outside the manor lay the lands of Ballycorus, which belonged to various owners, and the lands of Tully, which belonged to the Priory of the Holy Trinity. On the lands of Shanganagh stood the Church of Kiltuck, remains of which are still to be seen. Bray was in mediæval times the site of a great castle and a corporate town. It belonged to the Rideleford family, and occupied, as it does at present, both banks of the river. Two of the Dublin monasteries had houses in the town for the purpose of traffic with the Irish inhabitants of the mountains, one of the chief commodities thus obtained being firewood. Near Bray lay the Church of Old Connaght, and further on, in a lovely wooded glen, the Church of Ballyman. The peaceful and prosperous condition of the district for the greater part of the thirteenth century was shown by the fact that the valuation of the prebend of Rathmichael more than doubled in the first fifty years; but towards the close of the century the reign of fire and sword began, and the lands were devastated and laid waste. The Scotch invasion under the Bruces gave the Irish tribes fresh courage; and Sir Hugh Lawless, who had the custody of Bray, only received as his profit from it for five years, two salmon. The manor of Shankill was continually ravaged and pillaged, and all the buildings were burnt. Some years later the barrier which enclosed the English Pale began to be constructed, and the castle at Bray was repaired, and a garrison maintained in it. The lands began to be again let, but at much lower rents and in larger quantities. The first to hold them under a state of things, that required skill in the use of arms, as well as knowledge of agriculture, were the Lawless family, and they were succeeded by the Walshes. By the former family the Castle of Shanganagh, ruins of which are to be seen near the river of Loughlinstown, was built, while the castle at Shankill was erected at the same time by the Barnewell family, and the castle, now known as Puck's Castle, by the Talbot family. The only church mentioned in the sixteenth century was that of Rathmichael, where the Walshes and Barnewells were buried. Before the rebellion of 1641 the district had regained considerable prosperity; the residences are described as fair houses, and were surrounded by orchards and gardens. The principal inhabitants were Catholics, and such Protestants as there were belonged to the poorer classes. After the rebellion Bray became one of the stations for the Confederate Army, and the district suffered severely from the uncertainty of the time, Then came the Commonwealth, and the old inhabitants had to seek other houses, the effect of the change being well exemplified in the case of the Barnewells of Shankill, who had a household of thirteen persons, besides many employes in the village, which contained 26 householders. After the Restoration the lands of Shanganagh and Old Connaght were restored to the Walshes, and those of Shankill to the Barnewells. The latter soon assigned their interest in Shankill to the Lawless family, who again appeared in the district, but the Walshes held the lands of Old Connaght and Shanganagh until the middle of the eighteenth century, when they sold them to the Roberts family, now represented by Captain Lewis Riall.

(Next week.—The Battle of Rathmines.)

HABITS OF THE SEAL.

The seal is endowed with a remarkably powerful brain development, and is gifted with an amount of sagacity which entitles him to take high rank even among domestic animals. He is easily tamed, and evinces a degree of attachment in domestication second only to man's most faithful friend, the dog. This is noticed by Pliny, and Cuvier describes one displaying much intelligence and performing many tricks. But probably the most convincing, as it certainly is the most affecting, story of the domestic nature and attachment of the Phoca vitulina, or common seal, is the following story, which is well authenticated:—"A young seal was domesticated in the house of a farmer near the sea-shore in Ireland. It grew apace; its habits were innocent and gentle; it played with the children, was familiar with the servants, and attached to the house and family. In summer its delight was to bask in the sun; in winter, to lie before the fire; or, if permitted, to creep into a large oven—the common appendage to an Irish kitchen. A disease attacked the black cattle, many of which died. An old hag persuaded the credulous owner that the mortality among his cattle was owing to retaining about his house an unclean beast—the harmless and amusing seal—and that it should be got rid of. The superstitious man caused the poor creature to be carried in a boat beyond Clare Island, and thrown into the sea. The next morning the seal was found quietly sleeping in the oven. He had crept through an open window and taken possession of his favourite retreat. The cattle continued to die; the seal was again committed to the deep at a greater distance. On the second evening, as the servant was raking the fire, she heard a scratching at the door; she opened it, and in came the seal. It uttered a peculiar cry, expressive of delight, at finding itself once more at home; and, stretching itself upon the hearth, fell into a sound sleep. The old hag was again consulted. She said it would be unlucky to kill the animal, but advised that its eyes should be put out, and then thrown into the sea. The deluded wretch listened to the barbarous suggestion, and the innocent creature was deprived of its sight; and a third time, writhing in agony, was carried beyond Clare Island, and thrown into the sea. On the eighth night after the harmless seal had been devoted to the Atlantic, it blew a tremendous gale. In the pauses of the storm a wailing noise was at times faintly heard at the door, which the servant concluded to be the banshee (the harbinger of death in a family). The next morning, when the door was opened, the seal was found lying dead upon the threshold."—"Weld's Vacation in Ireland."

THE THOLSEL OR OLD CITY HALL.



THE THOLSEL.

Harris, in the appendix to his history, thus describes the building shown above:—

"This pile was reared in the year 1683 at the charge of the city. It has its name from the old word toll-stall, i.e., a stall or seat, where the toll-gatherers attended to receive the toll or custom for such goods, as were liable to a city impost. Here delinquents are tried before the lord mayor, even for capital offences (murder and treason excepted), and matters of property for any sum beneath 40s. By a late act, commonly called the Civil Bill Act, all debts where the sum litigated does not exceed the sum of £20, are determinable in this place, in a summary way, and at a trifling expense. Here the lord mayor, aldermen, commons, and sheriffs meet to transact city business. 'Tis beside the stadt-house or exchange for merchants, who have also a spacious hall in the upper part of this building. 'Tis a large quadrangular pile of hewn stone, supported by arches and pillars, whose front has a magnificent appearance, elegantly enriched, and adorned with the statues of Charles II, in whose reign it was built, and of his brother James Duke of Yorke, afterwards James II.

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS:

Compiled from Authentick Memoirs, Offices of Record, Manufcript Collections, and other Unexceptionable Vouchers,

By THE LATE WALTER HARRIS, ESQ. WITH AN APPENDIX.

Chapter II.

A Short Description of the Castle of Dublin

Sect. I.

The castle of Dublin is to be considered in a threefold respect. (1) As a fortress or citadel erected for the defence of the city, and the security of the English interest in Ireland. This end it is well known to have answered in the rebellion of 1641; and before that event it was signally useful in that of Thomas Fitzgerald, in 1534. (2) As the royal seat of government, to which it has been converted in latter ages, though not erected for nor applied to that purpose originally. (3) As the place where the courts of judicature were anciently held, and sometimes the high courts of parliament.

I. It is a generally-received opinion that Henry Loundres, Archbishop of Dublin, built this fortress about the year 1220 (a) But it will appear from the following patent that it was erected, or at least begun, in the government of Meiler Fitz-Henry, about the year 1205. "Rex dilecto, &c.——The King to his beloved and faithful subject, Meiler Fitz-Henry, lord justice of Ireland, greeting. You have given us to understand, that you have not a convenient place, wherein our treasure may be safely deposited; and for as-much, a fortress would be necessary for us at Dublin, we command you to erect a castle there, in such competent place, as you shall judge most expedient, as well to curb the (b) city, as to defend it, if occasion shall so require, and that you make it as strong as you can with good and durable walls. But you are first to finish one

(a) Camd. Brit. p. 1366, edit. 1722. Ware's English Annals, p. 45. Hooker in Holingshed, p. 23, etc.

(b) Ad justitiandum.

tower, unless afterwards a castle and a palace, and other works, that may require greater leisure, may be more conveniently raised, and that we should command you so to do; for which you have our pleasure, according to your desire. At present, you may take to this use three hundred marks from G. Fitz-Robert, in which he stands indebted to us. We command also our citizens of Dublin, that they strengthen their city, and that you compel them thereunto, if they should prove refractory. It is our pleasure also, that a fair be held at Dublin every year, to continue for eight days, and to begin on the day of the Invention of the Holy Cross, another at Drogheda on St. John Baptist's day, to continue also for eight days, with toll and custom thereunto belonging; another at Waterford on the festival of St. Peter ad Vincula for eight days, and another at Limerick on the festival of St. Martin, for eight days: and we command you that you give public notice hereof by proclamation, that merchants may resort to them. Witness the lord bishop of Norwich at Geddington, 31st August, 1205."

If it be not manifest from the fore-cited patent, yet it is highly probable, that the lord justice Fitz-Henry began the castle, in regard the grant was made at his solicitation, the necessity of the work set forth, a fund allotted for the execution of it, and that he continued upwards of three years afterwards in the government: though, as it was an extensive structure, perhaps archbishop Loundres might have had the honour of putting the last hand to it.

It would be impracticable to give an exact description of this royal building, as in its ancient form, on account of the many alterations it underwent at different times. Yet we will adventure to give the reader such particulars upon the subject as have occurred, and hope for indulgence where the description appears to be defective.

The entrance into the castle, from the city, was on the north side, by a drawbridge, placed between two strong round towers from Castle-street, which took its name from this fortress. The towers were called the Gate-towers, and the most westward of them till lately subsisted, the other having been some time before pulled down, to make a more commodious entrance into the court of the castle. The gate-way between these towers was furnished with a port-cullis, armed with iron, to raise or let down as occasion required, and to serve as a second defence, in case the drawbridge had been surprised by an enemy. Since the intervention of artillery, two pieces of great ordnance were planted on a platform opposite to the gate, to defend it, if the drawbridge and portcullis should happen to be forced.

From the western gate-tower, a strong and high courtin extended in a line parallel to Castle-street, as far as another tower, which in the last century took the name of Cork-tower upon the following occasion. On the 1st of May, 1624, about nine o'clock in the morning, this tower suddenly fell down, and being only in part re-built at the charge of the public, Richard Boyle, the opulent and first earl of Cork, in the year 1629, undertook to finish it at his own expense; and in the accomplishment thereof disbursed £408. His arms and an inscription were fixed in the wall, at the place from whence he carried the work. This tower has been since demolished to make room for other buildings.

From Cork-tower, the wall of the castle was continued in one courtin of equal height with the former, until it joined Birmingham-tower, which was the stateliest, strongest, and highest tower of the whole. It is said to be erected by John Birmingham, earl of Louth, and baron of Atherdee, who was lord justice in the year 1321, or by Sir Walter Birmingham, who was lord justice in 1348. But we conceive that it had an earlier existence than either of these periods, was coeval with the rest of the fortress, and called the high-tower, as it over-topped the rest; otherwise the citadel would be left imperfect, and the southern and eastern courtins without proper defence, for want of such a flanker. It seems, therefore, to have taken its present name from the long imprisonment in it of Sir William Birmingham, and Walter, his son, who were committed to this prison in the year 1331, for evil practices against the government, and the year following the former was taken out from thence and executed; the other was pardoned as to life, because he was in holy orders. Certain it is, that it was known by the name of Birmingham-tower as early as the 13th year of king Henry IV.—i.e., A.D. 1411; and what is contained in the tower itself, exhibits undoubted evidence of this. For in it may be seen a grant of that year to John Conyngham "of a waste parcel of land, then of no value, lying under the castle of Dublin, called the castle-ditch; extending in breadth between the said castle eastward, to a certain parcel of land (formerly called le Shepe's land), which the said John and one Richard Bernard possess towards the east, and in length between the same castle to the south to the high-street, called Castle-street to the north, and from the bridge of the said castle to the city wall, adjoining to a certain tower of the said castle, called Birmingham-tower." This record proves not only what is before asserted, but also shows the growth and increase of the city without the walls since that time. For the two Sheep-streets take their names from a piece of pasture ground, called in the record "le Shepe's land," extending from the city ditch to the Carmelite monastery in Whitefriar's-street, and not called Ship-street, as being formerly a station for shipping, according to vulgar tradition; and in archbishop Alan's registry it is called "vicus ovium," from undoubted records. But this is beyond the bounds of the castle.

This tower was often used as a prison for state criminals, and is at present a repository for preserving the ancient records of the kingdom, for which purpose an establishment was formerly made to the officer of ten, and increased to five* hundred pounds a year.

From Birmingham-tower the wall was continued by another high courtin as far as the wardrobe-tower, which now affords an entrance to the chapel, and was formerly, as it still remains, a repository for the royal robe, the cap of maintenance, and other furniture of state, preserved here by a patent officer, who has a competent salary for that employment. Between Birmingham-tower and the wardrobe-tower the courtin was interrupted by two other nameless towers, of much less dimensions than either of the former, one of which, together with a part of the courtin, has been taken down, as well to make room for other necessary buildings as to give an entrance into the castle gardens contigious to it. The stump of the other of those towers yet remains, and on it is erected an elegant polygonal apartment, which serves for a cabinet to the government.

From the wardrobe-tower another courtin extended to the north, or store-house tower, which stood near Dame's-gate, and is now entirely demolished. This tower formerly served as a repository for the king's ammunition and stores†; and from thence the courtin was continued to the eastern gateway-tower, at the entrance into the castle.

The castle is of an oblong quadrangular form, and was originally encompassed with broad and deep moat, part of which was dry, but that part which lay to the east was filled with water by the flowing of the tide, and a branch of the river Dodder, which runs in a channel under an arch by the edge of the castle garden, and supplies the stables and other outofiices of the palace. This moat has from time to time been filled up, and at present is become private property, by grants from the crown, as may be seen before in the instance of John Conyngham, who was clerk of the king's works, an officer in the nature of a surveyor-general. By a concordatum yet remaining in Birmingham-tower, dated 23rd of October, 9 Hen. VI. (1430), "twenty marks a year were allotted out of the revenue of the kingdom for the reparation of the castle hall, buildings, and towers of the castle of Dublin, wherein the books and records of chancery, of both benches, and the ex-

*The augmentation of appointment was made in favour of the celebrated Mr Addison, who was secretary at that time to the earl of Wharton, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

†This seems to be the tower mentioned by Sir H Sydney in his letter to the lords of the council of England, April 14, 1559.—And whear your lordships may thinke strange the demande of fower thousand of leade: it may pleas the tunderstonde, a great part thereof to be ment for and towarde the covering of a certain tower within the castle of Dublin, whose rowfe was taken down by my lord of Sussex, and a platfourme thereon made; and thereupon a cannon planted, to the great force of that the queene's majesties piece, and terror of the evil disposed fort: So, as if the same be not in tyme covered agyn, it wil be the fynal decaye of that tower; beside the losse we have in the meane, of the neither rowmes there, for the bestowing of poweder, and other munycions,, wherof (being as it is) we can lay there nothing. Collins's Letters, vol. I. p. 6.

chequer were kept, and which were then in such a ruinous condition, that the said books and records were greatly damaged by rain and the violence of the weather; and the said twenty marks be paid into the hands of John Conyngham for the year ensuing, to enable him to proceed on the said works."

There were formerly two sally-ports or postern-gates in the walls of this fortress—one near Birmingham-tower towards Sheep-street, and the other afforded a passage down to the back yard and the out-offices. The former was closed up in the year 1663, by order of the duke of Ormond, then lord lieutenant, upon the discovery of the conspiracy of Jephson, Blood, Warren, and others, whose scheme was to surprise the castle by that port. The other remained within our own memory, until the courtin, extending from the wardrobe to the north-tower, together with the latter, were taken down to make room for a new range of buildings, where at present the council-chamber and some of the offices of the secretaries stand.

On the outside of the castle, towards the east, stands a chapel for the service of the household, a lodging for the office of a groom-porter, or gaming- table, lately put down, the provost-marshal's prison, an armoury, the work-houses of the armourers and smiths belonging to the train of artillery, the stables of the chief governor, and a range of fair buildings, some years since erected, and employed in offices belonging to the public, such as the offices of ordnance, war, treasury, for the registering of the deeds and conveyances of the kingdom, and the like.

The ancient officers, to whom the guard of the castle ordinarily belonged, were a constable, gentleman-porter, and a body of warders, consisting of archers and pike-men and (after the invention of guns and gunpowder) of harquebussiers, or mus-keteers, and artillery men; a quantity of great ordnance being placed on platforms in the most convenient places for defence. The two towers at the gateway or entrance were set apart to the use of the constable for the custody of state prisoners, and they were indeed a strong security for such purposes: yet prisoners have found means to escape out of them, either by connivance or bribery. One signal instance of this happened in the case of the lord Delvin, who in 1606 was committed in ward here for joining in a conspiracy with the earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, Maguire, O'Cahan, and most of the chiefs of the Irish septs of Ulster, to surprise the castle of Dublin, cut off the lord deputy and council, dissolve the state, and set up a government of their own. The conspiracy was discovered on the 19th of May, 1607, by a roman Catholic entrusted with it, who dropped a letter in the council-chamber, directed to Sir William Usher, clerk of the council, and immediately carried to the lord deputy Chichester, then sitting in council, to the following import, "That he (the writer) was called into company among some popish gentlemen, who, after administering an oath of secrecy, declared their purpose was to murder or poison the deputy, cut off sir Oliver Lambert, to pick up one by one the rest of the officers of state, to oblige the small dispersed garrisons by hunger to submit, or to pen them up as sheep in shambles. That the castle of Dublin being neither manned nor victualled, they held as their own, that the towns were for them, the country with them, the grandees abroad and in the north prepared to answer the first alarm, that the powerful men in the west were assured by their agents to be ready as soon as the state was in disorder, that the catholic king had promised, and the jesuits from the pope warranted men and means to second the first stir, and royalty to protect all their actions; that as soon as the state was dissolved, and the king's sword in their hands, they would elect a governor, chancellor, and council, despatch letters to the king, trusting to his unwillingness to embark in such a war, and his facility to pardon, would grant them their own conditions of peace and government, with toleration of religion; that if the king listened not to their motions, the many days spent in England in debates and preparations, would give them time enough to breathe, fortify and furnish the maritime coasts, and at leisure to call to their aid the Spanish forces from all parts." The discoverer further declares, "That he interposed some doubts to them, which they readily answered, and he pretended to consent to further their objects, and that he took this method to give notice of their designs, though he refused to betray his friends, in the mean time, that he would use his best endeavours to hinder any further practices": and he concludes, "That if they did not desist, though he reverenced the mass, and the catholic religion, equal to the devoutest of them, yet he would make the leaders of that dance know, that he preferred his country's good, before their busy and ambitious humours." On this discovery, Tyrconnel, Tyrone, and Maguire fled beyond seas, most of the conspirators absconded, some were taken and executed, and lord Delvin (as appears by an inquisition taken at the Vicar's-hall near St. Patrick's church on the 9th of June, 1608) was arrested on the 10th of Nov., 1607, and committed to the castle *pro diversis sceleratissimis et nequissimis proditionibus contra dominum regem, coronam et dignitates suas per ipsum Richardum Nugent, baronem de Delvin, perpetratis (says the inquisition), to be kept there in safe custody by Tristram Eccleston, constable of the castle, till he should by due course of law be released: within eight days after which the deputy, having notice that he was meditating an escape, ordered the constable to remove him from the upper chamber next the battlements, into a lower apartment, that he might be kept the more secure, and there be guarded night and day by some of the warders: but Eccleston, in contempt of the deputy, not only suffered the lord Delvin to abide in his upper apartment, without placing any guards over him, but also permitted his lordship's servant, John Evers, to come to him, and bring to his gentleman, Alexander Aylmer, who attended him in his confinement, certain cords, by the help whereof his lordship, on the 22nd of November, descended by the wall of the castle and escaped. The day following a proclamation was issued, signed by the deputy and eighteen of the privy council, for apprehending and bringing him to justice; and Sir Richard Wingfield, marshal of the army, was sent in pursuit of him with a detachment of horse. But his lordship found means to escape, and the next year voluntarily submitted himself to the king, and was pardoned.

*For divers most wicked and atrocious acts of treason committed against our lord the king, his crown and dignities, by him Richard Nugent, lord Delvin.

To return, there was also in ancient times a chaplain allowed for officiating to the garrison in the chapel of this fortress; which office seems to have had commencement in the year 1224, or not long before it. For that year king Henry III. issued a privy seal to William, earl Marshal the younger, then lord justice, "to allow fifty shillings yearly to William de Radclive, the king's chaplain, for ministering in the chapel of the castle of Dublin." Officers of the mint had also their residence here in divers ages, and, upon account of security, it was appointed and set apart as a place for coinage by many acts of parliament, of which numbers yet remain in the Rolls-office. The importance of it also may be seen in the statute of 10 Hen. VII. chap. 14, by which none but a man born within the realm of England was capable of being constable of it, as well as in the care taken from time to time in keeping it in repair. On the 24th of January, 5 Hen. VI. (1427), money being scarce to answer the exigencies of the state, an order passed in council, "that as the hall in the castle of Dublin, and the windows of it were ruinous, and that there was in the treasury an ancient silver seal cancelled, which was then of no use to the king, that it should be broken and sold, and the money arising from it be laid out on the repairs of the said hall and windows." An instance of the frugality of those times. By a statute of 2d Edw. IV. not printed, it was provided, "that 40s. be yearly taken out of the issues and profits of the hanaper, 40s. out of the issues and profits of the chief pleas, 40s out of the issues and profits of the common-pleas, 3l. out of the issues and profits of the exchequer, and 20l. out of the issues and profits of the masters of the mint, and be yearly paid to the clerk of the works of the said castle (for which he was made accountable before the barons of the exchequer), and that all the leads of the isle of the hall of the said castle be sold by the treasurer of Ireland, to make and repair the said hall." But these sums not being paid on account of divers pre-assignments on the fund allotted, an. 15 Edw. IV. (1475) it was enacted, that the sheriffs shall make due payments to the clerk of the works within three months after the sums come to their hands, notwithstanding any assignments on the said issues to any other persons, under the penalty of ten pounds, and that the clerk

of the hanaper pay 40s. allotted on his office within a month after the tally be offered him, and the master of the mint within seven days after the tally be offered him." The former of these acts is among the printed statutes, and the other may be seen in the Rolls-office.

Many attempts have been made to surprise this fortress, of which see hereafter. It was twice besieged in the rebellion of Thomas Fitzgerald in 1534, and a part of it destroyed by fire in 1683. Friar James Keating, prior of Kilmainham, was constable of it in the 18th Edw. IV (1478), and fortified it with men and arms, broke down the draw-bridge, and held it out against the then lord deputy, Henry, lord Grey. But a parliament meeting on Friday after All Saints that year, it was then enacted, "That the said friar should, between that and christmas following, cause the said bridge to be repaired substantially and sufficiently, by the survey of Henry White of Dublin, clerk; and in case of failure, that his office of prior should be void, and that the lord deputy might make a guardian or custodee of the said priory, until the grand master of Rhodes, or prior of St. John of London, should provide a guardian or prior of it.

(To be continued.)

THE MOTHER-TONGUE.

(From the Danish of Grundtvig.)

The mother's name is a heavenly sound
As far as the blue sky bendeth;
The mother's voice casts gladness round
Where the iciest realm extendeth..
Sweet in pleasure and sweet in woe,
Sweet in life and in death also,
And sweet in recollection.

Our mother's voice was the cradle song
That soothed us beyond all other;
And sweetly sounded the mother-tongue
When the first-born lispeth "Mother!"

Our mother-tongue is that in which
Our young souls first found expression;
And the lover knows no other speech
To pour out his full heart's passion.

'Twas spoken by all those kings of old
Round whom our homage gathers,
And by those warriors true and bold
Whom we proudly call our fathers.

Our mother-tongue, in the people's mouth
With words of power it liveth;
'Tis loved in the North and in the South,
And its echo the green wood giveth.

Our mother-tongue, like a flowery wreath,
Both high and low it enfoldeth;
Through it the souls of our fathers breathe,
And the true heart fast it holdeth.

Our hearts speak only our mother-tongue,
They know no rude translation;
'Tis it alone, whether written or sung,
Which from sleep can arouse a nation.

Our mother-tongue, by the sea-shore wild,
And in deep woods, summer laden,
How sweetly it sounds for man or child,
But sweetest for the lips of a maiden.
Sweet in pleasure and sweet in woe,
Sweet in life and in death also,
And sweet in recollection.

France owns 2,864,000 dogs, 73 to every 1,000 inhabitants. The dogs are registered and so can be counted. Germany has 2,200,000 dogs.

NOTES ON IRISH WATER POWER
AND
ITS ELECTRICAL DEVELOPMENT.

By W. TATLOW, M.A., B.E., Associate Member.

II.

Artificial reservoirs for power purposes have been constructed on the upper Bann, which rises in the Mourne Mountains at an elevation of over 2,000 feet, and in its descent to Lough Neagh drives numerous linen and flax mills. The Lough Island reservoir, at an elevation of 430 feet, was constructed in 1839 on the site of a natural lake over which a head of 35 feet of water was raised by an embankment to form a reservoir covering 259 acres and of a capacity of 270,000,000 cubic feet. The Corbett reservoir, further down on the same river, was constructed in 1847, whereby a head of 11 feet 3 inches was raised over an area of 70 acres.

These works, an interesting account of which may be found in a paper by Mr. Smyth in the Transactions of the Institute of Civil Engineers of Ireland, June 13, 1869, cost about £30,000, and a rate of £10 per foot of fall was levied on the owners of linen mills and £5 per foot fall on the owners of corn and scutch mills benefited by the increase flow; 180 feet out of the total fall of 350 feet appear to have been thus rated, showing that fully one-half of the natural fall of the river was utilised in the case of the Upper Bann. These works were considered economical and satisfactory when made, but it must be borne in mind that at the time of their construction a steam horse-power for working mills of this kind was estimated to cost about £30 a year.

In connection with the Rathmines waterworks a reservoir has been constructed at a more recent date to impound the storm water of the upper part of the Dodder from a catchment of about 6,000 acres, the store thus accumulated being subsequently sent down the river in compensation for the water abstracted for the supply of Rathmines. At one time a total fall of 370 feet was occupied by mills on the Dodder, twenty-eight in number, making paper, flour, cloth, etc., the total power being about 900 h.p., but being very precarious owing to the nature of the river, which dries up very rapidly in the absence of rain. Many years before the construction of the Rathmines waterworks it was under consideration to construct a storage reservoir at Glenismaul for power purposes only, which it was expected would have raised the total power of the river to 2,000 h.p., but the reservoir was never constructed. It would, however, be interesting to discover, if possible, how and to what extent the operation of the existing compensation reservoir has affected the available power.

Where natural lakes are to be used as reservoirs it would generally be necessary to deepen the discharge outlet so as to use the existing water surface as the maximum level, and to be able to discharge the lake down to a lower level by a means of sluice gates when water was required, as in the vast majority of cases the raising of the existing levels of lakes would injuriously affect the drainage of agricultural land.

It would, however, be conceivable when the fall of the water from a lake used in one or more power-houses was considerable that it would be more economical forcibly to discharge the lake by means of centrifugal pumps driven by heat engines, during times of exceptional drought, instead of employing such engines as stand-by plant in the mills themselves. It may be mentioned in this connection that it has been proposed to obtain a range of level of 2ft. on Lough Ennell for improving the power derived from Brosna, and more recently to use Lough Allen as a storage reservoir in connection with the Shannon power scheme, a use for which it is specially suited, as the land rises steeply around the shores of the lake.

The levels of several lakes have already been controlled by drainage purposes, notably Lough Erne, the outfall of which at Belleek is provided with four sluices 29ft. wide by 15ft. high, made on Mr. Stoney's plan with rollers and operated by a small turbine; there are opened in time of heavy rain to prepare the lake for receiving the floods coming down into it, and are closed when the water is low in order to maintain the navigation, which extends over some sixty miles, on one level. Needless to say, these sudden violent discharges would not benefit works using the power between Belleek and the sea.

I propose now to give a description of a few places which I have had the opportunity of visiting where there appears to be water-power capable of being developed at reasonable cost, but which has up to the present been only partially used or not used at all; it must, however, be borne in mind that in the absence of reliable information it is necessary to see a river both in flood and in drought in order to form a true estimate of its value for the generation of power.

One must also remember that a small river is not to be despised provided a good fall and storage facilities can be obtained. For example, the river used for making aluminium at Foyers has a catchment of but little over one hundred square miles, being comparable in this respect with the Upper Bann; but having a magnificent fall of 350 feet and a storage reservoir capable of holding a supply for fifty days and self a water-power of very great importance.

One of the most attractive-looking water-powers I have met with is the outfall of the Ballysadare river, which enters the sea some 4½ miles from the town of Sligo. I have roughly measured the catchment area of the two rivers which unite a short distance above this fall, and find it about 250 square miles, which should give an average flow equivalent to 18 b.h.p. per foot of fall. The smaller of these two rivers drains Lough Arrow, which might possibly be used to some extent as a reservoir. The water descends a steep rapid at Ballysadare, at the bottom of which it pitches over a cliff into the sea; the total fall, as near as one could judge by eye, must be at least 60 feet. Two corn-mills, one on each side of the river, use a portion of the water, and a mere fraction of the fall, the total power of which must average about 1,000 h.p., if my estimate of the levels is correct. The larger of the two streams which unite above Ballysadare has a good fall on it at Collooney, about two miles distant, and works were in progress some two years ago for developing the surplus power there, a portion being already in use driving a large corn-mill. The head available is at least 40 feet. Both the Ballysadare and Collooney falls are situated in close proximity to railway stations; they are, moreover, so near to Sligo that the power from either or both might be used for lighting that town. Some thirty miles to the north-east we come to another water-power of greater magnitude, but one which would involve much greater engineering works for its complete development. I refer to the outfall of the river Erne, which enters the sea at Ballyshannon.

Here the river running over a compact limestone rock takes a final leap into the sea, the fall being about 10 feet at high water and over 20 feet at low water, and the average flow being equivalent to 120 H.P. per foot of fall, so that there should be from 1,200 to 2,400 H.P. available, according to the state of the tide. Two mills are in existence at this fall, capable of using between them 250 H.P. at most. Owing to the great value of the salmon and eel fisheries in the river it is doubtful whether any large hydraulic works could be undertaken without buying up these fisheries at a heavy cost in the first instance. The operation of the drainage sluices at Bel-

leek has also to be considered, as they cause excessive discharges through the river when opened to any extent. About a mile higher up the river there is a considerable natural fall called the Falls of Lora, where the water rushes through a narrow rock channel, and possibly a fall up to 15 feet might be obtained here. The whole course of the river from Belleek to the sea is rapid, with steep banks, and should therefore lend itself to the development of power by means of weirs suitably placed. At Belleek itself a fall of about 12 feet exists between the lake and the river, and a small fraction of the water is used to drive the pottery works producing the well-known Belleek china, but the vast bulk of the water passes continually through a byewash without doing any useful work.

The average natural power between Lough Erne and the sea cannot be far short of 18,000 H.P., and being distributed in the short distance of five miles, a very considerable portion of this should be capable of being used. Higher up on the river Erne there are falls at Butler's Bridge in Cavan, and on a tributary, the Annalee, near Ballyhaise; there must also be available power between Lough Gowna and Lough Oughter, as there is a fall of 54 feet between these lakes. I have not, however, seen these places.

If we turn now to the Galway district we find the river Corrib, draining some 1,370 square miles, falls into the sea in the town of Galway, the fall being about 14 feet. Some of the power is in use, and possibly in summer there is scarcely enough power for the existing mills, since the electric light station, which has 200 H.P. from the river, has also a gas engine as a stand-by. During a large part of the year, however, a great body of surplus water passes down into the sea,

A greater and more reliable water power could be obtained in this district by using the fall of some 37 feet which exists between Lough Mask and Lough Corrib. The overflow from the former lake at present passes by an underground river into Lough Corrib near Cong, where the distance between the lakes is about two miles. A considerable portion of the whole catchment of the Corrib river, 1,374 square miles in all, delivers into Lough Mask, and it is probable that as much as 2,500 continuous H.P. could be obtained here provided it were possible to prevent any great leakage between the two lakes. There is, moreover, a great advantage in drawing water direct from a lake, as in this case, instead of from a river, since the water can be expended rapidly or slowly as required, and whenever the turbine is not in use the water is being stored, provided the lake is not overflowing; the large size of the lower lake, at the same time, would prevent inequalities of discharge affecting the outflow at Galway. Although Cong is situated in an out-of-the-way place, yet the navigation of the Corrib river and lake would enable materials for manufacturing purposes to be brought cheaply to and from the sea at Galway.

There is said to be a fall of 27 feet at the outfall of the Lakes Conn and Colin, which discharge by the river Moy in North Mayo and form a counterpart to the Galway lakes, but I have no precise information on the subject.

The lakes in the Mullingar district are of importance in connection with our subject owing to their comparatively high level. The highest, Lough Owel, is 329 feet over the sea, and serves to feed the top level of the Royal Canal, the water of which I believe is used to run the lighting of the railway station at Mullingar, the canal level at this point being some fifty feet over the Brosna, into which the tail water is discharged. The above-mentioned canal, as it approaches Dublin, passes over the Rye river at Leixlip station at a very considerable elevation, and a valuable power could be obtained here by discharging the surplus water of the canal. The long levels on the canal at this point would act well as storage reservoirs, and power for lighting the terminus at Dublin, and possibly for lighting and driving the railway works, might be so obtained; the average power would be chiefly limited by the effect of flow in the canal upon the haulage of boats.

The mention of Leixlip brings to one's mind the river Liffey, which here presents so pretty a picture. The total fall on the Liffey at the Salmon Leap must be some 35 feet, and as the river at this point would seldom have a flow less than an equivalent to 12 H.P. per foot of fall, the available power should amount to 400 H.P.; a portion of this power is already in use, but there should be, at least, between 200 and 300 H.P. surplus. The upper portion of the catchment area of the Liffey in the Wicklow Mountains is of such a nature that the water flows off rapidly into the river after rain, like water off the roof of a house, and the river is subject to freshets of short duration after a few hours' heavy rain at any time. This was very striking after the dry weather last summer, as two or three freshets came down the Liffey before the small streams in the Meath districts, which had dried up, began to flow again. It is certain that much more than one-third of the rainfall over the catchment above Poulaphouca passes to the sea through the river, as it is known that as much as 60 to 80 per cent of the rainfall may run off from granite rock and moorland, of which a large part of this area consists. Should it, therefore, ever be contemplated to develop the power of this river in a systematic manner, it would be of the utmost importance to construct an impounding reservoir somewhere above Poulaphouca Fall so as to impound these numerous sudden rushes of storm water, and thus equalise the flow of the river, reducing at the same time the violence of the floods.

The remarkable flood in November last caused the black water to rise above the level of the weir at Island Bridge, where there is a fall of something like 14 feet under ordinary circumstances, and no doubt all the mills along the lower part of the river were stopped by excess of water on this occasion. The level of the Liffey just above the fall at Poulaphuca is over 500 feet above the sea, so that a great quantity of energy would be stored in the proposed reservoir per acre covered.

I regret that I have no information about the Boyne and Blackwater except as regards the fall at Slane, which appears to be from 4½ to 5 feet, and to point out that Lough Ramor, situated at an elevation of 277 feet at the head of the Blackwater, should be valuable as a storage basin for these rivers. Neither have I been able to obtain much information as to the rivers in the southern part of the country, with which I am not very familiar.

Many small powers exist scattered through the country which are not of enough importance to be considered here, and which have no neighbouring powers with which they could be agglomerated for purposes of transmission. These small powers may, however, in the future, be utilised electrically with great advantage for the operation of creameries and for working threshing machines, and for other agricultural operations, as well as for electric lighting, inasmuch as small steam engines are notoriously extravagant in fuel, and fuel itself is very costly in some districts, owing to the heavy expense of railway carriage and cartage.

In conclusion I must apologise for the numerous instances in which I have been unable to give definite information in regard to the subject, the data having been mostly collected during holiday time and not with a view to publication of any kind. My object in bringing the subject forward is rather to draw attention to the fact that water-power of considerable value exists in the country, and that the time has arrived when a careful survey of this power should be made as a first step towards its employment for industrial purposes.

(Concluded from last week.)

ANCIENT BEVERAGES OF IRELAND.

At what period the art of distillation was introduced into Britain is not certainly known: it is commonly believed to have taken place during the reign of Henry II. It would appear that in Ireland the practice of obtaining a spirit from malt was better understood, even at the earliest period of the invention, than elsewhere. In the Irish language the spirit was called Uisge-beatha or Usquebah. Moryson, who was secretary to Lord Mountjoy, during the rebellion of the Earl of Tyrone, wrote a history of Ireland, including the period between 1599 and 1603, which in many respects is one of the grossest libels that ever defiled the page of history. In this he, nevertheless, gives the following account:—"At Dublin and in some other cities (of Ireland) they have taverns, wherein Spanish and French wines are sold; but more commonly the merchants sell them by pints and quarts in their own cellars. The Irish aqua vitæ, vulgarly called usquebagh, is held the best in the world of that kind, which is made also in England, but nothing so good as that which is brought out of Ireland. And the usquebagh is preferred before our aqua vitæ, because the mingling of raisins, fennel seed, and other things, mitigating the heat, and making the taste pleasant, makes it less inflame, and yet refresh the weak stomach with moderate heat and good relish. These drinks the English-Irish drink largely, and in many families, especially at feasts, both men and women use excess therein. Neither have they any beer made of malt and hops, nor yet any ale; no, not the chief lords, except it be very rarely. But when they come to any market town to sell a car or horse, they never return home until they have drunk the price in Spanish wine (which they call the King of Spain's daughter), or in Irish usquebagh, and until they have outslept two or three days' drunkenness. The latter passages prove how little this writer was disposed to praise anything Irish, had praise been undeserved.

Sir James Ware supposes that ardent spirit was distilled in Ireland earlier than in England. He says—"The English aqua vitæ, it is thought, is the invention of more modern times. Yet we find the virtues of usquebagh and a receipt for making it, both simple and compound, in the red book of Ossory, compiled nearly two hundred years ago; and another receipt for making a liquor called nectar, made of a mixture of honey and wine, to which are added ginger, pepper, cinnamon, and other ingredients." Dr. Ledwich observes that the early French poets speak of this nectar with rapture, as being most delicious. The Irish distilled spirits from malt in 1580, and imitated foreign liqueurs by adding aromatic seeds and spices, as was practiced in France so early, according to le Grand, as 1313. The Irish bulcaan, Rutty tells us, was made from black oats. Buile, madness, and ceann, the head, intimate the effects of this fiery spirit.

TO ———.

How beautiful is music when it falls
Softly and sweet, upon the lonely ear,
What thoughts of other days its tone recalls,
Claiming from pensive memory a tear.
How beautiful is music, in the halls
Where mirth and joy, and jocund dance appear;
And lights, and banners streaming from the walls:
And revelry, that even grief might cheer.
But sweeter far to me doth music seem,
When nor alone, nor mingling in the throng,
I listen with delight, while many a dream
Of wand'ring fancy mingles with the song,
And mark, the while, what pleasure and surprise,
Beam in thy soft and sweetly-speaking eyes.

I.

At the last monthly meeting of the Quebec Board of Trade the secretary read the minutes of the previous meeting in the French language. This was a distinct innovation in the procedure of the board, and was the first time since its foundation more than one hundred years ago, that the minutes had been read in French. There was a large attendance at the meeting, but the reading was listened to in silence, and when the time came to have the minutes read in English the cry of "Dispense" was raised and it prevailed.

LITERARY NOTES.

The "Literary World" recently fell into an extraordinary error. "Mr. Gilbert Parker's oratory," it says, "comes up to the expectations we generally form of budding Parliamentarians, as represented, for instance, by Mr. Rider Haggard in the last Parliament." Mr. Rider Haggard has never been in Parliament, and only tried once, in 1895, when he fought an election that became famous.

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A recent literary anniversary was the birthday of Mr. Andrew Lang; another that of the birthday of Lady Dorothy Nevill. A daughter of the third Earl of Oxford, she has written a history of the Walpoles. She was the "Dearest Dorothy" of Lord Beaconsfield's still unpublished letters, and was a near neighbour of his during the happiest years of his life, when he occupied the house at Grosvenor-gate, Park-lane, which was a part of Lady Beaconsfield's property alienated from him by her death.

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The pronunciation of the syllable "ough" causes difficulty not only to foreigners but also occasionally to persons who have never spoken any language but English. From an old number of "Notes and Queries" a correspondent has dug the following verses, which make more for confusion than for guidance:—

'Tis not an easy task to show
How o-u-g-h sounds! Since though
An Irish Lough, and English Slough,
And Cough and Hiccough, all allow,
Differ as much as Tough and Through;
There seems no reason why they do!

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Mr. Andrew Lang since 1872 has contributed nearly sixty volumes to literature. The old Baliol scholar, who has just passed the fifty-eighth milestone of life's journey, has been an untiring worker. His works possess a delightful variety. Sometimes it is a fairy tale he desires to relate, then a volume of poems, to be followed by a biographical sketch or a scientific treatise; or perchance it is history he wishes to write, or something about literature. It is his wonderful versatility that has made him an attractive force in literary circles.

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Emile Zola was sixty-two on the 2nd inst. His best-known work is that series of twenty volumes treating of the offshoots of the Rougon-Macquart family, each volume a complete story in itself, but the whole constituting the greatest heredity novel of the age. "L'Assommoir," which has had most popularity in this country, was included in the series. In 1894-98 was published the series Lourdes, Rome, Paris; and since, "Fecondite," 1899, and "The Monomaniac," 1901. Zola has had intimate acquaintance with poverty, a fact that readers of his novels will not be slow to understand. He was quite a long way up the ladder when he was clerk to Hachette and Co. at £1 a week.

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Mrs. Amelia Barr, the novelist, who was born at Ulverstone, Lancashire, attained her seventy-first birthday last week. When left, at the age of thirty-five, a widow with three daughters, in Texas, Mrs. Barr went to New York, and began writing for Henry Ward Beecher's paper and other periodicals. She had passed her fiftieth birthday before she began novel-writing. The first of her characteristic works, "Jan Vedder's Wife," was published in 1885; during the intervening years some thirty works have come from her pen, the most popular being "The Squire of Sandal-Side," 1887; "Feet of Clay," 1889; "She Loved a Sailor," 1891; and "Prisoners of Conscience," 1897.

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Next October a ceremonial of a very interesting character will take place at Oxford—the celebration of the tercentenary of the Bodleian Library. It was on the 8th November, 1602, that the present library was thrown open. There was at Oxford a great library before the Bodleian. This was the collection founded by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, about 1450. After a century's existence, Duke Humphrey's collection was broken up and dispersed. The "University either could or would do nothing to repair the loss." So, at his own expense, Sir Thomas Bodley undertook to refill the shelves of Duke Humphrey's empty library, and to endow the institution.

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An interesting autograph of Guy Fawkes will during the season be offered for sale at Sotheby's auction rooms. The signature "Guy Fawkes"—not "Guido," the Italian spelling, as in other cases—is at the bottom, together with his seal of a parchment indenture dated the 1st August, in the thirty-fourth year (1591) of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The deed refers to the sale of a farm and garden at Clifton, Yorkshire, between Guy Fawkes, of the city of York, and Dame Shipley, of Clifton, in the county of York, for the sum of £29 13s 3d of "good and lawfull Englysh money." The document is in perfect preservation, oblong in shape, about 15in. by 12in. Autographs of Guy Fawkes are rare.

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The Hon. Emily Lawless is known as a writer of sympathy and insight on Irish subjects. She knows her way among labyrinths of the Irish mind better than most authors who have occupied themselves with the Celtic temperament. A little volume of her poems is about to be issued by Messrs. Isbister and Co. "The Wild Geese" is to be its title, and the Irish exile is the theme. The "wild geese" of the Irish historico-political imagination were the Jacobite monarchists, who, after James the Second's final discomfiture, followed the King to France. The imagery was suggested by the wailing cry of the bird migrants. It is characteristic of Celtic sentiment. Mr. Stopford Brooke contributes to Miss Lawless's volume an historical introduction.

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Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack, of London and Edinburgh, are preparing to issue an English version of Herr Strohl's sumptuous and famous work, "The Heraldic Atlas." This work was brought out at Stuggart in 1899. A large part of the Atlas appeals to English readers equally with German, for the "Atlas" deals with all periods, and every country in Europe. The English version will be edited by Mr. A. C. Fox-Davies, under the title of "The Art of Heraldry: An Encyclopædia of Armory." It will reproduce the entire series of Herr Strohl's coloured plates, as also the illustration blocks, and contain a large addition of new illustrations from a British point of view. The section on laws of Armory will be entirely rewritten. Mr. Fox-Davies is the well-known editor of "Armorial Families." To the forthcoming volume he will contribute additional chapters on subjects not included in the German original. The translation will include 70 or more folio full-page illustrations in colour, besides several hundreds of new drawings. Among these last there will be specimens of the work of G. W. Eve, Graham Johnston, Forbes Nixon, G. Scruby, and Miss Helard.

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Mrs. E. M. Ward has been "commanded" to make two copies of the official portrait Mr. Luke Fildes is painting of King Edward. Few women artists have such a busy career as Mrs. Ward. She exhibited her first picture more than half a century ago. For many years past she has done but little original work, her art school making very heavy demands upon her time. Her school was for many years the fashionable art school of London. She has had more than one royal student. Mrs. Ward comes of artistic stock, and a love of art is in her blood. Her husband was also an artist, and she owes something of her skill to his training. Mrs. Ward has many interesting stories to tell of the difficulties girl students had to encounter. She was the first woman to put in an appearance at the R.A. lectures. There was no rule against women attending, but prejudice existed against their doing so, and this principle was within an ace of becoming a rule. Mrs. Ward, however, supported by the presence of her husband, appeared at one of Mr. G. D. Leslie's lectures. There were three women at the next, and from that time on students of both sexes have attended the lectures. Her daughters are both artists, and her son is Mr. Leslie Ward, better known as "Spy" of "Vanity Fair."

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Mr. B. Dobell has given us a charming reprint of the original first edition of Goldsmith's "A Prospect of Society," which was the earliest form of his poem, "The Travellers." The dedication in verse is to Austin Dobson:—

To you, a poet, I,
A rhymer, send
These lines, that I,
For once, may call you friend.

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Professor Arminus Vambery, upon whom the King has recently conferred the Victorian Order, has had one of the most romantic careers of modern times. Fatherless, lame, and almost penniless, he was compelled when a mere child to shift for himself; but so determined was he to conquer fortune that he immediately set about acquiring knowledge as the best way of raising himself above his mean surroundings. Up to the age of eighteen his life was a constant struggle against starvation, yet by the time he had reached his twentieth year he had become one of the most accomplished linguists in Europe. His most famous feat was his great journey through Central Asia. For this journey he adopted the dress of a dervish, and travelled to Khiva with a herd of fanatics, who, had they discovered him, would have torn him to pieces. He visited Bokhara, Samarkand, and all the Oxus country in complete safety. Vambery is now Professor of Oriental languages in the University of Pesth. In 1883 he published, through Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, an account of his life and adventures, which has passed through many editions. His "Story of Hungary," in the "Nations Series," is a noteworthy volume, as it was the first history of Hungary written in English.

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Disraeli has very often been accused of plagiarism, both in his speeches and in his novels, but in most cases the plagiarisms could not be properly proved. But a writer in a contemporary calls attention to an obvious plagiarism in "Vivian Grey," from Sidney's "Arcadia," which has not hitherto been noticed. In "Vivian Grey," book 7, chapter 8, the following passage occurs:—"How gracefully their colonel, the younger Count of Eberstein, bounds on his barb! Has Theseus turned Centaur? His spur and bridle seem rather the emblems of sovereignity than the instruments of government; he neither chastises nor directs. The rider moves without motion, and the horse judges without guidance. It would seem that the man had borrowed the beast's body and the beast the man's mind." In the second book of the "Arcadia" occurs the following passage which Disraeli may, of course, have recalled unconsciously, but, if so, it was a fine feat of memory:—"But, oh, how well it did with Dorus—to see with what a grace he presented himself before me on horseback. . . . But he as if, Centaur-like, he had been on piece one with the horse, was no more moved than one with the going of his own legs, and in effect so did he comand him as his own limbs, for though he had both spurs and wand they seemed rather marks of sovereignty than instruments of punishment, his hand and leg, with most pleasing grace, commanding without threatening, and rather remembering than chastising. At least, if sometimes he did, it wes so stolen as neither our eyes could discern it nor the horse with any change did complain of it, he ever going so just with the horse, either forthright or turning, that it seemed as he borrowed the horse's body so he lent the horse his mind."

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

A speed of 105 miles per hour has been attained on the Zossen experimental electric railway. The main tests are to be at a speed of 125 miles per hour.

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The West Virginia University has recently received a gift of a passenger locomotive from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for experimental use in its new engineering building.

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In one day 39,200 tons of iron were recently shipped from Ashtubula to the Pittsburg furnaces; fifty-five trains were handled in twenty-four hours, sixty-five locomotives being used; thirty-four locomotives and fifteen crews were borrowed from the main line for the occasion.

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A cinematograph picture has been taken of the Severn bore. It is believed that this is the first moving picture of a tidal bore. The film is 150 feet long, and contains 2,400 individual pictures. About half the length is devoted to the bore itself, and the remainder shows the rapid current which follows and the filling up of the river.

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The total production of crude petroleum in the United States in 1900 was 63,362,704 barrels, being the largest for any year in the history of the States. It was 6,291,854 barrels larger than that of 1889, the increase amounting to a little over 11 per cent. as compared with 3 per cent. gain in 1899 over that of 1898. It was greater by 2,402,343 barrels than the previous largest production, that of 1896.

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Prof. Charles Wilson has announced a new determination of the temperature of the sun, which, with due allowance for slight unavoidable errors, is placed at 6,200 degrees centigrade (11,192 Fahr.) If the probable absorption of the sun's radiated heat by its own atmosphere is allowed for, the mean temperature of the sun's body is placed at 6,600 degrees centigrade. Prof. Wilson started his calculations almost ten years ago.

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A Brooklyn (N.Y.) genius has secured a patent for a curious device for creating energy by feeding a tape of explosive caps into a chamber where they are successively exploded by a mechanically-driven hammer. The resulting gas from each explosion passes into a pressure storage chamber, whence it is drawn into an engine in a manner similar to that in which steam is taken from a boiler into a steam engine.

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The travelling radius of electric vehicles, even in large cities, being necessarily limited by the scarcity of charging stations, a Brooklyn (N.Y.) physician has perfected a scheme whereby he can replenish his batteries from the omnipresent trolley wires. As such action, without permission, would constitute larceny, he has attached an electrometer to his carriage, and is prepared, in the event of the officials' acquiescence, to pay for all electricity so "borrowed."

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While drilling for oil in the Colorado desert in Southern California, the drilling-tools, which reached a depth of 500 feet, were suddenly thrown out, and the well began to spout hot water and steam. Volcanic substances were showered about the surounding country, and the men lost no time in escaping from the derrick. Some distance from the point where the well was drilled is a region where signs of volcanic conditions underneath frequently appear, and it was thought that the well was drilled down to this stratum.

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A curious accident was caused recently by a cat climbing a pole of the Buffalo and Lockport Electric Railway. While attempting to walk along the feed wires her tail touched one of the 22,000-volt Niagara transmission lines. The cat was instantly killed, but a short circuit was caused by the body falling across the wires; this resulted in shutting off the power at Niagara for two hours. Several electric railways and lighting systems in western New York were without power. The next day another cat in Utica, N.Y., prowling around the power house in Utica, also caused a short circuit, which resulted in blowing out several fuses, and the cars were stalled for some time. The cat, however, was not injured, and still lives.

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An automobile service has been recently inaugurated in the city of Hamilton, Ohio. Three omnibuses, with a capacity of twenty passengers each, are in operation running through the city, and making connection with the line of the Mill Creek Electric Railway Company, which corporation has never been able to secure permission to enter the city with tracks. The latter line operates between Hamilton and Cincinnati, and it was compelled to put the automobiles in operation in order to accommodate its patrons between these two points.

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An important invention by Herr Rudolf Bartedmus, an electrician of Vienna, for the prevention of railway acoidents, has been subjected to severe experiments by the Austrian Railway Officials' Club. The locomotive for the purpose was worked automatically by means of a contact rail along the entire distance, combined with a dynamo and a steam turbine. In case of any obstruction being encountered on the line, the newly invented device works as a progressive check. That is to say, it gives notice first at a distance of 2,400 yards, then at 1,200 yards, and finally, if the previous signals remain unheeded, at 600 yards from the obstruction the steam is automatically shut off on the engine, so that the train comes to a standstill.

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Sir W. H. Preece, formerly chief electrician to the G.P.O., London, has been engaged for some time past upon a study of the magnetic influences upon the compass of the Manacles Rocks off the coast of Cornwall, and upon which the steamships "Mohegan" and "Paris" were wrecked. Sir William Preece states, as the result of his investigation, that if any navigator sets his course from Cherbourg to the Lizard without knowing the variation of the magnet that has occurred during the past five or six years, he would run upon the Manacles. The variation was bringing the needle nearer to the North Pole, and in ten years it varied a whole degree. The difference of a degree in a magnet signified an error of one mile in a course of sixty miles, so that unless the captain's observations were maintained with all accuracy and care, if the Admiralty did not correct their charts from time to time, and if captains of ships did not make themselves acquainted with these different errors, then sooner or later disaster was certain to occur.

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M. E. Ducretet, a well-known electrician of Paris, has been making some interesting experiments in telephonic transmission by using the earth alone as a conductor. The transmitter in this case consists of a microphone and a few cells of battery connected directly to two earth plates of considerable surface, and buried 6 feet below the ground. The plates are placed facing each other, and only a few yards apart. From the receiver he makes use of a quarry well, about 60 feet deep, which communicates below with the Catacombs. The orifice terminates at the ground level by a cast-iron pipe 4 inches in diameter and 12 feet long. An insulated conductor descends in the vertical well and brings a metal sphere 3 inches in diameter in contact with the soil of the Catacombs. On coming out of the well the wire is fixed to one end of an ordinary telephone receiver, whose other end is connected with the iron pipe at the surface of the ground. The two earth circuits which are thus made are separated by a building with cellars and thick walls, and therefore the layer which separates the two parts is considerable. When the microphone is spoken into, all the vibrations of the voice, even the feeblest, give rise to variations of current in the circuit which is closed through the earth, without any metallic connection between the two parts, and in spite of the multiple variations of the currents and the nature of the medium earth, which is used, the reproduction of the voice is made at the receiving end with remarkable sharpness, and, besides, there are none of the extraneous noises which are so common in the ordinary circuits.

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To the city of San Francisco is shortly to belong the distinction of being served by considerably the longest transmission of electrical power in the world. Hydraulic-electric power has for some time been carried in California for a distance of over two hundred miles. The credit of this installation is due to the Bay Counties Power Company, California, whose line extends from the Colgate power house located in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, to Oakland, on San Francisco Bay, a distance of 142 miles. At this city the lines connect with those of the Standard Electric Company, which reach from Oakland to San Jose, a further distance of 42 miles, and thence to Redwood City, which is distant 191 miles from the Colgate power house. At Colgate connection is made with the lines of the Consolidated Light and Power Company, which extends to Burlingame, a further distance of 11 miles. The total distance of transmission thus accomplished is 202 miles. The completion of the high-tension line of the Standard Electric Company to San Francisco will render possible transmission from the power house in the Sierra Nevada Mountains to the sub-station in San Francisco, a distance of 220 miles. This feat, which is quite without a parallel, will be naturally compared with the Lauffen-Frankfort transmission of 110 miles, which was made in 1891, and it will be seen that the distance has been doubled in about a decade. The explanation of the great distance to which the transmission has been successfully accomplished in California is to be found partly in the favourable climatic conditions of that State.

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A curious case recently came up for decision in the German Empire, which may be of some value to our readers as a precedent in its way. A well-known opera singer had phonographic records of certain of his songs made for public sale. A manufacturer of phonographs purchased some of these records, and reproduced them in large numbers by means of a new duplicating process. The duplicates were sold, and an action was brought against the manufacturer by the opera singer, who claimed that he was entitled to some legal protection. The court granted his claim. The German law of June 11, 1870, relating to the right of an author to his written work, drawings, musical compositions, and dramatic works, is intended to prevent the wrongful use of intellectual products, by forbidding their mechanical reproduction. Reasoning by analogy, the plaintiff in the present case claimed that he was entitled to the protection afforded by this statute. But the question arose: Could a song be considered an intellectual product? It is true that the utterances of the human voice, broadly speaking, cannot be protected legally. But in order to be able to sing, there must be not only the natural ability to produce melodious tones, but also persevering study to produce those tones with artistic feeling. In other words, it is not the sound of the voice itself which an audience desires to hear, but also intelligent interpretation. After the Court had, therefore, analysed the human voice, and especially the singing voice, with true German philosophic thoroughness, it came to the conclusion that the song of a trained singer is, indeed, an intellectual product, and as such is fully entitled to the protection afforded by the Act of June 11, 1870.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

From the Dublin Newspapers of 1793.

APRIL 4.—Monday last came on at Cavan the election of a knight of the shire for the county of Cavan, in the room of Charles Steuart, Esq., deceased, when Lord Maxwell, eldest son of the Earl of Farnham, was elected without any opposition.

Monday, the 9th, being the aniversary meeting of the Dublin Medical Society, the following gentlemen were unanimously elected officers for the ensuing year:—

Matthew Stritch, Esq., M.D., and Laurence Crofton, Esq., M.D., Presidents.

John Creighton and Thomas Wright, Esqrs., Licentiates of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Thomas Beatty, Esq., M.D., Treasurer.

Mr. Robert Coombs, A.B., T.C.D., Secretary.

Mr. M. Toomy, A.B., T.C.D., Librarian.

Copy of a letter from Mr. Edgworth, priest, in Paris, to Mr. Maffey, priest, in London, dated about six weeks before the execution of Louis XV., gives such a striking proof of the zeal and heroic resignation of the writer, as well as his just opinion of the happy constitution of England, that we are induced to publish it even at this late period—viz:—

You are undoubtedly surprised, my dear and honoured friend, that whilst the clergy of France are flocking to England for Christian shelter and support, I should remain here, amidst the ruins of this afflicted persecuted church. Indeed, I have often wished to fly to that land of true liberty and solid peace, and to share with others your hospitable board; where, to be a stranger, in distress, is a sufficient title. But Almighty God has baffled my measures, and ties me to this land of horrors by chains which I have not the liberty to shake off! The case is this: The wretched master charges me not to quit the country, as I am the person whom he intends to prepare him for death. And should the iniquity of the nation commit that last act of cruelty, I must also prepare myself for death, as I am convinced the popular rage will not allow me to survive an hour after the tragic scene; but I am resigned; my life is of no consequence; the preservation of it, or the shedding of my blood, is not connected with the happiness of millions. Could my life save him, I would willingly lay it down, and I shoud not die in vain. Receive this unfeigned assurance (perhaps for the last time) of my respect and affection for you, which, I hope, even death will not destroy.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Granard is appointed colonel of the militia for the county of Longford; and the Right Hon. the Earl of Westmeath, colonel of the militia of the county of Westmeath.

Henry Gore Sankey, Esq., one of the aldermen of this city, is appointed colonel of his Majesty's militia for the county of the city of Dublin.

Another message was brought down from the board intimating that they had granted to Patrick Duigenan, LL.D., the freedom of the city of Dublin, and requiring the concurrence of the Commons thereto.

The question being put, a ballot ensued, when there appeared:—

For the freedom	62
Against it	46
Majority	16

APRIL 13.—The Assixes for the populous extensive, and commercial county of Antrim was finished in two days, beside the Commission day. There were not any capital indictments whatever. The only indictment which had excited the public attention was one at the suit of the Crown against Mr. Joseph Cuthbert, of Belfast, for having delivered an extract from a pamphlet, published by Mr. Cooper, of Manchester, to a soldier of the 55th Regiment.

Mr. Caldbeck (Associate Judge) presided at this trial.

Mr. Cuthbert was found guilty. Sentence—One year's imprisonment, and pillory one hour in Belfast.

The counsel on both sides acquitted themselves with very great ability throughout the whole of the trial, which lasted from ten o'clock in the morning until eight at night.

The following points of law were urged and admitted at the above trial, and not being generally understood, we lay them before our readers:—

1st. A traverser is not entitled to a copy of the indictment.

2nd. The King cannot be nonsuited through any defect or imperfection in the indictment.

3rd. The Crown can object to jurors absolutely—a traverser cannot without showing cause.

4th. The Court has a right to put off the trial without showing cause—the traverser cannot without affidavit of cause.

Counsel for the Crown—Messrs. Sheridan, Dunn, M'Cartney, Ruxton, Saurin, Dawson. Agent, Crown Solicitor. For the traversers—Messrs. Blackburne, Dobbs, Stewart, Sampson. Agent, Thomas L. Stewart.

Mr. Cuthbert was brought to Belfast, escorted by a troop of the 17th Dragoons, and, after having been detained in the barracks for some time, was pillored, in company with a culprit who had been found guilty of firing at an excise-officer. The pillory was surrounded by the 55th Regiment, who were formed into a hollow square for the purpose; around them, at some distance, were placed the troop of horse; and, during the period, a body of horse (which had been brought from Lisburn, etc.) was stationed at the Saltwater bridge, and another at the end of Long bridge.

At Tralee Assizes the only business of consequence that came before the judges, was the trial of Lieutenant Carr, of the 40th Regiment of Foot, indicted for the wilful murder of Mr. O'Connell, by shooting him with a pistol.

It appeared in evidence, that Lieutenant Danser had carried a challenge from Carr to O'Connell; that the parties met, and, each having a brace of pistols, took their ground at ten yards distance, when it was agreed they should fire together, at a word to be given by Mr. Blennerhasset, second to Mr. O'Connell. On the word being given, Mr. O'Connell fired, and missed his opponent; who returned his shot, not instantly, but in about four seconds, which entered Mr. O'Connell's side, and wounded him mortally.

The counsel for the prosecution offered in evidence an information given by the deceased, which was objected to by the counsel for the prisoner, with great ingenuity and legal knowledge; and Captain Edwards, Ensign Hart, and others, were then examined to show that the prisoner did not retain his fire for any malicious purpose; and the judge, having charged the jury, that unless it appeared to them that the prisoner retained his fire from a rancorous or malicious motive, they could not find him guilty of murder. They brought in their verdict manslaughter.

Counsel for the prosecution—Messrs. White, Blennerhasset, Rowan, Franks, and Stephen Rice.

Counsel for the prisoner—Messrs. Keller, Quin, and Emmet.

Mr. Carr was the next day admitted to bail, conditionally, that he would surrender, or plead his pardon for the manslaughter on the first day of next Assizes.

Yesterday a quarterly assembly of the Lord Mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, and commons of the city of Dublin was held at the Exhibition House, William street.

A number of freemen in the different corporations had their freedom confirmed, and much routine business was transacted.

A message was brought down from the Upper House to the Commons, intimating that the board had agreed to an order that the city treasurer do pay, on the warrant of the Lord Mayor, the amount of the gold box, voted, with the thanks of the Corporation to Henry Gore Sankey, Esq., late Lord Mayor, and of two silver boxes to Benjamin Gault and John Norton, Esqrs., late Sheriffs, for their conduct in their respective departments, requesting the concurrence of the sheriffs and Commons therein.

The message being read, and the question put thereon, it was agreed to nem. con.

APRIL 17.—Wednesday being the first sitting day of Easter term, grand juries for the county and city of Dublin were sworn in the Court of King's Bench.

The following are the present term grand jury for the county of Dublin:—

Sir John Traile, of Welfield, Knt.
*Francis Cruise, of Belgard, Esq.
Abel Onge, of Hayestown, Esq.
John White, of Primrose hill, Esq.
Henry Steevens Reilly, of Prussia street, Esq.
*Edward Byrne, of Great George's street, Rutland square, Esq.
*Barry Lawless, of Shankhill, Esq.
*Andrew Savage, of Sybil hill, Esq.
Hans Hamilton, of Holmpatrick, Esq.
*John Ball, of Eccles street, Esq.
*Nicholas Le Favre, of Stillorgan, Esq.
*John Berford, of Broomfield, Esq.
*Thomas Fitzsimons, of Glancullen, Esq.
John Patrickson, of Harcourt street, Esq.
John Allen, of Stillorgan Park, Esq.
*John Keogh, of Mount Jerome, Esq.
*Christopher Taylor, of Swords, Esq.
*Michael Keogh, of Crumlin, Esq.
Thomas Ashworth, of Donnybrook, Esq.
St. George O'Kelly, of Stillorgan Park, Esq.
Robert Hutchinson, of Wespalstown, Esq.
Thomas Wildridge, of Harcourt street, Esq.
*Adam Ledwich, of Killaroe, Esq.

The liberality of sentiment which induced the High Sheriff of the county of Dublin to return on his panel so many respectable Roman Catholic gentlemen to serve on the grand jury, reflects upon him the highest credit. It was highly praiseworthy to find that, after the Bill for the relief of his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects had passed into a law, the Sheriff of the county of Dublin took the earliest opportunity of carrying into effect his Majesty's gracious recommendation in favour of his Roman Catholic subjects of this kingdom.

(To be continued.)

(Those marked thus * are Roman Catholics.)

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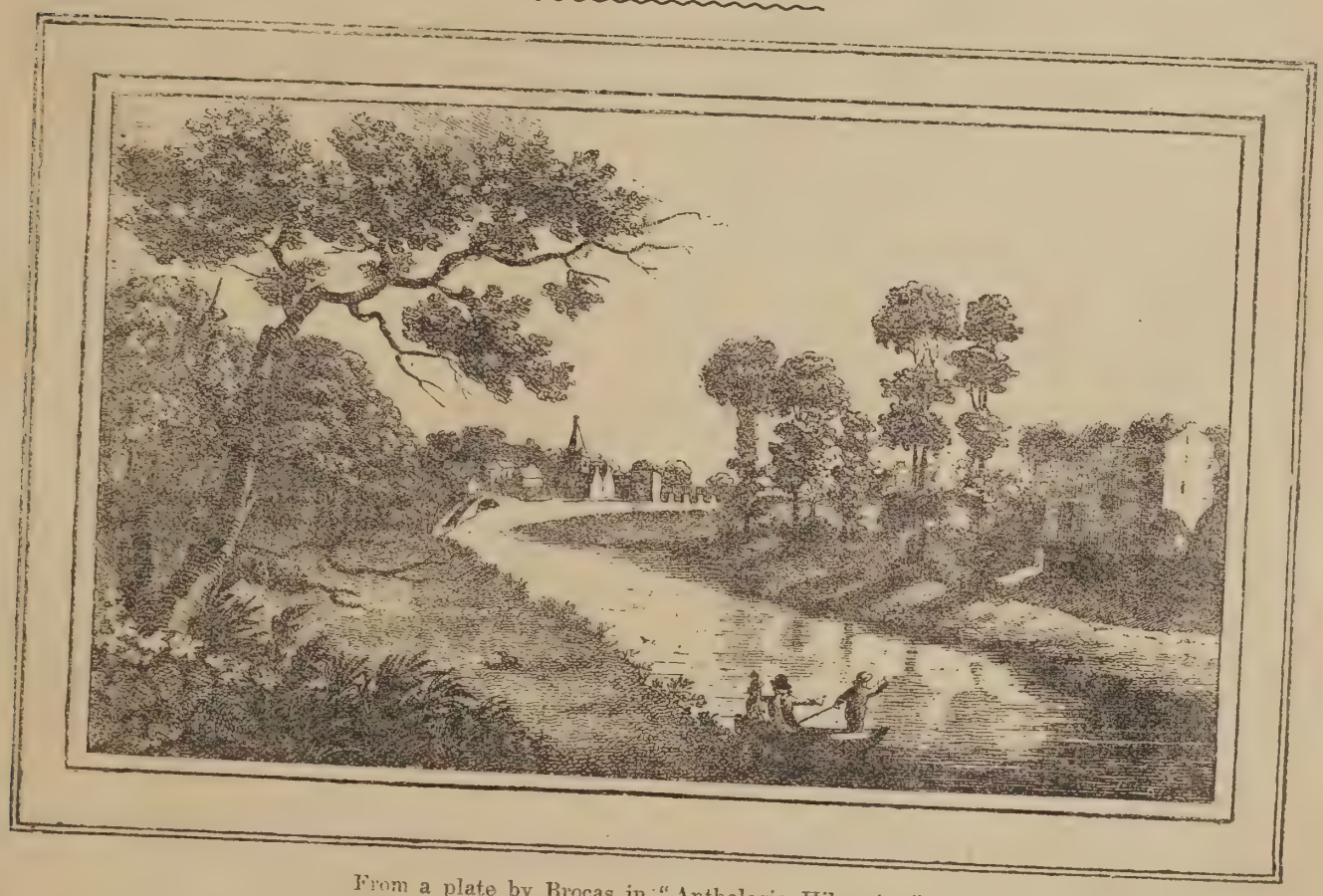
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ATHY IN 1793.



From a plate by Brocas in "Anthologia Hibernica."

In publishing the above engraving, in its issue for May, 1793, the "Anthologia Hibernica" wrote as follows:—

The borough of Athy, in the county of Kildare, in the barony of Narragh and Rheban, is situated on the river Barrow. The neighbouring country is pleasant, a limestone soil, better adapted for agriculture than pasturage. The place where the town now stands was an ancient ford, leading from the principality of Leix or Lavinghfeagh in the Queen's county to that of Celleagh or Caellan in the county of Kildare, and called "Ath-Bhiodhbha," pronounced Athy, that is the ford of adversary, and "Ath-Urcdain" or the ford of conflict, from a battle said by Keating to have been fought here in the second or third century, between the people of Munster and those of Leix under Lavighfeagh Cean Mordha (a). But the town owes its foundation to two monasteries erected on each side of the river, at the entrance of an extensive wood, in the 13th century. That on the west side of the river was founded by Richard de St. Michael Lord of Rheban, under the invocation of St. John, or rather St. Thomas, for crouched friars. The precincts of this monastery extended from the river at the foot of the bridge, containing all that part of the town called St. John, and St. John's-lane; and the domain consisted of the island in the river and the adjacent fields as far as the present barracks (b). This friary with its appurtenances at the dissolution was granted in August, 1575, to Anthony Power, which, reverting to the crown, was granted by act of parliament of the 17th and 18th of Charles 2d, to dame Mary Meredith (c). Part of the walls of the church still remain.

The monastery on the east side of the river was founded in 1253 by the families of the Boifels and Hogans, for Dominicans (d). Its precincts extended from the river along the north side of the present church to the corner of the street leading to Preston's-gate, and from thence to the gate and to the rear of the gardens of the present house called the Abbey (e). The domain consisted of six messuages in Le More, the present new town; the islands in the barrow and the fields adjacent con-

(a) Keating MS.

(b) From the foundations and tradition, Archdall's Monast. p. 308.

(c) Archdall's Monast. p. 308.

(d) Ibid.

(e) From tradition of old inhabitants.

taining 12a. 2r. 1p. of land, with one acre of heath in the lands of Ardee; also two fishing weirs on the barrow, and a water mill at Tullognorer (f). All of which were granted on the 24th of January, the 35th of king Henry 8th A.D. 1544, to Martin Pelles, in capite for ever, at the annual rent of 2s. 8d. Irish money. No remains of this Abbey now exist, except the postern-gate, commonly and corruptly called Preston's-gate.

From these two monasteries the place was denominated "Bally da Dhae," or "Bla Theagh," pronounced "Blahai" or the town of two houses, which name it still retains in Irish. As the monasteries were founded by the English settlers, not only the monks but the inhabitants of the town were principally of that nation, to whom were early granted the immunities of a merchant or market town, such as fairs and markets, with the authority to levy customs and tolls, and as such is mentioned prior to the beginning of the 15th century. But which customs by an act of parliament in 25th of Henry 6th, A.D. 1448, were to be charged only on goods sold and exposed to sale in the town, and not on those carried on the road through the town, or bought or sold out of it.

In 1309 Lord John de Bonneville, slain near the town of Arstol or Ascul, was interred in the church of the Abbey of St. John (g), and the year before the town was burnt by the Irish.

In 1315 Athy was plundered by the Scots under Robert Bruce, who gained the battle of Ascul, in which were slain Haymond le Grace and Sir William Pendergrest, and on the side of the Scots, Sir Fergus Andressan and Sir Walter Murry (h). All of whom were buried in the dominican Abbey, Athy.

In 1317, Sir John Athy, a native of this town, took at sea the famous pirate Thomas Dover, cut off his head and brought it to Dublin (i).

In 1347 a dispute arose between the monasteries relative to the fishing weir of the dominicans, when the prior of St. John's, with some others, were indicted for stealing fish out of it, to the damage of 100s. and upwards (k).

About the year 1424 Thomas the seventh Earl of Kildare, then Lord Offaly, married Dorothea, daughter of Anthony O'More of Leix, and with her obtained the manors of Rheban and Woodstock, and in them erected a court baron and court leet, which are still held. Woodstock had been built about the time of the foundation of St. John's Abbey, by Richard St. Michael, Lord of Rheban, as an appendage to the palatinate of Dunnamaes granted to the Earl of Pembroke, and situated at the entrance of a wood now no more. Dunnamaes and the castles appertaining thereto having been taken by the O'Moores, were retained in their possession until this period. The ruins of Woodstock are seen on the right of the annexed view. Dorothea, dying without issue, is left out in many of the pedigrees of the Fitz-geralds' family, whilst others make her the ancestor of several branches of the Geraldines (l).

(f) Archdall's Monast. p. 309.
(g) Camden's Ann.
(h) Camden's Ann.
(i) Ibid.
(k) Archdall's Monast.

Athy, from the gradual contraction of the English pale, became a frontier and garrison town, commanding a pass over the river. Gerald, therefore, the 8th Earl of Kildare, for the purpose of securing the pale, erected several castles, and among others that of Athy, at the foot of the bridge about the year 1506, of which there only now remains a tower, seen in the view (m). In 1575 this castle was repaired and enlarged by one William White, from whence it obtained the name of White's castle, as appears by an inscription in the wall, and which was originally placed at the mill within the precincts. The remaining tower is at present used as a prison, being an appendage to the county jail of Naas. The said Earl of Kildare also, the more effectually to secure the borders, and to induce the gentlemen of the county to pay attention to them, procured in the reign of Henry 7th an act of parliament, appointing the assizes of the county of Kildare to be held at Naas and Athy, and that they should not be altered or removed from these towns, unless by a subsequent act of parliament (n).

Sir Robert Digby, who maried Lettice, daughter of Gerald, Lord Offaly, procured from James 1st, in the 13th year of his reign A.D. 1615, a charter constituting the market town of Athy a borough, sending two members to parliament, to be chosen by the burgesses, and governed by a recorder, sovereign, two bailiffs, and a town clerk, with power to hold a municipal or sovereign's court; with all other immunities of fairs, markets, and customs which it had enjoyed antecedent to the date of the said charter (o).

In 1642 the Earl of Ormond arrived in this town with 3,000 foot and 500 horse, and sent out parties to relieve the neighbouring garrisons of Carlow, Maryborough, Ballynakill, Berte, Cloghgrennan, and Ballylinan. In 1648 the Irish, under Owen Roe O'Neil, were in possession of it; but being hard pressed by Jones the parliament's general, Owen offered by his vicar general, O'Reilly, to surrender Athy, Maryborough, and Rheban, and lay down his arms, if he and his confederates had the privileges they enjoyed in king James's time. In 1650 the castle and town were taken by Cols. Hewson and Reynolds.

Athy, though a borough, is not an original parish, the present town being situated in two parishes, St. John's and St. Michael's; and the church living consists of an union of 5, that is St. John's, St. Michael's, Ardree, Kilberry, and Churchtown. During the close of the last and beginning of the present century, the great south road lay through this town, as it had done in very early periods; but afterwards, being turned through Castledermot, the business decreased and with it the population, for from 600 it has now only 550 houses, of which 160 are slated and built of lime and stone, and 390 cabins, thatched. Containing in the whole about 3,300 inhabitants. The public buildings are: the church erected about 1740, the county court some short time after, and the barracks about 25 or 30 years since. The bridge was built near the same time as the castle, and the ruins, besides those of the monasteries before spoken of, are those of St. Michael's church, built some time in the 14th century, and an old building among the trees seen on the left of the view, said to have been a nunnery, but of which no account can be obtained. The places of worship, besides the church, are a Roman catholic chapel, and a quaker's meeting-house. There is also a public school for the classics, with a subscription salary of £40 per ann., that is, £20 from the Duke of Leinster, who is patron of the borough and proprietor of the soil; £15 from the corporation, and £5 from the representatives of —— Weldon, Esq.

There are no manufactures of consequence established here, some stuffs, cloths, and hats are made, but not in sufficient quantity to merit the name of manufacture. Neither do they seem to increase, though a branch of the grand canal was brought in 1790 from Monasterevan to the west of the town. The exports from the neighbouring country to Dublin, in this canal, consist of coals, corn, flour, butter, and potatoes; to the amount of upwards of £20,000 per ann. (p).

(l) MS. Genealogy, Ware. Lodge Peer. Ed. Arch. Vol. I. p. 82.
(m) Lodge. Ed. Arch. Vol. I. p. 87. Inscrip.
(n) Lodge Ed. Arch. Vol. I. p. 68. Records Birmingham Tower.
(o) Rolls Office. Lodge Ed Arch. Vol. I. p. 98.

(p. From returns, but much of the flour and corn come from the county of Carlow and Graignamana.

HELL IN DUBLIN.

Christ Church Yard was formerly distinguished by the sobriquet of Hell, while an image of the Satanic president of that unpleasant locale, carved in oak, adorned the arched entrance. The fame of this region was not limited to Ireland, as it has been alluded to by Burns in the tale of "Death and Doctor Hornbook":—

> But this that I am gaun to tell,
> Which lately on a night befel,
> Is just as true as the deil's in hell,
> Or Dublin city.

In the journals of the day advertisements, such as "To be Let, Furnished Apartments in Hell," were of frequent occurrence.

Consecrated bells were formerly held in great reverence in Ireland, particularly before the tenth century. Cambrensis, in his Itinerary, says, "Both the laity and clergy in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales held in such reverence portable bells, and staves crooked at the top, and covered with gold, silver, and brass, and similar relics of the saints, that they were much more afraid of swearing falsely by them than by the Gospels; because, from some hidden and miraculous power with which they were gifted, and the vengeance of the saint to whom they were particularly pleasing, their despisers and transgressors are severely punished." Miraculous portable bells were very common; Giraldus speaks of the campana fugitiva of O'Toole, Chieftain of Wicklow; and Colgan relates that whenever St. Patrick's portable bell tolled, as a preservative against evil spirits and magicians, it was heard from Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, and from the Hill of Howth to the Western shores of Connaught.

AN IRISH MUTINY IN BRAZIL.

A STRANGE STORY OF AN OLD-TIME EMIGRATION.

TOLD BY AN EMINENT TRINITY COLLEGE MAN.

Some eighty years ago there was published in London a book, entitled "Notices of Brazil in 1828 and 1829," by the Rev. Robert Walsh, LL.D., M.R.I.A., M.D., from which we take the excerpts given below. A few biographical details concerning the author will doubtless be of interest. Robert Walsh was born in Waterford, about the middle of the 18th century. Having passed through Trinity College (scholar, 1794; B.A., 1796), he took orders as curate to Dean Kirwan. He assisted the Rev. J. Whitelaw in the preparation of his "History of Dublin," and completed the work after Whitelaw's death. He was much interested in Irish antiquities. In 1820 he went out as chaplain to the British consulate at Constantinople, and wrote "A Journey from Constantinople to England," and other works connected with the East, besides "An Essay on Ancient Coins, Medals, and Gems, as Illustrating the Progress of Christianity in the Early Ages" (8vo, London, 1830), and "Notices of Brazil," 2 vols., 8vo. (The latter part of his life he was vicar of Finglas, near Dublin. He died about 1852. His son, John Edward Walsh, was Master of the Rolls in Ireland, 1866 to 1869. His younger brother Edward, a physician (born in Waterford in 1756; died in Dublin, 7th February, 1832), was the author of a "Narrative of the Expedition to Holland in 1779," and other works.

A few words by way of preliminary as to the origin of the book may not be out of place:—

Lord Strangford, whose embassy Dr. Walsh acompanied in the capacity of chaplain, was appointed in the summer of 1828 ambassador extraordinary to the Court of Brazil, for the purpose of completing, if possible, the marriage between Don Miguel and the young Queen of Portugal; as this was thought by the British Government the most likely means of bringing the difficult and long unsettled Portuguese question to a satisfactory termination. Although, however, Don Pedro, the Emperor, had been the original author of the project, he now evinced so much repugnance to its fulfilment, that it was necessarily abandoned, as a sort of family arrangement in which he was naturally the sole judge. During the voyage and residence of the embassy in Brazil, for the purpose above mentioned, the notices were written by Dr. Walsh for the amusement and information of his friends at home. In addition to a highly interesting personal narrative, they contain a full and satisfactory account both of the Portuguese Royal Family, and of Brazilian scenery, habits, and manners. From among the many interesting details, we select a few extracts, relating to our poor countrymen who embarked in the Brazilian service during the war between Buenos Ayres and Brazil; when, in order to withdraw as few persons as possible from the agriculture and manufactures of the country, it was resolved by the Brazilian Government to engage a number of foreigners as soldiers—first to do duty as military, and then to be located as agriculturists after a certain term of service.

The following is the strange and interesting story recounted by Dr. Walsh:—

"In October, 1826, Colonel Cotter, an Irish officer in the imperial service, entered into an engagement with the Brazilian Government to bring over a number of his countrymen. It does not appear what were the precise terms which he was authorised to offer to them; but, as far as I can collect from several I have conversed with, who remained behind in Brazil, and from other sources, they were as follow:—Every man was to receive pay and allowances equal to one shilling per day, one pound of beef, and one pound of bread as rations, and were to be employed four hours each day in learning military exercises, to be ready to act as soldiers if called on, but not to be sent out of the province of Rio unless in time of war or invasion; and at the end of five years of such engagement, to be discharged from all military service, and located as farmers on land, each having fifty acres assigned him.

"With these powers, Colonel Cotter proceeded to Cork, caused notices to be affixed to chapel doors, and instructed clergymen to give it out from the altars in different parts of the south of Ireland. The notifications were received with great joy by the people: the exceeding distress of the poor peasantry of that part of Ireland, as well from exuberant population as want of employment, is notorious, and they were eager to avail themselves of the proposal. Land was the great object of their competition at home, and they who thought themselves fortunate in obtaining a few acres at an exhorbitant rent in Ireland. were transported at the idea of receiving a grant of fifty acres, rent free, in Brazil. Many, therefore, as they told me, sold their farms at home, and laid out the small portion of money they could raise in purchasing agricultural implements, conceiving that their military service was to be merely local, and would no more prevent their attending to their land, than if they were members of yeomanry corps in their own country. Among them were mechanics, who looked forward to exercise their calling to advantage in Rio, and had brought out the implements of their trade; and among them certainly were many, whose idle habits led them to prefer a military life, and were ready to engage as soldiers, careless of the terms of their service. Of these descriptions, two thousand four hundred persons were collected, some of them, as was to be expected, of indifferent characters and dissolute manners; but the majority decent, respectable people, who brought out with them their wives and families, and who would be an acquisition to any country as settlers, but particularly to Brazil.

"Every thing was provided for their accommodation on leaving their own country; the ships were well found, stores and provisions of a good quality were not wanting, and the people thought themselves highly fortunate in this mode of emigration. They had been long expected in Brazil, and it was natural to suppose that everything would have been ready for their reception; but their arrival was the signal for annoying them, and that system of petty persecution commenced which roused them into mutiny, and finally effected the purposes for which it was resorted to, by driving them from the country.

"The Minister of War was at that time S. Barbozo, and from his subsequent hostility to the foreigners, it is to be presumed he was the instrument of their first annoyances, which were in his department. When the transports arrived nothing was ready for the accommodation of the men. They were kept for three or four days on board, and when at length they were landed, they were thrust into dirty empty barracks, without the smallest preparation of any kind for their comforts or wants. They had no beds to sleep on, not even a mat to keep them from the bare ground, which is always provided for Brazilian soldiers. This comfortless state was increased by want of provisions, for they were kept starving for two days without any distribution of rations, and when at length it was made, they were so bad in quality that the men could not eat them, but sold them for a trifle to the English to feed their horses; they were also deficient in quantity, and so irregularly given, that they were frequently afterwards forty-eight hours without receiving any issue. Many of them contracted fevers, and other sickness, from privation and anxiety, and in this state of debility were seen crawling about the streets of Rio. Application was made to the Brazilian Government to provide them with medicines and necessaries, but no notice was taken; and they would have perished on the roads, but for the humanity of Doctors Coates and Dixon, who supplied them with medicine from their own pockets. For some time they received no pay at all, and when at length it was ordered, it was much less than they were promised.

"In this state of disappointment and growing discontent, there was not the smallest pains taken to give them any habit or regularity. They remained in their quarters, idle and unemployed, dirty and neglected, and in the same clothes in which they had arrived, ragged and squalid, without the habits or appearance of common decency."

These and some other still more aggravated causes of irritation led to the well-known mutiny of the Irish and Germans, which for a short time seemed to threaten the overthrow of the regular Government. The subsequent fate of these wretched men is thus related:—

"Of 2,400 Irish who had been invited, and arrived in Brazil, not more than 200 were concerned in the insurrection; and these were generally young men, totally neglected, and left to themselves, to follow the impulse of any passion excited in them. They were without officers or arms, yet they caused much terror and anxiety, in a large and populous city, for three days. It was determined, therefore, to send them all back to their own country; and the object of those who laboured to bring that end about, was completely answered. They were immediately embarked, and placed on board the ships of war in the harbour, till transports could be provided for them. The Emperor himself seemed very well disposed towards them; and I am told by those who witnessed the fact, that he shed tears of anxiety and vexation when he heard the state into which they were degraded. It had been his custom frequently to attend Divine service, when it was performed for the Irish at the Praya Vermelha, where he freely knelt down amongst them. His condescension, however, was suspected. An absurd rumour had been circulated, that if this ceremony was performed three times, they were bound to him, as soldiers for unlimited service. On the third Sunday none but the officers attended—the men all disappeared—a strong proof of their repugnance to such an engagement, and their determination to resist it. He now gave every direction for their ample accommodation on their return home; and Mr. Gordon, the British Minister, and the English admiral, had power in his name to supply them with every necessary.

"On this occasion it was expedient to collect them all, and it was observed that many of them had been arrested and confined in various prisons. Mr. Aston, the Secretary of Legation to the British Mission, with that promptness and humanity which every one who knows

him will give him credit for, immediately applied to the proper authorities to have them found out; but so little interest did they take in the life or liberty of those foreigners, that they could give no information about them. At length he found thirty of them confined in the dungeon of the fortress of Villegagnon. On one occasion the whole of the officers had been arrested, and shut up in the cells of the prisons in the different islands. After eighteen or twenty days' incarceration, however, they were liberated, and never could learn why they had been confined; but numbers of inferior rank remained behind, till they were altogether forgotten. Such was the case of these poor men. When they emerged from these catacombs, they were in the most miserable state of destitution and disease, their bodies ulcerated with sores, and covered with vermin, and their skins so raw and tender from putrescency and mortification, that when it was necessary to clothe them for the sake of decency, to enable them again to appear, they could not bear the painful touch of any covering.

"They were a fine body of young men, and of good character. They had been called on to take the military oath, but they refused. They affirmed they had come out as settlers; if they were located as such, they had no objection to be enrolled as militia, learn military duty, and be ready to turn out to defend their own or any other part of the country invaded; but they persisted in refusing to take the oath tendered to them as mere soldiers, for unlimited service. For this offence they were represented as mutineers, and thrown at once into these dismal dungeons, where they had remained totally neglected, and must in a short time have perished in a state of putridity, had they not been relieved by the humane and timely interference of Mr. Aston. Two hundred and fifty were embarked in the Moro Castle, on the 3rd July, 1828, and sailed for Ireland. The Phœbe followed with 150 more, with the Highlander, and a Swedish ship, carrying in all 1,400 persons back to their native land. It was industriously given out that many of these persons had carried off plate and other valuables from the houses they had plundered, and a search was made among their boxes and trunks. Nothing was found to justify the suspicion, and then it was said that to avoid detection they had cast all these valuables into the sea.

"About four hundred were left behind engaged in different employments. A body of them, to the amount of 220 persons, forming 101 families, were conveyed to Bahia, and located at Taporoa, in the comarca of Ilheos, where they formed a colony, directed by a commissioner appointed to regulate their affairs. It was the only portion of the emigrants with whom good faith was observed; and it appears from the report of the Viscount Camamu, president of the assembly of the province, that they were deserving of every care and attention. Several who remained at Rio, I afterwards met and conversed with. They were doing well; and the whole, had they been properly encouraged, would have done the same. Some men from Waterford and Lismore were engaged in a quarry in the rear of our residence, preparing blocks of granite for building, and by their great industry and good conduct were earning five patacs (about seven shillings) a day, and making a comfortable independence. Another family, of the name of Cook, from the county of Tipperary, had been recommended to Messrs. Marsh and Watson, who located them on a farm in the Organ Mountains, where I visited them with Mr. Watson. The farm was in the depth of a forest, fourteen or fifteen miles within the recesses of the mountain. The way led through the wildest scenery; and on the bank of a river, in the centre of a forest, we found these colonists. They had built a large and comfortable house, with a rustic portico, and thatched it very neatly with palm branches, whose regular fronds formed a tasty roof, the stems and pinnate leaves of which were very elegantly disposed in the thatch. On the other side of the river, which we crossed by two trees forming a rustic bridge, was a large shed for cattle, and other conveniences; and rising up the hill was an extensive plantation of coffee, behind which, desecending into a glen, was a rich field of Indian corn in high health, with gourds, mandioca, and a variety of other produce of Brazilian agriculture. On our return the good woman had prepared for us a plentiful dish of bacon and eggs, with fried cakes of maize; and our entertainment concluded with whiskey, which our host had contrived to distil from his coffee plantation. When I contemplated this comfortable house and abundant farm, rescued from the heart of a Brazilian forest, cultivated by persons who in their own country could not make out a scanty livelihood in a miserable hovel, I could not help feeling the deepest regret, that 2,400 who had left their homes were not, as they might have been, so located. It would have abstracted so many individuals from an overflowing people perishing from want, and added a valuable population to a country, where millions of fertile acres are lying waste for lack of hands to cultivate them.

"The greatest part of the Irish who returned were in a disabled state. Hardship, wounds, privation and sickness had affected them more or less; but the ailment under which they principally laboured was lameness. Not furnished with shoes, nor able to provide them, their feet were attacked with the bichu, or insect of the country, which burrowed in myriads in their naked feet, and caused the most frightful ulcerations. Many of the men, therefore, are lame beggars about the streets, or incurables in the hospitals of Cork. Many who had less comfortable farms, are reduced to common labourers; and of all who returned home, there is not one, perhaps, who is not now enduring want and misery."

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

This favourite sport of childhood is of French origin, and of very high antiquity, having been introduced into England in the train of the Norman conquerors. Its French name, "Colin Maillard," was that of a brave warrior, the memory of whose exploits still live in the chronicles of the middle ages. In the year 999 Liege reckoned among its valiant chiefs Jean Colin. He owed the name of Maillard to his chosen weapon, being a mallet, wherewith in fight he used literally to crush his opponents. In one of these feuds of such perpetual recurrence in those times, he encountered the Count de Louvain in a pitched battle, and in the first onset Colin Maillard lost both his eyes; he ordered his esquire to take him into the thickest of the fight, and, furiously brandishing his mallet, did such fearful execution that victory soon declared itself for him. When Robert of France heard of these feats of arms, he lavished favours and honours upon him, and so great was the fame of the exploit that it was commemorated in the pantomimic representations that formed part of the rude dramatic performances of the age; by degrees the children learned to act it for themselves, and it took the form of the familiar sport. The blindfolded pursuer, as, with bandaged eyes and extended hands, he gropes for a victim to pounce upon, seems in some degree to repeat the action of Colin Maillard, the tradition of which is also traceable in our name of blind man's buff. It would seem, then, that the game is nothing less than a myth in action, having for its nucleus the historic fact of this feat of arms.

BULLY'S ACRE.

The ancient burial ground adjoining the Royal Hospital, popularly known as "Bully's Acre," was once the principal place of sepulture of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, Kilmainham having been their chief seat in Ireland. Previous to the establishment of the Knights there, the burial ground was connected with a monastery, founded in the sixth or seven centuries by St. Maguen, from whom it derived its name.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

THE BROKEN DOCTOR.

It was race week at Newcastle. Drags, traps, carts, coaches-and-four and automobiles came streaming home down the great North Road. The side-paths were thronged with walkers. The rolling of wheels, clatter of horses, shouts of drivers, the laughter and talk, and the occasional blast of a horn made the sedate, walled in mansions reverberate. The scene was as gay as an English holiday crowd knows how to make it. Here and there, a few professionals, not having gone out for fun, were sobered by the memory of lost stakes; but most of the company had gone for fun and found it. They were tired, but hilarious. It had been Newcastle cup day—the day on which all the city-dwellers made it a point to go.

The sedate mansions are on one side of the great North Road; upon the other stretches the town moor, away, away, misty and green, to where the cows and sheep break the horizon. In race-week, the races are not the only event at Newcastle; there is a fair held upon the town moor—a sort of side-show to the races. Another stream of pedestrians sauntered in and out upon the moor.

"Newport shrimps, penny a bag," cried a little stout man from one of a row of booths by the side of the walk.

"Now for the weight you weigh; now for the weight you weigh; correct weight one penny!" sang forth a man who presided over an immense pair of brass balances on the other side of the path.

"Fresh, imported California apricots, here!"

"Your photograph taken by electricity while you wait!"

"This is the place to buy your canaries; a canary in a cage, half a crown!"

"Fresh monkey candy, pulled on the 'ook, on the 'ook, on the 'ook, pulled upon the 'ook!"

"Don't you want your fortune told? Don't you want your fortune told—by the Brazilian cockatoos?"

Old Aunt Sallies and cane ringers and shooting galleries and tented shows improvised a Midway such as bewildered the owner of many a pocketbook. Cheap Johns and fakirs to the right, left, and everywhere! The gasoline flambeaux would have made the long, north-country twilight superfluous. There had been races and athletic sports during the afternoon, but these were now ended, and there were only left the band and the people and a chance to promenade upon one of the finest commons in all England, which last was not unappreciated by certain stalwart young men and certain rosy-faced young women in white muslin.

They are a sturdy race, the north-country folk, with up and down ideas about things. A peddler had been selling something from the tailboard of a waggon. An old Tyneside miner insisted the peddler had given him wrong change. A dispute ensued and a crowd gathered.

"Aa gave thee a croon, an' thoo didst hand mae back three saxpences and a floorin," insisted the miner.

"They were four shillings," replied the pedler.

"Thoo leest," retorted the man.

"Goo for him, old maan," said the crowd; "hae's a Jew." In a twinkling the crowd had become a mob, some of whom, tugging at the shafts, turned the peddler's cart so quickly into a horseless carriage that the poor fellow could not keep his feet, and was like to be jolted out along with his bottles. A tall man stood upon a hummock and gazed after them. "They've got him oot noo," said he to his

wife. "Aa'm afraid they'll dook him i' the puddle."

"'Twill go hard wi' 'im," answered his wife, "all the moor thaat hae's a Jew."

But such a matter was only an accident in so large a show. Other talkers upon the tail-boards of other waggons made capital out of the dethronement of their late brother in trade, and the throng that might have stood about him, went to them, while off upon the course the band played a two-step, and the men and maids, young and younger, promenaded.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have no claim whatever upon you, but if, for a brief moment, you will give me your attention, I may be able to tell you that which will be to your advantage and mine. It is said that the orator, Cicero, could adduce the witness of angels in support of a cause, could graft ears upon trees, and put hearts of flesh within ribs of stone. I can do none of these things. I can only appeal to your common sense, and, if the appeal fail, can retire with as much grace as I may." The speaker was a tall man in rather dingy light clothes. Despite the twilight it could be seen he had blue eyes and a drooping blond moustache, and that his not unhandsome features were given a grotesquely serious expression by a scar stretching from the left corner of his mouth across his chin. Other hawkers addressed their fractions of the throng from rostra more or less pretentious, but he stood upon a rough packing-case. Numbers of the strolling crowd drew up about him.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he resumed, with somewhat of an effort, though his thumbs were thrust gracefully in the pockets of his trousers—"ladies and gentlemen, I am a physician." The clear ringing voice of the man continued to swell the number of his auditors. Couples paused in their gossip, and with a "Let's see what this chap has to say," sauntered up to the circle. "I am not upon the medical register. Why, I will tell you later. I am a graduate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. Being a physician, it is my business to use the little skill I possess to help people to health. 'Oh!' you will say, 'he is a charlatan, an imposter. No real medical man would get on a box at a town fair and talk like that. He would be violating the etiquette of his profession.' Ladies and gentleman, I may be a charlatan, but hear me."

The upturned faces of the crowd were a study, as those of crowds are. Incredulity, curiosity, sympathy, cynicism, and blind gullibility were all there. "From Edinburgh I went to Crewe, and was assistant to the great specialist, Dr. Harrison. One day I filled out a prescription for the head nurse, and tucked my heart in with it to take away the taste. We were married. She became the mother of my boy, and then—I lost her. The Kaffir war broke out. I put my baby boy in the Blue Coat School and got a commission as surgeon, with twelve shillings a day. I served through both the Kaffir and Zulu wars. When the Prince Imperial died I was the officer in charge of his body, and brought it to the frontier. You notice the impediment in my speech. I broke my jaw trying to save a man's life. But I got a silver medal for it. I have had two Victoria Crosses also. Oh, I'm not brave. When you're in battle, you fight because you can't get away. I became so distinguished that one day they put me in charge of a transport expedition with five thousand pounds of Government stores. Among the stores were twelve quarts of gin. It took me just two days and two nights to drink it, and then I tried to make my report. The stores had flown. I was court-martialed and my name stricken off the register. Then I drifted. I had always been wild. I know what it is to stand in a coffee-house in London and warm myself with the sight of other men drinking, and then to go to a threepenny lodging house for—sleep." ("Poor fellow," murmured a woman to another. The medical man may have heard her.)

"Oh, don't pity me," he went on. "I have spent five hundred pounds in Paris in one week. Oh, I'm not good, either. Perhaps I could tell you things which would make you treat me in the way that some of you treated the peddler a few minutes ago." "Hae's a good talker, ennyhoo," remarked an old shepherd to a companion as he bent over to knock the ashes from his pipe.

"But ladies and gentleman, if you will tell me what is the matter with you and permit me to look you in the eye, I will tell you whether you are well or ill, and, if ill, may be able to prescribe for you. Such prescriptions will have little value as against those of a family physisian, made after long and sympathetic acquaintance with you, but, in default of those, will be harmless and may do you some slight service." All the time the medical man had been speaking, people had been gathering about him until there was now a throng. The long, north-country twilight still held. The medical man wiped his brow and paused for a long breath.

"Now, my friends," resumed the orator, "is there anything I can do for you? Pray do not hesitate because of the publicity of this matter. Publicity is necessary. But I trust we are not an uncompassionate assemblage." Then, raising his voice, "Is there anybody who wishes to be prescribed for by an old scamp of a doctor who is a disgrace to the profession?"

An old gentleman asked timidly for a cure for bronchitis.

"My dear sir," said the doctor, "if you will come this way, we may be able to find out whether you have bronchitis or not." The medical man and the old gentleman held a short colloquy.

"I fear, sir, that your affection is rather chronic than acute, but I cannot tell the exact character without a more thorough examination. If you will take this prescription to an apothecary, have it put up and use it according to directions, it should be of a good deal of help to you. Then, if you will call at my address, some time when I am sober, I may be able to do more for you. One shilling. Thank you, sir."

The medical man raised his voice in a half-conscious effort to be heard by those on the edge of the crowd. "There was a time, ladies and gentlemen, when my professional opinion was respected, but the old army surgeon has lost his grip. We're going to make a doctor of that boy of mine, though. I saw him the other day in his black gown, walking across the quadrangle with some other students. He has the fine brow and clear brown eyes of his mother. They say he is making a name for himself in the laboratory and the dissecting gallery. Sometimes he gets into the journals, too. See! All these clippings!" and the speaker drew a roll of newspaper scraps out of a tobacco-pouch which he kept in his waist-coat pocket. "Oh, we shall have him a great doctor yet. But he must not be hampered. He must not be hindered by having to account for his disreputable father. He thinks I was shot by the Zulus. . . . But we have not always been a hindrance to him. We have managed to scrape together a hundred and fifty pounds a year for him. He thinks it's an annuity, for it comes through a barrister at Gray's Inn. Oh, I won't tell his name, or where he is. Mine's changed. That's the joke. Ten years from now, if he lives, look for the first surgeon in England—that's my boy. . . . But, ladies and gentlemen, it is really a pity to inflict our own personal affairs upon you in this manner. I sincerely beg your pardon. But the public is our only confidant, and you, ladies and gentlemen, are the public. Since the public is so good to us, we must try to do something for the public. Ladies and gentlemen, who is next?"

There was a silence, broken finally by a tall byreman who called out from the edge of the crowd, "Whaat is the best coore for dyspepsie, doctor"

"Well, in general, sir, three days in prison with hard labour. It is better far than Beatem's pills. Do you smoke? Better stop smoking. I will write you a prescription in which the principal element is carbonate of magnesia. It may do you some good. Oh, a shilling, if you think it worth it. Thank you." Then, bending to a woman who with intense and sudden feminine resolution, had made her way to the fore: "Neuralgia of the face, madame? Neuralgia is, for the most part, the result of cold or exhaustion, which latter may be brought on in, at least, nine hundred and ninety-nine ways. Don't worry. Keep warm and dry, and get strong. I should say you might with advantage try a tonic of iron and port. You may as well take this prescription. You observe, ladies and gentlemen, that all these prescriptions are written in the plainest of English.

"My dear friends, I wish I could do more for you. The science of medicine is at best a poor thing, and I am only an outcast doctor. Yet I would deal with you honestly. We here may be exceptional, but I fancy it would not be difficult to humbug even ourselves. As individuals, we may be canny; but collectively, we are to be imposed upon by the first Janus-faced rascal that comes our way. . . . . There has ever been something touching to me in the credulity of the public. The public is a blind man groping in search of day—he trusts you because he is helpless. Why, I suppose I could sell you this dirt beneath my feet and not be half clever. I could cut a piece of tripe in strips, put the strips in a bottle, tell you they were tape-worms, and sell you a cure for them made of sawdust and loaf sugar. Or, if I took a bottle of petroleum, and shook up a little ammonia with it, some of you might be kind enough to credit my statement that it was a new kind of 'electric oil,' because you 'could feel the electricity.' But I won't do these things. I don't care to 'sell' you—I would rather heal you." There was a rather awkward pause, during which the medical man again rubbed his brow. A murmur of approval ran through the crowd.

"And what a world it is for woe and pain! My friends, we are born red: we die grey, and, what with ailings and heartburnings and personal cussedness, we appear to be wretched battledores of a most cruel fate. All a devil's dance. . . . But no, that is seeing with a jaundiced eye. I give you my word for it. On the whole, it is an interesting kind of a chaos, decidedly worth the price of admission. No, my friends, I am no cynic. I have had my fling and stand back to give my betters a show. Possibly in the next world the good God will grub stake me for a new start. Anyhow, I shall be sorry to leave this one—very sorry—v-e-r-y—s-o-r-r-y—and sorry to leave you, ladies and gentlemen." The medical man put his hand to his brow again, and seemed to have some difficulty in getting on. "A slight rush of blood to the head—a mild kind of vertigo. It is nothing. Pardon me. Ah, yes, what was I saying? Yes, as they sing in church, 'I think I see the angel faces smile' upon—upon the medical profession. . . . Ladies and gentlemen, one must not neglect one's opportunities. I feel regret at having been very careless in the matter. . . . Who was it that gave us the lines,

"'God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain,
And sight out of blindness and purity out of stain'?

"Those are very good lines. He expresses it perfectly. . . . The art of living consists in becoming a prince of circumstance. . . . I very much fear I have been its creature. . . . And—and it is as good as—finding an antitoxin for consumption—it is, indeed—. . . . It looked for a moment as though the way were not clear, but it is! I assure it is! And do not for a moment think that—that there are no openings in the new Jerusalem for—for the practice of the medical profession. It would seem—it would seem——"

There was a surging forward of the crowd. The medical man was off his box.

"Baack wi' ye, everybuddy. The maar's fainted," shouted one of the onlookers. The gaping crowd fell back.

"Hae needs a doctor himsel, noo. Iss hae breathin'?"

"The medical man opened his eyes. "His—name—is—George—Mattheson," said he.

"Whose name, sir?" asked one, bending over him.

"George's," was the answer, with an effort. A slight shiver convulsed the body. The head sank negligent, and the eyes closed as the eyes of one who, after a weary journey, yields to sweetest sleep.

The music of the band floated across the moor, and the shouts of the cheap Johns mingled with it. If the medical man, there upon his back, could have opened his eyes again, he would have seen the first dim stars of evening, and the harvest moon, red in the west.

MONEYGRANGE CASTLE, QUEEN'S COUNTY.

To the Editor of "The Dublin Penny Journal."

Sir.—About three miles from the town of Carlow, on the banks of the river Barrow, and in the Queen's County, formerly stood the ancient Castle of Monksgrange, or Kilmaglock.

In the "History of the Queen's County," by Daniel O'Byrne, we find it stated that "Grange Castle, like that of Shrule, is of many years standing; and is said to have been built by a wife of one of the Harpoles, who so much abhorred the cruel acts of her husband that she erected this castle and resided in it in order that she would not have any familiar communication with him. Tradition asserts the cause of her fixed abhorrence towards him was that he, in one of his devilish rages, hung an interesting child, a niece of hers."

It is very doubtful if this statement is at all true, as it is more likely this castle, like Rheban and Woodstock, was erected to defend one of the many fords of the Barrow river.

John Pagett, whose Leighlin Diocesan will is dated June 14th, 1701, and proved in 1706, and his wife, Julian Dunn (a daughter probably of the Dunns of Brittas Castle, Chiefs of Hy Regan), held the "castle, buildings, and lands of Grange." They left a daughter, Elizabeth Pagett, married in 1704 to William Harborne, and a son, William Pagett, who married in 1705 Catherine Crathorne—likely a daughter of either Ralph or Geffery Crathorne, of Dublin or Baltinglass.

This William, dying before the year 1754, leaving "an only son and heir," John Pagett, living in 1754, and still owner seemingly of some property in Carlow and Queen's County, which he either leased in that year to or from John and James Hamilton, of Carlow and Dublin.

The remains of the old walls of Grange Castle have some years ago been incorporated and surrounded by a modern mansion erected by the late Mr. Rowan M'Combe, and, like most old castles in Ireland, was supposed to have been haunted. John Pagett certainly removed from the place, and dying some time after in his house in Carlow, gives directions in his will "to be buried there."

Does Coote, in his "Survey of the Queen's County," make any reference to this castle and its occupants, or can any reader of your paper, who is interested in our old castles in Ireland, say if there is any illustration or drawing of this building in its original state, or can give any further particulars regarding this family of Pagett and their connection with the locality of Grange?—Yours faithfully,

WM. JACKSON PIGOTT.

Manor House, Dundrum, Co. Down.

ULSTER IN AMERICA.

EARLY IRISH EMIGRANTS.

In two volumes collectively comprising some twelve hundred pages, Mr. Charles A. Hanna has compiled, and G. P. Putnam and Sons have published, the most comprehensive work on "The Scotch-Irish" that has ever seen the light. The first volume is devoted to a history of a Scot in his original seat; that is to say, in north-eastern Ireland, whence he migrated to south-western Scotland, from which second home he returned in the seventeenth century to his primitive habitation. The second volume, with which we are here especially concerned, is allotted to the Scotch-Irish in America, and presents the first close approach to an exhaustive account of the transatlantic migration of the descendants of those Scotch Presbyterians who had settled in Ulster, and who in the eighteenth century found it impossible to endure any longer the persecution to which they were subjected at the hands of the Anglican Church in Ireland. We purpose, with Mr. Hanna's help, to indicate the proportion of this Scotch-Irish emigration, and the American localities which principally profited by it, and also to show by the testimony given by Joseph Galloway before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1779 the importance of the part taken by the Scotch-Irish in the American War for Independence.

Froude and Lecky have both directed attention to the volume of the Scotch-Irish emigration from Ulster to the American colonies during the first eighty years of the eighteenth century. The movement may be said to have been immediately after the annihilation of the woollen manufacture by the legislation of 1690. According to Hely Hutchinson, within two years after the Irish were prohibited to export their woollen manufactures to any country whatever, from 20,000 to 30,000 workers in wool had to be supported by charity. Twenty thousand Presbyterians left Ulster for the American seaboard. Many more were driven by the first passage of the Test Act, by which the taking of the Sacrament according to the rites of the Established Church was made a condition of holding any office, civil or military, under the Crown, above the rank of a constable. The Presbyterians, the Independents, the Huguenot immigrants, and the Quakers were by this Act swept under the same political disabilities, and were cut off from the army, the militia, the Civil Service, the Commission of the Peace, and from seats in the Municipal Corporation. For a time after the accession of George I. the outflow of Presbyterian emigrants from Ulster to the American colonies slackened in the hope that the Test Act would be altered. When the prospect of any substantial alteration therein was shut off men of spirit and energy refused to remain in a country where they were held unfit to receive the rights of citizens. Thenceforward, until in 1782 a large measure of self-government was conceded to Ireland, shiploads of families were annually poured forth from Belfast and Londonderry. A special stimulus has been thought to have been imparted to the movement in 1772, when many of Lord Donegal's Antrim leases, having fallen in simultaneously, he demanded a hundred thousand pounds in fines for the renewal of them. The tenants, all Protestants, offered the interest of the money in addition to the rent. The offer was refused. Land speculators paid the fines and took the farms over the heads of the tenants in order to sublet them. Another great Antrim proprietor imitated Lord Donegal's example, and forthwith a whole countryside was depopulated. The least needy of the expelled tenantry gathered their effects together and sailed to join their countrymen in the New World. In the two years following the Antrim evictions 30,000 Presbyterians left Ulster for a land where there was no legal robbery, and where those who sowed the seed could reap the harvest. The resentment which they carried with them continued to burn in their new homes, and in the American War of Independence England had no fiercer enemies than the grandsons and the great-grandsons of the Presbyterians who had held Ulster against Tyrconnell.

With the aid of contemporary, or nearly contemporary, authorities, Lecky endeavours to form an estimate of the numbers of the Scotch-Irish who emigrated to America during the eighteenth century. After pointing out that the famine of 1740 and 1741 gave an immense impulse to the movement, Lecky notes that for several years thereafter the Protestant emigrants from Ulster were computed at about 12,000 annually. More than thirty years later Arthur Young found the stream still flowing, and he mentioned that 4,000 emigrants had sailed in 1773 from Belfast alone. Lecky quotes with approval the conclusion reached by Newenham, who in his book on "Irish Population," collected much information: "If we said that during fifty years of the eighteenth century the average annual emigrations to America and the West Indies amounted to about 4,000, and that, consequently, in that space of time about 200,000 had emigrated to the British plantations, I am disposed to think that we should rather fall short of the truth than exceed it."

We pass to the testimony given before a Committee of the House of Commons in March, 1779, by Joseph Galloway. This testimony, first printed in London in the year named, and republished in Philadelphia in 1855, will be found literally reproduced in the book before us. It is well known that Joseph Galloway was a Tory, or, as he would have preferred to be called, a Loyalist. He was a native born American, and, at the time when he gave his testimony, was a little more than forty-eight years old. He had lived, as he told the Committee, in the province of Maryland, in the Dalaware counties, and in the province of Pennsylvania, chiefly in Philadelphia. A lawyer by profession, he had practised in all the Courts of Pennsylvania, in those of the Dalaware counties, and in the Supreme Court of New Jersey. He had been a member of the Assembly of Philadelphia for eighteen years, and Speaker of the House for twelve. He had been appointed by the Pennsylvania Assembly to attend the Continental Congress which met in September, 1774. During the French and Indian War he had been appointed by the same Assembly one of the Commissioners for disposing of the money granted to the Crown, and he had been several times a Commissioner to treat with the Indians. When Sir William Howe took possession of Philadelphia, Joseph Galloway at his request undertook the office of Superintendent of the Police of the city and its suburbs. In this capacity, as we shall see, he was able to obtain information touching the nativity and nationality of the rebel soldiers.

This witness, Joseph Galloway, having been

called before a committee of the House of Commons, was examined by Lord George Germaine. After some preliminary inquiries the following question was put to him: "At the beginning of the present rebellion, when the inhabitants first took up arms, had the people in general independence in view?" Mr. Galloway replied: "I do not believe, from the best knowledge I have of the state of America at that time, that one-fifth of the people had independence in view. I wish when I give an opinion, always to give my reasons for it. The progress of the spirit of independence was very gradual. So early as the year 1754 there were men in America, I may say in the towns of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Williamsburg, who held independence in prospect, and who were determined to seize any opportunity that offered to promote it, by procuring additional persons to their number. These men, when the Stamp Act was passed, made a stalking horse, or screen, of the gentlemen of the law in every part of America, to cover their designs, and to sound the trumpet of opposition against Government; but avowed that their conduct was on the ground of obtaining a redress of American grievances, and not with a design to separate the two countries. Upon this ground, I am confident, the gentlemen of the law acted. When the Tea Act was passed, they made the same use of the merchants who were smugglers in America as they had done of the lawyers before, still declaring, that they mean not independence. So late as the sitting of the Congress in 1774 the same men, when charged with it in Congress, and while they held it tenaciously and religiously in their hearts, almost to a degree of profanity denied it with their tongues—and all this was done on their knowledge, that the great bulk of the people of North America was averse to independence. If we look at the resolves of Congress, down almost to the very period of their Declaration of Independence, they gave out that it was not with a view to the total separation of the two countries, but from necessity; because unless they declared independence, the Powers of Europe would not trade with them, and they were in great distress for want of a great many foreign necessaries. So that, from all these circumstances, I am convinced that not one-fifth part of the people had independence in view."

Now let us mark the grounds on which Mr. Galloway must be deemed an especially competent witness as to the nationality of the rebel soldiers. This question was put to him: "Were deserters from the rebel army frequent while Sir William Howe was in Philadelphia?" The witness replied: "They were frequent—almost daily. I have known forty-nine come in in a day, many days from ten to fifteen." Mr. Galloway was next asked: "What number do you suppose came in to the army at Philadelphia?" He answered: "The deserters were generally sent from headquarters down to me for examination; from me they went to Mr. Story, the officer appointed to administer the oath of allegiance. He kept a regular account of their numbers, their names, and the places of their nativity, and I think there were upwards of 2,300 qualified at his office, and I believe on good reason, there might have been upward of 700 or 800 more not qualified; for I often found, on seeing him in the evening, that the number I had sent down to him had gone, so that I suppose, at least, 3,000 came in." Then came the interesting inquiry: "That part of the rebel army that enlisted in the service of the Congress (i.e., the Continental Army) were they chiefly composed of natives of America, or were the greater part of them English, Scotch and Irish?" Mr. Galloway answered: "The names and places of their nativity being taken down, I can answer the question with precision. There were scarcely one-fourth natives of America; about one-half Irish, the other fourth were English and Scotch." To a subsequent question touching the number of Washington's army at Valley Forge during the winter of 1777-78, the reply was: "In the latter end of February or beginning of March, 1778, Washington had not 4,000 effective men, from a great variety of accounts, from a number of people who lived by his camp, and from officers of his own army." The witness explained that it was through sickness and desertion that the number of the rebel soldiers had been thus greatly diminished after the battle of Germantown.

(To be concluded next week.)

THE DANES IN IRELAND.

On his first entrance into Ireland a Scandinavian traveller will be immediately reminded of the ancient dominion of his countrymen. It cannot possibly escape his observation what a striking part the Norwegians, or, as they are there exclusively called, the "Danes," play in their popular legends and traditions of Ireland. That, like the north-western districts of Scotland, it should have best preserved the popular life of ancient times with its songs and legends must, it is true, be ascribed to its remote situation. Everywhere, even far in the interior of the country, we are shown Danish raths (mounds and entrenchments), and among others the so-called "Danish cast," a long ditch and rampart in Ulster. "Danish cooking-places" are also pointed out, consisting of small circular spaces set round with stones, and bearing traces of embers and burnings, some of which are met with scattered about on heaths and moors. In the ancient copper-mines, in the south of Ireland, roundish stones with a dent round the middle are now and then dug up, which, it is evident, were used in former times in working the mines. These stones are called by the common people "Danes' hammers." In like manner they generally call most of the antiquities that are dug up, whether weapons or ornaments, "Danish." Tales calculated to awaken horror of outrages of the Danes are connected with all these pretended Danish memorials; and the further we travel into the remote western districts the more terrible are the tales we hear of the distress and cruel oppressions which the inhabitants endured under their Danish conquerors. Nevertheless, the Irishman has preserved, as well as the Englishman, the remembrance of the Danes' contempt of death and irresistible bravery. "That might even frighten a Dane," says the Irishman, at times, when speaking of some desperate undertaking. A kind of superstitious fear of the redoubted Danes seems in some places to have seized the common people; at least, it is an acknowledged fact, that in several parts of the country they continue to frighten children with the "Danes." Similar ideas about the Danes are to be met with even among the more enlightened portion of the people. Not long ago it was a firm belief among many educated men in Ireland, that there were families in Denmark, who could not forget the dominion they had formerly exercised in Ireland, and who bore a title derived from the large estates which their forefathers had once conquered and possessed there. It was likewise commonly supposed that the Danes had carried with them from Ireland a great number of manuscripts, which were said to be preserved in one of the large collections of books in Copenhagen; as if, forsooth, it had been one of the chief aims of the bold and dangerous expeditions of the ancient Norwegians, at that remote period, to carry off scientific treasures, and, above all, manuscripts written in Irish, and consequently, in a language that was for the most part entirely incomprehensible to them. In the last century in particular, and at the beginning of the present one, the Irish literati attributed to the Danes, or rather to the Norwegians, much to which, strictly speaking, they could have no valid claim.

Some of the meteorites that fall upon the earth possess a peculiar structure, indicating that they have more than once been in a molten condition. Doctor Berwerth, of Vienna, concludes, as the result of his studies of this class of meteorites, that they came originally from a volcano situated in some distant part of space, but that before reaching the earth they were subjected to great heat, which metamorphosed their structure. To explain this he suggests that in the course of their celestial journey they may have passed through the atmosphere of a sun, or may have been fused through the sudden birth of a new and neighbouring star. The heat developed during their fall through our atmosphere is not sufficient to explain the changes that they have undergone.

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC

By M. J. B.

III.

By Music . . . . . .
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.
. . . . . .
Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness cease;
Our joys below, it can improve,
And ante-date the bliss above.
—Pope—"Ode, St. Cecilia's Day."

It is related of Alexander the Great that, on hearing soft music, he ordered the harp strings to be broken fearing the enervating effects of such melody on his hardy warriors (1). No doubt this astute pupil of Aristotle's had learned and remembered how in this very way Cyrus had reduced the Lydians to servitude. Herodotus tells us (Clio., 155) that Cyrus having consulted Croesus as to how he should deal with this rebellious people, was advised to instruct the children in dancing, music, and other effeminate accomplishments, and that they would soon lose the dignity of manhood. The advice was accepted and proved sound. The manners of the Lydians became totally changed (Id., 157). For, says the famous Giraldus Cambrensis, music may be used to heighten the pleasures of the vicious, as well as to animate the virtuous and the brave (2). Montesquien observes that the ancient Greek philosophers, however much they differed from one another on other subjects, yet all agreed on the importance of the cultivation of music, and he suggests the explanation is that music was necessary as a counterpoise to the gymnasium and military training which must otherwise have developed a fierce hardihood and spirit of cruelty ("Esprit des Lois," iv., 8).

Music, therefore, is no mean index of character:—

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are as dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted.
—Shakespeare: "Merchant of Venice," v. 1.

Aristotle, whose giant intellect eludes the grasp of all mankind beside, even as their pigmy understandings fail to compass space infinite; devotes almost the entire of his treatise on education to music (Politics, Book v.). This most subtle of subtle philosophers explains that moral education ought to precede the intellectual; music promotes moral improvement, refines the sentiments, and exalts the character; and, therefore, it is obviously a first essential in education. So utterly have we degenerate Intermediate-bred men become, that we confound in our every-day conversation, education, and instruction, and see no inaccuracy in speaking of "technical education." The pagan philosophers' loftier conception of the human soul would surely enoble us up-to-date Christians could we grasp them!

Music formed an essential part in the education of the Greeks (3). "Plato," says Montesquin (iv., 8), "is not afraid to affirm that there is no possibility of making a change in music without altering the frame of government. Aristotle, who seems to have written his 'Politics' only in order to contradict Plato, agrees with him notwithstanding, in regard to the power and influence of music over the manners of the people. This was also the opinion of Theophrastus, of Plutarch, and of all the ancients;

an opinion grounded on mature reflection, being one of the principles of their polity."

Nor were our Milesian ancestors wanting in discrimination on this head. MacGeoghegan tells us that "among the Milesians music formed part of a good education; everyone was desirous of knowing how to sing or play on some instrument" (Hist. of Ireland,63). The early Cambro-Norman invaders were delighted with the "commendable industry" with which the Irish applied themselves to music, as we read in Cambrensis (Top. Dist., iii., xi.); and even in those dark days, when the schoolmaster carried his life in his hands, the missionary did not neglect the study and teaching of music (4.). So Henry Beauclerc, when civilising the English, did not fail to have them taught music (Ling. Hist. Eng., ii., 1); and I have already noted Charlemagne's attention to the same subject (Algog. ii., 290). When a few years since Mr. Gill, Secretary to the Agricultural Board, was prosecuting enquiries into the happiness and prosperity of the Danish farmers, he was informed by "every leading agriculturalist whom he met in Denmark, without exception," that they rested on the education of the peasantry and small farms. This education, he ascertained, consisted in history, literature, language, and the songs and proverbs of the people (Recess. Report, 145-6).

If the great truth, that man's soul is nobler than his body, and consequently his moral training more important than any "technical instruction" in arts or crafts, were once firmly grasped, we could then recognise that, to seek first the kingdom of God and His glory, is after all not a foolish waste of time, even for the much belauded hard-headed practical man. But, alas! it has been well observed. "If we were called upon to name the one great fact of modern times, the truth most interesting to all classes, we should mention 'available funds,' as decidedly and without a rival, holding the first place in the human mind.—Hogg's "Weekly Instructor," Edin., ii., 342

REFERENCES OMITTED IN THE TEXT.

(1.) The Historical Works of Giraldus Cambrensis (Bohn's Lib.) Top. Dist. iii., 12.

(2.) Ibid.

(3.) Rollin's Ancient History (Ward, Lock, and Co., 1892), 286,417; Beloe's Translation of Herodutus (Lon. 1821, ii., 321 note; Aristotle Politics, Book v., (viii.); Montesquiew Esprit des Lois, iv., 8; Polybius iv., 3; Strabo I., ii., par 3 (Bohn's Lib., i., 25, ii., 183-204), etc., etc.

(4.) Ibernia Ignatiana a P. Ed. Hogan, S.J., Dub., 1880, 76 et seq.; Prendergast "Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland," 2nd. Ed., 34 note.

SONNET—ADARE.

As o'er the antique bridge pensive I lean,
How calmly bright,—how venerably grand,
Through clustering trees, you towers and steeples stand;
Reporting well, what splendour once hath been,
Proud denizen of each time-hallowed scene!
Aye, power and priestcraft here held high command,
Stern dwellers of the heart! beneath whose brand
Even instinct dies—the very soul grows mean!
And yet, tho' ruin's gradual decay
Steals, with the ivy, round each turret gray,
And breathes its spirit thro' the cloistered gloom;
A charm unwonted in their earlier day,
Dwells with their green old age, and still shall bloom
Undimmed, while we sleep well in our forefathers' tomb.

General Lew Wallace, the author of "Ben Hur; a Tale of the Christ," was United States Minister at Constantinople some years ago. His novel has recently been dramatised.

THE BATTLE OF RATHMINES.

Described by Mr. Elrington Ball.

On Tuesday, March 25th, Mr. Elrington Ball read a paper before the Society of Antiquaries on "The Battle of Rathmines." After relating the historical events which led to the engagement, he described the appearance of the Marquis of Ormonde with a large force in June, 1649, before Dublin, which was then held for the Parliament by Colonel Michael Jones. The latter had made an effort to obstruct the march of the Royalist Army from Kilkenny, but had been outmanœuvred by Ormonde, and had been forced to retire again into the city. Ormonde's first encampment was at Castleknock, from which he seized the Viceregal residence in the Phœnix Park, which then stood on the site of the Magazine, but he moved his army on the next day to Finglas, in order to prevent any communication between Jones and the garrisons of Drogheda and Dundalk, which were then held by the Parliament. There he remained for more than a month. Mr. Ball strongly criticised the policy of inactivity which Ormonde adopted, and expressed the opinion that, if he had attacked Dublin at once, he would have easily defeated the Parliament forces. The Dublin garrison was in a state of the most dire necessity, and provisions were selling at famine prices, while the town was in a defenceless state owing to the want of fortifications. Ormonde's delay gave Jones opportunity to obtain provisions by sea, which Ormonde took no steps to prevent, and also enabled him to enclose the town with earth works. As soon as Drogheda and Dundalk had fallen to Lord Inchiquin, Ormonde was joined by that nobleman, and he began then to attack the portion of the city which lay on the northern side of the Liffey. In the course of these operations he saw the importance of more closely investing the city, and with this object, at the end of July, moved the principal portion of his army to the southern side. At the very moment when he made this move, Jones was joined by large reinforcements of seasoned troops which had been sent from England by sea. Jones had only a small town to guard. Dublin on the southern side of the river was represented by an area which a line starting from Guinness's Brewery, taking in the Coombe, St. Patrick's Cathedral, Grafton street, and Trinity College, and ending in Townshend street, would enclose, and outside this lay on all sides grass and tillage lands. The only roads were the one through Crumlin, which led to Tallaght; the one through Harold's Cross, which led to Rathfarnham; the one through Rathmines, which led to Milltown and Dundrum; the one through Donnybrook, and the one to Blackrock. On the Blackroad road the only dwellings of any importance were Lord Fitzwilliam's castle at Merrion and his castle at Baggotrath; on the Rathmines road was a castle near Palmerston Park, which had been built by Sir George Radcliffe; and a castle at Milltown, which belonged to Archdeacon Bulkeley (both of which had been burned at the time of the Rebellion). On the Harold's Cross road were the castle of Rathgar, which belonged to the Cusacks; and the castle of Rathfarnham, which belonged to the Loftus family; and on the Crumlin road was the castle of Drimnagh, which also belonged to the Loftus family. On the lands of Rathmines Ormonde encamped his troops on ground long known as the Bloody Fields, but now covered by the Palmerston district. He proceeded at once to stop the ancient water course which ran into the city from the Dodder at Templeogue, and a few days later took the Castle of Rathfarnham, which was garrisoned by the Parliament. It was then determined to fortify the Castle of Baggotrath in order to deprive Jones of pasture for his horses, and to command the approach to Dublin from the sea. On the evening of August 1st, Ormonde despatched a strong force for the purpose of carrying out the necessary works, but they were led astray in the dark, and only reached Baggotrath an hour before dawn. Jones, who saw the importance of preventing Ormonde's design, drew out a strong force and prepared to attack. Ormonde thought, however, that he could not do so for some time, and telling his troops to stand to their arms, retired to take some rest. While in his tent he was aroused by sound of firing, and on rushing out found his troops beaten out of Baggotrath by Jones's men and retiring on the main body of his army. A panic seized Ormonde's troops, and, in spite of his utmost efforts to rally them, they were completely routed, the result of the engagement being a complete victory for the Parliament. Mr. Ball referred to a number of curious tracts giving an account of the battle, and mentioned instances of the extraordinary perversion of the truth indulged in by both sides to encourage their supporters. In one of these tracts it was stated that Ormonde had again enclosed the city after the battle with 40,000 men, and in another the engagement was described as a night surprise.

As the result of studies on New Jersey mosquitoes last summer, Professor John B. Smith, of Rutgers College, says that not only will the insects travel long distances from their breeding-place, but on favourable evenings large swarms rise and are carried during the night by winds. The direction in which they go is often seaward. Swarms have been met fifteen miles from shore, and they are common five miles from shore. Migration of mosquitoes with the aid of the winds Professor Smith regards as of much importance, and as rendering the control of the mosquito nuisance a State rather than a local affair. The Anopheles mosquitos continue to breed long after frost has set in, and even a covering of ice on ponds is not fatal to their larvæ.

ENTRY OF GEORGE IV. INTO DUBLIN—1825.



(From a Contemporary Engraving. For Key, see page 43.)

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS:

Compiled from Authentick Memoirs, Offices of Record, Manufcript Collections, and other Unexceptionable Vouchers,

By THE LATE WALTER HARRIS, ESQ. WITH AN APPENDIX.

SECT. II.

To consider this building as a royal seat of government, it is to be noted, that it was not converted to that use till the reign of queen Elizabeth. Before that period there does not appear to have been any fixed place for the reception of the chief governors, who sometimes held their courts at Thomas-court (in which was a chamber of presence, called the king's chamber, wherein the lords of the council assembled), sometimes at the palace of the archbishops of Dublin, at St. Sepulchre's, but oftener in the castle of Kilmainham. In 1488 the earl of Kildare, then lord deputy, received sir Richard Edgecomb in the king's great chamber in Thomas-court, and there did homage, and took the oath of allegiance to King Henry VII. in the person of Sir Richard Edgecomb. The earl of Kildare, being appointed lord deputy in 1524, took the oath of office in Christ-church, and from thence went in state to the abbey of St. Thomas, Conn O'Neil carrying the sword before him, where he entertained the nobility and the king's commissioners with a splendid feast. In 1556 the lord lieutenant, Fitz-Walter, kept his court in Kilmainham, and there received the submission of Shane O'Neil. The lord deputy, Sussex, kept his court in the same place the year following. In 1559, the earl of Sussex, being again appointed lord lieutenant, lay the first night of his arrival at the house of Mr. Peter Forth; because the house of Kilmainham had been damaged by a tempest the year before, and was not yet repaired. The next morning he rode to St. Patrick's-church, and took the oath of office, and from thence to St. Sepulchre's, where he kept his court.

Upon this occasion it was judged that

the castle of Dublin might be fitted up at less expense for the reception of the government, than the house of Kilmainham; and accordingly queen Elizabeth, in the third year of her reign (1560), sent a mandate to the lord lieutenant and council, "to repair and enlarge the castle of Dublin, for the reception of the chief governors." What was done in pursuance of this order does not particularly appear; but it is manifest, from an entry in the rolls of chancery, "That when sir Henry Sydney, lord deputy, landed in 1565, he lay at Monck-town, and from thence removed to the house of Thomas Fitz-Williams at Merrion, from whence as he approached the city, the sheriffs of Dublin met him with sixty horse and a trumpeter, and at Hoggin-green* the mayor and aldermen received him in their formalities. He marched not through the city, but rode through the ford of St. Mary's abbey, and passed along Oxmantown-green to Kilmainham, to view the house, which was then in decay; and there the sheriffs at the outer gate took their leaves of him, and went home at two o'clock, and his lordship went to St. Sepulchre's, and there lodged, and on the 20th of January he was sworn in Christchurch." Hooker (a) adds, "that after he was sworn, the new appointed privy council conducted him to the castle of Dublin, where he swore them according to the queen's instructions." From that time the castle became the residence of the chief governor, and has continued so from thence to this day.

Hooker (b) affirms, "that it was Sir Henry Sidney who repaired and beautified the castle about the year 1567, and that before his time it was ruinous, foul, filthy, and greatly decayed." But it was probable something was done to make it commodious, by virtue of the queen's mandate in 1560; otherwise it could be no way fit for the reception of Sir Henry Sidney seven years after. What that good lord deputy did upon this occasion, will best appear from a concordatum for the establishment of the housekeeper of the castle, issued by his lordship and the privy council on the 15th of November, 1570, which we will give entire, not only as it illustrates the subject, but as it may afford some entertainment to the reader, to compare the English language at that time with the modern way of writing.

By the Lord Deputy and Counsaill

Henry Sidney,

"WHERAS ther haith ben erected of late within hir majestie's castell of Dublyn, certen lodging and outher fair and necessarie roulmes, boeth for a convenient plaice for the lord deputie's howse, and a fit seate for the placing and receiving of any gouvernour heraftir, as for the bettir and more commodious resorte and assembly of the counsaill, and for the gretter ease of all sutors boeth riche and poore, whiche hertofore were accustomed to travaill to and from plaices boeth farder distant and lesse commodious for the dispatche of ther causes; which lodgings and buildings yf they shoulde not from time to time be well mayntained, looked into, ayred, clened, and dressed up in the absence of the gouvernour, they shoulde in short tyme come to grette decay and ruyne. We have therfor thought fytt that as well for the keaping of the said howse, and roulmes newely erected, as for the clensing of all the gutters within the said castell, sweping and keaping clene of the walkes upon the walls and platform, as for the tending and keaping of the clocke within the said castell, whiche requireth daily attendance to be tempred and kept in frame, to appoint sume honest, carefull, and diligent person to take that chardge in hand who should from tyme to tyme undertake the doinges of thos services, and in the gouvernour's absence to loke to the preservation of thinges appertayning to the howse, to take the same by indentur, and in like mannir to re-deliver theme, so that hir majestie shall not, through negligent keaping of the said howse, be at any chardge. Forasmuche therfor as ther is no certain fee or interteynment appointed for that purpose, we have condescended and agreed to allow unto ur well biloved George Arglass of Dublin, gentilman, servant unto us the said lord deputy, or to his sufficiente deputy, sixteen pence currant moncy of Ireland by the day, and withall, sume convenient roulme for his lodging within the sayd castell, at the assignment of the gouvernour for the tyme being; whiche allowance of sixteen pence currant money of Ireland, we have agreed shall begyn from the first daye of October last past, and to be payed quarterly out of th' office of the hanaper in this realme, of souche sums of money as shall be thear receyved to hir majestie's use from tyme to tyme, and the sayd intertaynment shall so endure and continue during pleasur; willing and requiring the clearke of hir majestie's sayd hanaper in this realme for the time being, and his deputies and substitutes by virtue of this our concordatum, to be enrolled in hir majestie's exchequer in this realme, to make payment thereof unto hym from tyme to tyme as appertayneth, without any further special warrant or bill to be obteyned for the same; and this accordingly shall not only be hys sufficient warrant and dischardge in that behalfe from tyme to tyme, but also unto the thesorer, vice-thesorer, chauncellour, and barrons, and outher officers of hir majestie's said exchequer, auditors, and outher hir majestie's officers and commissioners of accomptes, to make allowance thereof from tyme to tyme upon the accomptes of the clearke of hir majestie's sayd hanaper for the tyme being. Given undyr hir majestie's signett at the castell of Dublin the 15th of Nov. 1570, in the 12 yere of hir majestie's reign."

Rob. Weston.	Tho. Cusack,
Adam Dublin,	Lucas Dillon,
G. Kildare,	Francis Agard,
T. Ardmachan,	John Challoner,
H. Miden,	N. White,
Rob. Dyllon.	

*Now College-green.

(a) As before, p 112.

(b) As before, p 152.

SECT. III.

To consider the castle under its third relation, namely, as a place where the courts of law and equity for the despatch of the justice of the nation, and where the high courts of parliament were held, it may be observed, that in the early ages of the English government the courts of justice were ambulatory, and not fixed to any certain place. In the reign of Edward III the common-pleas and exchequer were held at Carlow. In the 37th year of that reign (1363) the common-pleas was by writ removed from Carlow back to Dublin; and the reason for doing so is given in the record, namely, "because Carlow was surrounded by enemies, the walls about it much decayed, and the place reckoned unsafe for the residence of the king's ministers." This would have been as good a reason for removing the exchequer from thence at the same time; yet it continued there long after. In the first year of Richard II. (1377) the ministers of the exchequer petitioned the parliament for an augmentation of their salaries, in regard, "that being obliged to sit at Carlow from their proper habitations, they could not have their own provisions for their sustenance, and by their fees of office, by which they used to be supported while the exchequer was at Dublin, they could not live on their ancient fees." Upon the reasons alleged in this petition, their salaries were augmented, and an order issued for continuing such additional salaries while the exchequer sat at Carlow. After that time the common-pleas was removed back to Carlow, and that court was held there in 1389; from whence both that court and the exchequer were probably removed to Dublin in the reign of king Henry IV., for by patent dated the 27th of June, 1401, the duke of Lancaster, then lord lieutenant, had power given him to remove them to such places as he should think proper.

Parliaments also were unfixed, and held at various places, as at Trim, Drogheda, Naas, Weys or Wexford, Conall, Clare, Limerick, Baldoyle, Castledermot, Kilkenny, Waterford, Cashel, but more frequently at Dublin, and sometimes in the castle itself, as was done 11th Jac. 1. 10th and 15th Car. I. These assemblies were also sometimes held in Christ-church, where was a room called the common-house (perhaps the house of commons), as appears by a statute 29 Hen. VI., where a petition from the seneschal of the liberty of Wexford, and from the sovereign of Wexford, was read in parliament, directed to the earl of Kildare, lord deputy, to the lords spiritual and temporal in parliament assembled, and to the commons of the said parliament in the common-house within the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, as Christchurch was anciently called; in which place a parliament was held in the government of Thomas, earl of Sussex in 1559, and at many other times. The stately halls of religious houses afforded also a commodious reception for those assemblies, and there is an instance of one being held in the hall of the Carmelites in Whitefriar's-street in the year 1333.



KEY TO ENTRY OF GEORGE IV. INTO DUBLIN.

1 The Rotunda. 2. Lady Mountjoy, Mrs Stewart, Hon Mrs Knox, Mrs Arthur Dawson and party. 3. Residence of Sir Kingston James, Bart, Lord Mayor Elect. 4. Temporary Barrier. Irish Motto (English), "A Hundred Thousand Welcomes." 5. Countess of Caledon, Lady Blayney, Lady Elizabeth Alexander, Lady Strange, and party. 6. Countess of Farnham, Countess Belmore, Lady Aylmer, Lady Baird, and party. 7. Prince and Princess Esterhazy, Marchioness of Conyngham, and party. 8. Duchess of Leinster, Marchioness of Downshire, Countess of Antrim, Lady Ennismore, Prince Larderia, Vicomte Chabot, and party. 9. The 3rd Light Dragoons, followed by Country Gentlemen and Citizens, on horseback and on foot, in regular procession, with flags, etc, etc. 10. Colonel Lindsey, 78th Highlanders. 11. Lord Aylmer, Adjutant-General. 12. Lieutenant-General Lord Beresford, G. C. B. 13. Sir George Quentin, K. C. H., Aide-de-Camp to his Majesty. 14. Sir D. Baird, G. C. B., etc, etc., Commander of the Forces. 15. Lieutenant-General Lord Blayney. 16. Lieutenant-General Sir E T Hammond, K. C. H., and Chief Equerry and Clerk Marshal. 17. General Lord Howden, G. C. B. 18. Major-General Sir Colquhoun Grant, K. C. B., Commanding Leinster District. 19. Major-General Sir John Elley, K. C. B., Commanding Connaught District. 20. Lord Burgherst, Aide-de-Camp to his Majesty. 21. Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Bolton, K.C.H., King's Equerry. 22. Major-General Bayly, King's Equerry. 23. His Majesty. 24. Marquis of Winchester, Groom of the Stole. 25. Marquis of Headfort, Lord in Waiting. 26. The 78th Highlanders. 27. Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, Private Secretary to his Majesty. 28. Ulster King of Arms, Sir W. Betham. 29. Lord Mayor's State Coach in Waiting 30. Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Arthur Hill, Aide-de-Camp to the Lord Lieutenant. 31. Earl Talbot, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, preceded by the principal Officers, Lords Spiritual and Temporal, Baronets, Law Officers, Members of the University, Clergy, etc, etc, in their several equipages 32. City Sword-Bearer, Sir James Riddal. 33. City Mace-Bearer, Richard Quinton, Esq. 34 First Water Bailiff, Mr Francis Thorne. 35. City Marshal (with the keys), J Stanley, Esq. 36. Second Water Bailiff, Mr. A. Mitchell. 37. City High Constable, Mr. J. Dooley. 38. First City Member, Sir Robert Shaw, Bart. 39. First City Sheriff, Sir George Whitford. 40 Lord Mayor of Dublin, Sir A. B. King, Bart. 41. City Chaplain, Rev George Blacker. 42. Recorder (with Address), Sir Jonas Greene. 43. Second City Member, Thomas Ellis, Esq. 44. City Sheriff, Sir Nicholas Bradey. 45. Aldermen who had served as Lord Mayor. 46. Aldermen who had not served. 47. Sheriffs, Peers, etc, etc. 48. His Majesty's Footmen. 49. Royal Battle-axe Guards. 50. City ditto.

In the latter end of the reign of queen Elizabeth, and the beginning of that of king James I, both terms and parliaments were held within the castle. In Michaelmas term 1605, and in the two following terms, the courts of justice sat in a house seated near the river Liffey, and not far from the college, which was built by Sir George Cary for an hospital, though never applied to that use. In 1606 application was made by the lord deputy Chichester, and the privy-council of Ireland, to the lords of the council of England for a fund to build a place to hold terms and parliaments in. A part of the letter sent upon that occasion may be necessary to be transcribed, as it manifests what is alleged. "We are enforced to acquaint your lordships how much we are troubled for a place to hold the terms in; for that Sir George Cary, the treasurer here, hath written to me the deputy, that he hath set his house here, which he built for an hospital, to Sir Thomas Ridgeway, who (as he saith) shall succeed him in his said office of treasurership, in which place, since Michaelmas last, the terms have been kept, as this likewise must be by reason of the shortness of the time to adjourn it. We find that Sir George Cary is not unwilling it should be retained for that use, so he might be compounded with for the charge he hath been at in building of it, which he values to above 4,000l. and that charge we think very inconvenient his majesty should be at; for that we have found a place near the magazine, where the victuals were, which for 1,600l. of sterling harps, we will undertake to make a great deal more convenient for keeping of the terms, and besides fit to hold the parliament in, when his majesty shall be pleased to appoint the same, for which purpose only his majesty must be at a great part of the aforesaid charge, tho' the terms should be still kept in the hospital; by reason that the places here, wherein the parliaments have been used to be kept, were reduced by the blast of gunpowder, and still remain so. In consideration whereof, we are humbly bold to beseech your lordships to be a mean to his majesty to allow the aforesaid sum of 1,600l. to be employed in building that place, which will be both fit for terms and parliament. For to bring the courts of law again into this castle, were to draw them just over the store of munitions, which not only by practice (as formerly hath been attempted) but by using of fire, by burning of some prisoners in the hand, may be fired, to the exceeding detriment of this state, and ruin of this castle. In which respects we doubt not but your lordships will think it exceeding inconvenient, and for our parts, we know it to be so dangerous (and at no time more than now) as we cannot without almost inevitable hazard adventure upon it; whereof her late majesty and your lordships had a like feeling, and accordingly directions were sent hither for removing the terms out of this castle, which, upon some occasion of altering the then deputy, was neglected: and, if we may by this bearer herein receive his majesty's directions and money, we are in good hope that by Michaelmas-term the place before mentioned may be built for the terms, which are now greater than usually they have been; and therefore neither the hospital nor castle great enough for that purpose, but only for necessity." From Dublin, 29th April, 1606. Your lordships, &c.

What is intended by the blast of gunpowder mentioned in this letter, refers to an accident by the blowing up of gunpowder on the Wood-quay in 1596, which did great damage to many parts of the city.

Notwithstanding the importunity of the said letter, yet the castle continued to be the ordinary place of meeting both for terms and parliament till the rebellion of 1641, and from thence to the restoration.* For the building mentioned to be erected for an hospital by Sir George Cary, afterwards became the property of the Chichester family, and was called Chichester-house, and was rented and inhabited by the lord justice Borlase in 1641. But in latter times, parliaments have been constantly held in it, and on the site thereof a sumptuous parliament-house hath been not many years since erected, with all

*It is a stately pile, fronted with a grand arcade of Ionic columns, the whole built of Portland stone.

convenient chambers and offices for the despatch of the business of those august assemblies. A particular place was afterwards set apart in Christ-church-lane for the business of the law, and handsome courts and chambers erected for that purpose in the year 1695.

And now the castle is disengaged from both these encumbrances, which were a great inconvenience to the state, and such great alterations have been made in the building within side the walls, that it would be difficult to point out what the ancient buildings were, or to what uses applied. The two gate-towers were anciently set apart for the constable's lodgings, and the custody of state prisoners; and so late as the year 1715, one of them, together with the adjoining old buildings, was applied to the latter of those uses. The ancient fee of the constable was £20 sterl. per annum, which afterwards was augmented to £365 per annum, to make the whole 20s. a day; and a few years ago the constable had an additional allowance made him of £70 per annum in lieu of his lodgings, to continue until the said lodgings were put in proper order for his habitation. Each warder, called "vigil" in the public records, had a yearly fee anciently of 45s. 6½d. as appears by a liberate now remaining in Birmingham-tower, of the 32nd year of Edward III. (1358) whereby Thomas Langarton, vigil or warder of the castle of Dublin, had an order for receiving out of the exchequer 11s. 4½d. for a quarter's salary, from the 17th of August to the 17th of November, in part payment of his annual fee of 45s. 6½d. and another of the same import for his quarter's salary from November the same year to the February following. The porter's ancient fee was £13 13s. 9d. a year, and so continues. The fee of the keeper of the council-chamber is £18 5s. a year. It has been seen before, that upon the first creation of a housekeeper, the fee was 16d. a day, or £24 6s. 8d. a year. At present the fee of the housekeeper of the castle, and of the house of (a) Chapelizod, and overseer of the gardens, and keeper of the wardrobe (which are blended in one office), amounts to £120 per annum. The ancient fee of the keeper of the records of Birmingham-tower was £10, but it is now augmented to £500 per annum, as has been already remarked.

This description of the castle shall be closed by the relation of a matter not wholly foreign to the subject, namely, an account of a controversy determined by combat within the walls of it in the year 1583, as the same is related in the chronicle of John Hooker, alias Vowell, a contemporary writer.

Connor MacCormack O'Connor appealed Teig Mc. Gilpatrick O'Connor before the lords justices (Adam Loftus, archbishop of Dublin, and Sir Henry Wallop) and council, for killing his men under protection. Teig, the defendant, pleaded that the appellant's men had, since they had taken protection, confederated with the rebel Cahir O'Connor, and therefore were also rebels, and that he was ready to maintain his plea by combat. The challenge being accepted by the appellant, all things were prepared to try the issue, and time and place appointed, according to precedents drawn from the laws of England in such cases. The weapons, being sword and target, were chosen by the defendant, and the next day appointed for the combat. The lords justices, the judges, and councillors attended in places set apart for them, every man according to his rank, and most of the military officers for the greater solemnity of the trial were present. The combatants were seated on two stools, one at each end of the inner court of the castle. The court being called, the appellant was led forward from his stool within the lists, stripped to his shirt, and searched by the secretary of state, having no arms but his sword and target; and taking a corporal oath, that his quarrel was just, he made his reverence to the lords justices and the court, and then was conducted back to his stool. The same ceremony was observed as to the defendant. Then the pleadings were openly read, and the appellant was demanded whether he would aver his appeal? Which he answered in the affirmative. The defendant was also asked whether he would confess the action, or abide the trial of the same. He also answered that he would aver his plea by the sword. The signal being given by the sound of trumpet, they began the combat with great resolution. The appellant received two wounds in his leg, and one in his eye, and thereupon attempted to close the defendant, who being too strong for him, he pummelled him, till he loosened his murrion, and then with his own sword cut off his head, and on the point thereof presented it to the lords justices, and so his acquittal was recorded. Hooker gives the victory to the appellant, and yet acquits the defendant, which is a contradiction occasioned by his not attending to the legal terms; and he concludes with an ill-natured remark, "that the combat was managed with such valour and resolution on both sides, that the spectators wished, that it had rather fallen on the whole sept of the O'Connors, than on those two gentlemen."

(To be Continued.)

(a) Lately converted to a barrack for the regiment of artillery.

METEMPSYCHOSIS OF THE ROSE

Beside a dying rose there grew
A daisy white that gently watched,
As one by one its petals fell,
And touched the tired flower with dew.
All night the daisy fanned the rose,
But when the sun, with calid breath,
Did kiss the colour from its bloom
The rose grew faint in fragrant death.

Then while I watched the last leaf lorn
To snowy whiteness change and fall,
I saw the rose-soul gently pass
Into a daisy bud new-born;
And lo! the breaking light of day
The new-born flower in pink revealed,
The self-same hue the rose had worn
Before its doom the sunkiss sealed.

A BATTLE OF STARLINGS.

In "Memorabilia of the Seventeenth Century" we read that in October, 1621, a most remarkable battle of starlings was fought over the city of Cork, frightening the citizens out of their wits, and inspiring the whole country with terror and wonder as to what it might portend. The author sets out in his preface by stating to the "gentle reader" that "to report strange or admirable accidents is subject both to danger and disgrace—to danger in that they may be held as prodigious or ominous; to disgrace in that they may be reputed fabulous. I need not fear disgrace in reporting so strange an accident to be reputed fabulous, being able to free myself from any suspicion of such an imputation by certificate and letters from right honourable persons in Ireland, where the accident fell out, to right honourable persons at court, and divers in London at this present; as also by the testimony of right honourable and worshipful persons, and others of good reputation now in London, who were eye witnesses, beholding the same during the time it continued.

"To come to the fight of these birds. They mustered together at this above-named city of Cork some four or five days before they fought, every day more and more increasing their armies with greater supplies. Some came from the east, others from the west, and so accordingly they placed themselves—as it were, encamped themselves—eastward nd westward about the city. The citizens, more curiously observing, noted that from those on the east and from those on the west some twenty or thirty in a company would pass from the one side to the other, as it should seem employed in embassages, for they would fly and hover in the air over the adverse party with strange tunes and noise, and return back gain to that side from which, as it seemed, they were sent.

"And, further, it was observed that during the time they assembled the stares of the East sought their meat eastward, as the stares of the West did the like westward, no one flying in the circuits of the other. These courses and customs continued with them until the 12th of October, which day being Saturday, about nine of the clock in the morning, being a very fair and sunshine day, upon a strange sound and noise made as well on one side as on the other, they forthwith at one instant took wing, and so mounting up into the skies encountered one another with such a terrible shock that the sound amazed the whole city and all the beholders. Upon this sudden and fierce encounter there fell down into the city and into the river multitudes of stares, some with wings broken, some with legs and necks broken, some with eyes picked out, some their bills thrust into the breasts and sides of their adversaries in so strange a manner that it were incredible, except it were confirmed by letters of credit and by eye-witnesses with that assurance which is without exception. Upon the first encounter they withdrew themselves backward east and west, and with like eagerness and fury encountered several times, upon all which these stares fell down in like strange and admirable manner as upon the first encounter. They continued this most admirable and violent battle till a little before night, at which time they seemed to vanish, so that all Sunday, the 13th of October, none appeared about the city.

"Upon Monday, the 14th October, they made their return again, and at the same time, the day being as fair a sunshine day as it was the Saturday before, they mounted into the air and encountered each other with like violent assaults as formerly they had done, and fell into the city upon the houses, and into the river, wounded and slaughtered in like manner as is before reported; but at this last battle there was a kite, a raven, and a crow, all three found dead in the streets, rent, torn, and mangled."

Dr A. A. Julien recently brought before the New York Academy of Sciences evidence to show that the ravages wrought upon sea bluffs during great storms are often due to the wind as much as to the ocean waves. Sand and salt spray driven for hours before a violent wind act like a gigantic sand-blast, eating away, with surprising rapidity, the layers of gravel and sand of which many projecting headlands are composed. The surfaces of bodies exposed to such a wind are soon pitted. In a great gale in 1899 a single night sufficed to convert the window-panes of the life-saving stations at Truro into ground glass.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

(From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland, 1837.)



Seal.

ATHENRY, an incorporated market and post-town, and a parish, partly in the baronies of Clare, Dunkellin, Kilconnell, and Tyaquin, but chiefly in the barony of Athenry, county of Galway, and province of Connaught, 11 miles (E.) from Galway, and 95½ (W. by S.) from Dublin: containing 12,185 inhabitants, of which number 1,519 are in the town, which is wholly within the barony of Athenry. This place, anciently called Athnere, is said to have derived its name from "Ath-na-Riagh," "the King's ford," or "the abode of a King." Sir James Ware considers it to have been the chief town of the "Anteri," who, according to Ptolemy, were the ancient inhabitants of this part of the country. It was the first town established by the De Burgos and Berminghams, the Anglo-Norman invaders of Connaught, and at a remote period was surrounded with walls and became a place of importance. In the reign of John, Meyler de Bermingham granted a site of land here for the foundation of a Dominican monastery, and contributed towards the erection of the buildings, which were completed in 1261. Florence O'Flin, Archbishop of Tuam, and the Earls of Ulster and many others were munificent benefactors to this establishment, which became very extensive and wealthy, and the chief burial-place of the earls of Ulster and all the principal families of this part of Ireland. Indulgences for the benefit of the monastery were granted by the Pope in 1400, and in 1423 its church was burned down; in 1427, some of the monks obtained licence from the Pope to found two subordinate establishments; and in 1445, Pope Eugene IV. renewed the bull of Pope Martin for repairing the church, at which time there were 30 brethren in the monastery. A Franciscan friary was founded here by Thomas, Earl of Kildare, in 1464, and chapels were successfully erected by his wife, the Earl of Desmond, and O'Tully. In 1577 the two sons of the Earl of Clanricarde, called the "Mac-an-Earlas," renouncing the submission which they had recently made to Queen Elizabeth, assembled their partisans in considerable force and sacked the town, destroyed the few houses that had recently been built, set fire to the new gates, and drove away the workmen employed in repairing the fortifications and in erecting other buildings, which had been undertaken by the chief governor, Sir Henry Sidney. From this period the town remained in a deserted condition till 1584, when Robert Foyle, John Browne, and other of its former inhabitants petitioned the queen's council in England for such encouragement as would enable them to bring over English artisans and tradesmen to settle in the town, to rebuild and improve it, and to support a sufficient force for its future protection. The queen, in 1585, directed the lord-deputy to grant their request forthwith; and although no record exists of any such grant having passed the seal, several buildings were erected and numerous improvements were made. In 1596 the northern Irish invested the town, burned the gates, and forced an entrance; but they were repulsed in an attack on the castle, which was bravely defended, and having failed in an attempt to scale the battlements, they took possession of all the wall towers, and made prisoners of the inhabitants who guarded them; they afterwards set fire to the town, which, with the exception only of the castle, the abbey, and the church, was again reduced to ashes, and from this time seems to have been entirely neglected except by its immediate proprietors. In 1644 the Dominican establishment was revived and converted into a university; and in 1662 a writ of privy seal was issued on behalf of the inhabitants; but the town, which formerly held the second rank in the county, never recovered its ancient importance.

The borough is very ancient, and probably exists by prescription. From a murage grant made to the "bailiffs and honest men of Athenry," in the 4th of Edw. II. (1310), it would appear that a corporation previously existed; and writs of the first and some subsequent years of the reign of Rich. II. shew that it then returned representatives to parliament. Queen Elizabeth, by letters patent dated at Greenwich in the 16th year of her reign, granted to the portreeve and burgesses divers extensive privileges, and in the same year gave them the site and precincts of the Dominican monastery. In 1578 she conferred upon them various rectories and tithes; but all these privileges and possessions appear to have become forfeited during the civil dissensions which soon afterwards ensued, as Chas. II., by his letters under the privy seal in 1662, after reciting the petition of "the ancient inhabitants, natives and freemen of the old corporation of Athenry," and other particulars referring to the borough, ordered that they should be forthwith reinvested with the said town and corporation, with all their rights, interests, and estates, and all privileges and immunities, excepting such inhabitants as had been disloyal and disobedient to his government. A charter was granted in the 4th of James II., on a seizure of the franchises, but it does not appear to have been accepted or acted upon. The grant of Elizabeth is that under which the borough is governed: the corporation is styled "the Portreeve, Burgesses, and Freemen of the Corporation of the Town and Liberties of Athenry," and consists of a portreeve and an unlimited number of burgesses and freemen: the above grant empowers them to appoint a common clerk and "all such other necessary servants as Trim used," but the only inferior officers are a serjeant-at-mace, craner, pound-keeper, two appraisers, and a bellman, who are appointed by the portreeve. The portreeve is annually elected on the 14th of Sept. by the portreeve and burgesses, from three burgesses nominated on the preceding day by the same body, and is sworn in on the 29th; the burgesses are nominated on one day, elected on the next, and sworn on the 29th of Sept., and are now about twenty in number. The borough returned two members to the Irish parliament till the Union.

THE RED HAND OF ULSTER.

BY MINNA IRVING.

With plume and lance and pennon gay
And all his fearless band,
The wild and warlike Hugh O'Neill
Set sail for Erin's Land.
He looked across the frothing waves
And a mighty oath he swore,
That he would be the first to touch
That green and lovely shore.

For other chieftains bold as he
In ships as swift and strong,
Kept even with his plunging bow,
Or followed all day long;
And when at night the fog came down
He heard upon the deep,
Their songs of dear ones left behind
To wait, and watch, and weep.

The way was long, the sea was rough,
The wind blew cold and loud,
And many a man went overboard
With white foam for a shroud.
Shorthanded, soon the gallant ship
Began to drop astern,
And Hugh O'Neill to fret and feel
His oath within him burn.

Up rolled the curtain of the dawn,
And lo! before them lay,
Folded in flowers, the longed-for land,
A cable's length away.
Hugh cast his glittering sword aside,
And toiled among his men,
The beads of sweat stood on his brow,
His strength was that of ten.

"Look! yonder lies the pebbly strand;
Straight on, my sturdy crew,
And everyone shall drink to-day
His fill of mountain dew.
O, for the brawny arms we left
Beneath the salt blue sea!
Pull, or the banshee weird shall wail
This very hour for me."

But faster through the boiling surf
On swept the other boat,
And Hugh O'Neill stood up to see,
With curses in his throat.
He seized his sword, cut off his hand,
And held it dripping red,
Then flung it on the silver beach
That curved so close ahead.

Thus thus the Earl of Ulster kept
His oath of dreadful fame,
And thus the daring Hugh O'Neill
Into his scutcheon came.
Red symbol of a dauntless soul,
The arms of Ulster show
The imprint of the severed Hand
That bled so long ago.

LITERARY NOTES.

It is said that Mr. Maurice Hewitt's new romance will treat of Mary Queen of Scots.

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Messrs. Hutchinson will publish very shortly an authorised biography of the late Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. The work was begun before the Marquis's death, and the author, Mr. C. Black, had the advantage of preparing much of it under his supervision.

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The last issue of the Journal of the Cork Historical and Archæological Society is a very attractive publication. The contents include the following:—"Barrymore"; "Selections from a MS. on the Defence of Ireland, 1780"; "The Goldsmiths' Company of Dublin," etc., etc.

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A book of recollections of Dublin Castle and of Dublin society will shortly be published by Messrs. Chatto. It will appear anonymously, and the identity of the author is likely to excite some speculation. He knows "The Kestle," as he calls it, and he has a fund of good-natured stories to tell about it and the society of which it is the centre.

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The sale of the Great White Horse Hotel at Ipswich, where the immortal Pickwick found so much difficulty in threading the maze of corridors to his bedroom, has revived interest in the question where Dickens derived the name of his great creation. He appears to have gone to parish registers, for in the register of Bath Abbey appears the name of Moses Pickwick, and one Ann Pickwick was married there on 20th October, 1783.

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Very Rev. Canon O'Hanlon, P.P., Irishtown, has just finished a literary enterprise upon which he has been for some time engaged —namely, a history of the Queen's County. The want for such a work has long been complained off, and we do not doubt that the author will shortly receive the names of a sufficient number of subscribers to enable him to send his manuscript to the printer. At least one thousand subscriptions of £1 each are necessary.

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"Rolf Boldrewood," author of "Robbery under Arms," "A Colonial Reformer," etc., who is in his 76th year, has just resigned the presidency of the Australian Literature Society on the advice of his doctor. In early life a squatter, worth a quarter of a million, he was ruined by a succession of disastrous droughts, and entered the Government service as a stipendiary magistrate and goldfields' warden. In his later years he has made a distinct mark as a novelist of Colonial life.

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Recently there has been a large number of books dealing with the tragedy and comedy of the London poor. In America the historical novel holds the field. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflen, and Co. announce that they are issuing 125,000 copies as the first edition of "Audrey," a new historical romance by Miss Mary Johnstone, the author of "To Have and to Hold." Probably 100,000 is the largest first edition of a novel ever issued in England, but America does everything on a large scale. Mr. Gilbert Parker's "Right of Way" still holds its place as the best selling novel in New York.

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The first call for the twelfth International Congress of Orientalists has been issued by the committee, the convention to be held in Hamburg beginning on the 4th and ending on the 10th of September of the present year. The work will be distributed among nine sections, viz.—(1) Linguistics and General Indo-European Department; (2) India and Iranía; (3) Farther India and Oceanica; (4) Central and Eastern Asia; (5) General Semitic Department; (6) Islamic Peoples; (7) Egyptian and African Languages; (8) Intercourse between the Orient and the Occident, in both ancient and modern times; (9) Colonies in the Orient.

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Mr. Justin M'Carthy's recent suggestive article on "The Coming Novelist" recalls the fact that there are fashions in novels, just as there are in most other things. A few years ago the problem novel held the field. Most of the problem novels were written by ladies, perhaps the best remembered being Mme. Sarah Grand's "Heavenly Twins," Mrs. Henry Norman's "Gallia," George Egerton's "Keynotes," Iota's "Yellow Aster," and Miss Emma Brooke's "The Superfluous Woman." The fame of Robert Louis Stevenson brought the adventure story into fashion, and many writers found fame and fortune by adopting a policy that may be described in the phrase "back to Scott."

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A year or two ago Messrs. Putnam had in mind an interesting project for the publication of a series of volumes on early American families, Scoto-Irish, Dutch, and others. Mr. C. A. Hanna, who has paid much attention to the subject, believes that nearly a fourth of the total white population of the American Colonies at the outbreak of the Revolution were Ulster folk. Another inquirer in the same field is Mrs. Margherita A. Hamm, whose book on "Famous New York Families" will be issued by the publishers already named. The author has collected biographical details about thirty of these families. Her volume, based largely on MSS. records never before published, will be profusely illustrated with reproductions from photographs and family portraits.

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Our readers will be interested to learn that Mr. M. J. Byrne, Kilrush, is engaged in translating into English Philip O'Sullivan Bear's compendium of the History of Ireland, his idea being to publish the work if a sufficient number of subscribers are forthcoming. "Should I get a sufficient number of subscribers," writes Mr. Byrne, "I propose to publish a translation of that part of the history which comprises the entire reign of Elizabeth. The volume would contain about 230 or 250 pages of the size and type of Father Denis Murphy's work, 'Our Martyrs,' with which it is proposed to make the translation uniform. I am not desirous of making any money for myself out of a work done in leisure hours for pure recreation, and I propose to offer it to subscribers at a price merely sufficient to pay the expense of publication. The price, therefore, will depend very much on the number of subscribers, but I shall not go to press at all unless I can bring out the volume at a price not exceeding five shillings." We have no doubt that a very large number of students of Irish history and antiquities will be forthcoming to co-operate with Mr. Byrne in his useful and interesting project.

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Fortunate is the man who discovers a unique copy of a work by a writer such as Charles Lamb. There was a striking case in point the other day at Sotheby's. "The King and Queen of Hearts, with the Rogueries of the Knave who stole the Queen's pies," is, as the title implies, a trifle for children. The 15 engravings, attributed by some to Mulready, and the text, occupy 16 leaves, printed on one side only, 5¼ inches by 4 inches and these are protected by the original yellow paper wrappers. At the dispersal of the late Mr. Andrew Tuer's library in July, 1900, this booklet formed part of a lot which fetched 15s. Later, by means of a letter from Lamb to Wordsworth, it was identified as an early effort by the Christ's Hospital essayist. The book bears date 1805, and was originally priced at "1s. plain, and 1s 6d coloured"; the present example is uncoloured. The first offer was of about £20, and, with American agents as underbidders, it passed into Messrs. Sabin's hands at £222. This, of course, is the highest sum ever paid for a booklet by Lamb, comparing with "Beauty and the Beast," £43; and "Prince Dorus," £42, both of these, too, being illustrated booklets, bearing the imprint of Godwin. A somewhat defective First Folio Shakespeare, 12⅜ inches by 8 inches, fetched £620, and a beautiful Saec. XV. Horae, decorated by a Flemish artist, £288.

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The Societe des Bibliophiles Francais, founded in 1820, is about to publish an account of "quite a family" of manuscripts of St. Augustine's "City of God," illuminated by artists of the middle and end of the fifteenth century. This important work, which will make its appearance towards the close of the present year, will be illustrated by numerous reproductions from the manuscripts in question, which are found some in the National Library in Paris, some in the libraries of La Haye, Nantes, Macon, etc. The Society's home is at Paris, No. 31 Rue Candon.

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The Italian Ministry announces that the commission appointed by the Government for the purpose of publishing the Pandects of Justinian will, in the near future, issue a photographic reproduction of the famous Codex Pisanus-Florentinus, under the auspices of the directors of the Laurentian Library. The codex covers 1,844 pages, which the introduction will swell to some 2,000 pages. The work is to be completed within three years, a fascicule of 200 plates appearing every three months. The work is being done by the firm of Danesi in Rome. Of the hundred numbered copies, only seventy are to be open to the book trade. The subscription price is 800 lire.

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The libraries of Rome have recently been increased by an interesting collection secured through the exertions of that champion globe-trotter, Giovanni Vigna del Ferro, who, in 1898, accompanied the Italian expedition to China in the official capacity of an interpreter, and, at the conflagration of the imperial palace in Pekin, managed to save a large part of the library. A catalogue is in preparation.

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We make a few extracts from Mr. Stopford Brooke's Introduction to Miss Emily Lawless's new volume of poems, "With the Wild Geese":—

Some months ago, being in Surrey, I saw, by accident, the privately printed poems which now appear for the first time before the public. Miss Lawless's Irish stories, "Hurrish, a Study," and "Grania," had some years before seemed to me to draw nearer to the soul of the West of Ireland than any other books of the kind; and the historical and imaginative study, "With Essex in Ireland," was also full of that strange inner life which, below outward appearance, ebbs and flows in the Irish people. . . .

I read these lyrics of the wild Atlantic lands in the least wild of all the shires of England, and, in my sympathy with them, urged Miss Lawless to publish them. . . .

The "Wild Geese" was the name given by the romantic and sorrowful imagination of the Irish to the exiles who, like the wild birds and with their wailing cry, migrated to the Continent before and after the Battle of Aughrim and the Surrender of Limerick in 1691.....

No words that I have read have realised with more insight and sympathy the temper of these daring, high-bred, honourable, reckless and sorrowful men than those with which Miss Lawless has clothed the bitterness of their exile, their passion for fighting, and their longing for their native land. . . .

The rest of the poems are not of Ireland abroad, but of Ireland at home, nor yet of Ireland in the past, but in the present. They are rarely touched with hope, and never with gaiety. But they represent well the deep-seated sorrow and love of country which prevails in Ireland below the political squabbles, the religious distrustfulness, and the battle for the land; and which affects all parties, however opposed to one another. A true poet sits in the centre of things, among universal emotions.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

The President of the Jersey City Board of Health has decided that the city hospital is so infected with disease germs that it should be burned, the sanitary conditions being so bad that it is impossible to remedy them.

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In spite of its enormous size the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris has hitherto been simply lighted by wax candles, as gas, it was thought, would damage the walls and valuable paintings. Now, we understand, that it is about to be electrically lit. The cost of installing the electric light is estimated at 90,000 dollars.

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A despatch from Bucyrus, Ohio, says that the American Clay-Working Company of that place has given an order for machinery to manufacture an artificial fuel from clay which has undergone a chemical treatment. The invention was discovered by an old railroad engineer of Omaha, Neb., named Hofman. It is said that the heat given out by the fuel is greater than coal, and there is almost no ash remaining.

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On the banks of the Raritan River and on the outskirts of the thriving town of Perth Amboy, N.J., there is located the largest copper-refining works in the world. Here in the course of every month, some 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 pounds of refined copper are deposited in the Tank House, while the monthly output from the refining furnaces varies from 15,000,000 to 18,000,000 pounds. The Raritan Copper Works are devoted exclusively to the electrolytic refining of the product of the great smelters of the West.

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A peculiar speed-measuring device for automobiles has recently been patented. The instrument is enclosed in a metal case with a glass front, the whole being as nearly dust and air proof as possible. In the inner case are two fans, the larger one receiving its impulses from the vehicle tire and the smaller one deflected by the air currents set up by the larger fan. The arbor on which the small fan is mounted carries a pointer and is encircled by a half-spring providing the counter-force. When the speed of the vehicle is to be measured, the roller at the end of the shaft is brought into direct contact with the tire of one of the road wheels.

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The recent snowstorms, which partially blocked the enormous traffic of New York city, brought to light three curious machines employed by the Street Cleaning Department for the removal of snow. In general appearance these snow melters resemble a road roller without rollers. In place of the forward rollers is a large iron box, into which a dozen men shovel snow. Behind the box and extending to the rear end of the machine is a boiler, from which two funnel-shaped pipes about a foot in diameter extend into the box. Steam is forced from these pipes through jets into the box, and the snow melts as fast as it is dumped into the box. The water runs down into a sewer. In eleven hours one machine removed 750 yards of snow. Nine teams wer eable to do the work for which 75 were formerly required.

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A Chicago inventor has applied the Wheatstone bridge to the very novel purpose of detecting the presence of metals in the earth. The terminals of the bridge are inserted in the earth at a definite dastance apart, and the reading of the resistance boxes taken, thereby showing the resistance included in the space between the two terminals. If ores or minerals be present, then the resistance of the earth at the particular point where the measurement is taken will be less than if no ore or mineral were present, by reason of the well-known fact that a current will seek the path of least resistance. The inventor, therefore, claims that by comparing the measurements taken in different places of the same region, the location as well as the presence of the ore can be detected. When the location is once determined, the depth below the surface is to be ascertained by varying the distance between the terminals and comparing the corresponding readings of the rheostat.

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The history of the wire-wound gun, which was invented by Mr. J. Longridge, the famous engineer, throws some light on the insouciance and apathy that formerly enveloped the British War Office. Longridge invented the gun in 1854, and did all in his power to place it before the authorities, but they would have nothing to do with it. Thirty years afterwards, however, the Ordnance Department at Woolwich subjected one of the guns to exhaustive tests, and so satisfactory were the results that they declared that nothing could equal it for heavy ordnance. Unfortunately, the inventor died from a broken heart before this end was attained.

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The Prakischer Maschinen-constructeur describes a method of preserving wood by electricity, which is applicable not only to railway ties, telegraph posts, and the like, but also to fine woods used in making furniture. The apparatus employed comprises essentially a wood trough, on the bottom of which a lead plate is carried, connected with the positive pole of a source of electricity. The wood to be treated is placed upon ths plate and covered with a second plate connected with the negative pole. The trough is filled with a solution of borax, resin, and sodium carbonate. Under the influence of the current the sap of the wood exudes and rises to the surface of the bath, its place being taken by the preserving solution. After five or eight hours of this treatment the wood is removed and dried, either in the open air or in a drying oven. The current used has a tension of 110 volts. The consumption of energy is about 1 kilowatt hour per cubic meter of wood. For wood freshly cut and very moist, the current expenditure is still less. The temperature of the leaching bath varies from 40 to 45 deg. C.

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It has been one of the peculiarities of the fruit industry of the United States that the makers of baskets have found it difficult to cope with the overwhelming orders of the fruit-growers. This unfortunate peculiarity has been due primarily to the fact that all fruit-baskets used in America have been produced by hand. In 1894 a machine was patented by Mr. Emmet Horton, which was the first practical apparatus for the mechanical making of baskets. Horton did not stop with the invention of a solitary labour-saving device. Continuing his work, he devised improvements, simplified complex constructions, increased the operative efficiency, and at last produced a machine that could turn out more baskets in an hour than could twelve skilled basket-makers under the old system. When it is considered that the machine can be operated at a cost less than the wages of a single workman, that the baskets are produced as rapidly as they can be counted, and that they are better and stronger than those made by hand, the industrial possibilities of such a machine are evident.

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In a recent article the "Echo des Mines et de la Metallurgie," says that three electric furnaces of 500 horse power each have been erected in the valley of Camonica, Northern Italy, for the manufacture of pig iron under the Stassano patent. In these furnaces the electrodes are placed at the bottom of the boshes. In the operation of the furnaces the ore is first pulverised; a sample is then analysed for the purpose of calculating the amount of carbon required to perform the reduction, as well as the necessary amount of fluxes. The quantities of carbon, lime, or silica thus determined are pulverised and mixed with the ore. The material is then briquetted, after adding five to ten per cent coal tar, and is ready for charging into the furnace. By means of the heat developed around the electric arc, the iron ore is decomposed, the oxygen uniting with the carbon to form CO2. The latter gas ascends into the upper part of the furnace, where it effects a partial reduction of the ore. To obtain a ton (metric) of metal, 3,000 horse power hours are said to be required, costing about 18 francs.

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A curious solution of the telephone relay problem is offered in a patent granted October 15 to one Bela Gati, of Temesvar, Austria-Hungary, says the "Electrical World." The inventor connects one winding of each of two repeating coils by a circuit containing a generator and an arc lamp, which may be either in series or in parallel with the windings of the coils. The theory is that the weak telephone currents traversing the transmitting circuit, act by induction upon the lamp circuit, and cause corresponding increase and decrease of current therein, which, in turn, will cause the carbons of the lamp to vary in their seperation, thereby decreasing the resistance of the lamp circuit and increasing the supply of current from the lamp supply circuit. This amplified current will correspondingly reinforce an induction in circuit and send out to the receiving telephone much stronger impulses than were created by the voice in the speaking circuit. This is certainly a strikingly bold attempt at the telephonic relay problem, but it would require a delicacy in carbon feeding mechanism difficult to attain, to say the least, while in practice the arc lamp circuit, through its normal fluctuation, would have something to say for itself with rather a disturbing effect on telephone currents.

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An apparatus which is intended to occupy the place of the atmosphere, so far as concerns the necessary breathing to sustain life, has been invented by M. G. F. Joubert, late Professor of Chemistry at the Paris Ecole Polytechnique. The apparatus is specially intended for the use of divers, or for those whose occupation requires them to enter places where there are noxious gases. The invention consists principally in the manufacture of a substance which the Professor calls "Oxylithe." This chemical, which emits oxygen, has the general appearance of a stone, and resembles the well known calcium carbide. By means of this discovery, in addition to a process of aborption of carbonic acid gas, M. Joubert claims to be able to produce a complete "breathing cycle," which sustains life without the aid of the atmosphere, and without any inconvenience to the subject of the experiment. The person whom Professor Joubert submitted to several tests had an apparatus fixed over his mouth and nose. He inhaled the artificial air by a tube connected to one end, and breathed out the vitiated air into a second tube connected with the other end of the apparatus. Mr. Joubert also conceived the idea of applying his invention to an explosion engine, and to substantiate his claim, he obtained a $1\frac{3}{4}$ h.p. petrol. motor for the propulsion of motor cars, to demonstrate how it might be utilised for this purpose. The first experiment was perfectly successful, and the motor worked in a closed cycle without any assistance from the outside air, either as regards the supply of oxygen or the exhaust of the waste gases. Other larger engines were then experimented with, with the result that it was found that for a given power, the consumption of gas, petrol, or alcohol was reduced by 30 per cent., by means of the new process. The most important application of this invention will be in connection with submarine boats. It has hitherto been difficult to make use of any motive power in submarines, except that derived from electrical storage batteries.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

From the Dublin Newspapers of 1793.

APRIL 23.—This day, in the Court of King's Bench, Beresford Burston, Esq., one of his Majesty's counsel of law, applied for an information against John Giffard, Esq., at the prosecution of his Grace the Duke of Leinster, and the rule was accordingly ordered, unless cause shown in four days.

Counsel on behalf of James Napper Tandy, Esq., applied yesterday in the King's Bench to the Court for a writ of certiorari to remove an indictment found against James Napper Tandy, Esq., at the last Assizes holden for the county of Louth, at Dundalk, which was awarded accordingly.

The Attorney-General moved in the same court for a similar writ, to remove an indictment found against the same James Napper Tandy, Esq., at the said Assizes for an offence.

It is said that these indictments are to be removed in order to outlaw Mr. Tandy.

The Recorder, the same day, made an application to the Court of King's Bench for an attachment against Henry and Thomas Ormsby, marshal and deputy-marshal of the Four Courts Marshalsea, for insulting Thomas Fleming, one of the Aldermen, and Coroner for the city of Dublin, in the execution of his office, in holding an inquest in the Four Courts Marshalsea on the body of a person who had died of a fever.

The Court desired him to change his motion, and make it for an information, and they would grant a conditional rule.

Mr. Browne, on the same side, pressed the attachment, as a summary prevention of the dangers arising from the bad example of the ... ichal, as it was sworn, that riots had frequently existed in the Marshalsea.

Mr. Vavasor said that, when the business was inquired into, the magistrate would appear more culpable than the marshal.

The Court made a conditional order upon the Mr. Ormsbys for an information, unless cause shown in four days.

Lord Clonmel was pleased to deliver the opinion of the judges, respecting the fees to be paid by Roman Catholics on taking the oaths:—That the Act was silent as to the payment of any fees but for the certificate, which was ascertained to be one shilling: no other could be demanded, unless the legislature explained, and ascertained it. His Lordship expressed himself in the most impartial, handsome, and complimentary manner to that respectable body to whose interests in the legislature his Lordship appeared most warmly attached.

The following is the list of the colonels of the militia in the several counties and principal cities of this kingdom:—

COUNTIES.	COLONELS.
Antrim	Mr. J. O'Neil
Armagh	Viscount Gosford
Carlow	Colonel Bruen
Cavan	Earl Bellamont
Clare	Viscount Conyngham
Cork (county)	Viscount Kingsborough
	Viscount Donerail
Cork (city)	Colonel Longfield
Donegal	Mr. B. Conyngham
Down	Earl Hillsborough
Dublin (county)	Lord Mountjoy
Dublin (city)	Alderman Sankey
Fermanagh	Earl Enniskillen
Galway	Col. P. K. Trench
Kerry	Earl Glandore
Kildare	Colonel Keating
Kilkenny	Viscount Thurles
King's County	Sir Lawrence Parsons
Leitrim	Col. Theo. Clements
Limerick (county)	Lord Muskerry
Limerick (city)	Mr. Prendg. Smith
Longford	Earl Granard
Louth	Hon. Mr. Foster
Londonderry	Right Hon. Mr. Conolly
Mayo (county)	Hon. D. Browne
	Mr. Jackson
Meath	Lord Headford
Monaghan	Col. J. Montgomery
Queen's County	Lord Portarlington
Roscommon	Earl Kingston
Sligo	Right Hon. H. King
Tipperary	Mr. Bagwell
Tyrone	Marquis Abercorn
Waterford	Marquis Waterford
Westmeath	Earl Westmeath
Wexford	Viscount Loftus
Wicklow	Lord Wicklow

28. A most excellent charity sermon was preached in St. Peter's Church by the Rev W. B. Kirwan, and a collection made in aid of the fund for support of the Female Orphan House, amounting to £804 2s. 6d. The collectors were Ladies Antrim, L. Conolly, De Vesci, Gosford, Leitrim, Kingsborough, Headford, Sunderlin, and Fitzgibbon; Mrs. Knox, Ponsonby, Howard, Weldon, and Vesey.

Mr. James Napper Tandy has brought an action, in the Court of Exchequer, against Mr. Cox, the jailer of Newgate, for holding him in custody without any other authority than a proclamation by the Lord Lieutenant and Council, directing him to do so.

The Hon. Pierce Butler, lately confined in Newgate for an assault, has brought an action in the same court against Mr. Justice Downes, for an alleged informality in passing sentence on him in his judicial capacity.

In the course of the present term, the Recorder, on behalf of Mr. Justice Downes, and Mr. Ball, on behalf of Mr. Cox, moved the court for time to plead to the declaration in both the above actions, which was granted; time till the first day of next term was given to Mr. Ball; and the Chief Baron observing, that they were actions of a very new kind, gave the Recorder till the first day of next Michaelmas term.

A vessel which failed about three weeks ago from hence to Chatham, with 120 recruits, under the command of Captains Shaw and Petit, together with another officer, is captured by a French privateer in the British Channel, and brought into Dieppe. The officers write that the commandant of that town had all their baggage and all private property restored, and otherwise treated them with the utmost politeness.

MAY 3.—Last Tuesday night a burglary and murder, of the most atrocious kind, was committed in the house of Samuel Waddy, Esq., at Jamesville, in the county of Wexford, the particulars of which are as follows:—Some time ago Mr. Waddy discharged from his service a man who acted in the capacity of footman, for misdemeanours; particularly for beating in a cruel manner a female servant in the family. The fellow, on going away, vowed vengeance against his master, and unhappily kept his word; for, between the hours of nine and ten on Tuesday night, the fellow, with a number of accomplices, broke into Mr. Waddy's house, where, after tying all the servants, he proceeded to Mr. Waddy's bedchamber, where he discharged a pistol at his head, which instantly killed him. The villains robbed the house of valuable articles to a considerable amount, and got off. A strict search is making after this diabolical villain.

6. Yesterday, in the Court of Exchequer, a trial at bar commenced in the case of Warden Flood, Esq., versus the Provost and Fellows of Trinity College, to recover the estate bequeathed by his eldest brother, the late Henry Flood, Esq., to that University. The question is to try the legitimacy of the latter.

The prime sergeant took up nearly the whole time the Court sat, in a very able, learned, and ingenious statement of the case.

The flower of the bar is retained in this cause.

We have the pleasure to learn that the miscreant who committed the horrid murder of Mr. Waddy, was taken two days afterwards at Graigenemagh, in the county of Kilkenny, by Mr. Ambrose Hughes and Mr. Robert Sparrow, two gentlemen of the county of Wexford, and brought to the jail of that place.

Such was the phrenzy of the populace of Wexford against this barbarian, that they were restrained, with the utmost difficulty, from tearing him piecemeal; Mr. Waddy, the gentleman whose life he wantonly and barbarously destroyed, being a gentleman of considerable property, and a friend to the poor, and universally beloved.

The villain apprehended calls himself John Spain. He was imprudently taken into the service of Mr. Waddy without any recommendation, though a strange vagrant in the country.

He had not lived long in the family when he committed several thefts; and, amongst others, one of some silver spoons, in which he was detected by a female servant, who communicated the matter to his master's niece, by whom it was told to Mr. Waddy, who instantly discharged him.

In revenge for which, the fellow formed the horrid plot of murdering his master, the young lady, and the servant maid who detected him.

Mr. Waddy was a gentleman of unwieldy corpulency, weighing nearly thirty stones, of a feeble habit, unable to move without assistance, and consequently to make any resistance.

Notwithstanding which, the villains, after knocking him down, shot him through the head, and afterwards gave him two mortal stabs in the breast and belly.

The Friendly-Brothers' Club of the county of Wexford, with a truly laudable spirit, published a reward of £100 for apprehending the murderer, which Mr. Hughes and Mr. Sparrow, the captors, have generously devoted to the poor of Wexford.

9. Yesterday the whole city was thrown into alarm that a Liberty mob had risen, and were spreading plunder and destruction through the town.

Curiosity, of course, collected the populace in all quarters. The shops from Thomas street, through Dame street, to Stephen green, and in all the streets adjacent, were instantly shut. The alarm, however, though in some measure founded, had no cause equal to the extent of report.

In consequence of the failure of two eminent houses in the cotton branch, and the slackness which has for some time prevailed in the other manufacturing branches, near 5,000 hands, dependant on their industry in these manufactures, were thrown out of employment, and reduced to wretchedness and want.

Instigated by the calls of hunger, numbers of these poor people came forth to seek for relief from the public, and in their way some of them became riotous, and took by violence, from some huxters and bakers' shops, quantities of bacon, bread, etc.

The Lord Mayor, Alderman James, Warren, and Fleming, and the two Sheriffs, immediately came forward, attended by some troops from the garrison, to preserve the peace, and, by persuasion and remonstrance on the impropriety of such conduct, dispersed them.

They then divided into groups, and begged relief from all passengers they met, but we do not hear of any violence committed by them.

The distress of these unfortunate people certainly calls aloud for the interference of public humanity.

Yesterday a subscription for the support of poor manufacturers out of employ, was entered into by the gentlemen of the bar in the courts, and some hundreds collected.

Some other humane expedients of the same kind are mentioned to be in agitation among the great folk.

(To be Continued.)

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BELFAST.



HIGH STREET, SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

(From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland, 1837.)

Belfast, a seaport, borough, market town, and parish, partly in the barony of Lower, but chiefly in that of Upper, Belfast, county of Antrim, and province of Ulster, 8 miles (S. by W.) from Carrickfergus, 13¼ (S.E. by E.) from Antrim, and 80 (N.) from Dublin; containing, in 1821, 44,177, and in 1831, 60,388 inhabitants, of which latter number 53,287 were in the town and suburbs, and 48,224 in the borough; and within three years after the latter census the population of the parish had increased nearly 7,000 more. At a very early period this place obtained, according to some writers, the appellation of "Bealafarsad," which has been supposed to signify "Hurdlesford town," and according to others that of "Beala-fearsad," "the town at the mouth of the river"; which latter is accurately descriptive of its situation on the river Lagan, near its influx into the lough or bay of Belfast. But, perhaps, a still more probable conjecture is that which ascribes its etymology to the Irish "Ball-Fosaght," signifying "the town with a ditch or foss," which, from its low situation, were anciently constructed round the town, to protect it from the tide. Previously to the English conquests in the province of Ulster, it appears to have been a fortified station commanding the passage of the river, which is here fordable at low water, and important also from its position on the line between the ancient stations of Carrickfergus and Ardes, respectively in the counties of Antrim and Down, between which the Lagan has ever been regarded as the boundary. The original fort, of which the site is now occupied by St. George's church, was taken and destroyed about the year 1178, by John de Courcy, who soon after erected a noble castle on a more eligible spot. King John marched his army to this place, in 1210; but no notice of any town occurs till the year 1316, when the destruction of the town and castle by Edward Bruce is recorded. The Irish chieftains, having by his aid recovered their ancient possessions, rebuilt the castle, of which, through the intestine divisions in England and their union with the English settlers in Ulster, they kept uninterrupted possession for nearly two centuries, till the reign of Hen. VII., when the Earl of Kildare, at the head of a large army, in 1503, took and destroyed the town and castle; but the latter was soon afterwards repaired by the native chieftains, from which, however, their forces were again driven by the earl, in 1512, and compelled to retire to the mountains. From this period, Belfast remained in a ruined and neglected state, till the year 1552, when Sir James Crofts, lord-deputy, repaired and garrisoned the castle; and during the same year the Irish of Ulster again appeared in arms, under the command of Hugh Mac Nial

Oge, but the English government offered terms of accommodation which that chieftain accepted, and, swearing allegiance to Hen. VIII., he obtained a grant of the castle and town of Belfast, with other extensive possessions. After the death of Hugh, who was killed in 1555 by a party of Scottish marauders, his possessions passed to other branches of his family, with the exception of the castle, which was placed in the custody of Randolph Lane, an English governor; in the 13th of Elizabeth it was granted, with its extensive dependencies, to Sir Thomas Smythe and his son, on the condition of their keeping a certain number of horse and foot in readiness to meet at Antrim after a brief notice, to attend upon the lord-deputy. In 1573 the Earl of Essex visited the fortress, which the Irish had previously, on different occasions, frequently attempted to take by surprise; and in 1575 the Lord-Deputy Sydney encountered the Irish forces at the ford of this place. About that period, Belfast is said to have had a forest and woods, of which all traces have long since disappeared. After the death of Elizabeth, the garrison, influenced by Hugh O'Nial, Earl of Tyrone, refused submission to the English crown; but, on the defeat of that powerful leader and his adherents, the English gained the ascendancy, and Sir Arthur Chichester, lord-deputy in the reign of Jas. I., issued his summons requiring the supplies of horse and foot, according to the tenure by which the castle was held; and no one appearing in answer to this requisition, the castle and demesne became forfeited to the crown, and were given to Sir Arthur in 1612.

Prior to the civil war in 1641, the town had attained a considerable degree of commercial importance, and was the residence of many merchants and men of note; but the inhabitants, being chiefly Presbyterians, suffered severely for refusing to conform to the Established Church; many of them left the kingdom, and those who remained embraced the parliamentarian interest. The immediate local effect of this rebellion was the suspension of all improvements, but the town was saved from assault by the defeat of the rebels near Lisburn; and, while the insurgents were overpowering nearly all the surrounding country, Belfast was maintained in security by the judicious arrangements of Sir Arthur Tyringham, who, according to the records of the corporation, cleared the water-courses, opened the sluices, erected a draw-bridge, and mustered the inhabitants in military array. In 1643, Chas. I. appointed Col. Chichester governor of the castle, and granted £1,000 for the better fortifictaion of the town, which, while the people of the surrounding country were joining the Scottish covenanters, alone retained its firm adherence to the royal interest. The royalists in Ulster, anticipating an order from the parliament for a forcible imposition of the Scottish covenant, assembled here to deliberate upon the answer to be returned to Gen. Monroe, commander of the Scottish forces in Ireland, when required to submit to that demand; but the latter, being treacherously informed of their purpose, and favoured by the darkness of the night, marched to Belfast with 2,000 men, surprised the town, and compelled them to retire to Lisburn. The inhabitants were now reduced to the greatest distress; Col. Hume, who was made governor of the castle for the parliament, imposed upon them heavy and grievous taxes, and the most daring of the Irish insurgents were constantly harassing them from without. After the decapitation of Chas. I., the



Arms.

presbytery of this place, having strongly expressed their abhorrence of that atrocity, were reproachfully answered by the poet Milton; and the Scottish forces of Ulster having, in common with the covenanters of their native country, embraced the royal cause, the garrison kept possession of it for the king. But Gen. Monk, in 1648, seized their commander, Gen. Monroe, whom he sent prisoner to England, and having assaulted Belfast, soon reduced it under the control of the parliament, who appointed Col. Maxwell governor. In 1649 the town was taken by a manœuvre of Lord Montgomery; but Cromwell, on his arrival in Ireland, despatched Col. Venables, after the massacre of Drogheda, to reduce it, in which enterprise he succeeded.

On the abdication of Jas. II., the inhabitants fitted out a vessel, and despatched a congratulatory address to the Prince of Orange, whom they afterwards proclaimed king; but, within a few days, James's troops having obtained possession of the place, many of the inhabitants fled to Scotland and elsewhere for safety, and several of the principal families were placed under attainder. On the landing of Duke Schomberg at Bangor, on Oct. 13th, 1689, with an army of 10,000 men, the Irish forces evacuated the town, of which Col. Wharton took possession in the name of King William: a reinforcement of 7,000 well-appointed troops from Denmark shortly after joined the forces of Schomberg, which had encamped under the walls; and on June 14th, 1690, the king arrived in person, and issued from this town a proclamation to the army forbidding them to lay waste the country. The king remained here for five days, whence he proceeded to the Boyne by way of Hillsborough, and on his march issued an order to the collector of the customs of Belfast, to pay £1,200 per annum to the Presbyterian ministers of Ulster, which grant formed the origin of the more extensive royal bounty at present paid to that body. The castle was destroyed by an accidental fire in 1708, and has not been rebuilt. In 1715, on the threatened invasion of the Pretender, the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood formed themselves into volunteer corps for the better defence of the country; in 1745 they again had recourse to arms; and in 1760, by their prompt muster, in conjunction with the people of the surrounding country, they saved their town from the French under Thurot, who had landed at Carrickfergus, intending to surprise Belfast; but, overawed by the muster of 12,000 men, posted within two miles of Carrickfergus on the road to Belfast, he hastily re-embarked, after having obtained a considerable supply of brandy, wine, and provisions from the merchants of that town. The formation of the Irish volunteers induced all the principal young men of Belfast again to accoutre themselves, and they assumed a formidable political attitude, until suppressed with the rest of that body. Notwithstanding the powerful excitement which prevailed towards the close of the 18th century, Belfast, although the centre of motion to the northern union, was preserved in peaceable subjection by the precaution of Government in placing in it a strong military force; but the spirit of disaffection had diffused itself considerably, and seven individuals were executed here for treason. With the exception of commercial difficulties, from which, however, this town suffered less than any other of equal importance in the kingdom, few circumstances have occurred in modern times to retard its progress; and it is now the most flourishing in the island, celebrated alike for its manufactures and commerce, and for the public spirit of its inhabitants in the pursuit of literature and science, and in the support of charitable and other benevolent institutions.

Belfast is in some measure indebted for its incorporation to the favour shown to the Chichester family by Jas. I., who, in 1612, granted to Sir Arthur Chichester, who had previously established a number of Devonshire men in the townland of Malone the castle and an extensive surrounding territory; and in the following year incorporated the inhabitants by charter. In the 4th of Jas. II., on a seizure of the franchises, a charter, the provisions of which were in most respects similar to those of the former, was granted, but is now considered void. Geo. II., in the 33rd year of his reign, also granted a charter, which, however, is only an inspeximus of the charter of Jas. I.

The borough returned two representatives to the Irish parliament from the date of its incorporation till the Union.

There are no remains of antiquity in the town, though some are scattered over the parish: near Stranmills, on the Lagan, was an ancient chapel, called "Capella de Kilpatrick"; on the summit of a hill in Upper Malone was the "Capella de Crookmuck"; near Callendar's Fort, on the Fall's road, about two miles from the town, was that of "Cranock," of which traces of the foundations and a large

cemetery are still remaining; and on the same road the chapel of "Kilwee," where numerous elegantly carved crosses and other sepulchral monuments have been found. About three miles on the Carrickfergus road is a small fragment of an ancient fortress, called Greencastle; in Upper Malone was an extensive fort called Castle Cam, or Freeston Castle, on the site of which the elegant mansion of Malone House has been erected; at a small distance on the left of the road to Shaw's-bridge are seen the foundations of a third fort; on the grounds of Malone, near Lismoine, are the remains of a fourth; and in the R. C. burial-ground at Friar's Bush are the remains of a fifth. Among the most curious relics of antiquity are the caves in various places formed in the earth and in the hard limestone rock; of the former, three were discovered in 1792 at Wolf Hill, the largest of which is eight yards long and one yard wide, with four small chambers diverging from it; on the side of a small hill in the townland of Ballymargy is one of larger dimensions, and in a more perfect state, with two entrances; and near Hannahstown is one still larger, which since 1798 has been closed, having at that time been a place of concealment for arms. Three large caves, which give name to the mountain called Cave Hill, are all formed in the perpendicular face of an immense range of basaltic rock: the lowest is 21 feet long, 18 wide, and from 7 to 10 feet in height; above this is another, 10 feet long, 7 wide, and 6 in height; and above that is a third, said to be divided into two unequal parts, each of which is more extensive than the largest of the other caves; but the ascent is so dangerous that few venture to visit it. The largest ramparts of earth, called raths, or forts, are also numerous: of these the most extensive is Mac Art's fort, on the summit of Cave hill, protected on one side by a precipice, and on the others by a single ditch of great depth and a vallum of large dimensions; the enclosed area is nearly level, and, from the height of the mountain, which is 1,140 feet, commands a view of vast extent, variety, and beauty, including the Isle of Man, the Shores and mountains of Scotland, and a large portion of the counties of Antrim, Down, Armagh, Derry, and Donegal. Near the base of Spires hill are many raths, and two of large dimensions almost at the summit of the Black mountain; and near the shore, at Fort William, is an encampment, 70 feet square, surrounded by a deep fosse and defended by a bastion at each angle, and said to have been thrown up by King Willian in 1690; near it is another entrenchment of ruder construction. There are two large cairns on the Black mountain, in one of which, in 1829, was found a large urn filled with calcined human bones, a spear-head, and two ornaments of brass; there is also a cairn on Cave hill, and one on Squires hill. Great numbers of stone and flint hatchets, and arrow heads of flint, have been discovered; and brazen celts and querns, or hand-mill-stones, are occasionally found.

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE.

A PARCEL OF OLD LETTERS.

What is the truth about Napoleon? After a century of conflicting testimony, during which prejudice has pictured him as a brutal tyrant and hero-worship as a god, the actual facts about him seem in a fair way to see the light.

No contribution more important to those who wish to obtain a correct view of Napoleon the Man than his "Love Letters to Josephine," recently published can well be imagined.

Every phase of the romance of "this greatest military genius of 2,000 years," from his first acquaintance with Josephine as the widow Beauharnais to the days when he wearied of her and cast her off, is thoroughly illuminated by this correspondence.

"TAKE WINGS, COME QUICKLY."

Bonaparte married Josephine on March 9, 1796. Two days after he tore himself from her, from Paris, to take command of his army. He found time to shower letters on her in the intervals of thrashing the Austrians and Sardinians. At Canu, April 24, he wrote to her:—

"To my sweet love.—You have been several days without writing me. What are you doing then? Yes, my kind love, I am not jealous, but sometimes uneasy. Come soon. I warn you, if you tarry you will find me ill; fatigue and your absence are too much for me at the same time.

"Your letters make up my daily pleasure, and my happy days are not often. Gunot bears to Paris twenty-two flags. You ought to return with him, do you understand? Be ready, if that is not disagreeable to you. Should he not come, woe without remedy; should he come back to me alone, grief without consolation, constant anxiety.

"My beloved, he will see you, he will breathe on your temples; perhaps you will accord him the unique and priceless favour of kissing your cheek, and I, I shall be alone and very far away; but you are about to come, are you not? You will soon be beside me, on my breast, in my arms. Take wings, come quickly, but travel gently. The route is long, bad, fatiguing. If you should be overturned or be taken ill, if fatigue—go gently, my beloved.

"N. B."

"I know not if you want money, for you never speak to me of business. If you do, will you ask my brother for it?—he has 200 louis of mine!

"A LA CITOYENNE BONAPARTE, ETC."

Two hundred louis! After he divorced her the Emperor gave Josephine a yearly allowance of £125.000. And having it she ran into debt.

"MY UNIQUE JOY."

Milan surrendered. Josephine joined her victorious husband there. He writes to her at Milan:—

"Marmivolo, July 19, 1796.

"I have been without letters from you for two days. That is at least the thirteenth time to-day I have made this observation to myself. You are thinking this particularly wearisome, yet you cannot doubt the tender and unique anxiety with which you inspire me.

"I have received a courier from Paris. There were two letters for you. I have read them. But though this action appears to me quite natural, and though you gave me permission to do so the other day, I fear you may be vexed, and this is a great trouble to me. I should have liked to have sealed them up again; fie, that would have been atrocious! If I am to blame, I beg your forgiveness. I swear that it is not because I am jealous; assuredly not. I have too high an opinion of my beloved for that. I should like you to give me full permission to read your letters, then there would be no longer either remorse or apprehension.

"Achille has just ridden post from Milan; no letters from my beloved! Adieu, my unique joy. When will you be able to rejoin me? I shall have to fetch you myself from Milan.

"A thousand kisses as fiery as my soul, as chaste as yourself.

"I have summoned the courier. He tells me that he crossed over to your house and that you told him you had no commands. Fie! naughty, undutiful, cruel, tyrannous, jolly little monster. You laugh at my threats, at my infatuation. Ah, you well know that if I could shut you up in my breast I would put you in prison there!

"Tell me you are cheerful, in good health, and very affectionate.

"BONAPARTE."

"YOU DO NOTHING BUT CRY."

On May 18, 1804, the First Consul became the Emperor Napoleon; Josephine an Empress. The tone of his letters soon changed. During the campaign against Russia and Prussia, 1806-1807, he wrote to her at Mayence:—

"Talleyrand has just arrived, and tells me, my dear, you do nothing but cry. What on earth do you want? You have your daughter, your grandchildren, and good news; surely these are sufficient reasons for being happy and contented."

Again to the Empress at Mayence:—

"Warsaw, Jan. 7, 1807.

"My Dear.—I am pained by all that you tell me; but the season being cold, the roads very bad, and not at all safe, I cannot consent to expose you to so many fatigues and dangers. Return to Paris in order to spend the winter there. Go to the Tuileries, receive and lead the same life as you are accustomed to do when I am there; that is my wish. Perhaps I shall not be long in rejoining you there; but it is absolutely necessary for you to give up the idea of making a journey of 750 miles at this time of the year, through the enemy's country and in the rear of the army.

"Believe that it costs me more than you to put off for some weeks the pleasure of seeing you, but so events and the success of my enterprise order it.

"Adieu, my dear; be cheerful and show character.

"NAPOLEON."

"BE WORTHY OF ME."

Yet two more letters, both to the Empress at Mayence, in contrast to the burning missive of General Bonaparte to the widow Beauharnais:—

"Warsaw, Jan. 18, 1807.

"I fear that you are greatly grieved at our separation and at your return to Paris, which must last for some weeks longer. I insist on your having more fortitude. I hear you are always weeping. Fie! how unbecoming it is! Your letter of Jan. 7 makes me unhappy. Be worthy of me; assume your character. Cut a suitable figure at Paris, and, above all, be contented.

"I am very well and love you much; but if you are always crying I shall think you without courage and without character. I do not love cowards. An Empress ought to have fortitude.

"NAPOLEON."

"RETURN TO PARIS."

And again this, so well calculated to dry Josephine's tears:—

"Warsaw, Jan. 23, 1807.

"Your letter of Jan. 15 to hand. It is impossible to allow women to make such a journey as this—bad roads, miry and unsafe. Return to Paris; be cheerful and content there. Perhaps even I shall soon be there. I have laughed at what you say about your having taken a husband to be with him. I thought in my ignorance the wife was made for the husband; the husband for his country, his family, and glory. Pardon my ignorance, one is always learning from our fair ladies.

"Adieu, my dear. Think how much it costs me not to send for you. Say to yourself, 'It is a proof how precious I am to him.'

"NAPOLEON."

In her turn Josephine became jealous. Her spouse thus addressed her from Finckenstein in May, 1807:—

"I have just received your letter. I know not what you tell me about ladies in correspondence with me. I love only my little Josephine, sweet, pouting, and capricious, who can quarrel with grace, as she does everything else, for she is always lovable, except when she is jealous; then she becomes a regular shrew (Toute diablesse). But let us come back to these ladies. If I had leisure for any among them I assure you I should like them to be pretty rosebuds.

"Are those of whom you speak of this kind?

"I wish you to have only those persons to dinner who have dined with me; that your list be the same for your assemblies; that you never make intimates at Malmaison of Ambassadors and foreigners. If you should do the contrary you would displease me. Finally, do not allow yourself to be duped too much by persons whom I do not know, and who would not come to the house if I were there.

"Adieu, dear. Yours ever,

"NAPOLEON."

Nor could this letter have soothed the jealousy of the Empress at St. Cloud:—

"Tilsit, July 1, 1807.

"The Queen of Prussia is really charming; she is full of coquetterie for me; but don't be jealous; I am in oilcloth over which all that can only glide. It would cost me too much to play the lover.

"NAPOLEON."

"MY EXCELLENT JOSEPHINE."

Bourriene writes that Napoleon thus apostrophized the childless Josephine ere he divorced her in December, 1809:—

"Josephine, my excellent Josephine, thou knowest if I have loved thee! To thee, to thee alone do I owe the only moments of happiness I have enjoyed in this world. Josephine my destiny overmasters my will. My dearest affections must be silent before the interests of France."

Perhaps Napoleon was sincere, but one who carefully studies his letters doubts it. After the divorce, and both before and after his marriage with Marie Louise, Napoleon visited Josephine; they often corresponded. Thus the Emperor wrote to her at Malmaison:—

"December, 1809, 8 P.M.

"My Dear.—I found you weaker to-day than you ought to be. You have shown courage; it is necessary that you should maintain it and not give way to a doleful melancholy. You must be contented and take special care of your health, which is so precious to me.

"If you are attached to me and if you love me, you should show strength of mind and force yourself to be happy. You cannot question my constant and tender friendship, and you would know very imperfectly all the affection I have for you if you imagined that I can be happy if you are unhappy, and contented if you are ill at ease.

"Adieu, dear. Sleep well; dream that I wish it.

"NAPOLEON."

"TO PAY YOUR DEBTS."

But he made most generous provision for her. He thus wrote to her at Malmaison:—

"Sunday, 8 P.M., 1810.

"I was very glad to see you yesterday. I feel what charms your society has for me.

"To-day I walked with the Esteve (General Treasurer of the Crown). I have allowed £4,000 for 1810 for the extraordinary expenses at Malmaison. I have instructed Esteve to send £8,000 the moment the contract for the Maison Julien shall be made. I have ordered them to pay for your parure of rubies, which will be valued by the Department, for I do not wish to be robbed by jewellers. So there goes the £16,000 this may cost me,

"I have ordered them to hold the million which the Civil List owes you for 1810 at the disposal of your man of business, in order to pay your debts.

"You should find in the coffers of Malmaison £20,000 to £25,000; you can take them to buy your plate and linen.

"I have instructed them to make you a very fine porcelain service; they will take your commands in order that it may be a very fine one.

"NAPOLEON."

In December of 1810 Napoleon wrote to the wife he had put away:—

"I hope to have a son. I shall let you know immediately." He added: "When you see me you will find me with my old affection for you."

On March 20 was born the King of Rome—"a pompous title buried in the tomb of the Ostrogoths." Two days later the Emperor, in Paris, wrote to Josephine at Navarre:—

"My dear.—I have your letter. I thank you for it

"My son is fat and in excellent health. I trust he may continue to improve. He has my chest, my mouth, and my eyes. I hope he may fulfil his destiny.

"NAPOLEON."

LETTERS FROM JOSEPHINE.

Towards the last the Emperor expresses, mayhap assumes, a little of the old devotion. The cynical will say he could afford to, his second wife having borne him a son. The interesting and valuable book contains two letters from Josephine to Napoleon. Here is part of one written by her at Navarre, April 19, 1810:—

"Sire.—I have received by my son the assurance that Your Majesty consents to my return to Malmaison, and grants to me the advances asked in order to make the chateau at Navarre habitable. This double favour, sire, dispels to a great extent the uneasiness, nay, the fears that Your Majesty's long silence has inspired. I was afraid that I might be entirely banished from your memory. I see that I am not. I am, therefore, less wretched to-day. and even as happy as henceforward it will be possible for me to be.

"While I am at Malmaison Your Majesty may be sure that I shall live there as if I were a thousand leagues from Paris. I have made a great sacrifice, Sire, and every day I realise more its full extent. Yet that sacrifice will be, as it ought to be, a complete one on my part. Your Highness, amid your happiness, shall be troubled by no expression of my regret.

"I shall pray unceasingly for Your Majesty's happiness, perhaps even I shall pray that I may see you again; but Your Majesty may be assured that I shall always respect our new relationship. I shall respect it in silence, relying on the attachment that you had to me formerly; I shall call for no new proof; I shall trust to everything from your justice and your heart.

"I limit myself to asking from you one favour; it is that you will deign to find a way of sometimes convincing both myself and my entourage that I have still a small place in your memory and a great place in your esteem and friendship. By this means, whatever happens, my sorrows will be mitigated without, as it seems to me, compromising that which is of permanent importance to me, the happiness of Your Majesty.

"JOSEPHINE."

Outwardly meek as are these words, they displeased Napoleon. He answered:—

"Compiegne, April 21, 1810.

"My Dear.—I have yours of April 18 (sic); it is written in a bad style. I am always the same; people like me do not change. I know not what Eugene has told you. I have not written to you because you have not written to me, and my whole desire is to fulfil your slightest inclination.

"I see with pleasure that you are going to Malmaison and that you are contented; as for me, I shall be so likewise on hearing news from you and in giving you mine. I say no more about it until you have compared this letter with yours, and after that I will leave you to judge which of us two is the better friend.

"Adieu, dear; keep well, and be just for your sake and mine."

"I SHALL ALWAYS LOVE YOU."

Josephine hastened to reply:—

"A thousand, thousand loving thanks for not having forgotten me. My son has brought me your letter. With what impetuosity I read it! And yet I took a long time over it, for there was not a word which did not make me weep; but these tears were very pleasant ones. I have found my whole heart again—such as it will always be—. There are affections which are life itself, and which can only end with it.

"I was in despair to find my letter of the 19th had displeased you. I do not remember the exact expressions, but I know what torture I felt in writing it—the grief of having no news from you.

"I wrote you on my departure from Malmaison, and since then how often have I wished to write you! But I appreciated the causes of your silence, and feared to be importunate with a letter. Yours has been the true balm for me. Be happy, be as much so as you deserve it; it is my whole heart which speaks to you. You have also just given me my share of happiness, and a share which I value the most, for nothing can equal in my estimation a proof that you still remember me.

"Adieu, dear. I again thank you as affectionately as I shall always love you.

"JOSEPHINE."

Four years, almost to the day, the Emperor of Austria, her father, sent Marie Louis back to Vienna; scarcely more than another fortnight passed when Napoleon set foot on lonely Elba: in less than a month thereafter Josephine died.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

A MYSTERY OF BATTLE.

The wave of a great battle was at its height, and General C——, of her Britannic Majesty's Army of Invasion in South Africa, surrounded by his staff, stood at the summit of a kopje about half a mile back of the firing line, directing signallers, despatching orders, and receiving reports.

An aide rode up as though he had had orders to charge the little group. "General," he cried, reining in his smoking horse and saluting, "M'Lennon has just been killed. He was with Major Rolfe, of the 40th, in the trench at the right of the line. The Major wants you to send someone to take his place as orderly. 'Any bright young chap,' he said, 'I don't care what his rank is—but he must be brave. The Boers have got our range, and it's hot here.'" Again the aide saluted.

General C—— ran his eye over his staff, every man of whom had drawn a little closer to him while the aide was speaking. A likely fellow that Will Sharples—his eager face told a tale of courage—but, confound it! he was so young looking. He knew the boy's father well. Could he send the boy out to be potted?

"I will go, sir." The voice came from behind General C——, who wheeled quickly to view the volunteer. All this had taken place, mind, while you might have pounded an order into a raw recruit's head.

The General saw a lad of perhaps eighteen, togged out in a nondescript costume composed of the odds and ends always to be picked up by a camp follower on the line of an army's march. He wore parts of the uniforms of an infantryman, a sapper, and a cavalryman, no one part coming near to fit, and, standing there bareheaded in the blaze of the sun, he fingered the cap of a bombardier. He was very thin and sallow-pale, with great, bright, sunken eyes.

"I will go," he repeated, stepping forward a pace or two, and standing at a clumsy imitation of "attention."

"You have a touch of fever," said General C——, not unkindly. "I'll send you to our surgeon. You don't know what you're saying."

"But indeed I do, sir," the lad protested. "Let me speak with you alone for a moment, and I'm sure you'll let me go."

The listeners, who had not been able to conceal their amusement during this brief colloquy, now laughed outright, and the General tapped his forehead meaningly. Then, "Very well," he said, motioning to his staff to go aside a little, "very well, but be d——d quick about it!" He drew himself up with his most important air. Remember, he commanded a brigade and could write V.C. and a lot of other letters that meant less, after his name.

"I will, sir." The lad spoke with much respect. His eye measured the distance between them and the General's staff, and his voice sank to a thrilling whisper as he said, "I am your son. If you want proof"——He broke off, and his hand sought the breast pocket of his jacket.

Now the General, who had never married, was not so startled and indignant as by rights he should have been, for he at once recalled a certain episode of his "days of nature"—a one-act tragedy in which he had played a contemptible if a prominent part. The lad lifted his head proudly, and put one hand on his hip while waiting for an answer, and in that movement General C—— recognised himself and her who slept in an English country churchyard because of his sin.

"Why have you come here?" he asked, and his face grew very dark.

His son faced him without fear. "Because I want my chance," he replied, and before this concentrated reproach the General lowered his gaze to the ground. "That's why I hid in the hold of your ship when she left Southampton; that's why I followed the army on foot all the way from Durban. If I told you what I suffered—yes, what I've suffered ever since I can remember, you'd pity me. But I don't want your pity"—the whisper had become a threatening hiss, the sunken eyes burned feverishly—"I want my chance. I want to make a name."

General C—— took a moment's thought. "I owe it to you," he said. He was accustomed to act quickly, and he had a sense of justice. He held up his hand, and his officers came around him.

"Weatherly," he said to the aide who had delivered the message, "you will take this young man to Major Rolfe. Take him up behind you—he isn't heavy enough to founder your beast," he added, with grim humour. "Now go. Stop a a moment! What's your Christian name, young man?"

"Frank, sir," was called back, as the horse went down the slope with a double burden.

"Frank," the General repeated to himself, "Frank—my name. Then she lived long enough to give it to him. Cur that I was, she loved me." Then, loudly, "Melville, why in God's name haven't you signalled to General Anderson, as I ordered?" When shells are screaming and bursting overhead, sentiment must be beaten down as with a sword.

The General's staff looked curiously at him, and one of them, a rules-of-the-service man by the name of Wharton, muttered—"Extraordinary conduct! The Department ought to hear of this."

Meanwhile the fight raged on. A few minutes passed, and General C—— found himself watching the 40th's line with a new interest. "Do you think they'll be able to hold their position?" he asked the officer on his right. The reply came short and sharp. "Perhaps, General. They're wavering, though."

"What!" roared General C——. His staff jumped as one man.

"Yes. Some of the men are climbing out of the trenches and falling back now. You don't believe it? Here, take my glass, sir; it's stronger than yours."

What the General saw made him grind his teeth and curse. The 40th was his old regiment, his pride, his pet, and his son— He was about to order up another regiment in support, when something happened that made the watchers send up a cheer. The ragged nondescript whom the General had sent forward was seen to leap out of one of the trenches, face to the enemy, and walk up and down in the space of a few yards, standing perfectly erect. The effect was instant. The retreating men, hearing a great cheer roll along the 40th's line, turned and looked and saw that a boy was shaming them with his bravery. Back they tumbled into the trenches, pell-mell, and presently more rifles cracked out. The line was steady again. The honour of the 40th was saved.

"That's the bravest thing I ever saw a civilian do," said someone at General C——'s elbow.

"Civilian!" shouted the General, beside himself with the joy of battle and the pride of fatherhood. "Damme, sir, that boy's no civilian—he's a soldier born and the son of a soldier's son. And if any power on earth can get him the V.C. for this, he shall have it! But why doesn't he lie down? He's done the trick. Oh, my God, he's hit!" General C——'s voice rose to a shrill scream. None of his staff—not even Melville, who had followed him through six campaigns—had ever heard anything like it from him since a certain day of bitter memory in the Soudan, when, a British square being broken by a charge of Dervishes, the General smashed his sword across his knee. Now he turned to his orderly and fairly yelled, "Whitehead, my horse!" Then, to his staff officer, "Sinclair, I appoint you to act in my absence. I'm going to ride to the firing line. Send two stretcher-bearers after me—be quick." His horse's hoofs were pounding down the side of the kopje before his staff had caught their breath.

"Most extraordinary conduct," muttered Wharton again. "The Department shall hear of it."

It was a soldier that cheered and shouted and cried for joy on the little hill; it was a father that now rode forward at a mad gallop, straining his eyes ahead—a father thinking only of his son. The tree of war drops strange fruits, and sometimes love as well as hate is born in the breath of the bullets.

As General C—— rode on, his way became harder to pick because of the dead and wounded scattered over the veldt, and he must slacken speed. Still he was nearly there now, he told himself, nearly there. Only three hundred yards more and he would be by his son's side. He would take him up in his arms and succour him and bring him back to safety. All at once there was a blare of bugles, sounding out a general advance. Mile-long lines of trenches vomited men, who rushed forward, firing, some clutching at the air and falling as they ran; heavy artillery that had been held in reserve behind hills and in dips in the plain began to lurch and limber up; flying cavalry made a dull thunder on the veldt. General C—— bent over his horse's neck and rowelled him till the blood ran down his sides. Now he could just see his son. The boy was lying very still where he had fallen. Was he dead? The General's heart turned to ice. No, no. God be praised, he stirred, he raised himself on one elbow, he even waved his hand to some of the men of the 40th sweeping by him on a run. Oh, how glad the father was—no words could tell it. It was a foolish act, of course—inadequate, absurd; but General C——patted his horse's neck as he rode. Then suddenly he stood up in his stirrups and shrieked: "Frank, Frank, look behind you!" He had seen an enemy coming towards the boy, his weapon in his hand.

"Frank, Frank!" The boy does not hear, for now the heavy artillery has opened fire, and what is one man's voice when the god of battles is bellowing through a thousand throats? So that wild ride turned into a race between love and hate. Love was swift, but hate was sure and silent, and had not far to go.

"Frank, Frank!" At last the boy heard his father's voice and turned, just in time to look death in the face. The knife, held high, for the downward stroke, glittered an instant in the sun. The father closed his eyes: he could not bear to see it fall. When he opened them he was alongside the Boer, whom he sabred. Then he threw himself off his horse and took his boy in his arms, raising him up, hugging him to his breast and calling him by every dear name that the passion of love could prompt. "O, my boy, my brave, brave boy! Speak to me—say you forgive me the wrong I did you. Only speak!"

But his son made him no answer. The colour had fled from the lips his father kissed: try as he might, the General could not redden them with his own. Weeping, forgetting war and the business of war, the father cast himself down in the sand and grieved exceedingly. There was many a strange, sad sight that day, but none stranger, none sadder, I think, than this man of years, and rank, and honours abasing himself beside a dead camp-follower, while memory and remorse kept knocking at his heart.

"General, what are your orders?" It was Sinclair who spoke. The General's staff had ridden up, moving forward with the army's advance, and now were gathered about him again, outwardly imperturbable, as good soldiers always are, but wondering greatly in their minds.

The General sprang to his feet, a leader of men once more. "You will have this boy taken to the rear at once," he said, in a perfectly firm voice. "To-morrow we will bury it with honours—if we live." Two stretcher-bearers ran up, panting.

General C—— uncovered and bent over the little hero to whom he had given his hour,

his "chance." Grotesque enough he was still as to his garb, but no longer the cause of laughter, because touched with the isolation and dignity which we call Death.

"Not to be able to claim you before them all—not to be able to call you my son," the father murmured, so low that only the dead could have heard. Then, turning to his staff, one foot in the stirrup, General C——'s voice sounded out as hard as steel: "It's forward now, and no turning back. That hill must be carried and held, if it costs us a thousand men!"

HOW TO TELL PRECIOUS STONES.

Anyone can tell a genuine diamond or precious stone even from a very clever imitation. There are a few household tests which are practically infallible. The diamond expert, after long years of experience with gems, can detect an imitation, as a rule, at a glance. The layman in such matters, with a few simple tests, takes more time to solve such problems, but his judgment in the end is scarcely less accurate.

An imitation diamond is never so brilliant as a genuine stone. If your eye is not experienced enough to detect the difference a very simple test is to place the stone under water. The imitation stone is practically extinguished, while a genuine diamond sparkles even under water, and is distinctly visible. When possible, place a genuine stone beside the possible imitation under water and the contrast will be apparent to the least experienced eye.

The glass-cutting test is, of course, more or less familiar. It is probably the most common.

False diamonds are usually cut more regular than the genuine stones. In cutting a diamond the material is saved as far as possible. In any imitation the material is itself worthless, and no attempt is made to suit the size or angle of the facets to the form of the stone. It can be put down as a safe rule that when a stone is cut with great evenness and regularity it is, to say the least, a very suspicious sign.

Another very simple and effective test is to put a drop of water on the stone and carefully observe the result. The stone should first be carefully cleaned. On an imitation diamond the drop, however small, will deliquesce. The drop will, however, retain its original shape on a true stone. To make the test quite sure use a magnifying glass when watching the action of the drop.

Still another test of this nature is to pass the stone over a piece of aluminum. Both the metal and the stone should be absolutely free from any trace of grease. The metal will give off some of its colour to an imitation stone, while a genuine diamond will remain perfectly clear and unaffected. Among jewellers the final test is to apply a drop of fluorhydric acid to the stone under suspicion. The acid will eat into any false diamond and frost it, while the genuine stone will not be damaged in the slightest.

Perhaps the simplest method of all, however, is to examine an ink spot on a sheet of white paper through a diamond by holding the upper surface against the eye. If the stone be counterfeit, the black spot will be greatly multiplied, or at least doubled. The outline will, moreover, appear blurred and indistinct. By using a magnifying glass the test can readily be made absolute.

The optical test is the best in examining rubies and emeralds. It is commonly supposed that such stones can be best tested by rubbing them with a file, that the genuine stones resist the steel, while the imitations only will suffer; but the test is not exhaustive. The best plan is to examine them closely with a microscope of about one hundred diameters. The genuine stones have a number of minute flaws, whereas the imitations are likely to be much more nearly perfect in texture.

The imitation ruby is filled with minute air bubbles, which are not found in the genuine stones. The colour of the imitation is sometimes even purer and more even than the real stone. As a rule, any yellowish tinge is considered suspicious. Genuine emeralds are to be determined by tiny flaws, tree-like or dendritic in shape.

ULSTER IN AMERICA.

EARLY IRISH EMIGRANTS.

(Concluded from last week.)

In an appendix to Mr. Hanna's second volume will be found some interesting notes on the genealogies of the Presidents of the United States. We are remmded, for example, that Andrew Jackson, who was born in Lancaster County, S. C., or Union County, N. C., on March 15, 1757, was the son of Andrew Jackson and Elizabeth Hutchinson Jackson, who emigrated to America from Carrickfergus, county Down, Ireland, in 1765, and a grandson of Hugh Jackson, of Carrickfergus. James Knox Polk, born in Mecklenburg county, N. C., on November 2, 1795, was the great-grandson of William and Nancy Knox Pollock. William Pollock (the original form of the name "Polk") was the grandson of Robert Pollock and Magdalene Pasker Pollock, who emigrated with their families from county Londonderry Ireland, to Somerset county, Md., about 1690. James Buchanan, born at Coves Gap, Franklin county, Pa., April 23, 1791, was the son of James Buchanan, who emigrated to Pennsylvania from county Donegal, Ireland, in 1783. Andrew Johnson was the grandson of Andrew Johnson, a native of Ulster, who removed from Pennsylvania to North Carolina about 1750-60. Ulysses Hiram Simpson Grant was of Scotch-Irish descent through his mother, Hannah Simpson, the granddaughter of John Simpson, who was born in the North of Ireland, but emigrated to America and settled about 1763 in Montgomery county, Pa. Chester Alan Arthur was the grandson of Gavin MacArthur, of Ballymena, county Antrim, Ireland. The mother of Stephen Grover Cleveland was Ann Neal, a daughter of Abner Neal, who was born in Ireland. The mother of Benjamin Harrison was Elizabeth Irwin, the great granddaughter of James Irwin, who emigrated from the North of Ireland and settled in Peters township, Franklin county, Pa., before 1750. William M'Kinley was the great great-grandson of Stephen M'Kinley, who was born in the North of Ireland about 1730, and died in York county, Pa., in 1819.

We have seen that the history of the Scotch-Irish in the United States is mainly set forth in the second of Mr. Hanna's volumes. A good deal of interesting matter relating to the same subject will be found in the preliminary chapters of the first volume. We observe, for example, that in a list of 109 names, which include practically all of Washington's Generals, about sixty are non-English. Of these sixty a large majority seem to be Scotch-Irish—the term applied in this book to the descendants in America of Scotch-Presbyterian emigrants from Ireland. Among the Scotch or Scotch-Irish names of Generals in the Revolutionary war we observe those of Henry Knox, John Stark. William Alexander, Alexander M'Dougall, Arthur St. Clair, William Irvine, Lachlan M'Intosh, John Patterson, Charles Scott, George Clinton, and James Clinton. If we turn to the Continental Congress of 1776 we find that eleven of its members were of Scottish descent, to wit—William Hoper, Philip Livingston, Thomas M'Kean, Thomas Nelson, jun.; George Ross, Edward, Rutledge, James Smith, George Taylor, Matthew Thornton, Jas. Wilson, and John Witherspoon. In the Constitutional Convention, which completed its labours at Philadelphia September 17, 1787. twelve of the members were Scotch, namely, John Blair, Alexander Hamilton, W. Churchill Houston, William Livingston, James M'Clurg, James M'Henry, John Mercer, William Patterson, John Rutledge, Richard Dodds Spight, James Wilson, and Hugh Williamson. Three were Irish, to wit—Pierce Butler, Daniel Carroll, and Thomas Fitzsimmons. When the independent State Governments were formed, after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, and their Governors were chosen, the Scotch-Irish gave to New York their first Governor, George Clinton, and to Delaware her first Governor, John MacKinley. To Pennsylvania they gave her war Governor, Thomas M'Kane; to New Jersey her war Governor, William Livingston; and to Virginia, Patrick Henry, not only her great war Governor, but the civil leader, who, supported by his Scotch-Irish brethren from the western countries, first carried and then held Virginia for the cause of independence. To North Carolina the Scotch-Irish gave her first Governor, Richard Caswell, and to South Carolina, another great war Governor in the person of John Rutledge. The second Chief Justice of the United States, John Rutledge, was Scotch-Irish, as were also Wilson and Iredell, two of the four original Associate Justices. A third, Blair, was of Scotch origin.

Mr. Hanna also deems it worthy of remark that of the Colonial Governors sent by England to the Colonies before 1776, and of the Provincial Governors from that time to 1789, upwards of forty were of Scottish blood. Of the State Governors from the date last mentioned to 1885 the Scotch or Scotch-Irish gave to Pennsylvania nearly one-half of her Chief Executives; to Virginia nearly one-third; to North Carolina more than a fourth; to South Carolina nearly a third; to Georgia more than one-half; to Alabama more than a fifth; to Mississippi about a fifth; to Louisville more than a fifth; to Texas about a third: to Tennessee nearly one-half; to Kentucky about a third; to Ohio, one-half; to Indiana more than a third; to Illinois nearly a third; and to Missouri about one-half. Among distinguished commanders in the naval war of 1776 or later, the following were of Scottish birth or descent—John Paul Jones, Samuel Nicholson, Richard Dale, Alexander Murray, Charles Stewart, James Barron, John Rogers, sen., John Rogers, jun., Thomas M'Donough, Matthew Galbraith Perry, Oliver Hazard Perry, and Franklin Buchanan. The list of eminent Scotch-Irish or Scotch names among American Generals is too long to reproduce. No less memorable is the part that the Scotch-Irish race has played in American politics. To the Cabinets of Presidents the Scotch and Scotch-Irish have contributed eight Secretaries of State, to wit—Edward Livingston, Louis M'Lane, John Forsyth, John C. Calhoun, Jas. Buchanan, Jeremiah S. Black, James G. Blaine, and John Hay; eleven Secretaries of the Treasury, namely—Alexander Hamilton, George W. Campbell, Alexander J. Dallas, William H. Crawford, Louis M'Lane, Thomas Ewing, Thomas Corwin, James Guthrie, Howell Cobb, Salmon P. Chase and Hugh M'Culloch; twenty Secretaries of War—Henry Knox, James M'Henry, John Armstrong, James Monroe, William H. Crawford, George Graham, John C. Calhoun, James Barbour, Peter B. Porter, John Bell, James M. Porter, George W. Crawford, Jefferson Davis, Simon Cameron, H. S. Grant, James D. Cameron, George W. M'Crary, Alexander Ramsey, Robert Todd Lincoln, and Daniel S. Lamont; seven Secretaries of the Navy, Paul Hamilton, Thomas W. Gilmer, William A. Graham, John P. Kennedy, James C. Dobbin, George M. Robeson, and Nathan W. Goff; five Secretaries of the Interior, Thomas Ewing, Alexander H. H. Stuart, Robert M'Clelland, James Harlan, and Henry M. Teller; four Postmasters-General, John M'Lean, James Campbell, Montgomery Blair, and Frank Hatton; five Attorneys-General, Johun Breckenridge, Felix Grundy, Jeremiah S. Black, James

Speed, and John W. Griggs. Of Speakers of the House of Representatives ten have been of Scotch or Scotch-Irish descent, to wit: John Bell, James H Polk, Robert M. T. Hunter, Howell Cobb, James L. Orr, James G. Blaine, Michael C. Kerr, Samuel J. Randall, John G. Carlisle, and David B. Henderson. More than 89 members of the United States Senate have been of the same race.

In no department of American civil life, however, has the Scottish influence been more marked than in the judiciary. Of the fifty Judges of the United States Supreme Court from 1789 to 1882, no fewer than twenty-one were of Scottish descent—namely: Rutledge, Wilson, Blair, two Johnsons, Patterson, Moore, Livingston, Todd, Thompson, Trimble, M'Lean, Barbour, M'Kinley, Daniel, Nelson, Grier, Campbell, Miller, Davis, and Harlan. We add that Daniel Webster was not of English origin in the paternal line, but came of the Scotch-Irish settlers in New Hampshire.

Using the census of 1790 as a basis on which to apportion the population in 1775, Mr. Hanna estimates that the number of inhabitants of Scottish ancestry at the date last mentioned in the nine colonies south of New England—he thinks there were some twenty-five thousand in New England—was close to 385.000. These were distributed as follows: In New York, 25,000; in New Jersey, 25.000; in Pennsylvania, 100,000; in Delaware, 10.000; in Maryland, 30,000; in Virginia, 75,000; in North Carolina, 65,000; in South Carolina, 45,000; and in Georgia, 10,000. The estimate for Virginia seems low when one compares it with Jefferson's statement that in 1776 a majority of the inhabitants of the Old Dominion were Dissenters. At that time the term Dissenters included chiefly Presbyterians and Baptists. As one-fourth of the total white population of the State was in the upper country west of the mountains, and as that fourth was, almost to a man, of Scottish ancestry, it is, apparently, a safe conclusion that of the whole white population of Virginia, the Scotch-Irish comprised nearly a fourth. Williamson in his history of North Carolina says that the Scottish race was in the Revolutionary period the most numerous in the north-western part of that State, and Ramsey says they were more numerous than any other race in South Carolina. They then comprised nearly the whole of the population of Tennessee, which, at that time, was a part of North Carolina.

SONNET ON A SONNET.

A soft attire of gentle sound; the dress
Of passion mellowed down to sentiment,
And musing sadness. Breathings which express
The poet mind, half disarrayed and bent
On its bright inward mirror; there intent
On some one changeless, almost holy thought,
'Till the pure fire of fantasy, nigh spent,
Leave ere it parts a form of verse unsought—
A word-embodied zephyr—wildly caught
Upon the chords of Fancy. Even as they,
The breezes grow to hearing, and are wrought
To a wild murmuring music, when the gray
Sad twilight tints the west; if spirits finger
Play with invisible touch, and o'er the wind-harp linger.

Medical men all over the world are interested in the reports from Honolulu and Tahiti of successful results obtained in the treatment of leprosy from the active principle of the tua-tua shrub. The tua-tua's scientific name is Jatrapha go ssypifolia, and it comes from Venezuela. Nearly three years ago the Department of Agriculture sent 27 of the tua-tua plants to Dr. Carmichael, United States Marine Hospital Surgeon, then at Honolulu, but now here. The plants were set out in the experiment station grounds in Honolulu, where they flourished, waxed green, and produced many buds. With the plants come statements from Venezuela that leprosy had been successfully treated with the extract.

Old Irish Yeomanry Corps.

By J. EDWARD COOPER.

The authority recently issued to raise two regiments of Irish Yeomanry will probably lend some interest to a brief sketch of the Irish Yeomanry as they existed in earlier days. It is generally known that for a long time neither Yeomanry nor Volunteers have been maintained in Ireland, as it has always been considered that the existence of such corps would not be unattended by risk, owing to the unfortunate extent to which political feeling is so often carried in that country. The step just taken may, however, possibly be the first of many in the same direction.

The first appearance of the spirit of Volunteering apparently was manifested in 1760, when Thurot and a small band of Frenchmen landed at Carrickfergus and took the town. The people around Belfast flew to arms, and the assembly is thus described by Lord Charlemont: "They were drawn up in regular bodies, each with his own chosen officers, and formed in martial array; some few with old firelocks, but the greater number armed with what is called in Scotland the Loughaber axe, a scythe fixed longitudinally to the end of a long pole—a desperate weapon, and one of which they would have made desperate use. Thousands were assembled in a small circuit; but these thousands were so thoroughly impressed with the necessity of regularity, that the town was perfectly undisturbed by tumult, by riot, or even by drunkenness." The expedition ended by the re-embarkation of the greater part of the force; Flobert, and some few of the officers and men were left behind wounded.

The latter period of the eighteenth century saw Ireland in a very disturbed state. Although in 1782, chiefly through the efforts of Grattan, a legislative re-arrangement took place between Great Britain and Ireland, it proved of little or no advantage to the Irish peasantry. Rebellion was seething, outrages were common, and the Government was too weak to successfully cope with the seditious societies known as "Defenders," "White Boys," and the followers of "Captain Right." While matters were in this condition the news of the French Revolution spread over the country.

The line between the Protestants and the Catholics in Ireland, ever very distinct, became even more strongly marked; but, at the same time, there were signs of disunion amongst the Catholics themselves. Those of higher social rank were frequently not averse from a closer connection with England, and seeking the removal of their disabilities by Parliamentary measures, entrusted their interests to a central committee in Dublin. Schoolboys, less erudite than Lord Macaulay's, know how Lord Edward Fitzgerald met General Hoche, and arranged for a French invasion. As Mr. Gillman, vice-president of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society, writes in a most exhaustive contribution to the journal of that Association, "It then became absolutely necessary for Government to raise a trustworthy force, and this force was the Yeomanry, consisting mostly of Protestants, but containing a good admixture of the other religion also. Their numbers, being all volunteers, soon reached thirty-seven thousand throughout Ireland. Orangemen were strictly excluded by the Lord Lieutenant." There had previously existed a large number of independent companies. These independent corps were raised to meet the recurring threats of invasion, and the oldest regiment of the kind discovered by Mr. MacNevin, who compiled a "History of the Volunteers of 1782," was the Kilkenny Rangers, a cavalry corps, formed in 1777. They marched up to Dublin to attend some great reviews; but the Government of the day, while concealing its fear under the mask of gratitude for the services of the people, trembled at the possible action of an armed nation.

The inhabitants of Athlone, in August, 1796, offered to embody themselves for the defence and protection of their town and neighbourhood, and to oppose the "traitors who excited insurrection, in order to make the descent of an invading enemy more practicable, and to take advantage of the naked and defenceless state of the kingdom if the Regular troops were drawn off." In the following month the Government determined to "embody a certain number of cavalry and infantry in each county, to preserve the peace while the Army and Militia were engaged in protecting the coast against invasion." Amongst the regulations imposed by the Government were that every member should take the oath of allegiance to the King, should drill at specified times, and should, to the best of his ability, endeavour to suppress riot in his own and the adjacent barony. It was further stated that if any corps should volunterr to serve with the Regular troops, it should be under the Mutiny Act. Throughout the country corps of Yeomanry cavalry were largely raised. The majority of the members were drawn from the country gentlemen, who were frequently small landowners—a class proportionately far more numerous in Ireland, as in Scotland, than in England. The titles of some of these regiments are rather quaint. In MacNevin's History a list of the names of corps is given. Amongst them may be found the Aghavoe Loyals, the Tallow Blues, the Arran Phalanx, the Imokilly Blue Horse, the Kilcooly True Blues, the Castlecomer Hunters, the Glorious Memory Battalion, and the Independent Enniskilleners. Most of these regiments seemingly indulged in passably gorgeous uniforms. That of the Bandon Cavalry is thus described—"Dark olive green jacket, half lapelled, crimson velvet cuffs and collar, silver epaulettes"; that of the Doneraile Rangers Light Dragoons as "scarlet, faced green, edged white, gold epaulettes, yellow buttons, and helmets, green jackets, faced red." The Volunteer Cavalry, or Yeomanry, were formed in the country districts. Nearly all the Volunteer Infantry were raised in the larger cities.

As a representative example some details of the "Muskerry Legion of Yeomanry Cavalry" may now be given. The writer has selected the corps, as he believes it to be quite typical of most of the Irish Yeomanry regiments of the time.

In a letter dated from Dublin Castle, 10th September, 1803, the establishment of the First Troop was fixed as follows—1 permanent sergeant, 2 sergeants, 1 trumpeter or drummer, and 60 mounted men. Many of the troops, however, had been admitted long before the date of this authority from the Lord Lieutenant. As a result of the Government Proclamation in 1796, to which reference has already been made the following public advertisement was circulated—"The gentlemen of the baronies of East and West Muskerry are requested to meet at the Courthouse in Marcromp,* on Monday, October 24, inst., for the purpose of embodying themselves, under the sanction of the Government, to preserve the present tranquility of the country. October 17, 1796." The meeting was held. "Gentleman and farmers" of all denominations were present, and the following resolutions were passed—"That we will form ourselves into an armed corps of Cavalry, for the protection of persons and property in our baronies, under officers chosen from among

*Macroom, Co. Cork.

our body, and to be approved of by Government. That we will serve without pay and provide our own clothing; but we will receive arms, ammunition, and accoutrements from Government. That we will obey the orders of our officers, as long as we shall each of us chuse to continue members of the corps. That Augustus Warren, Esq., be appointed captain; Samuel Swete, Esq, lieutenant; and George Rye, Esq., Cornet." Portions of the Orderly Book of the First Troop are still preserved. The volume contains a list of the members and the dates of their enrolment, and a record of each day's work till February 24, 1806, when it abruptly ends. The duties the members were called upon to perform consisted chiefly in patrolling the country at night, bringing law-breakers to justice and carrying dispatches; they also underwent daily exercise in drill. When General Myers relinquished the command of the South-West District he addressed the Muskerry Legion and Yeomanry as follows:—"In leaving the important command of this district, I felt great satisfaction in conveying to the Yeomanry the high sense I entertain of their exertions, improvement, and discipline, actuated, as they have been, by the noblest of motives—the protection of their Sovereign and the defence of their country from foreign and internal enemies. In such a cause a corps of men so determined must be successful should the enemy attempt their shores. It is needless to call to their recollection that on this side of Heaven there is but one United Kingdom of liberty and independence. This is the trust committed to their charge; this is the motive which has called them to the field." The monthly inspection used to take place at Carrigadrohid. A letter dated June 1, 1805, ordering the parade is not without its humorous side. It runs:—"Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison's compliments to Captain Comt. Warren, and begs he will have the goodness to have the Muskerry Legion, under his command, under arms at Carrigadrohid, at 12 o'clock on Wednesday, the 12th of June, for his monthly inspection, and to fire three rounds of blank cartridge per man, which will be obtained in Cork by applying to the Adjutant-General." The exact date of the disbandment of the corps is not known. It is certain, however, that it was re-embodied in 1822, and the Orderly Book, headed "Orderly Book of the Muskerry Association," of this period is still preserved in the Warrens Court Family. In this volume are included the Orders and Regulations to be observed by the Musketry Association in Leemount Barracks; they are thus detailed: "Ordered—That a guard of two men be put on duty at ten o'clock every morning, and not be relieved until next morning. That they always appear in full uniform. That they do not, on any pretence whatever, go to bed or quit their guard, and that during the day one of the Guard be placed as centinel outside the hall door. That all arms be excluded from the mess room, except four carabines for the use of the guard. That no man leave the barrack either in the day time or night without permission of the commanding officer, and any member so absenting himself shall be fined half-a-crown. That all fines be paid to the Secretary, to be applied by him to the use of the Mess Fund. That the guard for night duty get their supper, one pint of beer and two glasses spirits to make punch, and that Corporal Gollock is ordered not on any account to exceed the above allowance." Regarding this last amusing and ambiguous order, the Vice-President of the Cork Historical Society, to whom allusion has before been made, remarks that "it appears not to imply an estoppel on the corporal personally.

The "Rules and regulations to be observed by the Mess of the Muskerry Association" indicate that the members made ample provision for both external and internal comfort. It was ruled that each member on coming into barracks deposited one guinea with the Secretary, and sent into barracks one gallon of whiskey, two cribs of turf, or one barrel of coal. In 1827 there are some entries relating to disputes between members, and a copy of a letter signed by over thirty members written to another member who was in trouble about a duel in which he had been engaged. The corps was disbanded in the same year. Stories are still told of the practical jokes and lively proceedings at night, in which, needless to say, the whiskey played a prominent part. Most of these anecdotes, however, can hardly be deemed profitable. During the agitation for the Repeal of the Union in 1843-1844, the corps was again called together by Sir Augustus Warren, but was never actually re-embodied.

OLD IRISH PROVERBS.

It is now asserted that the ancient kings, Brehons and Fileas of the Milesian Irish, were men of great intelligence and wisdom, and that the sayings of "Allamh-foahla," Fethil the Wise, Moran, and Cormac MacArt were so many terse lessons of human wisdom; but it may be information to the majority of the Irish public of the present day to state that many of our proverbs in present use are nearly paraphrases of the old Milesian sayings. Annexed we give a list of genuine Irish proverbs, principally translated, and literally from Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy, which will show the similarity between them and modern English proverbs:—

The rare jewel is the most beautiful.
A blind man is no judge of colours.
When the cat is out the mice dance.
When the old hag is in danger she must run.
Even a fool has luck.
A mouth of ivy, a heart of holly.
The historian's food is truth.
Fierceness is often hidden under beauty.
There is anger in a laugh.
Fame is more lasting than life.
A foolish word is folly.
The church that has no music is poor indeed.
Lay up in time.
Mild to the meek.
Cat after kind.
Force overcomes justice.
Hope consoles the persecuted.
The satiated forget the hungry.
Long sleep renders a child inert.
Hurry without haste.
Drunkenness is the brother of robbery.
Hope is the physician of every misery.
It is difficult to tame the proud.
Idleness is the desire of a fool.
Look before you leap.
Gold is light with a fool.
The end of a feast is better than the beginning of a quarrel.
A wren in the hand is better than a crane out of it.
He who is out, his supper cools.
The memory of an old child is long.
Everything is revealed by time.
A cat can look at a king.
Patience is the cure of an inveterate disease.
Learning is the desire of the wise.
Character is better than wealth.
Without treasure, without friends.
A hungry man is angry.
No man is wise at all times.
—Every dear article is woman's desire.
Wisdom exceeds strength.
Wine is sweet; to pay for it bitter.
Sleep is the image of death.
Enough is a feast.
Present good is better than past good.
Satire wounds a great character.
Death is the physician of the poor.
Every flatterer is not a friend.
There is no nobility without virtue.
Never too old to learn wisdom.
There is no one without fault.
Gold is the idol of the covetous.
The weather is bad which is not good for some person.
An ignorant king is a crowned ass.
Wisdom exceeds riches.
An empty vessel makes most noise.
Wine pours out the truth.
Sunshine follows rain.
From education comes conduct.
A good beginning is half the work.
Wine to-day; water to-morrow.

It will be seen from these literal translations the extent to which many commonly used English proverbs owe their origin to the ancient Irish.

TAKING OF THE EARL OF ORMONDE, APRIL 10, 1610.

The following account of the event depicted in the engraving on opposite page is from Leland's "History of Ireland" (Dublin, 1773):—

On the departure of Sir George Carew for his government of Munster, he was received at Kilkenny by the earl of Ormond, who informed him that he was the next morning to hold a parley with O'Moore, the principal rebel of Leinster; inviting him and the earl of Thomond, his companion, to attend the conference. They complied, advising the earl that his own troop of two hundred horse, joined by that of one hundred, which was in the president's train, should attend them as a guard. Ormond slightly answered that the precaution was unnecessary, and even commanded his own troop to halt within two miles of the appointed place of meeting, advancing only with seventeen armed men; while O'Moore awaited him with a complete band of pike-men, leaving his chief body, consisting of five hundred foot and twenty horse, in an adjacent wood, ready to rush out at his command. Carew, who disliked the situation of the place, the circumstances, and the behaviour of the enemy, pressed the earl of Ormond to retire: but after a long and fruitless conference with O'Moore, he demanded to speak with one Archer, a jesuit, noted as a great incendiary. While he was engaged with him, the rebel troop gradually advanced, surrounded his company, and at length seized the earl. Carew and Thomond spurred forward, and burst through them, so as to effect their escape with some danger and difficulty. Ormond remained their prisoner; nor could his troop be persuaded to attempt the rescue of their lord.

In Webb's "Compendium of Irish Biography," the following account is given of the career of the Earl of Ormond:—

Butler, Thomas, 10th Earl of Ormond, Earl of Ossory, surnamed the "Black Earl," born about 1532, was but fourteen at his father's death. He was brought up at the English court with Edward VI., who took delight in his company. Serving as a volunteer under the Duke of Somerset in Scotland, he distinguished himself by his bravery at the battle of Musselborough. In Queen Mary's reign he was made captain of a troop of horse, and gave distinguished proofs of fidelity and courage in the suppression of Wyatt's rebellion. In 1554 he entered into possession of his estates; and within the next three years more than once marched under the Lord Lieutenant against the Scots in Ulster. Soon afterwards he relieved the Earl of Thomond, besieged by the native septs at Bunratty. He stood high in the good graces of Queen Elizabeth, who made him Lord Treasurer, and added to his estates out of the confiscated church lands. In 1564 and 1565 Munster was wasted in conflicts between him and the Earl of Des-

TAKING OF THE EARL OF ORMONDE.



From an Ancient MS. in the Library of Trinity College.

mond. Ultimately Desmond and Sir John of Desmond were sent over to London and imprisoned; whereupon several of the southern chieftains, aided by the Earl of Ormond's brothers, Sir Edmund and Sir Pierce Butler, took the field against the Government. Ormond, in England at the time, was sent over to help to quell the insurrection. He landed at Waterford, 14th August, 1569, and hastened to join the Lord-Deputy at Limerick. There his two brothers submitted, and were pardoned. In consequence of the Desmond insurrection, he was, in 1578, made governor of Munster; and in 1580, in conjunction with Lord Justice Pelham, made an expedition into Desmond. Carrigfoyle, Askeaton, and other fortresses were taken, and their garrisons put to the sword. In 1581 the Baron of Lixnaw, one of Desmond's chief followers, submitted to the Earl of Ormond, who interceded for and obtained his pardon. In 1583 he obtained supplies of men, money, and ammunition from England, and made a determined effort to capture the Earl of Desmond, to this end carrying on a war of plunder and devastation in Munster. Within the space of a few months he cut off, of Desmond's party, "46 captains, 800 notorious traitors, and 4,000 common soldiers." Before long nearly all the great lords of the south submitted to him at Cork, and the Earl of Desmond was left a wanderer with but a few companions. It is much to Ormond's credit that he positively refused to accede to Burleigh's directions that he should disregard the protections he had accorded to the native chiefs. He wrote: "I will never use treachery to any man, for it will both touch Her Highness's honour and my own credit too much; and whosoever gave the Queen advice thus to write, is fitter to execute such base service than I am." The wars that desolated Munster were at length ended by the capture and death of the Earl of Desmond (11th November, 1583). In the ensuing confiscations, Ormond was given 3,000 acres in Tipperary and a "great tract of poor land" in Kerry—less than he considered his fair share after the part he had taken on the Queen's side in the war. In the operations against O'Neill, he commanded in different parts of the country. On 10th April, 1600, he accompanied Sir George Carew and the Earl of Thomond to a parley near Kilkenny with Owney O'More. The parley resolved itself into a skirmish. Ormond was taken prisoner—Sir George and Thomond escaping with difficulty. At the instance of O'Neill, the Earl was released in June, giving Owney hostages for the payment of £3,000, should he thereafter seek revenge for the treacherous injuries he had received. After Elizabeth's death, he was confirmed in his office of Lieutenant General by King James. He was blind the last twelve years of his life, and died at his house at Carrick, 22nd November, 1614, and was buried at St. Canice's. Carte styles him "a man of very great parts, admirable judgment, great experience, and a prodigious memory; . . . very comely and graceful, . . . of a black complexion, which gave occasion to the Queen (in her way of expressing kindness to such as she favoured) to call him her 'black husband.' This favour doubtless occasioned the undying hostility between him and the Earl of Leicester, whose ears he on one occasion boxed, and was therefor sent to the Tower. He repaired and beautified Kilkenny Castle, built an hospital at Kilkenny, and castles at Holycross and elsewhere. Thrice married, he left no heir. This Earl was a Protestant.

CHAUNT OF THE NEREIDS.

Egle:

We love the lonely shore,
The craggy rock and sandy reach,
The ocean's laugh or roar::
Or stealthy step upon the beach,
And the cry o'er the foam
That comes from sea-birds home,
But securely many a league away
On the shelving strand of some circling bay.

Pione:

Us do the Zephyrs love,
They court us on the heaving sea,
And tender seek to move
By sweet odors borne from that lea,
Where mild Nepenthe grows,
Entwining with the Rose—
Ah, no, ye Zephyrs! in Lemnian Isle,
Too well you learned the fickle lovers guile.

Eunice:

When'er the light winds rest,
When ev'ry wave doth silent bide
In ocean's glossy breast;
Softly we dance in compass wide,
Sport on the silvered flow,
Sport in chaste Cynthia's glow—
Now each motion gentle now fast the race,
As breathe we low voices, and words of grace.

Evagora:

The fierceness of the storm,
The quiv'ring lightnings sharp red glare
And keenly jagged form,
Silently gliding thro' the air;
Right joyously we court,
And mid the billows sport,
And gaily still do we dance ever more,
While the thunders roll and the tempests roar.

Agava:

It's a joy to our eye,
The flash of the billowy strife,
The spray leaping on high
Like with the glad being of life,
And a dearer joy to hear,
The sound of waters near,
And like the laugh of joy, or wail of grief,
The roar of the surf on the rocky reef.

Arethusa:

Right joyously we glide,
Ever the warring waves among,
And the billows we ride,
Chasing their sparkling crests along,
We wreathed with the vine,
That grows in ocean's brine;
And decked with feathers bright with glancing gloss,
Just dropped down white from wing of Albatross.

Eurydice:

Each air from the inland
Wafts incense from sweet sacrifice,
And altars on the strand;
And sailors gift so dainty nice,
For sailors bark we care,
And sailors bark we bear,
For sailors barque we care,
And sailors barque we bear,
To where he will, or port in Grecia's seas,
Or Tuscan harbour, safe from ev'ry breeze.

All:

The great ocean's our home,
And ne'er does its anger hurt us;
And the ocean we roam,
For the ocean fondly loves us,
And most kindly to bless,
With kiss and dear caress,
Soft and warm around us it leaps, it glances,
And gaily in purple and azure dances.

W.R.M.

OLD JERRY'S WEALTH.

By ETHEL GODDARD.

Old half-blind Jerry had begged all day; truly there were but few passers-by from whom the destitute might solicit alms, but the mendicant intention in old Jerry's case was nevertheless the same.

Darkness was falling over the long, dusty road by which he sat. Nobody had given him aught through that long, weary day, and he told himself bitterly that to trudge to the big town, distant two miles, in his present bankrupt state, would, indeed, be labour in vain; for Jerry had, in his fourscore years of experience, lost entirely his primitive faith in the charity of mankind. Sitting there by the dusty road, in the failing light, Jerry felt lonely, hungry, and cold; he longed exceedingly for a hot meal and a bed.

In his youth he had been somewhat socialistically inclined; had seen golden visions of the whole world living in artisans' dwellings, and having the same plain sufficiency of dinner; but those thoughts had never become materialised in Jerry's day, and he felt a bitter certainty that he should in the end go to a pauper's grave for lack of food.

The grating sound of approaching wheels smote on his ear, and Jerry stood up feebly, hat in hand, hoping against hope for the advent of charitable folk, blessed with small change. The car held a party of young fellows returning from a day's shooting. Jerry had usually found them quite unmerciful, but he tremblingly held out his hat all the same.

"A trifle, good young gentlemen; a trifle," he piped in his worn old voice, looking piteously at the four merry youths who were returning, he knew, to a good meal and the comforts of bed.

"Here, old boy!" cried one of the boys. "Here, catch!"

There was a glint of silver in the dust, a rapid whirl of cart wheels, and the happy crew disappeared, leaving old Jerry to search in the dust for the coin which meant bread and meat to him.

"It was just here," he muttered, peering with his dim old eyes at the white dust, but no coin was to be seen.

He knelt on the ground, clawing up the dust in handfuls, often tearing his crooked old hands against the stones of the road.

"Mother o' God," he muttered. "Mother o' God pray for me."

There he knelt, a piteous figure bowed to the ground, the darkness falling slowly round him, hiding his chance of food and lodging.

"Holy Mary, Mother o' God!"—the feeble, querulous voice sounded strange in the lonely place—"help me; I'm sturvin' with the hunger."

Black night came on as he clawed at the dust and prayed; the wind sighed, and the raindrops, longed for by the farmers, fell heavily. They sank through old Jerry's rags, and the wind ran playfully through the holes in his garments.

Till midnight he knelt, clawing, searching with the eye of faith, his face working convulsively. The big bell boomed over the lonely road; it was the bell of the town church—the town where he might have slept that night.

"Mother o' God," he sobbed. "Our Father who art—— Ah!"

His hand had touched a coin; he felt its kindly smoothening.

"Glory be——"

The voice broke, something gripped old Jerry's heart, and forward on the white road fell a lifeless mass—an old man with his wealth in his hand.

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

The fourth of these papers is in type, and will appear in next number.

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES

OF THE

CITY OF DUBLIN.

FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS:

Compiled from Authentick Memoirs, Offices of Record, Manufcript Collections, and other Unexceptionable Vouchers,

By THE LATE WALTER HARRIS, ESQ. WITH AN APPENDIX.

Chapter III.

Of the Ancient Walls, Castles, and Towers of the City of Dublin.

That the walls and fortifications about Dublin were raised by the Ostmen or Danes in the 9th century, is a point that admits of no controversy; historians are uniform upon this head, though none of them are so particular as to fix an area for the first erection. As it was the head and capital of their colonies in Leinster, from whence they issued out upon all occasions against their enemies, it is no way improbable but that they rendered it fit for defence and security soon after they first possessed it, which seems to have been about the year 838, when we are told (a) "that a fleet of sixty sail of those foreigners entered the river Liffey, and another of the same number possessed themselves of the mouth of the river Boyn at Drogheda." Ware (b), indeed, from the authority of some Irish histories, takes it for granted "that the Danes possessed themselves of the city of Dublin, and of the neighbouring territory called Fingal, before the year 851." He might have fixed that event to an earlier period; for it is manifest, from the annals of Ulster, "that in the year 843 Nuad Mac-Segene, a religious of Kil-Achad, suffered martyrdom from the Danes of Dublin, who also pillaged the church of Kil-Achad." As therefore we find them settled at Dublin in this last mentioned year, it is no way improbable that they possessed themselves of it five years earlier, when their great fleet first appeared in the mouth of the Liffey.

In the year 1000 the same people repaired (c) and fortified the city with new works, and five years after king Melaghlin marched to Dublin, and set fire to the suburbs; but the strength of the walls hindered him from making any impression on the city. An eye-witness (d) tells us, "that when Earl Strongbow first laid siege to Dublin in the year 1170, Miles de Cogan lodged close to the walls," and he mentions also St. Mary's-gate, on the east part of the city, and the south gate, and that the kerne were mounted on the walls. Cambrensis (e) who was contemporary with these actions, gives also the same account; from all which it is evident that the city was encompassed with walls before the arrival of the English; and it may be seen in a preceding chapter that in the writ sent by king John to the lord justice Fitz-Henry in 1204, for building the castle, he commanded him to compel the citizens to strengthen and repair the city walls, the fortifications about the city having then, it seems, gone in some measure to decay.

In the annals of Ireland published by Camden at the end of his Britannia, ascribed by some (a) to Philip Flatisbury, but by others (b), more truly, to Christopher Pembrige, it is said, "that the church of the dominicans (c) was in the year 1310 destroyed by the mayor and citizens of Dublin, when they expected to be besieged by Edward Bruce, and the stones converted to the building of the city walls, which were then enlarged on the north part above the Merchants-quay; for that formerly the walls ran by the church of St. Owen, where (proceeds Pembrige) we still see a tower beyond the gate, with another gate in the street where the taverns are," i.e., in Winetavern-street. From this description given by Pembrige, some judgment may be formed how the ancient walls of the city were carried, namely, from Winetavern-gate along the south side of Cook-street, till they joined Owen's-arch, which yet remains, and was a portal to the city, and from thence were continued north of Owen's church-yard to a castle called Fagan's-castle, in Page's-court, where was another portal, and from thence they extended to New-gate. Some remains of these ancient walls may be seen in a void plot of ground lying between Schoolhouse-lane and Owen's-arch; the residue of them being for the most part built on, and the traces and evidences thereof entirely changed, must be judged of by the description given by Pembrige before mentioned, which was given, if not by a contemporary witness, at least by one who wrote a very few years after. For that writer closes his annals with the year 1347, at which time he probably died; and we rather choose to follow his testimony than that of Richard Stanihurst (d), a writer of the sixteenth century, who inverts the order of the story, and would have the new wall erected at the time of Bruce's invasion to be the inner wall before described, "for that (says he) the citizens mistrusted that the walls that went along both the quays (i.e., the Merchants-quay and Wood-quay) should not have been of sufficient force to out-hold the enemy."

The walls of the city, including those of the castle, in their largest extent did not take up an Irish mile. We shall endeavour to trace them out, as far as the ruins of time and the penury of writers will suffer; and as some parts of them in several places are yet visible, we shall connect them together, partly by probable conjecture, and partly by such memoirs as have occurred.

From the North or Store-tower of the castle, formerly mentioned, the city wall was carried by the garden of Cork-house, which was anciently the church-yard of St. Mary les Dames, unto Dame's-gate, which stood upon the rising of Cork-hill, opposite to a small alley, called by some Scarlet-alley, and by some Salutation-alley. It is to be noted, by the way, that the street now called Cork-hill, is no ancient name of the place, but was affixed to it only in the last century, from a house erected there by the first earl of Cork, in which now is kept Lucas's coffee-house, the Old Exchange, and some other tenements inhabited by tradesmen. The proof of this particular may in some measure be collected from a grant of the ground on which those buildings stand, to the said earl of Cork, now to be seen in his majesty's Rolls-office, passed in the reign of king Charles I., though enrolled in the 28th of Charles II. among other grants made to that nobleman by queen Elizabeth, king James I., and king Charles I. The grant is "of one piece of land with the appurtenances, situate near the castle ditch of Dublin, late in the tenure of Jaques Wingfield, extending from the wall on the north part of the said castle, in breadth an hundred feet, and from the bridge of the said castle in length to the wall of the city of Dublin, adjoining to a certain tower of the said castle (which must be the store-tower) towards the east one hundred and fifty feet. Also the whole piece now or late void ground lying near the east and north wall of Dublin, extending from the castle called Fynan's-castle, and so near the wall, from the wall of the said city on the west, unto a garden late in the tenure of William Grace or Patrick Kelly, or one of them, and the orchard called Fagan's orchard, and so along by the mears of the said orchard unto the Hogg-lane on the east, and from the river Aneliffe on the north unto the walls of the said city, and the king's way called Dame-street, on the south and west, together with the ground, soil, and bottom, and other appurtenances of and in the limits aforesaid in the county of the city of Dublin. Also a tenement late covered with thatch, and two gardens adjoining, in the parish of St. Andrew's, without the Dame's-gate, within or near to the said city in the county of the city of Dublin, late parcel of St. Mary's-abbey near Dublin." We have given this part of the record at large, though it does not all properly

(a) Annal. four Mast. under, the year 838. Ware's Antiq. cap. 24.
(b) Ibid.
(c) Ware ibid.
(d) Hibernica, p. 10.
(e) Vaticinal Hist. of Irel. lib. I. cap. 17, 21.

(a) Stanihurst Descrip. cap. 7.
(b) Ware de Script. cap. 10, et 12.
(c) On the Inn's quay.
(d) Descrip. Hib. cap 3.

belong to the subject of the present chapter; yet we thought it necessary in regard it shows how much the city is increased in buildings and improvements, even since the reign of king Charles I., when gardens and void spaces of ground, and thatched houses were to be seen even within the narrow compass of the walls. To proceed:

Dame's-gate, anciently called the eastern gate, and St. Mary's-gate, and so mentioned by Maurice Regan, did not take its name from the mill-dam near it, as some have conjectured, but from the church of St. Mary les Dames, contiguous to it on the inside of the walls; and till the reformation (a) the image of the Virgin Mary stood in a nich of stone work over the gate; the pedestal and other footsteps whereof remained there till the gate itself was demolished within our own memory. From this gate the street called Dame's-street derives its name, extending in a line from east to west to Hoggin-green. This gate was built with towers castle-wise, and was armed with a port-cullis. It was one of the narrowest entrances into the city, and standing upon an ascent was, when business increased, and the town grew more populous, much thronged and encumbered with carriages; for remedy whereof the earl of Strafford attempted (b) to have the passage enlarged by throwing down a part of the city wall, and some houses adjoining thereto; but the neighbouring proprietors could not be prevailed on to yield their consents upon the terms proposed, and the project came to nothing. At this time the places, where now Crane-lane, Essex-street, the Custom-house, Temple-bar, and Fleet-street are built, were a strand and slough, and there was a small harbour near the foot of Dame's-gate, from whence archbishop Alan in 1534 (c) took boat, intending to fly to England to avoid the fury of Thomas Fitzgerald, who had that year broken out into rebellion, and was a great enemy to the archbishop (d). This slough was reclaimed, and the river embanked with quays in the reign of king Charles II. (e), and the council-chamber and other structures being built there, it was thought necessary by the government, in regard the incumbrances daily increased by the growth of trade, to make another aperture in the city wall, which was done in the government of Arthur, earl of Essex, in 1675, by demolishing Isods-tower, and in the room of it erecting a new gate, which then got the denomination of Essex-gate, as the new street leading from it, and the bridge soon after laid over the Liffey, were called Essex-street and Essex-bridge, in honour of that lord lieutenant. Mr. Humphry Jervis (who was afterwards knighted, and served in the office of lord mayor in 1681) was one of the sheriffs of the city when these works were undertaken, and promoted them with great zeal and activity, perhaps not without an eye to private interest, as he had a considerable leasehold estate on the north side of the river, and the event has shown that he was not mistaken in his reckoning. Essex-gate, at that time erected, has since been demolished.

The tower before mentioned under the name of Isod's-tower, together with Chapelizod, a village near the city (and the same may be said of Isod's-fort in the park) are reported by an historian (a) "to have taken their names from La-Beal-Isoud, or the fair Isoud, daughter to Anguish (I know not what), king of Ireland, and that the tower was a castle of pleasure for the kings to recreate themselves in." But perhaps it would be nearer the truth to conjecture that these places were so called from the surname of Isod, some of whom yet remain in the county of Kilkenny.

Between Dame's-gate and Isod's-tower stood another (b) tower (now covered with a private edifice).

From Isod's-tower the wall extended N.N.W. till it joined Newman's-tower, by some (c) called Buttevant's-tower on the banks of the river, a little west of the place where Essex-bridge now stands; and from thence at no great distance it was annexed to another tower anciently called (d) Cafe's-tower, but in latter times the Baker's-tower, the same having been long held as the Baker's-hall.

From Cafe's-tower westward on the walls of the city, at the end of Fishamble-street stood a castle, that in different ages bore two names, viz., Proudfort's-castle, and Fyan's-castle, possibly from some families of both those names, who either built or inhabited it. William Proudforte was a man of some figure in the reign of Edward III., and was appointed one of the commissioners (e) for levying a subsidy granted by the communities of the counties of Cork, Limerick, Tipperary, and Kerry, to Almarick de Sancto Amando, lord justice, for carrying on the war against the Irish enemies an. 1358. Three of the Fyan's bore (f) the high offices of the city in the 15th and 16th centuries. For John Fyan was mayor in 1472 and 1479. Thomas Fyan was one of the sheriffs in 1540, and Richard Fyan was mayor in 1549 and 1564. It must be submitted to conjecture, whether the Proudfort or the Fyans before mentioned gave their respective names to this castle, by the latter of which names it was called (g) in the year 1610, and by the former in 1678 (h), and was sometimes used as a state prison.

The Old Crane, a strong building, and for a time used as a custom-house, stood near the city walls between the Wood-quay and Merchant's-quay, at the end of Winetavern-street, but seems to have been more modern than the towers and castles before mentioned, and to have been erected for other purposes than defence. Part of this building remained till of late; and from thence the wall made in the time of Edward Bruce's attempt, stretched in a direct line along Merchant's-quay, till it joined the Bridge-gate, standing on the south side of the Old-bridge, which gave name to one of the most ancient streets in the city, called from thence Bridge-street, and afforded also another inlet into the city. This gate was not coeval with the bridge, which was built in the reign of king John, but was erected in the year 1316 against Bruce's attempt. It was placed between two turrets, furnished with a port-cullis, and ornamented with a public clock (a) for regulating the motions of market people homewards, which was set up in the year 1573, and seems to have been done from observations made on the conveniences which three public clocks (b) set up in the year 1560 by Q. Elizabeth, afforded the citizens; namely, one at the castle, one in the city, and a third at St. Patrick's church. This gate, having through age suffered great decays, was repaired (c) at considerable expense by that glorious queen; and at the same time her royal arms were erected at the north side thereof, fronting Oxmantown, and an inscription fixed thereon bearing date MDXCVIII.

From this gate the wall was continued on the west side of Bridge-street to another gate which stood between the south end of the said street and the lower end of New-row, near a place called by Stanihurst (d) the Cucull or Cuckold's-post. This gate supported (e) with an arch a castle without turrets, and hath passed under three several names. Some (f) have called it Gormund-gate, from one Gormund, a Dane, who they suppose was the builder of it, and others (g) from Gormund, a Danish saint. But neither of these hypothesis can be well supported; since the gate gave an entrance into the city, through that part of the wall which was built in 1316 (h) during the invasion of Edward Bruce, long after the extinction of the Danish power here. Others, with more probability, have called it Ormond, or Urmond-gate; and this also is a conjecture of Stani-

(a) MS. of Robert Ware

(b) Ibid.

(c) Waræi Annal regn. Hen. VIII. ad an 1534. Hooker in Hollingsh. p 82.

(d) He was driven on shore by contrary winds near Clontarf, from whence he went to a village called Artain to conceal himself for a time, but was discovered by his enemies, and the next morning dragged from his bed and most inhumanly murdered.

(e) MS. Rob. Ware ut supra.

(a) Stanihurst ibid. p. 23.

(b) Demolished in 1763, when Parliament street was opened, in the middle of which it stood.

(c) Robert Ware, MS.

(d) It stood at the foot of Essex bridge, and the remains of the foundation were taken away when that bridge was re-edified.

(e) Rot. Tur. Birm. 32 Edw. III. No. 8.

(f) List of the mayors and sheriffs of Dublin.

(g) Plan of Dublin annexed to this work, taken 1610.

(h) Robert Ware, MS.

(a) Robert Ware, MS. ut supra.

(b) Annal. Q Eliz. Engl. imputed to Sir James Ware under the year 1560.

(c) Ms. ut supra.

(d) Description of Ireland, p. 22.

(e) R. Ware, ut supra.

(f) Stanihurst ut supra.

(g) R. Ware.

(h) Anno 1316 the city walls on the north ran close by St Owen's church and Winetavern street; in which places were two gates (described in Camden's Irish Annals), and by the stones of St Saviours, the friers predicants church; the Mayor and citizens enlarged and built a new wall to the city from Newgate (from thence so called) to Ormond's-gate, which stood at the foot of King John's bridge.

hurst (a), who adds that it took the name from some earl of Ormond, who issued out of it and defeated a body of Irish who were approaching to assault the city, and that in memory of the action, the gate was from thence so called; and this indeed seems to be countenanced by the name which the place at this day bears, being called in Irish "Geata na Eorlagh," or the Earls-gate. The place where it stood is now called Wormwood-gate. From Ormond-gate the wall stretched up a steep hill to Newgate; but between both stood a square tower within the verge of the marshalsea of the four courts, commonly called the Black-dog (b), from the sign of a Talbot there hung up. This tower was till towards the end of the 17th century called Brown's-castle, not in regard of any ancient founder, but of a later proprietor, Sir Richard Browne, who kept his mayoralty therein in the years 1614, 1615, and 1620. Newgate was anciently, and still is, made use of for the custody of the worst sort of criminals. It was built in a square form, and had a tower at each corner; but upon the reparation of it in the time of the usurpation (c), the two towers that looked towards the city were taken down, the other two next to Cut-purse-row are still remaining. It has been repaired and altered not many years since, and a commodious passage for foot people laid out on the south side of it. Whether it was called Newgate, as being the last built of the city gates, or from Newgate in London, must be left uncertain; but it appears from undoubted records to have borne that name upwards of five hundred years, of which the foundation charter of the hospital of St. John without Newgate, made by Alured le Palmer about the year 1188, and the confirmation thereof by Pope Clement III., are pregnant evidences. It appears also by a record (d) in the tower of London, that one Daniel, prior of the hospital of St. John without Newgate, obtained the royal assent to the bishopric of Emly on the 8th of April, 1233; though the see being at that time filled by one Christian, Daniel came short of his expectation. Among the plea-rolls in Birmingham-tower (e) there is an instance also that comes near the point, where Walter, prior of St. John's without Newgate, recovered by fine against Richard Bretnagh, the lands of Coulkoyl in the county of Limerick, before the justices itinerant at Limerick in trinity term, 35 Hen. III., i.e., 1251.

A good part of the old walls of the city is to be seen at the Market that nearly adjoins to Newgate.

From Newgate the wall was carried S.E. along the rere of Back-lane to another aperture in St. Nicholas-gate, and in this extension supported three towers, the first of which was called the watch-tower (f), placed near Newgate, where ordinarily a centry stood heretofore to guard the prisoners therein confined, from which circumstance it got its name. The second tower was in shape octangular, but was usually called the Hanging-tower, from a propension or leaning posture it had towards the suburbs. The third of these towers stood between the Hanging-tower and St. Nicholas's-gate, and was called sometimes the Round-tower, from its figure, and sometimes St. Francis's-tower, from its position opposite to the garden of the Franciscan friary, which is now all covered with buildings.

From St. Nicholas gate the bounds of the city began to be contracted, and the walls were carried N.E. at the back of a mill-race in Bride's-alley, where a proportion of them is yet to be seen on the south side of Ross-lane, till they extended to another opening at Pole-gate, or rather Pool-gate, from a confluence of water which settled in this hollow, and was often troublesome to passengers, till a bridge was thrown over it, which was repaired (a) by Nicholas Stanihurst about the year 1544. In latter times this gate has been called St. Werburgh's-gate, in regard to its situation at the south end of a street of that name, dividing the same from Bride's-street or St. Bridget's-street. In equal distance between Nicholas-gate and Pole-gate stood anciently a tower called Geneville's-tower (b), near adjoining to a building called after the tower, Geneville's-inn, both which are supposed to have borrowed their names from Sir Henry Geneville, whose property they were, and whose wife, Maud Lacy, died in Dublin in the year 1302.

From Pole-gate the wall proceeded in pretty near a straight line till it terminated with the castle at Birmingham-tower, a little beyond a small tower which stood on the city wall, in the room of which was afterwards erected (c) a little building projecting out of Hoey's-alley; and here a good part of the city wall is yet to be seen. Anciently there was a small gate hereabouts, that gave an entrance into the city from Sheep-street to Castle-street, called St. Austin's-gate, not (as some have imagined) (d) as it opened a passage to a monastery of Augustin-friars, which, to support their notion, they mistakingly place in Castle-street. For that religious house did not lie within the city, but without the walls northward of Dame's-street, almost opposite to the end of George's-lane, where some footsteps of the ruins of it were lately to be seen at the bottom of Crow-street; and it appears also by a fiat (e) in the Rolls-office, that the site and possessions of this friary lying near the city, were granted to Walter Tyrrel to hold in fee by knight's service, and six shillings and a penny rent; the heirs of which Tyrrel assigned them to Nicholas Viscount Netterville, by whom they were assigned to William Crow, whose family (for what we know) enjoy them to this day. But this gate took the name of Austin's gate, either as it was dedicated to that saint, or, as it afforded a passage to the friars of that order to attend the citizens in their nightly confessions and other duties, when the principal gates of the city were kept close shut and guarded. Before the building of the castle, the wall of the city ran up short of the same, and to the west of it, until it joined Dame's-gate; and much of the foundation of the old walls has been from time to time discovered in digging the earth for laying the foundations of buildings in that tract.

Having thus surrounded the city, and traced the ancient fortifications of it, we shall close the account with an act of parliament (a) passed in the 14th year of king Edward IV., wherein it is recited "That king Henry VI. had on the 6th of February in the 33rd year of his reign granted to four citizens of Dublin six pounds out of the fee farm rent of the city for forty years for the reparation of the walls and gates thereof, and that king Edward IV. on the 23rd of June in the 4th year of his reign, had granted to four other citizens twenty marks for forty years out of the said fee farm for the same purposes, and all the said citizens being dead, it was enacted that the mayor, bailiffs, and citizens should have and retain annually in their hands the said six pounds, and twenty marks during the remaining years, to be employed on the walls and gates of the city. Provided the said act be not prejudicial to Thomas Kelly, prior of the dominicans of Dublin, as to ten marks granted to him for life out of the said fee farm."

(To be Continued.)

(a) Rot. Canc. 14 Edw. IV.

(a) R. Ware.
(b) R. Ware.
(c) Ibid
(d) Pat 22 Hen.
(e) Rot. fin. Berm. tur de an. 35 Hen. III.
(f) MS. ut supra.

(a) R Stanishurst's Description of Ireland in Holingshed, p. 23.
(d) R. W. ut supra.
(c) Ibid.
(a) R. W. ut supra.
(e) An. 34 Hen. VIII, July 10.

IN COUNTRY LANES.

O Country lanes, white-starred with bloom,
Where wild things nestle, shy and sweet,
Where all your waving grasses laugh
And part before my eager feet—

Could I forever dwell with you,
Letting the mad old world rush by,
And just be glad of wind and sun,
Of rocking nest and brooding sky!

How often, in the crowded streets,
I dream of you, sweet country lane,
And feel once more your soft breeze soothe
My sordid breast and weary brain.

Ever above the city's din,
Above the clink of yellow gold,
I hear a wild bird's ringing call,
I catch the scent of leaf-strewn mold.

Your grasses kiss my fevered cheek,
Your hawthorn drops her scented rain,
I am a child again and dream
That Heaven bides here, O flower-starred lane!

A law for the pensioning of superannuated and indigent citizens has been in operation in Denmark ever since 1891. After a 10 years' trial the people have become so favourably impressed by its results that a general demand has been made on the Government for additional legislation along the same line. The amendment of the law is one of the most important tasks of the Rigsdag now in session. The present law is based on the principle that every person who has reached the age of 60 and finds himself unable to earn a livelihood for himself and those dependent on him is entitled to public support without being regarded as an object of public charity or suffering disfranchisement.

LITERARY NOTES.

Charles Scribner's Sons will publish shortly "Music in the History of the Western Church," with an introduction on religious music among primitive and ancient peoples, by Prof. Edward Dickenson, of Oberlin College.

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"The Life of St. Patrick," by Muirchu Maccu Mactheni, translated and edited by Rev. Albert Barry, C.SS.R., has now reached a second edition. The language of the translation is very faithful to the original, and Father Barry is to be congratulated on the result of his labours. The publishers are Messrs. Gill and Son, and the price is 1s.

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Messrs. Isbister and Co. have acquired the right of publishing, in England and the British Colonies, Miss Stone's story of her experiences as a captive in the hands of the brigands. Miss Stone's narrative is to be published in the "Sunday Magazine," a popular periodical, which was remodelled and considerably enlarged at the beginning of the year. Miss Stone will contribute probably five articles, the first of which will appear in the May number. About the end of next September the articles, with a good deal of additional matter, will be issued in volume form by the same publishers. Both the magazine contributions and the volume will be illustrated.

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Monday, 7th inst., was the anniversary of the birth of William Wordsworth. The poet was born at Cockermouth. His mother died when he was five, and his father while he was at school. After school he went to St. John's College, Cambridge, and while there, or rather while walking in France and Switzerland during his last vacation, he conceived the idea of becoming the poet of nature. He was afterwards in danger of relapsing into imitations and tragedies, but was discovered by Coleridge. This was in June, 1797. Together he and Coleridge published the Lyrical Ballads, the latter contributing "The Ancient Mariner," the former "We are Seven," and many others. Thence onward he wrote copiously, but with curious unevenness, till his death in 1850. He was the immediate predecessor of Tennyson in the Poet Laureateship. It has been said that he wrote some of the best, and also some of the worst, poems ever published, but this doubtless was rhetorical exaggeration.

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Longfellow is evidently held in high esteem by the French educational authorities. They have selected nine of his poems, including "The Village Blacksmith" and "A Psalm of Life," in which the candidates for the diploma essential for an appointment as professor of English in normal and high-class schools will be examined during the next three years. The other works chosen are selections from Aikin and Barbauld's "Evenings at Home," and Miss Corner's "Every Child's History of England," and Wordsworth's "Michael." The diploma for second-class schools requires examination in Mrs. Browning's "Four Georges," Macaulay's Essays on Milton and Warren Hastings, and Pinero's "The Princess and the Butterfly." This is the outcome of a movement for the exclusive teaching of foreign languages in French schools by Frenchmen or persons willing to be naturalised.

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The American publishers, A. C. McClurg and Co., have gathered a pretty nosegay of "Right Reading: Words of Good Counsel," drawn from the ten authorities—Sir A. Helps, Carlyle, I. Disraeli, Emerson, Schopenhauer, Ruskin, J. C. Hare, Morley, Lowell, and Frederic Harrison. These names are an assurance of good reading, and something in so much advice will leave a profitable mark upon the mind of almost any one. Pithy and plausible as Emerson is (the passage is from his "Society and Solitude"), what protest might be raised—must be raised—to each of his "three practical rules," viz., "Never read any book that is not a year old; never read any but famed books; never read any but what you like." "For instance," says John Morley, on a later page, "it is a mistake to think that every book that has a great name in the history of books or of thought is worth reading. Some of the most famous books are least worth reading. Their fame was due to their doing something that needed in their day to be done."

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The Linguistic Survey of India has been mainly occupied during the past year on the languages of Assam, Eastern Bengal, and Upper Burmah. "Grammars and vocabularies have been prepared, and specimens edited, of some ninety languages, of most of which little but the names have hitherto been known." Among the new dialects unearthed is one in which conjugation is partly carried out by infixes instead of by the customary prefixes. The results of the survey strongly corroborate the theory, maintained by Dr. Hoernle, of a second Aryan invasion of India, the language of the newcomers being the "main parent of the classical Sanskrit." The extraordinarily complex character of the linguistic condition of the country is revealed by the fact that the list of the known dialects of India, compiled for the purposes of the Survey, contains 721 entries.

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"The Rambler" is, says the "Academy," coming after all into the twentieth century. We are agreeably informed by the present wearer of the Mantle, that "after nine months of private circulation 'The Rambler' will make his bow upon the book-stalls. The paper will be enlarged to sixteen pages, will contain some surprising illustrations, and will be sold for the modest price of 6d." Already—we fancy—the following conversation is borne to us on an asphodel-laden breeze:—

Boswell.—Will you, sir, permit "The Rambler" to be laid on counters and be cried like Mackerel?

Johnson (vehemently).—Sir, I know not why the Lucubrations of the Closet should fear the Manipulations of the Mart, or why that which I write in secret for the Publick Advantage should not be vociferated for my own.

Boswell.—But, sir, are you not over bold to increase the Cost?

Johnson.—Why, no, sir. How shall this inflation of Expense alarm the Town when it is perceived that to Reflections which instruct the Heart are added Delineations which surprise the Vision? Sir, when a man is surprised he is happy, and Happiness is worth Sixpence. Now, sir, if this were in Edinborough you might talk.

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Mrs. Craigie's recent address before the O. P. Club in the Grand Hall of the Criterion on "The Act of Composing Dialogue," was (the "Academy" remarks), a well-thought-out deliverance on a subject of great interest to playwrights and play-goers. Mrs. Craigie laid it down that dramatic dialogue is a symbol of real conversation, not a verbatim report. It may seem natural, but it cannot be so. It must be true to feeling, but it need not be faithful to colloquialism. Granted these facts, there are, Mrs. Craigie considers, seven ways or more in which the dramatist may meet his task. Each has been, and will again be, in fashion. The seven ways are:—

The Rhetorical,
The Sentimental,
The Romantic,
The Mathematical,
The Epigrammatic,
The Impressionist,
The Ironic.

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Although the year 1909 is still far distant, two of the leading universities of Germany are preparing to celebrate centennial anniversaries on an extensive scale at that time. These are Berlin, which, the youngest of the universities of the Fatherland with the exception of Bonn, will be one hundred years old, and Leipzig, which, the oldest with the sole exception of Heidelberg, will have passed its semi-millennial milestone. Both had interesting beginnings. Berlin being the child of hope in the darkest days of the Napoleonic era; and Leipzig, in 1409, the result of the emigration of two thousand German students from Prague, on account of difficulties with the Bohemian section of the institution in that city. In Berlin a special committee has been appointed, with representatives from all the four faculties, with the understanding that their chief work shall be the preparation of a history of the University, and the Leipzig budget for 1902 and 1903 sets aside a good sum for the coming jubilee. In reality, the University of Halle might celebrate its fourth centennial during the current twelvemonth, as the University of Wittenberg, of which the Halle institution is the continuation, was founded in 1502. However, no special celebration is contemplated.

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The admirers of the poet Longfellow paid the customary tribute to his memory recently on the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of his death, by placing two wreaths at the foot of his bust in Westminster Abbey. One of the wreaths was inscribed "From Americans in London," and the other "From some English admirers of an American poet." Close by was a wreath placed there a month ago, on the anniversary of the poet's birth, by a Mrs. Fellowes. Longfellow has become so consecrated by time that to many of the rising generation it may seem more than a score years since he joined the mighty ones whose

footsteps echo
Down the corridors of Time.

Critics do not place him in the front rank; some might refuse to him the attribution of genius. But he will ever be a standard poet, beloved of the many who like a poet who keeps to the beaten track, whose meaning is not too metaphysical.

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Having named these styles of dialogue, Mrs. Craigie proceeded to define each. Her remarks on the epigrammatic school of dialogue have a too special interest to be omitted. We quote from the "Stage":—

A comedy must in the nature of things be either sentimental or romantic, or satirical, and although we have had some brilliant examples of satire in English dramatic literature, both in the past and the present, it is not so national a gift as sentimentality. English people of this generation are not satirists. Their view of life is for the most part serious and kind. Satire really seems to wound them as it does not wound audiences elsewhere. I don't know why this should be the case, but it is so. And authors sometimes find themselves attacked for presenting studies of humanity which are not violently sympathetic nor especially flattering to the race. So pronounced is this antagonism to satire that it is not the custom in England to criticise any presentation of character apart from its amiability. The drawing may be masterly, but if the personage presented is not pleasing the author's work is dismissed as something unworthy of consideration. Now this brings me to the style which has been called epigrammatic, almost as a term of reproach. I believe I have traced this present dislike of the epigram to an idea that it comes from France, and represents a Continental rather than an English habit of thought. But the truth is that the greatest of epigrammatists have been Englishmen. The old English comedies, beyond any question, are the most epigrammatic productions in any language. Congreve has written more epigrams than all the French dramatic authors put together, and it is well known that Voltaire himself came to England in order to see the man who could write with such unsurpassed and dazzling brilliancy of phrase. Congreve was not a financial success, and the greatest comedy of manners in the English language was a failure because no audience could possibly think so quickly as that phenomenal genius. He condensed whole chapters of psychology into one paradox, whole family histories into one pithy speech. It makes marvellous reading, but I am afraid we must all call it a very difficult play. But the old comedy writers must not be judged by Congreve only. Wycherle, Farquhar, Vanbrugh, Sheridan, and Goldsmith were all masters of the epigrammatic manner. I don't place that school above the sentimental school, or below it. I merely wish to point out that it is purely English.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

Professor Alexander Agassiz is in charge of an expedition to the Maldive Islands in the Indian Ocean which has recently been sent from the Agassiz Museum at Harvard. Professor Agassiz fitted out the expedition, and is assisted by W. McM. Woodworth. They expect to find rare and beautiful coral formations, and will gather as exhaustive a collection as possible. A steamer was chartered at Colombo, Ceylon, from the British India Company, to transport the expedition to the southern part of the Indian Ocean, where the Maldive Islands lie. The islands of the Indian Ocean are the only group remaining which Mr. Agassiz has not examined in his explorations for the study of coral. The islands are remote and unfrequented, and it is expected that the expedition will prove fruitful. The work will occupy about two months.

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Leather, even when soft, does not present itself to the mind as a particularly good filtering medium; indeed, it might seem just the reverse, so one must commend Mr. W. G. Stratton for noting his experience with it in the "Chemist and Druggist." The so-called chamois skin is there recommended as an excellent medium for the clarification of thick liquids. The leather is to be well rinsed in cold water, he says, and after being wrung to express the excess of moisture it should be affixed to the top of the funnel so as not to hang down very deeply. Small clothes-line pegs are useful for this purpose. Immediately after use, the chamois should be well washed and carefully dried. The same piece may thus be kept serviceable for a large number of filtrations.

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The Chinese language is derived from 214 root-words, which expend into the 4,000 or 5,000 words of daily use, and the thirty-odd thousand of the dictionary. It requires 11,000 spaces to hold a font of Chinese type. The large cases, or false partitions, are ranged about the room and divided into spaces for each individual type, each a word complete in itself. A Chinese printer, it is estimated, can arrange 4,000 characters a day. The work has been carefully systematised, and the characters are arranged according to their formation. A simple character designates its group, and the elaboration of form is the elaboration of its meaning, as our terminations and prefixes elaborate the root. A division is devoted to the simple character that stands for "wood," and all of its amplifications. In this space or column are to be found "bix," "bed," "plum tree," and so on, through a long list of objects pertaining to, or made of wood. Should an unusual word be needed type is cut and delicately patched to make the required character. Comparing our combinations of twenty-six letters and ten figures, besides common symbols, an idea of the labour of a Chinese compositor can be formed.

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In a reply to a letter asking the cause of autumn haze, the Chief of the United States Weather Bureau recently prepared a letter, part of which is quoted in what follows—The dry haze is undoubtedly due to fine particles of dust. The finest dust is composed of one or all of the following substances—namely, fine particles of soil or the dead leaves of plants, smoke or ashes from wood fires, salt from ocean spray, the shells or scales of microscopic silicious diatoms, germs of fungi, spores of ferns, pollen of flowers, etc. In the still air of the damp nights these dust particles settle slowly down, and the morning air is comparatively clear. During the daylight the sun warms the soil, which heats the adjacent air, and the rising air currents carry up the dust as high as they go. Under certain conditions which are named in the letter the layer of dust reaches higher and higher every successive day. During long, dry summers in India it reaches to 7,000 feet with a well-defined upper surface that is higher in the daytime than at nightime. This is a general explanation of dry haze weather, and applies to Indian summer also. The reason why there is such weather in the autumn is because there is less horizontal wind and less rising air.

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It is difficult to realise that the art of perforating paper was unknown fifty years ago. Prior to 1854 postage stamps were issued in sheets, the purchaser having to cut them up in the way he found most convenient. In 1848 an Irishman named Archer introduced a machine for cutting small slits round each stamp. This was tried by the English postal authorities, but for some unexplained reason it did not work to their satisfaction, and, notwithstanding that Archer went to great trouble and expense in altering the machine so as to meet the objections, it was refused by the Government. Archer then constructed an entirely new machine which cut out circular holes. He received sufficient encouragement to induce him to still improve his invention, when, in 1851, after three years' continual labour, the Treasury proposed to buy the patent rights for £100. This parsimonious offer was, of course refused, as Archer had spent considerably more than this on his various experimental machines. Eventually the matter was placed before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, and the pertinacious inventor was awarded £4,000, which, considering his apparatus in a few years saved the Government many thousands of pounds, was not excessive.

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The machine with which the Brothers Morley, in the latter years of the eighteenth century, made their enormous fortune was the stocking loom, invented three generations earlier by the Rev. William Lee, a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, England. Lee's life-story is full of sadness. According to one account Lee, falling in love with and marrying an inn-keeper's daughter, lost his Fellowship, and was consequently reduced to extreme poverty. The wife knitted stockings for a living, and the husband, sitting by her side as she worked, watched the intricate movements of her hands, and was thereby led to speculate on the possibility of constructing a machine that would do the work more expeditiously. Lee came to grief, because his machine was believed to be a device for throwing people out of employment. He went ultimately to France, where he died poor and friendless, a disappointed man. Many years afterward English legislators so appreciated the value of the stocking loom that they prohibited its exportation; and so jealous was Parliament of foreign competition that it seems to have been doubtful, even as late as the middle of the eighteenth century, whether it was lawful even to publish a technical description of the apparatus. When the frame was introduced it completely revolutionised the stocking trade, producing fifteen hundred loops per minute as against the hundred loops in skilled hand-knitting.

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Mr. Ralph Noble, the electrical engineer of the Morgan-Gardner Electric Company, of Chicago, has invented a special electrical coal-cutting machine to suit the peculiar "longwall" system of mining practised in the English coal mines. The object of this particular machine is to undercut the coal. The first work of the miner is to cut under the seam so that it can be blown down. It is hard and wasteful work. As the miner must cut in some distance up the seam, a certain amount of coal is turned into slack by working upon it. The Morgan-Gardner electric machine undercuts to a depth of 6 feet a space of 4½ inches in height, and 3 feet 9 inches wide, without any waste whatever. The machine skids back automatically when it has cut its full length, and is reset for the next section in less than a minute. It cuts 242 square feet in an hour, doing the work of fifteen men. After a section is cut in this way holes are bored by electric drills and the coal blown down. Such machines can only be used when the "pillar and stall" system of mining is carried on. The new machine invented by Mr. Noble for use in England undercuts the face of the coal when the seam is sixty or seventy yards wide, after the manner of a reaping machine. It costs from £300 to £400. The machine is also used for cutting roadways, and in one of the English mines in which it has been installed it is at present used in cutting out a band between two seams of coal, which otherwise could not be moved without great waste. The use of the machine involves a saving of from 6d. to 1s. 6d. per ton of coal mined, according to the thickness of the seams. It thus enables many mines with small means, which are now disused, to be worked at a profit.

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The decision which was handed down in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals on March 10, by Judge Wallace, probably marks the termination of a bitter strife that has been waged by Mr. Thomas A. Edison with rival makers of moving picture apparatus. Mr. Edison was one of the first to secure patents on a chrono-photographic apparatus. When other manufacturers of similar devices entered the field, a series of legal battles began, in which Mr. Edison uniformly triumphed. For years he has received royalties from companies which are said to amount to many thousands a year. The last alleged infringer of the Edison patents to be attacked was the American Mutoscope Company. A decision was first rendered in favour of Mr. Edison in the United States Circuit Court. But the opinion now handed down by Judge Wallace on appeal reverses the decision of the lower Court, and declares not only that the American Mutoscope Company has not infringed the Edison patent, but even that Edison invented no new combination worthy of a patent. What Edison claimed was the use of a continuous film upon which the moving object was photographed. In order to refute the claims of Edison to priority of invention, the Court dwell long and learnedly on the history of chronophotography, and pointed out that as far back as 1864 a Frenchman named Du Cos had invented a moving picture machine very much like Edison's. A similar apparatus was patented in America in 1866 by Le Prince. The Court said—"It is obvious that Mr. Edison was not the pioneer in the large sense of the term, or the more limited sense in which he would have been if he had also invented the film. He was not the inventor of the film. He was not the first inventor of apparatus capable of producing single negatives taken from practically a single point of view in single line sequence upon a film like his, and embodying the same general means of rotating drums and shutters for bringing the sensitised surface across the lens and exposing successive portions of it in rapid succession. Du Cos anticipated him in this, notwithstanding he did not use the film. Neither was he the first inventor of apparatus capable of producing suitable negatives and embodying means for passing a sensitised surface across a single lens camera at a high rate of speed and with an intermittent motion, and for exposing successive portions of the surface during the periods of rest. The predecessors of Edison invented apparatus; no new principle was to be discovered, and essentially no new form of machine invented in order to make the improved photographic materials available for that purpose. The early inventors had felt the need of such material, but in the absence of its supply had either contented themselves with such measure of practical success as was possible or had allowed their plans to remain on paper. Undoubtedly, Mr. Edison, by utilising this film (not, however, his invention), and perfecting the first apparatus for using it, met the conditions necessary for commercial success. This, however, did not entitle him under the patent laws to a monopoly of all camera apparatus capable of using the film."

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

From the Dublin Newspapers of 1793.

MAY 9.—

The Privy Council sat at the Castle to take into consideration the depressed state of public credit, and to resolve upon salutary measures for its revival.

The Council was very full, and attended by all the Privy Councillors at present in town.

Mr. Cope, Mr. Binns, Mr. Jaffray, and several other respectable merchants, were examined before the Council relative to the present stagnation of public credit.

In consequence of their information, we understand that £700,000 will be appropriated to the laudable purpose of having the honest and industrious man, whose circumstances will admit of giving good security, from being ruined by temporary distrust.

MAY 28.—The following young gentlemen were elected by the Provost and Senior Fellows scholars of the house of Trinity College:—Edward Ryan, Michael Murphy, John Ewing, Robert Wray, Edward Chichester, Henry Wray, Arthur Henry Kenny, William Colles, Christopher James, Robert Torrens, William Henry Ellis, Thomas Meredith, Robert Hogan, Edward Blake, Hugh George Macklin, and Bartholomew Dungan.

Sunday last, being the name day of Trinity College, was observed as a high festival in our university. A very elegant dinner, in which every delicacy of the season was introduced, was given in the College Hall to a number of gentlemen, at which the Rev. Dr. Hall, Bursar of the College, presided; and in the evening, according to annual custom, grand cathedral service was performed in the chapel, in a very capital style, and with excellent effect. their choir evidently exerting their best abilities, and the masterly finger of Dr. Doyle on the organ being eminently distinguishable.

After which, a commemoration of the several benefactors of the University was delivered from the pulpit by the Rev. Mr. Usher, Junior Dean of the College, with much spirit and propriety.

Letters received in town yesterday from Enniskillen state that a recontre took place in that quarter on Tuesday, between a party of rioters, amounting to some thousands, assembled to oppose the magistrates of the county in carrying into effect the Militia Act, and a party of Dragoons, in which seven of the former were killed, eleven wounded, and above one hundred taken prisoners.

We hear that a great number of rioters assembled at Boyle, in the county of Roscommon, and were proceeding to commit outrages, till prevented by the military quartered in that town, who were obliged to fire upon them, whereby nineteen of them were killed, and several taken prisoners; amongst the latter was a gentleman of family, who, having run through his fortune, had joined and headed these misguided men.

At Manor Hamilton, in the county of Leitrim, a like disturbance arose; a mob set upon an officer going through the town with a small party of the military, who were forced to fire in defence of their own lives. Eight of the rioters were killed and several wounded, when the rest took to flight.

In the county of Wicklow, we are informed, the peasantry have exhibited a like disinclination to the militia, as in the neighbouring counties. Last week they assembled in a formidable body near Baltinglass, and sent a message to Lord Alborough, the Governor, inviting him to come and choose from among them such as he should think proper. His Lordship, apprehending for his personal safety, prudently declined obeying the requisition. We have not learned that they proceeded to any acts of violence.

By a letter received by a respectable merchant in this city, from a gentleman in Sligo, we are informed that, since orders arrived in that part of the kingdom for embodying the militia, a general insurrection of the lower orders of the people broke out almost instantaneously in the counties of Mayo, Sligo, Leitrim, and part of Roscommon; that they have proceeded to acts of violence upon the dwellings and properties of several of the most respectable gentlemen; particularly of the Hon. Joshua Cooper, of Mercury, which they plundered of arms and ammunition, and drank the wines and other liquors. They behaved in like manner in the houses of Capt. Ormsby, of Castle-dalgen; Mr. Tennison, of Coalville; Mr. Johnson, of Addersaid, county of Leitrim; as also his son, and Capt. Carter, of Drumlease. The Sligo volunteers (who are almost the only corps of that ever memorable body which is suffered to appear in arms) have been very active in suppressing the riots, and bringing the ringleaders to punishment.

MAY 30.—Two fine children fell into the Liffey yesterday evening, opposite Mr. Cardiff's yard, on Sir John Rogerson's quay. Captain Mathewson saw the accident from a window, and with the utmost speed jumped into the river with his clothes on, when, with great exertion, he was fortunate enough to save them from drowning. The captain's feelings and humanity are deserving of every applause; those who were present on the occasion were not backward in bestowing their warmest approbation.

Four fine horses, the property of a gentleman in the county of Meath, were starved last week by the negligence of a servant who had them in charge. The poor animals, in their endeavours for food, being locked up in the stable for four days, while the servant was in town, literally consumed the rack and manger; and a fir plank, which lay against on the walls, was found half devoured.

JUNE 5.—Yesterday being the anniversary of the birthday of our Most Gracious Sovereign, who then entered into the 56th year of his age, the same was observed throughout this city with every possible demonstration of joy.

There was a Levee yesterday at the Castle, which commenced at four o'clock, after which an ode was performed in St. Patrick's Hall, in honour of the anniversary of his Majesty's birthday.

The Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Archbishop of Cashel, the Earl of Bective, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Clonmel, Lord Carleton, the puisne judges of the Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas, the Barons of the Exchequer, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, attended the Levee yesterday at the Castle.

Several select parties dined yesterday at the different taverns in this city, to celebrate the aniversary of his Majesty's birthday.

The Levee at the Castle yesterday was but thinly attended.

The Lord Mayor made a very elegant appearance yesterday in going from the Mayoralty House to attend the Levee at the Castle. His Lordship went in the city State coach, attended by all his municipal regalia, which had a very grand and pleasing effect, highly honourable to the metropolis of the kingdom.

There was a State dinner given yesterday at the Castle by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, to all the great officers of State, in honour of the anniversary of his Majesty's birthday, but there was no ball or supper at night.

Last night there was a general illumination throughout the city in honour of the anniversary of his Majesty's birthday.

The illuminations last night in honour of the anniversary of his Majesty's birthday, were the most general that has ever been remembered in the city.

Lord Mountjoy, colonel commandant of the county of Dublin militia, entertained the officers of his regiment at dinner yesterday at his house in Henrietta street.

Yesterday being the anniversary of his Majesty's birth, the Royal standard was hoisted at the mast head of his Majesty's yacht, the Dorset, and at noon the guns were fired, etc., etc.

JUNE 12.—A few days ago, in Tullamore, King's County, a lad about thirteen years old, son to a respectable man in business, took a gun out of his father's house, and concealed it in an out-house, and next morning he went to an orchard, a little distance from the house, fastened the gun, charged, in a horizontal position in the cleft of a tree, with a cord, and tied a string to the trigger, which he brought round the butt end, and, in order to bring himself to a level with the gun, he raised a pile of stones, which he stood on, tucking back his shirt from his breast, which he placed close to the muzzle, he pulled the string, and was instantly dead: the charge passed through his heart. No other cause could be assigned for this act, than that his schoolmaster threatened to chastise him for idling from school.

JUNE 17.—Saturday morning, about six o'clock, a fire broke out in the north side of the new prison in Green street, in a part which is used as an hospital for the prisoners, which did a great deal of damage, and was not extinguished till ten o'clock.

It was set on fire by a prisoner named Laurence Size, who was put in that part of the jail. This he contrived to do on Friday night, by collecting a quantity of straw together, which the prisoners had used for beds, to which he set fire. It did not, however, break out with violence till six in the morning, when is was happily discovered by the turnkey.

The alarm being given, the engines repaired to the place, by which, and the activity of Alderman James and the High Sheriffs, the flames were prevented from spreading. The roof of that part of the jail is entirely destroyed, exclusive of other damage which the building has received.

The villain Size thought to make his escape by this wicked stratagem, while the place was in confusion. He is, however, fortunately disappointed, and now closely confined in one of the dungeons of the jail, to answer for this nefarious act, as well as many others with which he is charged.

(To be Continued.)

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THE TOWN OF SLIGO.



FROM A PICTURE OF SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

(From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland, 1837.)

Sligo, a sea-port, assize, borough, market, and post-town, in the barony of Upper Carbery, county of Sligo, and province of Connaught, $20\frac{3}{4}$ miles (S. W.) from Ballyshannon, and $103\frac{3}{4}$ (N. W.) from Dublin; containing 15,152 inhabitants. This place, which is the chief town of the county, is indebted for its importance to one of the first English settlers in Ireland. So early as 1242 a castle was erected here by Maurice Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, and at that time Lord Justice of Ireland. The same Earl, in 1252, founded also a monastery, which he dedicated to the Holy Cross, for friars of the order of St. Dominick, the origin of which establishment has by some writers been erroneously ascribed to O'Conor Sligo. In 1270 the town and the castle were destroyed by O'Donell; but the monastery escaped the ravages of that chieftain, and the castle was afterwards re-built by Richard, Earl of Ulster, in 1310. In 1360 the town was again destroyed by fire, and in 1394 it was plundered and burnt by Mac William Burgh. In 1414 the monastery was wholly consumed by an accidental fire, and for its restoration Pope John XXII. granted indulgences to all who should visit it and contribute towards the expense of rebuilding it. In 1416 it was rebuilt by Bryan Mac Dermot Mac Donchaigh, or Mac Donagh; and in 1454 Bryan Mac Donagh, sole monarch of Torcilill (now the barony of Tiraghrill), was interred within its walls. It continued to flourish till the dissolution, when it was granted to Sir William Taaffe. At the commencement of the reign of Jas. I., a grant of a market and two annual fairs to be held here was made to Sir Jas. Fullerton; and in 1613 the town was made a parliamentary borough by charter of incorporation. In 1621 it received a charter of the staple, incorporating a Mayor, two constables and merchants, with the same powers as those of Youghal. In 1627 Sir James Craig had a fresh grant of a market and two fairs, which in 1674 were granted to William, Earl of Stafford, and Thomas Radcliffe, Esq. In the war of 1641 the town was taken without opposition by Sir Chas. Coote, at the head of an army of 4,000 infantry and 500 horse. By his occupation of this post, Sir Charles had the means of keeping a check upon the royalists of the neighbouring counties; but the R. C. Archbishop of Tuam with great zeal collected forces for the recovery of the town, in which attempt he was joined by Sir Jas. Dillon, who was sent by the confederates to Kilkenny with 800 men to his assistance, and having forced his way into the town was on the point of expelling the parliamentarians, when he was suddenly alarmed by the intelligence of an army being on its approach to their relief. Upon this the confederated forces retired, and in their retreat were attacked

and routed by Sir Chas. Coote; the archbishop was killed in the action, and among his papers were found the important documents that exposed the connection of the King with the Catholic party. The parliamentarians afterwards abandoned the town, which, though threatened again by Sir Chas. Coote on his advance against Limerick, in 1651, was retained by the Catholics till the termination of the war. In the war of the revolution it was taken by the brave Enniskilleners, who also defeated a large body of James's forces that were advancing against it, and took from them a considerable booty; but the garrison was shortly after driven out by Gen. Sarsfield, and the place was finally reduced by the Earl of Granard.

By a charter dated the 20th of March, 11th of Jas. I., the town was incorporated under the name of "Provost and free Burgesses of the borough of Sligo;" the corporate body to consist of a provost, 12 free burgesses, and a commonalty. A charter granted by Jas. II., in the 4th year of his reign, has not been acted upon. By letters patent of Chas. II., in the 27th of his reign the town and certain lands were erected into the manor of Sligo, with a court baron with civil jurisdiction to the amount of 40s., a court of record with civil jurisdiction to the amount of £100, and a court leet to be held before the seneschal; no manor courts are now held. The charter also conferred upon the provost and burgesses the privilege of returning two members to the Irish parliament, which they exercised till the Union.

The scenery is pleasingly diversified, and in many parts beautifully picturesque; the view of the town at the head of the bay, environed by mountains and embosomed in a richly cultivated country, is strikingly romantic, especially in the approach from Dromahaire; and on the road from Manor-Hamilton is a point where, emerging from the mountains, a spacious and magnificent scene, embracing the whole of the town with its surounding district, opens at once on the view. The approach to Sligo by the Dublin road is also very beautiful, having Lough Gill with Hazelwood demesne on the east; the bay of Sligo, with its two bold headlands of Benbulben and Knockaree, on the west; and in the centre the highly picturesque town of Sligo. Among the various residences that embellish the neighbourhood, the most conspicuous is Hazelwood, the seat of Owen Wynne, Esq., a noble mansion, situated on a peninsula stretching into Lough Gill, and surrounded by a richly-wooded demesne, commanding beautiful views over the lake and its wooded islands, terminated by the mountains which rise from its shores on the south. There are some remains of the beautiful and spacious monastery of Sligo, serving to convey some idea of its former magnificence: they consist of three sides of the cloisters, with a finely vaulted roof, and are separated from the quadrangle by a long series of pillars, of which several are sculptured, and of pointed arches, in the early English style of architecture. The great east window of the church is of beautiful design and highly enriched with tracery; the high altar, which is embellished with sculpture in relief, is almost hidden by the accumulation of disinterred bones; the nave is



Seal.

spacious, and the roof is supported by ranges of pillars at intervals of four feet from each other; the central tower is complete, with the exception only of the battlements; to the right of the high altar is the tomb of O'Conor, with the effigies of himself and his lady, and there are numerous vaults and cells.

THE FOREST.

Deep and still and dark and lonely,
Sways the forest, stately-grand,
Wrapt in thoughts the pale stars only
Understand:

Whether zephyr soft play o'er it,
Or the tempest passionate roar—
Beating time to Nature's music
Evermore!

When the soft breeze sighs, the Forest,
Gently bending to and fro,
Keepeth time to that sweet singing
Soft and low:

But when Nature's passion-music
Swelleth forth tumultuously,
Writhe the trees in deep and heartfelt
Sympathy;

For, within its dark recesses
Many an echo silent dwells
Of that Voice that sounds from Nature's
Deep heart-wells:

Clear and silvery songs of brooklets,
Summer-songs of joyous birds,
The strange songs the stars shower downward
Without words.

When, in Spring, the tender leafbuds
Burst to life, when Summer's breath
Warms them, and their fuller beauty
Melloweth;

When sad Autumn hastes the sere leaves
On to Winter's snowy bier—
E'er the winds sing, and the Forest
Loves to hear.

* * *

Deep and still and dark and lonely
Thou, my heart, hast ever been:
Spring and Summer, Autumn, Winter
Thou hast seen:

But within thy deep recesses
Caged echoes ever dwell
Of those full-voiced songs great Nature
Sings so well!

Moved by each wild breath of Nature,
View her pictures dark and bright:
Ever thrill with love within me
At the sight—

Whether zephyr soft play o'er thee,
Or the tempest passionate roar,
Beating time to Nature's music
Evermore!

A.H.T.B.

EVERYONE TO HIS TASTE.

If you should travel around the world you would learn to eat your dinner in a good many ways. In Turkey you would learn to sit on the floor, cross-legged, and eat off a round tray, without knives or forks, plates, glasses or napkins. All the guests eat with their fingers out of the same dish. If you dined with the Arabs you would see no knives or forks; and if your host offered you a choice bit of meat you would be expected to open your mouth, and let him put it in. The Arabs use only the right hand in eating; and, what is still more funny, they will pull apart or carve turkeys and fowls with only one hand, and without a knife. If it is hard to separate, one of the guests will lend his right hand. In Siam you would be treated to ants' eggs; and in Burmah to locusts, stuffed and fried. All you young folks would like to eat in Japan: for they serve candy and sweet things very often, and what one can't eat one is permitted to take home. At all grand feasts guests are expected to bring servants, with baskets, to take back the leavings.

In Abyssinia it is a mark of good breeding to smack the lips while eating; and I'm sure you'll not be surprised to hear that Abyssinians eat their meat raw. In South America you would eat lizards and snakes, and among our American Indians you would be treated to roasted grasshoppers. In Otaheite you would have your dinner alone, in a basket; and if you were in the fashion you would sit down on the floor, turn your back to everybody and eat. It is there considered very improper to eat with others. Snails and horse flesh would greet you in France.

But the funniest dish you would see, I think, would be in China, where they serve up little crabs—alive! Just as they sit down to dinner the tiny crabs are put into a dish of vinegar, which makes them very lively. Then they are put into a covered dish and placed on the table. When everyone is ready the cover is snatched off, and instantly the table is covered with scampering crablets, running for their lives. Now comes the fun! The guests, with both hands, grab right and left, and stuff into their mouths these lively, wriggling crabs, and eat them down with great relish.

While you're on your journey, perhaps you would like to "skip" New Caledonia; for there, if people were polite to you, they would serve up roasted or even raw spiders. "Horrid!" did you say? Well, it does seem disgusting to us, but people who have eaten them say they taste like nuts. I've read of one young lady in Europe who never saw a spider in its web but she caught it and ate it at once, as you would eat a cherry. I don't know that spiders are any worse than grubs, which are great, fat worms, as big as a man's thumb. In India you would see them roasted and served instead of fruit at dessert.

Would you fancy eating roasted ants by the handful, as you eat sugar-plums? They taste like sweetened cream, so travellers say—I never tried them. But really, when you come to think of it, none of these insects that we consider so disgusting and horrible look any worse than lobsters and crabs, which we eat freely. It is a good deal a matter of fashion, after all; and I dare say if you had been brought up in India you would enjoy digging up a centipede eighteen inches long and eating it like a stick of candy, as the children do there, according to Humboldt.

OVERPRESSURE IN SCHOOLS.

A Berlin instructor has been contributing to a German medical weekly some interesting results of his experimental studies on the question of the overpressure of school children. The best working days are, he finds, Mondays and Tuesdays, and the first two days after a holiday. The insertion of a holiday in the middle of the week would, it is thought, tend to a revival of the mental freshness which only lasts, as things are, till Tuesday afternoon. The best working hours are, similarly, the first two in the morning, and should accordingly be reserved for the severer tasks: the three hours' afternoon teaching in the higher schools is especially fatiguing, and there should always be an interval in the middle. Holidays have, of course, a freshening effect, but it is not observable for more than four weeks—another reason for the more frequent insertion of rest days in working time.

PAYING MEMBERS
OF THE
OLD IRISH PARLIAMENT.

GRANTS FOR WAGES AND EXPENSES

INTERESTING 17TH CENTURY FIGURES.

In the "Anthologia Hibernica" for August, 1793, the following interesting article, bearing the signature "D. H.," appeared:—

When I first inquired into this subject to satisfy private curiosity, I expected to find but little trouble in gratifying it, by consulting our statutes and writers on law. In this I was greatly disappointed, and was obliged to resort to the practice of England in this respect. I lamented, as many others do, that we have no history of Irish law, of the establishment of our courts, and the succession of our judges; subjects extremely curious and interesting. A gentleman of splendid rank and fortune (Mr. C.), but of superior patriotism and good sense, wished some time ago to patronise such works, but no one was found disposed to undertake them, though, it is confessed, the kingdom abounds with men of talents and learning. Hoping to induce some of them to turn their attention to these pleasing inquiries, I ventured to give a few observations on the statutes, and an historical memoir concerning the inns of court, both of which appeared in the first volume of the "Anthologia." The favourable reception these met with, emboldens me now to sketch out what has occurred respecting the wages formerly paid in Ireland to members of Parliament.

The great charter granted by King John, A.D. 1215, shows Parliament was then composed of nobility, ecclesiastical dignitaries, and tenants in capite; but by the writs issued in 1266, knights, citizens, and burgesses are expressly mentioned as part of its body. Whether expenses or wages were settled for the latter, as soon as they became a part of the great council of the nation, has not been discovered. Lynne, in his brief register, could find no notice of them earlier than the reign of Edward I. In the reign of Edward II. we are told knights of shires had five shillings a day, and citizens and burgesses two. These were large sums at that time, and equal to five times the same sums at this day. Accordingly it was severely felt by the people, who endeavoured to evade it by making agreements with their members on the easiest terms, or by some quirk. Of the latter, a remarkable instance occurs in the 12th of this reign:—

A writ had been directed to the Mayor and Bailiffs of Lincoln to elect two citizens: accordingly they chose Thomas Gamel and Henry Boyl, but they refused to go to the Parliament. The writ allowed them two shillings a day. The citizens interpreted this as a shilling for each, and not two shillings each; this was offered to the members, and rejected. This was in 1319. About three years after, the writs did not state precise sums for members, but only "rationabiles expensæ." These were to be proportioned according to the distance. The knights of Northamptonshire now received about 7s. 8d. apiece each day., In the reign of Edward III. four shillings a day were allowed to knights, and two shillings to citizens and burgesses. These wages were recoverable from Sheriffs, Mayors, and bailiffs, in the exchequer. At the end of every session, the King usually thanked them and commons, and concluded by desiring them to sue forth their writs for their fees. Many instances are in Cotton's Records. However, these fees, or wages, were always considered as payment for services in Parliament; and hence, in the first of Henry V. the people prayed to be discharged from the wages in the last year of the last reign, because nothing was done in that Parliament, but their petition was rejected.

The laws and the constitution being the same in Ireland as in England, we may presume the practice of both were the same. Little, however, has hitherto appeared to authenticate the identity in remote times. In the 50th of Edward III. the writ to James Botiller, justiciary of Ireland, directs that rationabiles expensæ should be paid to the commissioners who were elected by shires, cities, and boroughs, to attend the English Parliament. The sums, from the circumstances of the case, must have been very great. In a valuable record I find the wages, or fees (as they were called), of a knight of the shire in 1613 was thirteen shillings and four pence; for a citizen, ten shillings; and for a burgess, six shillings and eightpence; and the following sums were due to members for their attendance that session:—

ARMAGH COUNTY.				
Sir Toby Caulfield	£130	0	5	
Francis Annesley	,,	,,		
ARMAGH BOROUGH.				
Mark Usher	£99	6	8	
Christopher Conway ...	,,	,,		
CARLOW COUNTY.				
George Bagnall	£198	13	4	
Morgan Cavanagh	,,	,,		
DUBLIN CITY.				
Richard Bolton	£149	0	0	
Richard Barry	,,	,,		

And so with the rest.

On the 25th of November, 1614, an order respecting the fees of members was made, which is recited in the following order of the House of Commons the next year:—

15 May, 1615.—Whereas by an order of this House, made the last session of Parliament, every knight of the shire was allowed 13s. 4d. Irish, per diem, from the country, during their attendance in Parliament, and every citizen of any city, being a county in itself, 10s.; and every burgess, 6s. 8d., which were then rated so high for divers considerations, then seeming good to the House. But now the House, entering into further consideration, does think fit to order, that during the present session of Parliament, for ten days before, and as many after, every knight shall be allowed but 6s. 8d., every citizen 5s., and every burgess 3s. a day. But, nevertheless, when any agreement is made for any more than by this order is set down, the sum overplus more than this order, is to be duly paid according to their agreement; and so, if for less,, then less to be taken; any thing before in this oredr contained to the contrary notwithstanding.

From the Commons' Journal of the 11th of May, 1615, we perceive a warm and unpleasant conference took place between the Lords and Commons on the quantity of wages, and on those who were to contribute, and who were to be exempted. On these heads both parties separated in an ill humour, without coming to any determination. However, in four days after, in a grand committee, it was settled: "That all lands, as well free as chargeable should be contributary to knights' wages, as in former times they have been; except the ancient possessions of lords spiritual and temporal, whether they be in their own hands, or in the occupation of their tenants at will or sufferance, and their leases for years or jointures, and downies of ladies dowagers. But if they have acquired or purchased any lands sythence, or passed any lands away in fee-farm, or in tail, these lands to be likewise contributary. Glebe lands not to be charged.

August 2, 1634, the Commons confirmed the old fees to members—viz., for a knight, 13s. 4d., a citizen, 10s., and a burgess, 6s. 8d. a day. However, it was reduced the 17th of June, 1640, to 10s. for the first, 7s. 6d. for the second, and 5s. for the third. In 1662 Sir John Ponsonby reported from the committee appointed to consider of former precedents for paying the wages and expenses of knights, citizens, and burgesses in Parliament, that they had perused them, and that in 1634, every knight was to receive 13s 4d.., every citizen 10s., and every burgess 6s 8d. a day, for ten days before and ten days after the session. Sir John proceeds to state what has before been related, and concludes, that the committee offer it as their opinion, that the same allowance as formerly be made to members, and the House agreed to it.

In 1665 Dr. Margetson reported to the House that inconveniences had arisen from collecting the wages of members, and that no warrants should issue for any wages due from the 27th of September, 1662. Here I apprehend the payment of wages to members of Parliament ceased.

PHENOMENAL MEMORIES.

Many of the greatest men have had phenomenal memories, says Professor E S Holden. Cæsar knew the names of thousands of soldiers of his legions. A modern man of science often has a prodigious memory for special terminology. Professor Asa Gray asserted that he could at once recall the names of something like 25,000 plants; Professor Theodore Gill can do the same for fishes. Our memory for mere words is itself much more extensive than is generally admitted. The average well-to-do child of two years has a vocabulary of some 500 words, and its father may have the command of 20,000 more. The 10,000 verses of the Rig Veda have, for 3,000 years, been accurately preserved in the memories of the Brahmins. Not one Brahmin alone, but thousands, can to-day recite it word for word. Thousands of Mohammedans, likewise, know the Koran by heart, as all learned Chinese know their classic books. The chiefs of Polynesia can and do repeat hundreds of thousands of words in their genealogies—taking days and even weeks for the recitation. Hundreds of pianists can play all day, and many days, by memory, and I have myself seen Von Butlow conduct Beethoven's Fifth Symphony without a score. Chess players have a visualising memory; musicians have an auditive and a motor memory; while arithmetical prodigies may have any one of the three or a combination of all.

A DAY OF BATTLES.

Many of the most famous battles of history have been fought on Sunday. To go no further back than the beginning of the present century, the battle of Eylau, won February 8, 1807, by Napoleon over the Russians and Prussians, and the battle of Friedland, June 14, 1807, won by Napoleon over the same allies, were both fought on Sunday. May 21, 1809, Napoleon was defeated at Esseling; on Sunday, May 2, 1803, he won the victory at Lutzen; and on Sunday, June 18, 1815, was overthrown at Waterloo. Wellington, besides Waterloo, won several of his greatest victories on Sunday, being victorious at Vimiera, in Portugal, August 21, 1803; at Fuente d'Onoro, May 5, 1811; at Orthez, February 27, 1814; at Tarbes, March 20, 1814; and at Toulousse, April 10, 1813, all these being fought on Sunday.

THE REV. ROBERT WALSH—A CORRECTION.

(To the Editor of the "Dublin Penny Journal.")

Belville, Donnybrook, April 19, 1902.

Sir.—May I be permitted to correct an inaccuracy in your interesting journal for this week. My grandfather, Rev Robert Walsh, was the youngest son of a large family. His brother, Dr Edward Walsh, was the eldest.—Yours faithfully,

JOHN E. WALSH.

[We were led into the error pointed out by Mr Walsh by a statement in Webb's "Compendium of Irish Biography."—Editor "D. P. J."]

LANDING OF THE FRENCH AT KILLALA.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

The following graphic description of the landing of the French at Killala in August, 1798, appeared in one of the numbers of the "Dublin Penny Journal" in 1833. The writer, who signed himself "A. I." having given a description of the town of Killala and noted the historic facts in connection with the district surrounding it, thus told what he saw of the coming of Humbert and his comrades in arms:—

A serene and cloudless sky, and brilliant sun, rendered the 22nd of August one of the finest days of that remarkable season.

It was on the morning of that day, whilst proceeding from Palmerstown to Killala, I first beheld a ship of war; three vessels of unusual size, magnified by the still calm of the ocean, stretched slowly across the bay of Rathfran (on the larboard tack), weathering the reef which divides it from the bay of Killala; a smaller vessel appeared in the offing.

About twelve o'clock, the frigates were visible from the steeple hill and the higher parts of the town; they showed English colours.

The collector and some other persons proceeded on board; between two and three o'clock, p.m., the frigates were standing across towards the bay of Rathfran; marks of agitation and restlessness became now apparent amongst several of the inhabitants. I met O'Kearney, the classical teacher, as he was returning from the "Acres," a remote and elevated quarter of the town, a half-suppressed smile of satisfaction played on his countenance as he saluted me; it was the last time we ever spoke. At four o'clock the agitation and alarm increased; the revenue officers had not returned. The inhabitants were fronted on the Steeple Hill, Captain William Kirkwood, of the yeomanry, now joined in uniform, as were several of his corps, who now begun to make their appearance. Two officers of the Carabineers arrived from Ballina; they had been at the Cape of Good Hope, and were judges of all those sort of things; we awaited their opinion with anxiety—they could form none. "Here," said Captain Kirkwood, handing his telescope to an old seaman belonging to the town, who had served under Howe and Rodney, "here, tell mé what these vessels are." "They are French, sir," replied the veteran, "I know them by the cut and colour of their sails."

Quitting the crowd, Captain Kirkwood was accosted by Neal Kerugan (afterwards an active chief of insurgents), inquiring, what nation the frigates belonged to. "Ah, Neal," replied the Captain, "you know as well as I do." Returning now to Palmerstown, I had scarcely arrived, when a neighbouring peasant on horseback, breathless, and with the perspiration of terror streaming down his forehead, announced that a body of strangers, in dark uniforms, had landed from the ships—were distributing arms—had been joined by several of the inhabitants, and were actually advancing—"There they come," said he, pointing to an eminence a mile and a half distant, over which the road passed, and we beheld a dark and solid mass, moving onwards; their arms glittered in the rays of the declining sun. They were occasionally visible as they passed over the inequalities of the ground, till emerging from a banky part of the road, within a quarter of a mile of Palmerstown, we beheld their column of about 800 men, silently, but rapidly, advancing. They were preceded at some distance by a single horseman, a robust middle-aged man, dressed in a long green hunting frock, and high conical fur cap; stopping for a moment, he saluted us in the Leinster patois of Irish, with "Go de mu ha tu" (how do ye do?)—) A general officer (Surrazin) and Aid du Camp (Mr. Tone) were now close up, a laugh of approbation was interchanged between the Chasseur and his General.

The Commander-in-Chief (Humbert) seated in a gig now advanced at the head of this celebrated band of warriors, which regularly, but with precision, pressed rapidly forwards; calm and unconcerned, they presented no indication of men going into combat. Having crossed the bridge of Palmerstown, about 300 men were countermarched and bivouacked on the green esplanade in front of the village; the remainder marched on to Killala.

The sun had set behind the western wave and the grey twilight of evening was fast advancing, as the French, descending the hill of Mullagharn, beheld the yeomanry and a party of the Leicestershire fencibles, forming on a commanding ridge at the entrance of the town; Captain Kirkwood had been just apprised of the hostile landing, by a fisherman, who had crossed at Rathfran, whilst the French detoured by Palmerstown; and had ordered his men to this post, from which, however, they retired into the town on the nearer approach of the French. Three streets diverge from the centre of Killala, in the form of a sportsman's turnscrew: one southerly towards the "Acres;" a second westerly, by which the French were advancing; the third or main street, easterly, winding by the Churchyard wall, on a steep declivity to the Castle; and onwards towards Ballina.

It was on the edge of this declivity the military re-formed; Moreau could not have chosen a more judicious position for a retreat. Humbert on reaching the outskirts of the town made his dispositions: he detached a party under Neal Kerrugan (who had first joined him) across the Meadows, to enter by the "Acres" road, in order to cut off the retreat of the military by that route, or turn them if in position; he advanced a few sections, en Tirailleur, to occupy the ridge from which the military had retired. The Chasseur galloped into the town to reconnoitre; he was scarcely out of sight in the winding street, when a single shot was heard, followed at a short interval by a random scattery volley; it was a moment of anxious suspense, but the chasseur bore a charmed life. On approaching the Market place, he was challenged by a yeoman (a young gentleman of the place), who had loitered behind his companions, with "What do you want, you spy?" The answer was a bullet through the body, and he fell dead into the door of a house at which he was standing. The veteran then reconnoitred the line of the military, and receiving their fire, returned to his comrades; he related these events with the sang froid of an amateur; he had been in twenty battles, and had never had the honour of receiving the entire fire of the enemy's lines before. The Tirailleurs were warmly engaged; the column redoubled its speed, and at the centre of the town a party of grenadiers, which marched at its head, deployed on the main street; they were received by an ill-directed volley from the military, at about one hundred yards' distance. Their captain was struck with a ball on the foot. Foaming with rage he ordered his grenadiers to charge. It was refused by the military; the Yeomanry first broke ground, and were soon followed by the Fencibles. Protected by the declivity and the churchyard wall from the French fire, the Yeomanry escaped through the castle gates; the Fencibles fled onwards towards Ballina; Captain Kirkwood turned down by his own house to the strand, expecting to reach Ballina unperceived by that route. One yeoman remained, Mr. Smith, the respectable apothecary of the town; aged and afflicted with gout, he was unable to keep pace with his companions; excluded, on shutting the castle gates, he struggled to reach his own house. It was not distant one hundred yards; but his days were numbered; the chasseur was at his heels. Eager to make Captain Kirkwood, whom he first observed, his prisoner, he disdained the same favour to a soldier belonging to the ranks—he fired, and the unfortunate man fell a lifeless corpse.

A. I.

MOTTOES.

The origin of heraldic mottoes might probably be traced to two sources, in themselves diametrically opposed to each other—religion and war. "Extremes," we are told, "sometimes meet," and certainly these two feelings did coalesce in the institutions of chivalry. It is uncertain whether we ought to deduce the origin of mottoes from those devout ejaculations such as "Drede God!"—"Jesu mercy—Lady helpe," which occurs on ancient tombs, or from the word of onset, employed by generals on the battlefield to stimulate their soldiers to great feats of prowess. The preponderance in point or number of religious mottoes would incline us to the former supposition. The war-cry known in Latin as the "clamor militaris," in French as the "cri de guerre," and in the Scottish language as the "slughorn" or "slogan," is of very remote antiquity. In early Scripture history we have an example in "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," the word of onset employed by the Hebrews against the Midianites in the Valley of Jezreel. Among barbarous nations at the present day is has its representative in the war-whoop or yell, employed as well to imitate the courage of their own party as to inspire terror in the hearts of their enemies. From an early period the phrase "a boo" was thus employed by the Irish.

The University of Pennsylvania recently came into possession of what is regarded as the oldest piece of writing in the world. It is not a manuscript, but a fragment of a vase which was broken in the raid on the ancient city of Nippur. The inscription is in picture writing, and indicates that the piece dates back to forty-five hundred years before the Christian era.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

A MATTER OF TASTE.

BY K. F. PURDON.

"I can't imagine," said Lady Charlotte, solemnly waving her gold pince-nez to and fro, "I can't imagine what more Jack wants, or indeed expects! A fine, really striking-looking girl—shoots, plays golf, and the fiddle—so many pursuits they might have in common, and, er-er, she has money, too; and yet, just four days after Betty's arrival, Jack chooses to disappear! Really, I don't know what pleasure one's children are! or, indeed, what compensation life offers for all the worries," and Jack's mother sighed deeply, as she laid down her Dresden tea-cup, and turned over the sandwiches to look for the pate de-foie gras. "And so well as Betty was looking, too!" chimed in a sympathetic voice; "I hear that the men in the smoking-room last night seemed more than half jealous, she walks a mountain so well, and scarcely even misses a bird; perhaps her skirt is a trifle short, and Jack is so refined——"

"Ah, nonsense, my dear, you can't have everything!" said Lady Charlotte; and her meek middle-aged daughter said no more.

They were having afternoon tea beneath a great weeping ash. Through a parting in the boughs they could see Lough Corrib shimmering and blue below.

"All this," Lady Charlotte was wont to explain, with a comprehensive sweep of the gold eyeglasses, that took in half Galway—"all this once belonged to us"; and she never knew what to blame for their reduced circumstances. For Jack, handicapped with the responsibilities of a big estate mortgaged to the hilt, she felt that there had been a special interposition of Providence, when she had succeeded in arranging a house-party for the grouse-shooting, which included Betty, the heiress.

Betty, with her big diamonds, her big person — she was known among the sportsmen as the "grenadier"—her big voice, her big fortune; Betty had started in life as plain—very plain, Eliza. But that was before her father's soap had become a household word. "Betty" is quaint, old-world, and Betty she had elected to become.

She was sitting, while this conversation was in progress, somewhat disconsolately on a mountain side, near a brown trout-stream, that was dancing on its downward path through ferns and moss and heather. Betty had suddenly slipped in crossing this brook, and slightly wrenched her ankle—just enough to give colour to her wish to sit still and be alone.

She didn't care a snap about shooting! But she did care, and care a great deal, about handsome, high-bred, gentle Jack, and his beautiful, if somewhat dilapidated, home—Jack, whom she knew, as well as if she had been told, that she was asked to meet; Jack, who was always effacing himself—why did he avoid her She took out a cigarette, and began to think the situation over.

There was another consideration—that wretched old Duke; she might have his title, and the diamonds, and the entry into the best circles by holding up her finger. He wanted her money; her people wanted the prestige of such an alliance. But could she do it? Betty was so big and so robust, no one gave her credit for sentiment; yet the thought of Jack was safeguarding her now from a miserable mistake.

While she was reflecting, along the winding, white mountain-road that lay a few hundred yards below her, an explanation to part of her puzzle was coming slowly into view; Jack, in his faultless flannels, tall and slight, and stooping a little as he wheeled his bicycle along; Jack, the dreamy, silent Jack, talking most animatedly to a girl walking beside him—"a little bit of a thing!" Betty reflected with complacency, "in a battered sailor hat and an old red cloak of Claddagh flannel!"

Yes, Betty, true enough! But if you were Jack, and had had one look into those wondrous eyes, you would have been longing, as he was, for another, just to decide if they were blue or black; you would have been thinking so much of how well the red cloak set off the cloudy hair, that you would never have noticed what a shapeless hat covered it.

A new clergyman had come to the parish the winter before, while Lady Charlotte and her olive-branches were in London, and this was Eileen, his only child. She was returning from a choir practice, and wistfully wishing she could "live up to" Jack's conversation. Jack was quite satisfied with her silence. A pretty girl has only to appear attentive, and it is reckoned unto her for righteousness. But Eileen didn't know this, and great was the relief to the shy little maid when she caught sight of Betty on the hill, waving a handkerchief. Jack looked too, and gloomily recognised what he had begun to dread as a possible fate.

"What on earth does she want" he asked savagely—and he had been feeling with satisfaction that he was actually capable of falling in love—that is, with the right person; "I suppose we'd better go and see."

"What a mercy you were passing!" began Betty in the high, loud voice Jack disliked so much. "I've gone and hurt my ankle, and——"

"Oh how dreadful!" exclaimed Eileen, forgetting her awe of the great heiress, whom she had met the evening before at a "duty dinner" given by Lady Charlotte to the "frumps" of the neighbourhood. "Let me take off your gaiter, and bathe the ankle."

"That's all very well," said Betty, good-humouredly, "but how am I to get home?"

Jack looked helplessly at the horizon; he was apt to fall into dreams when any demand for any suggestion out of a difficulty arose, and Betty's visions of tottering home on his arm began to fade.

Suddenly wheels were heard—a car came rapidly into view.

"It's the doctor," exclaimed Jack; and galvanised into activity at the prospect of some one else to take the lead, he dashed down the heathery hill.

Betty noted that Eileen's ministrations suddenly ceased; and while the doctor was making his examination, Jack had opportunity to watch the wave of colour that came and went over Eileen's rounded cheek.

This young man, in the homespun suit and deerstalker, was a discreet doctor. He possessed one of the elements of successful medical practice, and never made little of a trifle affecting a patient who could pay. Everybody knew who Betty was, why she was there, what her fortune was. The doctor tore his own handkerchief into stripes, and was very careful about the bandaging.

"You can take my trap back to the Castle," he said to Jack.

"Er—hadn't you better see your patient safely home?" Jack suggested, apprehensive of a tete-a-tete with Betty.

"Not the least occasion! besides I'm due at a fever-case ten miles up the mountains; by the way, lend me your grid, will you? I'll return it when I come to look at that sprain to-morrow."

So Jack, gloomy, and Betty radiant with hope, drove off together, and Eileen resumed her homeward trudge, again accompanied by a young man and a bicycle.

But it was very different now. How easy it was to talk to her young doctor. They had come to a private understanding those two weeks before; "but it can't be for a long time, my darling," he said. "I think you'd better go in for Jack Ormonde—eh?" he added, half suspiciously. But Eileen gave him one look of love, and he was content.

Betty and the doctor managed that sprain judiciously. She couldn't be too careful about using it to soon, he said. So it happened that a month later, at another duty entertainment, she still limped, and Jack was still often in requisition as a live crutch.

"How well dear Betty looks to-night!" observed Lady Charlotte, as the heiress, a magnificent goddess in white silk tea gown, just defined with sable, disappeared into the conservatory, from the drawingroom, supported by Jack. Betty understood a becoming negligé, and Jack was beginning to appreciate the softer side of her character, which it typified.

"What is it? You look as if you had seen a ghost!" she exclaimed, as she seated herself. "Oh, we're intruding," in a good-natured whisper, as she, too, recognised that they were not alone, in the fragrant dimness among the flowers. "Why, he told me all about it only this morning, when he was paying his farewell visit; sweet little girl, I hope she'll be happy!" And Betty' eyes grew moist, and her voice was very low, for once; and Jack found himself thinking how kindly she was, how genial and even-tempered. And she was looking positively handsome—in fact, it was the

"Moment one and infinite;"

and Jack's fate was sealed then and there.

In fact, Betty had heard the young doctor's confidence with much interest, for she had seen in Eileen a possible and very formidable rival.

"And how she could look at him beside Jack!" Betty reflected; "but every one to his taste!" She had learned to suit herself to Jacks.

"They are just made for each other!" declared Lady Charlotte. The Fates had been propitious, and Jack had yielded to the force of circumstances.

"She's a great deal too good for him!" commented Eileen. "Such a slow, tiresome creature as he is!"

"Tastes differ evidently," said the doctor, and just as well they should.

He was gloating over the cheque by which Betty had acknowledged his skill and care, and trying to make up his mind not to spend it all on a ring for Eileen.

LIGHTHOUSE IN THE DESERT.

There is one lighthouse at least in existence, which is not marked upon mariners' charts. It stands far out in the lonely desert of Arizona, and like the friendly beacon towers which dot our coasts, it has been erected for life-saving purposes. It marks the sight of a well—the only spot where water is to be found for 45 miles to the eastward, and at least 30 miles in any other direction. This well, a veritable oasis in the desert, is a godsend to the weary traveller. The water, sweet and cool, is raised from a depth of 200 feet by means of a large bucket. The revolving drum above it is worked by an old blind mule, which knows to an inch the number of rounds it must make before the clanking bucket rises to the point where it tips the water over in a trough. There is a little station at the spot, and cattle are always to be seen standing around the water tanks.

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC

By M. J. B.

IV.

O Music thy celestial claim
Is still resistless, still the same!
And faithful as the mighty sea
To the pale star that o'er its realms presides,
The spell-bound tides
Of human passion rise and fall for thee.
—Moore: "Melologue."

In these beautiful lines the poet exquisitely suggests the relationship of terrestrial to celestial music, which latter is, indeed, older than the history of man, if we adopt the poetic imagery of Holy Job, who speaks of the morning stars, fresh from their Maker's hands, singing together in all the joyousness of their young existence, the praises of the Lord. Addison has suggested the burden of their song: —

Soon as the evening's shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
While all the stars that round her burn
And all the planets in their turn
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
For ever singing as they shine
The hand that made us is divine.

The "Harmony of the Spheres" struck the Pagan philosophers many centuries before the Christian era—at all events since the time of Pythagoras—six centuries before Christianity, it was maintainned that their distances and motions corresponded to intervals in music. Even the great Protestant astronomer, Kepler, was imbued with, and defended, this theory.

Hence perhaps Shakespeare's

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims.
—"Merch. of Venice," v., i.

This is, however, perhaps too far afield for our intermediate education, and we had better not plunge into the science of music. Most ordinary folk, like ourselves, knowing little or nothing about counterpoint or minor thirds, regard music as appealing primarily to the passions. and I venture to assert there is much to be said in favour of this view.

Music! oh how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak
When thou can'st breathe her soul so well!
—Moore: ("Melody.")

Nor is this merely the enthusiastic homage of the Bard to his own art. These sentiments find the support of subtle philosophers from Aristotle to Bacon; of saintly Apostles, from Paul to our own Father Tom Burke; of Popes. from Gregory the Great to Leo XIII.; of Doctors of the Church, from Ambrose and Augustin to Cardinal Newman; of grave writers, from Strabo to Montesquieu; of learned historians from Polybius to Alzog; of warriors, from Alexander the Great to Napoleon; and of crowned heads innumerable, from the Royal David to Carmen Sylva. In fact, to the historical student the influence of music on the passions is very striking, and its influence on "science," as generally understood, so insignificant, as to be scarcely worth considering. We know that in infancy, before we were able to reason at all, we felt the soothing influence of the lullaby; we know that the sacred hymn awakens a new feeling in our breasts, and carries our reason captive and heavenward; we know that the martial strain fires to deeds of derring-do beyond all mere reasoning calculation; the very brute creation feels its power; the milkmaid soothes her restless charge with melody; the war-horse pricks his ears and trembles with generous fire when the clarion sounds the charge; and even the venemous serpent forgets his spleen when charmed to gentleness by the strain of the Indian's reed. What so hackneyed as Congreve's "music hath charms to sooth the savage breast," and in its sorrow the soul finds vent in songs of lamentation and doleful dirges, whilst in its hour of joy or triumph it breaks into pæans and canticles. Thus we see music overpowers reason when it lulls to sleep; carries the soul above mere human reason in prayerful hymns; flings reason and caution to the winds when it fires to war and feats of bravery; allays anger; assuages sorrow; heightens joy; and so controls men's actions through their passions—not their reasoning faculties:

In sweet music is such art;
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die.
—Hen. VIII., iii., i.

Cantabat fanis, cantabat tibia ludis,
Cantabat mœstis tibia funeribus.
—Ovid Fasti., vi., 659.

The inspired writer, to denote the utter desolation of Babylon, tells us that the voice of the harpers and musicians shall be no longer heard therein (Apoc., xviii., 22).

The importance of music is clearly shown in Holy Scripture; where we have the All-Wise Himself dictating to Moses a song which the children of Israel were to sing as a testimony of their allegiance to the Creator (Deuter., xxxi., 19). And we read that homage is paid to the Most High in Heaven itself by songs of praise and adoration, the outpourings rather of grateful hearts than of learned minds. So on all memorable occasions in the historical books of Holy Writ we have songs of praise, thanksgiving, triumph, lamentation. With angelic music was the birth of the Saviour announced to the shepherds: overwhelmed with the awful dignity to which she had been raised, the Blessed Virgin breaks into the canticle: and as the awful moment of agony approached the Redeemer and His disciples send a hymn to heaven before entering the fateful garden.

What more fitted to express Holy Simeon's joy than song? What more touching than the lamentations of Jeremias? And what act other than music could so exquisitely express the adoration, joy, sorrow, repentance, hope, faith, and fear of the royal psalmist?

Paul—the most virile of the apostles—admonishes us, "Be ye filled with the Holy Spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles, singing and making melody in your hearts." And we know that he practised this lesson himself (Acts xvi., 25).

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen,
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.
—Longfellow: "The slave singing at midnight."

The singers were a part of the ancient priesthood (I. Par., xv., 16, etc.), and the choir is still a part of our Divine service. The great Pope Gregory and the illustrious St. Ambrose regarded music as a most important factor in exciting faith and devotion (1). And in this they have been followed by Councils, Popes, and Doctors to our own day (2).

Of all the great doctors of the Church, I dare say none would be considered more virile —more absolutely free from anything bordering on maudlinism—than St. Augustine, who tells us how profoundly he was affected on first hearing the Ambrosian Chant: "The hymns and songs, O my God, and the sweet chant of Thy Church, stirred and penetrated my being. These voices streamed upon my ears and caused truth to flow into my heart; from its springs the emotions welled up; and lastly tears poured forth, and I rejoiced in tears (Apud Alzog's Ch. Hist., i., 489). St. Basil expressly lays it down: "The Church, in order to excite in our minds tender sentiments of piety, combines with her teaching an agreeable melody, that although unable to understand the words pronounced, our hearts may be lured to a willing captivity in the soft bondage of its delicious sweetness" (apu ibid). The great Charlemagne was not igno rant of the powers of music, nor did he forge in the midst of his empire building to call to his aid (Alzog. ii., 290). Centuries late his great successor, Napoleon Bonaparte, con fessed to Thibaudeau how profoundly the An gelus Bell awakened sentiments of religion i his almost godless breast.

When Luther had cast off his allegiance t Rome, he yet could not tear himself from h church music (Alzog. iii., 391); and in our ow day a distinguished divine, who forsook his cu in the Church of England to join the grea Jesuit Order, sighs for the sweet melody o the old-time even-song—being all that he r grets of what he has abandoned.

It is an old proverb in this country: "It a poor church that has no music," and w learn that even in Pagan times the Druid were also bards. After Christianity had she its light on our island, the Bishops and abbot and saints were wont to carry their harps wit them in their journeys, and tune them t sacred music. The harp of St. Kevin was lon held in special reverence, and the antiphona of Bangor and some of the songs composed b St. Columba have come down to our time. S Columba constituted himself the patron of th bards of Erin, and we have word pictures o him and his monks sitting round the harp whiling away the time listening to melody (3 The most successful missionary of our tim was undoubtedly General Booth; and a suredly music was no small help towards h marvellous achievements. Nor was it among Jews and Christians only that music was highly prized. It was usually part of s Pagan ceremonies. In the Old Testament w have it ordained by Nebuchadnezzar in th worship of the golden calf. The most famous ancient Pagan temples was that of Delphi, ded cated to Apollo, the god of music, and whe from the earliest ages players on the harp an flute were wont to assemble (4). Music, sa Strabo, brings us nearer the gods, and Ov sings:—

Dii quoque carminibus (si fas est dicere) fiun
Tantaque majestas ore canentis eget.

Dr. Alzog, the learned author of "Universal Church History," ascrib the Montanist heresy to the rever and delirium caused by the soft an melancholy notes of the Phrygian flu (i., 233), and in a fine passage Cardinal Ne man warns us against making religion subser music (as is done in many of our fashionab churches—the abomination of desolation stan ing in the holy places), instead of making mus the servant of religion (5).

Father Tom Burke, in his charming lectu on "The National Music of Ireland," relat an incident of the Jesuit mission to Sou America, showing how useful was music converting the savages; and Dr. Alzog relat a similar incident in reference to a mission the Visigoths (ii., 579).

REFERENCES OMITTED IN THE TEXT.

Generally: Aristotle, "Politics," book v. (3 Giraldus Cambrensis Top. Dist. iii., c 12 et sec Montesquieu "Spirit of Laws," iv., 8; Strabo "Geography" passim; Father T. Burke, O.P "Lecture on National Music of Ireland" "Reliques of Father Prout: Songs of France etc.; "Irish. Eccl. Record," 1894.

(1.) Alzog's "Church History," i., 487.

(2.) Id. 486, iii., 172-3, 389; Father T. Burke O.P., "Lecture on National Music of Ireland" "Irish Eccles. Record," 1894, 858; St. Berna Ep., 418; Synod of Westminster, 1873; Jacob kotter in "Catholic Times," Aug., 1899.

(3.) Magee's "Hist. of Ireland," i., 58; Gir dus Cambrensis: Top. Dist. iii., 12; Moore' "Hist .of Ireland," i., 313-5; Father Burke. O.P Lecture cited above; MacGeoghegan's "Hist. Ireland," 63.

(4.) Strabo (Bohn's Library Ed.), i., 508, i 120, etc.; Smith's "Dictionary of Greek an Roman Antiquities," Art., "Musica," 779 b.

(5.) Newman: "Idea of a University," 80-1 see also Alzog i., 486-488.

ANCIENT IRISH SOCIETY.

ITS ELEMENTS.

BY THE REV. F. R. MONTGOMERY HITCHCOCK, M.H., B.D.

The social system of the ancient Irish was a most intricate affair and must have frequently exhausted the patience and puzzled the brains of the Brehons, who acted as heralds and registrars. The numerous cliques in the social life of our small community, of which strangers so bitterly complain, doubtless had their origin in the divisions of ancient Irish society. The principles of "fraternity, liberty, and equality" would have been even more revolutionary in the good old days of yore than they seemed when first proclaimed in imperial France. What would the free and independent voters of modern Ireland say to the seventeen distinct classes into which the Celtic tribes were divided according to the Crith Gabhlach?

The organisation of the tribe seems to have been further complicated by the Danish invaders who brought a more elaborate system of society, as well as more approved architectural designs, into the country. Their presence in the country certainly influenced the social life of the Irish by transforming the family life of the tribe more or less into a military system, and by compelling the tribes who had been kept separate by rivalry and jealousy and misrepresentatoin to unite in self-defence. It is, however, as hard to say to what degree and in what special way this foreign influence worked as it is to describe in detail the constitution of the ancient Irish tribe which was already in the course of disintegration when first it emerged into the light of history. At the outset, we may say that it is difficult for us Irishmen of the present day to conceive a state of society in which the individual had no rights, save as a member of his family, in which there was so small an element of property as hardly to qualify a man to say: "Who dare tread on the tail of my coat," and in which there was practically no government of any sort "to be against." The tuath or clan, consisting of people who had sprung from the same ancestor, was the political and social unit. Their band of unity was blood, not land. This cohesion, based on consanguinity, could not be altered by removal or migration from one locality to another. There was little love of their native land in the hearts of the Irish Gaels. In this point they differ from many of us who love our dear old Ireland. But they were deeply attached to their clan and the members of it. The family had no fixed residence; like the Dutch "trekkers," the ancestors of the Boers, they were generally on the move, as their cattle required fresh pasture and as they themselves sought new hunting grounds. The authority was accordingly vested in the father of the family, who, like the Arab sheik, was the patriarch of the establishment, and to whom every member owed obedience. In fact, their safety and welfare depended on their standing by members of the same body and on their compliance with their directions of their common head. The household would not, however, be necessarily limited to the man, his wife, and his children, but, like the Roman familia and the Greek oikos and the Jewish family, would embrace the servants and the slaves, the guests and the sojourners, the relations and armed retainers, who were living with them. Each of these—except the slaves—had their voice in the controlling of the family affairs, and while the constitution was patriarchal in principle, it became democratic in practice. For it was more independent of the father than a modern family is. Now-a-days, when a parent dies, his household is generally broken up, but no such result followed the death of the father of the ancient Irish family. They simply elected another—the most capable, not necessarily the eldest—of his blood relations to take his place, and everything went on just as before. But when land became acquired by the family, as it did in different ways, honest and dishonest, although in theory all land was common, a new system was put into operation, which had the effect of largely extending the family interest. It was called the Geilfine, from Gilla, the five fingers of the hand, and it worked in this way: If the man who acquired the land had as many as five sons, he planted out each of them, as they grew up to be men, in a household of their own, giving them their portion of his property, until he came to the fifth, whom he kept with him as the heir of the original home. Thus the Geilfine, or group of five families, was constituted. Then the youngest, in his turn, planted out his sons upon the residue of his inheritance, keeping the youngest again to be their particular heir. Thus another Geilfine came into being, which was called the Deirbhfine, or "particular group." The process was repeated, and the Jarfine, or "after group," was formed, and then, for the fourth time, a Geilfine was formed, which was the Indfine, or "end group." The reader will notice that there were seventeen households established by this means—four groups of four and the original home. No further subdivisions of land was made after this; but each household became, in its turn, a new centre of four groups, until the number 17 was again reached, and then a fresh start was made. In this system we see how the tribe, in the original sense of the term, was constituted. Bound together by mutual rights and obligations, joining in common worship, and having all things common at the first, the family laid the foundation for that wider though looser unit, the tribe, which in its turn, with many other tribes, helped to form the State.

In the tribe the families were represented by the heads of the households when they met together to discuss any important question. The direct descendants, however, of the original heads of these houses constituted a select class, who exercised certain priestly and military functions in virtue of their high descent, and from these the chief was generally selected. At first the different families, says of the O'Conners, even after the tribe had been fully organised, settled their private arguments among themselves, and seldom or never called in the tribe to adjudicate upon their family quarrels. New developments of the tribe arose when it went forth to conquer their neighbours. In the conquered district the victorious tribe were planted, each family receiving, like the Cromwellians of later days, a due proportion of ground. We here find the germ of the landed aristocracy. Moreover, as a large number of the defeated tribe were taken prisoners and their wives and children, by the newcomers, and as the refugees from the other tribes were naturally received into the service to swell the ranks of the powerful families, most frequently, indeed, of the chiefs themselves, we begin to notice the growth of political power, family influence, and personal wealth—new factors in the onward march of the tribe. For while the weaker families of the same tribe, who were originally on the same footing as the others, sank in the social scale, the numerically stronger would rise in the same proportion.

The principal chief, with his bodyguard of warlike retainers, would stand at the head; then came the great chiefs and their armed followers; then the smaller chiefs and their families, and the free classes, and at the very bottom of the social scale were found the crowd of people who had no civil rights or privileges, although the great majority of them had been the original settlers in the land. But by degrees the social life of the tuath became more complicated, as the element of wealth began to enter largely into the consideration of rank, and as the tuath or tribe, by the addition of other tuaths, began to grow into a small kingdom in which the original freemen of the original tuath were gradually reduced to a position of serfdom or absorbed among the unprivileged class. The Brehons made an elaborate classification of society, according to scale, of which it will be sufficient to give a very bare outline. It appears that the people who resided on the tribe land—which is generally co-extensive with the modern barony—were divided into two principal classes—the Neme and the Feini, the former consisting of those who had a position in the community and the privileges of freemen, the others composed of those less fortunate members of society who had neither rank nor position nor privilege in the tribe. We find a near parallel to these orders in the Roman classification of Patricians and Plebeians, which was, indeed, common to all the Aryan nations.

The higher order, again, was further subdivided into several classes. The lowest of these consisted of men who had a dwelling-house and a portion, no matter how small, of the tribe land. If a farm had a small farm with ten cows he rose one step in the social scale, and if he managed to acquire more stock and was able to keep a few retainers he climbed up the social ladder again and became a noble, a "flaith," having been an "aire" before.

The manner in which the higher classes of the community extended their influence over the poorer, considering the primitive stage of society, was highly ingenious. We must remember that the object desired by the "flaith" order was not merely wealth, but power. And their plan was this. A man's wealth consisted in the number of cows he possessed. There was, however, only a certain amount of the tribe land available for each member. Accordingly, the wealthiest cowowners adopted the expedient of hiring out cows to the poorer graziers, who were glad to have the cattle, for several reasons, pecuniary and social. But the conditions of the loan were worthy of the modern Jew and the ancient Roman, for, if the debtor could not pay his debt he became the vassal of his creditor, whose influence was thus increased by an addition to the number of his retainers. It was in this way that the powerful class of "lords" arose, who claimed to have the right of cosherring upon their tenants, from each of whom they exacted free quarters and support for a certain number of days on their hunting or warlike expeditions. There was, indeed, much to be condemned in the treatment the wealthier classes gave the poorer in those times, which are so often spoken of as the golden age of Erin. For they often compelled them, even against their will, to take their cattle on their own harsh terms, in order that they might have a safe investment at the risk of their weaker brethren, at whose free-

dom they thus aimed a deadly blow, with a view to their own aggrandisement, for it was the acquisition of these personal rights over their debtors that constituted the distinction of the "flaith" or highest order of the community. The lowest class of "flaiths" was called the aire-desa, i.e., a free man who had the right of hiring out cattle. And, naturally enough, in their desire to rise higher, they all took advantage of this law, which oppressed the poor.

It is commonly but wrongly supposed that property formed the only basis of rank among the Irish, for though there was a fixed property qualification for the higher grades, unless that property was retained through three successive generations, grandfather, father, and son, the rank was lost. It was that custom, no doubt, which gave rise to the familiar saying that "it takes three generations to make a gentleman." The Geilfine system, which has been explained, was, doubtless, invented to meet this regulation by securing the retention of the property in the family.

The privileges of the community, which were enjoyed by the upper classes of "flaiths" and "aires" and were denied to the lower class of "frini" consisted of sitting in the assembly, of giving asylum, and of representing those under their protection. Here was another means cleverly devised by the more influential members of the community for extending their power. For it stands to reason that the tie between them and their retainers who could not even sue a member of the higher order who had injured them, unless accompanied by their patron, was bound to become a very close one indeed.

The law of evidence also bore heavily upon the members of the lowest class. For their testimony was not accepted. It was these laws and customs that helped to break up the unity of the tribe and kingdom. And while the great man with his vassals and retainers, who consisted largely of foreign mercenaries, refugees, and the original inhabitants of the land, oppressed the poorer members of his own tribe, the latter were compelled to combine for protection. And thus there arose a system of guilds in the land. Guild, said to come from a Celtic word, giall, signifying pledge. A guild meant a co-partnership in labour. According to the Brehen law, guilds were for the mutual benefit and assurance between copartners. The candidate for membership in a guild had to pledge himself that the responsibility of the body should be his. The people of the lower ranks were thus rendered more secure against their political enemies and their own political status was raised. For example, with regard to the giving of testimony, a right denied to the poorest man individually. Several poor men by combining together could qualify one of their guild to represent each member of the guild in a law suit. By this method artizans, handicraftsmen, and swell graziers had some one to represent them individually and to see that they were not wronged by the richer members of society. By this system the personal rights of the poorest were secured, and trade and labour were protected from the tyrannical encroachments of the chief and his alien crew of fighting men, on the one side, and from the cruel oppression of the wealthy on the other. But it is easy for anyone to see at a glance that the elements of disruption were even now at work in the State. For a kingdom divided against itself cannot stand. Between the chief, supported by his foreigners or fuidhirs, and the wealthy classes, backed by their retainers and vassals, the labouring class came to the wall, and the tribe soon followed them. For even the mighty power of Rome was undermined and went under when it allowed such an absurd and cruel state of affairs to exist. From a glance at the constitution of ancient Irish society we may safely infer that the greatest pledge of welfare and prosperity that our country possesses at the present hour lies in the protected and improved condition of the working and farming classes.

PRE-COLUMBIAN DISCOVERERS.

IRISH VOYAGERS VISITED AMERICA CENTURIES BEFORE THE GENOESE.

Dr. B. F. De Costa, in his interesting book, "Pre-Columbian Discoveries of America," insists that attention must be given to the activity of the early Irish voyagers. Broughton brings forward a passage in which St. Patrick is represented as sending missionaries to the isles of America. Allusions in the chronicles of the Northmen refer to a distant land, spoken of as "Ireland the Great," which must have been America. The Irish in the early times might have easily passed over to the Western Continent, for which voyage they undoubtedly had the facilities.

Professor Rafn, after alluding to the well-known fact that the Northmen were preceded in Iceland by the Irish, says that it is by no means improbable that the Irish should have also anticipated them in America. The Irish were a sea-faring people, and have been assigned a Phœnician origin by Moore and others who have examined the subject. If this is so, the tradition would appear to be strengthened. Even as early as the year 296 the Irish are said to have invaded Denmark with a large fleet. In 396 Niall made a descent upon the coast of Lancashire with a considerable navy, where he was met by the Roman, Stilicho, whose achievements were celebrated by Claudian in the days of the Roman occupation of England. At that period the Irish were in most respects in advance of the Northmen, not yet having fallen into decline, and quite as likely as any people then existing to brave the dangers of an ocean voyage.

The first Scandinavian settlers in Ireland did not find this barren country entirely destitute of human beings. Ari Frode, than whom there is no higher authority, says: "Then were here Christian people whom the Northmen called Pa Pas, but they afterwards went away because they would not be here among heathens, and left behind them Irish books and bells and croziers, from which it could be seen that they were Irishmen."

The monks or Culdees, who had come hither from Ireland to be alone with God, took their departure on the arrival of the heathen followers of Odin and Thor, and the Northmen were thus left in undisputed possession of the soil.

After the conversion of Ireland and the death of St. Patrick, near the end of the fifth century, the Irish religious went far and wide. (Cormac the navigator, an Irish monk, discovered Iceland. See Joyce, p. 213.) The Irish Christians retired to Iceland at a very early day. The Irish monk, Dicuil, also refers to this solitary island, which about the year 795 was visited by some monks with whom he had conversed. In this connection the results of the Danish invasion of Ireland should be considered, since that may have resulted in driving men to both Iceland and Greenland.

In connection with Greenland the investigator seems to stand on more solid ground. Christophessen declared that Greenland was discovered in the year 770, and Pontanus gives a bull of Gregory IV., 835, which shows that both Iceland and Greenland were known at that period. Yet it is generally understood and laid down that Eric the Red first led colonists into those parts. We have seen, however, that Eric, in 983, went west in search of the land found by Gunnbiorn in 876, while the Sagas admit that the Irish were in America before the men of Iceland reached that country. Turning to the minor narratives towards the end of this volume (the "Pre Columbian Discoveries") the reader will find the story. The Irish, through Ralf, the Limerick merchant, reported one Are Marson, an Icelander, as held a prisoner in a country at the west, called "Ireland the Great." He was among Christians, apparently, as he had been baptised there. In 931 Marson was a well-known man in Iceland. He went on a voyage and disappeared, but was found later. On the spread of the missionaries and monks following the conquest of Ireland by St. Patrick, Irishmen probably found their way to Greenland and parts of the mainland of America, as they did to Iceland. The fact that we have only vague and shadowy reports of their actions have nothing to do with the reality of the explorations. In denying these reports men simply make their ignorance a basis for belief. The early days of America, no doubt, were marked by much maritime adventure that has left no record. . . . . On an island to the west of Cape Cod they (the Ericcsons) found a corn barn constructed of wood. A building of this character would point to Europeans, probably Irish, who, according to the minor narratives, preceded the Irish in America, named by them "Ireland the Great."

It is perfectly clear that there was a country somewhere on the Atlantic coast of North America known as Whiteman's Land or Ireland the Great. It is equally clear, from Icelandic testimony, from the bull of Pope Gregory IV., 835; from the letter of Pope Nicholas V., 1448, and Christophessen, that Europeans were in Greenland prior to Eric the Red, 985. Nor can there be a reasonable doubt that the Irish were in America prior to Eric. There is a truth behind the story of St. Brendan, told in so many ancient manuscripts. One day additional light will be thrown upon the story of Are Marson, and a better understanding must ere long be reached respecting the early social and commercial relations that existed between Ireland and Iceland.

The fact that Are Marson is said to have been baptised in Ireland the Great does not prove that the place, wherever located, was inhabited by a colony of Irish Christians. Yet this view was urged by Professor Rafn and others, who held that Great Ireland was situated in Florida. A Shawanese tradition was given to prove that Florida was early settled by white men from over the sea. We read that in 1818 "the Shawanese were established in Ohio, whither they came from Florida. Black Hoof, then eighty-five years old, was born there, and remembered bathing in the sea. He told the Indian agent that the people of his tribe had a tradition that their ancestors came over the sea, and that for a long time they kept a yearly sacrifice for their arrival.

Like the Irish, who for nearly two thousand years have proved themselves a literary people, the Icelanders have shown their devotion to intellectual efforts along legitimate lines, and it is in the Icelandic literature that Dr. De Costa and others have found evidences of the Irish discovery of the American continent. It is not at all unlikely that these clues may be supplemented some time by the profitable researches of Gaelic scholars among the old Erse manuscripts still in untranslated existence, and which may prove to the most confirmed skeptic that America was really Ireland the Great eight centuries before Columbus and Cabot rediscovered the long-lost half-world.

The stunted trees and shrubs of the Japanese have been the wonder and envy of the gardeners the whole world over. But a German chemist now comes along and does something which even the Japanese could hardly be expected to do. He has prepared a fluid that has the power, when injected into the tissues of a plant, near its roots, of anaesthizing the plant. As a result of this injection, the plant does not die, but stops growing, maintaining its fresh green appearance, though its vitality is apparently suspended. Changes in temperature seem in nowise to affect the foliage, for the plant blooms in the open as well as in the most carefully constructed hothouse. As might be expected, the composition of the fluid is shrouded in the greatest mystery.

IRISH TRAVELLING BEFORE RAILWAYS.



A CANAL FLY BOAT.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall in their well-known work "Travels in Ireland" wrote as follows with reference to the scene despicted above:—

"We entered the county by the Royal Canal, voyaging part of the way in one of the 'Fly-boats,' to which we have already made some reference, and to which we recur chiefly in order to supply the reader with a pictorial description of the singular 'conveyance.' It is here represented passing under one of the bridges, in the suburbs of Dublin." [The particular bridge shown in the picture is that which crosses the Grand Canal at Clanbrassil street—Ed. D. P. J.] "It is long and narrow, covered in as we see it; and there are two divisions for different classes of passengers. As a mode of travelling, it is exceedingly inconvenient; there is scarcely space to turn in the confined cabin; and an outside 'berth' for more than one is impossible. The guide, or guard, takes his stand at the bow of the boat, and a helmsman controls its motions. It proceeds at a very rapid pace—about seven Irish miles an hour—drawn by two or three horses, who are made to gallop all the way. There is also a more cumbrous vessel, called a 'night-boat,' which travels at a much slower rate—about four miles an hour—and always at night. It is large, awkward, and lumbering, and is chiefly used by the peasantry on account of its cheapness."

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS:

Compiled from Authentick Memoirs, Offices of Record, Manufcript Collections, and other Unexceptionable Vouchers,

By THE LATE WALTER HARRIS, ESQ. WITH AN APPENDIX.

Chapter IV.

Some observations on the ancient buildings, streets, lanes, and alleys within the walls of the city of Dublin; and what alterations they have received from time to time.

Sect. I.

The buildings of the city of Dublin, like those through other parts of the kingdom, were anciently mean and contemptible, erected of wattles daubed over with clay to keep out the cold, and covered with sedge or straw. The Danes, who fortified the city, applied their labours to make it defensible, and not ornamental; nor could this latter circumstance be expected to be considered by a people engaged in perpetual wars, undefended by laws, and in a flitting, shifting condition, ready to make room for the first powerful invader. The arts of peace, and the protection of laws, can only inspire the notions of making solid and comfortable settlements. It was of such rude materials that king Henry II., either out of necessity, or in conformity to the fashions of the country ("ad modum patriæ illius, as Roger Hoveden (1) expresses it), erected a royal palace with uncommon elegance ("miro artificio"), of smoothed wattles, in 1172, in which his majesty, with the kings and princes of Ireland, solemnised the festival of Christmas. The introduction and establishment of English colonies in Ireland, gradually introduced commerce, and the consequences thereof, wealth and politeness, which was followed by an al-

(1) Anal. pars posterior, p. 302, edit. Saville 1596.

teration for the better in the buildings of the city; insomuch that both before and in the reign of queen Elizabeth, the citizens fitted up their houses in a more durable and convenient form, namely, of timber built in the cage work fashion, elegantly enough adorned, and covered with slates, tiles, or shingles. Several of these houses erected in that queen's time, as well as in the reign of her successor, have subsisted till of late years, and one particularly in (2) Cook-street was totally demolished on the 27th July, 1745, to make room for new houses. On an oak beam carried over the door the whole length of the said house, was the following inscription cut in large capitals, and a fair Roman character, nothing damaged by time in the space of 165 years, except in one part, where an upright piece of timber being mortified into it, had received the drip, and was somewhat rotted.

QUI FECISTI COELUM ET TERRAM BENEDIC DOMUM ISTAM, QUAM JOHANNES LUTREL ET JOHANA —— NEI CONSTRUI FECERUNT A.D. 1580, ET ANNO REGNI REGINÆ ELIZABETHÆ 22.

Thou who madst the heavens and the earth bless this house, which John Lutrel and Joan —— caused to be built in the year of our Lord 1580, and in the 22d year of the reign of queen Elizabeth.

It is no way improbable that John Luttrel, who was sheriff (3) of Dublin, in conjunction with Gyles Allen, in the years 1567 and 1568, was the builder of this house.

Next door to the former lately stood a large and stately cage-work house, with this inscription over the door in Roman characters,

ROBERT EUSTAC, AN MANNING, 1618.

This Robert Eustace was sheriff (4) of the city in conjunction with Thomas Allen in the years 1608 and 1609.

In a lane leading from Cooke-street to Merchant's-quay, called Rosemary-lane, part of the wall of an old cage-work house stands, over the door whereof, cut in timber, are two escutcheons of arms, and between them a date, 1600, with the letters E. P., which may be conjectured to stand for Edmund Purcell, who two years before was sheriff (5) of the city in conjunction with John Brice.

An old cage-work house in Big-butter-lane, without the city, wherein brigadier general Borr lately lived, and is still the property of one of the name and family. It was in the year 1641 the house of Sir Francis Willoughby, a gallant and experienced soldier, where he resided upon the breaking out of the rebellion, but left it to take on him the government of the castle to which he was advanced by the order (6) of the lords justices.

(2) At the corner of Skipper's-lane in Cook street, at the west side.

(3) Catalogue of the mayors and sheriffs of Dublin.

(4) Ibid.

(5) Catalogue of the mayors and sheriffs of Dublin.

(6) Temple's History of the Rebellion, p. 47. Borlases's History, p. 27.

Several cage-work houses now remain in Patrick-street, without the walls of the city, which carry the face of antiquity; but as there are no dates visible on them, it is not possible to fix their ages. Among these there is one with this inscription, VICTORIA MIHI CHRISTUS A. I., the last letters of the name with the date being defaced.

A large house of the same form in Fishamble-street (7), many years inhabited by Mr. Pattin, a victualler, has on the front of it two coats of arms, one of Plunket, the other of Plunket empaled with his wife. From whence it may be probably concluded that some person of that family erected the said house, though (according to tradition) it was afterwards inhabited by the Anglesey family.

But the oldest house of this sort now subsisting is (for what appears, there being no date to aid an inquiry) that in Skinner-row, near the Tholsel, in a part whereof Dick's coffee-house hath been for a long time kept. It was called the Carbrie, and appears by history (8) to have been inhabited by the earl of Kildare two hundred and thirty-two years ago, and how much longer we know not. "For in the year 1532 the lord-deputy Skeffington, being displaced, was by his successor, Gerald earl of Kildare, suffered like a mean private person to dance attendance, among other suitors, in his house in Dublin, named the Carbrie." This house is called by the said name of Carbrie in ancient leaves from that noble family, still subsisting, though upon the misfortunes attending it after the rebellion of Thomas Fitzgerald in 1534, it changed its proprietor, and was inhabited by the earl of Ormond (as tradition says) until the restoration of the earl of Kildare to the estate and honours of his family, the first by king Edward VI., and the latter by queen Mary. In the 11th of Elizabeth, it became again the property, and, for a time, the habitation of that family.

Several of these kind of houses are yet to be seen in Castle-street, High-street, the Wood-quay, Thomas-street, and other parts of the city and suburbs; but it is sufficient particularly to mention the foregoing. We shall conclude, therefore, this head with two general observations. 1. That before and during the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth, most of the buildings for habitation here were of the cage-work fashion, and only castles, towers, churches, monasteries, and other buildings appropriated to religious or charitable uses, were built of lime and stone. 2. That it may be doubted, from what has been said, whether any of the thin modern buildings will continue for so long a period, as some of the cage-work houses before mentioned have done

Sect. II.

In the reign of king James I., upon the settlement of the nation after the rebellion of the earl of Tyrone, the inhabitants of Dublin began to build their houses of lime, stone, or brick, and to cover them with slates or tiles, after a more elegant and convenient form that the cage-work houses before mentioned. The same fashion continued and was improved in the reign of that monarch's son and successor, and has been handed down with some variation to this time. None of the houses built here in the reign of the former of those kings subsist to this day, that we know of, at least, there are none that betray their ages by any inscription or date. Some of the houses built in the reign of king Charles I. remain, (9) particularly a large one in Winetavern-street, opposite to Cooke-street, which shows some elegance in the structure, and has on the front an escutcheon containing a coat of arms, on one side of which, on a tablet, are inserted these letters, R. M., and another tablet on the other side containing the date of the building (1641).

(7) Bull's-head.

(8) Stanihurst's Continuation of the Chronicles of Ireland, published by Holingshed, p. 87.

Sect. III.

The face of the city of Dublin, both within and without the walls, has been much changed since the reign of queen Elizabeth. Within the walls several streets and lanes have been totally annihilated, while otehrs have only changed their names, amny whereof are to be met with in ancient records, which would puzzle one how to fix. Of the growth and increase of the city without the walls, we shall take occasion to remark something in the next chapter.

From the bowed part of Fishamble-street, near the place where the music-hall at present stands, to Castle-street, formerly extended a lane called Cow-lane (10), which is now totally shut up by buildings, and the large, elegant structure at the corner of Fishamble-street and Castle-street, now inhabited by Mr. Bond, tobacconist, built by Sir Daniel Bellingham, the first lord mayor of Dublin, and wherein he kept his mayoralty in 1665 (11), was erected across that lane, which in the mayoralty of Nicholas Weston, in 1598, was set to farm by the city to John Weston, and many houses built on it, and almost as many contests had for the property of the ground in the courts of law.

Another lane formerly ran at the back of Skinner-row, from Nicholas-street to Werburgh-street, which is now also totally shut up by private buildings; at the end whereof in Werburgh-street, in the last century, stood (12) the prison of the four court marshalsea, which being removed to another place, a fair house was built in the room of it (13), inhabited by Mr. Crofts, deputy clerk of the Tholsel, about the year 1678.

This lane is called in a record of 1422 Hynd-street, alias Souter-street, the former of which names was probably technical, as it was carried behind one of the principal streets of the city, and the latter

(9) The front of this house was taken down and re-built in the year 1760.

(10) Ware's MS.

(11) Catalog. ut supra.

(12) R Ware, MS.

(13) At present the Phœnix-tavern.

(since called Sutor's-lane) it had from its being the habitation of many shoe-makers during its existence. It is mentioned under the name of Vicus Sutorum in the black book (14) of Christ-church, Dublin, and is the same which Richard Stanihurst (15) in the reign of queen Elizabeth calls St. Verberoffe's-lane, i.e., St. Werburg's-lane; describing it to stretch from St. Werburgh's-street to St. Nicholas-street, and which was, when Hollingshed published the said treatise of Stanihurst in 1586, enclosed.

Another lane formerly subsisted, called Austin's-lane (16), extending from Austin's-gate in Sheep-street, before mentioned in cap. III. p. 72, to Castle-street, which is now also totally employed in buildings, on a part of which the house of Sir James Ware stood in the last century; in the room whereof the buildings composing Hoey's-alley (17) were afterwards erected.

Preston's-inn hath lost its name these many years. It was a large space of ground opposite to Castle-gate, bounded (18) by the castle ditch, the city walls, extending from Dame's-gate to Isod's-tower (on the site whereof Essex-gate was afterwards erected), Scarlet-alley, called also Isod's-lane, and now the Upper Blind-quay, Smock-alley or Smoke-alley, and so up to Castle-street. On this void piece of ground a party, sent (19) by Thomas Fitzgerald in 1534 to besiege the castle, planted their batteries, and which since that time has become the properties of divers persons. Cork-house, now Lucas's coffee-house, the old exchange, and the adjoining houses, were erected on a part of it; a part of it was occupied by Copper-alley (which took its name (20) from the copper money there coined and distributed by the Lady Fenton, widow of Sir Geoffrey Fenton), another part of it has been taken up by a range of buildings extending from Copper-alley to Castle-street, and the remainder, opposite to Cork-house, became the property of the lord chief baron Bysse, and Sir Dudley Loftus, and was what in latter times remained under the denomination of Preston's-inn, until it changed its name to the lord chief baron's yard, on which the said chief baron Bysse erected a fair house, which was demolished in the year 1762 with other buildings, when Parliament-street was opened, in which it stood.

Geneville's-inn hath also lost its name, for the situation whereof see in the foregoing chapter. The same may be said of Tullock's-lane, which ran from the end of Fishamble-street to the Wood-quay, and is now understood to be a part of the Blind-quay, properly so called. It derived its name from St. Olave's, corruptly called St. Tulloch's or St. Doolach's-church, which stood close to it at the end of Fishamble-street. This lane is mentioned by Stanihurst (21).

(14) f. s. b.
(15) Description of Ireland, p. 23.
(16) R. W. MS.
(17) Now Hoey's-court.
(18) R. W. MS.
(19) Descrip in Hollingsh. p. 92.
(20) R. W. MS.
(21) Descrip in Hollingsh. p. 23.

Vicus Figulorum, or Potter-street, is mentioned in a record of 23 Edw. III. (1348) to lie within the city, and in another record of 30 Edw. III (1355) Vicus Siccorum is said to be in the parish of St. Nicholas. We can find nothing remaining of either of these streets at this day; and, therefore, if they have not changed their names, they must have suffered the same fate with those before mentioned, and have been shut up by buildings erected on them.

Stanihurst (22) takes notice of Giglottes-hill, but does not describe its situation. The word signifies a wanton woman; and possibly the the place took its name from being the resort of such. If it be not called Cock-hill at this day, extending from Michael's-lane to the upper end of Wine-tavern street, it has eluded our searches.

Fishamble-street is said by some (23) to have been anciently called Bough-street, "either from the wattles or boughs of trees, with which it was at first built, or from the custom of the country butchers (for whose use, they say, this street was at first appointed) in setting off their shambles with the boughs or branches of trees;" and they further allege "that it has since changed its name into Fishamble-street, the country butchers having been removed from thence in the last century, and the fish-market then established there." But we can by no means subscribe to this opinion; because in a record so early as the 19th Richard II. (1395) it is called Vicus Piscatorious in parochia Sancti Johannis"—"Fish street in the parish of St. John." So that if ever it bore the name of Bough-street, it was since the date of the before cited record; or if it had a name in any wise resembling that, it may be probable it was called Bow-street, from its crooked form like a bow, which it has at this day. It is called by an historian (24) in the reign of queen Elizabeth, St. John's-street, alias Fishamble-street. The flesh-shambles stood then in High-street, as will be seen hereafter.

Skinner-row, or Skinner-rue, i.e., the street of the skinners, is called by that name, with an alias, Boath-street, in a record of 20 Hen. VI. (1441), and is described by Stanihurst (25) to extend from the pillory to the Tholsel, or to the High-cross, the former standing where the end of that street is intersected by Werburgh-street, and Fishamble-street, and the latter at the end of High-street, where that and Skinner-row are intersected by Nicholas-street and Christ-church-lane.

St. Michael's-lane, so named from the adjoining church of St. Michael, is called in the black-book of Christ-church, Gille-mcholmoch's-lane, from a sept of that name in the neighbourhood of Dublin, the petty prince of which joined the English in their first invasion; of whose fidelity Maurice Regan gives an ample account in his history (26). In the year 1207 king John granted to Dermod Fitz-Gilemoholmoch a burgage in Dublin, and fifteen carucates of land in the vale of Dublin (i.e., in Fingal), to hold by the service of one knight, and two otter-skins, to be paid annually into the exchequer. It is probable that the burgage stood in this lane, which took its name from the grantee.

(22) Descrip in Hollingsh. p. 23.
(23) R. W. MS.
(24) Stanihurst ut supra.
(25) Ibid.
(26) Published in the Hibernica, part I.

Rochel-lane, called in the ancient records of Christ-church, Vicus Rupellæ, and Vicus de la Rochel, had its name from the Rochel merchants inhabiting there, and extended from St. Nicholas-street to Corn-market E. and W. on the south side of the flesh-shambles, which before and in the reign of queen Elizabeth (27) were kept in High-street; and upon their removal in the reign of king James I. a range of buildings was erected, and joined to those which formed the north side of Rochel-lane, which from its course on the back of High-street, took the name of Back-lane, by which it is known at this day.

The street extending from New-gate to St. Audoen's-church was anciently called (28) New-gate-street, and is so mentioned and described by Stanihurst, but has since taken the name of Cornmarket, being the place where grain was exposed to sale; till of late years that market was removed to Thomas-street, and a spacious and convenient edifice erected for the purposes of dealers in that kind. The corn market, notwithstanding, still retains its name; though it is now chiefly employed as a market for coarse linens. In the opening of this street from High-street, anciently stood the High-pipe built to supply the citizens with water by John Decer in the year 1308, who was mayor of Dublin that year and the year following. Another pipe stood in High-street opposite to the entrance into Michael's-lane (29).

School-house-lane is called also Ram-lane by Stanihurst (30), and extends from High-street to Cook-street (31), parallel with Michael's-lane before mentioned.

Of Frapper-lane, mentioned by Stanihurst (32) as lying within the walls, we know nothing. The same writer mentions Scarlet-lane, alias Isod's-lane, without describing its situation; and as he has omitted taking any notice of the Blind-quay, which extended from Isod's-tower, before described, to the end of Fishamble-street, E. and W., this probably in his time passed under the name of Scarlet, alias Isod's-lane.

These are all the streets and lanes within the walls of the city that occur to us either to have lost existence, or to have changed their names. For our defects, we must make the apology Pliny did upon the like occasion. "Ardua res est vetustis novitatem dare, obsoletis nitorem, obscuris lucem, dubiis fidem—It is a difficult task to give the appearance of novelty to old

(27) Stanihurst ut supra.
(28) Robert Ware MS.
(29) Stanihurst ut supra.
30) Stanihurst ut supra.
(31) In the map of 1610 Ramlane extends from Cooke street to the Merchant's quay.
(32) Ibid.

things, to cast a lustre on matters gone out of use, to raise light out of obscurity, or to give certainty to things doubtful."

(To be Continued.)

ORIGIN OF PROPER NAMES.

What is the origin of the proper name. Did it exist among the Greeks, among the Romans, and formerly among the Hebrews? The Jews, who, however, had a perfect comprehension of the family, knew nothing of the transmission of names. The Greeks knew no more. Some adopted the name of an ancient celebrity, but these surnames were transmitted without any order, and without any fixed rule. The Romans were the first people who appreciate the utility of establishing relations between the ancestor and the diverse members of the same family, and to bind them by common and tangible tie. With them it was above all a question of prolonging the fame of eminent patricians, of creating an elite, or that which was later called an aristocracy. Names became hereditary in Rome from the year 500, but for the patricians only.

The heredity of names was not introduced in France before the eleventh century, and solely for the nobles. The feduality having made of the earth the base of social organisation, it was from the earth that the possesor a fief drew the name which bound together his family. In this way it perpetuated in the direct line the honours, the wealth, and the fame of that which was frequently the recompense for services rendered the King, and it assured the possession of the fief to the younger in case of the extinction of the older branch. The French noble took his name from the earth. In Rome the patrician gave the names to his domain (Fundus Corneliansus). The Roman patrician held his position and power from the patrician. The seigneur in France held his possessions solely by virtue of the services he must render, the victories he must obtain, the expenses he must pay; he acquired a large part of the grandness from the importance of his fief. He is important by virtue of the earth. And as this earth has made him powerful, rich, and strong, he took from it his name, for it is the name of the earth, the source of his nobility and of his fortune, which it is proper that he should perpetuate. However, some preferred to take the name of a great ancestor. Since the eleventh century it has become nearly possible to recognise in the filliation the proper names of families. Up to this time all is confusion.

Among other nations many ignore to-day the transmission of names. If the Chinese have adopted it for a long time, the Arabs, the Persians, and the Turks have not dreamed of it. Many European people are in a period of transition. Among the Greeks all the names terminate in poulo, among Servians all terminate in itch, among the Roumanians in esco or eanu. Example—Nicolopoula (son of Nicholas), Payvitch (son of Paul). In Polish we have the ski, the off and eff in Russian, etc.

Proper names born in France in the eleventh century and in the fifteenth century were protected by the law, became titles of property for the common people as well as for the noble.

The experiments upon the Berlin-Zossen high-speed electric railroad have come to an abrupt and unsatisfactory conclusion. It was originally anticipated that the special car built for the purpose would attain a speed of 125 miles an hour. A velocity of only 100 miles an hour was reached, however, and that only for a brief space of time. The effect of this high speed upon the track was so destructive that the attempt to make higher speeds was discontinued. The Berlin-Zossen military track was practically a straight line, so that the experiments, even if successful, would not have substantiated the possibility of running trains safely round sharp curves at these terrific speeds on a two-rail track.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM,

By DEAN SWIFT.

WITH A LETTER OF GERALD GRIFFIN.

The following letter and the poem it encloses were sent by Gerald Griffin to the Editor of the "Dublin Literary Gazette":—

Limerick, April, 1830.

Sir.—I send you an extract from an unpublished poem, by Dean Swift, now in my possession. It was placed in my hands by a lady who resides in the County of Clare; and had been discovered amongst the papers of the late Bishop Bernard, of this city, whose intimacy with the great satirist is well known. It bears the Dean's own signature, and from the date (September 7th, 1728) which he has prefixed, (as he was in the habit of doing to many of his light pieces), I conclude that it was written when Swift was residing at Market Hill (the seat of Sir Arthur Acheson). His letters, and the journal to Stella, contain several allusions corroboratory of the genuineness of the poem, as will appear from a perusal of the few notes I have subjoined to the extract. The little piece may not be thought in his best vein, yet it bears the stamp of his spirit in a sufficient degree to make what is called the internal evidence of its paternity abundantly conclusive, and the irony in part is exquisitely subdued. It appears to have been written with the view of dissuading his friend Lindsay from embracing the legal profession; and the extract which I give presents a sketch which is graphic at least, although the portrait is viewed through a mischief-making medium. He is banteringly defending the cause of the profession against those who say that the lawyer's money is easily earned, and lends his satire (like Mr. Candour's scandal) the veil of charity. I preserve exactly the spelling and punctuation as they are in the original:—

THE LAWYER.

I own the curses of mankind
Sit light upon a Lawyers mind
The Clamours of Ten Thousand Tongues
Break not his rest, nor hurt his lungs,
I own his conscience allways free
(Provided he has got his fee)
Secure of constant peace within,
He knows no Guilt who knows no sin.

Yet, well they merit to be pity'd
By Clients always overwitted:
And tho' the gospel seems to say
What heavy burdens Lawyers lay
Upon the Shoulders of their Neighbour,
Nor lend a finger to the Labour,
Always for saving their own Bacon;
No doubt the text is here mistaken
The Copy's false, or sense is rackt;
To prove it, I appeal to fact,
And thus by demonstration shew
What burdens Lawyer's undergo.

With early Clients at his Door
Tho' he was drunk the night before,
And crop-sick with unclub'd for wine
The Wretch must be at Court by nine,
Halt sunk beneath his Briefs and Bag
As ridden by a midnight Hag:
Then from the Bar harangues the Bench
In English vile, and viler French,
And Latin vilest of the Three
And all for poor Ten Moydore's fee—
Of Paper how is he profuse?
With periods long in terms abstruse,
What pains he takes to be prolix?
A thousand lines to stand for six;
Of Common Sense without a word in:
And, is not this a grievous burden?

The Lawyer is a Common Drudge
To fight our Cause before the Judge;
And what is yet a greater Curse
Condemn'd to bear his Client's Purse,
While he at ease Secure and light
Walks boldly home at dead of night;
When Term is ended leaves the Town
Trots to his Country Mansion down,
And disencumbered of his Load,
No danger dreads upon the road,

Despises Rapparees and rides,
Safe through the Newry mountains' sides.
Lindsay 'tis you have set me on
To state this Question pro and Con
My Satyr may offend tis true,
However it concerns, not you,
I own there may in every Clan
Perhaps be found one honest man;
Yet link them close, in this they Jump,
To be but Rascals in the lump.

In the conclusion of the poem (which, even in the sketch just given, presents some touches of that shade of sober irony which has immortalised the Academy of Lagoda), the Dean grows personal; and concludes with a joke at his old acquaintances, Carter (the Master of the Rolls), Richard Tighe, and Connolly, to whom Lord Wharton was charged with having sold the place of a Privy Councillor, and Commissioner of the Revenue, and who was afterwards Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and a Lord Justice. Robert Lindsay, to whom the poem is addressed (and whose name it bears in the title), is often mentioned with affectionate regard in the Dean's works; and is, I believe, the same to whom, in the will of Esther Vanhomrigh, we find the sum of £25 bequeathed to buy a ring.

I will add, Sir, that I feel a great satisfaction in being able to forward so valuable a contribution to the "Dublin Literary Gazette"—being the first attempt for a long time to revive what the brilliant writer immortalised—the local literature of Ireland.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR OF THE COLLEGIANS.

LIVES AMONG GRAVES.

One solitary inhabitant has San Nicolas. Once an island of perpetual summer, smiling valleys and rich-watered slopes, it is now a bleak desert of sand, an island of bones, without verdure, without water, storm-swept and cursed. Mariners avoid it and know it for the most inhospitable spot off the western coast of America.

This blighted isle lies opposite southern California. Nearby is Santa Catalina, now what San Nicolas once was, a modern Araby, blessed with soft winds and a teeming soil.

San Nicolas was recently visited by Professor Charles F. Holder, formerly member of the United States Fish Commission, who was thrown on its shores by a hurricane that wrecked his schooner. He found an island about seven miles long and four or five wide, a picture of desolation, a spot given over to the furies and devastated by sand, which is filling up the canyons, and constantly changing the aspect of the place.

A vast mound tells the story of the ancient inhabitants of the island. It is 15 or 20 feet high and made up of abalone shells; bones, fragments of human skeletons, broken mortars, pestles—the remains of a race which might have been blown into the sea as far as appearances go.

Where verdure, trees, and springs have succumbed to the elements one man remains in defiance of them. He is a Basque, speaking not a word of English, and relying on being satisfied with two wolf dogs and the cormorants for society. A wild woman had been his predecessor. She had lived on the stricken spot for years, despite all efforts to capture her. The present inhabitant knows nothing of the world's movements.

On quiet days the sand ripples like waves over the surface of the island. On stormy days it rises like clouds, whistling and whirling through the air. Day by day, almost the face of the island is changed, but ever on top remain the ghastly skulls of which there are miles.

The antiquity of the race once inhabiting the island is evident. They were buried usually with all the implements of their calling, and Professor Holder uncovered several graves of great archaeological value. The abalone shells are of large size, never found elsewhere to-day, and practically extinct. What produced the extermination of these people is not known; but to-day the wind-swept isle is one of the most interesting archaeological storehouses of America.

THE DANE'S CAST.

Lewis (Topographical Dictionary of Ireland, vol. ii., p. 546) says:—"In the demesne of Scarvagh is the 'Danes' Cast,' by the native inhabitants known by the name of Gleann na muck duibhe, or 'the glen of the black pig'; it is principally composed of earth, and resembles the Roman wall in Scotland, and Offa's dyke in North Wales; its course is nearly north and south; in some places it consists of a single foss, which gives the appearance of a double foss and rampart. It is supposed to extend from Lough Neagh to the sea, near Dundalk, but it is nowhere so well preserved and unbroken as in this neighbourhood; it traverses southward through the demesne of Union Lodge, where it is a single rampart and foss, the rampart being here faced with stone, and it so continues to the unclaimed ground of Loughadian; northwards it entered towards the fort of Lisnagade, terminating at a stream that forms the boundary between the townlands of Scarvagh and Lisnagade. Lisnagade, 'or the fort of the hundred,' is one of the most extensive and best preserved of its kind; it consists of treble ramparts and entrenchments; the entrance is from the east, leading into an extensive circular enclosure, whence are obtained prospects of the entire country for many miles around, and a great number of forts or raths are seen, from which circumstance it is supposed this fort took its name, being the chief of a hundred others; the fosses on every side are very deep, and it is remarkable that they are all paved at the bottom with rounded pepples set in clay. In cleaning the fosses, in 1832, Mr. Trevor found a great many silver coins, a brass cauldron, spear-heads, and other relics of antiquity. Great numbers of arrow and spear-heads of flint, stone and brass celts, and other military weapons have been found in almost every part of the cast."

Dr. O'Donovan ("Book of Rights,' p. 36-7), says "Uladh (1) was originally the name of the entire province of Ulster, but after the year 332 it was applied to that portion of the east of Ulster (Down and Antrim) bounded on the west by the Lower Bann and Lough Neagh, and by Gleann Righe, through which an artificial boundary was formed, now called the Danes' Cast. This boundary is distinctly referred to in a manuscript in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, H. iii., 18 p. 783, in the following words:—'Do'n taobh abhus do Gliond Righe do righnead torann Gleanna Righe o'n Iubhar anuay eatorra agus Clannaibh Rudhraighe agus nir fhilleadar clanna Rudhraighe anun o sin a le—i.e., on the hither side of Gleann Righe, the boundary of Gleann Righe was formed from the Newry upwards between them (that is, the Clann-Colla), and the Clanna Rudhraighe, and the Clanna Rudhraighe never returned across it from that time to the present. On an old map of Ulster the river of Newry is called Owen Glanree fluvius." Dr. O'Donovan ("Book of Rights," p. 137) says: "It is remarked in the accounts of the battle of Achadh Leithdheirg, that they (the Oirghialla) never extended their kingdom beyond it (Gleann Righe), for that a definite boundary was formed on this side of Gleann Righe from Newry upwards. This boundary still remains in tolerable preservation, and is now known in Irish by the name of Gleann na muice duibhe—i.e., 'the valley of the black pig,' and the Danes Cast in English." Probably the valley of the Newry river was named Gleann Righe from the boundary, and not from the river, though Righe was the name of several rivers in Ireland. Perhaps also the word righe may be cognate with the Latin rectus, Greek orthos, with which may be compared modern Irish direach and German direkt, from Latin directus. The forearm is also named righ in Irish, righe being genitive case of righ, but the Irish nominative is often a borrowed genitive form. We have also another form of the word in the name Eisgir Riada, the name of a line of natural gravel pits from Dublin to Galway, which was the boundary of Leath Cuinn, or "Conn's half," from Leath Mogha, or "Mogh's half.' Conn and Mogh Nuadat, according to the bardic history, being kings respectively of North and South Ireland.

The term Danes' Cast applied to the boundary attributes its formation to the Danes, to whom were also attributed the Irish stone forts, raths, lisses, round towers, etc. In Munster the fox is believed by some old people to have been introduced into Ireland by the Danes, and I am acquainted with a certain family, the members of which are said to have tails, because they are supposed to have descended from the Danes.

The boundary is also named Gleann na muice duibhe, or "valley of the black pig or sow." In many parts of Ireland the people still relate marvellous tales of the black pig (2), and in the Cahirconlish district the old people say that the black pig came from Ulster. About four miles north of Lough Gur, in the county of Limerick, is a hill in the district of Ludden (Irish Lodan) on which is a stone circle surrounding a high pillar stone named Buachaill Breige, and from this stone to Lough Gur there is a row of stones. Only very few now are left, but the old people say there were very many of these stones, and that numbers were destroyed from time to time by seekers of gold supposed to be buried beneath the pillar stones. The old road running beside the row of stones is on a map of Down survey named Boherleagaun, and the row is called by the people at present the Liagane Line, and Gleann na muice duibhe. Mr. Hackett ("Trans. O.S. Soc.," vol. v., p. 166) says: "We may remember also that in the Imokilly legends it was from Bally-Finn he (Finn) first set out on his expedition against the boars of Imokilly, the time he slew the torc who flourished at Glenturkin, near which the grave is shown where Fionn buried the boar at Finure. It was after that he crossed Cork harbour and landed at Cuaneenrobert; he then sojourned at Rathfean, and thus far he had fought single-handed, but at Fahalay all his warriors joined him. There is a Glen-a-muck-dee (Gleann na muice duibhe) near Ringabella at Gurtagrenane." See also Joyce's Irish Names, vol. i., p. 173 (3). On a hill close to the south shore of Lough Gur is the site of a cromlech named Leabadh na muice, or "lair of the pig," which is described in Ordnance Letters, and is also mentioned in the "Dolmens of Ireland," by Mr. W. C. Borlase. A short distance south of the cromlech is a carn, and a little to the east a rath. Passing on from this to Knockaine is an ancient rampart of earth and stones which the people call the Black Ditch, and which also appears to have been the track of an ancient road. Lewis ("Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," vol. ii., p. 680) says: "A large double trench called by the Irish Rian-bo-Padruic, 'the trench of St. Patrick's cow,' commences to the east of Knockmeledown, and runs in nearly a direct line across the Blackwater, and through the deer-park of Lismore, towards Ardmore, being traceable for sixteen or eighteen miles; it corresponds exactly with that extraordinary work called the Danes' Cast, which runs through the counties of Armagh and Down. A second trench, which runs from Cappoquin through the plain along the sides of the mountains westward into the county of Cork, is called by the peasantry Clee-duff."

In his article on County of Kerry, Lewis says: "Clee Ruadh, or 'the Red Ditch,' is a singular line of defence, commencing at a place called Caher Carbery, near Kerry Head, and carried eastward to the Cashen river, beyond which it re-appears, and proceeding over Knockanure mountain, it enters Limerick county, where all traces of it are lost. It is conjectured to have been an ancient line of demarcation between the principalities of Thomond and Desmond." A portion of the Cladh Dubh, or "Black Ditch," south of Lough Gur, is named Cladh na leac, or "trench of the flagstones," there being three cromlechs and some pillar stones close to the track of the road or boundary. In "Mesca Ulad," p. 17, it is stated that when the Ultonians were encamped in Clin-Mail-mic-Ugaine, some distance to the south of Knockaine, in county of Limerick; that they raised stone columns to shelter their horses, "and that these echlasa of the horses of Ulad remain still from that time to this." No traces of the echlasa are now left, and it has occurred to me that the stone columns (colomna cloch) may have been pillar stones of the ancient lorg, or track, which passes southwards from Knockaine. Several ancient roads must have led to Knockaine, which in the prehistoric period was a most important settlement. In "Silve Gadelica," p. 576, we read: "Knockaines history tell to me—is there here one that remembers it?—best hill (a time there was) that stood on Ireland's wondrous land."

J. F. LYNCH.

Cahirconlish Rectory.

(1) Ptolemy (130 A.D.) names the Ulaid, Ouolounioi, which is the same word as Ulaid, said by O'Beirne Crowe to signify "graves," but the name Ulad is a personal one, and most likely is the same word which occurs in Uladislaus or Wladislaus, the name of sundry kings of Hungary and Bohemia. Ptolemy terms Emain Macha, the ancient royal city of the Ulaid Rigia, probably from Irish Righ, Latin rex., "a king." Cruachan, the royal city of Connaught, s named Rigia etera (the other Rigia) by Ptolemy.

(2) Compare Hibbert Lectures by Professor Rhys, p. 516:—

Hwch du gwta
Ar bob camfa,
Yn nydu a chardio
Bob nos G'langaea'

A cutty black sow
On every stile,
Spinning and carding
Each November-eve.

(3) Compare Dr. Joyce's variant of the legend of the black pig with the variant given by Mr. Hackett ("Trans. O.S. Soc.," vol. v., p. 165). See also the account given in Silva Gadelica, p. 138, of Lecht na muice.

CUPID DESIGNING.

From the Italian of Rossi.

I marked one day with vast surprise,
A little blooming love,
Who, with his bright, unbandaged eyes,
The painter's art would prove;
With cautious footstep I drew near,
To watch the busy creature;
And saw amazed thy form appear—
True to each absent feature;
For with his own unerring dart,
He drew thy image on my heart.

M. DE V.

A writer in "Nature" points out the advantage that would be gained by the use of magnetic iron ore as a material for concrete blocks. He points out that if magneticite is used instead of ordinary rock in the shape of fragments, and magnetic sand or ilmenite sand instead of common sea sand, concrete blocks can be obtained which have all the strength of the ordinary concrete blocks, and which weigh, when immersed in water, exactly twice as much as the ordinary blocks. Such an increase in weight makes the magnetic blocks far superior as regards resistance to the waves. Work constructed with magnetic blocks will stand when other work will be destroyed.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Rev. A. H. L. Benson, the Rectory, Castleconnell, Co. Limerick, whose fine poem, "Galway Bay," readers will remember in our first number, has carried off the first prize in the kingdom for a sonnet sequence (in the magazine, "Music and Poetry") entitled, "Birthday Wishes to a Young Organist."

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Rowland Hill was the most remarkable member of a very remarkable family of reformers, several of them having taken an active part in social and educational movements. Thomas Wright Hill, the father of Rowland, who claimed descent from Samuel Butler, of "Hudibras" fame, was a reformer in stenography. Rowland was a reformer in education before he became a postal reformer, and established a system at Hazelwood, Birmingham, which won the admiration of Jeremy Bentham, De Quincey, Grote, and influenced Dr. Arnold at Rugby. In later days Rosamond Davenport Hill, daughter of Matthew Davenport Hill, a criminal law reformer, has maintained the family traditions as a highly respected member of the London School Board.

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Sir Theodore Martin has been reading the autobiography, noticed by us the other day, of Miss Clara Morris, the American actress. He says in a letter that the book has quite fascinated him, and that as a piece of autobiography it will take rank with anything he knows. Sir Theodore continues:—

> There is the same genius in Clara Morris's writing as there obviously was in her acting. All she says about acting should be carefully conned wherever a true love of that now almost lost art exists. But everybody, whether they care about the stage, must be charmed by the story of the girl's noble struggles, by her high, frank, noble spirit, as well as by the power of her descriptions, both of scenes and characters.

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The autobiography of Sir Walter Besant contains a number of useful and interesting hints for literary aspirants. It appears from the book that Sir Walter did not become wholly dependent on literature for a living until he was fifty. The secretaryship of the Palestine Exploration Fund had been for nearly twenty years his stand-by, yielding him £300 a year. But long before he gave it up he was earning another £200 a year by writing, which he did not only in his out-of-office hours, but in the office itself when this was possible. He says —"I would urge upon everybody who proposes to make a bid for literary success to do so with some backing—a mastership in a school, a Civil Service clerkship, a post as secretary to some institution or society—anything, anything rather than dependence on the pen, and the pen alone."

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The prospectus of the Celtic-Cornish Society has just been issued. All Cornish people, people of Cornish blood, and Celts of other countries, are eligible for membership. The Society seeks:—

I. To preserve from damage and destruction and to study the stone circles, cromlechs, menhirs, hut-circles, beehive dwellings, camps, hill forts, castles, logan and crick stone, stones, crosses, oratories, holy wells, cemeteries, barrows, and inscribed stones.

II. To keep carefully every national custom, and above all the truly Cornish sports of Wrestling and Hurling, by presenting every year a belt to be contended for by Cornish wrestlers, and inscribed silver hurling balls for each parish in the Duchy that will ordain an annual Hurling Match on its Feast Day.

III. To revive the Cornish language as a spoken tongue by publishing a Grammar and Dictionary of the language, by printing all Cornish manuscripts not yet printed, by giving prizes for fresh compositions in Cornish, by paying a premium for teaching Cornish to schoolmasters able to satisfy the Council of their fitness, and also by reviving the ancient Cornish Miracle Plays, and re-establishing the Cornish Gorsedh of the bards at Boscawen-Un.

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"The Critic" of New York prints several lists of the books most in demand at the circulating libraries of America during the past month. Mr. Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way" is the most popular novel. The librarian of the Public Library at Toronto has supplied the following list:—

Caroline, Queen Consort of George II. Wilkins.
The Birds of Siberia. Seebohm.
The Bi-literal Cypher of Sir Francis Bacon. Gallup.
The Life of Lord Russell of Killowen. O'Brien.
The Growth of the Empire. Jose.
Lady Sarah Lennox. Stavordale.
Confessions of a Caricaturist. Furniss.
Robespierre: A Study. Belloc.
Jane Austen: Her Homes and Her Friends. Hill.
Reminiscences of a Long Life. Killen.
The Velvet Glove. Merriman.
A Modern Antæus.

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A writer in the "Author" has been discussing the difficult question of copyright in the titles of books and of the value of titles themselves. As regards copyright in titles, the general legal view appears to be that such a thing does not exist, so that the whole matter really resolves itself into a question of good taste on the part of the author. The question of titles as an indication of the contents of a book is almost equally difficult. The "Author's" contributor says:—"Titles are sometimes hopelessly deceptive," and proceeds to tell a story of the head of a "scholastic establishment," who imagined "Cometh up as a Flower" to be a work on botany. For such literal-mindedness as this (remarks the "Academy") we fear there is no hope, but there is something in the contention that the title of a novel should suggest its general bearing. The difficulties, however, are obvious, and certainly many of the best novels tell nothing on their covers. A novelist of our acquaintance, whom we congratulated the other day on his decorative and distinctive, if rather precious, titles, surprised us by saying that all his titles had been suggested by his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts. After all, the best title in the world cannot do much; even "Vanity Fair" might easily suggest different ideas to people who had not read the book.

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While climbing the literary ladder this is how Sir Walter Besant lived:—

> I was unmarried. I lived in chambers, and still keep my secretaryship. It is really astonishing how well one can live as a bachelor on quite a small income. My rent was £40 a year; my laundress, washing, coals, lights, and breakfast cost me about £70 a year. My dinners—it is a great mistake not to feed well—cost me about thirty shillings a week. Altogether I could live very well indeed on about £250 a year. Practically I spent more, because I travelled whenever I could get away, and bought books, and was fond of good claret. The great thing in literary work is always the same—to be independent: not to worry about money, and not to be compelled to do pot-boiling. I could afford to be anxious about the work and not to be anxious at all about money.

These statements are interesting, but we fear they bear a very superior relation to what is possible to the average young literary struggle-for-lifer of the day. On the other hand, the following tabular statement of how Sir Walter Besant reached that plateau which, when it is won, offers the level highway of success, has a wider application. "I would beg the candidate for literature," he says, "consider how it was done":—

1. I was not dependent on literature—I could spend time on my work.
2. I began by producing a book on the subject on which I desired to be a specialist. The work had a "succes d'estime," and in a sense made my literary fortune.
3. This book opened the doors for me of magazines and reviews.
4. The knowledge of French matters also opened the door of the daily press to me.
5. I followed up the line by a second book on the same subject. The press were again, on the whole, very civil.

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"A writer or compiler of a dictionary" is the uncoloured definition which Mr. Henry Bradley gives to the word Lexicographer in the new part of the Oxford English Dictionary. And he quotes, doubtless with feeling, Dr. Johnson's inside definition: "A harmless drudge, that busies himself in tracing the original, and detailing the significance of words." Indeed, one might easily suppose that Mr. Bradley had imported into his quotations some of these emotions which the Doctor expressed in the definition itself. Macaulay's dictum, for example: "The best lexicographer may well be content if his productions are received by the world with cool esteem." He refers, too, to a passage in which Byron expressly rules out the lexicographer as a useful purveyor of new words:—

> No slight applause will candid pens afford
> To him who furnishes a wanting word.
> Then fear not, if 'tis needful to produce
> Some term unknown, or obsolete in use,
> (As Pitt has furnish'd us a word or two
> Which lexicographers declined to do).

To the best couplet Byron adds the note: "Mr. Pitt was liberal in his additions to our Parliamentary tongue; as may be seen in many publications, particularly the 'Edinburgh Review.'"

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One of the chief features of the sale of the Hibbert Library at Sotheby's was the record price of a set of the first editions of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," "Farther Adventures," and "Serious Reflections," 1719-20, all fine copies, bound uniformly in sprinkled calf extra. The set, which is said to have cost the late owner thirteen guineas, was knocked down to Mr. Quaritch at £205. Remarkable prices were also paid for first editions of Keats, which in no case had the advantage of being in the original boards. The principal lots included the following:—

Thos. Gay, Poems, 1775, Horace Walpole's copy, with very profuse and valuable notes in his hand, and with a number of prints, etc., added	£197	0
Ditto. Odes, 1757, first edition, wanting the half title, bound up with other tracts, and with numerous interesting notes by Horace Walpole	60	0
John Keats, Poems, 1817, fine copy	79	0
Ditto, Lamia, Isabella, etc., 1820	55	0
Ditto, Endymion, 1818	28	0
Phineas Fletcher, The Locusts, 1627, first edition	69	0
Ditto, The Purple Island, 1633	20	0
Ben Jonson, Workes, 1616, first folio edition. This copy belonged to Charles II., bearing his motto and signature on p. 677	61	0
R. Holinshed, Chronicles, 1577	60	0
C. M. Westmacott, The English Spy, 1825, with twenty-seven fine coloured plates by R. Cruikshank	51	0
J. de la Fontaine, Contes et Nouvelles, 1762	49	0
Ditto, Fables Choisies, 1765-75	40	0
Fenelon, Aventures de Telemaque, 1785, Didot's finely printed edition	40	0
T. D'Urfey, Songs Compleat, 1719-1720	49	10

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

An electric automobile mail delivery was recently inaugurated in Minneapolis, and is said to have proved itself in every way efficient.

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A charter has been given to Boston capitalists to build an electric line from Toronto to Cornwall, a line from Brockville through Smith Falls to Ottawa, in all about 350 miles. The fund for this purpose will be £1,600,000, and the work will be pushed to an early completion.

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The darkness that has pervaded the Pyramids for thousands of years is now to be dispelled by the electric light. Maspero, the director of the society entrusted with the preservation of Egyptian antiquities, has begun work on the historic temple of Karnak at Thebes. So successful has the result been that the inner passages and catacombs of the great Pyramids are now to be lighted.

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The United States Navy Department has placed with the Allgemeine Elektricitaets Gesellschaft an order for a complete outfit of Slaby-Arco wireless telegraphy instruments. Secretary Long has decided to test the various systems of wireless telegraphy which are now in use in this country and abroad in order to obtain accurate data of their comparative efficiency.

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The Imperial Health Department of Germany, which numbers among its counsellors some of the most distinguished scientists, has lately considered the posibility of exterminating rats throughout the empire. It is the object of the health department to mitigate the danger from the spread of contagious diseases. Dr. Robert Koch, the eminent bacteriologist, has been commissioned to devise a plan of getting rid of the rat pest in the east port-towns.

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A company is being formed in St. Louis for the manufacture of the power plough designed by Richard J. Gatling, the designer of the famous rapid-fire gun bearing that name. This machine is said to do the work of from thirty to forty men, using from sixty to eighty horses, and the cost per day for fuel is said to be six dollars when using oil, wood or coal and two dollars per day when using gasoline. A wheat drill may be attached to the machine, and the grain sown as the disks turn up the earth. The first public appearance of the Gatling plough will be at the St. Louis Exposition.

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The ninety-fourth anniversary of the first successful burning of anthracite coal in a grate was celebrated at the old Fell Hotel in Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, where that interesting event took place. The old fireplace and grate are still preserved, and the room in which they are located was gaily decorated in honour of the event. A banquet was served, and among the speakers was H. P. Fell, a descendant of Jesse Fell, the old proprietor of the house. The first steps were taken toward the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the discovery six years hence, and it will in all probability be an affair of national and State importance.

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An explosion took place in the nitro-glycerine house of the Cerberite Manufacturing Works at Ardwick, Maryland, on the morning of February 5th, and although the concussion was terrific, a large quantity of the cerberite, which was stored in another house only a short distance away, was not affected, thus giving a practical demonstration of the remarkable quality of the explosive, which, it is said, requires the combined action of flame, heat and concussion to detonate. In practice, a percussion cap is used to explode it. Cerbite is the discovery of Count Sergy de Smolianoff, a Russian chemist, who died about a year ago in Washington.

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The first practical trial of a new system of the single-rail railroad is to be made at the Crystal Palace, London. The line, which is to be one and a half miles in length, will be worked by electricity. One terminus will be alongside the low-level station of the London and Brighton and South Coast Railway. Thence it will run up the hill to the Palace Buildings and around the lakes in the grounds. The difference between this system and the prevalent type of mono-rail is that the line is on the ground, and large wheels projecting from the middle of the carriage run on it, while on each side of the carriage there are safety rollers upon guide rails. In the mono-rail the line is elevated, with the carriages overhanging on each side, thus placing the centre of gravity below the rail. The experimental railroad will cost £14,000, and the line will be in working order by July.

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English and American capitalists are to build a railroad which is to run from Eureka, Humboldt County, Cal., to Weiser, Mont., to connect with the Northern Pacific. Eureka is a town of 10,000 in a country without a railroad. The proposed line will open this part of California, traverse the redwood country, and the south-east corner of Oregon, cross the Idaho, and finally merge into the Northern Pacific. The road, it is claimed, will open up a territory containing about 250,000 population at present, and capable of supporting a million, but now without proper traffic facilities.

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An instrument for indicating and recording the approach of thunder storms is in use at St. Ignatius' College, Cleveland, Ohio. The apparatus comprises a relay, a sounder, a coherer, two condensers, a choking coil, two batteries of two and four dry cells, a clock with recording cylinder, and a copper collector fixed to the tower roof. The action of the storms upon the recorder is as follows: If, at some distance from the receiving station, there is a violent discharge of electricity within a cloud, the electrical oscillations it occasions will impinge upon the collector on the roof and close the coherer circuit. The waves, however, pass the coherer without obstruction, thereby building bridges for the battery current in this circuit. The relay in the coherer circuit is energised, and closes the recorder circuit in the usual manner.

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In an article printed in the "Physikalische Zeitschrift" K. R. Koch states that he has found that lightning conductors, the connections of which have become imperfect through rusting, nevertheless act in an efficient manner during a thunderstorm. In his opinion this phenomenon is due to the oscillating character of a lightning discharge. Electromagnetic waves have been produced, which act upon the imperfect connections as upon a coherer, restoring the conductivity for a period more or less long. Hitherto lightning has been considered a continual discharge, which often becomes apparently oscillatory by quick repetition. In order to prove this theory experimentally Koch employed a rapidly revolving camera. Unfortunately he has not been able to furnish as complete a proof of his theory as might be desired, for the flashes photographed were all too distinct.

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Some twenty years ago a German engineer who was surveying for a railway in Asia Minor heard that a large marble statue had come to light in what is known now as the town of Bergama. He soon became convinced that owing to the largeness of the remains it formed a part of the representation of the battle of the gods which took place on the heights of Pergamon. Further investigations proved this to be the case, and Herr Humann conducted the explorations between 1878 and 1886 upon the spot where he made his first find, the Prussian Government providing the means. Much of the magnificent temple and altar which were erected on the Pergamon height between the years 197 and 159 B.C. had disappeared under the combined influences of the weather and vandals. Some larger portions and small fragments were conveyed to Berlin, and now a special museum has been opened for the reception of these magnificent specimens of Hellenic art. The building in shape and size resembles the original altar with its frieze. The gigantic figures have been set up in their former order, and every possible fragment has been utilised.

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American bankers learned a long time ago that saving deposits were to be had for the seeking, and several methods of seeking them, particularly by distributing small boxes which can only be opened at the banking office, have been used successfully. French bankers have just taken several strides in advance by introducing the automatic savings bank, which tours the country districts at stated intervals and gathers in the savings of the thrifty peasants. An electric motor car has been built for the purpose. It provides seats for a cashier and two clerks, arranged about a revolving table. There are shelves on the walls for the bank books, and a strong box is built into the body of the car. The officials are from the Mezieres Treasury Administration, and the cashier has power to receive deposits of any amount. As there is no desire on the part of the authorities to facilitate the withdrawal of funds, the peasant is forced to come to the central bank when he needs money. The automobile bank began its rounds some time ago, and has met with a most favourable reception.

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In a recent issue of the "Tramway and Railway World," Mr. Magrini Effren, of Turin, shows how rapid and extensive has been the development of electrical traction in Italy. The first electric tramway put down in Italy dates back to 1890. The line runs from Florence to Fiesole. Genoa and Milan followed in 1893. Two years later the Eternal City itself saw the advent of the electric tramway. Turin, Naples, and Leghorn, and other cities are now included in the list. Water power instead of steam is used at the generating stations, in many cases. While the railways, as a rule, have adopted a conductor rail, the use of overhead wires for the tramways is quite general. The latest development is the Lecco and Sondrio Railway, about which so much was heard at the recent arbitration proceedings regarding the system of electric traction for the Metropolitan and District Railways of London.

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A New Haven photographer, A. Hyatt Verrill, a son of Professor E. Verrill, of Yale University, announces further discoveries in his experiments with colour photography. Verrill says he has found it possible to produce "aurotypes" and "argentypes" simply by depositing gold and silver in metallic form on glass, wood, metals, and even on paper. The pictures thus made are claimed to be absolutely permanent. It is to be understood that there has hitherto been no real photograph in colours taken from nature. The three-colour process is simply an approximation, and in all methods there has been the necessity at some stage of the work of matching colours for the dyeing of the films. Of course, Uppmann's mercury process was an exception in a way, but it never produced photographs direct from Nature with all the tints in their exact values. Mr. Verrill shows a Bermuda landscape in which the beautiful tints of the water and sky are brought out, as well as the soft creamy colour of the houses and the neutral grey of the rocks. The most delicate shades of green, blue, pink, purple, orange, and yellow are reproduced direct from Nature for the first time in an "autochromatic" manner with surprising softness and accuracy.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

From the Dublin Newspapers of 1793.

DUBLIN.

JUNE 28.—Thursday, at the Commission of Oyer and Terminer, and a general jail delivery of the county of the city of Dublin, held at the Court of the King's Bench, before the Hon. Baron Power, Patrick Magrath was indicted for feloniously, scandalously, and maliciously, and contrary to his Majesty's peace, his crown, and dignity, uttering a curse against his present Majesty and the Royal Family, and other felonious expressions, in the hearing of several persons, at a house in Copper alley, on the 11th day of March last.

The principal evidence on behalf of the prosecution was one Taylor, a pensioner, belonging to the Royal Hospital, who proved that the traverser had made use of the imprecation and expressions charged in the indictment and had abused himself as an old fogy; whereupon he went from the house secretly (it being a late hour, and fearing for his personal safety) and brought a guard from the police-house, to whom he gave the prisoner in charge.

It appeared that the parties, together with several others, had assembled at a room where was a wake of a person deceased; that the prisoner and another raised a row in the company, being inebriated: that whiskey was introduced, of which all the company partook, and in the interim some altercation having arisen between the traverser and Taylor, the former made use of the above and other ridiculous expressions, as that the King was a shoe-boy, and that he, the traverser, could not buy a naggin of whiskey, but the King had a penny out of it, etc.

The evidence being closed, the judge gave a strict charge to the jury: he observed that the facts stated in the indictment had been clearly proved; and that his being drunk was rather an aggravation than exculpation of the crime. It appearing to the jury that the man must have been in a state of insanity, they brought in their verdict—Guilty of uttering the words, but not out of malice. The judge desired them to reconsider their verdict, but having delivered the same a second time, he declared he never before received such a verdict, and ordered the Clerk of the Crown to furnish him with their names, and that the prisoner should be remanded to prison till he consulted the twelve judges on the propriety of the verdict.

JULY 2.—This day being quarter-day of the Corporation of cutlers, painters, stainers, and stationers, or Guild of St. Luke, the following gentlemen of the Roman Catholic persuasion were unanimously admitted to the freedom of the said Corporation, in pursuance of the Act of the present Session—viz:—

Thomas M'Donnell, stationer.
Richard Cross, ditto.
Patrick Wogan, ditto.
Patrick Byrne, ditto.
Hugh Fitzpatrick, ditto.
Peter Hoey, ditto.
Luke Dempsey, painter.
John O'Neille, ditto.
Thomas Smyth, ditto.

Yesterday were executed in front of the new jail in Green street, Laurence and Patrick Penrose (brothers), John Delany, and Edward Boyce. The first three for the murder of Counsellor O'Grady, and the latter for firing a loaded pistol at a policeman, with intent to kill him.

They were executed two at a time: Delany and Boyce were thrown off first, about one o'clock; and, after hanging better than half an hour, were cut down, when the Penroses immediately followed.

They all acknowledged the justice of their sentence. Boyce and Delany behaved in a hardened manner, and did not seem to have a terror of death upon them. The Penroses, before they were turned off, took an affecting leave of each other, and behaved with a propriety suitable to their unfortunate situation.

The three for the murder of Counsellor O'Grady, denied each having perpetrated the act, but confessed being present at the time that gentleman was shot. The bodies of the four were sent to Surgeon's Hall for dissection, according to the statute.

Wednesday last the remains of the Right Hon. the Earl of Moira were deposited in the family vault at Moira, in the county of Down. The great concourse of people who attended on this melancholy occasion proved how universally his lordship was esteemed in the country, at the same time it manifested the just sense they entertained of the many virtues which adorned both his public and private character.

The signs of sorrow shown by his lordship's numerous tenantry were a sufficient testimony that he was not only respected as their landlord, but beloved as their friend. Of all who followed his remains to the grave, none seemed insensible of that stroke of death which had deprived the country of an honest man, society of its brightest ornament, and the poor of one of their best friends.

The funeral service was performed by the Rev. Mr. Ford, vicar of Ballynahinch, and one of his lordship's domestic chaplains. The pall was borne by six of the principal gentlemen of the county, and the chief mourner was the Right Hon. the Earl of Granard.

Yesterday Messrs. Butler and Bond were removed from Newgate to the Exchequer-chamber, by virtue of an Habeas Corpus. The Chief Baron having heard Counsellors Emmet and Shearer, on behalf of the prisoners, observed that the House of Lords was now sitting, and that, if error was a plea, it ought to be submitted to their lordships. He remanded the gentlemen to prison.

Tuesday last, at the Commission of Oyer and Terminer, James Sewell, proprietor of a publichouse in Barack street, was arraigned and tried on an indictment for an assault and illegal imprisonment of Robert Stephen Williamson, Esq., of the Post Office, on the 9th of June last.

It appeared that the prosecutor, who had spent the day in the country, was returning to town through Barrack street, between nine and ten o'clock of the evening of the said day, and hearing a fiddle playing in the house of Sewell, he stopped, and was invited in by Sewell and a Sergeant Kelly, and having gone in accordingly, Kelly threw a shilling towards Mr. Williamson's boot, which he took up and threw back again to Kelly.

Upon this Kelly and Sewell told him he was the King's man, and that the shilling was to drink his Majesty's health. Mr. Williamson then remonstrated with them, and informed them that he was not of that class of persons who commonly enlist as soldiers, holding an employment in the Post Office. But, notwithstanding, they detained him close prisoner all that night and the next day, and between three and four in the afternoon brought him in a coach down to Rogerson's quay, and sent him on board the Mary sloop, a tender lying in this harbour, where, after receiving gross abuse from the parties, he was detained until the following day, when, getting an opportunity of sending a message to the Post Office, he was liberated by the Lord Mayor and one of the Sheriffs.

Sewell was found guilty; and Kelly, not appearing until the trial was over, was ordered to Newgate, to abide his trial at the next Commission.

JULY 12.—Yesterday the business of the Commission was concluded by Baron Power, when the following convicts received sentence:—

Patrick Hayden, a letter-carrier belonging to the Post Office, for stealing and embezzling from a letter committed to his charge, nine bank post-bills, value £30—to be hanged on Saturday, the 20th inst.

Joseph Murphy, a boy of sixteen, for a highway robbery at Blackpitts—to be hanged on Saturday, the 24th of August; but recommended by the jury, and promised to be represented by the judge, on account of his youth.

Michael Connolly, for a highway robbery, in company with six others (four of whom were hanged last week—three for the murder of Mr. O'Grady), on Sir James Sinclair Erskine and his retinue in February last—to be executed on Saturday, the 20th inst.

And James Cregan, a hackney coachman, for aiding and abetting in the said robbery, by driving his coach, with his accomplices, to the place, being present during the robbery, and driving back to town his accomplices with their booty—to be hanged the same day.

Michael Dunn, for various felonies—to be transported for life.

Margaret Colligan, for receiving goods knowing them to be stolen—to be transported for seven years.

Hugh Matthews, for felony—to be transported for seven years.

Michael Reilley, of Milltown, for stealing from Edward Keogh two notes, value twenty guineas—to be transported for seven years.

Patrick M'Innerny, for felony—to be transported for seven years.

Samuel Busby, for assault, false imprisonment, and cruelty to his children, to be imprisoned for six months, and fined three hundred pounds.

And Judith Busby, his wife and accomplice in the said crime, to be imprisoned two years.

At the commencements held on Tuesday last, in our University, by the Right Hon. Lord Fitzgibbon, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, and Vice-Chancellor of the University, the undernamed gentlemen were admitted to the following degrees:—

DOCTORS OF LAW.

Right Hon. Arthur Wolfe, his Majesty's Attorney-General (honorary), and
William Smith.

DOCTORS OF PHYSIC.

Whitley Stokes,
Edmond Cullen,
Robert Percival,
Stephen Dickson,
John Edward Boyton, and
James Cleghorn.

BACHELORS OF LAWS.

William Smith,
James Lyne,
Richard Dobbs, and
Christopher Edmond Allen.

BACHELORS OF PHYSIC.

Whitley Stokes,
Edmond Cullen,
Robert Percival,
Stephen Dickson, and
James O'Beirne.

MASTERS OF ARTS.

Honourable Edward Taylor,
Peter Alley,
Henry Maturine,
John Dobbs,
Thomas Prior,
Peter Roberts,
Gustavus Wybrants, and
James Ryan.

And thirty-two young gentlemen, among whom were sixteen fellow-commoners, were admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

(To be Continued.)

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Page Panorama, WATERFORD, 1745, See Pages 88 and 89.

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THE TOWN OF BALLINA.



FROM A PICTURE OF SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

(From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland, 1837.)

Ballina, a sea-port, market, and post-town, in the parish of Kilmoremoy, barony of Tyrawley, county of Mayo, and province of Connaught, 17¼ (N. N. E.) from Castlebar, and 125 miles (W. N. W.) from Dublin; containing 5,510 inhabitants. This town, originally called "Belleek," or the "Ford of the Flags," owes its origin to O'Hara, Lord Tyrawley, who built the first street, of which some houses are still remaining; and is indebted for the commencement of its commercial importance to the establishment of a cotton factory here, in 1729, by that nobleman, who also obtained for the inhabitants the privilege of a weekly market and a fair. During the disturbances of 1798 the town was attacked by the French under Gen. Humbert, who, having landed on the 22nd of August in Kilcummin bay, and made themselves masters of that town, sent forward on the day following a detachment to assault this place, which on its approach to the town, affecting to retreat from a reconnoitring party that had been sent out by the garrison, led it into an ambuscade, where the Rev. G. Fortescue, nephew of Lord Clermont and rector of the parish, who had volunteered his services, was shot by a party of the French that had concealed themselves under a bridge. On the day following, the main body of Gen. Humbert's forces advanced to the town, of which they took possession on the evening of the 24th, when the garrison, under Col. Sir T. Chapman and Major Kerr of the Carbineers, retreated to Foxford, a village about eight miles distant.

The town is beautifully situated on the river Moy, by which it is separated from the county of Sligo, and on the mail coach road from Sligo to Castlebar; it consists of several streets, and contains about 1,200 houses, most of which are regular and well built. The river Moy, over which are two stone bridges, is navigable from the sea, about six miles distant, for vessels not drawing more than 11 feet of water, to within a mile and a half of the town. A ship canal was formerly commenced by Government, under the superintendence of Mr. Nimmo, for bringing vessels up to the town, instead of landing their cargoes at the present quay; but after £1,000 had

been expended, the works were discontinued, and have been since falling into decay. A communication by canal to Lough Conn, and thence to Galway, has been projected by Mr. Bald, the county surveyor, which would open an abundant source of industry and wealth to the inhabitants of these mountain districts, at present inaccessible from want of roads, and greatly increase the commercial interests of the town. The environs are pleasingly diversified.

A very extensive tobacco and snuff manufactory was established in 1801, by Mr. Malley, who first persevered in opening the navigation of the river Moy, and thus gave a powerful impulse to the commercial prosperity of the town: the manufacture continued to flourish, and in 1809 the duties paid to Government amounted to £8,000. In 1834, Mr. J. Brennan, a merchant from Belfast, introduced the provision trade, which was previously unknown in this neighbourhood, and erected spacious premises adjoining the river, and commodious stores 350 feet long and 140 feet wide, with complete apparatus adapted to a peculiar method of curing. The weaving of linen is carried on to a small extent by weavers who work in their own houses. On the eastern bank of the river are the remains of an abbey, founded by St. Olcan or Bolcan, a disciple of St. Patrick; they have a large, ancient doorway of beautiful design.

THE SONGLESS SINGER.

North of the moon he slept one night
  Between the flow of the sea and the ebb;
Where the wild things born of the dark and the light
  Threw round him their subtle and spectral web.
And they sang him tunes of no man known,
  A secret rythm, a joyous sigh,
And he heard the wind from nowhere blown
  Out of a vast and empty sky.

North of the moon he slept till morn,
  And shapes forbidden about him came,
The days that are dead, and the days unborn,
  And faces fashioned out of the flame,
The gleam of crowns of uncrowned kings,
  The grace of the hidden sacrifice,
While softly the sweep of foam-white wings
  With the greater grail sailed twice and thrice.

North of the moon he trod the hills,
  The fair blue hills topped close on heaven.
He saw the tints that the sunbeam spills
  Beyond the edge of the sacred seven.
The towers of the Parsifal he saw,
  And heard their airy trumpets' breath,
And he felt song's mighty pulses draw,
  And he learned what love is, and what death.

North of the moon he sleeps no more—
  Dark in eclipse till his soul shall hear
The mystical measures falling o'er
  That borderland of a smile and a tear.
And the runes he read, and the dreams full sweet,
  He tells to none, since he lost the way
That he wandering seeks with weary feet
  North of the moon till break of day.

The report of the workings of the German canals states that there are 8,650 miles of inland waterways open to traffic. In 1900 nearly seven million tons of goods were conveyed to Berlin by the canals, and eight and a half million tons to Ruhrort. The Elbe has been made navigable for 550 miles. The canal between the Elbe and the Trave has been completed at a cost of five million dollars.

ISAAC BARRE.

THE CAREER OF AN ADVENTUROUS TRINITY COLLEGE MAN.

BY EBLANA.

This remarkable man was the son of Peter Barre, a French refugee, and was born in Dublin in the year 1726.

He entered Trinity College as a pensioner on the 19th November, 1740, became a scholar in 1744, and in the following year took his degree.

About this period he displayed a great taste for theatricals, and acted plays so well that Garrick urged him to go on the stage, offering him a salary of £1,000 a year.

But as he was intended for the law, he pursued his studies to that end.

However, he himself preferred a military life, and soon afterwards entered the army. He was gazetted an ensign in 1746, and joined his regiment in Flanders, served in Scotland and Gibraltar till 1755, when he set out for America.

With Richard Montgomery he took part in the attack upon Louisburg, and next he applied for a place in Wolfe's regiment when it was about to march against Rochfort in 1757. In this campaign he attracted the attention of his superior officers, his services introducing him to his commanding officer, and even to Lord Shelbourne.

In the intervals of duty he prosecuted his studies, and was connected with General Wolfe both as an officer and a penman; and on the attack upon Quebec became his adjutant-general.

During this battle, which took place on the 6th September, 1759, and in which the fort was defended by the French under Montcalm, Wolfe died on the field of victory, and Barre received a ball in the head.

In West's celebrated picture representing Wolfe's death on Abraham's heights, Barre is conspicuous among the officers surrounding the fallen general.

Having served for fourteen years, Barre deemed himself justified in applying to Pitt for promotion.

This was on the 28th of April, 1760, but his request was refused on the ground that senior officers would thus be injured.

However, he was advanced by Lord Amherst, and it was that carried the news of the capture of Montreal to England.

On his arrival in that country he became intimate with Lord Fitzmaurice, who, on succeeding his father, Lord Shelbourne, in 1761, and vacating the family borough of Chipping Wycombe, nominated Barre to the seat as a supporter of the Liberal party.

It was at this time that the Spanish difficulty was being debated, war being feared. Five days after his election Barre attacked Pitt in a fierce philippic, and the effect of his speech was heightened by his black, massive, and swarthy appearance and figure and military set, as well as by the bullet that had lodged loosely in his cheek, and given a savage glare to his eye. But, despite these drawbacks, Walpole declares that his diction, though bold and unsparing, was yet classical and eloquent.

Pitt called him to order, and Fox interfered; still Barre went on, and when he had finished Pitt made no reply, but turning to Beckford, asked fairly loud: "How far the scalping Indians cast their tomahawks?"

Pitt himself, however, had been a master of invective, and now he had found his match.

Charles Townshend being afterwards asked when the House would rise, said:

"I do not know; but when it does the roads will be as dangerous as if the army were disbanded."

Barre having observed that he would not answer for his head, but would for his heart, George Selwyn replied:

"Yes, if he could not, the former would not have been broken long ago."

Soon afterwards, seeing another member give Barre a biscuit, Townshend said:

"Oh, you should feed him with raw flesh!"

The Rev. Philip Francis also attacked him.

It was not till ten years later, as we shall see, that the secret of these amenities was revealed.

Early in 1763, Isaac Barre was created, under Lord Bates' Administration, Adjutant-General and Governor of Stirling, at a salary of £4,000 per annum. He did not, however, retain this position long, owing to his opposition to George III.; and in the following September, the Grenville Ministry coming into power, he was dismissed from his lucrative post and from the army as well.

In 1764, however, he and Pitt were reconciled, their attachment lasting during the latter's life.

On the 12th of April, 1764, the election of the East India Directors took place. In this contest the Duke of Devonshire put forward Lord Clive, while the opposition candidate was Sullivan, the nominee of Lord Shelbourne. The latter, however, was defeated.

Had Sullivan succeeded, Barre would have been Governor to Bengal. As it was, this post devolved upon Lord Clive.

When the question of the taxation of America arose, Barre strenuously opposed it, he and Lord Shelbourne refusing to join the Rockingham Ministry.

In January, 1768, the British Parliament was opened by the King, and despite the remonstrances of Benjamin Franklin, it was determined to pass the Stamp Act through the House. But, as Bancroft says, George Grenville being afraid to meet Parliament on the naked proposal of the expediency of taxing America, he, with consummate art, resolved to place it "upon the most general and acknowledged grounds of Whig policy." Consequently the American question was presented as one of "obedience to the laws, and respect for the legislative authority of the kingdom," and further, that "temper and firmness, which would best conciliate due submission and reverence," was announced, and it was resolved to act smoothly, but "to establish as undoubted the authority of the British legislature in all cases whatsoever."

In the debates, to, on the forces to be kept up in the army and navy, Charles Townshend said:

"The colonies are not to be emancipated."

In vain did Franklin, Ingersoll, Jackson, and Garth, as agents for Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and South Carolina, remonstrate with the Minister on behalf of America, and against taxation by Parliament, or propose that if they were to be taxed, they should be invited to tax themselves, pleading the usual method of the King's requisition through the Secretary of State.

In this debate Isaac Barre was signally presented. He admitted, however, the power of Parliament to tax America, but derided the idea of virtual representation. Putting his hand to his breast, he cried in impassioned tones:

"Who of you, reasoning upon this subject, feels warmly from his heart, who of you feels for Americans as you should for yourselves or

as you would for the people of your own native country?" and taunting the House with its ignorance of the affairs of America, charged "those who should hold up their hands for the Bill as acting very much in the dark", adding, "but perhaps as well in the dark as anyway."

This charge of ignorance brought to his feet Charles Townshend, whose special charge American affairs had been. He suppopted the Stamp Act, insisting that the colonies had borne but a small proportion of the expenses of the last war, and had yet obtained by it immense advantages at a vast expense to the mother-country, adding:

"And now, will these American children, planted by our care, nourished by our indulgence to a degree of strength and opulence, and protected by our arms, grudge to contribute their mite to relieve us from the heavy burden under which we lie?"

When Townshend sat down, having delivered what he deemed his unanswerable argument, he immediately became aware that he had aroused the sleeping lion, as, with the rest of the House, he saw Barre rise, his eyes aflame, his arms outstretched, as he replied in the following ringing and stinging impromptu:

"They planted by your care! No; your oppression planted them in America. They fled from your tyranny to a then uncultivated, inhospitable country; where they exposed themselves to almost all the hardships to which human nature is liable; and, among others, to the cruelties of a savage foe, the most subtle, and, I will take upon me to say, the most formidable of any people upon the face of God's earth; and yet actuated by principles of true British liberty, they met all hardships with pleasure compared with those they suffered in their own country, from the hands of those who should have been their friends.

"They nourished by your indulgence! They grew by your neglect of them. As soon as you began to care about them, that care was exercised in sending persons to rule them in one department and another, who were, perhaps, the deputies of deputies to some members of this House, sent to spy out their liberties, to misrepresent their actions, and to prey upon them; men whose behaviour on many occasions has caused the blood of those Sons of Liberty to recoil within them; men promoted to the highest seats of justice, some who, to my knowledge, were glad, by going to a foreign country, to escape being brought to the bar of a court of justice in their own.

"They protected by your arms! They have nobly taken up arms in your defence, have exerted a valour amidst their constant and laborious industry for the defence of a country whose frontier was drenched in blood, while its interior parts yielded all its little savings to your emolument. And believe me—remember I this day told you so—the same spirit of freedom which actuated that people at first will accompany them still. But prudence forbids me to explain myself further. God knows I do not at this time speak from motives of party heat; what I deliver are the genuine sentiments of my heart. However superior to me in general knowledge and experience the respectable body of this House may be, yet I claim to know more of America than most of you, having seen and been conversant in that country. The people, I believe, are as truly loyal as any subjects the King has; but a people jealous of their liberties, and who will vindicate them if ever they should be violated. But the subject is too delicate. I will say no more."

This speech was acknowledged to be a heavy blow to Charles Townshend. After a debate of seven hours the motion was adjourned, but eventually passed by 245 to 49.

Ingersoll, one of the American delegates, who was present in the House, made a report of Barre's speech, which reached New England three months later, and which became household words throughout that State, and by midsummer it was translated into French and distributed in Canada.

It is said in reference to this speech and others of a like character, that the terrors of Barre's invective almost paralysed Charles Townshend, and dismayed Wedderburn.

As an opposition orator he was unrivalled, though in defence he was not so happy. And none took a more prominent place than he in opposition to Lord North's Ministry.

In "MacMillan's Magazine," 1876, quoted by Alfred Webb, is:

"The pre-eminence of Barre as a speaker was due principally to his extraordinary power of invective; but it would be a great injustice to suppose that there was nothing but invective in his speeches. On the contrary, some of them abound with wise maxims and good, sound common sense. He was generally on what we would call the constitutional side, and as the great constitutional questions of that day have all been settled in his favour, it is naturally difficult for us to help being struck by his arguments. But Barre does not deserve our unqualified approbation. He was essentially a party man. He spoke for his party and he voted with his party. Walpole called him a bravo, and nothing can so well illustrate the dependence of his position than the fact that, clever and eloquent as he was, the first trace we find of his making an original motion was in 1778, seventeen years after he entered Parliament. . . Barre found himself fighting the battles of the people, and his eloquence was of a sort peculiarly adapted to such warfare."

In Pitt's Administration he was restored to his rank in the army, and was appointed Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, as well as a Privy Councillor, holding that office until the break-up of the Ministry in 1768.

In that year Shelbourne and Barre were again in Opposition. The latter took an active part in Wilke's trials, and attacked the Government in his usual fierce and merciless manner, and quite aware of his power of inspiring fear.

The supposed secret of his attack upon Pitt ten years previously, came out during the discussion on Wilkes and Oliver in 1771, in this way:

Charles Fox, in an intemperate speech, moved to examine Alderman Oliver the next day, whom, he should consider, he said, in a public light as an assassin of the constitution. To this Colonel Barre replied that it became no man to call another an assassin who assassinated that person behind his back. Fox, in the same violent manner, replied:

"When I was a boy at school, I remembered nothing so well as the clamour against Barre for assassinating Mr. Pitt behind his back." To which Barre returned this thundering sentence:

"If the gentleman would go home he might learn the name of the person who set me upon that assassination which I now so much abhor."

The fact seemed now proved, which had always been believed that Fox was the instigator. Nor was this all that then leaked out, for Barre told several persons that on his reconciliation with Pitt, the latter told him that on the very day of his (Barre's) second attack on him, Fox had hurried out of the House after him (Pitt), saying, "He hoped he did not think that he (Fox) had any hand in encouraging the outrage, in which he vowed he was not concerned."

It was said that Shelbourne and Fox had set him on Pitt.

The King's hatred of Barre, second only to that he felt for Wilkes, prevented Barre's promotion in the army, and ultimately led to his retirement from the service in 1773.

Barre had also taken a prominent part in the affairs of India.

When the Rockingham Ministry came into power in 1782, Barre was appointed Treasurer of the Navy, and received a pension of £3,200 a year, to take effect whenever he should quit his then office, a proceeding which made the Ministry unpopular, and enabled the younger Pitt, some time later, to gain applause by granting to Barre the clerkship of the Pells in lieu of the pension.

When the Rockingham Administration was dissolved on the death of its chief, Lord Shelbourne formed the new Cabinet, and Barre was appointed Paymaster-General. This was his last official position, as he became blind a year or two later, a calamity that permanently cut him off from all active pursuits and all chance of further advancement.

But his active disposition could not long brook retirement, and after some time he re-entered Parliament, only to find, however, an entirely new order of things—new men, new ideas, new policies; and feeling himself a kind of political Rip Van Winkle, he in 1790 quarrelled with Lord Shelbourne, who had become Marquis of Landsdowne, owing to the complete divergence of opinions which had arisen between them; severed a friendship of over thirty years' standing, and again retired from Parliament for the last time.

Henceforth his health declined, and he spent the remainder of his days in retirement, dying at Stanhope street, Mayfair, London, on the 20th of July, 1802.

Owing to his services to America, his name was given to the district of Barre, in Massachusetts.

In 1848 a book was written by John Britton to prove that Isaac Barre was the author of the "Letters of Junius." But Barre denied their authorship to his friend, Samuel Bayard.

A recent author says that Barre was the most incorruptible patriot, successful exposer, and scathing denunciator of jobbery and corruption, and the most fearless friend of the then struggling colonies of America.

Henry Grattan says that on one occasion, when a great row took place in the English House of Lord's, Barre's remark on it was that "A bear-garden did not equal the horrid indecency of the peers."

The following ode bears witness to the popular appreciation of Barre's abilities and achievements:—

In different strains does Barre's language flow,
A rough-hewn soldier all from Top to Toe,
Like honest Kent, inured to homely ways,
He scorns the pliant courtier's mincing phrase;
And with a daring rectitude of thought,
Hangs in terrorum every statesman's fault.
No Bribes cajole him, nor no Fears repel,
For what he dares to think he dares to tell.
Is Britain's flag insulted on the Main?
Are laws infringed, should magistrates complain?
Do long arrears disgrace a Nation's trust,
Or those turn knaves who're paid for being just?
Then dauntless Barre takes his usual stand,
And flings his arrows with avenging hand
On every side—above, behind, below,
Nor spares the Monarch in his country's foe.
But tho' such praises on thy name attend,
Still Barre, hear the dictates of a friend
Who here would counsed with the openest view,
And what he freely thinks directs to you.
Let not that tongue so wantonly declaim
Nor stain a patriot with a brawler's name;
Illiberal phrases on themselves recoil,
And mar the statesman's zeal, the speaker's toil;
Contract the Muse's power to chant her lays,
And rob thy vigilance of half its praise.

From a friend of Prof. Pickering Harvard College has received a gift of £4,000 for the benefit of the College observatory. The very urgent need of the observatory will be at once relieved by this gift. The building provided nine years ago for astronomical photographs has become inadequate. Prof. Pickering intends to expend about half of the fund in extending the present building, in order to provide for the storing of the collection. The photographs furnish a history of the stellar universe for the last twelve years, and cannot be duplicated in any other observatory. They are of immense value in studying the past history of any part of the sky. The remainder of the fund will be expended as the needs of the observatory may demand.

A REMARKABLE MURDER.

AN EPISODE OF 100 YEARS AGO.

Under the above captions the "Wexford People" and the "Wexford Independent" of 26th ult., reproduced from the columns of the third number of this magazine, the account of the murder of Mr. Waddy, of Wexford, given in our "Glimpses of the Past." The "People" gives the following particulars concerning the persons named in the account:—

The Waddys lived principally at Clougheast Castle, Cottage, and Kilmacoe Lodge, as well as in Wexford, where some members of the family were noted lawyers and physicians. Our readers are familiar with the description given by Sir Jonah Barrington of Mr. Waddy securing himself in Clougheast Castle in 1798, so much afraid was he of the insurgents, who never had much reason for regarding him with friendship. . . . Mr. Ambrose Hughes and Mr. Robert Sparrow, who apprehended the murderer in Kilkenny, belonged to old Quaker families in Wexford town and its neighbourhood for two centuries past. Mr. Hughes was father of the late Mr. Wm. Hughes, wine merchant, whom we all remember, and who resided at the time of his death in Rowe street. A daughter of Mr. Ambrose Hughes's, Miss Anne Hughes, died not more than three or four years ago in Monck street, while his grandson and patronymic, Mr. Ambrose Hughes, with his brother, carried on the wine stores until succeeded by Messrs. Leverett and Frye in the house in Main street, Wexford. Mr. Robert Sparrow was a kinsman of the Hughes's and grandfather of the present Mr. Robt. J. Sparrow, Ballintlea, Taghmon. They, too, belonged to the "Society of Friends," and occupied in Wexford the premises on the quay held by the Catholic Club, and also Mr. James E. O'Reilly's establishment in Main street, succeeding the Webbs there. The Webbs, another Quaker family, were grandsires of the present Mr. Alfred Webb, formerly M.P. The Sparrows it was who erected the unfinished residence and laid out the demesne at Coolree, and also the pretty residencee at Ballintlea, occupied by Mr. Robert J. Sparrow, and also erected a cottage at Coolcots. The Sparrow and Hughes families have all disappeared, save Mr. Robert Sparrow, of Ballintlea, and his brother, who was married to Miss White, of Richmond House, now occupied by the Loreto Convent, the family who established White's Hotel more than a century ago. . . . The Friendly Brothers' Club was a benevolent society in Wexford previous to the Freemasons' Society. The chair of the old society it at present in the Freemason Lodge in Anne street, Wexford. The members, wearing green coats, formerly marched in procession through the town on St. Patrick's Day and on the occasions of the funerals of their members. It was dissolved about the year 1840, Capt. Cullen, a prominent figure in Wexford society about sixty years ago, who then resided at Slaney Villa, Spawell road, being the last secretary of St. Patrick's Friendly Brothers' Benevolent Club.

The "Wexford Independent" tells us that the Friendly Brothers were a well-known body in Wexford up to about 1842. It was an Irish organisation, something on the lines of the Masonic Order. They held their meetings regularly at fixed dates, and on every St. Patrick's Day marched to church in processional order, where an appropriate sermon was preached by the Chaplain of the Order. An annual ball and supper was given by them in the Assembly Rooms, which was always well atended. The last Hon. Secretary of the Order was Captain Cullen, who at the time was Barrack Master, a rather high position in Wexford in those days, there being a Deputy and a Sergeant under him. Captain Cullen resided in the house now occupied by Mr. John M. Walsh, proprietor of "The People." The members of the society, when writing their names, placed an "f" between the Christian and surname.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

(From the "Dublin Penny Journal," 1832.)

The last breeze from Erin
Has passed o'er my brow,
The gale of the ocean
Is over me now;
I leave thee my country!
Farewell! though thou art
The life pulse that stirs me,
The veins of my heart.
Erin mavourneen, farewell!

I gaze where the bright scene
Falls back to the west,
And tinges the blue clouds
That hang o'er thy breast:
The barque bears me from thee
To sail o'er the deep,
While on thy green bosom
I gaze—and I weep;
Erin mavourneen, farewell!

I weep, for thy spring-time
Of beauty is o'er;
And feel, while my dimm'd eye
Is on thy loved shore,
Like the mourner when, fixing
His gaze on the dead,
He bends o'er the cold earth
Whose spirit is fled;
Erin mavourneen, farewell!

The tear-drooping willow
Hangs o'er thy lyre;
The chill-blast hath broken
Each soul-stirring wire:
Through the gloom of thy darkness
No day beam appears;
And thy sweet type, Ierne,
Is gemm'd by the tears;
Erin mavourneen, farewell!

Farewell! for no longer
I gaze on thy shore;
The mists are between us,
I view thee no more!
Perhaps to my country
I breathe the last strain;
Perhaps I may never
Behold thee again;
Erin mavourneen, farewell!

Though in darkness, Ierne,
The sun may have set;
Thy emerald bosom
I ne'er can forget;
And while o'er the deep ocean
The breeze bears my barque,
My heart like its billow,
Heaves deeply and dark:
Erin mavourneen, farewell!

SPIRIT OF AN IRISH PIPER.

(From the "Dublin Penny Journal," 1832.)

Macdonel, the famous Irish piper, lived in great style—servants, grooms, hunters, etc. His pipes were small, and of ivory, tipped with silver and gold. You scarcely saw his fingers move; and all his attitudes, while playing, were steady and quiet, and his face composed. One day that I and a very large party dined with Mr Thomas Grant, at Cork, Macdonnel was sent for to play for the company during dinner; a table and chair was placed for him on the landing outside the room, a bottle of claret and glass on the table, and a servant waiting behind the chair designed for him; the door left wide open. He made his appearance, took a rapid survey of the preparation for him, filled his glass, stepped to the dancing-room door, looked full into the room, said, "Mr Grant, your health and company!" drank it off, threw half a crown on his table, saying to the servant, "There, my lad, is two shillings for my bottle of wine, and keep the sixpence for yourself." He ran out of the house, mounted his hunter, and galloped off, followed by his groom. I prevailed on Macdonnel to play one night on the stage at Cork, and had it announced in the bills, that Mr Macdonnel would play some of Carolan's fine airs upon the Irish organ. The curtain went up, and discovered him sitting alone, in his own dress; he played and charmed everybody.—O'Keefe's Recollections.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

IN TIME OF WAR.

A PHILIPPINE INCIDENT.

TA-RA-TA-RA-TA-RA! The blatant peremptory notes of the army "alarm clock," blared out on the bugle at the lips of a young soldier sounding the "first call to reveille," roused the infantry camp to instant if reluctant action.

"Confound 'em all!" growled Private Haskins, as he slothfully crawled out of the little tent that soldiers call a "pup-house."

"Who?" sleepily inquired Kochman, his tent-mate, who was already seated on the grass, dressing by the first light of dawn.

"All the idiots who wake us up at daylight," came the angry answer, as Haskins, having adjusted his trousers, began at the side-lacings of his leggings.

"A soldier ain't much good if he can't sleep all night and all day too," sarcastically rejoined Kochman, standing up and pulling on his khaki blouse over his thick blue shirt. "What did you come into the army for if your'e a sleeper?"

"I didn't know that the officers treated us like dogs—unlicensed dogs at that," growled Private Haskins, as he finished lacing the second legging. Kochman snorted—rather tolerably, to be sure— and glanced around to see all the inhabitants of the dog tents but four. The four tents belonged to the eight men who had gone out on the last tour of sentry duty in the night. They were still out, guarding the camp against the sudden surprise that meant death. Captain Miller and Lieutenant Gilbert, the two officers with the company, were out of their tent, looking over the camp with the keen glances of officers who knew their full duty and mean to do it.

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With a speed in dressing that would seem marvellous to civilians, the entirety of F Company was in its khaki field clothes, cheerfully ready for the work, fatigue, and fortunes of the day. The little camp lay in a tiny clearing in a forest of Samar. All about the Philippine jungle stretched thickly away. One solitary company of infantry, twenty miles from the coast and fifteen from the nearest town, was on the trail of unknown numbers of the active little brown men who employed death as their argument against Uncle Sam's sway in the far-eastern archipelago. There had been a chase, a skirmish, the day before. To-day there was every likelihood of a murderous pitched combat, the advantage to be with the side that saw the other first. Granted, of course, the American soldier is the better fighter, but there have not been wanting instances in which Filipinos have lured him into ambush and treated him with shameless deadliness.

"See here, rookie," admonished Kochman, his ordinarily good-natured Teutonic face betraying some distrust of the other's industry, "do you know that we've got about fifteen minutes for breakfast? You get your share of the wood, or you'll cook no coffee over my fire."

With a scowl Private Haskins followed his "bunkie" into the jungle. Within two minutes they had a brisk fire going, while both men, squatting on the ground, used the butts of their bayonets to grind the coffee beans furnished by the commissary department. To the grounds in their tin cups was added water enough, and the cups set over the fire for boiling. Strips of bacon were spread in ration cans, and these, too, were placed over the embers. In a very short time odours rose as aromatic as those that had come from the kitchen of any first-class hotel. Hardtack was added—that's all there is to a soldier's break-

fast in the field! Close to the two men already introduced squatted other groups of the lean, seasoned men of the F Company.

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Private Haskins swallowed his drink and food in silence at first. He was a recruit—a "rookie"—who had reached F Company only two days before. The first day had been bad enough—a day of marching through a sun-blistered country. Yesterday there had been a fight—merely a guerilla affair, in which two men of the company had been slightly hit. But Haskins, a luxury-lover and malcontent combined, already despised this career of absolutely hard work under the colours. As he ate, he wondered what would be the real risk in deserting.

"I'm thinkin'," said Sergeant Mullins, a little lean, grizzled man, of age impossible to guess, who had followed the fortunes of the army for twenty years on the western plains, "that we'll see but little more trouble the next few days."

"I should not," came disconsolately from Private Haskins.

"Now, rookie, who asked you to say anything?" tartly inquired Mullins. "New men in the army should be seen—not heard."

"After the battle yesterday——" began Private Haskins.

"Battle be—whanged!" roared Mullins. "You're a cold-foot—a man that's afraid to smell powder, I'm thinkin'."

"Crack! A half-mile away a rifle spoke. The Filipino bullet, aimed too high, described an arc, striking Haskins's plate between his knees and burrowing in the ground. Though his sullen scowl did not vanish, Haskins picked up the plate, still smeared with the grease of his scattered bacon, poised the dish for an instant, then launched it full in the face of Sergeant Mullins.

Slowly the sergeant wiped his face on the inner side of his haversack. Next, good-naturedly he tossed back the plate, remarking:

"I made a mistake, me boy. You're no cold-foot. Bullets don't rattle ye. If it's any satisfaction to ye, ye have the apology of Jim Mullins."

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Haskins, making no audible response, glowered at the ground. Recruit though he was, he knew he had committed a serious breach of discipline. He concluded that Mullins was a coward.

Two shots, unmistakably from "Krag" rifles, snapped out in the distance. Not one of the F men paid any heed; they were accustomed to these little affairs between sentries early in the morning. As they finished eating, each man washed his cup and ration can with a little water poured from his canteen.

"Look here! Whose rifle is this" spoke a sharp voice behind the men. Captain Miller, looking as spruce as though he had just stepped out of the tailor's, though he was twelve days away from civilisation, stood frowningly pointing at a gun that lay on the ground before one of the pup-houses.

"It's mine," admitted Haskins, in no very amiable tone.

"Say 'sir,' when you answer me," came the captain's firm rebuke.

"It's mine, sir," Haskins almost growled.

"What is it doing in that shape, my man" demanded the captain. "Do you understand that a soldier's first duty is to keep his rifle in condition for its work?"

"Yes," Haskins grudgingly admitted.

—"Sir"

"Sir!"

"Yet the muzzle is sticking in the ground, and choked with damp soil," continued Captain Miller, picking the piece up and slowly examining it. "The barrel is as foul as a city sewer. I've never seen a worse gun."

Haskins remained sitting on the ground, scowling ahead of him. The other men had risen to their feet, standing respectfully at attention.

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"My man," resumed the captain severely, "you not only keep your piece in the worst possible condition, but your uniform, though you've been with us but two days, shows gross slouchiness. Moreover, though you've spent three months at recruit camp, you don't seem to know enough to rise in the presence of an officer. Get up!"

Grudgingly Haskins rose.

"I'm sorry for you, my man," said Captain Miller, turning away. "I fear you'll prove a disgrace to the American army. Sergeant Mullins, you're an old soldier. See what you can do with him."

"Yes, sir," replied the sergeant, and saluted. Then, as the captain walked away, the sergeant wheeled about, put his arm through the recruit's, and led him a few paces away.

"You've got a few things to learn, me boy," quoth the older man. "One of them, in the army, is that your own opinion don't count. The next is——"

"Look here," cried Haskins, angrily, breaking away from the friendly grip of his counsellor, "I don't want any nonsense. If the United States want men to fight their battles they've got to treat them like men!"

"And don't they?" demanded Mullins, his eyes kindling.

"Perhaps the country intends to, but the officers——"

—"Well, what—?" demanded Sergeant Mullins, halting under the shade of the nearest maze of jungle. His eyes should have warned the recruit.

"Captain Miller—" began the man, passionately.

"Is a gentleman," finished Mullins, gravely. "He went to West Point, but that was to learn how to be an officer—not a gentleman. I don't know his father or mother, but Captain Miller was born a gentleman."

"He 'cussed me out' before the company."

"And ye deserved it. It's no disgrace to be a green rookie, but 'tis a cryin' shame to be a kicker—an army lawyer!"

Haskin's fists clinched, his face taking on a deeper purple hue.

"Miller is not a gentleman," he cried, savagely. "He's a cur! He's——"

Whump! Sergeant Mullins's fist shot out straight, catching the recruit under the chin. Haskins went to the ground like a felled tree. But he was a powerful young fellow. He leaped to his feet with murder in his eyes. Sergeant Mullins was so slight a fellow that he seemed like a snowflake in the way of a lightning-bolt. Yet he caught the recruit with a left swing that he had learned at Fort Snelling. Haskins now realised the need of caution. Trained fairly well in the ways of personal encounter, he rose as if groggy, then suddenly plunged his head at the sergeant's abdomen. Mullins lightly raised his foot—a trick acquired from the Mexicans on the Texas frontier—caught the man in the jugular, and keeled him over decidedly dazed.

"What's the meaning of this row? Sergeant, this is no way to break in recruits," sounded an angry voice.

Mullins turned just in time to perceive his captain striding up, while fifty interested men hovered in the background.

"Nothing but a bit of sport, sir," replied the sergeant saluting, while Haskins painfully regained his feet. "We had a friendly dispute, sir, about the relative values of different methods of sparring, and stepped over here to find out which had the best notions."

"H'm!" quoth the captain, gravely. "Don't carry it too far." With which admonition he turned and strode back to his own tent. By the time that he was under canvas some of the onlooking men raised a faint cheer.

Haskins made a move as if he would chance another blow.

"Hold up!" commanded Mullins. "Go back to your bunkie and try to be a real man. I've patience with a green man if he's got any real stuff in him."

Saying which he turned contemptuously on his heel, leaving the private to follow him back to camp.

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In the meantime ten men and a non-commissioned officer had started to the front. As the two late belligerents made their way towards the tents a dozen shots quickly rang out. These shots were fired by "Krags," the American guns, as every old soldier knew. Fifteen seconds later there came a rattling volley from Mausers. The little reconnoitering party from F Company had struck the enemy in force. In an instant Captain Miller was outside his own canvas.

"Strike your tents, men!" he shouted. "We must go forward at once."

Three minutes later the "assembly" blew out. All the while there had been intermittent American firing a little way off, with steady replies of Mauser fire. Many of the Filipino bullets, aimed too high, had struck the ground on which the soldiers laboured. At "assembly" the men fell in, heavily burdened with tent-rolls, blankets, food-laden haversacks, canteens, and ammunition. They were going into a matter the issue of which was life or death, but they didn't look it. The American infantryman marches into action with the easy indifference of a gang of labourers strolling to their work. As they struck the jungle path single file became necessary. Each man had to keep one hand in front of him to fend off swinging twigs left in motion by the passage of his predecessor. And so they plodded on, coming soon within the zone of fire that the excited Filipinos were keeping up. A man was struck in the leg, sinking to the ground with a word or a moan, while the acting hospital steward, in the absence of a surgeon, hurried back to him. Kuchman received a bullet through the brain; he never stirred after his limp form struck the ground. Haskins frowned, twitched at the mouth, but quickly closed up the gap in the line left by his dead "bunkie." Sergeant Mullins, a little way behind in the line, noted the conduct of the rookie, and nodded in semi-approval. through the hollow trunks the Mauser bullets came crashing, making the worst, most nerve-racking sound then audible.

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There came an instant's halt. As quickly as it could be done in the jungle the men were deployed out into a thin skirmish line, the soldiers nine feet apart. In this order, though minus two more men hit, they came upon the little reconnoitering party. It took Captain Miller but a few moments to locate the position of the enemy, intrenched at the military crest of a hill that lay just beyond the clearing ahead of them. There was no use in lying there, firing at seven hundred yards' range.

"Steady, men!" Then: "Sound the charge, bugler!"

With a yell as gleeful as that of schoolboys turned loose for the rest of the week, the men of the F Company leaped into the clearing, received a volley that staggered them for an instant, and then on up the hill they rushed, like the rising of a summer storm. As they ran, some fixed their bayonets; others slipped cartridges into their rifles; still others gripped their pieces by the muzzles, ready to bring down the butts upon the heads of the little brown men when the two forces met hand to hand. The khaki-coloured line, thin as it was, did not falter once, even if three hundred brown men were firing at them from behind the shelter of a deep trench. While the Americans were still seventy-five yards away, the little enemy broke and fled. Miller's men of the F Company gained the trench and jumped into it, though they had left behind three men killed and eight wounded. As the men leaped into the trench they paused a moment to regain their breath, then began to fire at the Filipinos, vanishing over another earth-wall at the top of the hill, two hundred yards away. It was now a fight between two entrenched forces—but a trap. The wall on the side towards the enemy was a "blind" embankment—a mere thing constructed of bamboo splits and

loose rubbish that did not stop a single Mauser bullet. A deafening volley from above, and four more men were wounded.

"There must be fully eight hundred of the rascals above," grumbled Captain Miller to his subordinate.

"Fully that, sir," coincided Lieutenant Gilbert, shouting in order to make himself heard over the din of the rifles.

"We can't stay here in the open. We'll have to get back to the jungle. There we may be able to trap the rascals."

Gilbert nodded. Quick orders were given to the wounded to make their escape to the rear. Ninety seconds later, with two more added to the list, F Company made its wise retreat down the hill. As they rose a wild cheer came from the enemy. The hill above was dotted with exultant Malays swarming after them. Miller had gone forty yards when he heard a despairing yell above. Without an instant's hesitation he turned and sped back—alone—to the trench. He gained it, with four bullet wounds in his uniform and a bloody scratch on his left arm. The enemy were now close at hand, firing wildly as they advanced. Much of their practice was directed at the solitary figure of the captain, standing well defined against a sky-line. It was miraculous that Miller did not fall with fifty bullets in him, but he paused long enough to glance down the ditch. There lay Haskins, shot through the left leg, unable to rise. A few bounds carried the captain to the rookie's side.

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"Put your arms around my neck, my man," ordered the commander, as he stooped and picked up the recruit with a skill and tenderness acquired from practice. Burden and bearer left the ditch, Miller's agile legs doing their best in the mad race between himself and the foremost Filipinos. Haskins, groaning lightly with the pain, lay passive, but he was conscious that the captain was carrying him so as to shield him with his own body from the flight of bullets that overtook them. Mullins and a half-dozen other soldiers, realising what was taking place, turned, threw themselves face downward, and fired as fast as they could to check the crowding enemy. In five minutes more F Company was safe in the jungle, annoyed only by a scattering fire from the little brown men, who did not dare follow into that maze. The Filipinos knew the danger from American ambush.

Haskins and some of the other wounded were sent down to the town of Basingan, on the coast, where they were treated at a military station that lay safe under the protecting guns of a little "tin-clad" gunboat. Sergeant Mullins, who had been hit in the shoulder while covering the retreat of the captain and his rookie, was ordered, much to his disgust, to the same station. Haskins lay in bed. Mullins, lying off in a big bamboo chair in the same room of the large nipa house that served as hospital, addressed the recruit:

"Now, me boy, what do you think of your officers?"

"The same as ever," grumbled Haskins, weakly. "We men are dogs—or, at best, machines."

"Is it so?" roared Mullins, wrathfully. "Ye say that, and yet the captain saved your life."

"Probably he thought he might need me another time."

"I'm sorry for him if he does," retorted Mullins, promptly. "See here, me lad, ye've no more manhood in ye than a goat has—beggin' the goat's pardon. I've a shoulder that's a trifle bad, but if ye had two good legs to stand on I'd teach ye a decent American spirit towards your officers—them that's gentlemen, I mean. Captain Miller has a wife and three children He staked their happiness on saving a dog like you. That's all I have to say to you now!"

For two weeks Haskins lay in bed, nursing his grievance against officers. Even the surgeon irritated him. Mullins left hospital before the recruit was up. The sergeant's last words conveyed the impression of a belief that the recruit would ever be worthless as a soldier. He advised the private to leave the army for ever as soon as his three years were up.

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"Be sure that I will," retorted Haskins.

"And meantime, keep your mouth closed," snapped the sergeant, just before leaving the room. "There's some of us that's been long enough in the service to know that our officers are men. If you keep your mouth closed you may save your teeth."

Left behind, Haskins resolutely and sullenly went over every rebuking word that had ever been said to him by an officer. These gentlemen with the shoulder-straps were prigs, snobs, and bullies. Once he was out of the service he would enjoy meeting as many of them as possible and offering his opinion of them. Haskins had once been a school-teacher in a New England village, but had thrown up that employment because the members of the school committee thought they knew more than he did of the requirements of his position. He had hoped to find men in the army, but was satisfied now that the officers were overbearing brutes, while the men who submitted to their discipline were fawning curs.

It was five weeks later when Private Haskins, travelling with an escort train, rejoined his company, now stationed twenty miles inland. As a matter of course he reported to Captain Miller, quartered in a comfortable nipa house in the town of Paltog. Miller, seated at a table and scanning the company's clothing report, looked up as he heard the man enter.

"Oh, it's you, Haskins?" asked the captain, pleasantly, as the private sullenly saluted. "I'm glad to see you back. Hope you didn't leave the hospital too soon?"

And he held out his hand to the private. That would have been a very unusual procedure in a home barracks, but the captain, who loved his company, was willing to defy the regulations laid down for the social non-intercourse between officers and men. Haskins took the outstretched hand, clasped it lightly, clammily, then stepped back again and saluted.

"Shall I return to duty, sir?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes; go to your sergeant," returned the captain. Surprise showed in his clear gray eyes as the recruit walked out. Haskins had apparently forgotten to express thanks for the gallant rescue that had saved his life.

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Nor did Haskins improve in any respect during the next few days. He still hated all officers, and regarded himself as a man who had written himself down a dog by entering the army for three years. Haskins kept as clear as possible from Sergeant Mullins, but tried to find one or two other malcontent spirits among his fellow-privates. Within three days he had succeeded in making himself the man without a friend in F Company. He wondered why. Only Miller and Gilbert, while keeping strictly within the prescribed limits of their dignity of officers, tried once in a while to break down the sullen reserve and undercurrent disrespect of the dissatisfied man. They failed repeatedly, and now and then found necessity for more or less stern rebuke—but they did not cease trying to make good material out of this unpromising rookie.

Then there came a morning—a terrible morning that must ever be regarded with distress by Americans. There had been peace for weeks—no signs of an armed enemy about. It was all due to that fatal error of overconfidence and underestimation of the enemy's abilities, resourcefulness, enterprise. Whether the fault should be ascribed to the officers or the men of the F Company—or was to be equally divided between officers and men—no one perhaps will ever know. Certain it is that, in the seeming security of life at Paltog, outpost duty had been a good deal relaxed. The native president of the town, installed in a lucrative office by Captain Miller, had during the night before led a force of more than one thousand Filipino insurgents to the town, and had posted them as near as possible to the street occupied by the officers and men of F Company.

While the men of F Company were eating their bacon and sipping their pints of black coffee around little fires in the main street of the town, a signal shot was heard. The bullet tore up the dirt, throwing it over three or four men. Not more than two seconds later a gust of bullets swept down the street, knocking over several of the men ere they had time to rise to their feet. Miller was first up. His commands rang out sharp and clear. The enemy were posted on the slopes on three sides, the ranges running from two to three hundred yards. Fully twenty men had no chance to get upon their feet before they were struck.

Selecting like a flash the point at which the insurgents seemed to be most strongly posted, Miller tried to lead his soldiers forward. The effort was useless. Men dropped so fast that it seemed as if the command was being wiped out by lightning bolts. In a choking voice Miller ordered his men to lie down and fire as fast and straight as they knew how. But it was hopeless.

"Gilbert!" sounded the captain's voice, "this means extinction. It's of no use to fight. The ravine at our rear seems to be clear. I think we had better get as many of our men as possible down that way. Some of them may escape."

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"You're right, sir, —— it!" came huskily from the lieutenant. "The enemy——"

That was as far as the lieutenant got. A Mauser bullet entered his brain. Miller felt a sob choking at his throat. Then, rising to his feet, determined to save a portion of his command, if possible, he gave the order to rush for the ravine. The dead of F Company littered the street. There were not enough unhit men to make any attempt to carry off the wounded. And the air, just above the street, was fanned into vibrating action by the passage of thousands of bullets. It was necessary for the bugler to sound the "retreat," that the small remnant of the company might hear the order. Miller's smoking revolver was flourished towards the ravine. Down the street fled the fugitives, dashed into the ravine, and still kept running.

Haskins was among the last to reach comparative safety. Wonderingly he glanced back, saw Captain Miller, the last of the command to leave, within fifty yards of the scene of the first slaughter, and with scores of the little brown insurgents in pursuit. Even as Haskins looked, he saw his captain fall. There was a brief choke in the private's throat. Then, in sudden desperation he ran back, yelling like a Comanche, and emptying the magazine of his rifle as he ran. Sergeant Mullins, a little nearer the ravine, turned and saw what was taking place. Though wounded in the hip, he gave a hoarse cheer and started to wriggle back, slipping cartridges into his piece. From the houses of the natives brown men rushed out, hauling firewood after them, and laying it in piles in the street. They and the insurgent soldiers dragged the bodies of the slain and wounded and laid them on the pyres. A dozen matches were struck, and the wood began to blaze.

Sick at heart, with empty rifle, Haskins darted into this street of Hades. Dropping his rifle, he stopped but a second to pick up the body of his captain. Never pausing to see whether that officer still breathed, the recruit turned and fled. He was but thirty feet from the nearest Filipinos when he started, but his long, sinewy legs rapidly made the distance better. Realising that their prey was escaping them, the Malays stopped and began to fire. A single rifle—Mullins's—almost in Haskin's face, gave the reply, at the rate of a shot every two seconds. Two of the Filipinos dropped.

"Put me down, my man, and save yourself," came the faint order from Captain Miller. "There's no chance for both of us."

"Then we're both doomed, sir," panted Haskins, a new light shining in his eyes.

Reloading his rifle, good old Mullins struggled to his feet, and slowly, painfully, retreated with them, reaching the last ravine.

. . . . . .

Here they found the survivors, eleven others, some of them more or less seriously hit ,but all halted by Corporal Butler, the only non-commissioned officer not struck. The men set up a wild cheer as they caught sight of Haskins, his burden, and the bleeding sergeant trailing in the rear.

"Don't crow, men," remonstrated Captain Miller, as Haskins laid him tenderly on the ground. "How many men are without a scratch? Five? Then Basingan is our destination. Forward, as quickly as we can go. Behind us are a thousand of the brown devils. We can't talk of revenge with much less than a battalion. Forward, as soon as you get your wind."

So the procession started, with three men in advance and four as rear-guard, the rest, Haskins among the number, keeping with their captain, who lay on a crude bamboo stretcher. They travelled as only men can who have been whipped and know that it is hopeless to try to retrieve the defeat. There were two or three alarms along the way, and not much time devoted to camping for rest. In the afternoon of the following day they reached Basingan. Within two hours the advance guard of a punitive expedition was on its way to Paltog, and two hours after that other troops, hastily sent for, were disembarking on the beach. But every dead and living body left behind in the little town of Samar had been swiftly cremated by the brown victors, who, in turn, had safely retreated from the wrath to come.

Shot through the lower edge of the right lung, Captain Miller lay in the best room of the nipa-thatched hospital at Basingan. He was certain to recover, the army surgeon said, and was permitted to have visitors. Sergeant Mullins, who refused to go to bed, and who was able to hobble about, was in the same room with his captain.

"Can I come in?" asked a voice, and Private Haskins, with his hand at his sombrero in prolonged salute, stood at the door of the room.

Mullins glanced at his chief, who nodded, and the recruit entered softly. Going over and kneeling beside the bed, Haskins took his captain's hand gently in his.

"I've come to beg your pardon, sir," began the recruit, huskily.

"For what?" demanded Miller, in palpable surprise.

"For not thanking you, sir, for that time when you saved my life."

"I guess we're even, Haskins. You certainly saved mine."

"But I have acted like a cur, sir. I always hated you, sir—I suppose because you were a captain and I was a private. I thought officers treated men like dogs—but you ought to have done it, sir—for I was one."

"Hush!" commanded the captain, stretching his nearer arm around the recruit's neck. "I know a good man, even if he doesn't know himself at first."

"Will you forgive me, sir, and give me a chance to show that I can be a decent soldier?" asked Haskins, almost inaudibly.

"There's nothing to forgive," replied the captain, quietly. "As to your being a good soldier—Sergeant Mullins!"

"Yes, sir," replied the old non-com., hobbling over to the bedside.

"Can you find any flannel"

"I guess the surgeon has some, sir."

"Get it, and when you feel able, cut out a pair of corporal's chevrons for Private Haskins."

"Yes, sir," replied Mullins, and gave the private a queer glance.

"How old are you, Haskins?" asked the captain, after a few moment's pause.

"Twenty-four, sir."

"And you've been well educated"

"I suppose so, sir."

"Then you have four years in which to earn a lieutenant's commission from the ranks. Get it, if you can. I'll help you as much as possible. If you win out—and God grant you may—then you'll know a lot more by that time about the old, old game of officer and man. Good-night."

"Good-night, sir!" Haskins went out on tip-toe and softly closed the door after him.

GREEN HILLS OF ADAIR.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

How oft in the spirit we yearn
For faces and forms that have fled!
While the calm lights of memory burn,
How oft from the living we turn
To the dead!

So my thoughts now go wandering back,
O'er a quiet and shadowy track,
Till they rest by a murmuring stream,
Where in years gone I dreamed a sweet dream,
Among the green hills of Adair—
The beautiful hills of Adair.

And a maiden as sweet as the flowers
That bloomed by that murmuring stream,
Walked beside me among the wild bowers,
Thro' the months, and the days, and the hours
Of that dream.

But a messenger cruel as Death
Broke in on that dream, and her breath
Passed away with a prayer and a sigh,
As that murmuring stream glided by,
Among the green hills of Adair—
The beautiful hills of Adair.

But I wander there yet, and I hear
The tones of that murmuring stream;
And the form and the face that were dear,
In the beauty of youth reappear;
And I dream—

Oh, I dream of a land and a life,
Lying far beyond earth and its strife,
Wherein, not again to be crossed,
I shall find the sweet spirit I lost
Among the green hills of Adair—
The beautiful hills of Adair.

EARL OF DESMOND.

(From the "Dublin Penny Journal," 1832.)

The castle of Mogeely, in Ireland, two miles from Tallow, was a principal seat of the Desmond family. At this castle resided Thomas, the great Earl of Desmond, who had a favourite steward that often took great liberties with his lord; and by his permission, tyrannised over the Earl's tenants equally with his master. The steward, unknown to the earl, gave an invitation in his lord's name to a great number of the chiefs of Munster, with their followers, to come and spend a month at this castle. The invitation was accepted, and a crowd of gentlemen flocked in, to the great surprise of Desmond, who began to be alarmed lest sufficient provisions should not be found for such a number of guests. They had not staid many days, when provisions in reality began to fail; and at last the earl's domestic informed him that they could not furnish out a dinner for the next day. The earl knew not what to do, for his pride could not brook to let his guests know anything of the matter; beside his favourite steward, who used to help him in such difficulties, was absent. At length he thought of a stragatem to save his credit; and inviting all his guests to hunt next morning, ordered his servants to set fire to the castle as soon as they were gone, and pretend it was done by accident. The earl and his company hunted all the forenoon; and from the rising grounds he every moment expected with a heavy heart to see Mogeely in flames. At length, about dinner time, his favourite steward arrived, mounted upon a fresh horse. The earl threatened him severely for being so long absent at such a juncture. The steward told him he had arrived just in time enough at the castle to prevent his orders from being executed; and farther, that he had brought a large supply of corn and cattle, sufficient to subsist him and his company for some months. The news not a little rejoiced the earl, who returned with his guests to the castle, where they found sufficient plenty of everything they wanted.

LITTLE JOHN IN IRELAND.

(From the "Dublin Penny Journal," 1832.)

Stanihurst tells a singular story about Little John, the notable companion of Robin Hood. We may as well give the matter in the words of the author, whose curious information is set off by his singular style of narrative, which to an antiquarian is as "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Speaking of the Oxmantown-green, he says—"In the farthest end of this field is there a hole, commonly termed Scald Brother's hole, a labyrinth reaching two large myles under the earth. This hole was in old tyme frequented by a notorious thiefe, named Scald Brother, wherein he would hide all the bagge and baggage he could pilfer. The varlett was so swift of foot, as he hath eftsoones outrun the swiftest and lustiest young men in Ostmantown (Oxmantown), maugre their heads, bearing a potte or panne of theirs upon his shoulders, to his den. And now and then, in derision of them that pursued him, he would take his course under the gallows, which standeth very nigh his cave (a fitte signe for such an inne), and so being shrouded within his lodge, he reckoned himself cocksure, none being found at that tyme so hardy as would adventure to entangle himself within so intricate a maze. But as the pitcher that goeth often to the water, cometh at length home broken, so this lusty youth would not surcease from open catching, forcibly snatching, and privy prowling, until he was by certain grouping groomes, that lay in wayte for him, intercepted fleeing towards his couch—having upon his apprehension, no more wrong done him than that he was not sooner hanged on that gallows, through which in his youth and jollity he was wont to run.

"There also standeth on Ostmantown-green a hillock, named Little John his shot: the occasion preceded of this:

"In the year 1819, there ranged three robbers and outlaws in England, among which Robert Hood and Little John were chieftains; and of all thieves, doubtless, the most courteous. Robert Hood being betrayed at a priory in Scotland, called Bricklise, the remnant of the crue was scattered, and every man forced to shift for himself. Whereupon Little John was fayne to flie the realme, by sayling into Ireland, where he sojourned for a few days at Dublin. The citizens being to understand the wandering outcast to be an excellent archer, requested him hastily to try how far he could shoot at random; who, yielding to their request, stood on the bridge of Dublin [the same that now leads from Bridge street to Church street,] and shot to that mole-hill, leaving behind him a memorial rather by his posterite to be wondered at, than possibly by any living man to be counterscored. But as the repayre of so notorious a champion to any country would soon be published, so his abode could not long be concealed; and therefore to eschew the dangers of laws, he fled to Scotland, where he dyed at a town or village called Moranny. Gerardus Mercator, in his cosmographye, affirmeth, that in the same town the bones of a huge and mighty man are kept, which was called Little John; among which bones the huckle bone or hip bone was of such largeness as witnesseth Hector Boethius, that he thrust his arm through the hole thereof; and the same bone being suited to other parts of his body, did argue the man to have been fourteen feet long, (!!) which was a pretty length for little John: whereby appeareth that he was called little John ironically, like as we terme him an honest man, whom we take for a knave in grayne."

A London secondhand bookseller is offering, in his catalogue, the potentiality of literary fame. He advertises a budget of "skeleton projects" in the manuscript of a deceased author. These projects are for "really solid and great works," some of which have been anticipated, while others remain fallow. "To the antiquarian, bibliographical, and critical scholar in search of fresh ideas, the volume should prove a desideratum." The young lions, we know, lack and suffer hunger, but a scholar so jaded as to be in search of fresh ideas is hardly likely to "find himself" in this way. Probably the bookseller has a very good inkling of this, since for all these projects, "the majority of which lie in the womb of the future," he asks only six shillings, the price of one completed novel.

WATERFORD AS



THE above picture gives the south prospect of the city. The following are its conspicuous features:—Beginning at left hand left being The Mall. The belfry next seen to the right (marked 4) is that of the French church; the next (marked 3) is that is seen the steeple of The Tholsel (2). The flag staff half an inch to the right and much lower is that of The Exchange. Rising All along the front (marked 14) stretch the quays.

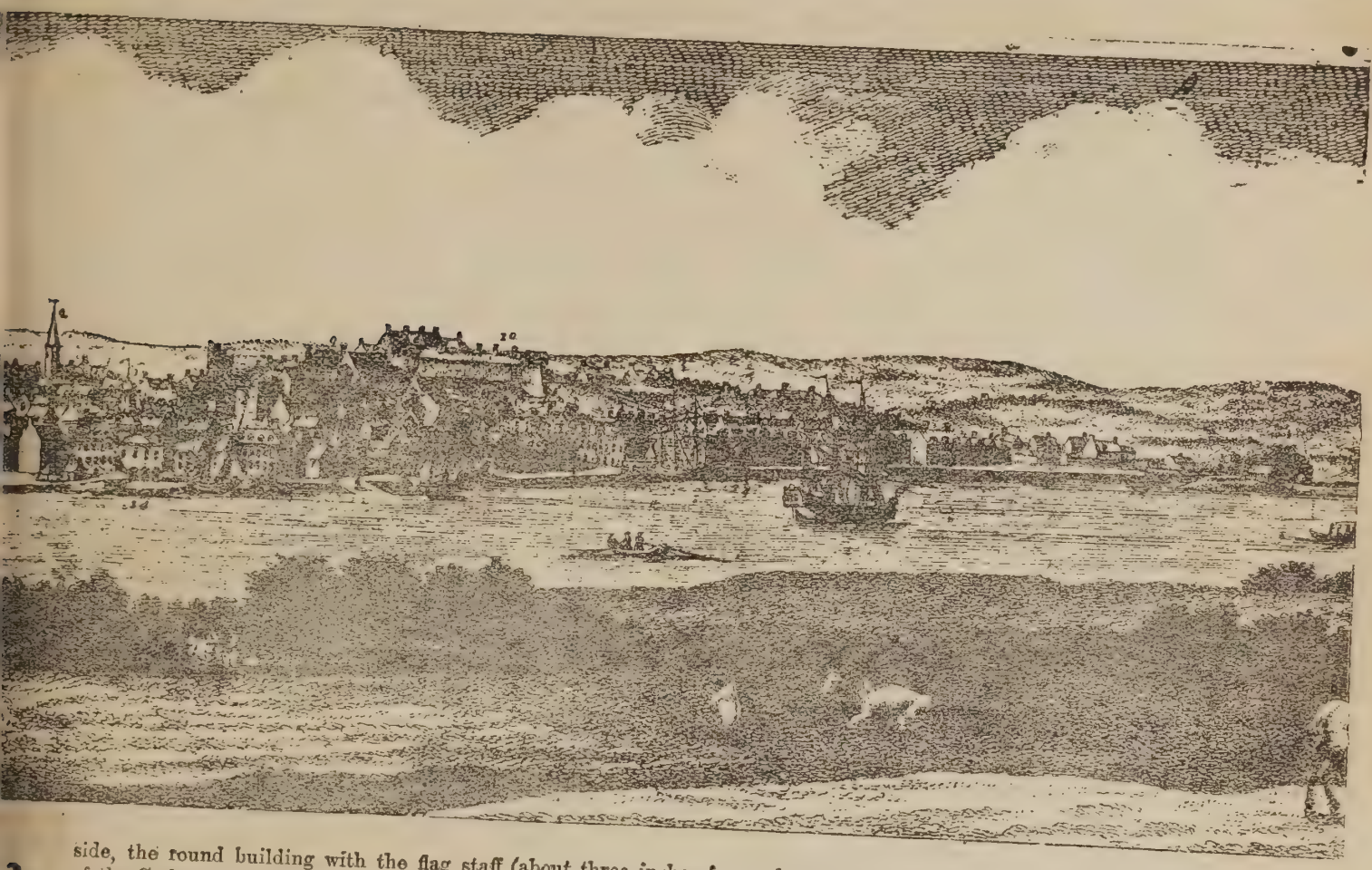
WATERFORD CITY.

Its History, Antiquities, &c.

From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland."

WATERFORD, a seaport, city and county of itself, and the seat of a diocese, locally in the county of Waterford, of which it is the capital, and in the province of Munster, 67 miles (E. by N.) from Cork, and 75¾ (S.S.W.) from Dublin; containing 28,821 inhabitants, of which number, 26,377 are in the city and suburbs. The ancient name of this place is said to have been "Cuan-na-Giroth" or "Grian," signifying in the Irish language, "The Haven of the Sun;" it afterwards obtained the appelation of "Gleann-na-Gleodh," or "The Valley of Lamentation," from a sanguinary conflict between the Irish and the Danes, in which the former, who were victorious, burnt it to the ground. By early writers it was called "Menapia," under which name was implied the whole district, and by the Irish and Welsh, "Portlargi," "the Port of the Thigh" (from the supposed similitude which the river at this place assumes to that part of the human body), which it still partly retains. Its more general name, Waterford, which is of Danish origin, and supposed to be a corruption of "Vander-Fiord," "the ford of the Father," or of Odin, a Scandinavian deity, was derived from a ford across St. John's river, which here falls into the river Suir. The original foundation of this city is by some writers referred to the year 155; but its antiquity as a place of any importance cannot be traced beyond the year 853, when it is said to have been built by the Danes or Ostmen, under their leader, Sitiricus or Sitric. The city, for that period, was a place of great strength, surrounded with walls; and the scattered notices of this colony which are still preserved show that the inhabitants maintained among themselves an independent sovereign authority, and that they were for a long time the terror, if not the absolute masters, of a vast extent of country. Up to the time of the English settlement, this colony had strictly avoided all intimate connection with the native inhabitants of the country, and had preserved all its ancient customs, manners, and character unchanged. In 893 it is recorded that Patrick, son of Ivor or Imar, King of the Danes of Waterford, was slain; and in 937, that the Danes of Waterford wasted all the county of Meath. According to the annals of Tigernach, Imar, King of Waterford, laid waste to the county of Kildare; and in 995 he succeeded Anlaffe in the occupation of Dublin; he died in the year 1000, and was succeeded, in 1003, by his son Reginald, who built the celebrated tower known by his name, corruptly called Reynold's and now the Ring tower. This tower was erected in 1003, and is said to be the oldest in Ireland; in 1171 it was held as a fortress by Strongbow; in 1463 a mint was established in it by Edw. IV.; and in 1819 it was rebuilt and formed into a police barrack. Another Imar of Waterford is recorded to have been slain, in 1022, by the king of Ossory, and to have been succeeded by a son Reginald, styled by the Irish O'Hiver, who in the same year was killed by Sitric II. In 1038, Cumana, king of the Danes of Waterford, was killed

WAS IN 1745.



side, the round building with the flag staff (about three inches from edge of picture) is the Ring Tower, the open space on its of the Cathedral. About an inch to the right of the latter is the belfry of St. Olave's (7). Two inches to the right of the latter above the crest of the hills is on right of this a group of buildings, consisting of St. Patrick's, and, highest of all, the Barracks.

by the people of Upper Ossory, or, as is otherwise stated, by the treachery of his own subjects; and in the same year the city was burnt by Dermot Mac-mel Membo, King of Leinster; it was also again burnt in 1087 by the people of Dublin. The Danes of this place having, in 1096, embraced the Christian religion, elected Malchus, a Benedictine monk, who had been for some time at Westminster, for their bishop; and sent a letter to Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, to request his consecration, which was granted; and Malchus, on his return, assisted in the erection of a cathedral, which was dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and is now called Christ-Church. It appears that, about this time, there was a mint at this place, a silver coin having been found with the inscription "Wadter" on the reverse, and attributed to one of the Danish kings. In 1171, after the taking of Wexford by Hervey de Montemarisco and his companions, Raymond Le Gros landed, in May, at Dundonolf or Dundrone, four miles from Waterford, with a force of 10 knights and 70 archers, sent as an advance guard by Earl Strongbow, who had spent the whole of the preceding winter in preparation for the invasion of Leinster, in support of the deposed sovereign Dermod M'Murrough. This party, for their immediate security, threw up an intrenchment and a temporary fortification, which was soon attacked by an irrégular force of 3,000 men, consisting of the Danes of this place and the troops of the princes of Decies and Idrone. The English retreated from this formidable superiority of numbers into their fort, and the Irish pressing closely upon them were partly within their gates, when Raymond slew their leader; and his associates, animated by his example, compelled the assailants to retire. Raymond ordered a numerous herd of cattle collected by the English from an adjacent country to be driven furiously against the retiring army, which was thus thrown into confusion, and seizing the advantage, rushed with impetuosity upon the disordered troops and gained a complete victory, committed dreadful slaughter, and returned to the fort with 70 captives, all principal inhabitants of the city. These offered large sums for their ransom, and promised to surrender the city as the price of their liberty; but Raymond, listening to the advice of Hervey de Montemarisco, adopted the barbarous policy of putting them all to death. Raymond and Hervey waited here for the arrival of Earl Strongbow, who, on the eve of the festival of St. Bartholomew, appeared in the harbour and landed with 200 knights and 1,200 infantry, all chosen men and well-appointed soldiers. Strongbow was immediately joined by Raymond and his party, and on the following morning marched in military array to attack the city, which had received considerable reinforcements from the neighbouring chieftains, and was prepared for a vigorous defence. The English were twice repulsed, and twice returned to the attack, when Raymond, perceiving a house of timber projecting from the eastern angle of the city walls, and supported on the outside by posts, prevailed on his men to make a third assault and direct their whole force against this quarter. They began by hewing down these posts, and the house falling, drew away with it such a portion of the walls as made a breach wide enough to admit the besiegers, who rushed in, bearing down

all opposition, and the city became a scene of indiscriminate carnage and rapine. Reginald, King of the Danes, and Malachy O'Feolian, prince of Decies, had been seized and were just on the point of being put to death, when the sudden arrival of Dermod M'Murrough, King of Leinster, and his forces, with Fitzstephen and other English leaders, perverted further slaughter. Dermod embraced his new associates, and introduced his daughter Eva to her affianced husband, Strongbow; the marriage having been immediately solemnised, he departed with his allies, and leaving a sufficient garrison in Waterford, proceeded to lay siege to Dublin.

Earl Strongbow, on his return from the conquest of that city, with the lordship of which he was invested, received a summons from Hen. II., who was at that time in Normandy, to attend him; and leaving his forces quartered in Dublin and Waterford, he obeyed the summons, and offering to deliver up to the king these cities and other principal towns, on condition of having the remainder of his acquisitions confirmed to him and to his heirs, the king agreed to his proposals, and immediately prepared to follow him to Ireland. Henry's fleet, consisting of 240 vessels, having on board from 400 to 500 knights and 4,000 soldiers, arrived in Waterford Harbour in October, 1172; and on the festival of St. Luke, the king landed to take possession of the kingdom as its rightful sovereign, by virtue of Pope Adrian's bull, and was joyfully received by the English, and by the Irish nobility who were in alliance with them. Strongbow immediately made a formal surrender to the king of the city of Waterford, and did homage to him for the principality of Leinster; and Henry received here the submission of the people of Wexford, and of Dermot M'Carthy, King of Cork. He afterwards proceeded to Lismore, Cashel, Dublin, and other principal towns; and on his return to England, aware of its great importance as one of the principal maritime towns, he left the city of Waterford in the custody of Humphrey de Bohun, Robert Fitz-Bernard, and Hugh de Gundeville, with a train of twenty knights. A new garrison was soon afterwards placed in the city, which at the same time was greatly enlarged, and surrounded with new walls; the old fortifications were repaired and strengthened with towers and gates, and the inhabitants were also made freemen by royal charter. Strongbow being soon after invested with the sole government of Ireland, removed Robert Fitz-Bernard and his garrison to Normandy; and agreeably to the king's instructions, took upon himself the government of this city, as well as that of Dublin. In all the predatory expeditions which the English made into the territories of the natives, this city was always the centre of action in the south, the general rendezvous of the invaders, and the place in which all their spoils were deposited; but Strongbow having sustained a considerable defeat in Ossory, suddenly found himself shut up here in equal dread of an attack from without and of an insurrection within. From this distress, however, he was speedily relieved by Raymond le Gros, who arrived from England with a fleet of twenty ships, having on board twenty knights, 100 horsemen, and 300 archers and other infantry; and uniting his forces with those of Strongbow, they marched to Wexford, leaving Purcell governor of the city. But Purcell attempting to follow them in a boat on the Suir, was intercepted and slain by the Danish inhabitants, who also put to death all the English in the city, except a few who saved themselves in Reginald's tower, where they defended themselves with so much resolution and success that the insurgents yielded up the city to them on conditions little favourable to themselves. In 1177, soon after the arrival of Fitz-Andelm, as chief governor, in Ireland, an assembly of the Irish clergy was held in this city, in which the brief lately granted by Pope Alexander and the bull of Pope Adrian, granting to Hen. II. the sovereignty of Ireland (under the authority of which the first act of that monarch was the appointment of Augustine to the vacant bishopric of Waterford, whom he ordered to be consecrated by the Archbishop of Dublin), were solemnly promulgated, and the English sovereign's title to the dominion of Ireland was declared in form, with dreadful denunciations against any who should impeach the grant made by the Pope, or resist the sovereign authority of that monarch. In 1179, Robert le Poer, who was governor of Waterford, was associated with Hugh de Lacy in the government of the English settlements, and subsequently received a grant of the entire county of Waterford, with the reservation of the city and the cantred of the Ostmen.

Waterford, from its situation and importance, became the centre of communication with England, as well as one of the chief places of trade in the island; and during the same year, Robert Fitzstephen, Milo de Cogan, and Philip de Braos landed here with fresh forces from England. In the Easter of 1185, John, Earl of Morton, son of Hen. II., accompanied by Ralph Granville, Justiciary of England, and other distinguished persons, and attended with a retinue of 400 or 500 knights and about 4,000 men, disembarked at this port to take upon himself the office of Lord Chief Governor of Ireland, and was received with congratulation by the different native chiefs. The earliest coinage in Waterford, of which indubitable evidence remains, is that of John, while Lord of Ireland, of which remain several silver halfpence, weighing from 10 to 12½ grains, are still preserved. After his accession to the throne of England, John granted to the citizens, in 1204, a fair for nine days, and in 1206 a charter of incorporation, apparently in many respects little more than a recital and confirmation of privileges previously granted. In 1211, that monarch landed here on his way to Dublin to arrange the affairs of the Irish Government; and during his stay in the city, he ordered pence, halfpence, and farthings to be coined there, of the same standard as in England, to be equally current in both countries. In the early part of this century were founded nearly all the religious houses that anciently existed here, of which the Benedictine priory of St. John's was by King John, and the others by the inhabitants. In 1232, Hen. III. granted a new charter, in which the election of a mayor is first mentioned: the citizens, by this charter, were also empowered to choose a coroner, and to have a guildhall, a prison, and a common seal in two portions. In 1252, the city was burned to the ground; and in 1280 it was so much injured by a conflagration, that it was a long time before it recovered its former prosperity. In 1292, the custody of the castle and of the county at large was granted to the heirs of Thomas Fitz-Anthony, in the same manner as it had been enjoyed during Edward's minority by John Fitz-Thomas, and subsequently by his cousin, Thomas Fitz-Maurice, from whom it had been recovered at law. Edw. I. was the next sovereign after John that coined money here, and several of his pence and halfpence are still preserved.

On the 4th of September, 1368, the Poers of the county of Waterford having assembled all their forces, and being joined by O'Driscoll with his galleys and men, embarked with the intention of plundering the city. The mayor, informed of their design, prepared to resist them, and accompanied by the sheriff of the county, the master of the hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, and a number of merchant strangers and English, sailed towards the enemy in order to give them battle. A sanguinary conflict ensued, in which the Poers and O'Driscoll's were victorious; the mayor, sheriff, master of the hospital, 36 of the principal citizens, and 60 of the merchant strangers and English were killed; on the side of the enemy were killed the Baron of Don Isle, head of the Peers, together with his brother and many of his sept, besides a great number of the O'Driscoll's. In 1377, in consideration of the heavy burdens and charges the citizens had sustained in the repairs of the city and in its defence against the native Irish and other enemies, Edw. III. granted them the cocket customs of the port for ten years; at the same time enjoining them, as the city was exposed and defenceless towards the sea, to take care that it be firmly surrounded and provided, and that the quays be repaired and enclosed, so that it might be protected against various enemies who were preparing to attack it on that side. In consideration of the great expenses of the citizens in these fortifications, and in defending the city from the almost daily incursions of the Irish and of foreign enemies, Rd. II. granted them the customs and duties upon all goods and merchandise brought into it for sale. On the 2nd of October, 1394, that monarch landed at Waterford with an army of 4,000 men at arms and 30,000 archers, accompanied by the Duke of Gloucester, the Earls of Nottingham and Rutland, and several other distinguished noblemen, and remained here till the following Shrovetide; and in 1399 he again landed here and was joyfully received by the inhabitants; after spending six days in the city, he proceeded to Kilkenny. In

1413 the mayor and bailiffs, in prosecution of their feud with the Irish sept of O'Driscoll, embarked with an armed force in one of the ships belonging to the city, and sailed to the chieftain's strong castle of Baltimore, on the coast of Cork, where they arrived on the night of Christmas day. The mayor landed his men, and marching up to the castle gate, desired the porter to tell his lord that the mayor of Waterford was arrived in the haven with a vessel laden with wine, and would gladly come in to see him; upon the delivery of this message, the gate was opened, and the whole party instantly rushing in, O'Driscoll and all his family were made prisoners. In 1447, the city and the country were granted to John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, created Earl of Waterford, with palatine authority; and in the same year also it was enacted by statute of the 25th of Hen. VI., that it should be lawful for the mayor and citizens of Waterford to assemble what forces they pleased, and to ride in warlike array, with banners displayed, against the Powers, Walshes, Grants, and Daltons, who had for a long time been traitors and rebels, and continually preyed upon the king's subjects of Waterford and parts adjacent. In 1460, O'Driscoll, continuing his hostilities, all communication between his country and this or any of the English ports was rigidly prohibited by act of parliament. This chieftain, on the invitation of the Powers, whose hostility continued without intermission, brought his forces by sea to Tramore, on the first intelligence of which the mayor and citizens marched out in battle array to Ballymacdane, where they met with the enemy and gave them a signal defeat; 160 of their number were killed, and several taken prisoners, among whom were O'Driscoll-Oge and six of his sons, who with three of his galleys were brought in triumph to Waterford. Edw. IV. was the last sovereign that coined money here; in the 15th of his reign, all the mints of Ireland were abolished except those of Waterford, Dublin, and Drogheda. In 1484, a shipment by some merchants of Waterford to Sluys, in Flanders, in preference to Calais, raised the important question of Ireland being bound by statutes made in England, which was finally decided in the affirmative.

In 1487, during the plot for raising Lambert Simnel to the throne, the citizens, while the insurrection in his favour was almost universal, maintained a firm and unshaken loyalty to Hen. VII. The Earl of Kildare, then Lord Deputy, having proclaimed him king in Dublin, sent to the mayor of Waterford, commanding him to receieve the pretender and assist him with all his forces; to which, with the advice of the council, he wrote in reply, by a messenger of his own, that the citizens of Waterford regarded all the supporters of Simnel as rebels, on the receipt of which answer, the Earl ordered the messenger to be hanged. He then sent his herald to command the mayor and citizens to acknowledge and proclaim the new king, on pain of being hanged at their doors; this message they received in the boat, without allowing the herald to land, and sent back word that they hoped to save the false king and his adherents the trouble of coming so far for such a purpose, by meeting him on the road. Preparations for battle were accordingly made, in which the Butlers and other septs then in the city, and men from several other towns, joined the mayor and citizens; but the departure of Simnel for England suspended farther proceedings; he, however, assembled a parliament previously to his embarkation, in which he declared the franchises and the possessions of the city forfeited. Hen. VII., to acknowledge the steady loyalty of the citizens, wrote a letter of thanks to them immediately after the battle of Stoke, and empowered them to seize the persons and appropriate the goods of as many of the insurgents as they could secure. Sir Richard Edgcombe, who, after these disturbances, was sent with a considerable force to receive new oaths of allegiance from the leading men in Ireland, arrived in this city from Kinsale in June, 1488, and was honourably entertained by the mayor and citizens, to whom he promised so to represent matters to the king that, in the event of the Earl of Kildare being again raised to authority, they should be secured from his resentment, by an exemption from his jurisdiction. In a parliament held in 1492, the citizens, who it was stated "had by false surmises been attained, by authority of parliament, in the time of Gerald, Earl of Kildare, Lord Deputy," were formally restored to the enjoyment of their grants, authorities, and privileges. In 1497, they again testified their fideltiy to the same sovereign, by communicating to the king intelligence of the arrival of Perkin Warbeck at Cork, on a second expedition against Ireland, and assuring him of their loyalty and affection: on this occasion, among other honours conferred upon the city, was the motto, "Urbs intacta manet Waterford." Perkin, being joined by the Earl of Desmond and his numerous followers, immediately marched with an army of 2,400 men to attack Waterford, which they assailed on the west; the siege lasted eleven days, during which time the citizens were victorious in several skirmishes. Eleven of the enemy's ships arrived at Passage during the siege, two of which landed their men at Lombard's weir; but they were quickly overpowered by the citizens, who killed many of them and carried several into the city as prisoners and beheaded them in the market-place; one of the vessels was sunk in the river by the cannon on Reginald's tower, and the whole of the crew perished. At length, on the 3rd of August, the enemy, before daybreak, raised the siege, and retired with great loss towards Ballycashin. Perkin embarked at Passage for England, but was pursued by the citizens with four of their ships to Cork, thence to Kinsale, and lastly to Cornwall. In acknowledgement of these distinguished services, the citizens received two letters from the king, in the first of which, previously to Perkin's apprehension, he offers them 1,000 marks to secure him. In 1535, Hen. VIII. wrote to the mayor and citizens by Wm. Wyse, a gentleman of the city in high favour at court, and conferred on him a gilt sword and a cap of liberty to be borne before the mayor, which are still carefully preserved. In 1547, Sir Edward Bellingham, who had been sent over by the Lord Protector and privy council of England, landed here with an army of 600 horse and 400 foot; and in 1549 the Lord-Deputy Sidney, who had encamped at Clonmel, and was apprehensive of being attacked by the insurgent chiefs, sent to the mayor for a few soldiers for three days; but the citizens pleading their privilege, refused him any assistance. In 1588, Duncannon was fortified, in consequence of an invasion of the Spaniards, who committed great depredations in the counties of Waterford and Wexford. In April, 1600, the Lord-Deputy came to Waterford, where he received the submission of some of the Fitzgeralds, of the Decies, and the Powers. On the accession of Jas. I., great disaffection prevailed in the city, and dangerous tumults arose at his proclamation. In consequence of these and of similar demonstrations of hostility, the Lord-Deputy Mountjoy made a progress into Munster, and arrived at Grace-Dieu, within the liberties of the city, on the 5th of May, 1603, and summoned the mayor to open the gates and admit him with his majesty's army into the city, to which the citizens replied that, by a charter of King John, they were exempt from having soldiers quartered upon them, and would admit only the Lord-Deputy himself. Two R. C. clergymen, in the habit of their order and bearing the cross erect, went into the deputy's camp to defend the conduct of the citizens; but the Lord-Deputy, threatening "to draw King James' sword and cut the charter of King John to pieces, destroy the city and strew it with salt," the citizens opened their gates to him and his army, and swore allegiance to the new monarch; after which, leaving a strong garrison to keep them in subjection, Mountjoy departed.

(To be Continued.)

THE BANKS OF THE BRONX.

I know a beautiful garden
Untouched by sickle or shears,
Where year after year the treasure
Of the golden-rod appears.
There the blue of the aster tosses,
The fire of the sumach glows,
And the gentian's delicate petals
Fearless of frost unclose.

The wind is the only gardener,
He sows the silken seeds,
And after his work is over
Plays on a harp of reeds
Tunes of the woods and waters,
Chansonnettes of the dew,
And songs of the cloud and starlight
Old when the world was new.

At Messrs. Stevens' auction rooms, the library of 112 vols., which "went round the Empire" with the Prince and Princess of Wales, some having the signature of the Prince, was bid up to £20, but remained unsold; but a set of ten jade slabs, 11½in. by 5in., carved and written by Chia Lung in 1826, found a purchaser in Mr. Yates Thomson at £200.

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS:

Compiled from Authentick Memoirs, Offices of Record, Manufcript Collections, and other Unexceptionable Vouchers,

By THE LATE WALTER HARRIS, ESQ. WITH AN APPENDIX.

Chapter V.

Of the growth and Increase of the City of Dublin without the Walls.

Sect. I.

Whoever takes the pains of comparing the two maps annexed to this work, namely, one published by Mr. Speed in 1610, and the other by John Rocque in 1759, will readily perceive the great growth and increase of the city of Dublin without the walls since the former of these periods. At that time the river Liffey was not embanked by quays on the north side, and only a part of it on the south. The ground now called the Bachelor's walk, the two Ormond quays east and west of Essex bridge, the Inns quay, Arran quay, and Back quay, taking up in the whole an extent of ground of above 5,000 feet, on which are many commodious and some stately houses erected, was then covered with ouse, and overflowed by the tides, except a small part about the King's-inns, which had been a monastery of Dominican friars. Mary's abbey was then the extent of that part of the town (called Ostmantown, corruptly Oxmantown) to the east, and north-east from thence to the shipbuildings, containing Capel street, Abbey street, Mary's street, Jervis street, Stafford street, Henry street, Great Marlborough street, Henrietta street, Bolton street, Dominick street, Dorset street, Drogheda street, Cavendish street, and Sackville street. This last-mentioned street requires a larger description than this place will admit of, which for elegance of plan and architecture exceeds any street in London. These, with a great number of other streets and lanes, have been since laid out in that quarter. On the other side, to the west, Michan's church and Church street (so called from thence) were for the most part the bounds, and all westward of them, as far as the Barracks and Montpelier hill, taking in Bow street, Smithfield, Hay-market, Channel row, King street, Queen street, Linen-hall street, Anne street, Lurgan street, Coleraine street, and many other streets and lanes have increased on this side. Grangegorman, Stonybatter, and Glasnemenoge, now united to the town, were then villages at some distance from it, in the latter of which places the sheriffs have been known to hold their courts in the times of the plague, and particularly in the year 1575 (Lib. Alb. Eccl. S. Trin. Dub. MS.), as being remote from the city.

On the south side of the Liffey the city hath been likewise much enlarged since the year 1610. The space of ground now occupied by Crane lane, Essex street, the Custom-house, Sycamore alley, Temple bar, Fleet street, Aston's quay, and Lazer's hill was then under the dominion of the water, and George's quay, with a large tract of many acres (now good meadow ground), from the lower end of Lazer's hill to Ringsend bridge has in our memory been recovered from that element. Dame street contained then only a short range of buildings on the north side, and extended no farther than to the precincts of the Augustin monastery, not three hundred feet in length, opposite to the end of George's lane. The dissolution of that religious house made room for enlarging the city eastward, the precincts whereof were first converted into gentlemen's houses and gardens, such as the Lord Chancellor Eustace's, John Crow's, and others, which were again demoilshed in our memory, and converted into several streets, as Eustace street, Crow street, at the end of which near Temple bar has lately been erected the new theatre-royal on the place where the said monastery formerly stood, Fownes's street, and others. The parts opposite to the then Dame street were principally taken up by St. Andrew's church, and church-yard, which at that time stood very near to Dame's gate, and on a part of the site of that church and church-yard Castle lane and the houses adjoining were laid out, and on the remainder the Castle market was built by alderman William Fownes and Thomas Pooley, Esq.; so lately as the year 1704. The church of St. Andrew was before that time removed further eastward near the college, where it now stands. George's lane was nearly the extent of the suburbs to the east, and was then but slenderly built, and thinly inhabited; though we are told by Mr. Stanihurst (Description of Ireland in Holingshed, p. 23) "that it was anciently a place of more consequence, but that the inhabitants thereof, being daily and hourly molested and preyed on by their prolling mountain neighbours, were forced to suffer their buildings to fall into decay, and to embay themselves within the city walls." The same writer adds, "that a place therein (called at the time of his giving that account in 1586), Collet's-inns, was in ancient times the seat of the king's exchequer, but that once the baron sitting in it solemnly and carelessly, the Irish laid hold of the opportunity, rushed in, surprised the unarmed multitude, slew all that fell under their power, and ransacked the king's treasure; after which mishap the exchequer was removed from thence into a place of greater security." That author gives no account when this accident happened; but it appears from records that the site of the old exchequer was on the 28th of July 36 Edw. III (1362) granted in custodium to the prior and friars of the Augustinian order in Dublin (which lay in the neighbourhood of it), for the profits whereof they accounted in the 17th year of Richard II. (1393), as appears by a pipe roll of that year in Birmingham tower. The place, nevertheless, though abandoned as to its original use, retained the name of the exchequer long after, which it communicated to a lane called Chequer lane, built in the year 1610, and extending from George's lane to Grafton street. Stanihurst proceeds (Description of Ireland in Holingshed, p. 23), "That there was in that lane (namely, George's lane) a chappell dedicated to St. George, likely to have been founded by some worthy knight of the garter; that the mayor, with his brethren, was accustomed with great triumphs, and pageants yearlie on St. George's feast to repair to that chappell, and there to offer; but that the chappell had beene of late razed, and the stones thereof, by consent of the assemblie, turned to a common oven; converting the antient monument of a doutie, adventurous, and holie knight, to the coal-rake sweeping of a puf-loafe baker." This chapel was under the care and government of a master and wardens, and supported chiefly by oblations; for which reason the parliament thought proper to take it under their protection, and by a statute (Rot. Cancel. 36 Hen. VI. No. 19) provided, "That whatever person in the county of Dublin should make any prey upon the Irish enemies, exceeding forty cows, should deliver one cow, or five shillings in money, towards the reparation of St. George's chappell in Dublin, and an action was given for the recovery of the same to the master and wardens thereof."

A village, called Hogges, lay without side the city walls, and eastward of George's lane, in which a nunnery under the invocation of the B. V. Mary was founded by Dermod Mac-Murrough, king of Leinster, about the year 1146, before the arrival of the English in this kingdom. It is not improbable that the village took its rise as well as its name from the nunnery: For Ogh in the Irish language signifies a "virgin"; and, removing the aspirate, H, the word by an easy corruption may pass into Hogges, as much as to say the place of the virgins. Be this as it may, the village is mentioned in several early charters, particularly in one made about the year 1200 by Sir Jeffery de Constantin to the abbey of Tristernagh (Archives of Tristernagh, MS. chart I.) in the county of Westmeath, whereby he grants to the said abbey one messuage without the walls of Dublin, near the village of Hogges, the footsteps or traces of the name whereof still remain in a street called Hogg hill; and Hoggin green, whereon St. Andrew's church now stands, which took up a large space of ground extending to the river Liffey, is often mentioned by the Irish historians as the common place for

the execution of criminals, among whom, to give one instance, Adam Duff O-Toole was in the year 1327 burned here for heresy and blasphemy (Campion's Hist. of Irel. p. 86. Chron. in Holingsh. p. 69). Part of this green is now called College green, from a college founded there by queen Elizabeth in the latter end of the 16th century, on the site of the monastery of All-saints. This village is now united to the city, and the whole green taken up by buildings; though at the period mentioned scarce anything but that little village, the sites of the said religious houses, a Bridewell for the reception of vagrants, and an hospital, where the parliament house now stands, were to be seen. A place also on this green was anciently called Hoggen-butt, where the citizens had butts for their exercise in archery; and near them was a small range of buildings called Tib and Tom, where possibly the citizens amused themselves at leisure times by playing at keals or nine-pins. This practice seems to be hinted at by an old proverb, though not applied to this place, namely, "he struck at Tib and down fell Tom." We find these buildings called Tib and Tom, mentioned in the will (Prerog Office) of Richard the first earl of Cork, as mortgaged to him by Theodore lord Dockwra, and the lady Anne his mother, for three hundred pounds, and rented from the mortgagee by Sir Philip Percival at twenty-four pounds per annum.

On the east and south of George's lane (the churches of St. Peter and St. Stephen, and the college excepted) little was to be seen but enclosed fields. Stephen's green was then so called, which took its name from the neighbourhood of the church of St. Stephen, and no improvements were on it; nor was there any open street or passage from thence to the college, but round through George's lane. A part of Keivan's street was indeed then built, and some residentiary houses of the prebendaries and canons of the cathedral of St. Patrick, together with the archbishop's palace. From hence the reader will have a just idea of the growth and increase of the city in these quarters, when he sees that Chequer lane, William street, Clarendon street, King street, Grafton street, Anne street, Duke street, Dawson street, Molesworth street, Kildare street, Frederick street, Merrion street, Leinster street, Nassau street, Clare street, the buildings about Stephen's green (which is one of the finest squares in Europe), being almost an English mile in circumference, York street, Aungier street, Peter street, Cuffe street, with many other streets and lanes, have been added to it since the period aforementioned. The same thoughts will occur when he views the west and south-west parts of the town, and sees what few streets or buildings then extended westward or southward of Newgate, except Francis street, James's street, and Thomas street, and the precincts of churches and religious houses.

Sect. II.

Besides the growth of the city and suburbs in streets, lanes, and alleys, since the time mentioned, it hath also been wonderfully improved in buildings both public and private.

Within the walls of the city, the castle hath indeed lost its ancient strength, but hath assumed a more graceful form, and better fitted for the settled times of peace and tranquillity. Within that compass is to be seen a stately tholsel, erected in the year 1683, and adapted to the business of commerce, wherein are chambers laid out for holding the general assemblies of the city, the quarter sessions, and other courts for the administration of justice, and where the records of the city both ancient and modern are preserved with great care. Near to the former was erected in the year 1695 a commodious building called the Four-courts for the despatch of the public justice of the nation.

What alterations the city has received in respect to private buildings has been seen before, and there are in it several stately houses, most of the principal streets are well built and very little inferior to those in London, and the houses are well adapted to the uses of trade and of the several families inhabiting in them.

The public buildings without the walls of the city are, the Royal Hospital of Kilmainham, a large and elegant building, erected in the year 1684 for the reception of aged and maimed soldiers; its form is quadrangular, finely seated on a rising ground at the west end of the town near the river Liffey. The Blue-coat-boys Hospital in Oxmantown for the maintenance and education of decayed citizens' children, situate at the west end of the city near the barracks, built in the year 1670. Stephen's Hospital, a fair, large, and commodious building, for the maintenance and cure of the sick and wounded, at the west end of the city, on the side of the river Liffey. Mercer's Hospital in Stephen street, and the Charitable Infirmary on the Inns quay for the same purposes. An hospital for incurables on Lazer's hill. The Poor-house. Lying-in Hospital. An hospital for lunatics. The Barracks, the largest and handsomest building of the kind in Europe, in which are generally quartered four battalions of foot and one regiment of horse; most pleasantly situated at the west end of the town, and on the north side of the river, having an agreeable prospect of the water, the fields, the city and the neighbouring mountains. Add to these a stately Custom-house, five bridges, of which Essex bridge a most stately and masterly performance, newly re-built according to the model of that at Westminster, with balustrades of stone and foot passages on five arches of most curious workmanship, and a large and elegant house for the habitation of the lord mayor for the time being, but these will be handled more at large hereafter. The two cathedrals and the college will be taken notice of in separate chapters, and the parliament-house not passed over in silence.

The stately houses of the nobility and gentry are too numerous to be described; and therefore we shall content ourselves with naming the few following. About Stephen's green are Abercorn-house, now inhabited by Lord Joscelyn, the Earl of Lanesborough's, the Earl of Shelburne's, Mr. Whaley's, and the late Bishop of Clogher's. In other parts of the town, the Earl of Tyrone's, Lady Alice Hume's, Mr. Trevor's, Mr. Putland's, the Earl of Charlemont's, the houses in Sackville street, Cavendish street, Dominick street, Kildare street, Dawson street, Molesworth street, and many other streets which are improving in elegance of buildings, which are not exceeded by any other cities in Europe. But, above all, a house built by the Marquis of Kildare, perhaps the noblest city residence in the British dominions.

From its present state may be fairly inferred that the character of "Nobilissima Civitas" given to Dublin by King Edgar's charter in the 10th century, is now truly applicable to it. It is about ten miles in compass, the second city in his Majesty's dominions, and the fifth, perhaps the fourth, in Europe.

(To be Continued.)

THE FUTURE.

Through the gray cloisters of our silent fears,
One with our requiem of tears,
One with our chant of bitter loss—
Recessional of grief from shadowed cross—
There comes the beat of vast, incarnate chords,
Like steel on steel, and swords on swords;
Deep thrilling harmonies of prayer arise
To sound across the plains of Paradise.
Impregnate life leaps in our souls again,
Here, by the wide abyss of pain,
Our nation's cry is swept along
Within the Prophet, Saint, and Martyr song.

TARA'S HALL.

(From the "Dublin Penny Journal," 1832.)

In the library of Trinity College, Dublin, there is preserved the fragment of an ancient Irish MS., which contains a description of the Banqueting Hall of Tamar or Tara, which is very curious. It states "That the palace of Tamar was formerly the seat of Con, of the hundred battles; it was the seat of Art, and of Cairbre Liffeachar, and of Cathor Mor, and of every king who ruled in Tamar, to the time of Niall.

"In the reign of Cormac, the palace of Tamar was nine hundred feet square; the diameter of the surrounding rath, seven diu, or casts of a dart; it contained one hundred and fifty apartments, one hundred and fifty dormitories, or sleeping rooms for guards, and sixty men in each; the height was twenty-seven cubits; there were one hundred and fifty common drinking horns, twelve porches, twelve doors, and one thousand guests daily, besides princes, orators, and men of science, engravers of gold and silver, carvers, modellers, and nobles.

The eating hall had "twelve stalls, or divisions, in each wing, tables and passages round them; sixteen attendants on each side, eight to the astrologers, historians, and secretaries, in the rere of the hall, and two to each table at the door; one hundred guests in all; two oxen, two sheep, and two hogs, at each meal divided equally to each side."

The quantities of meat and butter that were daily consumed here, surpasses all description; there were twenty-seven kitchens, and nine cisterns for washing hands and feet, a ceremony not dispensed with from the highest to the lowest.

LITERARY NOTES.

Lives of Napoleon flow in a steady stream from the publishers' offices. Recently we had Mr. J. H. Rose's exhaustive and authoritative biography, published at 18s, and now yet another life is announced, this time at the more modest price of 3s 6d, from the versatile pen of Major Arthur Griffiths. A Napoleon bibliography, which should include French as well as English and American publications, would make a bulky volume.

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The publishers' promises for the coming month are neither numerous nor important, and it is becoming more and more apparent that fear of the Coronation season will cause the book trade to be slack till the autumn. The consequence is that authors are finding their books more than usually difficult to dispose of, most houses having their lists full for the remainder of the year, and many books having been acquired that will not see the light till the spring of 1903.

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A great deal of new material is to be included in the collected edition of John Ruskin's writings. This is quite apart from the diaries he kept, which will, no doubt, eventually be published in full. Those who intend to subscribe to the collected Ruskin will be interested to hear that the price is definitely fixed at a guinea net the volume. At the moment it is difficult to say exactly how many volumes there will be, but not less than thirty and not more than thirty-two.

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In a bundle of secondhand theological tracts sent to the library of Trinity College, within the University of Melbourne, was found a first edition of the famous sermon preached in St. Paul's Cathedral before the Lord Mayor of London by Dr. Sacheverell on the "Perils of False Brethren in Church and State." It was ordered to be burnt by the common hangman. The copy that in some strange way had crossed the ocean from London to Melbourne was charred as if it had been in the fire, and had somehow escaped destruction.

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The original manuscript of Thomas Hood's "Song of the Shirt" was lately sold in Boston, U.S.A., for one hundred dollars. It was an item in the effects of a very old lady in the city, who, while in London at the time the ever-green effusion was published, begged the MS. from Mark Lemon, the then editor of "Punch," in which periodical the poem was first published. The lines are written on a sheet of ordinary commercial foolscap, which is headed "Dr.," "Cr."

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A number of Sheridan lots were recently disposed of in London. They included editions of the "Critic," "The Duenna," "Pizarro," and "The School for Scandal.' Offered first, at a reserve, in one lot, they were afterwards sold separately for a total of £13 17s. 6d. An old red Morrocco binding, protecting Taylor's "Antiquitates Christianæ," 1675, whose elaborate tooling is attributed to Elliot and Chapman, fetched £51; the Edinburgh edition of Stevenson, 30 vols., issued at £18 7s. 6d., £34; the Meredith edition de luxe, 32 vols., published at 16gns., £11 15s.

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Mr. E. V. Lucas has made good progress with the edition of Charles Lamb's complete works which he is editing for Messrs. Methuen. It will be in seven volumes, and these will be issued at the always popular price of six shillings. They are to have many illustrations referring to Charles Lamb and to Mary Lamb, for her writings are also included in the edition. It will be found to contain a large quantity of new prose and verse. Mr. Lucas has attempted in the notes not only to relate Lamb's writings to his life, but to account for all his quotations and allusions—surely a high ideal of thoroughness.

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From a correspondent whose name carries the weight of musicianly authority, we learn (remarks an English contemporary) that "The Kerry Dance," which was welcomed back to the piano organs the other day, does not owe its revival entirely to the memory of the mechanical music-maker. It has found its way to the heart of Ireland, and takes its place with the songs of Moore and Samuel Lover in the repertory of Irish ballad singers. It was sung at Queen's Hall on St. Patrick's Eve, and has been listened to with approval by the Irish Literary Society. This is pleasant to hear; for Molloy's melody is worthy of the great age of ballads.

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There have been several notable finds in Melbourne secondhand bookshops during recent years. Perhaps the most interesting was a manuscript book of Keats, containing the first drafts of several of his best-known poems. It became the property of the poet's brother, George Keats, and was brought to Australia via America. The late Professor Morris, of the Melbourne University, who died in London at the beginning of this year, found in a second-hand shop the first log-book kept by Captain Cook, covering a period of the great navigator's career that his biographers have regarded as a blank. It is to be published in the Professor's posthumous life of Cook now in the press.

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Thursday, the 10th inst, was the birthday of a notable literary man—General Lew Wallace, the author of the famous novel, "Ben Hur," which, as a drama, is now running at Drury Lane Theatre. General Wallace has spent all his life writing and fighting. His first novel was written when he was sixteen, and it was entitled, "The Man at Arms: a Tale of the Tenth Century." It was never published, but it amused many of the young friends of the equally young author. It was in 1874 that the General started on "Ben Hur," and after five years' reading and meditation he concluded his task. President Garfield read the book, and appointed the General Minister at Constantinople.

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In honour of the 338 aniversary of Shakespeare's birth, a commemoration festival was begun on the 14th April at the peaceful little town with which his great name will be ever associated. The celebration extends over three weeks. During the present festival no less than nine of Shakespeare's great plays are being produced, including, for the first time in the Memorial Theatre, an elaborate production of "King Henry VIII.," for which Miss Ellen Terry has very generously given her services. With the production of "Henry VIII." no less than thirty-two of the master poet's plays have been performed on the Memorial stage since the erection of the theatre twenty-three years ago, and they have included several that has not been played since Shakespeare's time, and others at rare intervals.

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Editiones principes of Shelley formed a feature of the last day's sale of the Hibbert library. The extremely rare Pisa edition, 1821, of "Adonais," "With the Compts. of the Author to Sir Charles Hyde, Bart.," 9¾in. by 6¾in., realised £270 (rebound, it was valued at £12 a few years ago); "Alastor," 1816, £38; "Prometheus Unbound," "H. Smith, Esq., from the Author," £20 5s.; "The Cenci," Horace Smith, Esq., from the Author," £39; "Zastrozzi," 1810, £150; and "Queen Mab," 1813, £60. All were in calf extra, by Bedford. Sherstone's "Poems upon Various Occasions," 1737, with an 82-line poem in his autograph, made £71; Voltaire's "La Pucelle," 1789, £39 10s.; Walpole's "Castle of Otranto," 1790, one of six copies in vellum, £190; George Wither's "Collection of Emblemes," 1685, £25.

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Why study a great poet at all after the manner of the dissecting-room? Why not rather seek to make the acquaintance of his living soul, and to feel its power?" That is the burden (remarks the "Academy") of a refreshing article on "Literary Values" which Mr. John Burroughs, that graceful American essayist, contributes to the "Century Magazine." "Young men and young women actually go to college to take a course in Shakespeare, or Chaucer, or Dante, or the Arthurian legends. The course becomes a mere knowledge course. My own first acquaintance with Milton was through an exercise in grammar. We parsed "Paradise Lost." Much of the current college study of Shakespeare is little better than parsing him. The class falls upon the text like hens upon a bone in winter; no meaning of word or phrase escapes them, every line is literally picked to pieces; but of the poet himself, of that which makes him what he is, how much do they get? Very little, I fear. They have had an intellectual exercise, and not an emotional experience. They have added to their knowledge, but have not taken a step in culture." Mr. Burroughs is great on the appreciation of single lines, like Wordsworth's

The last to parley with the setting sun;

or Whitman's

Oh! waves, I have fingered every shore with you;

or Emerson's

The day, immesurably long, sleeps over the wide, warm fields.

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"With the Wild Geese," Miss Emily Lawless's new volume of poems, has been excellently received by the critics. The poems, the "Academy" remarks, have a soul in them, and the diction is natural and unsought, and free from strivings after effect. Above all the poems breathe the passion and the air of Ireland; they are full, not of the artificial thing called "local colour," but that true colour which passes into the blood, and is bred in with nationality alone. The first section, "With the Wild Geese," takes its title from the expatriated Irish who fled abroad to take foreign service after the defeat of the allied French and Irish by William's Dutch general, Ginkle, at the battle of Aughrim. Their countrymen, with unfailing instinct of poetic speech, gave them the name of the feathered emigrants which they so often watched flying across the Atlantic, the wild geese. The regrets, the heart-break, the bravery, the home-sickness of these wild geese are sung in poems of varying metre, but with the uniform grey note of sadness and hopefulness. Miss Lawless has identified herself with their feelings in vividly dramatic fashion. Too long, mostly, to be quoted entire, single stanzas would convey no idea of the dramatic quality which resides in the whole. One poem, indeed, is brief enough for citation:—

Heart of my heart, I sicken to be with you,
Heart of my heart, my only love and care;
Little I'd reck if ill or well you used me,
Heart of my heart, if I were only there.

Heart of my heart, I faint, I pine to see you;
Christ! how I hate this alien sea and shore!
Gaily this night I'd sell my soul to see you,
Heart of my heart—whom I shall see no more.

It is hardly representative, and one thinks of a few Jacobite lines:—

He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said, "Adieu for evermore,
My love!
And adieu for evermore!"

which reach at once a more intimate poetry.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

It is said that Prof. Haeckel has consented to sit for a statue to Prof. Harrow Magnussen. The statue will probably be placed in the Zoological Gardens at Jena. One of Prof. Haekel's friends some years ago gave 15,000 marks for this purpose.

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An ingenious chemist has made the claim that the average human being is worth £3,560 from the chemical standpoint. His calculations are based on the fact that the human body contains three pounds and thirteen ounces of calcium; and calcium, just now, is worth £59 an ounce.

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Prof. Charles Wilson has announced to the Royal Society a new determination of the temperature of the sun. His figures are 6,200 deg. C. (11,192 deg. F.). It is stated that the absorption of the sun's atmosphere probably makes this temperature equivalent to 6,600 deg. C. at the surface.

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A process has been introdûced in France for making briquettes of garbage. The refuse of the abattoirs, fish markets, etc., straw, paper, and the like is cut fine and mixed with tar and naphtha. The mass after being kneaded is dried and pressed into briquettes, which it is claimed will burn brightly, giving off a slight odour of gas, and engender heat slowly.

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The "Entomologist" describes a peculiar instrument by means of which the silk-producing moths of the Australian genus Antheræ cut their way out of their hard cocoons. The instrument "is a short, hard, black, and curved thorn, situated in the thick joints at the base of the forewings, one on each side. In a rubbed specimen the thorn is easily discernible; but in a good one it is concealed among the dense scales."

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Tests made of aluminium bronze at the Zurich Polytechnic shows that the specific gravity rises and falls as the percentage of aluminium is increased or decreased. For soft alloys the maximum strength was obtained with three and four-tenths per cent. of aluminium. The addition of silicon increased the specific gravity, but reduced the elas ticity. Iron added was not observed to alter the characteristics of the alloy in any great degree.

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Dr. J. H. T. Stempel, of New York, who has lived in Manila for a considerable period of time during Spanish rule, has prepared the first Tagalog grammar and a complete English-Tagalog and Tagalog-English dictionary. The manuscript is about ready for the press. Dr. Stempel has embodied in his work not only the Malayan roots of the various Philippine dialects, but also Spanish derivatives that have been adopted by the natives during the Spanish rule of three centuries.

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Near the River Ebrosowka, eastern Siberia, Dr. Herz states that he discovered a huge mammoth preserved in the ice. The animal had assumed a reclining position, with its feet peculiarly bent beneath its body. Dr. Herz inferred that it had fallen down a declivity, and had been instantly killed. Grass was found in the mouth of the animal and food in its stomach. Two thousand years elapsed since that last mouthful of grass was torn from the sod. The animal was covered with a coat of rather thick, red-brown hair.

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Some interesting experiments in connection with the existence and nature of the microbes inhabiting the upper strata of the atmosphere, have been conducted by Dr. W. F. Hutchinson, of Cambridge, England, by means of a balloon. He took with him eight samples of glycerinated gelatine, which had been specially prepared. With these he secured specimens of the bacilli in the atmosphere over London, and these are now in course of cultivation and examination at his laboratory at Cambridge.

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Very large installations of a water purifying and softening system, known as the Desrumaux, are now being made on the Continent and in England, which system is said to involve the use of lime only. A railway installation aggregates one million gallons daily, or enough for a good-sized city, and is to be used for steam and household purposes as well. Water from rivers, canals, and commercial waterways of all kinds is rendered bright, clear, and potable, and is so entirely free from foreign matter in suspension or in solution that it is found to be excellent for deep-water shipping.

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The longest voyage on record under liquid fuel was recently completed by the steamship Murex. The course lay from Singapore to London, via Capetown, and covered a distance of 11,830 miles. The total consumption of liquid fuel for all purposes was from seventeen to eighteen and one-half tons per day. Had coal been used instead the consumption would have been from twenty-four to twenty-five tons of Welsh, or with Japanese from thirty to thirty-two tons daily. Aside from actual saving in cost, one must consider the economy in labour and the increase in the available cargo-carrying capacity.

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The steamship Afridi, which dropped anchor in New York Harbour on March 23, brought with her a collection of rare animals for the New York Zoological Gardens. Among them is a three-year-old hairy-eared rhinoceros, one of the only four known to be in captivity; four bears, from Korea and Japan; nine monkeys of the red-faced Japanese breed; one fox, one raccoon, two silver badgers, one sand badger, one wild boar, two yellow martens one lynx, two civet cats, four salamanders, two peacocks, and six parrots. A valuable orang-outang, three gibbon monkeys and a leopard died on the voyage.

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Dr. Schubert, of the Egyptian Section of the Royal Museum, Berlin, claims to have discovered in the papyri recently added to the collection of the museum, several entirely unknown poems from the Fifth Book of Sappho. According to the German authority from which our information is obtained the manuscript dates from the sixth or seventh century, and is not in very good condition. The discoverer has been able to decipher two of the poems, one of which describes the poetess of Mytilene comforting a departing pupil. Another is addressed to a former pupil who had removed to Lydia. The poems are said to show new metrical combinations.

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While M. Santos-Dumont was inflating the balloon of his No. 6 airship at Monaco, he was commanded by the authorities to cease immediately the process of hydrogen making, on account of the extraordinary effect that the drainage of refuse acids and chemicals into the bay was having on the water, which had turned a brilliant orange, and which it was feared might have an injurious effect on residents near the sea front, besides poisoning the fish. Subsequent investigations of the curious phenomenon, however, proved that the refuse sulphates running from the Dumont gashouse into the sea had, on contact with the chloride of sodium or common salt of the ocean, precipitated enormous quantities of oxide of iron. This pure rust had dyed the waters and the shore a most brilliant orange carmine, but except for this no harm was done. Beyond acting as a tonic for the fish, the rust was absolutely innocuous, and the work of inflation was forthwith resumed.

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The researches of Fehling have established the fact that gum-arabic and its concentrated solutions are not fermentable. Emile de Meulemeester, of Brussels, Belgium, has found by numerous experiments that, by mixing powdered gum-arabic with butter in the requisite proportions for absorbing the water, the butter can be kept for a long period without becoming rancid. If a small quantity of salt be added, the butter will preserve its aroma. This method of procedure is objectionable because it requires too large a proportion of gum-arabic, and because the gum should be free from impurities. It is difficult to procure pure gum in large quantities, and its price would speedily become prohibitive if the consumption were large. In order to obviate these disadvantages M. de Meulemeester proceeds in the following manner—Raw gum-arabic is dissolved in water, and the solution filtered to remove the impurities. The filtered solution is then mixed with the butter and the excess of liquid contained in the mixture is finally extracted.

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Lebon's memorial was published in 1801, and bore the title "Thermo Lamps or Stoves, which Heat and Light Cheaply, and which generate Power, useful for all Machines." Lebon's invention was developed in England, and was first practically utilised there by an engineer named Murdoch, at the large factory of James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine. In 1802 the entire facade of this large building was illuminated by gas, in honour of the peace of Amiens. Shortly after this event a German named Winsor, who had translated Lebon's memorial into German, came to London, collaborated with Murdoch, and received from King George the exclusive privilege of lighting London by gas. On July 16, 1816, his privilege was confirmed by Parliament, and by 1823 England had adopted gas. After Winsor had assured himself of the success of gas illumination in England, he went to France in 1815, rented an establishment in the Passage des Panoramas, and in a short time had the whole Passage lit by gas, as well as the Palais Royal. After these successes, Winsor succeeded in founding a company, which was, however, by no means successful. Other companies soon followed, and in a short time gas became one of the most widely used illuminants.

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The first investigator who laid claim to the discovery of illuminating gas was Philippe Lebon. The idea of using carburetted hydrogen gas for illuminating purposes seems to have had its birth in Paris in 1786. But the laboratory experiments made in England and France up to the year 1799 yielded no practical results. In the year VIII. of the Republic (1799) Philippe Lebon, who at that time was well known for his improvements in steam engines, described an invention for the utilisation of inflammable gas as an illuminant. Lebon generated his carburetted hydrogen gas by distilling wood, obtaining as a by-product tar, wood alcohol, and all the other substances found in a retort after the destructive distillation of vegetable material. The first carburetted hydrogen apparatus was installed at Havre for the illumination of the lighthouse. In the same year Lebon took out a patent on his invention. He exhibited his apparatus at his house between 1799 and 1802. The odour of illuminating gas, when it first comes out of the retort, is by no means agreeable. French men, therefore, immediately condemned the new system of illumination. In order to overcome this objection, as well as others, and to make the invention of Lebon more practicable, it was necessary to wash the gas. Had Lebon not died in the midst of his labours, he would undoubtedly have devised a method of ridding the vapours of some of their impurities. His widow in the year X of the Republic received a patent on an improved process. She died soon after her husband.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

From the Dublin Newspapers of 1793.

JULY 16.—Yesterday being Quarter-day of the Merchants, the hall was what is generally looked upon as a full one, 130 freemen being present.

The principal business of the day was to take into consideration the petitions of 33 Roman Catholic Merchants, praying admission into the Guild.—The first petition in the order being that of Edward Byrne, Esq., being read, Mr. Decluzeau moved that it should be granted on paying 40s. as a fine.

Sir Edward Newenham opposed it with or without a fine, and demande da ballot, which being seconded by Mr. Edward Druit, of the Custom House, the tellers reported:—

Against granting the freedom ...	67
For it	63

JULY 22.—Saturday the unfortunate Hayden, convicted at the last Commission for taking post bills out of letters, was executed at the front of the New Prison, pursuant to his sentence. The High Sheriff attended at eight o'clock in the morning, and the unhappy man was launched into eternity a quarter before nine, and thus disappointed the idle multitude, who generally assemble on these melancholy occasions, to the great detriment of themselves and loss to the community; and we sincerely hope that the example set by Mr. Sheriff Hutton on this occasion will be followed at future executions.

The early execution of Hayden on Saturday last was of the greatest convenience to the whole neighbourhood of the New Prison, as the inhabitants, upon all former like occasions, were generally annoyed by a multitude of idle dissolute vagabonds, who generally assembled in such numbers that they could neither get into or out of their houses, nor could any person have access to them, let their business be ever so urgent, for four or five hours; and we are authorised and requested, by a number of respected persons in the neighbourhood, to return the High Sheriffs their thanks for relieving them from this very great nuisance.

JULY 29.—Yesterday one John Moore, charged with breaking open and taking numbers out of the Irish lottery-wheel, was brought here from England, in custody of one of his Majesty's messengers, and lodged in jail.

On Wednesday night last, about the hour of twelve, a person, who has since proved to be a Mr. John O'Connor, an officer of revenue in the district of Castle-Townshend, was met in Meath street by a chandler of the name of Mathew O'Conor; he was in a very faint condition from loss of blood, and begged to be carried to his lodgings, which were some place in the neighbourhood of Wood street, but had not strength, nor were his intellects sufficiently collected to inform his conductor where, or in what manner, he had met with the ill-treatment of which he had such melancholy signs. He became speechless at the west end of Aungier street, and was with the utmost difficulty conveyed into the police-house adjacent to Peter's Church, where, shortly after his arrival, he expired. His head was found shockingly battered, with deep wounds on each temple, and one under the right eye; however, on trepanning his skull, no fracture was discovered, nor did any part of his body show marks of violence. There were found on him several papers, by which his name and occupation were traced, a bank bill, some silver, and a watch. From these latter circumstances it appears more than probable that he was not attacked with a view to commit a robbery; yet the violence and situation of the wounds and contusions he received render it equally improbable that his death was accidental, or proceeding entirely from intoxication. To solve this mystery, upon strict enquiry it was found, that he gained last term a tedious and complicated law suit, and conjecture is pretty obstinate in leaving his murder at the door of his opponents, or some emissaries from them. The coroner's inquest sat on the body, and brought in a verdict of wilful murder by some person or persons unknown.

AUGUST 17.—This morning the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of the city of Dublin waited on the Earl of Moira, at Moira House, with the freedom of this city, which had been voted to his lordship some years since, and was ordered to be presented in the most honourable manner. His lordship received them with that politeness and affability which distinguish him. After presenting the freedom, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs had the honour of breakfasting with his lordship.

AUGUST 20.—This day a most superb entertainment was given at Daly's new rooms, by the members of the general committee of Catholics of Ireland, to the Earl of Moira, Duke of Leinster, and several other distinguished characters.

At Carrickfergus Assizes an action was brought by a Mr. M'Gauhey against the Rev. Mr. M'Cleverty, who was rector of the parishes of Skerry and Ranavan, for the recovery of the sum of £120, being a penalty of £10 per month, for not residing within his parish for the space of twelve months; when—on hearing counsel on several points of law, this being a new and singular case, which attracted the attention of the country, after full examination of witnesses—the jury brought in a verdict for the plaintiff, with costs.

Counsel for the plaintiff—Messrs. Blackburne, Dobbs, and Campbell. Agent—Mr. M'Kinsty.

Counsel for the defendant—Messrs. Dunn, Saurin, and Hodgkinson. Agent—Mr. Gordon.

AUGUST 20.—The pensioners in future to be excluded from the Irish House of Commons by the late Bill:—Charles Tottenham, Esq., £600 a year, from the 1st of December, 1773; William Montgomery, Esq., £600 a year, the same date; Sir Skeffington Smyth, Bart., £500, from the 1st of February, 1774; Thomas Coghlan, Esq., £300 a year from the 7th of June, 1776; £350 a year from the 25th of November, 1783; and £200 a year from the 8th of August, 1789; Ponsonby Tottenham, Esq., £300 a year, from the 20th of December, 1780; Sir William Godfrey, Bart., £300 a year, from the 25th of November, 1785; Sir John Stuart Hamilton, Bart., £300 a year, from the 18th of August, 1786; Hon. John Massey, £400 a year, from the 10th of October, 1787; Sir Richard Johnston, £800 a year, from the 8th of August, 1789; Thomas Nesbit, Esq., £500 a year, from the 1st of August, 1791; Sir James May, Bart., £300 per annum, from the 18th of September, 1792; total pensions—£5,450. Placemen to be excluded—W. Penefather, Esq.; Hon Chichester Skeffington; Sir Hugh Hill, Bart.; Owen Wynne, Esq.; and Lieutenant-Colonel James Blaquiere.

At a post-assembly held at the Exhibition-house in William street, in consequence of notices having been served on the city tenants of Baldoyle, by the Rev Walter Blake Kirwan, rector of the united parishes of Howth and Baldoyle, requiring that the tythes be paid to him, it was determined to withstand the said claim as obselete and unfounded, the city lands there having been from time immemorial tythe free, and that notice of this determination should be in consequence given to the city tenants.

AUGUST 28.—Saturday last being election-day of cutlers, painter-stainers, and stationers, or guild of St. Luke, Mr. John Chambers, of Abbey street, was unanimously elected master, and Alderman Thorpe, and Mr. John Read, of Skinner's row, were also unanimously chosen wardens.

Extract of a Letter from Roscommon, dated August 23, 1793.

"Thursday last the Right Hon. Lord Chief Baron and the Right Hon. Prime Sergeant Fitzgerald, returned here from Ennis, to proceed on the adjourned Assizes, when several prisoners were tried for tendering unlawful oaths, and breaking open houses and taking arms, and only one against whom any evidence sufficiently strong to warrant conviction.

"Mr John M'Dermott was then arraigned on an indictment for burglariously and feloniously breaking and entering the house of Thomas Tennison, of Castle Tennison, Esq., and robbing the same; and on being called to plead thereto, his counsel tendered a plea in abatement to the following effect:—'That James Caulfield, of Donamon, Esq., one of the grand jurors, empanelled to try and enquire, etc., was not at the time of the caption of the indictment, nor at the time of being sworn on the grand jury, a freeholder of said county, either in his own right or in the right of any other person,' which plea being received, the Right Hon. the Attorney-General demurred thereto, ore tenens. The demurrer was argued with great abilities and ingenuity by the counsel for the Crown; but the arguments in support of the plea were backed too well by legal authorities to yield to the persevering efforts against it. The Court took time to consider upon it, and gave a decided opinion in favour of the plea, and quashed the indictment. As the bills found by the same grand jury were liable to be rendered abortive by similar pleas, the Attorney-General moved the Court to discharge the grand jury, and to have a new one sworn; but this was likewise resisted with equal success, so that all that has hitherto been done falls to the ground.

"Counsel for the Crown—Rt. Hon. Arthur Wolfe, Messrs. Stanley, Blosset, Kirwan, Burke, Darcy, Daly, Conroy, Whitestone, O'Donnell, Wynne, Harrison, Wetber, Crofton, Trench, Johnson, and Ormsby; agent—Mr. Kemmis.

"Counsel for the prisoner—Messrs. Geoghegan, M'Carthy, Boyde, M'Dermott; agent—Mr. John Kelly."

AUGUST 28.—Part of the south facade of Dublin Castle has been taken down on account of some alarming fissures having appeared in its walls; it was expected that no other than the east wing of this elegant building was in danger, but we hear that on approaching the foundation the whole structure is found at the base in such a state, from an original defect in the construction of it, that the whole must be taken down. The old tower, which serves as a kind of belfry to the Castle Chapel, it is said, is also condemned to demolition.

The Hon. and Rev. Mr. Agar, younger brother of Lord Viscount Clifden, who has been recently appointed rector of the new parish of St. George, on the north side of the river, created by an Act of the last session of Parliament, has lately read his assent and consent in St. Thomas's Church.

This was neccessarily done there, as no parish church is yet erected in this lately imparished district; and it is very uncertain when one will be built there, it depending on the voluntary contribution of the inhabitants.

The valuation, however, of the several houses in its circuit, for the ascertainment of the minister's money, has been made; a commission having issued from his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant and Council for the purpose.

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THE CITY OF DERRY.



FROM A PICTURE OF SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

(From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.)

DERRY, or Londonderry, a city and port in the parish of Templemore, and county of Londonderry (of which it is the chief town), was originally and is still popularly called Derry, from the Irish "Doire," which signifies literally "a place of oaks," but is likewise used to express "a thick wood." By the ancient Irish it was also designated "Doire-Calgaich," or Derry-Calgach, "the oak wood of Calgach;" and Adamnan, abbot of Iona in the 7th century, in the life of his predecessor, St. Columbkill, invariably calls it "Roboretum Calgagi. About the end of the 10th century, the name Derry-Calgach gave place to "Derry-Columbkill," from an abbey for canons regular of the order of St. Augustine founded here by that saint; but when the place grew into importance above every other Derry, the distinguishing epithet was rejected: the English prefix, "London," was imposed in 1613, on the incorporation of the Irish Society by charter of Jas I., and was for a long time retained by the colonists, but has likewise fallen into popular disuse. The city appears to be indebted for its origin to the abbey founded by St. Columbkill, according to the best authorities in 546, and said to have been the first of the religious houses instituted by that saint; but the exact period of its foundation and its early history are involved in much obscurity. In 783 and 812 the abbey and the town were destroyed by fire; at the latter period, according to the annals of Munster, the Danes heightened the horrors of the conflagration by a massacre of the clergy and students. The place must have been speedily restored, as, in 832, the Danes were driven with great slaughter from the siege of Derry by Niall Caille, King of Ireland, and Murchadh, Prince of Aileach. In 983, the shrine of St Columbkill was carried away by the Danes, by whom the place was also thrice devastated about the close of the 10th century: in 1095 the abbey was consumed by fire. In 1100, Murtagh O'Brien arrived with a large fleet of foreign vessels, and attacked Derry, but was defeated with great slaughter by the son of Mac Loughlin, prince of Aileach. Ardgar, prince of Aileach, was slain in an assault upon Derry in 1124; but on the 30th of March,

1135, the town with its churches was destroyed by fire, in revenge, as some state, of his death: it also sustained a similar calamity in 1149. In 1158, Flahertagh O'Brolchain, abbot of the Augustine monastery, was raised to the episcopacy and appointed supreme superintendent of all the abbeys under the rule of St. Columb, by a synodical decree of the Irish clergy assembled at Brigh-mac-Taidhg, in the north of Meath. O'Brolchain immediately commenced preparations for the erection of a new church on a larger scale; and in 1162 he removed more than 80 houses adjacent to the abbey church, and enclosed the abbey with a circular wall. In 1164, Temple More, or "the great church," was built, and the original abbey church was thenceforward distinguished as Duv Regles, or "the Black Church:" the new edifice was 240 feet long, and was one of the most splendid ecclesiastical structures erected in Ireland prior to the settlement of the Anglo-Normans; its site was near the Black Church, outside the present city wall, and is now chiefly occupied by the Roman Catholic chapel and cemetery; both edifices were entirely demolished by Sir Henry Docwra, governor of Derry, in 1600, and the materials used in the erection of the extensive works constructed at that period; but the belfry or round tower of the cathedral served till after the celebrated siege, and has given name to a lane called the Long Tower. A Cistercian nunnery was founded on the south side of the city in 1218, as recorded in the registry of the Honour of Richmond; but from the Annals of the Four Masters it appears that a religious establishment of this kind existed here prior to that period. In 1274 a Dominican abbey was founded on the north side of the city, of which even the site cannot now be accurately traced.

The municipal government is vested in a mayor, twelve aldermen, and twenty-four burgesses, assisted by a recorder, town-clerk, and chamberlain; and the inferior officers of the corporation are a sword-bearer, mace-bearer, four town-serjeants, two sheriffs' bailiffs, &c. The city returned two representatives to the Irish parliament till the Union.

THE VALLEY OF YOUTH.

Beyond the seven firs that fringe the world
Upon its western verge,
An unknown sea—the Sea of Out-Bound Sails—
Rolls affluent surge on surge
Below our land of dreams and long desire,
Where twilight meet and merge.

On one side of our valley towers the wall
Of unremembered Birth,
And opposite, cloud-blotted, stretch in space,
The kingdoms of the earth;
But we, poor margin-dwellers, hold in fee
A land of little worth.

Alien among us sits a white old man
Who drifted back alone
On the full tide, unoared, unpiloted,
From out the sunset blown,
Who knew the land, and greeted it again,
And blessed it for his own.

Hour-long he prates that all the spacious world,
Where kings walk to and fro',
Is naught to this high valley of the firs,
Drifted with blossom-snow—
Hour-long he prates, day-long we look and yearn—
He is too old to know!

ISEULT'S CHAPEL.

THE DUBLIN VILLAGE TOWER OF THE RENOWNED HEROINE AND IRISH PRINCESS

Mr Julian Moore contributed recently to the "Athenaeum" the following note:—

I had nearly left Dublin without hearing of what I think it would not be hard to show, were such task necessary or useful to achieve, is the one monument of serious literary interest it possesses. The lesser and more grateful effort of urging the good citizens to throw off the excessive deference they have so long and so unthinkingly paid to the makers of their local histories, in allowing a record which any city might be proud to possess to remain unknown, is all I shall attempt. It is even of much critical interest that all lovers of English literature should be aware that, according to an immemorial tradition existing in a little village some three miles from the modern city, a tower in its midst was built by "La beal Izod," the renowned heroine and Irish princess whom Dante, Malory, Tennyson, Arnold, Wagner, and Mr. Swinburne (to mention but a few amongst the greatest) have loved to honour.

If the tradition can be accepted—and I hope to show it is sustained by evidence that, though slight, is difficult to reject—such relic adds in an important degree to the testimony which has been adduced to prove that the story is native to these islands, and also not far from being an approximate record of real facts.

The tradition was known to the early nineteenth-century historians of Dublin, but owing to a lack of what was then called "documentary evidence"—that is, mention by some early historian, whether he had any direct knowledge of the matter he was cited to prove or not—the story was dismissed; though, strangely enough, they were seemingly aware of those other points in the case upon which far more reliance would be placed nowadays.

In taking this course, Dalton, Warburton, and the rest in no way exceeded the ordinary custom of the time. It will be remembered that when Rich published the tradition regarding the Birs Nimroud, it was ridiculed by Rennell and other leading archæologists, on the ground that the position differed from that assigned to the tower by Herodotus, Ctesias (!), and Strabo, only one of whom is known to have been to Babylon. Time has justified this tradition, and through other examples has proved that where not concerned with buried treasure, about which it must be admitted the peasant mind is apt to prove unduly imaginative and unreliable, the once ridiculed "vulgar tradition" may be regarded as forming good prima facie evidence, and, if corroborated in any independent manner, may generally be considered as well worthy of acceptance.

In this case corroborative testimony is found, first in the name of the village itself—Chapel-izod—in which it is difficult to see any other origin than chapel-of-Izod, as Iseult, Isolde, or Yseult is often called in the older manuscripts, and this, as the older Dublin historians admit, has been traced in State documents as far back as the fourteenth century. It also seems impossible to account on any basis of falsity for a phrase in old French being found so firmly planted among an Irish rural population. Even if we assume that in the fourteenth or fifteenth century, when the fame of the story was at its height, a desire was felt to attribute some existing tower to Iseult, such endeavour would necessarily have come from among the educated class. Yet no trace has been found of the methods being employed that were customary with the romancers of history at the time—altering of manuscripts and the like. Apart, indeed, from such action, or the long-sustained verbal assertion for which a literary relic would plainly not offer enough wordly incentive, the only other means by which a story of the kind could become deeply rooted, and so widely current as to give the district its name, is by that of assuming Iseult to have really lived; and when accounts of her adventures, or the admiration that was felt for her beauty, reached Ireland, those who had known her would like to speak of her by the highly complimentary term she was said to be known by, and the chapel become matter for keen and enduring local interest.

The tower itself, it will not be uninteresting to add, is square in shape, and about 45ft. high. Some years ago it was taken down to form a corner for a new church, an attempt being made at the same time to improve the old ivy. As, however, the skill available was not equal to the excellence of the intention, the ivy died. But circumstances are regrettable—the former, from an ideal point of view, perhaps the more, but not otherwise. In these days it seems certain that we cannot rely on local authorities to preserve our old buildings, so their being put to some modern use may well be regarded as the lesser of two evils. It is to be hoped, however, that no actual alteration will ever be made in the old structure. Ireland has but few buildings which, judged from a European standpoint, are of a first-class interest, and hence this record of a work that has always been regarded as one of the world's greatest tragedies, and has aroused deeper and wider interest than the creation of all Irish poets, painters, and musicians put together, should be regarded as a national heirloom, at least until the production of some evidence more damaging to its history than the unreasoned denunciations of mere compilers.

ACCOUNT OF A PESTILENCE THAT RAGED IN IRELAND IN 1348,

As given by John Clyn, a Franciscan friar, Kilkenny, in his Annals.

(From the "Dublin Penny Journal," 1832.)

"This year, and chiefly in the months of September and October, great numbers of bishops and prelates, ecclesiastical and religious, peers and others, and in general people of both sexes, flocked together by troops, in pilgrimage to the water of Inchmoling, insomuch that many thousands of souls might be seen there together for many days; some came on the score of devotion, but the greatest part for fear of the pestilence which raged at that time with great violence. It first broke out near Dublin and Drogheda, insomuch that in Dublin alone, from the beginning of August to Christmas, fourteen thousand souls perished. This pestilence had its first beginning, it is said, in the East, and passing through the Saracens and infidels, slew eight thousand legions of them. It seized the city of Avignon, where the Roman court then was, the January before it came among us, where the churches and cemeteries were not sufficient to receive the dead, and the Pope ordered a new cemetery to be consecrated for depositing the bodies of those who died of the pestilence, insomuch that from the month of May to the translation of St Thomas, fifty thousand bodies and upwards were buried in the same cemetery. This distemper prevailed in full force in Lent, for on the 9th day of March eight Dominican friars died. Scarce a single person died in one house, but it commonly swept away husband, wife, children, and servants, all together." The author seems to have died of this plague, and to have had a foresight of his approaching fate: for he closes his annals in 1348, thus: "But I," says he, "Friar John Clyn of the Franciscan Order, of the Convent of Kilkenny, have in this book written the memorable things happening in my time, of which I was either an eye-witness, or learned them from the relation of such as were worthy of credit, and that these notable actions might not perish by time, and vanish out of the memory of our successors, seeing the many evils that encompass us, and every symptom placed as it were as a malevolent influence expecting death among the dead until it comes, such things as I have heard delivered with veracity, and have strictly examined, I have reduced into writing; and lest the writing should perish with the writer, and the work fail with the workman, I leave behind me parchment for continuing it, if any man should have the good fortune to survive this calamity, or any one of the race of Erin should escape this pestilence, to continue what I have begun."

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS:

Compiled from Authentick Memoirs, Offices of Record, Manufcript Collections, and other Unexceptionable Vouchers,

By THE LATE WALTER HARRIS, ESQ. WITH AN APPENDIX.

Chapter VI.

Of the manner how the citizens of Dublin rode their franchise in antient and modern times.

We shall have little here to do but barely transcribe the several forms used by the citizens in riding their franchises at different periods, as the same have been transmitted to posterity, either by automatic records or ancient manuscripts, whose evidence is not to be controverted at this day: more especially as the reader will readily perceive by comparing each form, how little variance there has been therein from the beginning to the present times, except in the names of places, which yet are but few. It would indeed be a difficult task for the citizens to have at any time stretched their rights beyond the just limits within the city or suburbs, as they were surrounded on most parts by vigilant neighbours, namely, the ecclesiastics of Mary's abbey, Kilmainham, Thomas court, and St. Sepulchre's, or the liberties of the Archbishop of Dublin; who were upon all occasions ready to procure papal anathemas and censures against those who offended them in less momentous matters than the loss of their lands. Several of the instruments we shall have occasion to cite are written in Latin, but to show our fidelity, we shall transcribe them verbatim, and for the sake of the English reader translate them into our own language.

The earliest instrument that occurs is one of John, earl of Morton and lord of Ireland, dated at London the 14th day of May in the 3rd year of the reign of his brother, king Richard I. (A.D. 1192), which refers to a former charter of local franchises granted by king Henry II., now lost. The charter of king John is to be seen in the black book (f. 221) of the archbishops of Dublin, called Alan's Register, being collected by Archbishop Alan in the reign of Henry VIII., and as it containeth other liberties besides their metes and bounds, we shall here give only so much thereof as is pertinent to the subject in hand, reserving the remainder for another place.

The charter of John, lord of Ireland, concerning the bounds and franchises of the city of Dublin, and of the liberties granted thereto.

"John, lord of Ireland, earl of Morton, to all his subjects and friends, French, English, Irish, and Welch, present and to come, greeting. Know ye that I have given and granted, and by this my charter confirmed to my citizens of Dublin, as well those who inhabit without the walls, as to those who dwell within them, as far as the boundary of the town, that they may have their limits, as they were perambulated by the oaths of the honest men of the city itself, in pursuance of a precept sent to them by king Henry my father, namely, on the east and south sides of Dublin, by the pasture-grounds which lead as far as the port of St. Kelvin's church, and so along the road as far as Kylmerekargan, and from thence as they are divided from the lands of Donenobroogi as far as the Doder to the sea, namely to Clarade, close to the sea, and from Clarade as far as Ramynelan. And on the west side of Dublin from St. Patrick's church through the valley as far as Farnan-Clenegimethe, and from thence as they are divided from the lands of Kylmainam, and beyond the water of Kylmainam near Avenliffey, as far as the ford of Kilmastan, and beyond the water of Avenliffey towards the north by Cnocknogannoc, and from thence as far as the barns of the Holy Trinity, and from those barns to the gallows, and so as the division runs between Clonlic and Crynan as far as Tolecan, and afterwards to the church of St. Mary of Ostmanby. These things we have also granted to them that their tenures and land be secure, who have any granted to them in our charter, from thence without the walls as far as the before-mentioned limits; that the city may not dispose of those lands as of other lands, but that they observe the common customs of the city as other citizens do. But this, we declare, of those who have had our charter of certain lands, within the said limits, without the walls, before we had granted the aforesaid liberties and this charter."

It will be readily perceived that the foregoing form is very general, and drawn up according to the simplicity of those early times, from whence it would be a difficult task to trace the limits of the city liberties step by step, and more especially as by its breaking off at the church of St. Mary of Ostmanby, it leaves a good part of them unsurrounded. We shall, therefore, in some measure supply this defect from an inspeximus of an inquisition recited in the same book (Lib. Niger Arch Dub. p. 222), and taken in the reign of Richard the second, entitled, "De metis libertatum per novam inquisitionem." i.e., "Concerning the bounds of the franchises of the city by a new inquisition"; as follows, viz.:

"Richard, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, to all to whom these present letters shall come, greeting. We have viewed, &c. It has been shewn unto us on the part of the mayor and community of the city of Dublin, &c., and the jurors upon their oaths say, that the bounds of the city of Dublin are on the east part of Dublin and on the south part thereof, namely, the pasture leading to the port of St. Kevin, and so by the road as far as Kilmerecarigan, and from thence as they are divided from the lands of Donobrooge to the Doder, and from the Doder to the sea, namely, to Clarada near the sea, and from Clarada to Reymdan, and from the port of St. Kevin's church by the way northward to a stone cross, where the 'eastern market' antiently used to be kept towards the west, and from thence to a lane near St. Sepulchre's in the passage towards a barn as far as to a certain old lane closed up near to the commons of the vicars of St. Patrick's church, which extend to St. Patrick's street, and in the west part of Dublin, from St. Patrick's church through the middle of the valley to the pool of the house of St. Thomas the martyr, leaving the south gate of the monasteries of Whiteschan and Conelan (a) towards the north on the left hand, and exactly through the middle of the depth of all the said pool, and from the said pool through the middle of a meadow leading to a pasture called le Irendam to the cross of Kilmaynan by the bounds of the lands of Kilmaynan, and from the said cross along the bounds of the lands of Kilmaynan to a ford called Tyrell's-ford, and from that ford between the lands of the church of the Holy Trinity, Dublin, and the land of Kilmaynan unto the water of Amliffy, and from thence along the said water as far as the ford of Kilmayhane, and beyond the water of Amliffy towards the north by Enolneganmocke, passing into a meadow, which leads towards the west as far as the high way, passing from Dublin towards Carberagh, and from thence to the barns of the Holy Trinity, and from those barns along a trench called Rugh-ditch to the high way leading from Finglas to the city, leaving the said trench on the left hand towards the north, and from that high-way leading to the water of Glasteynock and so to a hill towards the north where the gallows antiently stood, and from thence through the middle of the water of Glasteynock to the high-way leading from the said city towards Santreff, and beyond that high-way as far as the trench of the land of Clonclyffe, and so along that trench to a green lying on the north side of the abbatial house of St. Mary, Dublin, and from thence between the green and the said trench to the middle of the high-

(a) Such monasteries as Witeschan and Conelan do not occur in any accounts to have lain within the liberties of the city of Dublin, and therefore it may be presumed they were either dissolved in early times, or united to other houses. Among the pleas of the crown in Birmingham-tower, an. 3 Edw. II (1309) Thomas Thonnyr was indicted for harbouring Adam the son of Robert de Cauntetun who burglariously robbed the Church of the friers de pœnitentia Jesu Christi of Dublin, and taking from them 40s. Perhaps this house de pœnitentia may be one of the monasteries here mentioned; at least we meet with no other account of it.

way leading from Ostmanton to Tulgin, through the middle of the road of the village of Ballybough, unto an antient path of an old mill, leaving the abbey and land of Lexinam on the right hand towards the south, and the trench and path on the left hand towards the north, and so along the water of Amliffy to the abbey of the blessed virgin Mary of Ostmanby, &c."

We shall now give the form of riding the franchises as the same was done on the 4th of September in the 4th year of Henry VII. (1488) (Thomas Meyler being then mayor, William English and Robert Boys, bailiffs), taken from the white book of Christ-church, Dublin (f.65).

They proceeded well horsed, armed, and in good array, taking their way out of Dame's-gate, turning on the left hand to the Strond, and from thence straight forward to the long stone of the Stayne" (which yet standeth on the west end of Lazer's hill), "leaving All-hallowes on the right hand, keeping the Liffey side, until they came unto the Ring's-end, and from thence they kept forward to Clare road, alias Cleer-rode, for the shipping (which is now Poolbegg), and from thence to Remelin (now called the Barr-foot), and so eastward upon the strand on the south side as far as a man might ride, and there cast a spear into the sea at low water, thereby to show the extent of the city franchises eastward. Then they rode backward till they came to Black-stone by east Myrion, and leaving Myrion on the right hand, thence rode on a meer westward, until they came to our Lady's well, and so continued their course till they came by the gate of Smoothi's court; then surrounded the green, and passing the fords of Donnybrook, they left the town and the church on the left hand, and so kept on in the high way until they came to Kilmackargan on the west of Donnybrook; and thence continuing their march by the high-way-side, until they arrived at St. Kelvin's gate, and from thence northward unto the lane wherein a cross of stone was then fixed; but the ditch of the lane being a strong fence, they broke their way through the high way by the east of St. Sepulchre's, and so leaving St. Sepulchre's and St. Patrick's-close on the left hand, until they came to an old lane, adjoining to the north side of the chancellor's orchard, or Huggar-place; and so passed through an orchard, which sometimes belonged to Thomas Swetickby, and also through the gardens until they came to the house of Anne Ahohone, on the north side, where John Arthur some time dwelled, making their way through the same into the street; through which they marched southward as far as William English his house, which they passed through, mounting over the roof of another house, and passing also through several gardens until they came to the Coomb, and from the Coomb gate they proceeded to Cow lane, and so forward to Carnaclogh-Imathe (which is now Dolphin's-barn), and thence returning backward left it on the right hand as you ride to the cross ditch in the lane leading from Dublin to Kilmainham, and so downward to Bow-bridge, passing under an arch of the same through the water of Cammock, unless for their more ease they sometimes rode through the prior of Christ-church his lands, which they left on the south, whence they rode over the water of Cammock westward, to the place whereunto the water of Liffey sometimes reached, and so forwards towards the west, leaving the tilling land of Kilmainham on the left hand, and part of the meadow on the right hand, where is the narrowest place of the meadow, there being there a ditch of small thorns by the tilling land, whence they rode northward through the water of Liffey as far as to the west end of Helen Hore's Meadow, called the ford of Killmahennock; for on the hill, that is now called the hill on the west end of Helen Hore's meadow, by the high-way, they made an halt, and there drew up together, and took counsel. On the north side of this place there was an arch said to be common, on the which the prior of Kilmainham received the rent. Some of them rode over the north side of the arch, and some over the south side, meeting together in Gibbets-slade, leaving Knocknecoack (so named in their charter, and now called Hennock-mack-nack) on the right hand; and so continued a straight course to the prior of Christ-church his lessowe on the north side of the gallows; and so through the lessowe, leaving part of the tilling land on the right hand, and so proceeded through a part of Sharp's park into the nigh-way, where they turned northward as far as to the prior of Christ-church his barn, and so over Russel's-park, until they came to Barnes-end, where the prior made a way for them into the same, and caused a ladder to be put up unto a window, wherein John Savage citizen, and Richard White, one of the mace-bearers to the mayor, were sent by him and his brethern to observe how the franchises went. They also put a man through the window by a ladder to the barn-floor, where there lay a stone, as a mark of distinction between the liberties of the city and the prior, and so they proceeded from that stone eastward, over the Old-kill, and so eastward through the orchard belonging to the church of the Holy Trinity, leaving the gardens of the green on the right hand, and the tilling land on the left; and so continued their course to the high-way which leadeth to Glassen-even; and so to the place where the gallows stood in old time betwixt the abbot of St. Mary's-abbey his lands on the east side, and the prior of Christ-church on the west, where the abbot of St. Mary's-abbey, and his convent met with them, and prayed them, that they would do them no wrong; they then replying, that they would do nothing, but even as their predecessors informed and taught them how they should ride the franchises.

"Thence they rode northward upon the marches to Glaskeynock, and so forth on the high-way which goeth to Dryshock, and leaving the stone well on the left-hand, they proceeded southward until they came into the high-way going to Ballyboght, and from the gate of Ballyboght they came to the water of Tulkan by the bridge of Ballyboght, there passing over the water, keeping by the water-side southward, as far as they might ride, until they came unto St. Mary's-abbey, leaving the abbey on the right hand. On the west of the abbey, on the water-side, there lyeth a stone, where the abbot and his monks met them again, where the abbot told them, that they should have ridden by the west of the abbey, and so forth to the sea: But the mayor and his brethern said 'nay!' for by our book when we did return back from the Tulkan, we should have rid to our lady church of Ostmanby. And so they departed, every man repairing homeward to his lodging. And thus the mayor and his brethren made an end of the riding their franchises the day and year aforesaid."

(To be Continued.)

BEACONS.

Across the lonely stretches of the night,
When clouds hang dense and heaven reveals no star,
From out the calm and quiet harbour-bar
There gleams upon the heart-sick sailor's sight
A signal, whispering of the homestead light.
It flashed out through fog and rain-mist far,
To tell him where his love and haven are,
When dreams of dread would crush him in their might.

So when I, weary of the long, long quest,
A mariner upon the sea of pain,
Sought lands of peace or isles of honeyed rest,
Shoreward I gazed from the wide midnight main,
And saw, amid the darkness and the rain,
The lovelight of your eyes—God knows how blest!

IRISH MEDICAL GRADUATES IN LONDON.

The Irish Medical Schools and Graduates' Association, with headquarters at 11 Chandos street, Cavendish square, London, is an organisation which seems to us to be worthy of the most active and whole-hearted support of all Irish medical men. The Association is the second largest medical society of its kind in the United Kingdom, and one of its main objects is to maintain the character and prestige of the Irish medical schools. It is gratifying to learn that the efforts of the organisation in this direction have for a number of years past been attended with a large degree of success. For instance, one of the grievances which weigh most heavily upon Irish graduates in England arises from the almost universal rule that no candidate is eligible for an appointment on the honorary staff of an English hospital unless he holds the diploma of the Royal College of Physicians in London in the case of a medical, or the diploma of the Royal College of Surgeons of England in the case of a surgical appointment. The advantage thus given to those two colleges is, of course, quite unjustifiable. Thanks, however, to the efforts of the Association, the excluding rule has been repealed at the Bristol General Hospital, the Hastings and East Sussex Hospital (Brighton), and St. Peter's Hospital for Stone, London. We strongly recommend Irish medical men to become members of an association which is capable of rendering such great service to the profession. At the meetings and dinners of the organisation all political and sectarian topics are absolutely excluded. Dr. James Stewart, who has for a long number of years been prominently identified with the Association, will be happy to afford further information to gentlemen requiring it.

FINDABAIR.

THE GENESIS OF SOME OLD IRISH PLACE NAMES.

By REV. J. F. LYNCH.

In the extract quoted from Hackett in "The Danes' Cast" there is mention of a very important name which, up to the present, has not been explained. This is the name Findabair, or Finnabair, which is given by Hackett in the form Finure. Hackett says—"We may remember also that in the Imokilly legends it was from Bally-Finn he first set out on his expedition against the Boars of Imokilly, the time he slew the Torc, who flourished at Glen Torcin (Torc Finn), now Glenturkin, near which the grave is shown where Fionn buried the Boar at Finure," Glenturkin means valley of the white boar (torc finn), and Finure, or Finnabair, means white abair, and, as the grave of the white abair was in the valley of the white torc, it appears that the word abair is explained by the word torc, and means boar. It thus appears that the Irish word abair is cognate with the German eber, Anglo-Saxon eofor, Norse jofurr, Latin aper, Slavonian vepri, and probably the Greek kapros. It is possible also that the English boar, Anglo-Saxon bar, German bar, Lombard pair, and Welsh baedd, have an old connection with abair. Dr. Joyce (Irish Names, vol. ii., p. 274) says—"The compound Finnabhair, old form Findabair, was formerly common as the name of a person, generally of a woman, but sometimes of a man, and it was also used as a place name. As the name of a place, some of the old Irish-Latin writers have translated it campus-albus, white coloured field (Jocelyn, Vit. Patr., c. 94), but I suppose that this is intended to express the fact that Finnabhair meant a whitish place, for I do not think that abhair can be, in any case, the equivalent of campus. O'Curry (Leet, iii., 10) translates Finnabhair as a personal name by "fair-browed." . . . But it may be doubted whether abair here can mean a brow, for, as Mr. Crowe remarks (Proc. R.I.A., MS. Ser., 159), the genitive of abair, a brow, is abrat (thus Eochaidh Abrat-ruaidh Eochaidh of the red brow—a King of Leinster); while the genitive of Find-abair, as a personal or local name, is Find-abrach. It appears, in fact, that there are two different words, both spelled abair in the nominative—Abair, gen. abrat, a brow or eyelash; abair, gen. abrach, (meaning?); and it is the latter word that appears in Findabair. Mr. Crowe, in the same place, translates Find-abair, "bright beam," comparing abair with Lat. apricum; but I do not know on what authority he bases this interpretation.

Dr. Henderson, "Feast of Bricrin," p. 135, has also erred in rendering Findabair "fair eyebrow." The Irish word abair, a brow, gen. abrat, is cognate with the English brow, Anglo-Saxon bru, German brane, Slavonian bruvi, Welsh amrant (eyelid), Greek ophrus, Sanskrit bhru. There is also an Irish word abair which means river, and the genitive of this word is abrach, cf. Gleannamhain, with (valley of the river, aban or arnan (avon), Latin amnis), with the form, Gleannamhain, in Aisling Meic Conglinne. Gleannamhain, or Glennabhrack, or Gleannamhuir, is now called Glanworth, a corrupted English extension of the form Gleannamhuir, which is explained valley of the yew tree, Gleann iubhair, by Joyce, Irish Names, vol. i., p. 445. but this derivation is incorrect. Cf. also Ptolemy's name for the Cork Blackwater, Dabrona, with Glenn Damhain (Glanworth, Chronicum Scotorum, p. 87). In the "Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne," Part I., p. 50, there is given a list of the names of the Chiefs of the Tuatha De Danann, which may be compared with the similar list given in "Battle of Ventry," p. 14. In the latter list we have "Na tri Finn Fhinnabhrach," equivalent to "Na tri Finn Fhionnmhuir" of the former list, and this comparison proves that the translator of the Pursuit errs in explaining Fionnmhur as "the white house," for "mhuir" and "abhrach" are genitive forms of abair, the former being a corrupt form. During the course of the present Ordnance Survey in the district of Kilfinane, county of Limerick, the Surveyor obtained the name of a cave near the village from an old man, which was sent on to me in a very corrupt form, and I found it to be the Irish Uath Fhionnabhrach—that is, "Cave of Findabair"

In the paper on the Danes' Cast I forgot to refer to Joyce's "Irish Names," vol ii., p. 219, and "The Chase of the Enchanted Pigs of Aenghus of the Brugh," in Trans. Os. Soc., vol vi. Knock Finnel, beside Lough Gur, over which Gleann na muice duibhe passes to Cladh na leac, or Cladh dubh, at the south side of the lake, means hill of Finn, or Finne. The present form, Finnel, appears in State Papers dated 1200, as Finnen, which represents the Irish Finnine, or Findine, an old genitive of Finne, or Finn,* utilised as nominative. Mr. Owen Bresnan has traced the Black Ditch to Sliabh Belgadain (now Bulgaden), near Kilmallock, which is mentioned at an early date in poem by Gilla Coemain (see Todd Lecture Series, vol iii., p. 163.

The late Rev. W. Seymour, who was for many years in charge of Cahirnarry parish, informed me that he asked the late Bishop Graves what was the meaning of Cahirnarry, and that the Bishop said the name meant "Stone fort of Nora, an Irish princess," but Mr. Seymour was unable to give me any particulars of "Nora." If an old man has not deceived me, the name in Irish is Cathair Fhinnabhrach, or "stone fort of Finnabair," which O'Donovan ("Book of Rights," p. 89), says is also the name of a remarkable stone fort of the kind caled "Cyclopean," near the village of Cill Fionnabhrach (Kilfenora), in the county of Clare. Cahirnarry is in part separated from Ludden parish, by a little stream, named Sruhanederagoole, or "little stream of the oak-wood fork." Keating, when giving the boundaries of the diocese of Limerick, names the ford across the stream, Ath an Coinne Lodain, "the ford of the Assembly of Lodan," the word coinne means an assembly or gathering of people, but of this gathering no tradition has been preserved in the district. In Donald O'Brien's charter of the grant of lands to St. Mary's Cathedral, Limerick, this ford is named "Ford of the Ceinu."

Lenihan ("History of Limerick") gives the names of lands in Ludden and Ballyneety district, forfeited to James, Duke of York, afterwards James II., and one of the names is Leabadh na muice, so that there was a cromlech of this name somewhere not far north of Ludden hill (1). Lodan is a very important name, and nowhere else in Ireland has the name of Lodan Mac Lir been preserved as a local name. Lodan, son of Lear, is mentioned in "Silva Gadelica," p. 118:—"With his right hand towards Lathach bo Lodain mhic Lir, or 'the slough of Lodan Mac Lir's cows,' now called the clar, or 'expanse,' of Derrymore." These were the old names of the place now called Loughmoe—that is, Luachmhagh, or "price-plain," about five miles to the N.E. of Thurles, in county of Tipperary. The Archdeacon of Cashel informed me that the people say that there formerly lived a beautiful young lady in a castle in the great oak wood, who had been imprisoned therein by an enormous enchanted boar, and that a young warrior named Purcell (2) walked along the tops of the trees (the wood being impassable), to the castle, and killed the boar, and married the lady, and obtained Derrymore as reward for slaughter of the boar, and hence the name Luachmhagh. This Purcell was the ancestor of the Purcells of Loughmoe, whose crest is, I believe, a boar's head. Dr. Joyce explains the name Loughmoe, but he does not give this legend; and O'Donovan has incorrectly placed Derrymore in King's County. Lodan is also mentioned in "Bodleian Dinnshenchas," pp. 31, 37; and O'Donovan ("Templemore Parish") gives the legend of Feabal Mac Lodain, from whom was named Lough Foyle—that is, Loch Feabail, "Lake of Feabal." For Sliabh Lodain in Britain, see "Silva Gadelica," p. 105. Professor Rhys ("Hibbert Lectures," p. 129), says: "The association of Llud, or 'King Lud,' as he has come to be called in English, with London, is apparently founded on a certain amount of fact: one of the Welsh names for London is Caer Lud, or Lud's Fort, and if this be open to the suspicion of having been suggested first by Geoffrey, that can hardly be supposed possible in the case of the English name of Ludgate Hill." London, the Roman Londinium, is derived from a nasalised form of Lud, or Lod (3) to which was appended the old terminant an, or on, and the name Lodun is derived from Lod, the Welsh Llud. Spenser, speaking of the aged Hely, says:—

He had two sonnes, whose eldest, called Lud,
Left of his life most famous memory,
And endlesse monuments of his great good:
The ruin'd wals he did reædifye
Of Troynovant, gainst force of enimy,
And built that gate which of his name is hight,
By which he lyes entombed solemnly.

The golden harp of Gar is sounding through the halls of Tara Luachra, and the Iberian warriors have at last awoke, and are marching to Gleann na muice duibhe, in behalf of the old things of that land which the Iberian loves beyond all other lands. Aradh mo mhuirnin, Aradh go brath.

I have some particulars re Gareth in hand for D. P. J., collected from Irish tales both written and oral.

Cahirconlish Rectory.

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*In the two variants of the tale of the black pig, given by Dr. Joyce and Mr. Hackett, Loch Finne (Lough Finn) is said to be named from Finn, or Finne, and to this name we must also refer the names Ouennekno and Ouennikнion of Donegal district, given by Ptolemy, 130 A.D.

(1) At the north side of Ludden hill is site of Luddemore Castle, forfeited by the Burkes to James Gould, or Gold, Attorney-General of Munster under Sir George Carew. At each side of Ludden hill is a cliff named Leim Dhomhnaill, or "Leap of Domhnall." Domhnall (Donald, Donnell) is Welsh Dyvnwal ("Hibbert Lect.," p. 449), and is the Donwallo of "The Faery Queen"—the name means "Great Domain."

(2) The name Purcell is said by some to be from Latin porcellus, "hoglet." Kanturk, in county of Cork, which represents the Irish Ceann tuirc, means "head of the boar." Dr. Joyce says: "The name shows that the little hill near the town must have been formerly a resort of one or more of these animals, and we may draw the same conclusion regarding the well-known Torc Mountain at Killarny ('Irish Names,' vol. i., p. 478). Every old man in Kanturk, who has preserved a trace of Irish lore, will say that Ceann tuirc was named from the head of the enormous enchanted boar, which was chased from Sidh Tuirc cois imill Leine (Torc Mountain at Killarney) by Domhnall na Gaela (The O'Donoghue), and slain by him on the little hill beside the junction of the rivers named Ealla and Daluadh, in consequence of which the little hill was named Ceann Tuirc. A branch of the Loughmoe Purcells settled at Kanturk, and they claimed that it was their ancestor who killed the enchanted boar on the hill of Ceann Tuirc. The Irish name for Torc Mountain, Sidh Tuirc, shows that Dr. Joyce is not correct, as anyone in whom glows a spark of Irish knows.

(3) Tennyson's "Gareth and Lynette":—
The last tall son of Lot and Bellicent,
And tallest, Gareth, in a showerful spring
Stared at the spate.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

REDSKIN AND WHITE.

"It's an infernal nuisance," said Rutland plaintively, knocking the ash off his cigar and looking at the Inspector for sympathy.

Captain Eviston leaned comfortably back in his big chair.

"Of course, my dear fellow, but what's to be done about it, so long as they are not actually committing any wrong or doing any harm?" It was very hot, and the Inspector spoke lazily, through a cloud of tobacco smoke.

"Not doing any harm!" Rutland shook himself impatiently out of his chair and began to tramp excitedly up and down the Inspector's den. "Don't you think it's sufficiently harmful to have the dirty beggars forever lounging around the ranch, forever turning up in the most unexpected and irritating fashion, forever presenting their evil-smelling clothes and persons at my clean kitchen door. As for Wong, I believe the heathen gives 'em food by the bushel to get 'em to come and play poker with him. He's a born gambler, and would bet the queue off his head against an Indian's scalp-lock if you gave him the chance. And how am I to know how many steers and 'ambs they get away with? How am I to know how many saplings they cut down for their tepee poles? I flatter myself that no man in the Northwest looks after his ranch more closely than I do, but it's impossible to be everywhere at once. Well, if you won't help me with the law, Eviston, I'll have to find some other way of ridding myself of the pack of dirty beggars. I won't have them loafing around the bungalow any more!"

The heat outside was fierce, and sifted through the almost closed shutters and lowered screens at the window of the Inspector's den. Rutland's face was purple, and big drops of perspiration stood on his forehead as he moved rapidly around the little room. Captain Eviston looked at him meditatively and with some amusement.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," he said at length. "It's hot enough, heaven knows, without exciting yourself unnecessarily. Sit down and let's talk this over."

But Rutland was too wrought up for pacific measures, and continued to pace up and down and puff nervously at his cigar.

He was a big man, whose clean-cut face, in spite of present excitement, looked humorous, and whose clear blue eyes twinkled jovially. As he stamped around the little room it was evident that he was slightly lame in the left leg. The summer before, while on his vacation in England, Rutland had been the victim of an accident under which most men would have sunk, but the buoyancy of his temperament and his magnificent health had saved him, and he had returned with apparently nothing worse the matter with him than a slight lameness caused, as he told his friends, by a severe attack of sciatica. For the subject of his lameness was a sore one with Rutland, and he had spoken to no one of the accident save to Captain Eviston. His greatest consolation was that the halt in his walk was scarcely apparent, and that he could still hunt and do hard riding and "roping" as before.

What was much more noticeable about Rutland than his lameness was his exquisite neatness. In a land where the weather and society permit of extravagant vagaries of dress, Rutland's conventional attire attracted much attention. This orderliness was not wholly personal, however, but extended even unto the management of his ranch and shack. What a yacht or fast horse is to some men, Rutland's shack was to him. The Bungalow was his hobby, and he was rapidly becoming as fussy and particular about it as an old maid. His sensibilities would have been inexpressibly hurt to see any part of it out of repair or in disorder, and its reputation for unapproachable cleanliness and a sort of exclusive superiority had become legendary. Perhaps the crowning luxury of Rutland's establishment was his Chinese cook, Wong. Good cooking among ranchers is about as rare as Kohinoor diamonds, and Rutland's celestial cordon bleu was known and appreciated far and wide.

Some people were of the opinion that The Bungalow was too far from everything, but Rutland liked the solitude, especially as it afforded such unparalleled grazing land for his flocks and herds. Rutland had his own ideas and methods about the breeding of cattle, and he could and would talk on the subject for hours at a time. Most people disagreed with him, but the fact remained that his cattle were the finest to be seen in southern Alberta. Next to the shack they were Rutland's greatest pride and delight. There were delightful stories, widely circulated among the cowboys and half-breeds, that Rutland had his sheep washed and combed once a week and counted his steers every evening.

It was the recollection of some of those apocryphal tales that caused the amused smile to overspread Captain Eviston's face, as he leaned back and looked at Rutland tramping viciously about the room. He could just imagine the state of indignation that was consuming the owner of The Bungalow Ranch at the thought of its desecration by the Indian loafers who insisted on hanging around the place.

"The scoundrels actually come and camp on me!" Rutland was speaking again, plaintively. "Last week fifteen lodges settled down on the Elbow Creek. I'd have sent the whole lot packing if there hadn't been a sick squaw with them!" He dropped limply into his chair.

An orderly knocked at the door, with glasses and a pitcher of iced lemonade, which Mrs. Eviston had thoughtfully sent in.

"It certainly must be an infernal nuisance, as you say, Rutland, to have the dirty beggars loafing around the imaculate Bungalow Ranch," said Eviston, pouring out his guest a glass of the lemonade. "But what under heaven can I do about it, either in my military or civil capacity? The Indians around here have been extremely, I might say almost suspiciously, good for a long while, and we can't afford to be too hard on them. And unless you have some specific complaint to make, as a Justice of the Peace I don't see how I am to proceed against them."

Rutland sipped his lemonade discontentedly.

"You're a most disappointing chap, Eviston," he said. "I thought surely you could help me. See here, why can't you indict them for trespassing?"

"My dear fellow, this isn't a little corner of England! After all, the beggars can't be expected to know just where the sixty thousand acres of The Bungalow Ranch begin and end, and in their visits to and from neighbouring reservations they have to camp somewhere. Why, there are twenty lodges of Kootenais camping down here, a quarter of a mile from us, and it would never occur to me to tell them to move on. After all, they have some primeval rights, you know. It really won't do for us to interfere with their peaceful movements."

"Well, they may be peaceful to them, but, by Jove, they bring no peace to me! Besides, camping on my place is not what I most greatly object to. It's their infernal exasperating way of harging around the shack. I can't come near it but that I see half a dozen of their bucking pintos tied to the fence or just disappearing behind the stables. I can't be away a day but, on coming back in the evening, I encounter any number of Piegans or Crows lounging around the enclosure. I find them sitting on the grass smoking when I go to open the windows in the morning. I believe they actually sleep on the verandah—my verandah—at night! I've threatened and scolded and sworn at 'em, and I've promised 'em I'd report to you and have 'em locked up. But nothing has the slightest effect. There seems to be some confounded fascination about the place for the beggars."

Captain Eviston blew a great double ring of tobacco smoke with a last puff at his cigar. He put the stub in the ash-tray, and looked at his friend meditatively and silently.

"So you've threatened and scolded and swore at them," he said, at length. "Why don't you try frightening them as a last resort—une derniere resource? Scare 'em off the place, since that is all that's left to be tried. It ought to be easy—heaven knows they're as easily frightened as children; and for you, Rutland, I've never yet seen you when you weren't ready for a practical joke. Turn your talents to use, my dear fellow, and joke the whole lot of Piegans, Nez Perces, and Crows off the never-sufficiently-to-be-taken-care-of Bungalow Ranch!"

Rutland put his empty glass down on the table and looked narrowly at Eviston.

"I think you must be joking yourself," he said, a little stiffly, and then, suddenly, he burst out laughing.

"By Jove, Eviston, that isn't a bad suggestion—if it can only be done. But I haven't the shadow of a——" He was staring absently up at the ceiling. All at once he began laughing again. "Don't speak to me!" he said, getting up and shaking himself. "I have an idea, and I'm going home to think it out. I'll let you know about it if it comes to anything."

He was still laughing when he passed through the little sittingroom to the verandah, where he found Mrs. Eviston sewing in the cool air which was beginning to be felt after the heat of the early forenoon.

"You had much better stay and have tea with us," urged the Captain's wife.

"Thanks awfully, Mrs. Eviston, but I can't. It's quite impossible, as I have to get back to the ranch."

Mrs. Eviston could still hear him laughing as he got on his horse and rode off.

"Arthur," she called to her husband, "what's Jimmie Rutland laughing about?"

"Don't know," replied the Captain, getting up and coming to the screened verandah door. "Wish I did."

It was eight days afterwards, in the early morning, when one of Rutland's cowboys galloped over the ten miles of prairie lying between The Bungalow and the detachment, and presented himself at the Inspector's quarters with a hastily-penciled note fo rCaptain Eviston.

"The idea has materialised! Be at the Bungalow at four, this afternoon, if you want to see some fun and yours truly avenged. This is strictly entre nous. Can you lend me your interpreter for the afternoon? If so, bring him, and oblige.—Yours,

"J. R."

Captain Eviston scribbled on a piece of paper: "All right. I'll be with you!" and handed it to the man.

It was just four when the Inspector drew up beside the long, wide verandah which gave The Bungalow an added air of distinction, and had incidentally suggested the name. As he jumped out of the cart and threw the reins to the interpreter, whom he had brought with him, Rutland came quickly out of the shack. There was about him an air of excitement and the pleased expression of the man who knows the joke.

"Come in here," he said, dragging Eviston into the house, "and have a drink while I tell you all about it." He laughed delightfully as he moved the Scotch and soda over to his guests.

"It's this way. I'd thought about the whole confounded thing until I was pretty nearly crazy. Your suggestion the other day set me thinking on a different tack, and, by Jove, I've hammered out a little scheme which I think will scare the beggars out of their boots—moccasins I mean—and set them packing in a hurry."

"Nothing actionable, I hope," murmured Eviston. "I'd hate to have you up before me——"

"No—no, nothing of the kind," gurgled Rutland, who was bubbling over with satisfaction. "In the first place, we are to have a first-class tea-dance here shortly." He pulled out his watch. "By Jove, it's almost time for them to be here. You see I've invited a lot of the Lord High Muckamucks among the Indians, the medicine men, and the chiefs and young braves to meet me here this afternoon for a tea dance. There's ten gallons of the strongest tea to be bought at the H. B. Company's store boiling on the stove under Wong's eye at this minute. By the way, I've promised to cut his queue off if I see him so much as speak to an Indian after to-day. And there's tobacco by the pound waiting for 'em, so I think on the whole they'll enjoy themselves. And when they get a little mellowed by the tea and tobacco, I will take a hand in the proceedings. I——" he leaned over and spoke a few words to Eviston in a low tone.

"By Jove!" said the Inspector, and there was laughter and wondering admiration in his choked voice. "It's too good to be true! I wouldn't miss it——" A confused murmur of voices and the tramp of ponies and dull thudding of a tom-tom became suddenly audible to the two men. Rutland jumped up and went to the window.

"They're coming Eviston," he said excitedly. "Now for it!" He went out on the verandah, and the Captain followed, still shaking with suppressed laughter.

Up the carefully made road which wound through The Bungalow's fifty-acre front enclosure, they passed a variegated highly-coloured procession of bedecked Indians on their equally gaily decorated ponies. Clouds of dust accompanied them, out of which now and then a fractious pinto would emerge in an effort to gallop across the cool grass, only to pulled into the ranks again by the rider, conscious that The Bungalow's owner was looking at him from afar. As the men cantered along they chattered like monkeys in a cocoanut tree, almost drowning the sound of the tom-tom borne proudly in front by a young Nez Perce. On each side of the Nez Perce were ranged two musicians with strange instruments upon which, later on, they made horrible and deafening noises. Behind them came the crowd of medicine men, chiefs, and young bucks.

Rutland saw The Bungalow's sacred precincts invaded by the red man for the first time with any feeling approaching that of pleasure.

"I think I've invited enough to spread the news of this afternoon's entertainment far and wide, don't you, Eviston?" he inquired eagerly. "And look what a choice lot. There's Medicine Pipestem, the blood conjurer. If I can only get that hoary sinner frightened—! And there's Wild Elk, the Piegans' noted medicine man, and half a dozen others. My! but those Crow braves are gorgeously arrayed. Except for their complexions they would resemble the lily of the field, for certainly they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet Solomon—and so on. I say, I think my party will be a great success! What are the beggars doing now?"

As the head of the procession got within a few yards of the shack the leaders suddenly struck the broncos with their quirts and the whole band of Indians circled madly past, shouting and saluting the two white men on the veranda. As suddenly they reined their ponies in, and leaping from them tied them to the fences and walked in groups to the house. Rutland welcomed them gravely and they seated themselves in a large semicircle upon the grass before the shack.

A tea-dance is to Indian social affairs pretty much what an afternoon reception is to our society functions—an extremely mild form of pleasure cheered by the cup that does not inebriate. The Indians have the advantage over us in that they are allowed smoking and dancing as extra amusements, but about the same amount of laughing and loud talking goes on as at an afternoon reception on Fifth avenue. It was some time before they had settled down comfortably and ceased their chatter sufficietly to allow Rutland to make his speech to them, which he did with the aid of the interpreter. Holliday, the interpreter, a tall, loose-jointed youth, half Scotch, half Indian, was the delight of the Inspector's heart.

"Holliday 'll tell them anything you say—straight," he had whispered to Rutland, and Rutland had confided freely in him. But it was a delicate matter to suggest to the Indians just what Rutland wished to suggest and no more or less.

"I say, Holliday, just tell the beggars that I'm awfully glad to see the whole boiling of them here this afternoon," hazarded Rutland diffidently. "Tell 'em I'm particularly glad to see 'em to-day because I've had a—er—a—warning from the Gitchi Manito that I won't see them ever again at The Bungalow." Rutland looked inexpressibly grieved as he repeated that part of his speech to Holliday. "I say don't make any mistake about that—be sure and tell 'em I've had a warning from the Great Spirit."

Holliday nodded with a rather puzzled expression on his good-natured face, and translated Rutland's sentiments into understandable Blackfoot. A subdued murmur ran through the line of Indians crouched upon the ground, and the medicine men put their heads together and talked in excited undertones. The young bucks eyed Rutland with a new awe, and moved closer together over the short grass. Rutland smiled inwardly with a great satisfaction at the impression his words had produced.

"And tell 'em, Holliday," he went on, "emboldened by the success of his speech so far, "tell 'em that I regret that the Great Spirit has so ordered that The Bungalow should see no more of the fine Piegans and Crows and Nez Perces whom I see here before me for the last time." Rutland's English left much to be desired, but the oratorical effect was grand. "Tell 'em I salute them all, especially the medicine men, who are my brothers, and that now we will have some refreshments."

The concluding words of Rutland's speech, though on a lower plane of sentiment than the beginning, were warmly welcomed, and the tea and tobacco passed around by Wong and Holliday disappeared with astonishing rapidity. Each Indian had a large tin cup from which he drank his sixi-kimmi with unceasing activity and relish, and on apparently the same principle that an engine takes in water, for no sooner was a sufficient supply consumed than it was immediately converted into energy, and the Indians would begin to dance to the fierce accompaniment of the tom-toms and shrill whistles, and when the steam generated was all used up, the empty boilers were again and again refilled and the process of steam-making went on unabatingly and gaily.

For an hour and a half did Rutland and Captain Eviston sit upon the verandah of The Bungalow and watch the noble Red Man's unflagging zest in the consumption of tea and the smoking of tobacco, varied by shuffling of moccasined feet in the dance. The dancing was decorous, almost perfunctory, however, and reminded one again of the hollow pleasures of an afternoon reception. Sometimes it consisted of no more than a stately march round the enclosure. Occasionally one of the younger braves, excited by the dizzy concoction of strong tea into which had been dipped chewing tobacco, would fling himself to his feet and begin a fantastic movement, but the excitement soon passed, and he would seat himself and attack his cup of sixikimmi with renewed vigour. Some of the old chiefs were nodding half asleep in a trance of pleasure over the unlimited supply of good drink and tobacco.

The afternoon was beginning to wane. The sun had set in his accustomed midsummer splendour behind the Rockies, and, although it was still quite light, the first faint shadows of the coming twilight were beginning to fall over the prairie.

Suddenly Rutland leaned over towards his friend.

"I can't stand any more of this, Eviston," he said. "I think it's about time I played my hand. Come on!" The two men descended the verandah steps and seated themselves just below them on the grass and in full view of the semi-circle of Indians, who were surprised into silence by Rutland's manoeuvre.

"Remember, you are to talk unconcernedly to me, Eviston, or I'll never get through this thing without laughing." He pulled from his hip pocket a keen, two-edged knife with a heavy handle, known as the "half-breed knife." It looks very much like the bowie knife and is about as deadly. Rutland leaned back comfortably against the steps of the verandah, stretching his legs out on the grass in front of him, and conscious that the Indians were watching his every movement with intense curiosity and interest. Eviston began talking to him. It was pure nonsense what he was saying, but that was no matter—the effect was good.

As Eviston talked, Rutland passed the blade through his fingers, feeling the keen edges. Suddenly and unconcernedly he plunged the knife up to the hilt into his left leg. When he drew it out carelessly, not a drop of blood fell from the wound. He plunged it again, and so skilfully that it buried itself in his quivering limb just above the knee-cap.

A perfect tumult arose among the Indians, the young bucks jumped to their feet with muffled yells of terror and the medicine men muttering together and clutching their medicine bags. It was evident that he was under the protection of the Gichi Manito—or was it the Great Evil Spirit? they asked each other, with chattering teeth. That such things should be done, and without drawing a drop of blood—! Who could understand such medicine as this? It were better to be dead than to see such things. O! that they had not come to the Bungalow Ranch!

But Rutland paid no attention to this excitement. Again and again, as he talked interestedly with the inwardly convulsed Inspector, did he plunge the sharp, two-edged blade into his long-suffering left leg. Now it was buried to the hilt in the calf, now it had cut the leather of his boot and transfixed the instep, now it stuck hideously into the bended knee. The Indians sat in huddled, frightened heaps, the perspiration standing out on their foreheads and their gaze fixed, as if hypnotised, on the white sorcerer. Stifled groans of terror, and hoarse, croaking exclamations of fright were heard. Old and young braves were shaking as if with a chill. A Crow medicine man sprang into the air as if electrified, his robe droping from his quaking shoulders.

The Indian of the tom-tom sat rigid with fear, the sticks falling through his nerveless fingers. Rutland looked at him out of the corner of his eye and recognised in him a particularly objectionable young Nez Perce whom he confidently believed had often slept on the immaculate verenda of The Bungalow. Drawing the knife out of his knee, he felt the edge carefully, and then, with a blow which would have disconnected any ordinary foot from its leg, he brought it down upon his ankle. The man who invented this must have known all about his business, for it gave way only partially, and the foot still dangled in a sickening, dreadful way from the half-severed limb. The tom-tom rattled to the ground and rolled aimlessly over the grass until it hit a half-comatose chief, who yelled with terror at the unexpected touch.

And then quickly and silently one by one did those Indians melt away. In the fast-falling twilight did the fringe of terror-stricken humanity disappear. Whole segments of the semi-circle droped off mysteriously in the gathering darkness and there were much plunging of broncos and swish of whirling quirts. The rout became infectious and precipitate, and the Piegans and Crows and Nez Perces, who arrived so gaily and vociferously in the brilliant afternoon, now fled noiselessly and fearfully back through the night

When they could laugh no more Rutland rolled over to the step and, propping himself against it, tenderly turned up the remains of his cut and tattered trouser-leg, and as he looked he laughed afresh, for from midway the thigh down, Rutland's wonderful left leg consisted of the latest skilful medico-mechanical contrivance in cork and marvellous joints, now slashed and gouged and wrenched beyond repair.

"It cost me seventy-five dollars," he gasped when he could speak. "But I've another, Eviston. I bought two in case of accident. It's a wreck—there's no doubt of that—and it cost seventy-five dollars, but Lord! this afternoon's entertainment was cheap at that, and The Bungalow's rid of those infernal ——" and he began laughing again

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[We open this week a Notes and Queries Department, which we trust may prove useful to our readers. We shall gladly insert in it any queries or replies that may be sent to us.—Ed. D. P. J.]

IVY AND ITS EFFECT ON BUILDINGS.

To the Editor of the "Dublin Penny Journal."

5th May.

Dear Sir—Might I ask you to state in an early number of the "Journal" what effect ivy has on ruins and other buildings? I have seen it stated somewhere, I think, that its action is most injurious, that, in fact, when the stem and branches have come to a certain size it is able to pull down the strongest wall. If this be so, it would be a useful subject to draw the attention of our District Councils and other local bodies under whose charge so many of our venerable ruins are placed. Whenever the Board of Works take charge they seem invariably to have the ivy removed, which seems to corroborate what I have stated. The ivy is picturesque, but preservation is of more importance than appearance, and when you inform us definitely on the matter, I hope that no time will be lost in saving our ruins throughout the country, which now seem threatened by the action of ivy; it will be quite easy to have the stem cut near the root. —I am, yours faithfully,

BORU.

Mr. Thomas O'Connor, 32 Vince street, Smethwick, Belfast, writes:—I recollect reading an account in, I think, "The Irish Builder," some years ago, of the building of Nelson's Pillar. Can you or any of your readers give me some particuplars of this work, who did it, and what it cost? Also, who was responsible for the erection of the Wellington Obelisk in the Phœnix Park?—Thos. O'C.

Names of Authors wanted.—By whom were the following works written?—"Vindication of the Irish Nation, and Particularly of the Roman Catholics." By Julius Vindex. Dublin: Printed for the Author, 1802; and "Paddiana, or Scraps and Sketches of Irish Life." London, 1848, ascribed by a bookseller to Dr. Blenkinsop, which appears, however, to be an assumed name.—EVOC.

CATS AMONG THE EGYPTIANS.

The tutelar deity of cats was Diana, and, according to Plutarch, the cat was not only sacred to the moon, but was an emblem of it. Hence cats were treated with a peculiar consideration in the land of the pharaohs, the death of one being regarded as a great family misfortune. Egyptian cat funerals were celebrated with the greatest pomp and ceremony, their late owners showing respect by shaving off their eyebrows, and wearing sackcloth for nine days. In the time of Moses it was a capital crime to kill a cat, and we are told by Diodorous how a Roman soldier who killed one was tried, sentenced, and finally put to death.

THE PARISH CHURCH OF THE OLD IRISH PARLIAMENT*

By C. LITTON FALKINER.

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I.

Honourable as is the antiquity of the parish of St. Andrew's, and varied as are the sources of interest from which it derives its importance in the history of our city, it is not primarily upon its priority in the roll of our Dublin parishes that its attraction depends. Indeed, notwithstanding that the precise date of its origin is lost in the haze of history, and runs back to the days of the Scandinavian Kingdom of Dublin, it may be doubted whether the strictness of antiquarian pedantry would class St. Andrew's among the ancient metropolitan parishes at all. For, lying outside the walls, neither the church itself nor any part of the parish could at any time be reckoned as part of the mediæval city, whose eastern boundary terminated at Dame's Gate, just below the Castle Yard. It is, in fact, as the first of suburban, rather than as the most ancient of city parishes that St. Andrew's claims pre-eminence, a fact which is sufficiently emphasised by the language of an Act of Parliament so modern as the 17th and 18th Charles II., chap. 7, in which the Church of St. Andrew's is still described as "in the suburbs of the city of Dublin." It requires, indeed, no inconsiderable effort of the imagination to picture the parish to which the church of St. Andrew's originally ministered in the days when it was the pioneer of that development of our metropolis in a south-easterly direction which has not yet ceased, when all Dublin lay within the walls, when green fields stretched right up to the Castle and down to the banks of the Liffey, and when only the village of Hogges, or Hoggen Green, lying near the eminence on which the modern church now stands, and the monastery of All Hallows intervened between the city and Ringsend.

The erection of a church outside the city walls, yet immediately adjacent to them, was almost certainly due to the Danish occupation. Like St. Bride's and St. Michan's, St. Andrew's Parish is of Danish origin. Almost the earliest mention of St. Andrew's itself suggests this. It occurs in the register of the Priory of All Hallows, which records a grant in the year 1241 of land described as situate in "Thingmotha, in the parish of St. Andrew's, Dublin." (1.) Now the Thingmount was a conical hill some fifty feet high, used as the meeting place of the Danes of Dublin, and Mr. Haliday has conclusively located its site as immediately adjacent to that of the present church, where, indeed, it remained down to the year 1682. It was hard by this spot that Henry II. was lodged on his arrival in Dublin in a palace of earth roofed with wattles, which the old chronicler, Roger de Hoveden, describes as having been "built near the Church of St. Andrew the Apostle, without the walls of the city of Dublin." (2.) The church thus referred to lay eastward of the present edifice, occupying with its churchyard a plot of ground on the south side of Dame street, about where the Munster and Leinster Bank now stands, and there it remained down to the close of the sixteenth century. What manner of appearance the ancient church presented there is now no sort of record; but of its importance among Dublin churches as early as the 13th century there is good evidence. The charter granted by Henry de Londres, Archbishop of Dublin, to the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's in 1219, assigned the Church of St. Andrews to the support of the Precentor of this Cathedral. This was the commencement of an enduring connection between the parish and the cathedral, which, however, was not altogether to the advantage of the former, since the duties of this parochial incumbency not unnaturally sat lightly on the cathedral dignitaries. The parish remained in the charge of the Precentor for a space of some three centuries, during which history is almost silent. It is more than probable that the union of the living of St. Andrew's with the Cathedral Precentorship was due to the decline in the importance of the parish as a residential suburb. According to Stanyhurst, who wrote in the sixteenth century, George's Lane, the modern South Great George's street, which is shown in Speed's map as practically the only inhabited street in the parish, was anciently a place of more consequence. To use his own words. "An insearcher of antiquities may (by the view there to be taken) conjecture the better part of the suburbs of Dublin should seem to have stretched that way. But the inhabitants being daily and hourly molested and preided on by their prolling mountain neighbours, were forced to suffer their buildings to fall into decay, and embaied themselves within the city walls." (3.) Stanyhurst narrates in proof of this assertion a striking illustration which vividly recalls the dangers of Dublin life in those early times, and which is worth quoting as indicating the origin of an important thoroughfare in St. Andrew's parish. "Among other monuments there is a place in that lane now called Collet's Inne, which in old time was the Escaxar or Exchequer, which should imply that the Prince's court would not have been kept there unless the place had been taken to be cocksure. But, in fine, it fell out contrarie. For the baron sitting there solemnlie, and, as it seemed, retchleslie (recklessly), the Irish, espying the opportunity, rushed into the court in plumps, where, surprising the unweaponed multitude, they committed horrible slaughters by sparing none that came under their dint; and withal as far as their Scarborough leisure would serve them, they ransacke the prince's treasure, upon which mishap the Exchequer was from thence removed." Whether or not the allocation of its revenues to the Precentor indicates that the declension of his parish in the scale of importance had begun so early as the time of Henry de Londres it is certain that the parish fell gradually into decay, and by the middle of the 16th century it had ceased to justify its continued independent existence. Accordingly, in the administrative readjustment which followed the Reformation, Archbishop George Browne united the parish of St. Andrew's to that of St. Werburgh's; "In regard there are so few parishioners, and the income so small that there is not sufficient to maintain a clergy-

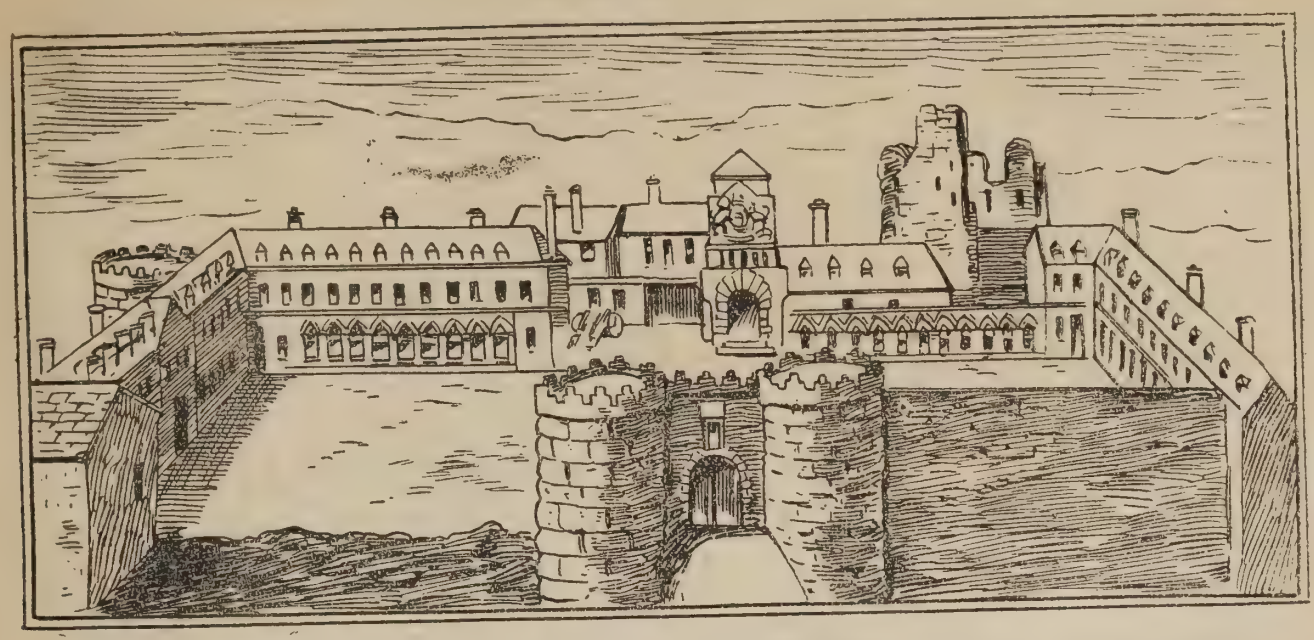
*This paper represents the substance of a public lecture delivered in Dublin on Friday, April 18.

1. Haliday's Scandinavian Kingdom of Dublin, p. 162.

2. Roger de Hoveden ii., p. 32—Roll's Series.

3. "Description of Ireland," Holinshed, p. 27.

DUBLIN CASTLE.



THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN TWO CENTURIES AND A HALF AGO.

man." (4.) Thenceforward the church ceased to be maintained as such. In the same year which witnessed its amalgamation with St. Werburgh's, one John Ryan, a merchant, obtained a lease for twenty-one years of "the Rectory of St. Andrew the Apostle, and also the chapel of St. Andrew and the cemetery of said chapel, together with a garden, three orchards, and a dove house, for the yearly rent of twenty-four shillings and four pence." (Mason's "St. Patrick's," p. 32.) Such was the value of Dublin ground rents three centuries and a half ago (4a). A few years later, in 1561, the church was given up, almost literally, to the tables of the money-changers, for the Lords Justices recommended as the fittest place for the mint, "The Castle of Dublin, with the help of the chapel next without the gate;" and in the catalogue of churches in the city and suburbs of Dublin, given by Staneyhurst in 1586, "St. Andrew's, now profaned," is the last on the list. (5.) Thirty years or so after the suppression of the parish the ancient edifice suffered a still more marked degradation. The Precentorship had fallen into the hands of one Sir Arthur Athy, who had been presented to it by Robert Earl of Leicester, the husband of Amy Robsart. Athy appears to have been a soldier, but otherwise had nothing to do with the Church Militant, for he was not even in Orders; and on May 31, 1581, he demised his chantership to the Earl, "the chanter's manse only excepted," for a term of fifty years, at the yearly rent of £60 Irish (6.) Thereupon the church was turned into a stable and yard for the Viceroy, its situation in the immediate vicinity of the Castle rendering it extremely convenient for this purpose.

With the sacrilege of Precentor Sir Arthur Athy—for the transaction deserves no better name—the history of the ancient Church of St. Andrew's terminates. For close upon three-quarters of a century nothing was done to restore or replace it. But the conversion of the edifice to these base uses led to not the least interesting episode in the history of the parish. Whatever the verdict of history on the errors and imprudences of Archbishop Laud, the sincerity of his zeal for the orderly government of his Church according to his conception of it, and his resolution to repress and correct ecclesiastical scandals and abuses, have never been called in question. The debasement of the Church of St. Andrew's to profane uses afford an instance of the thoroughness of his supervision of Church affairs. From the year 1603 to 1635 the Precentorship of St. Patrick's was held by Athy's successor, Dr. George Andrews, who joined with this dignity the Deanery of Limerick. Andrews appears to have asserted his rights as incumbent, and in 1631 obtained a decree in the Chancery Division of the Court of Exchequer, in a suit against the Crown for the recovery of his church, averring that "the parishioners were ready and willing to be at great charges in re-edifying, building, and beautifying the same church." (7.) An injunction issued accordingly to Lord Chancellor Loftus, as one of the Lords Justices of Ireland in the absence of the Deputy, to deliver up possession to Andrews as rector. Loftus, however, did not immediately obey. For though he wrote to the Lord Deputy, Sir Thomas Wentworth, then on the eve of entering on his momentous Viceroyalty, that "the church may not, therefore, any longer be continued in its former use, so as it will be fit that some of your servants do think of providing you another stable," steps were taken to render the decree of the Exchequer abortive, and, by the procurement either of Loftus or of Strafford himself, a King's letter issued, staying the injunction and continuing the Crown in possession till the new Lord Deputy should arrive. Hereupon Andrews, who was evidently a man of resolution, laid the matter before Laud, who, though not yet Archbishop of Canterbury, was known to be the guiding spirit in the ecclesiastical policy of Charles I., as well as the firm ally of the new Lord Deputy. "The Church of St. Andrew's in Dublin, Andrews wrote on March 26, 1632, "was 460 years ago annexed to the Chantership of St. Patrick's, Dublin, of which I am the incumbent. About fifty years ago the incumbent (Sir George Athy, Knt.) being absent, it was (horresco referens) turned into a stable for the Deputy's horses, it being close to the walls of Dublin Castle." (8.) Laud lost no time in laying the matter before Strafford, and received from the latter an undertaking to investigate the matter. Nor was he content to leave the matter here. For Strafford had scarcely seated himself in the Irish Government 'ere he received a lengthy letter from the Bishop of London on matters affecting the Church of Ireland, the very first paragraph of which was devoted to the affairs of St. Andrew's (9): "I humbly pray your lordship," Laud wrote, "to remember what you have promised me concerning the church at Dublin, which hath for divers years been used as a stable by your predecessors, and to vindicate it to God's Service, as you shall there examine and find the merits of the cause." Strafford, it is evident, lent a friendly ear to Laud's representations, for shortly afterwards in an official letter to England, in which he made complaint of the ruinous condition of Dublin Castle, he observes that "there is not any stable but a poor, mean one, and that made of a decayed church, which is such a profanation as I am sure his Majesty would not allow of; besides, there is a decree in the Exchequer for restoring it to the parish whence it was taken. I have, therefore, got a piece of ground whereon to build a new one." (10.) And a little later he wrote to Laud:—"For the stable to be restored I have already given orders for bouncering out the churchyard, and will have another built by June next, and then, God willing, turn back to this church all which the King's Deputies formerly had from it." (11.)

Whether in consequence of the removal from the charge of the parish of Dean Andrews, who, having earned the disfavour both of Strafford and Laud by endeavouring to procure the insertion of certain Irish articles in the articles of the Church of England, was kicked upstairs into the pauper bishopric of Ferns and Leighlin, or owing to the troubles of the times, no effective steps were taken for the restoration of the old church, which, though it ceased to be used as a stable, was suffered

4. D'Alton's "Archbishops of Dublin," p. 230.

4a. Allowance must, of course, be made for the change in the value of money.

5. 'Cal of State Papers,' 1509-1573, p. 171.

6. Mason "St. Patrick's," App., p. lxxi.

7. Strafford's Letters, i., 68; Cal. State Papers Ireland, March 26, 1632.

8. Cal. Irish State Papers.

9. April 30, 1633. Strafford's Letters, i., 81.

10. Letter to Secretary Cole, October 23, 1633. Strafford's Letters, i., 131.

11. Strafford Letters, i., 173.

to fall into ruin, notwithstanding that an assessment seems to have been levied at this time to provide funds for rebuilding of the glebe, which had been excepted from Athy's lease to Leicester. A few years later, in 1644, Sir George Wentworth, a brother of Strafford, obtained a lease of the glebe for forty years at a rent of forty pounds per annum (12), and on the ground so obtained he built a house at a cost six hundred pounds. The glebe had stood on the north side of Dame street, which about this time began at length to be utilised for building purposes. Prior to Strafford's time the only residence in this direction was Chichester House, formerly Cary's Hospital, which Sir Arthur Chichester, the well-known Deputy of James I.'s reign, had made his home in consequence of the pestilential condition of the official residence at Dublin Castle. The intervening space between Chichester House and the city walls now began to be occupied by a succession of stately mansions, which, with their spacious grounds stretching down to the river, covered the whole area from the northern side of what are now Dame street and College Green back to the Liffey. Of these dwellings, the first was built by Sir Christopher Wandesforde, Master of the Rolls in Ireland during Strafford's administration, who took up his abode in a house near the modern Grattan Bridge "with a garden and orchard leading down to the waterside, where might be seen the ships from Ringsend coming from any part of the kingdom, from England, Scotland, or any other country, before they went up to the bridge." At the time of the Restoration the chief of those houses were inhabited by Arthur Annesley, Earl of Anglesey and Lord Treasurer of Ireland; by one John Crow, an eminent citizen of the day; and by Sir Maurice Eustace, the Lord Chancellor. Their memory is preserved for us in the three streets of Anglesea, Crow, and Eustace street, which were formed along their respective sites on the demolition of these mansions a generation later. The extension of the city was, however, by no means confined to College Green. It included the district of the Steyn or Lazy Hill, the names then applied to what are now College street and Brunswick street, and the district behind them towards Ringsend.

To the growth of Dublin without its eastern wall and the covering of Hoggen Green and its vicinity with houses, is due the revival of St. Andrew's as an effective parish. A residential district so fashionable as the neighbourhood had become could not but need a church in its midst, and the accommodation at St. Werburgh's was probably inadequate to the demand. Accordingly, in an Act passed in 1665 for the provision of ministers in cities several sections were devoted to the revival of "the Church of St. Andrew's in the suburbs of Dublin," and the incorporation with it of Lazy Hill. (13.) The third section sets forth the state of the case in the following terms:—

> "Whereas, the parish church of St. Andrew's, in the county of the city of Dublin, hath been wholly demolished for these many years past, and no effectual care taken for the re-building thereof, whereby the inhabitants of the said parish and of Lazars, alias Lazy Hill, have had no place within themselves for the public service of God, to the great dishonour of God and the discomfort of the people, may it therefore be enacted that the ambite and tract of ground commonly called the Stane, alias Lazar, alias Lazy Hill, be constituted and made part of the parish of St. Andrew's aforesaid."

Thus the whole district of what is now the parish of St. Mark's was added to St. Andrew's, and so remained for above forty years, when it was severed, as will be seen later on.

12. Mason's "St. Patrick's," p. 34.

13. Statute 17th, 18th Charles II., cap. 7, sections 3, 4, 5, and 6.

by a statute of Queen Anne* The Act proceeded to provide for the re-building of the parish church by the voluntary contributions of the inhabitants; to ordain that it should be presentative as a vicarage; to nominate as the first Vicar Dr. Richard Lingard, a distinguished Fellow of Trinity College, and to appoint Arthur, Earl of Anglesey, his Majesty's Vice-Treasurer, Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls, whose former residence in the parish is commemorated by Temple Bar, and Sir Maurice Eustace, Knight, a nephew of the Lord Chancellor of that name, to be churchwardens of the parish for the first two years. Power was given to these officers to make an assessment upon the inhabitants for the building of the church and the relief of the poor of the parish. The ancient rights of the Precentor of St. Patrick's were specially recognised in the 6th section of the Act, which, after reciting that "the rectory of the church of St. Andrew's, together with certain houses and their backsides enclosed within the churchyard, have anciently belonged to the Precentor of the Cathedral of St. Patrick," enacted that the precentor for the time being should continue to be rector of the parish, and appropriated the sum of £10 per annum to be paid to him by the vicar.

Thus far the description here given of the ancient history of the parish of St. Andrew's has been based upon such scattered fragments of information as can be culled from various extraneous sources. But in the post Restoration history, we shall tread on firmer ground, for from the date of the reconstitution of the parish under the Act just cited, we have the invaluable assistance of the admirably complete records which are in the custody of the incumbent, and which, despite the demolition of the church erected in 1670, and the destruction by fire of its successor, have been fortunately preserved. The vestry books commence with the year 1670, and the first of them, which embraces a period of thirty-six years, throws much light on the rebuilding of the church and the condition of the parish in the last quarter of the seventeenth century. The minutes of the first vestry meeting record a resolution passed on April 5, 1670:—"That according to the tenor of our Act of Parliament, the church shall forthwith be built on the place agreed upon, being a certain parcel of land lying within the said parish, commonly called the old Bowling-green, given unto the said parish by the Bishop of Meath for the fore said use, so far as his interest is therein."

The site so chosen was considerable eastward of the site of the former church, immediately adjacent to the ancient Thingmount, which had been preserved as public ground for the recreation of the citizens down to the year 1661, and the Bowling Green very probably occupied the site formerly devoted to the grounds round Tib and Tom, a small range of buildings adjacent to the mount, where, according to the historian Harris, the citizens amused themselves at leisure times by playing at keals or ninepins—a pastime which has left its record in an old proverb, "He struck at Tib, and down fell Tom." In that year it had been leased by the city authorities to Dr. Henry Jones, Bishop of Meath, at a small rent, but with a proviso that "a passage six feet wide and thirty feet square, from the top to the bottom of the hill, should be preserved to the city for their common prospect, and that no building or other thing should be erected on the premises for obstructing of the said prospect." But by 1670 this reservation had been so far ignored as to be no longer worth insisting on. No objection was taken by the Corporation to the erection of the church, and a few years later, as we have already seen, the Thingmount, which by that time had become entirely surrounded by buildings, was utterly demolished.

No time was lost in proceeding with the building of the church, which from the first was modelled upon the plan which, though rebuilt at the end of the 18th century, it retained down to 1860. The Vestry Book records a resolution passed on April 18, 1670, "that the oval model drawn by Mr. William Dodson shall be the model according to which the parish church of St. Andrew's shall be built." Dodson appears to have been at the head of his profession in the Dublin of his day, and to have been much employed by the Government, under whose auspices he was responsible for the laying out of the Phœnix Park, as at first designed. It does not appear from whence he drew his inspiration in choosing this oval design; nor has any sketch of the seventeenth century church come down to us. But, inasmuch as the foundations were utilised in the rebuilding a century and a quarter later, and the old shape substantially preserved, the form cannot have differed materially from that of the Round Church, as was commonly called, descriptions of which are given in Brewer's "Beauties of Ireland," as well as in Cromwell's "Excursions Through Ireland."

(To be continued.)

*It is a curious circumstance that the Roman Catholic parish of St. Andrew's was constituted in the same year (1708) which witnessed the severance of the district comprised in it from the civil parish of that name.

WISE SAYINGS—FROM THE IRISH.

(From the "Dublin Penny Journal" of 1832.)

The following passages have been translated from the Book of Balimote, fo. 75. The translations are given, as the original is too obsolete for the present purpose, and the necessary explanations to render it inteligible would require too much room. The first paragraph is from the advice of Cormac Ulfada (the long bearded), to his son, Cabre, Anno 254—

"No fellowship with a king—no falling out with a madman—no dealing with a revengeful man—no competition with the powerful—no wrong to be done to several classes of persons, excited to anger, viz:—a bard, a commander, a woman, a prisoner, a drunken person, a druid, a king in his own dominions.—No stopping the force of a going wheel by the strength of hand—no forcing the sea—no entering a battle with broken hands—no heightening the grief of a sorrowful man—no merriment in the seat of justice—no grief at feasts—no oblivion in ordinances or laws—no contention with a righteous person—no mocking of a wise man—no staying in dangerous roads—no prosperity shall follow malice—no coveting of skirmishes—a lion is not a safe companion to all persons—three deaths that ought not to be bemoaned: the death of a fat hog, the death of a thief, and the death of a proud prince—three things that advance the subject to be tender to a good wife, to serve a good prince, and to be obedient to a good governor."

"The son of Fithil the wise, asked him what was the best thing to maintain in a family or a house?—Fithil answered, 'a good anvil.'—'What anvil?' says the son—'a good wife,' says Fithil—'How shall I know her?' says the son—'by her countenance and virtue,' says Fithil, 'for, the small short is not to be coveted though she be fair-haired, nor the thick short, nor the long white, nor the swarthy yellow, nor the lean black, nor the fair scold or talkative woman, nor the small fruitful who is fond and jealous, nor the fair complexioned, who is ambitious to see and be seen.'—'What woman shall I take?'—'I know not,' says Fithil,' though the large flaxenhaired, and the white black-haired, are the best; but I know no sort fit for a man to trust to, if he wishes to live in peace.'—'What shall I do with them, then?' said the son.—Fithil answered, 'you shall let them all alone, or take them for good or evil, as they may turn out, for until they are consumed to ashes, they shall not be free from imperfections.'—'Who is the worst of women?'—'Becarn.'—'What is worse than her?—The man that married her, and brought her home to his house to have children by her.'—'What can be worse than that man?'—'Their child, for it is utterly impossible that he can ever be free from villainy and malice.'"

"Wisdom is what makes a poor man a king—a weak person powerful—a good generation of a bad one—a foolish man reasonable—though wisdom be good in the beginning, it is better at the end."—Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy.

THE HUMILIATION OF FELICIA DAUNT.

By ETHEL GODDARD.

Felicia Daunt was the product of a dead age, but, unfortunately, for her peace of mind she had not died with her epoch.

Her childhood had been spent in a sheltered, luxurious home; her girlhood had been a dream of gentle ease, and so she had come softly to womanhood, in the fashion of her day, with no ungraceful effort and without bearing the burden.

Felicia did not marry; she seemed to wish to live simply for her parents, and she was a tender embodiment of the filial virtues of the past. When the well-loved mother was taken from her, she cared for her father with an anxious, absorbing love, regarding him as a being supremely wise, and giving him full gratitude for all his care of her wants. Then when she was about thirty-five her father, too, was taken from her, and a change came over Felicia Daunt's life, for it was made apparent to her that her sheltered days were over, and that owing to the redundancy of her father's debts and the paucity of his assets, she should be obliged to join in the struggle for bread which had always seemed to her a thing remote. Bravely gentle Felicia set forth, armed with her accomplishments, so well adapted to the mental digestion of little girls, and many a wound did she endure in high-bred silence while she worked bravely, and of necessity, in order that she might save a little before the coming of the meagre days. A pitifully small amount it was that she saved, though her best efforts went in the struggle, and though she worked unceasingly for nigh twenty-five years, pitifully small considering the wrench suffered in taking the lower place; but through all those years Felicia was brave.

Then began the birth pangs of the new age, when the standard of feminine attainment was raised; then also began the humiliation of Felicia Daunt. Sensitive, dignified, refined, she felt keenly the scarcely veiled contempt with which the list of her accomplishments now came to be greeted. Yet, of necessity she struggled on, receiving a poorer wage and a scantier courtesy as each year went on, and at last she saw plainly that she was out of date—unwanted by the new-born age. She began to perceive, with a sensitive quickness, that the very woman whose employment agency was such a drain on her slender resources, smiled half-sneeringly when the shabby old lady entered the dusty office and stood meekly waiting for hire. Felicia saw, too, that shorter roads to learning than her well-worn ways were now sought for, that her classic French, her Italian writing, and above all her complete knowledge of deportment, were now things of no effect, and so it came that Felicia Daunt retired to a bare attic and lived in incredible penury, while the advancing age did great things for younger women.

Felicia sat one evening before a rusty grate, in which a mere handful of coals burnt gloomily as if under protest, emitting more smoke than heat in the effort.

The night was bitterly cold—it was December—and Felicia was a pitiful figure as she sat in a stiff comfortless chair, drawing her shawl tightly over her shoulders, and shivering involuntarily as she felt the wind filter through a broken pane in her window. Her hair was snow-white, her face like ivory, but for its myriad furrows, but strength of will and recollection of one of the branches of deportment had prevented Felicia's shoulders acquiring the droop common to depressed old people. Felicia had, indeed, well preserved the great characteristic of her epoch—dignity. It was that quality in her which was potent to abash even the officious "lady inspector" who recommended her to open both her windows, and who was so effusively glad to see "that her room was so nice and clean."

Felicia had just one interest in her life, and it lasted for ten years. Once in each year a vacancy was wont to occur in a Home which kindly charity had provided for destitute old ladies—the wreckage cast up by the new age—and the desire of Felicia's heart was to fill that vacancy and to know once again the joy of a pretty room and a sufficiency of fuel and food. So once a year she timidly approached the busy rector, who looked on her as one of many unfortunate ones, with less interest in her favour than was commanded by most of her class; and Felicia's name was then sent up, with many other names, whereof the result had for nine long years been a postcard curtly recording failure.

On the cold night when Felicia gazed at the handful of embers those failures came vividly before her, for a week before she had made her annual appeal to the rector, and the morrow would tell the result of that appeal. Hope deferred had made Felicia doubt that success could ever be hers. She stretched her thin hands, blue from cold, over the glimmer of the grate; the draught from the broken window seemed to cut her; the door rattled dismally, the cheap candle swilled and smoked; Felicia bowed her head, a dry, wrenching sob escaped her: "If they don't take me in 'twill be too late," she groaned.

Felicia's eyes were dim as she looked at the fast-dying embers, for it is hard to bear the burden of disappointment when the weight of years is great.

When Felicia lay down in bed she wrestled long with wakefulness, wakefulness caused by a cruel, gnawing pain which sometimes made her groan aloud; a pain which she had often endured in those meagre days. Then, at last, she slept, a sleep which she had not known for many years, in which she met the dear and dead in the spiritual atmosphere of the days which were also dead. Felicia never tossed nor stirred that night; she slept calm and still; once a quiver came over her face, but it settled then into a greater peace.

"Miss Daunt! Miss Daunt, ma'am." The bustling landlady was by Felicia's bedside. "Miss Daunt, here's a postcard, an' ye're elected. Holy Father, she's gone, she's gone, an' the good news just kem an' all."

Felicia Daunt was smiling the inscrutable smile. She had finished her fight with the new age.

THE TOURNAMENT.

What time the falchion of the sun
  Clove through the morning mists,
The trumpets blared right merrily,
And two gay knights armed cap-a-pie,
The very flower of chivalry,
  Rode out into the lists.

And one was all bedight with white
  From gleaming helm to greaves;
The other's shield showed golden sheen,
With bars of emerald shot between,
The while his armour glistened green
  As the unfolding leaves.

They splintered couched lance on lance
  Amid applausive cries,
They battled loud with jeer and mock;
Both seemed as firm as is the rock;
And echoes of their conflict-shock
  Went reeling up the skies.

Then suddenly the snowy plume
  Slipped crashing down amain:
The victor heard the plaudits ring;
We saw him back his vizor fling;—
And lo, the triumph smile of Spring
  Above the Winter slain!

WATERFORD CITY.

Its History, Antiquities, &c.

From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland."

In the civil war which commenced in 1641, this city experienced its full share of calamity. At the commencement of that year the city was, without any effort for its defence, surrendered to the son of Lord Mountgarret, and the country around it was laid waste by the insurgents, to whose cause the inhabitants were so attached, that the confederate Catholics had their printing-press here, under the conduct of a man named Bourke. In 1646, the Pope's nuncio, with a view of setting aside the peace which had been concluded between the contending parties, summoned all the R. C. clergy to Waterford, on the ground of an apostolic visitation, and for the purpose of holding a national synod; but so opposed to the measure were the inhabitants, fearing it might compromise the interests of their religion, that when the heralds came from Dublin to proclaim it, no one would show them the mayor's house, nor could they, after three days' stay, obtain from the proper functionaries any other answer than that the peace ought first to have been proclaimed in Kilkenny. In 1649, Cromwell, having surprised Carrick, crossed the Suir to besiege Waterford; and although his army, from the fatigue it had undergone, did not amount to more than 5,000 foot, 2,000 horse, and 500 dragoons, the terror of his approach had such an effect on the citizens, who had refused to accept the troops offered to them by the Marquess of Ormonde, that they sent to consult that nobleman about the conditions on which they should surrender the city. The Marquess, however, assuring them that it rested only with themselves to do their duty and ensure their safety, they gladly accepted a reinforcement of 1,500 men under Gen. Farrel, and began to prepare for their defence. The siege commenced on the 3rd of October; and Ormonde, struggling against desertion and other difficulties, kept together some forces with which he hovered between the city and Clonmel. The city being surrounded with batteries and other fortifications, was thought to be sufficiently defended; and Cromwell, therefore, adopted the plan of a tedious investment as the best mode of attack. On the 23rd, however, he despatched six troops of dragoons and four of horse to the town of Passage, about six miles to the south, and these taking possession of the fort which commanded the river at that place, cut off the communication between Waterford and the entrance of the harbour. The serious inconveniences resulting from the occupation of this post by the enemy, rendered it necessary to make an attempt for its recovery, for which purpose Gen. Farrel marched with some troops, expecting to be assisted from the opposite side of the river by Col. Wogan, of Duncannon Fort. He

was, however, driven back by a strong force suddenly detached against him from Cromwell's army, and would have suffered great loss but for the prompt covering of his retreat by the Marquess of Ormonde with a party of only 50 horse, the citizens having refused any facilities for conducting a larger body over the ferry. After this failure, the Marquess offered to transport his troops from the north to the south side of the Suir, for the purpose of recovering that post and quartering them in huts under the walls, that they might not be burdensome to the city, but receive pay and provisions from the country; but this proposal was also rejected, and it was even moved in the council to seize Ormonde's person, and to attack his troops as enemies. Irritated at their obstinacy and ingratitude, Ormonde withdrew his army, and left the citizens to defend themselves, by their own resources, against the vigorous attacks of Cromwell; their courage giving way, they declared that, unless they received a reinforcement of troops and a supply of provisions, they could make no further resistance. At length when the assault was hourly expected, the Marquess appeared again with his forces on the north side of the Suir, and Cromwell having already lost about 1,000 of his men by sickness and the chances of war, prepared to raise the siege. Ormonde now proposed to cross the river and attack the retreating army in the rear; but the citizens obstinately urged their objections, from an apprehension that the city might become the winter quarters of his army.

Early in the following June, Waterford was again besieged by the parliamentary forces under the command of Gen. Ireton, on whose approach General Preston, then governor, sent to the Marquess of Ormonde to inform him that, unless supplies were immediately forwarded, he should be obliged to surrender; these, however, not being sent, the garrison was soon reduced to the greatest distress. Though the siege was begun early in June, Ireton did not summon the city to surrender till the 25th of July; soon after which the besieged made a sally, but were driven back with loss; and a party of musketeers being sent by the besiegers to burn the suburbs, the smoke being driven by the wind into the city, so terrified the besieged, that they thought the whole army had made an assault, and began to seek safety by the eastern gate. Two brothers named Croker, who led the party that burnt the suburbs, under cover of the smoke which concealed the smallness of their number, scaled the walls and marched forward to the main guard, putting all they met to the sword. The besieged, firmly believing that the whole of Ireton's army had forced their way into the city, were seized with a panic, which enabled this small party to secure all their great guns, and march with them to the western gate, which they opened to their fellow soldiers, who immediately marched in. The citadel still held out, but after a protracted treaty surrendered on the 10th of August, upon terms favourable to the citizens generally, whose persons and property were guaranteed from injury. The violence of the parliamentarian army was chiefly directed against the churches, works of art, and remains of antiquity, not even the tombs of the dead being spared from mutilation. From this period till the year 1656, the old government of the city by mayor and sheriffs was superseded by a government of commissioners appointed by Cromwell, whose most devoted partisans had supreme power in the city. Under these commissioners, orders were issued prohibiting Catholics from trading within or without doors; high courts of justice were instituted here as in other cities, for the trial of persons concerned in the massacre of 1641; and under this usurped authority the public buildings, quays, streets, roads, and other works were generally improved. Col. Lawrence, the first governor under the parliament, was succeeded in that office by Col. Leigh, to whom and to the justices of the peace the lord-deputy and council issued an order to apprehend forthwith all Quakers resorting to that city, and to ship them either from that port or from Passage, to Bristol, to be committed to the care of that city. On the restoration, Richard Power was appointed governor of the county and city of Waterford; and on the revival of the corporation, the inhabitants petitioned the Duke of Ormonde to be admitted to the enjoyment of the franchise, notwithstanding religious differences; but so far from obtaining this object, it was ordered by the lord-lieutenant and council, in 1678, that, with the exception of some merchants, artificers, and others, they should be expelled from the city, though many were re-admitted. During the interval of peace from 1664 to 1681, the trade of the port continued to increase rapidly; the duties paid at the custom-house, at the former period, amounted to £7,044, and at the latter to £14,826.



SEAL.

Jas. II., on the day after the battle of the Boyne, arrived at this place, and immediately embarked for France in a ship which lay in the harbour ready to receive him. On the 20th July, Major-Gen. Kirk advanced with a body of forces from Carrick, and sent a trumpeter to the city to summon the garrison to surrender; this was first refused in mild terms, but soon after, the citizens sent to know the terms that would be granted, which, being the same as those offered to the garrison of Drogheda, were rejected. The garrison then demanded the enjoyment of their estates, the freedom of their religion, and liberty to march out with their arms and baggage, which being refused, preparations were made for a regular siege; but on the 25th the garrison was allowed to march out with arms and baggage, and was conveyed to Mallow. On the following day King William entered the city, and took measures to prevent the property of any person from being damaged; on his return from the siege of Limerick, he embarked at this port, on the 5th of September, for England. At the close of this century the city is represented as being in a wretched condition; the houses in ruin, the streets filthy and uneven, and the roads extremely bad; but, under the management of successive mayors, it was greatly improved both in comfort and appearance early in the following century. In 1732, a tumultous assembly rose to prevent the exportation of corn; another riotous meeting, occasioned by the scarcity of provisions, took place in 1744, when the military were called to suppress the riot, and several lives were lost. In the disturbances of 1798 the citizens took no part: several meetings of the United Irishmen were held here, but the peace of the city was preserved by the victory obtained over the insurgents at Ross.

The city is beautifully situated on the southern bank of the Suir, about 16 miles from its influx into the sea: it extends principally along the margin of the river, having an elevation very little above high-water mark, except at the western extremity, where are some more gentle elevations: on the south, bordering on the stream called John's river, which here falls into the Suir, is a large tract of level, marshy land stretching towards Tramore. Near the Western extremity of the city, and connecting it with the small suburb of Ferrybank in the county of Kilkenny, is a bridge of wood, 832 feet in length and and 40 in breadth, supported on stone abutments and 40 sets of piers of oak, undertaken by a company incorporated in 1793, who subscribed £30,000 in shares of £100 each, and erected by Mr. Cox, a native of Boston, at an expense so much below the estimated cost, that £90 only was paid on each share of £100, which now sells for £170: it was begun April 30th, 1793, and opened Jan. 18th, 1794: the company have a sinking fund for the repair or rebuilding of the bridge, if necessary, and the tolls are let for about £4,000 per annum. Over John's river, which skirts the city on the east and south-east, are two ancient bridges, called respectively John's bridge and William-street bridge; and one of modern erection called Catherine's bridge, from the ancient abbey of St. Catherine, near which it is situated. On the opposite side of the Suir are some lofty hills, from which the city is seen to great advantage, having in front the river and the splendid quay extending from the bridge to the mouth of John's river, one mile in length, with scarcely any interruption, and forming a remarkably fine promenade. The quay was enlarged in 1705, by throwing down the city walls on this side, with one of the gates, which, with the great ditch, formerly divided it into

two portions. The houses, though irregular in their style of architecture, form a range of buildings of lofty and imposing appearance, among which the ancient tower built by Reginald the Dane, and now occupied as a police barrack, is a conspicuous object. In front of these buildings are a broad flagged footway and a Macadamised road; and the part along the margin of the river is separated from these and forms a beautiful promenade.

This place has never been much distinguished for its manufacture; it had once some celebrity for the weaving of a narrow woollen stuff, which was in great demand in every part of Ireland, and was also exported in considerable quantities; but of this trade and also of the hall in which the article was sold, there are now not the smallest remains. There were also manufactories for salt, smoked sprats; japanned wares of various descriptions, established here by Thomas Wyse, Esq.; and for linen and linen thread, which latter was celebrated all over Ireland, established here by a family named Smith, who brought with them a number of workmen from the north of Ireland; but all these have successively failed, as has also a glass bottle manufactory, which was established opposite to Ballycarvet. A glass manufactory of superior description was, however, established in 1785, and is now conducted by Messrs. Gatchell and Co., who have a considerable export trade, particularly to America: in this establishment about 70 persons are employed. There is a starch and blue manufactory, also two iron foundries: and till within the last few years there was an extensive manufacture of glue, of which considerable quantities were sent to England. There is a small establishment for rectifying spirits; and public breweries have been established and brought to such perfection as to supersede the necessity of any importation from England; they are conducted upon a scale affording the means of a considerable export of beer to Newfoundland, and lately to England, which trade is progressively increasing. But it is to its commerce, promoted by the favourable situation of its port, that Waterford is principally indebted for its importance, and for which it has been distinguished from a very early period. The liberal policy, adopted in 1704 and 1705, of admitting to the freedom of the city foreign traders of all descriptions, induced several merchants from Italy, Spain, France, Portugal, Holland, and other counties to settle there. Before agriculture became so extensive as it is at present, the principal trade was the exportation of beef, hides, and skins, not only to the English settlements but to several ports of Spain; cheese, also, of an inferior quality, called "Mullahawn," was exported in considerable quantities, and an extensive trade was carried on with Newfoundland. Notwithstanding the extent of its export trade and the importation in return of foreign produce of every kind, the merchants and traders until recently have not invested much property in shipping of their own, but have chiefly employed English shipping; and even till the year 1820, the port was considered one of the worst in Ireland, in respect of the accommodation it afforded for repairing ships. This disadvantage has at length been removed by the construction of a dockyard on the bank of the river, opposite to the city, into which vessels of any burden may be drawn completely out of the water for repair, and in which have been built several vessels that are much admired for beauty of model and soundness of workmanship. The trade of the port has been much promoted by the establishment of a Chamber of Commerce, incorporated by act of parliament in 1815.

(To be Continued.)

REAL GIANTS.

Dr. Thomas Wilson, curator of the department of pre-historic anthropology of the Smithsonian Institution, has completed a very interesting investigation of the causes that produce giants, and is writing a similar paper on the subject of giants, ancient and modern. The study was brought about by continual inquiries of people in different parts of the country in regard to giants. There is very little precise scientific information on the subject, and not until within the last few years has it been looked into at all by ethnologists or physiologists. Professor Wilson says that the giants of nursery tales excite the admiration and the fear of the infantile population, for they are described as bold, cruel, and voracious. As a matter of fact, giants are generally weak physically, good-natured personally, and not over intelligent. They are often inactive and feeble, but rarely evil-minded.

Professor Wilson speaks of the mythical giants of the golden age and the accounts of them given by Homer and Hesoid. Homer wrote about 900 B.C., and Hesiod about 600 B.C. They concerned themselves in that day, as many brilliant theorists do at the present time, in imagining the birth of the world and the origin of man. They described the giant gods and goddesses engaged in the laudable occupation of starting the infant world and peopling it with beings of great strength and stature and beauty of form, who were the representatives, if not the progenitors, of all the virtues and some of the vices that belong to mankind. It is not, however, until we come to the giants of mediaeval times that there is any information which has the semblance of verity, and even here there are large discrepancies. Professor Wilson has studied at some length the various authorities, and has made a list of the best known giants of mediaeval and modern times, which he has arranged, chronologically thus:—

Name.	Date.	Height. Feet.
Evans	1632	8
Mellon	1665-1684	7.6
Miller	1674-1734	8
Blacker	1724	7.4
Cornelius McGrath	1737-1760	7.8
O'Brien	1760-1783	8.4
Murphy	1761-1783	8.10
Cottar	1802	8.7
Bradley	1798-1820	7.8
Eleizigue		7.10
Hale	1820-1862	7.6
Louis		7.4
Loushkin		8.5
Chang		8.2
Anak	1840-1865	7.8
Peruvian giant (died at New York, 1893; real height 6.9 feet)		7.6
Minnesota giant		7.4
Marianne Wehde (Ranke)		8.4½
Austrian giant (Topinard)		8.4½
Winkelmeyr (Doubes)		8.6

Professor Wilson relates an experience he had in Louisville with a giant that shows the common tendency towards exaggeration.

Along in the '50's a Nova Scotia giant was exhibited there. He was brought upon the stage before an audience, of which Professor Wilson was a member, by the manager, who gave an eloquent description of him, dilating upon his great size and strength, and intimating that his stature was not less than 7 feet 8 inches. But the giant was not received with very high favour, for the crowd adhered to their favourite, Jim Porter, known as the Kentucky giant. Porter, who had evidently been advised of the opposition, was present He was called upon and stood up by the side of the exhibiting Nova Scotia giant. Cheers went up from the audience when it was seen that he was the taller of the two, and the stage was soon filled with people clamouring for a measurement. Professor Wilson had a small ivory pocket rule with him. He brought out his rule and was mounted upon the table, and he pronounced Porter to be three inches and a half taller than the Nova Scotian. Porter was very proud, and in proportion as he manifested his satisfaction so was the contrary sentiment shown on the face of the Nova Scotian, who finally slunk away out a back door. The Nova Scotian was 7 feet 4 inches tall, but Jim Porter was 7 feet 7½. Jim's rifle, which he was proud of showing, was as long as an average man is tall. His walking stick came to the armpit of an ordinary man, and his chair was as high as a table.

Another case of interest was investigated by Professor Wilson more recently and proved, like many others, to be a fake. This was a giant mummy which was being exhibited for gain. It was laid upon its back in a box intended to represent a coffin, though it had a greater resemblance to the large watering troughs common at roadsides in the country. The coffin was about 10 feet long, 2½ feet wide, and 2½ feet deep, and was covered with glass. Professor Wilson laid his rule outside the glass and found the body to be 8 feet 4 inches in length. It had every appearance of being genuine, and the skeleton had the appearance of a well-formed man with members in not unusual proportions. The mummy was at the bottom of the coffin, under glass, and no one was allowed to touch, feel, or weigh it. Although there was no opportunity to test the bones, skin, hair, nails, or other parts by the microscope or other method, the belief was general that it was genuine. Later it was found that the thing was a fake, and had been manufactured with many others for exhibition for money.

GEORGE FAULKNER.

(From the "Dublin Penny Journal," 1832.)

When Foote was acting in Dublin, he introduced into one of his pieces, called the Orators, the character of George Faulkner, the celebrated printer, whose manners and dress he so closely imitated, that the poor fellow could not appear in public, without meeting with the scoffs and jeers of the very boys of the streets. Enraged at the ridicule thus brought upon him, Faulkner one evening treated to the seat of the gods all the devils of the printing office, for the express purpose of their hissing and hooting Foote off the stage. Faulkner placed himself in the pit to enjoy the actor's degradation; but when the objectionable scene came on, the unfortunate printer was excessively chagrined to find, that so far from a groan or a hiss being heard, his gallery friends partook of the comical laugh. The next morning he arraigned his inky conclave, inveighed against them for having neglected his injunctions, and on demanding some reason for their treachery, was lacerated ten times deeper by the simplicity of their answer: "Arrah, master," said the spokesman, "do not be after tipping us your blarney: do you think we did not know you? Sure 'twas your own sweet self that was on the stage, and shower light upon us, if we go to the playhouse to hiss our own worthy master."

Failing in this experiment, Faulkner commenced an action against Foote, and got a verdict of damage to the amount of three hundred pounds. This drove Foote back to England, where he resumed his mimicry, and humorously took off the lawyers at his trial, and the judge who had condemned him.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Herbert Spencer proposes shortly to issue a new volume entitled "Facts and Comments." It will make a volume of 200 pages.

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The official life of Lord Beaconsfield has not yet, we believe, been assigned to any writer. Lord Rowton, with whom the matter rests, still delays. Meanwhile, an offer has lately been made to a well-known journalist and student of Lord Beaconsfield's works and career to write a popular life.

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The end of the great task of writing the "Life of Gladstone," and of examining the library of documents and letters, to which Mr. John Morley has devoted some years of his life, is in sight. It is hoped that the three volumes, which have been found necessary in order to include all the material, will be published next autumn.

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Paul Bourget dedicates the title story of his latest book, "Monica and Other Stories," to Edith Wharton. Mrs. Wharton dedicates "The Valley of Decision" to "Paul and Minnie Bourget in memory of Italian days together." An American journal, commenting on the interchange of dedications, calls it Literary Ping Pong.

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In Kalidasa's "Sakuntala"—the translation of the old-time Indian play which Mr. Walter Scott will issue next week—the charm lies in its simplicity and the ardent love of nature which permeates the whole work. The character of "Sakuntala" is especially beautifully drawn, and in this respect the drama of India resembles our own—in that the plays portray character rather than point to moral.

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Lord Windsor and Sir Herbert Maxwell have both consented to contribute to the new and important art publications which the Walter Scott Publishing Company are designing under the title, "Makers of British Art." Lord Windsor has selected "John Constable" as the subject of his volume in his series of illustrated monographs, while Sir Herbert Maxwell will write on "George Romney." Professor Bayne is also engaged on a volume on "David Wilkie."

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The announcement that Mr. John Murray will publish in the autumn "a new work by John Milton" has naturally aroused considerable interest. The Rev. Walter Begley, the finder of "Nova Solymo: The Ideal City of Zion, or Jerusalem Regained," has no doubt of the authenticity of his discovery. It is in prose and verse, and is supposed to have been begun by Milton when a student at College. "Nova Solyma" will be issued in two volumes with a long introduction by Mr. Begley.

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Ralph Waldo Emerson died on April 27th, 1832. He came of a long line of educated ministers, and his mother was a gifted and refined woman. His father died when Ralph was but six years old, leaving his family very ill-provided. At eight he went to the grammar-school, where he began to read the classics and write poetry. After leaving Harvard he became a schoolmaster, and in 1826 he took to preaching, but, in consequence of his unorthodox views, he felt bound to leave the pulpit, and became a lecturer and essayist. He came to Europe in 1833, and sought out Carlyle at Craigenputtock. Thereafter, for forty years, they corresponded, and each did his best to make known in his own country the works of the other. In 1836 "Nature" was published, and this was followed by other volumes of essays and poems.

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The present Poet Laureate is following in the footsteps of the last, and cultivating the acquaintance of the colonial bard. Lord Tennyson's friendship with Sir Henry Parkes and the good-natured things he wrote about the occasionally appalling verses of that leading Australian statesman will recur to memory. A collection of poems has just been published in Melbourne, under the title of "Musings in Melody." In accepting the dedication, Mr. Alfred Austin wrote:—"It will give me much pleasure to find myself associated with your new volume, and I shall regard it as an agreeable and significant link between the higher culture of Australia and the literature of the Motherland." The Poet Laureate has domestic ties with Australia. A brother has long followed the prosaic, but profitable, pursuit of a share-broker in Sydney.

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"The Book of the Month," in Mr. Denvir's Irish Library, is a biography of John Boyle O'Reilly, by Mr. Wm. J. Ryan. The sketch does not run to more than twenty pages or so, yet within the necessarily brief space at his disposal, Mr. Ryan succeeds in presenting his readers with an admirable pen-portrait of Boyle O'Reilly. The little book is, in fact, a marvel of compression. It is also written in a style which suggests that Mr. Ryan, though yielding to none in his admiration of O'Reilly's career, is yet able to place his opinions on this subject before the public in such a way as not to give the slightest degree of offence to those who disagree with him. Altogether we should say that this brochure fulfils in the highest degree the best conception of what a popular biography should be. On the Gaelic page of the "Book of the Month" is a spirited song by Mr. T. D. Sullivan, to the air of "The West's Awake."

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Dr. Robertson Nicoll concludes his interesting introduction to "Jane Eyre," the first volume in Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's intended complete edition of Charlotte Bronte's works, with the following remarks—"Very few can compare with Charlotte Bronte in the art of expression, but she owns no master. She is one great example of the truth that style is not the result of reading, but of thinking. As Mr. Morley has said—'It is not the assiduous cultivation of style as such, but the cultivation of the intellect and feeling which produces good writing. Style comes of brooding over ideas, not over words.' Not that she neglected words. She constantly studied their effect—chose and rejected them after much consideration. But her main business was to string them as on an electric chain." As Dr. Nicoll is writing on style, he will pardon us for objecting to his last sentence, in which we fancy he has momentarily brooded over words rather than ideas.

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A proposed feature of the St. Louis World's Exposition will be an exact reproduction of the birth-homes of two or three British writers. The suggestion is that exact facsimiles of the buildings and the chief historic relics they contain shall be made. These will be rebuilt in permanent form so that they may remain in Forest Park, St. Louis, after the less stable portions of the World's Fair have done their duty and disappeared. It is proposed to re-create at St. Louis the "Auld Clay Buggin," the cottage under the thatch of which Robert Burns was born on the 25th of January, 1759. It is of clay, with a sanded front, whitewashed, and was built mainly by the hands of the poet's father while he was working as a gardner. The house, as all pilgrims to Ayr know, is one storey high, and consists of a kitchen at one end and a best parlour at the other. In the latter is a fireplace, and in a niche by its side is a bed. In the opinion of the old wives of the town—

> The bed in which he first began
> To be that various thing called man

was in the tiny kitchen. Replicas of the bed and of the other important items in the little white house in Ayr are included in the St. Louis scheme.

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Mr. Quiller-Couch has been talking about novels and things in his study at Fowey to Mr. Harold Begbie, who tells us in the "Daily Mail" what he said. He was perhaps most entertaining in answer to Mr. Begbie's question: "How is it that the new books which have most shocked the public mind have been written by women?" To this "Q." replied that the modern lady novelist declares that all subjects may be treated by art, because, she says, art is truth. Which of course it is not. "Art is not truth; it is truth reflected through beauty. Women," continued the interviewee, "think of no other subject than what they call the sex problem"—proceeding:—

So far they are within their rights. Passion is everything to a woman; it isn't to a man. They regard marriage as an institution forced upon them in their slavery by the brute force of a man, and so they gird at it in their books; and to make it appear as cruel and wicked as possible they indulge the—what shall we call it?—well, the curiosity of repulsion.

"They are like Plato's man beyond the city walls, who shut his eyes naturally when he came to a field of corpses, and then, feeling that he must conquer this weakness, went back and looked upon the hideous sight by forcing open his eyelids with courageous fingers." He smiled. "They regard man as a horrid nuisance; as an impediment in their path. One of them at least—poor, dear lady!—wishes that babies descended like manna out of heaven. But man is a stone wall against which they must butt in vain. People who think that one sex can do without the other want a shampoo."

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But that women should out-Zola Zola, said Mr. Begbie, is an unpleasant reflection.

"Women have always done that sort of thing," answered "Q.," filling a fresh pipe. "It is a means of attracting attention. But we must remember that George Eliot shocked public opinion; that poor little Charlotte Bronte was regarded as a shade indelicate; and that Ouida"—he laughed—"was considered quite improper. The present school came in when Flaubert, Daudet, and Zola were being talked about, and just when the Russians—an infinitely greater school—were appearing upon the horizon. To go one better than Zola was obviously their best means of attracting attention."

Then they lighted up, and went down to the yacht club, "Q" remarking: "The lady novelist is a dear creature, but tiresome." This lets her down gently at the last. But did the sun (says the "Academy") at this moment, really—really—"burst suddenly from behind the grey clouds, flooding the Fowey with silver light"?

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The old soreness between the Northern and the Southern States appears to be reviving in a curious form. The South considers that literature has been forced upon it by the North, which in no way represents its aspirations and ideals. Therefore, with a fine air of getting at the root of the matter, the South proposes to establish a vast book manufactory and publishing house, with a capital of five million dollars. The chairman of the general committee has delivered himself as follows:—

> Southern men will no longer delegate the moulding of thought and education to those who have for fifty years persistently, even cruelly, ignored the desires and interests of Southern people. During all of these years, in which these concerns have been callous to appeals and threats alike, the South has suffered injuries that are beyond possible excuse or pardon. Millions of money have been taken for books that were often offensive to the people.

Again he says:—

> In the direct matter of text-books for schools, the South is in bondage, practically. The present generation is, if anything, more servile to text-books than its predecessor. The books used relate so little of the South that, like unlettered races, our real story is mere tradition, handed down from father to son and mother to daughter.

Naturally this scheme is not viewed with kindness by the Northern Press; one paper goes so far as to say that "there is no such thing as 'Southern Literature.'" But that is the trouble, and the Quixotic corporation in question proposes, with the aid of its five million dollars, to supply the need. We are evidently rapidly approaching, the "Academy" remarks, the time when it shall be said, as of Nature, Literature abhors a vacuum.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

Canon Ellacombe, like Dean Hole, is devoted to gardening, and an attractive writer on that attractive subject. He has just coming out with Mr. Lane a book which is a sequel to his "In a Gloucestershire Garden." It consists of papers that he has wirtten from time to time in the "Guardian," the "Pilot," and the "Gardener's Magazine." He dates it from Bitton Vicarage, where he lives, and calls it "In my Vicarage Garden and Elsewhere." The papers indicated by the latter part of the title refer to travel and literary topics.

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It has been remarked more than once as singular that no mention of the crocus is to be found in Shakespeare. Yet it is known for a fact that this spring flower did exist in England in Shakespeare's time, because Gerard, a contemporary of his, describes it. "That pleasant plant," he says of the crocus, "was sent unto me from Robinus, of Paris, that painful and most curious searcher of simples"; and he describes it elsewhere as having "flowers of a most perfect shining yellow colour, seeming afar off to be a hot glowing coal of fire."

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Paris is the centre of an international telephone wire net; its extreme ends are London, Hamburg, Berlin, and (in connection with the French-Italian line about to be opened) Turin and Milan. The Paris-Berlin line is the longest, with about 625 miles of wire. The Paris-Hamburg line is about the same. The distance from Paris to Turin, measured by an air line, is about 375 miles, and that between Paris and Milan about 470 miles. But all these lines are eclipsed in length by that between Paris and Cologne, not by the direct line, but by indirect connection, often rendered necessary by breaks in the other service. In such cases, a person in Paris desiring to speak to Cologne is connected via Berlin. This roundabout way increases the wire distance about 375 miles, making the total about 1,000 miles. The "Cologne Gazette" states that this does not impair the distinctness of the message, and no loss of time is noted in using this increased distance.

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No sailing vessels have crossed the Suez Canal since 1874 or 1875, except during the time of the Turko-Russian war of 1877-78. At that time sailing vessels arrived from Calcutta with Indian troops; but for the last ten years no sea-going sailing vessel has crossed the Canal. Sometimes trains of coal and materials, treated by the Suez Canal Company as sailing vessels, with the object of collecting the towing duties, have crossed the Canal, but no sailing vessel engaged in high sea navigation has crossed it within the period named. The absence of sailing vessels in the Canal is explained by the difficulties of navigation in the Red Sea. The extraordinary number of sailing vessels lost in the Red Sea (which is full of dangerous reefs and shoals) during the years 1872-73 seems to have effectually discouraged further attempts. The officials of the Suez Canal Company believe that the construction of the Canal, which was opened to navigation in 1869, has been an impetus to steam navigation throughout the world.

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The hydraulic plant of Vizzola, which already distributes more than 15,000 horse power for lighting, traction and electrolytic industries is the most important installation which has been made in Italy up to the present time. The abundant waters of the Tessin, from the point where it leaves the Lago Magiore to its confluence with the Po, were long used for irrigation, but until recently no attempt had been made to utilise their fall, which is considerable, for the production of light and power. A project had been set on foot as early as 1896 in connection with the Villoresi irrigation canal which provided for utilising about 40,000 horse power, and in 1896 the Italian company obtained an authorisation from the government which would allow of the development of this project and give them a fall of 75 to 90 feet. In the winter of 1898 the work upon the hydraulic installation was begun by the Lombard company and their great undertaking was brought to a successful end after more than a year's work.

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Several severe experiments have recently been made in Christiana with a new electro-magnetic gun invented by Prof. Birkeland. The electric connection between the battery and the gun is made in less than a second by the aid of a current breaker. The feature of this weapon is that no noise accompanies the firing. In the trials the electric spark was first seen, followed by a loud report, which was caused by the impact of the projectile, a one-pound shell, on a wooden target, which was penetrated. The gun works magnetically. The shell is drawn out of the bore, and not, as hitherto, impelled by gunpowder. The use of magnetism as a motive power, according to Prof. Birkeland, will enable 1,000-pound shells to be hurled much further than by the old-fashioned methods. This is by no means the first gun with which attempts have been made to fire shells by magnetic means, but no electro-magnetic gun has yet succeeded in fulfilling the requirements which were claimed for it, so that Prof. Birkeland's further experiments will be followed with greater interest.

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A scientist who discovers a new chemical element, a planet that has managed to elude the searching telescope, or a plant or animal unknown to the world, has the right to name the object discovered. To be sure the privilege is merited, but what racking of brains it often entails was recently proven by the difficulty which Charlois of Nice experienced in baptising the thirty-four planetoids which he had discovered. When Piazzi on New Year's Day of the nineteenth century saw the first of these small planets, it was easy enough to follow the old rule of giving to celestial bodies the names of the Greek and Roman deities. For a long time the catalogue of mythological personages was quite capable of supplying the necessary names. But when celestial photography relieved the astronomer of much of the labour of telescopic observation, and the planetoids began to be numbered by hundreds, the list of mythological names was soon exhausted. Following the example of the Romans, Charlois personified the virtues, and thus created Amicitia, Fiducia, Modestia, Gratia, and Patientia. When he had no more virtues to fall back upon, he started with the city gods of those towns in which observatories are located, and was finally compelled to adopt proper names such as Ursula, Cornelia, Malusina.

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When it becomes necessary to rechristen a botanical species which has been divided into several new species because later research proves it to be heterogeneous, and which bears the names of its discoverer, baptising becomes a rather puzzling matter. Out of scientific piety the later investigator must give the first discoverer credit, and yet he must do himself justice. In such a case anagrams are sometimes formed. From the species Hermannia, for example, discovered by Paul Hermann, a small group is separated and called Mahernia; and the species Malpighi, named for a famous old botanist, supplied the species Galphimia—a name which would deceive the most skilled etymologist who tried to trace its derivation without knowing is antecedents. Often by some capricious accident an anagram receives a Greek tone. Urobenus, for example, conceals the name of the botanist Bourne (Bournerus). Cassini used the anagrammatic method, not for reasons of scientific piety, but merely because he liked it. From the old species of Filago he created four new species, which he called Logfia, Gifola, Iglofa, and Ogilfa.

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Ever since the opening of her first underground railway, in 1863, London has been confronted with the serious problem of tunnel ventilation. All sorts of plans have been tried, but the air is still far from satisfactory, and is a menace to health. The directors of the Central London Railway are now taking expert advice on the matter. The subject has, however, already been thoroughly investigated by a Board of Trade committee which sat in 1897. After examining a large number of experts they came to the conclusion that the tunnel could be properly ventilated by the use of fans placed at intermediate points between the stations, but that the expense entailed would be great. According to the plan, shafts would have to be sunk midway between each two stations to act as outlets for the air, the stations and their approaches acting as inlets. In order to properly diffuse the impure air it would be necessary to carry the shafts as high as the neighbouring buildings. The fans used would have to be large and open, so that they could be revolved slowly, and thus rapidly change the whole air in the tunnel without causing a strong draft. At the same time, the disagreeable vibration caused by rapidly-moving machinery would be avoided, and the power expended would be reduced to a minimum. The fans proposed would change the air in the tunnel in about two and a half minutes, which is about the time it takes a train to pass between stations. Fresh air would thus be kept constantly flowing through each section of the tunnel at the rate of three miles an hour. This method was the cheapest of all proposed, the power of driving each fan by electric motors being conveniently available.

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The British Government has just completed the survey of the English section of the Victoria Nyanza, in central Africa, for the establishment of a steamer service on the lake in connection with the Uganda Railway, which has recently been completed. The surveying has occupied thirteen months, and was carried out by two surveyors in two small steel boats. Every part of the British shore of the Nyanza was explored, aggregating over 2,200 miles of coast line, mainland, and islands. The latter have been accurately charted for the first time, and in parts the maps of the lake shore have been altered from their existent physical condition. The lake is studded with a very large number of islands of varying sizes, many of them densely populated. The British portion of the lake is about 135 miles from east to west, and about 90 from the north to the Anglo-German boundary, excluding the eastern gulf, 40 miles long, which has now been properly mapped. The lake is constantly subject to storms, which render it dangerous to navigation. Owing to this fact, and the smallness of the boats, it was not thought advisable to visit three small islands which were visible far out in the lake, but with these exceptions every island has been visited and mapped by the expedition. During the journey the surveyors discovered several islands inhabited by savages. Even some of the tiniest rocky islets were found to be tenanted by fishermen. Preparations are being made for the development of the lake traffic with the opening of the railway, and passengers leaving the train at Port Florence, on the lake shore terminus of the railroad, will step on board twin-screw steamers alongside the jetty, which will convey them to the different stations. One of the steamers for this service has already left England, and should be on the lake by June. Another steamer will follow. These vessels are each 175 feet in length and draw six feet of water.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

From the Dublin Newspapers of 1793.

Extract of a Letter from Mullingar, dated September 3rd, 1793.

"Yesterday the Prince of Wales's regiment of Longford militia, commanded by the Earl of Granard, marched into this town, on the route to Kilkenny, about five miles distant from the town; the whole regiment, with a great concourse of the neighbouring people, were most hospitably entertained at Clanhugh-lodge, his lordship's country residence in Westmeath; the united elegance and profusion of the board; his lordship's politeness, affability, and cordial reception; the animated cheerfulness of the men after a fatiguing march of fifteen miles in a heavy and incessant rain; their reiterated bursts of attachment to their commander after leaving their own country; and the heartfelt satisfaction of the spectators, all contributed to form a scene interesting beyond my powers of description.

"The order and regularity of the march was not less flattering to his lordship and the officers who serve under him; the steadiness of the troops, and their exact attachment to military discipline, notwithstanding their fatigue, did them the highest honour, and excited the admiration of a vast crowd who had assembled on the occasion, attracted, no doubt, by the well-merited reputation this regiment has acquired. Among the spectators were some veteran officers, who repeatedly testified their astonishment, and assured me they had hitherto conceived it impossible to form a regiment to such exact discipline in so short a time. But, as a friend to this country, I have peculiar pleasure in declaring, from my own knowledge, that not a single murmur of discontent was heard during the whole march; one unanimous sentiment of affection to the noble earl who commanded them, of attachment to the illustrious Prince who honours them with his protection, and of devoted loyalty and duty to their Sovereign, pervaded the whole ranks, and extended itself to many spirited fellows who had followed the regiment, in hopes that some accident on the march might possibly occasion a vacancy for their admission."

September 25.—The young man who fell into the mashing kieve on Saturday last at a distillery in Mary's lane, leading from Church street, died next morning in the most excruciating agonies. He was standing on a board placed across the kieve, in order to pump water into the same, the contents of which were furiously boiling, when he unfortunately slipped in. At the time of his being taken out, which was in about two minutes after the fall, he called to his father, who worked in the same place, "to plunge a knife into his breast and put an end to his torments." It is unnecessary to mention the feelings of the parent on the trying occasion. The youth was about 19, and the only son.

On the night of the 18th inst., as Mr. Redmond M'Donough, of Beagh, near Headford, was returning home from the fair of Turlough, he fell from his horse, and was killed on the spot.

October.—There has lately been discovered near the harbour of Rutland a large ship, sunk about three feet below the surface of the water at low tide. Four brass cannons have been got up from the wreck; and from the marks on them it is believed to be one of the vessels of the famous Spanish Armada, many of which, acording to history, were lost on the western coast of Ireland.

October 1.—Yesterday Alderman Wm. James was sworn into office at the Castle, and invested with the insignia of the important office of Lord Mayor for the ensuing year, after which he proceeded to the Tholsel, where Meredith Jenkin and John Giffard, Esqs., were sworn into office as High Sheriffs, and Arthur Guinness, Esq., Sub-Sheriff for the same period.

In the evening his Excellency, and several persons of distinction, dined at the Mayoralty House, where a sumptuous entertainment, abundant in every delicacy, was provided.

The Lord Mayor's liveries, as also the Sheriff's, are white lined with scarlet, most rishly and fully laced with scarlet and white livery lace, gilt buttons, with a profusion of silk tassels, and gold laced hats; and the four grooms of the chambers are dressed in fine purple blue cloth, richly laced with gold.

The Lord Mayor's coach is bright green, highly varnished, richly ornamented with plated work, with the heraldry handsomely emblazoned on the front, back, and side doors; the lining and hammer cloth white, highly adorned with scarlet and white silk lace and fringe. The carriage is dark green, pinked in with sky blue, orange, and white, and wreathed with gilt ribbon work, the supports of the boot and footmans' stand elegantly carved and gilt.

Sheriff Jenkin's chariot is dark chocolate colour, with much plated work, the arms plain and small; the hammer cloth the same as the Lord Mayor's; the carriage and wheels full green, picked in with orange and blue, and painted ribbon work.

Sheriff Giffard's chariot is pearl blue; the carriage and wheels dark brown, picked in with orange, blue, and white.

At a post-hall of the guild of merchants, held yesterday at the Exhibition-house, for electing masters and wardens for the ensuing year, Joseph Dickenson, Esq., of Usher's quay, was elected senior master; Jeremiah D'Olier, Esq., of Dame street, junior master; and Mr. William Lindsey, of Parliament street, and Mr. Robert Powell, of Thomas street, wardens.

On casting up the ballot for wardens, the numbers stood as follow:—

For Mr. Robert Powell ...	...	92
Mr. William Lindsey	...	88
Mr. Henry Clements	...	78
Mr. Hugh Skeys ...	...	76

Yesterday, being quarter day of the Corporation of Shoemakers, the petition of four respectable Roman Catholics, deferred to that time from the preceding quarter day for admission to the body as free brothers, were rejected by ballot. The petitioners were Messrs. Hughes, Langan, Mulvey, and Mullen. Mr. A. Loughlin, who petitioned for admission by service, was likewise rejected by a majority.

October 4.—Yesterday, being quarter day of the Corporation of Apothecaries, Mr. Thompson, of Stephen street, and Mr. Dwyer, of St. Andrew street (both Roman Catholics), were admitted to the freedom of that Corporation.

On Saturday evening a deputation of two senior and junior Fellows of Trinity College sailed for England, to wait on his Majesty with a representation from the learned seminary of the evils likely to result to literature and education from the appointment of aliens to the government of the College, the only authorised place of public education in the kingdom. And humbly entreating his Majesty, out of paternal goodness to his people, that when he shall hereafter be pleased to appoint a Provost to the College, he will condescend to confine his regards to those who are at present, or who have been Members of the Society; and who must, consequently, be well acquainted with its modes of instruction, its institution, and its discipline.

A few days ago the labourers in throwing up a fosse round the new church of Kilbery, in the Co. Westmeath, now building by the Right Hon. Lord Sunderlan, discovered a subterraneous passage, and on following it by his lordship's directions, they came to a number of cells, some oval and others circular, from 18 to 6 feet diameter, with small arched entrances from one to another.

These cells are of rude masonry, with small horizontal funnels from each, supposed to admit air; the use of these we are at a loss to judge of; they now cover over a quarter of an acre of ground, and new discoveries are making every day.

On Friday and Saturday some of the Clontarf men went in pursuit of seals to Howth; they swam into the caves with lights, where the dams bring forth their young. After a severe conflict, wherein the men were much torn, they were so fortunate as to take three large ones, and would have got four cubs, but were so fatigued and assaulted by a number of large seals, that they were obliged to make a precipitate retreat. The monsters are so extraordinary a sight, that numbers of people have resorted to examine them at Clontarf, where they are near the wharf.

Christmas Weeks, Esq., and Mr. Anderson, of Clontarf, were amusing themselves sailing in a small boat in Poolbeg on Monday last, when a Wexford sloop ran them down. They continued in the water for near a quarter of an hour. Mr. Weeks was picked up by the wherry of the Clermont packet, which was conveying down bread. Mr. Anderson, nearly exhausted, was taken up in a small boat, and carried to the Pigeon House.

October 17.—On Friday morning last a duel was fought near Newry, between Mr. E. Courtney and Mr. J. Thompson, two young gentlemen of that town; they fired at the same instant, and the ball of the former entered the forehead of the latter, rather obliquely, a little above the left eye; he lingered till about 11 o'clock at night, and expired.

An incision was made upon the place where the ball entered, and about one-third of it was found upon the bone depressed (which had split the ball), the remainder, upon examination after death, was found in the brain, about four inches from where it entered.

The navigation from the city of Limerick to O'Brien's Bridge was opened on Saturday se'nnight. This opens a source which must overturn the schemes to those who have lately raised the price of turf to more than double what it had been a few years since. In many other articles the inhabitants of Limerick will find the benefit of this great undertaking, as the highest carriage from beyond Killaloe to Limerick will not exceed 2s. 6d. per ton. The company have also directed that all turf brought by the canal shall in future be deposited below the lock, and at the several quays, for the accommodation of the public.

October 24.—Yesterday morning the house of Mr. Folliott Magrath, of Fleet street, was discovered to have been robbed of a large sum of money, amounting to upwards of 600 guineas. It was taken out of the desk the evening before by a young boy, his apprentice, with a false key, and with which he has absconded.

The misguided lad is supposed to have sailed for England, as it was heard he had been at the packet-houses the night before. Some persons have sailed for Parkgate to endeavour to overtake him, and recover the property.

(To be Continued.)

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CARLOW CASTLE.



FROM A PICTURE DRAWN UPWARDS OF A CENTURY AGO.

(From the "Anthologia Hibernica," Dec., 1793.)

Carlow, anciently called Catherlogh, or the City, or Fort, on the River, owes its origin as a town to a castle erected there in the reign of king John, which secured a pass over the Barrow.

The castle is boldly seated on an eminence over this noble river:—It is an oblong square, flanked with round towers, after the manner of Norman castles of equal date. Some writers tell us it was constructed by lord justice Lacy in 1180. Let this be as it may, it was always considered as a strong protection of the English pale in Leinster, particularly against the MacMurroughs, who assumed the titles of kings of that province. These and the other Irish pressed the English so much, that by a record in Bermingham tower, of the 37 Edw. III., "Pro Barrio amovendo a Catherlogh usque ad Dublin," we find they were obliged to retreat from it. However, in a short time it was retaken, and in 1397 was seized by Donald Mac Art Cavenagh, chief of the Mac Murroghs. In 1494, James, brother to the eighth earl of Kildare, was attainted for possessing himself of Carlow Castle, and favouring the impostor Perkin Warbeck, in a parliament held in Drogheda that year.

Robert Hartpole, constable of Carlow, in 1577, issued from that castle, with fifty men, to release Harrington and Cosby, that were prisoners to Rory Oge Omore, chieftain of Leix: he effected his purpose, but the arch-rebel escaped in the dark. The 30th of July, 1604, the earl of Thomond and his son were appointed constables of Carlow for their lives, and the earl chief leader of the forces in the province.

In 1642, four troops, under Sir Patrick Wemys, were sent from the earl of Ormond's army to relieve Carlow. It was defended by 700 men, but on the approach of Wemys they fled, and burnt the town. About fifty were slain in the pursuit, and 500 English delivered from imprisonment in the castle, where they were almost starved. In 1650, the castle was in the hands of the confederate Catholics; but after a close siege was surrendered into the hands of the parliamentary forces.

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS:

Compiled from Authentick Memoirs, Offices of Record, Manufcript Collections, and other Unexceptionable Vouchers,

By THE LATE WALTER HARRIS, ESQ. WITH AN APPENDIX.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

The modern manner of surveying and perambulating the city liberties every third year is thus:

They draw up at the custom-house, then pass along Essex street, Temple bar, and to the east end of Lazer's hill, from thence to Ring's-end, and so to the low water-mark, where the dart is cast. From thence they cross the strand to the Black-rock,† and so westward to a Red-house on the east side of Merrion.† From thence through the garden on the back of the Red-house, and across the fields to Simon's-court; from thence across the fields into the road to Bray, and then southward along the said road to two little cabins on the south side thereof. From thence they cross the fields into the road to Clanskiagh, opposite to a mill on the river of Donny-brook; from whence they pass along the said road to the bridge of Clanskiagh, and under the east arch thereof, and then to and through the mill of Clanskiagh-lane,† and from thence along the said lane to Mill-town road, and then northward to Mr. Roberts's house in the said road, which they passed through and the garden belonging to it, across the fields to Donny-brook road, near a cabin on the right hand thereof; from whence they proceeded northward along Donnybrook road to the sign of the Currant-tree on the west side of the said road, and from thence by the south end of the said house through the garden, and crossed the fields at the back of Mr. Leeson's house at Stephen's-green, till they came to the corner house of St. Keivin's-port, on the east side thereof, and through the said house. From thence they passed by the west side of Keivin's-port to and through Big-butter-lane to Bride street, and along Bride street to Bull alley, and down it to the house formerly counsellor Swift's, which, and the garden thereof they passed through into Patrick street, and from thence to the sign of king William and queen Mary on the west side of the said street, and through the back side thereof to the Coomb, at a great stone that stands in the street; and from thence along the Coomb by the water-course to Crooked-staff. From thence over the wall on the west side of Crooked-staff between the willow trees, and along the water-course to a malt-house at the west end of Dolphin's barn, including the said malt-house and garden westward of it. From thence they proceeded northward across the fields, and through the garden and Red-house, at the north end of Cut-throat-lane. From thence they made their way to Bow-bridge, and passed under the middle arch of the said bridge, and then into the hospital fields over the old Deer-park wall, near the old Slaughter-house. From thence through the Hospital fields, and across the Liffey strand to a round stone by the Deer-park wall.† From thence they passed over the Deer-park wall, and through a part of the park to a corner of the wall near the Dog-kennel, on the north side thereof. From thence over the said wall northward, and passed along the same to the first half round or rising on the said wall. Thence they proceed eastward through Mr. Brownlow's fields, and several gardens to Stonybatter on the south end of Mr. Addison's house, and from thence through a house at which hangs the sign of a Half-moon, on the east side of Stonybatter, and through the gardens to Colonel Stanley's house and through the said house to Grangegorman-lane, and through the gardens into Finglas road,† and from thence northward to the Broadstone. From thence through the water-course that passes by the stone, and through the gardens into Drumcondra road;† thence southward to a little cabin at a well† in a garden on the east side of the road. From thence thro' the gardens to the sign of the Coach and horses in Ballybough-lane, and then northward along Ballybough-lane to Ballybough-bridge. From thence across the river, and along the strand to Clontarf, and so to the shades of Clontarf, and from thence forward to the mill of Rahenny, and from the mill northward one hundred and thirty perches to a little brook which is the end of the liberties of the city of Dublin.

Note.—In this progress they took several stations, marked with a dagger, where they called courts.

It may not be thought impertinent to the subject, to annex here a short account of the franchises of the liberties of St. Sepulchre's, Dublin, as the same appear in a controversy concerning the same, supported by Hugh Inge, archbishop of Dublin in the year 1524, against the citizens, for their violation of the said liberties, which by a petition to the lord deputy, Gerald earl of Kildare, and the privy council, and a reference by them to the three chief judges, was by their report fully determined that year; the whole proceedings of which, word for word, may be found in the black book before cited (p. 219).

To the right noble lord Gerald earle of Kildare, the king's deputye of Ireland, and the king's councell of the same.

"In moste grevious manner sheweth unto your discreete wisdomes Hugh archbusshopp of Dublin, and primate of Ireland. That whereas hee and all his predecessors have bein peaceably seised out of tyme of minde to the contrary, of the mannor and lordshipp of St. Pulchre's, with all the appurtenances, liberties, franchises and suites of courts unto the said mannor belonginge in their demeane as of fee; as in the right of the said archbusshoppricke, by the graunts of our soveraigne lord's the king's most noble progenitors; So it is, that one Nicholas Coitrotte, merchant, late maire of the cittie of Dublin, Bartholomew Blanchfeld and John Candelle, bayliffs of the same, accompanied with two hundred more of the sensuall (Severall in alio MS.) persons in a riotous manere, contrary to our soveraigne lord the king's peace, and all good order, envaded and entred within the said lordship, liberties, and franchises of St. Pulchre's, and there then keste down ditches and hedges, otherwise riding their franchises than any of their predecessors did before this tyme, to the great hurte and prejudice of the said complainant, in the diminishing of his right liberties and franchises. The premisses considered, that it would please your moste discreete wisdomes to call before you the said Nicholas Coitrotte, and the foresaid bayliffs, and to take such direction in the premisses, that they be punished for the said riote and wrongs, according to right and conscience, in avoyding of further inconveniences that may ensue in tyme."

"Hit is decreed by my lord deputye, and king's councell, that the chief judges shall have the examination of this matter, and it to order decree and finish, that they to certifie my lord deputye and the king's councell of the same."

Decretum Judicum.

"Be it known unto all men, That whereas the most reverend father in God, Hugh archbusshopp of Dublin, complayned unto Gerald earle of Kildare, the king's deputie of Ireland, and the king's councell of the same, that whereas hee and all his predecessors, as in the right of his cathedrall church, have bin peaceably seised of all the chiefe rents and fruits to his courts, as to his lordshipp and mannor of Sepulchre's, of all the burgages on the east side of St. Patrick-street; that is to say, from the north side of the house where Nicholas Boyse, tailour, late dwelled, called the lady of Thamolyne's house or ground unto St. Patrick's-gate, which precinct is within the franchises, crosse and liberty of the said archbusshopp, and he and his predecessors out of tyme of mind of anie man to the contrary, have used their franchesses, cross and liberty there, till now of late that Nicholas Coitrotte, late maire of the said cittie, and the citizens of the same, in ryding and bounding their franchese and liberty of the said archbusshopp, which matter of complaint was by the said lord deputie and councell remitted to be ordered and redressed by us Patrick Birmingham, chief justice of the king's chief place, Richard de la Hoyde, chief justice of the king's common place, and Patrick Finglass, chief baron of the king's exchequer in Ireland, and we hearing and

examining the allegations, possessions, rights, titles and evidences of either of the said parties, and walking the bounds and mears of the same, by good and mature deliberation doe order and decree the said precinct from the north syde of the said house where Nicholas Boyse late dwelled, called the lady of Thamolyne's ground on the east syde of the said street unto St. Patrick's-gate, to be with the franchess, crosse and liberty of the said archbusshopp, as pertaining to his mannor of Sepulchre's; and that hee and his successors from hereforth shall have and enjoy their antient rents, suits, and franchesses there without lett, interruption, or grievance of the said maire of Dublin, or cittyzens of the same, or their successors for ever. In witness whereof we the aforesaid Patrick, Richard and Patrick unto his our award and decree have subscribed our names."

Chap. VII.

Of the interludes and plays anciently represented on the stage by the several corporations of the city of Dublin.

The city of Dublin anciently consisted of twenty corporations, to which five have been in latter times added. Of these we shall be more particular when we come to treat of the political state and division of the city; it being sufficient for our present purpose barely to hint their numbers.

An ancient custom prevailed for a long time in the city of Dublin always against the great festivals of the year to invite the lord deputy, the nobility, and other persons of quality and rank to an entertainment, in which they first diverted them with stage plays, and then regaled them with a splendid banquet. The several corporations also upon their patrons' days, held themselves obliged to the like observances, which were for a long time very strictly kept up and practiced.

We are told from a writer (Robert Ware, M.S.) (to whom in other respects we are much obliged), "that Thomas Fitzgerald, earl of Kildare and lord lieutenant of Ireland, in the year 1528, was invited to a new play every day in Christmas, Arland Ussher being then mayor, and Francis Herbert and John Squire bayliffs, wherein the taylors acted the part of Adam and Eve, the shoemakers represented the story of Crispin and Crispianus, the vintners acted Bacchus and his story, the carpenters that of Joseph and Mary; Vulcan, and what related to him, was acted by the smiths, and the comedy of Ceres, the goddess of corn, by the bakers. Their stage was erected on Hoggin-green, now called College-green, and on it the friors of St. John of Jerusalem, of the blessed Trinity, and of All-hallows, caused two plays to be acted, the one representing the passion of our Saviour, and the other the several deaths which the apostles suffered."

This account may probably in its material parts be true; but in circumstances the author of it undoubtedly errs. For Pierce Butler, earl of Ossory, was lord deputy of Ireland from the 13th of May, 1528, to the 22nd of June, 1529, and from the intervening Michaelmas the persons mentioned administered the offices of mayor and bailiffs. Thomas Fitz-gerald was, indeed, lord deputy for a very short time to his father, Gerald, in 1534; but then Robert Stillingforth was mayor, and Henry Plunket and William White bailiffs; so that we are under a necessity of appropriating these entertainments to the government of the earl of Ossory.

Something upon this subject is to be met with in a manuscript in the college library, where it is said, "that in the parliament of 1541, wherein Henry VIII. was declared king of Ireland, there were present the earls of Ormond and Desmond, the lord Barry, Mac-Gilla-Phadrig, Chieftane of Ossory, the sons of O-Bryan, Mac-Carthy-Mor, with many Irish lords, and on Corpus Christi day they rode about the streets with the procession in their parliament robes, and the Nine Worthies was played, and the mayor bore the mace before the deputy on horse-back. The sunday following king Henry was proclaimed king of Ireland in St. Patrick's church, and the next sunday they had tournaments on horse-back, and running at the ring with spears on horse-back." Sir James Ware hints (Annal Hen. VIII. ad. an. 1541) at the same thing in a few words. "Epulas, Comœdias, et certamina ludicra, quæ sequebantur, quid attinet dicere? It is needless (says he) to relate what feastings, comedies, and sports followed." It is said also in the college manuscript before cited, that in an expedition made against James Mac-Connell by the lord deputy Sussex in 1557, he was attended by John Ussher captain, and Patrick Bulkely petty-captain, with sixty of the city trained-bands, and upon their return the Six Worthies was played by the city, and the mayor gave the publick a goodly entertainment upon the occasion, found four trumpeters horses for the solemnity, and gave them 20s. in money."

Among other days of solemnity, the festival of St. George was celebrated with high veneration. In the chain-book of the city of Dublin are several entries to that purpose.

I. It was ordered in maintenance of the pageant of St. George, that the mayor of the foregoing year should find the emperor and empress with their train and followers well apparelled, and accoutered, that is to say, the emperor attended with two doctors, and the empress with two knights, and two maidens richly apparelled to bear up the train of her gown.

Item II. The mayor for the time being was to find St. George a horse, and the wardens to pay 3s. 4d. for his wages that day. The bailiffs for the time being were to find four horses, with men mounted on them well apparelled to bear the pole-ax, the standard, and the several swords of the emperor, and St. George.

Item III. The elder master of the guild was to find a maiden well attired to lead the dragon, and the clerk of the market was to find a golden line for the dragon.

Item IV. The elder warden was to find for St. George four trumpets; but St. George himself was to pay their wages.

Item V. The younger warden was obliged to find the king of Dele and the queen of Dele and also two knights to lead the queen of Dele, and two maidens to bear the train of her gown, all being entirely clad in black apparel. Moreover, he was to cause St. George's chapel to be well hung in black, and completely apparelled to every purpose, and was to provide it with cushions, rushes, and other necessaries for the festivity of that day.

No less was the preparation of pageants for the procession of Corpus Christi day, on which the glovers were to represent Adam and Eve, with an angel bearing a sword before them.

The Corrisees (perhaps curriers) were to represent Cain and Abel, with an altar, and their offering.

Mariners and Vintners, Noah, and the persons in his ark, apparalled in the habits of carpenters and salmon-takers.

The weavers personated Abraham and Isaac, with their offering and altar.

The smiths represented Pharaoh, with his host.

The skinners, the camell with the children of Israel.

The goldsmiths were to find the king of Cullen.

The hoopers were to find the shepherds, with an angel singing, "Gloria in excelsis deo."

Corpus Christi guild was to find Christ in His passion, with the Marys and angels.

The tailors were to find Pilate with his fellowship, and his wife clothed accordingly.

The barbers, Anna and Caiaphas.

The fishers, the apostles.

The merchants, the prophets.

And the butchers, the tormentors.

These interludes and representations carried with them the appearance of the superstition of the times, which John Bale, bishop of Osory, afterwards laboured to reform, by writing with more sobriety several comedies and tragedies in the reign of king Edward VI. and, during his banishment, in that of queen Mary, upon religious subjects. Several of those pieces are yet extant printed in the black letter; and, though they show the taste of that age, they would by no means please the present. Such plays and interludes gradually went into disuse as the reformation gained ground, and were at length totally banished by the improvements of the theatre, and the excellencies of those whose peculiar profession it was to entertain the public on the stage; between whose performances and those ancient ones, no unapt comparison may be drawn from the distant ages of Thespis and Roscius.

Other diversions have been substituted in the room of those that were laid aside. On several days during Christmas, the lord mayor entertains the citizens with music and balls, and many of the corporations on their respective patrons' days walk in

procession about the streets, dressed out in the several colours and emblems belonging to their trades; from whence they retire to church to hear the word of God, and from thence to an entertainment provided at the charge of their corporations.

(To be Continued.)

ROYAL FEAST.

(From "The Circuit of Ireland," a Poem, Translated by John O'Donovan, Esq.)

The noble kings were attended
According to the pleasure of the race of Niall;*
Without sorrow, without gloom in the house,
As if they had been clerics.
Ten score hogs—no small work—
Were slaughtered at the festive Aileach,†
For Muircheartach‡ of the great fetters.
Three score vats of curds,
Which banished the hungry look of the army,
With a sufficiency of cheering mead,
Were given by the magnanimous Muircheartach.
Twelve vats of choice mead
Were given to the kings of Erin.
The dinner of an hundred of each kind of food nobly
Was given gratuitously to them from the Queen.
Sabia (1) of Ballagh Gabhran, district of glens,
Has surpassed the women of Erin,
In chastity, in wisdom, in purity,
In giving, in bestowing.
The blessing of every man with a tongue
Be on the good, great daughter of Kellach;
And the blessing of the pure and glorious Christ
Be on the daughter of the King of Ossory.
I have not seen in south or north,
Throughout all Erin of red weapons :
I have not seen in west or east
A woman like thy wife, O Muircheartach,
While the kings of battles were detained
In the lordly Aileach Frigreann,
They received no coigne from any one else,
Except from the good Dubhdaire, the black-haired.
O Dubhdaire, it is not better
That any other youth than myself should be thankful;
God and man go thankful from the house
Of Dubhdaire, descendant of Tighernach.
The reward of her plenteous ale was given
To the lovely, modest-faced Dubhdaire,
Out of the plunder of the cold Dalaradia,
In gold, in oxen, in good cows—
Twenty cows for every cow—nobly;
Twenty oxen for every one ox,
Twenty hogs for every hog—a good return—
Were given to Dubhdaire by Muircheartach. (2)

*Niall Frossach, monarch of Ireland in the year 763.

†Aileach. The royal palace of the Irish chiefs or kings of Ulster, of the northern Hy-Niall race, situated on a lofty hill in Innishowen, in the county Donegal.

‡Muircheartach, or Mortagh, son of Niall, king of Aileach, and Hector of the West, was killed in an engagement with the Danes in the year 943.

(1) Sabia, probably the mother of Dubhdaire, queen of Aileach.

(2) It appears from this passage that the possessions and property of the wife and husband were considered as distinct at the period this poem was written.

A cafe is drawing trade in Chicago by advertising that every table is equipped with a telephone. This latest innovation is called a "snap jack." The telephones are movable, so that a diner may order one with his meals. Connection is made simply by dropping a dime in a slot in a box underneath the apparatus. A man may, therefore, eat, and talk with anyone miles away.

FOUGHT AT FONTENOY.

THE MARQUIS d'ARGENSON.

HIS DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE.

One of the most valuable additions to the series of French memoirs will be found comprised in the two volumes collectively entitled "Journal and Memoirs of the Marquis d'Argenson," translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley. The original manuscript is preserved in the library of the Louvre, and a correct edition of it was for the first time published in 1859 by the "Societe de l'Histoire de France." The present translation is an abridgement of that edition. The work here reproduced is not a journal in the ordinary sense of the word, but rather a collection of notes and memoranda jotted down in connection with the events of the date mentioned. They present the reflections of a sagacious, far-sighted, and honest man on the personages and topics of the time. Taken together, they set forth a picture of the first forty years of the reign of Louis XV., years in which the undermining of the ancient regime was well advanced, and in which the collapse of the existing political fabric was already perceived by certain observers to be impending. Of these observers the author of these memoirs was one. He saw that the inevitable outcome of the all-pervading political and social corruption would be a revolution, though he did not anticipate that the transformation would be a violent one. The author himself was rather a philosopher than a statesman, a man of the closet rather than a man of affairs, although at an important crisis he occupied, as we shall see, a high post in the French Ministry. From a political viewpoint, he was overshadowed by his father, the Marquis d'Argenson, who was Lieutenant-General of Police during the last eighteen years of Louis XIV. and Keeper of the Seals under the Regency; and also by his younger brother, the Comte d'Argenson, who was one of the most eminent and efficient tenants of the War Office during the reign of Louis XV. On the other hand, as a student of political problems, he is not altogether unworthy to rank among the great thinkers of his century, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, Turgot, Necker, and the elder Mirabeau. The memoirs of such a man are well worth reading, and Miss Wormeley has rendered a service by making them accessible. We subjoin an outline of the author's life, for further details of which the reader is referred to a paper by Sainte-Beuve, which forms the introduction to these volumes.

The grandfather of the author of these memoirs was Rene de Voyer d'Argensen, a nobleman of ancient stock, who, while French Ambassador at Venice, ruined himself by his lavish expenditure, and withdrew to his estates in Touraine in 1628, where, in the eyes of the noblesse de l'epee, he made a mesalliance by marrying the heiress of a magistrate. It was their son, Marc Rene, who became Lieutenant-General of Police in the last decade of the seventeenth century, and, under the Regency was made Keeper of the Seals. Rene Louis de Voyer, the eldest son of Marc Rene, was born in October, 1694. Of a reserved and retiring disposition, he was not appreciated by his father, who much preferred his younger son, the Comte d'Argenson, who was for many years to fill the office of Minister of War under Louis XV. The elder son, the author of these memoirs, was at first treated by the world as he had been at home by his father, and was nicknamed d'Argenson le Bele (the stupid), to distinguish him from his witty brother. Though Rene Louis subsequently strove to become a man of the world, he was never like his brother, a social favourite. In his attitude toward others he was natural rather than artificial; sincere, not complaisant; and he sought to cultivate rather than to smother his inborn integrity and sense of justice. We would not imply that he was immaculate—so much could hardly be expected of a young man entering Court life on the eve of the Regency; but he was so much better than the majority of the men around him that he seemed out of place at Versailles in the second quarter of the eighteenth century.

Made a Counsellor of the Parliament of Paris at 21 years of age, Rene-Louis d'Argenson entered the Council of State five years later, and in 1724 was appointed Intendant of Hainaut and Cambresis. We are told that, while he occupied this office, John Law, the famous Scotch financier, whose "system" was accused of bringing France to the verge of ruin, tried to cross the province of Hainaut in order to escape into foreign lands. D'Argenson had him arrested and held at Valenciennes until he received orders concerning the fugitive from the Court. It was then that Law said to him in the course of a long conversation: "Monsieur, never could I have believed what I have seen during my administration of the finances. Let me tell you that this kingdom of France is governed by thirty intendants. You have neither parties, nor committees, nor assemblies, nor governors. I might almost add neither King nor Ministers. It is on thirty masters of petitions, clerks in the provinces, that the welfare or misery of those provinces, their plenty or their sterility, depends." We now know that France was by no means so thoroughly centralised under the Regency as Law supposed, or as it became under the First Napoleon. The centralising machinery organised under Louis XIV. was continually tramelled and blocked by traditional claims, exemptions and privileges mobiliary, ecclesiastical, parliamentary, and municipal; by enclosures of land and islets abstracted from the operation of general laws; by relics of powers and institutions belonging for the most part to the earlier feudal system, which, though encroached upon from time to time and to a large extent superseded, had never been formally abolished. That young d'Argenson appreciated the possibilities of an intendancy is evident from that part of his memoirs which deals with his experience in Hainaut. He records new and sensible views concerning a number of matters of public utility; he writes memorials upon them to the Ministers, in the hope of getting them approval; and, if approved, he applies them resolutely. He was a man fertile in ideas, and at no loss for expedients and innovations when confronted with difficulties in his administration. Paternal despotism seems to have been his ideal. A Socialist seated on a throne would have come near to answering his conception of good government.

In his administration of Hainaut he was a vigorous asserter of authority, yet, at the same time, he showed himself inspired with a veritable passion for the public good, and with a sort of tenderness for the poor people, exhibiting in particular commiseration for the sufferings of the peasantry. He inveighed particularly against two of the flagrant evils of the ancien regime—to wit, absenteeism on the part of many landowners, and the fact that public office, being the subject of purchase, had come to be regarded almost exclusively as a source of private profit. One of d'Argenson's maxims was that, while the sense of ownership ought to be intensified in the landed proprietor, public office should

never be looked upon as private property by the officer entrusted with it. In his intendancy, however, as subsequently, when he became a Minister of State, d'Argenson showed himself an idealist rather than an opportunist; a political philosopher rather than a practical statesman. He knew himself to be lacking in tact, and hoped that he should be able to remedy this defect by experience. It is probable, however, that, like most men of sturdy honesty, he underestimated the lubricatory value of the quality he lacked. He tells in his journal of a valuable intendant, who, however, was so harsh and violent that he was finally discarded as impracticable. D'Argenson's comment on him is: "If I were Prime Minister, I should like to have thirty intendants of that mould; I could do good work with such disinterested and active agents." He more than once privately indulges in the supposition, "If I were Prime Minister," and more than once believed himself on the point of attaining the post. He never did attain it, however, but, as we shall see, was himself discarded on the score of impracticability.

After quitting his intendancy, d'Argenson became once more a Councillor of State, a function in which, as he said, "one has but one suffrage for the thirtieth part of a decree." Naturally, such an office seemed to him a poor compensation for his little vice-royalty in Hainaut. Nevertheless, in his own way, he tried to make himself useful, and applied his mind continually to this discovery of new and just administrative measures. He would write memorials on the different matters then under discussion, until, at last, when some new difficulty would arise at the Council of State, the King would now and then be heard to say, "Is there no memorial by M. d'Argenson about this?" Chauvelin, the Keeper of the Seals, conceived esteem and friendship for d'Argenson, and strove to make his political fortune. He appreciated the younger man's fertility of mind and qualities as a worker, but recognised his defects and endeavoured to correct them. While praising his industry and his ardour to be useful, and "a certain firmness of heart and mind in which he sympathised," he continually told him that he must go more into society, and emerge from the species of obscurity in which he lived. D'Argenson explained that, having been long misunderstood and kept in the background by his father, he had become discouraged, and led to shut himself up within himself. He promised, however, to mingle more freely with the world, and thus qualify himself for official promotion, but he was never able thoroughly to carry out the project. The dismissal of Chauvelin, which occurred in 1737, was a grievous mishap for d'Argenson; thenceforth Cardinal Fleury was not so well disposed toward him, and became his enemy. One day the Cardinal, who seldom spoke ill of any one, said of d'Argenson: "In short, to say the whole thing, he is a worthy friend of Voltaire, and Voltaire is a worthy friend of his." In February, 1741, however, d'Argenson succeeded his younger brother in the office of Chancellor to the Duc d'Orleans, and three years later in 1744, the King appointed him a member of the Royal Council. Finally, in November, 1744, he was made Minister for Foreign Affairs, his brother being already established in the War Office. His tenure of the post lasted until February, 1747. For the history of France during this short, but momentous period, the writings of M. d'Argenson supply copious materials. To his comments on the battle of Fontenoy, the closing scene of which he witnessed, we shall presently refer. The two and a half years of his ministry were glorious years for France, but they were by no means conducive to his personal advancement. Tested by the exigencies of an active career he was considered to have failed. He was full of ideas, but he could not persuade others to adopt them.

For example, he wished for peace, a peace which to his mind would have been more advantageous to France than the one subsequently signed at Aix-la-Chapelle. He had plans, too, for political reconstruction in foreign countries, especially Italy; he wanted to form "a Republic or fraternal association of the Italian powers, just as there is in Germany; a Batavia and Helvetia; for this is the greatest affair that has been treated of in Europe for a long time." None of his projects was carried out. His detractors ultimately convinced the King that he was "incapable of all public affairs," the Duc de Richelieu called him "the Secretary of State of the Republic of Plato." He was summarily dismissed without a pension, but he was not sent into exile. Thenceforth a public career was closed to him. He became once more, what he had been previously, a studious man, a great reader, making his library his world, and ever full of observations and thoughts on books and things. Repeatedly in the later pages of his journal he complains of the spirit of satire and malice which pervaded contemporary French society, of the absence of heart and of a love of good which was everywhere apparent. As Sainte-Beuve points out, nobody can better recognise the malady of the eighteenth century, especially the first half of it, than in reading the observations of the Marquis d'Argenson. "The heart," he says, "is a faculty, of which we deprive ourselves daily for want of exercise, whereas the mind becomes keener day by day. We count intellect, we cultivate it, we are becoming wholly mental." He goes on to say that, as a matter of fact, "it is mind joined to heart that makes heroism, courage, whatever is sublime, and from which results genius. From want of affection and the heart faculty this kingdom will perish. I predict it. We no longer have friends, we no longer love our mistresses; how, then, shall we love our country?" Elsewhere he notes that finesse was the order of the day, the style of the times, especially caustic finesse, epigram, irony. "Politeness seemed to repress all external violence, that inward baseness might thrive the better." Again, "We see nothing but people whose hearts are dull as pigs, for this country is given over to paralysis of the heart; nevertheless, you will hear it said that it is fine to be sensitive to friendship to virtue, to sorrow; they play at feeling as if they felt it."

The Marquis d'Argenson died in January, 1757. The years which succeeded his dismissal from the Ministry were the happiest of his life. He dwelt sometimes in Paris and sometimes in the country at Segres, near Arpajon, where he had hired a country house. Here he received d'Alembert, Condillac, and other men of letters. Voltaire was there in the spring of 1750. The dismissed Minister loved long conversations, consecutive and serious, albeit enlivened with wit. He loved them for the interchange of ideas, and was not one of those talkers who desired to monopolise the discourse. "Who does not listen, or listens ill," he thought, "narrows his mind more than the man who never reads. I call it good listening and good reading to do both without bias toward the speaker or writer." He believed in reading, considered as a feeder of the intellect. "Young people," he said, "should get it into their heads that the more they read the more mind they will have." He took books by their good side, and nearly always found in them some subject for reflection or pleasure. "I tell our usual friends: How I pity you for being always critical. When will you begin to enjoy anything?". What he personally preferred was books on politics, considerations of the public good, and of social matters.

D'Argenson's religious beliefs reduced themselves pretty nearly to a belief in Providence; upon this, however, he insisted and he found those blameworthy who professed to do without it. He seems to have contented himself with the distribution of good and evil, which, in his opinion, was carried out fairly, sooner or later in this world. "Having well weighed everything I find that man is born here principally for his own happiness. Working for it, understanding it properly, he serves his neighbour as much as he ought; not doing injury is a good deal; take away the evil and the good remains." He believed that the unhappiness of man comes from anxiety and from the eternal pursuit of something else instead of enjoying what he has. "Men," he says, "are always on the move toward something, never at rest." "It is a bad and very extraordinary habit," he thinks, "of which we could be corrected by the progress of universal reason." For himself he is happy and content to live; it seems to him that he is present at a fine spectacle, a charming dream; if, at times, the spectator has a desire to be an actor, it is a mistake; he is hissed and he repents.

In D'Argenson's best-known work, "Considerations on the Government of France," he undertakes to show how far democracy can be admitted into monarchical government. Although he belonged by birth to the high noblesse, he had no prejudices in favour of feudality, and did not sympathise with the laments which he heard from the nobles around him. "These gentlemen," he said, "who complain of their rank not being sufficiently supplied with the gifts of fortune are nothing but poor pond pike, who have not enough carp to eat; no, none is to be pitied except those who lack necessities" D'Argenson was not a republican because, as he said, "republics have no head"; but he wanted the monarchy reformed. He attributed the abuses and evils of the ancient regime to the fact that it failed to lift France "not from beneath her kings, God forbid! but from beneath an odious aristocracy—not an aristocracy of nobles who think nobly, but a satrapy of officials who have put all things into stiff forms, bad regulations and mischievous principles." He thought that "to govern better it was necessary to govern less," and to reorganise the monarchy by the help of an enlightened democracy, well divided, and, consequently, not dangerous; that is to say, by a county and municipal system. He would have liked to see a re-establishment of the communes through the direct interposition of royalty. In a word, the Marquis d'Argenson belonged, as we have said, to the small group of eminent Frenchmen among whom Montesquieu and Turgot are in different ways conspicuous, who, had they been listened to, might have saved the old French monarchy by transforming it judiciously.

Among the few quotations which we are here able to make from D'Argenson's writings should be included an extract from a letter to Voltaire dated May 15, 1745, and describing the Battle of Fontenoy. "There was," he says, "a terrible hour in which we saw the second volume of Dettingen, our Frenchmen humbled before that British firmness whose rolling fire resembled hell, and, I own dumb-founded inactive spectators. Then we despaired of the republic. Some of our generals, who have more courage of heart than of mind, gave very prudent counsels; they sent orders to Lille, they doubled the guard around the King, and they made ready to send him off; but the King only laughed at them all. He rode from the left to the centre and called for the reserves and the brave Lowendahl. But there was no need of them. Another reserve charged. It was the same cavalry which had charged in the beginning uselessly—the King's household Guards, who had remained stationary, and the Irish, excellent above all when they march against the English and the Hanoverians. Your friend, M. de Richelieu, is a true Bayard. It was he who gave the advice, and executed it, of advancing on the enemy like hunters, or like foragers, pell-mell, hands low, arms shortened, masters, valets, officers, cavalry, infantry, all together. This French vivacity, of which so much is said, nothing resisted. It was an affair of ten minutes with that thrust. The big English battalions turned their backs to it, and, to tell it briefly, we killed 14,000. It is true that the cannon have the honour of that horrible butchery. Never have so many cannon and such heavy ones been fired in a general battle as at Fontenoy." The Marquis d'Argenson was one of the few men, if not the only man, then alive in

France who was capable of writing in the same letter: "To tell you the evil as well as the good, I remarked a habit, too quickly acquired, of seeing tranquilly on a battlefield the naked dead enemies in their death-throes, smoking wounds. For myself, I own my heart failed me, and I needed a flask. I observed our young heroes well; I found them too indifferent in this respect. I fear, as the result of such a life, that a taste will develop for this inhuman butchery." He adds "Triumph is the finest thing in the world; the "Vive le Roi!" the hats in the air on the points of the bayonets, the compliments of the master to his warriors, the visit to the intrenchments, the redoubts, the village all intact, the joy, the glory, the tenderness!—but the ground of all this is human blood and fragments of human flesh!"

Under date of February 19, 1749, we find a description of the unhappy state of things in France a few months after the conclusion of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle: "It is known only too well by intelligent persons that all is in great fermentation among the people of France, that discontent is rising to a high degree, and that great contempt for the Government is added to it. The person of the King is still loved; but all those about him, without exception, obscure and enfold him in a black cloud. The taxes exasperate the people, living is dear, receipts are few; we must spend without receiving; the odious reign of the financiers alarms the public and degrades the Government; there is not a bourgeois here who does not shout against the peace, declaring that we have given up everything to the enemy, and seeing in it only evil without good. All things are taken ill; even the late diminution of taxes is thought so paltry that it shocks rather than pleases. They talk incessantly of the mistress (Mme. de Pompadour), for whom so many buildings, journeys, gifts, expenditures are made. They read the gazettes, they see that our policy in other countries is ill managed, and that we shall soon have either shame or war, and they want neither."

In October of the same year, d'Argenson paid a visit to his estates in Touraine. This is what he found there. "I see nothing but frightful misery; it is no longer a sad sense of poverty, it is despair which now possesses the poor inhabitants; they long only for death, and they avoid giving birth to children. When will such woes end? Our Ministers are incapable of making the King reflect on all this; he is kind, but so ill served. A zeal for fine roads has taken possession of the Ministry and the provincial attendants: the latter no sooner found this career of authority and usefulness open to them than they flung themselves into it headlong. It is a new taille tax, worse than the first, under which the people are thrust. It is reckoned that annually one-quarter of the day's work of the labourer goes to these corvées (statute and compulsory labour) during which they have to feed themselves, and with what? Their horses, mules, and oxen are also forcibly employed without compensation." D'Argenson goes on to say that "Daily one hears of new and horrible injustices in the provinces. By what my neighbours tell me the diminution of the inhabitants during the last ten years is more than one-third. The great roads made by forced and unpaid labour are the most horrible tax ever yet endured; the labour and subsistence of the men are beyond their power to meet; they are taking refuge in the small towns; there are quantities of villages abandoned wholly by their inhabitants."

We must conclude our notice of these volumes with an extract from a page of the journal indited in January, 1751, in which d'Argenson discusses the relative positions of the French and the English in North America, as determined by the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. "D'Anville, the geographer, has shown me on a map what were the claims of the English against us in America. With their Acadia (which they call New Scotland), they claim the right to push that possession to the right bank of the St. Lawrence River. They have claims on the Island of St. John's, although they have ceded to us the whole of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. To the south, they claim to confine the Spaniards to their Florida, and to leave them precisely nothing but that peninsula. Passing behind Florida to the west, they claim more than half of our Louisiana as far as the River St. Louis or Mississippi; thence, still going westward, they covet our territory, which joins that of the Spaniard. To the north of Louisiana, they want to go as far as Lake Ontario; as for Canada, they surround it with their Hudson's Bay and Davis Strait, and they are trying to explore a territory for an issue as far as California. These claims, which have been shown to me, are taken from the report of M. Silhouette, one of the Commissioners to settle the boundaries with the British. Never will they agree on this: Litigando jura crescunt and they are pleaders without judges. Our adverse party has terrible strength at sea, also in her colonies, by the multitude of their inhabitants, and by their wealth. If we are to believe the English, we shall see them get possession of all North America, and the greater part of the islands between the two Americas."

THE MONTH OF MAY.

BY LAURA RICHARDS.

Is there anything new to sing about you,
May, my dear?
Any unhackneyed thing about you,
Pray, my dear?
Anything that has not been sung
Long ago when the world was young,
By silver throat and golden tongue?
Say, my dear!

So many have said that your eyes are blue,
May, my dear;
It must be a tiresome fact, though true,
May, my dear,
And if I for one, my gracious Queen,
Should boldly assert that your eyes were green,
'Twould be a relief to you, I ween,
Eh, my dear?

We know, at the touch of your garment's fold,
May, my dear,
The daisies come starring with white and gold,
The way, my dear.
We know that the painted blossoms all
Come starting up at your gentle call,
By dale and meadow and garden wall,
May, my dear.

No, I really don't think there's anything fresh
Or new, my dear.
For the world is small, and available rhymes
Are few, my dear.
So if I say naught about vernal bowers,
And forbear to mention the sunlit showers,
I think I shall make the best use of my powers;
Don't you, my dear?

And yet I cannot help loving you so,
May, my dear,
That the old words, whether I will or no,
I say, my dear,
And how you are fair, and how you are sweet
My loving lips forever repeat—
And is that the reason you pass so fleet?
Ah! stay, my dear!

A PEDESTRIAN FEAT.

If you desire to travel on foot through two kingdoms, two duchies and three principalities in the short space of five hours and ten minutes, you have no need to transplant yourself to fairyland, or put on a pair of seven league boots. The feat can be accomplished in the fatherland without any great exertion. You select as your starting point the village of Steinbach, in the Bavarian district of Oberfranken, a station on the Gera-Saalfeld-Lichtenfels railway. From here you proceed in half an hour to Lichtentanne (Saxe-meiningen), and an hour and a half later you arrive at Reuschengesess (Reuss o. l.).

The next halting place, Gleima (Schwarzburg Rudolstadt), can be reached in ten minutes, and half an hour's walk takes you to Altengesess (Reuss y. l.) From here you march on to Drognitz (Prussia) in an hour and a half, and in an equal space of time you reach the final stage of your journey, Saalthal (Saxe-Altenbourg).

OUR WEEKLY STORY

THAT ALL-NIGHT AFFAIR

A JOURNALIST'S TALE.*

One cold winter's night, of the time that Schneider and I worked together seven days a week on the Chicago "Mid-West," he came to me and asked if I wished to participate in a minor scoop, involving, perhaps, some adventure. The glory of the scoop, he explained, would redound chiefly to him, but of the adventure I might partake equally.

Said he: "There is something out on the lake; people have been watching it all the afternoon——"

"Yes; the 'Journal' played it up as a sea monster," I interrupted, "with illustrations."

"It seems to move," he went on imperturably; "and it is probably a dog watching beside the dead body of its master, who wandered out on the ice and then froze to death." Schneider's tone had the solemnity arising from the faith and imagination that make the star reporter. He continued: "The dog could come ashore if it liked, but it stays there hungry and cold, faithful to the end. Perhaps its master is a little child (that would add half a column to the story); anyway, we'll go out and rescue it and scoop the town."

I might have asked why our blandishments would lure the dog away, when hunger failed to. I might have inquired for further proofs that it was a dog at all. I might have flatly refused to go because of the cold and the midnight hour, and for many other reasons that any sensible person will think of. Instead, I accepted the quarter loaf of adventure with the enthusiasm that has so often led me astray. I did not even stop to inquire opposite what point of the city this suppositious dog was, nor how far out on the lake.

Schneider led me into a little ever-open basement restaurant, which went by the name of "The Sewer" among the reporters. I ought to apologise to the delicately nurtured reader for mentioning a place with such a vulgar name, and will say that this is the only time I ever entered it, usually going to "The Dirty Spoon"—again this is a sobriquet, and not the official name. In "The Sewer" Schneider bought a dozen sandwiches.

"What do you want all those sandwiches for?" I asked; "I don't want any." The very sight of the place took away my appetite. There, all sorts and conditions of men sat on adjacent high stools; and the waitresses served out scintillating remarks with pancakes, and even deigned a familiar slap or two to their favourites.

"There's no telling when we shall return," Schneider answered sententiously. "And the dog'll be hungry, and I shall be hungry, and besides you don't know what you are talking about, for you'll be hungry yourself before you get back." I had to admit that in every arctic expedition I had read of, that kind of thing always happened.

"Suppose it's only a bit of driftwood, after all, and no dog and no child?" I asked as we were travelling on the last car northward.

"Fate wouldn't be so unkind," he answered hopefully.

I, myself had not overmuch faith in Fate. The idea of a little adventure of an hour or so had not been unpleasant; but Schneider now told me that the dog had elected to be saved opposite Diversey street in Lake View, five miles to the

*A hint of this scoop manque escaped into a Western paper a few years ago. The whole truth is here told for the first time.—K. B.

north, and three-quarters of a mile out on the lake—treacherous even when frozen; and our undertaking promised to be an all-night affair. The share of glory apportioned to me was not big enough to make me as enthusiastic as Schneider, even after he had assured me that he had, in the afternoon, provided all the things necessary for the success of the scoop that Fate had overlooked—namely, a flat-bottomed boat with oars and ropes, and a bucket of water.

"What is the bucket of water for" I asked.

"To drink," he answered conclusively, "and we'll drag out the boat to cross rifts in the ice with. It'll slide over the ice like a sled."

I looked at all the other men on the cable car, going home to loving wives and children, and bitterly compared my lot with theirs. Schneider asked me, as the car reached the Limits and we got off, what I was thinking off, and I told him.

"Well, we're here now," he said cheerfully. "It's 'sink or swim, survive or perish——'"

"Freeze or thaw," I interrupted, and we walked along in silence.

Our craft was at one of those boat-letting establishments that grow plethoric with gain in summer and hibernate in winter. It was a large, safe boat, and about fifty yards from the shore. Schneider poked around beneath a shed, and found the oars and rope and the bucket of water he had promised me. As he was thus engaged, two policemen from Lincoln Park came in sight on the Sheridan Drive above us.

"Hey!" they called in a rather timid tone. Schneider paid no attention to them, growling, "If they want to talk to us, let 'em come down here." But I went on and explained that these suspicious movements of ours were but evidences of journalistic enterprise. We had a pleasant chat, they apparently as eager to preserve the entente cordiale as I was, and then they went away.

In spite of its flat bottom, the boat began to weigh as we began to drag it. Over the sand, thinly sprinkled with snow, it moved as reluctantly as a Tammany politician towards an investigating committee. "It'll be better when we get on the ice," Schneider said. But though the ice was more slippery, it also afforded a poorer foothold, and did not assist our travels.

"Suppose we desert the boat—it's quite the proper thing to do on arctic trips—and trust to the bucket to save us from a watery grave," I suggested.

Just here my right leg went through the ice up to my knee. I sat down on the edge of the boat.

"See here, Schneider, if we are drowned, the "Mid-West" will lose two valuable men," I argued.

"The reputation for having such bold and enterprising reporters will benefit the paper far more than we should by living," he replied sententiously.

We struggled on. In the half-light that filtered from the moon through the clouds, the ice seemed to stretch away to Benton Harbour, and I was about to propose that we go back and take the train around the lake and try for the dog from the other side, when my left foot went through into the lake. Again I sat upon the gunwale, rather glad of the size of the boat after all, and mopped my brow, as wet from the perspiration of philozynic toil as my feet were from Lake Michigan; but I said no word. I realised that Schneider would sacrifice a hundred such as I for that dog and that scoop.

We dragged the boat wearily up a hummock, and let it slide down the other side. In front of us was a bit of open water.

"Let's go home," I exclaimed desperately, "instead of chasing all night after an old log——"

"Dog!" he corrected. "Slide her in."

"How will you get her out on the other side? The ice looks very rotten.'

"Never mind. Push her in!"

A distant shout interrupted us. Our two policemen were back with another, a superior, and of a less pacific disposition. Evidently my conversational powers had not been sufficient entirely to allay their suspicions. The third policeman came rapidly towards us. To predispose him in our favour, I yelled to him to mind the holes in the ice. He deigned no reply, but came haughtily on. Then I was sorry I hadn't let him tumble into them. A drowned policeman would have been as good a scoop as a preserved dog, and, as it turned out, far more soothing to our feelings.

"What are you doing there?" he sternly demanded.

I began to explain, but Schneider snatched the talk from my mouth, and answered with a hauteur equal to the policeman's own: "We're minding our own business, that's what we are doing."

"And I am attending to mine. I want to know why you're taking that boat out at this time of night?"

"We're going after a dog," surlily.

"There's something black out on the lake," I hastily interposed, that he might not take us for raving lunatics, "that we think is a dog, and we want to find out if it is or not."

"Is it your dog?"

Schneider drew himself up. "We are reporters, and that dog'll die of starvation; and we're going to bring him in." He pushed the boat into the water and prepared to get in.

"No, you don't!" The policeman spoke positively. "Have you got your reporter's star?"

Schneider unbuttoned the lower two buttons of his waistcoat, turned up the flap and showed his star. At this point I am convinced that a few smooth words would have gained us the day; but Schneider was not in a conciliatory mood. He could at times be the most politic of men, at other times as exasperatingly tactless as anyone I ever saw. His whole manner during this interview had expressed the essence of contempt of court.

"How do I know you aren't going to commit suicide?" the policeman asked, half jocularly.

"I'm not convinced that you know anything," Schneider sneered.

The policeman stiffened up. "Well, you don't go any farther out on the lake while I'm here."

"Then you'd better [illegible] for we're going unless you arrest us."

"All right, then, I arrest you," the policeman said.

We all walked towards shore, abandoning the boat and all else except the sandwiches. In an aside Schneider told me that he had been trying a bluff. I had already recognised it as such.

"Will you walk or shall I send for the patrol waggon?" the policeman asked.

"We'll drive," Schneider said loftily.

Here I spoke up with more spirit than I had yet displayed, protesting that the wetness of my feet cried aloud for exercise rather than for luxurious rides in patrol waggons. Schneider yielded the point, and the three policemen set out with us for the station, a mile to the west. Schneider unwrapped the sandwiches and began eating them. At first he ate alone, I having refused to partake of them; then, prompted by his better feelings, not with any intention of bribery, he offered our captors some. The two meek policemen munched with him; the stern one maintained his inflexible pose. On the way Schneider began to talk to me about Captain Riordan familiarly. "He's still at the station, isn't he?" he asked our captors. He was, and Schneider mentioned casually to me how closely he and Riordan were in the intimacy that springs from perfect sympathy and long acquaintance. The stern policeman grew visibly uneasy at this turn of the conversation, but did not weaken.

The sergeant at the desk looked up in a matter-of-fact way as we came in, and took up his pen to write down the usual details as to age, residence, and charge. But he soon learned that we were no ordinary drunk-and-disorderlies.

"Is Captain Riorden in?" asked Schneider authoritatively.

"Yes," the sergeant drawled, "but——"

"I should like to see him at once." Schneider's tone was so confident that the sergeant evidently thought he'd take no risks. He sent for the captain.

"Ah, captain, how are you?" Schneider exclaimed, extending his hand, as that official came in.

"How do you do?" Captain Riorden answered, but it was plain from his tone that he did not know Schneider from the side of a house, and I saw that this was another bluff.

"Met you on the Appleby murder case last year." Schneider went on easily.

He stated his side and the policeman his; and both used language much politer than what I had been listening to the last half hour, and both were so reasonable, that I was amazed.

Then the captain spoke: "These gentlemen are all right. Let them go and drown themselves if they want to." His tone was perfectly courteous; but somehow I received the impression that he would not consider society greatly the loser if that misfortune overtook us.

Schneider now expressed his opinion of the policeman who had arrested us in certain telling phrases, with pointed reference to his breath—hardly more scented than the coldness of the night warranted, but a vulnerable point. To this the policeman replied but meagerly, constrained by the presence of the captain, and by the fact that he had in some measure made a break. When he went out, I followed and had a few private words with him. Schneider regarded this with suspicion. "What did you say to him?" he asked, as we were walking home—we had just missed the night car.

"Well," I admitted, "I told him that I thought he—from a layman's point of view, and not understanding what a multitude of things a scoop covered—had done just what was right."

Schneider reproved me sternly. He said I did not know the rudiments of managing a copper. I did not answer him, because he had forgotten more about policemen than I had ever known; but just the same, there is one up in Lake View who says that if ever I want anything that is his'n, it's mine.

The next day I was late at the office, through losing sleep on this crazy chase. The city editor did not say anything about it in the afternoon. About 11 o'clock at night, after I had handed in my story about a Masonic ball, he called me into his office, and looked at me reproachfully. "I have to stay in here all the time, and don't get a chance to get out and have any fun," he said pathetically; "and I think you might at least tell me about the interesting things that happen to you."

Just at first I did not understand what he

was asking about. Then the twinkle in his eye made me think of our last night's adventure, and I told him the whole story. Just when I was finishing with a few generalisations on Schneider's lack of suavity the telephone bell rang.

The city editor put the receiver to his ear. "Hullo," he said.

"Hullo!" There was a touch of asperity in his voice.

"What's that?" he asked sharply.

"Hullo! Hullo! Hullo!"

"Stand back farther from the phone," impatiently.

"See here, my friend," with decision, "if you don't know how to talk through a telephone, you'd better get some one who does. I can't hear you."

"What is the statement, sir"—his voice was cutting—"and about what?"

"Oh! oh!" the city editor's voice softened almost to an apology. "Why, that's all right. Two reporters you say? Arrested last night?" He winked at me portentously. "Sorry, but I can't tell you. I'm trying my best to find out about it myself. Good-night," and he hung up the receiver.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Can any reader give the history of the old watch tower near Landscape at Rathfarnham. The place is doubtless known to many of them. I have several times made inquiries both from the inhabitants of the farm house adjoining the tower and from others, but no one seems to know anything about it.—E J French, St Anne's, Donnybrook, county Dublin.

THE RED HAND OF O'NEILL.

The spirited metrical form of the legend of the Red Hand of O'Neill, which the readers of the "Dublin Penny Journal" will remember, is illustrated by the following form of the legend, taken from an article on St. Kilda, in supplement to the "Cork Constitution," May 3, 1902:—"Perhaps mention ought also to be made of the old legend that two Highland chiefs agreed to race to St. Kilda from the mainland, the party first to land to receive the islands as a prize. Whether this ancient boat race was ever rowed, we have no means of ascertaining, but tradition has it that the finish was an excitingly close one, and the losing chief, seeing the coveted prize slipping from his grasp, cut off his hand and threw it on shore. He thus claimed to have landed first and claimed St. Kilda for his own." In the "Royal Exploits of Finn," there is a reference to the symbol of the Red Hand, which appears to have hitherto escaped notice:—

"Fuidis Muirne la Gleoir Lam-derg la ri Lamraige iardam, coni deiside in rad, Finn MacGleoir.

"Muirne afterwards married Gleoir (Gleor) of the Red Hand, King of the race of Hand, from which is Finn MacGleoir." This name Gleoir or Gleor is derived from an old Celtic word cognate with the root of the English glow, from Anglo-Saxon glowan, German gluhen, Norse gloa. Compare the Sanskrit word for the moon, kleda, glauh, and glaur; the Welsh llenad (lhenad from klenad), lloer (lheor from kleor or gleor), the Breton loar, and the Cornish lar. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould ("Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," p. 412) says—"The lightning-flashing cloud was also supposed to be a flaming hand. The Greek placed the forked dart in the hand of Zeus—

'rubente
Dextera sacras faculatus arces';

and the ancient Mexican symbolized the sacrificial fire by a blood-red hand impressed on his sanctuary walls."

J. F. LYNCH.

THE PARISH CHURCH OF THE OLD IRISH PARLIAMENT

By C. LITTON FALKINER.

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II.

Before entering into the history of the revived parish, it may be convenient to trace the subsequent history of the site of the earlier church and cemetery. For some time it remained derelict and unsaleable in the hands of the parish, which made more than one abortive attempt to dispose of it. On September 2, 1673, the Vestry considering that "the old churchyard in Dammas street was waste, and of no advantage to the inhabitants," ordered "that it be exposed to sale on the 4th day of November next, and that publicly in the church in the afternoon to all such persons, whether strangers or parishioners, as shall bid most for the same." But there was no bidder; and three years later it was arranged that Captain John Nicholas, "a worthy benefactor of the church," should have the use of the old churchyard in satisfaction for £150 due to him for materials supplied for the building of the new church, "provided always that he do not stir the corpse nor dig the ground otherwise than to level it." Nicholas subsequently obtained a formal lease of the ground, which was described as "all that piece or plot of ground lying and being in Dame street, in the parish of St. Andrew's, called the old churchyard, being by computation one hundred and twenty feet in length fronting to the said street, and about one hundred and twenty-one feet backward." The lease then given to Nicholas was some years later assigned to Alderman Sir William Fownes, an eminent citizen, whose memory is preserved in the street which bears his name, to whom the parish made a fresh lease for 41 years from 25 December, 1698, on the understanding that he was about to carry out large improvements. These improvements consisted in the formation of the Castle Market, which covered a part of the cemetery, and was opened in 1704. In 1717 Sir William Fownes "finding little advantage in his lease which obliged him not to dig any cellars or build great dwelling houses," applied for a new lease, and having obtained one on favourable terms, erected on the remainder a number of houses in Castle lane, now known as Palace street. The Castle Market was removed in 1782 when the Wide Street Commissioners began their operations, and a portion of the old cemetery of St. Andrew's is now daily trodden by the traffic of one of the busiest thoroughfares in Dublin.

The revival of the parish was coincident with that remarkable development of Dublin without its walls which followed the Reformation, and an outburst of prosperity which, after a long period of depression, led to a complete revolution in the appearance of the city. This will be best made clear by a glance at some of our old Dublin maps.

The oldest of these maps is that published by John Speed in 1610,* and from this we can form some idea of the aspect of the parish prior to its re-constitution. There was then but a single bridge over the Liffey, the old bridge which from Danish times had sufficed for the traffic between the north and south banks of the river. The Custom House stood south of this, at the end of Winetavern street, between Merchants' quay and Wood quay, and on the ground to the south from Essex or Grattan Bridge, and present Parliament street, which Essex street, Fleet street, Temple Bar, and Aston's quay now cover, were, with all the northern end of Westmoreland street, D'Olier street, and the adjacent neighbourhood covered with water. The only thoroughfare within the parish of any importance other than Dame street was George's lane, the modern South Great George's street, which dated from the thirteenth century, and the only buildings between this and Trinity College were the Bridewell and the village of Hoggen Green, on the south, and the Priory of St. Augustine and Cary's Hospital, to the north. In 1610, however, the street long called Chequer lane, corresponding with Exchequer street and Wicklow street, and forming the southern boundary of St. Andrew's, was designed, and in the peaceful reign of James the First suburban Dublin began to make some attempt at expansion. The movement, however, was checked in the stormy era of his successor, and from the days of Strafford to those of the Restoration scarce a brick was laid in Dublin. But no sooner had Charles the Second been restored than all was activity again. Within the space of half a century the single bridge had been multiplied by four, Essex bridge, the first and most important of the new ones, being almost contemporaneous with the revived parish of St. Andrew's. The Custom House was removed from the old site to the reclaimed ground close by, where it remained until near the close of the eighteenth century, while, as already noted, large mansions were built on the north side of Dame street. To the east, Lazy Hill was a sparsely occupied but growing district.

The succession of the clergy of St. Andrew's during the whole of its recorded history down to the Restoration, is, as already noted, identical with the succession of the Precentors of St. Patrick's; and even under the statute reconstituting the parish the Precentors retained the title, and some of the emoluments of Rector. Their names may be found by the curious in "Mason's History of St. Patrick," p. lxxi. But with the building of the church there opened a new, and, on the whole, distinguished line of Vicars, in whose persons it will be convenient to trace the later history of the parish. Of these the first was Dr. Richard Lingard, some time Dean of Lismore, and Professor of Divinity in the University of Dublin, whose memory and virtues have lately been recalled in one of the late Professor Stokes's charming lectures. Lingard, who was a Cambridge don, selected by the Duke of Ormonde as one of the Fellows of Trinity College on its reconstitution after the Restoration, was named in the Act of Parliament as the first Vicar. His selection may, perhaps, be held to indicate a desire on the part of the ecclesiastical authorities to associate Trinity College with the parish in which it lay; but he can have had little active connection with St. Andrew's. His name only appears once in the Vestry Books; and he died in November, 1670, long before the completion of the church, which was not opened for some years later.

Lingard was succeeded by, perhaps, the most celebrated divine in the roll of the Vicars of St. Andrew's, the well-known Anthony Dopping, successively Bishop of Kildare and Meath; a prelate remarkable not only for the independence he exhibited in the troubled period of the Revolution, but for his numerous theological writings. From the date of his appointment, in 1670, to his elevation to the

*Reproduced with the first number of this journal.

TRINITY COLLEGE



AS IT WAS TWO CENTURIES AND A HALF AGO.

Episcopate, Dopping proved a vigorous parish clergyman. He evinced the keenest interest in the affairs of his charge, advancing money from his own purse for the building fund, and zealously upholding the rights of the parish, Of his energy in this respect, as well as of his antiquarian knowledge, the vestry books contain an interesting illustration, which, though scarcely reliable in detail, incidentally throws a valuable light on this ancient state of the district.

St. Andrew's had been amalgamated at the Reformation, as already stated, with the adjacent parish of St. Werburghs, a church, like itself, of great antiquity, and of Danish origin. It is scarcely surprising that when, after the lapse of above a century, St. Andrew's regained its independence, some difficulty should have been experienced in determining the bounds of their respective districts. A somewhat angry controversy arose upon the claim of St. Werburgh's that the bounds of St. Werburgh's parish "do extend without the Dammas Gate on both sides of the way, unto the watercourse that runs through the Castle Yard (the Poddle), and so along by the Horse Guard, and then empties itself at the end of Essex street into the Liffey." The claim of St. Werburgh's, which on reference to the arbitration of the Archbishop of Dublin was ultimately substantiated, rested upon an order of Vestry dated August 22, 1574—just a century earlier—which established, with the concurrence of the parishioners of St. Andrew's, that the watercourse just mentioned formed the boundary of the parishes. Dr. Dopping, however, strenuously resisted the claim, and in an elaborate "Account of the Rights of St. Andrew's Parish"* adduced a variety of testimony in support of his side of the question, in the course of which he made the following interesting assertions as regards the topography of this part of Dublin, which, though scarcely well founded, have the merit of suggestiveness:—

"Supposing it be true that the watercourse was the boundary, the query still remains whether the watercourse be not altered, and the current directed another way, since it appears out of the Chronicles and History of Ireland—(1) That the sea did anciently flow up as far as Ship street, where it met with the stream that came down under Powle-gate Bridge; (2) that boats have passed about the city walls as far as Newgate; (3) that it is not very long since the ground (where now the Council Chamber and Essex street stand) was a perfect strand, and recovered from the sea by Jacob Newman, from which the Earl of Stafford after bought it for the King's use; (4) that the watercourse did anciently run close to the town and Castle walls, and from thence it passed under Dammas Bridge, and so emptied itself into the Liffey; (5) I do find further by perusal of ancient history that, before the city walls were built, and for some time after, the water ran round the city of Dublin, and it had large trenches about 20 yards broad; (6) the plot of ground on which the Dammas Mills now stand was anciently called Insula de la Dames, which supposeth a double watercourse encompassing it."

In 1674, during Dopping's incumbency, the new church was completed and opened for public worship. The pewholders included, as appears from the Vestry Books, a number of the most influential residents in Dublin. Among them were the Lord Mayor of the city, who had a seat allotted to him officially; Primate Margetson, the Countesses of Clancarty and Mountrath, Dr. Jones, Bishop of Meath, by whom the site had been presented, and to whom a burial vault was alotted; and Sir James Ware, the Auditor-General, and son of the well-known antiquary and historian.

Dopping was elevated to the Episcopal Bench in 1678, and was succeeded in his vicarage by Michael Hewetson, subsequently Archdeacon of of Armagh, and author of a curious little work entitled "A Description of St. Patrick's Purgatory." Hewetson's tenure of this incumbency lasted for fifteen years, and covered the troublous period of James II. reign and deposition. An entry in the Vestry Book in Dr. Hewetson's handwriting indicates the apprehensions felt for the safety of the Church while King James's Parliament sat. It relates to the Church plate, and sets forth how the silver plate belonging to St. Andrew's Church, consisting of eight pieces, were "in the late troublesome times committed to the Rector's care. Two of these pieces, a pair of patens, still form part of the Church plate, and bear the inscription, "Preserved in '89-90."

Dr. Hewetson's successor was Dr. John Travers, who, curiously enough, had occupied the position to which his predecessor at St. Andrew's succeeded, of Archdeacon of Armagh. During the space of twenty-four years he ministered in the parish, to which he was a generous benefactor, and the period was signalised by important changes. He (Dr. Travers) built at his own expense an almshouse for widows, and girls' school, which was erected on the site, between Trinity street and Exchequer street, purchased from Trinity College, on which Trinity Hall, the original College of Physicians had formerly stood. Travers was also a generous benefactor of the parish in his will, and he manifestly enjoyed the warm affection of his flock. The minutes of the Vestry for February 25, 1694, the year following his appointment, contain a curious entry, which proves that this 17th century Vicar was not untroubled by ritualistic controversies. It sets forth "a complaint against Mr. Travers maliciously forged and delivered to his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin," of which the principal allegations were that Divine offices were not performed, nor the Sacraments administered with sufficient diligence; that sermons were not preached on Holy Days, nor a surplice worn by the minister on such days, and that several rubrics formerly observed were neglected by Dr. Travers. These charges, which appear to have been instigated by Dr. Hewetson, were indignantly repudiated by the Vestry, who, after eulogising Dr. Travers,' "reverent, devout, and diligent performance of his ministerial duties," proceeded to evince the evangelical colour of their Protestantism, by declaring that while the complaint was for the most part false, "in whatever instance it is true, we are much better pleased with the alleged omissions than with the unnecessary overdoings in the late Vicar's time."

But by far the most important event in Dr. Travers' incumbency was the severance of what is now St Mark's from its parent parish. We have seen how in 1665 the district of the Stane or Lazar's Hill had been formally added to St.

*Dopping's account has been printed by Sir John Gilbert in his "History of Dublin."

Andrew's. All that time it was but thinly populated, and made no extravagant demand on the energies of the minister. But, as a glance at Brooking's map is sufficient to show it had undergone in the interval a great expansion, and houses had everywhere sprung up. Accordingly, it was thought desirable to relieve the old church of this charge, and by an Act of Parliament passed in 1708, which recited that the vicarage or parish of St. Andrew's was too large for its church, it was enacted that after the death, surrender, or promotion of Dr. Travers the parish should be divided, and that a parish to be called the parish of St. Mark's should be constituted, and a church erected on a site presented by one John Hansard of Lazy Hill. Thus the parish of St. Andrew's reverted to its original dimensions, and thenceforward it has undergone no change. Dr. Travers survived this partition by twenty years, dying in 1727, and leaving by his will substantial bequests to the parish He had held, in addition to his vicarage, the Chancellorship of Christ Church Cathedral.

(To be Continued.)

TWO POEMS ON THE HOLY WELLS.

[With the exception of Philip Hardy's "Holy Wells of Ireland," which is merely an onslaught on the popular devotion to these interesting relics of the past, it is curious that there is no reliable work dealing with the Irish Holy Wells, while those of England have been written on by Mr. St. John Hope; and the Holy Wells of Cornwall have also had their historian, both of whose books are still in print. Mr. St. John Hope, in fact, began a series of papers on the Irish Holy Wells in the "Antiquary," but has not continued the subject so far. The poem on the Irish Holy Wells, by J. De Jean Frazer is more or less a familiar one; but the following two—the first by the late Sir William Wilde, and the second by Mrs. Kevin Izod O'Doherty ("Eva" of the "Nation"), are not so well known to Irish readers.]

BY SIR WILLIAM WILDE.

Thou chosen spring of sacred gift,
By prayer and penance blest,
Here on thy knee-worn margin
My wanderings find a rest;
I could not pass thee heedlessly,
Or deem with scoffing thought,
That God had through thy hallowed drops
No healing wonder wrought.

With solemn pause I gaze upon
Thy surface calm and pure,
Recalling days when simple souls
In faith found simplest cure;
Who knows thou art unsanctified
And hast no salving power
Let me, at least, revere thee now
In thy departed hour.

BY MRS. KEVIN IZOD O'DOHERTY.

Oh, lonely, silent, crystal well,
Thy stilly waters gleam
From out the shaded emerald dell
As in a tranquil dream;
No voice to break the solitude
But low winds wailing tune—
As though the night above thee hood
The wild bird and the moon.

Within thy charmed silver ring
What precious memories sleep!
The faith and hope that fondly cling,
The love and sorrow deep—
Sad smiles that tell the sad heart's tale,
Sweet tears that softly fall;
Like winter sun and summer rain,
Thou hast them treasured all.

The gnarled oak-tree droops above
As pilgrims watch and pray
With uplifted arms of reverent love
Through ages dim and gray;
Upon its seamed and grisly bark
Lov'd names have once been traced.
But now the eye can scarcely mark
Those records half effaced.

The moss and lichen idly creep,
The ivy tendrils twine:
Of characters, once fresh and deep,
New growth scarce leave a line;
And thus it is, with loved one's names
Once writ upon thy heart,
When time brings forth new hopes and aims,
And bids the past depart.

ANCIENT IRISH SOCIETY.

By M. J. BYRNE.

Dr. Montgomery Hitchcock has done a genuine service to antiquarian research by focusing it upon so extremely interesting a subject as ancient Irish society. This subject is still an almost unexplored branch of learning for the invaluable lectures of Professor O'Curry touched only the fringe of the subject, and the labours of the folk-lorists are open to cavil as being largely speculative.

With regard to Dr. Hitchcock's reading of the much disputed and obscure Geilfine system. I trust Mr. Ginnell and others who have devoted intelligent and careful study to the matter will contribute to your journal their views also, in the hope that wisdom may speak out of many mouths. I confess that I am unable myself to spell out the meaning of the law tracts dealing with this obscure subject, or to follow the deductions of the editors of the third volume of the Ancient Laws of Ireland, Sir H. S. Maine, Dr. Sullivan, Mr. M'Lennon. Professor Richey, and last, though not least, Mr. L. Ginnell, whose little work on the Brehon Laws is the most excellent treatise on the whole subject I have met. It seems to me that each of these learned contributors have simply succeeded in overthrowing the theories of the other, but have not been at all so successful in their constructive criticism as they have been in their destructive.

I think Dr. Hitchcock is in error in thinking the chief was entitled to force stock on the clansman and so secure him in a species of vassalage.

The Senchus Mor expressly lays it down—"The law does not require of a man to accept of daer-stock tenure from his own chief or from an extern chief, or from his own king or from an extern king; but the law requires of him to take saer-stock tenure from his own king. It does not require him to take daer-stock tenure from his own chief or from an extern chief, or from an external king. If he take daer-stock tenure it should be from his own king." (Ancient Laws of Ireland (Brehon Laws), II., 223-5. As I understand the laws, there were only two ways of procuring cattle—by what is called saer-stock and daer-stock tenure. The word "tenure" is apt to mislead anyone acquainted with our present laws, because there was no such thing as "tenure" in the old Irish land system. Now, saer-stock was taken by free-men, and implied no kind of vassalage. Daer-stock did imply some sort of vassalage. And as I read the law, it means that no clansman could become the vassal of a foreign chief without his own chief's consent or default to supply stock; and as to taking saer-stock, it was a kind of protective system to secure that, as far as possible, the dealings in stock be confined within each king's dominions. A sort of ancient beef-trust!

I imagine the division into classes referred to by Dr. Hitchcock was more theoretical than real. We have, for instance, dukes, marquises, viscounts, earls, barons, baronets, knights, esquires, gentlemen, and yoemen. The Heathen Chinee might misunderstand these as so many distinct classes, which in one sense they are. But I am inclined to think that, as with us there are only two classes—Lords and Commons—so with the ancient Irish there were also only two classes, which the editors of ancient laws, for want of a better term, describe as the free and non-free classes.

As within the peers we have different ranks of duke, marquis, viscount, earl, and baron, so in ancient Irish society there were different ranks, but these were merely, as we would say now, "social" distinctions—using "social" in a narrow sense.

The reference to classes in the laws would seem to be rather speculations of the old writers of these tracts, and not to be part of the laws themselves.

I take it, "seventeen" is a typographical error for "seven," which was the number of ancient classes stated by the Crith Gabhlach (Ancient Laws, iv., 299).

I think it is a mistake to assume there was no such thing as individual property. When the Plantation Commission went into Ulster after the flight of the Earls, Sir John Davies (one of the Commissioners) tells us they found that in a manner every acre had its owner. The laws deal with forfeiture of land for crimes; with hereditary and purchased estates; with fences, gardens, houses, and so on, which would have no meaning if there were no such thing as private property.

The laws provide for a man's leaving his tribe and becoming naturalised in another tribe, and were in this respect exactly similar to the laws of all civilised States at this day. These laws seem to have escaped Dr. Hitchcock's notice.

I am not sure that the clans are properly described as leading a roaming life. All the chiefs had fixed residences, and there are elaborate rules as to the extent of their lawns and right of sanctuary. No doubt, the herds went out to mind the cattle in the mountains, but if we may judge from the instance of St. Patrick, these would generally be either slaves or serfs of some kind.

Of course, each clan's territorial limits were defined, and whatever migrations they indulged in had to be circumscribed by these limits.

The manners and customs above referred to are those evidenced in the Brehon Laws, which themselves refer to pre-existing organisation, and as the Brehon Laws date back to the time of St. Patrick, and we have no written memorials of an earlier age, it will, I presume, be admitted that any state of society older than that presented by these laws, is a mere matter of speculation, and one without any solid foundation in extant historical records. Glimpses of our civilisation may, of course, be spelled out of allusions in our annals and historic tales. We find, for instance, the Feis of Tara; the use of gold and metals; the rule as to blemishes disqualifying for high office; the existence of Brehon jurisdiction, and the like, but these are too meagre details from which to reconstruct ancient society.

I trust the subject opened by Dr. Hitchcock will attract many contributions from those best qualified to deal with a subject requiring assiduous and extensive reading and careful and skilful thought.

BOOKS.

A perfectly honest and respectable blockhead asked me recently: "What is the use of books for men working for their daily bread, or for young fellows whose first business in life is to make some way in the world?" From the highest class in the nation to the humblest, good books are the salt of life. They make us wiser, manlier, more honest, and, what is less than any of these, more prosperous. It is not the least of their merits that good books make manly men and patriotic citizens. To love noble books is to share with statesmen and philosophers the pleasure on which they set the highest price. Time has made trite and commonplace the great saying of Fenelon: "If the crowns of Europe were laid at my feet in exchange for books and the love of reading, I would spurn them all." Our own Goldsmith declares that taking up a new book worth reading is like making a new friend; a friend from whom we will never be separated by any of the melancholy mischances on which human friendships are so often wrecked. But good books will do more than this—they will awaken all that is best in our nature, and teach us to live worthier lives. They will do for us what we rarely permit the closest friend to do—they will teach us our faults, and how to amend them.—Sir C. G. Duffy.

IRISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL AND LITERARY SOCIETIES, ETC., PAST AND PRESENT.

BY M.R.S.A.I.

In "A Magazine of Art, Archæology, Literature, and Science," such as the new "Dublin Penny Journal" claims to be, it can hardly be deemed superfluous to furnish a short notice of the various societies, past and present, whose aim and object was, and is, to perpetuate and add to our knowledge of Irish Art, Archaeology, Literature, etc—more especially as there is in the case of some of these societies, at least, a more or less unconscious tendency to confine their records and work to members only.

Of the oldest established Irish archæological bodies, the Royal Irish Academy, whose priceless collections of literary works, manuscripts, etc., are easily accessible to Dubliners, in Dawson street, not much need be said here, except that it still publishes its "Proceedings" regularly, to which one of the most frequent contributors is Mr. Thomas Johnson Westropp, one of the most indefatigable of living Irish archaeologists, whose antiquarian knowledge of the County Clare especially, is unsurpassed. In the year 1740 was founded the Physico-Historical Society, under whose auspices were published Dr. Charles Smith's Histories of Waterford, Kerry, and Cork. In 1752 was founded in Dublin, the "Committee for Antiquities" or "Irish Society," for the publication of Irish tracts, but failed in its object. In 1782 General Vallancey, an Englishman of Huguenot extraction, brought out his "Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis," which attracted much attention to Irish antiquities, etc., and led, through Edmund Burke, to the acquirement by Trinity College, Dublin, of such famous Irish manuscripts as the "Book of Leinster," the "Brehon Law Commentaries," etc. When the Society of Antiquaries which Vallancey founded became extinct, the Royal Irish Academy came into existence, but as its attention was devoted principally to science (as is still, in part, the case) the Gaelic Society was formed, but only produced one volume. After this came the Archaeological Society. In 1818 arose the Iberno-Celtic Society, which published O'Reilly's "Writers of Ireland." In 1840 the Irish Archaeological Society was formed; and in 1845, the Celtic Society, which were amalgamated later on. Between these two societies some twenty-seven volumes, treating of Irish history, etc., were brought out, whose titles are easily obtainable, all of which now fetch high prices. The Celtic-Archæological Society is no longer in being, but its work was to a great extent carried on by the late Sir John T. Gilbert, whose valuable publications appeared in similar book form. In 1851 the Society for the Preservation and Publication of the Melodies of Ireland was formed, with the object of publishing Dr. Petrie's collection of Irish music, but that, too, proved a failure. At the present time, however, an effort is being made to realise its purpose.

On St. Patrick's Day, 1853, the Ossianic Society for the Preservation and Publication of Manuscripts in the Irish Language, illustrative of the Fenian Period of Irish History, was founded. It could boast of 746 members, published six volumes, but in its eighth year the Ossianic Society suddenly died out.

Founded so far back as 1849, as the Kilkenny Archaeological Society, and known later as the "Royal Historical and Archaeological Association of Ireland," the "Royal Society of Antiquaries," Ireland, its present title, forms the largest, most popular, and most widespread of existing Irish archaeological societies, thanks for the most part to the untiring yet unobtrusive efforts of its hon. secretary, Mr. Robert Cochrane, whose admirably organised periodical excursions to various parts of Ireland have done so much to extend this society and further its aims. It is now publishing the index to the first fifty volumes of its journal, which appears quarterly, and is well worth the ten shillings which forms the annual subscription to the R.S.A.I., which has its headquarters at 6 St. Stephen's green, Dublin, where many of its archaeological treasures, photographic collections, etc., are to be seen.

In the same building has its home the National Literary Society, whose able president is the veteran writer, Dr. Sigerson. This society provides admirable lectures at frequent intervals, and has just issued the third number of its journal (published by O'Donoghue and Co., Dublin). Of kindred Dublin societies, there are the Pan-Celtic Society, which issues a periodical called "Celtia"; the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language (6 Molesworth street), the Gaelic League, which publishes monthly the "Gaelic Journal," and a weekly paper called "An Claim Soluis," printed mainly in the Irish language, and has its annual triumphal heyday in the Oireachtas, whose object is the spread and encouragement of Irish literature, songs, musical effort, etc.; and the Feis Ceoil Society, which has Irish music and song as its special scope.

The Kilkenny Archaeological Society had a rival, if not forerunner, in the South Munster Antiquarian. It probably led, too, to the foundation of the Ossory Society by Bishop (now Cardinal) Moran, on whose removal to the Antipodes the Ossory Society, which published some very interesting volumes of Transactions, came to an end.

The South Munster Antiquarian Society numbered amongst its members all the Cork archaeologists of that day, and was famous for its antiquarian rambles. Its work is now continued, in a measure, by the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society, whose operations are confined exclusively to the publication (at first monthly, but now quarterly) of its "Journal." The Cork Cuvierian Society is no longer in being, but the Cork Literary and Scientific Society can lay claim to a long and honourabe career. Cork has, too, a Natural History Society. For its size no other Irish town possesses so old an institution as does Queenstown, whose Great Island Literary Society was formed so far back as 1834. Waterford had at one time a Literary Society now a thing of the past, but has still its Archaeological Society, founded by the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan, to whom the Cork Society also mainly owes its existence. This Society publishes a "Journal" quarterly, but does not seem to meet with the support which it so well merits.

Almost simultaneously with the Waterford Society was established the Kildare Archaeological Society, whose "Journal" comes out every half year, the principal contributor to which is Lord Walter Fitzgerald.

To Colonel Vigors, of Holloden, Bagenalstown, county Carlow, belongs the credit of forming the Society for the Preservation of the Memorials of the Dead in Ireland, whose "Journal" now appears twice a year, and ought to find many more subscribers than it has.

In Limerick the Naturalist Field Club embraces archaeology, which occupies no small share of its annual volume, published by Guy and Co., Limerick.

Galway has lately set up in its midst a much needed Archaeological Society, whose "Journal," judging by its three issues, is highly creditable to it.

As is the case with the Limerick Naturalists' Field Club, the far older Belfast Naturalists' Field Club, takes in archaeology also in its programme, and is famous for its numerous antiquarian outings, which are reported in the local Press, and appear likewise in an annual volume of rather meagre proportions of late years. This last circumstance is probably due to Belfast's possessions of the revived "Ulster Journal," a most readable quarterly production, which owes much to its able, enthusiastic, and ubiquitous editor, Mr. F. J. Bigger, Belfast.

Ireland, too, has an increasing number of school, college, convent, and parish magazines, which foster in their way literary effort and achievement, a complete list of which would be desirable.

To special subjects, such as Irish local printing, a few Irishmen have devoted their attention, notably Mr. E. R. M'Clintock Dix, 2 Pembroke road, Dublin, whose exhaustive contributions in that line are to be found in the Cork, Waterford, Ulster, etc., journals, besides several privately-printed brochures on Strabane, Armagh, and Early Dublin Books, etc.

The Irish Texts Society has its headquarters in London, and has already brought out several valuable volumes, and promises three during the current year. Under the same roof, St. Ermin's Hotel, Westminster, London, flourishes the Irish Literary Society, which forms a much-needed centre for the Irish in London, who have not grown indifferent to the history, literature, etc., of their native land. In its hon. librarian, Mr. James Buckley, it possesses an assiduous contributor to the Cork and other Irish archaeological journals.

No paper treating of recent Irish literary and archaeological progress and work would be complete if we left unnamed that fascinating little volume "The Irish Literary Revival," published by its author, Mr. W. P. Ryan, London, in 1894, a book that should have long since ran through several editions; and such works as Dr. Hyde's Literary History of Ireland, The Story of Early Gaelic Literature, etc. Still less would it be just to omit reference to such foreign publications as the "Revue Celtique," "Zeitschrift fur Celtiche Philologie," "Irische Texte," etc., which are to be had of Mr. David Nutt, Long Acre, London.

Whatever errors or omissions that may occur in the present paper will, it is to be hoped, be rectified by those interested in a subject that appeals to all Irishmen without exception—viz., the archæology, literature, etc., of their native land. P.S.—The Irish Literary Society publishes a quarterly gazette, and the New York "Gael" forms a cheap and excellent antiquarian monthly.

THE SOUL'S SORROWING.

Not for the good denied her
The Soul laments to-day,
Not for the flowers that faded,
The stars that might not stay;
The empty hands grope darkly
For the gifts they cast away.

OLD WORLDS AND NEW ONES.

We must look to the solar system for examples of stars in the last stage of development. Each of the planets may in fact be regarded as an object of this kind. The bare and rocky surface of the moon affords a desolate picture of what may result from the long continued process of condensation. The volcanic region gives no evidence of the existence of life—in fact, the spectroscope indicates that if there is any air on the moon, it is much too rare to support life as we know it.

Fortunately the moon is not the only example of a wornout star. The earth, which probably has many counterparts in the universe is another example of a less desolate kind. Here, though the process of condensation, which is the chief cause of celestial phenomena has ceased, the problem of evolution has not ended. In fact, though the cosmical problems which we have considered in their barest elements will not be completely solved for centuries, it may be truly said that the questions raised by the countless living organisms in a single drop of ditch water are still more complex and will require a little longer time for their solution.

WATERFORD CITY.

Its History, Antiquities, &c.

From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland."

The city first received a charter of incorporation from King John, who, on the 3rd of July, 1205, granted the city, with its port and all its appurtenances, to his citizens of Waterford, with murage and all free customs, liberties, and privileges enjoyed by the burgesses of Bristol. Hen. III., by repeated writs to the Archbishop of Dublin, and to his Lord Justiciary of Ireland, confirmed this grant; and in the 16th of his reign, by a new charter, granted the whole of the city to be held by the citizens at a fee-farm rent of 100 marks, with exemption from toll, lastage, pontage, passage, and other immunities. Edw. II., in 1309, confirmed the preceding charter, and in 1310 granted the citizens certain customs for seven years, to assist them in fortifying the town. Edw. III., by writ issued in the 2nd of his reign, directed that the mayor should be annually elected by the citizens, and sworn in before the commons, unless the Lords Justices, or one of the barons of the exchequer, might be in the city at the time. The same monarch, in the 30th of his reign, confirmed by charter all previous grants, and in the 38th and 45th extended the privileges of the port; in 1377 he granted the custom called Cocket, for ten years, to the citizens, for the repair of the quays and enclosing the city. Rich. II., in 1380, confirmed the charter of Hen. III., and in the following year granted the corporation licence to sell wine, and in 1385, all the customs of things sold here for 24 years, to be expended on the fortifications of the city. Hen. IV. confirmed all previous charters, and also granted certain annual sums from the cocket, for strengthening the walls; and Hen. V. confirmed all previous grants made by his predecessors, and by charter, in the 1st of his reign, appointed the mayor the king's escheator; to have, with the commons, cognizance of all pleas of assize, and other privileges and immunities, which were confirmed by Hen. VI. in the 20th of his reign, who also granted £30 per ann. from the fee-farm rent, to be applied for 30 years to the repair of the walls and fortifications. Edw. IV. granted the citizens a charter, conferring some additional privileges, among which was that of bearing a sword before the mayor; and Hen. VII. granted the mayor and corporaton the power to have a gallows and a prison, and appointed the mayor and bailiffs justices for gaol delivery in all cases of felony, treason, and other crimes. Hen. VIII., Edw. VI., and Mary, severally granted confirmatory charters; and Elizabeth, in the 9th of her reign, by letters patent, granted the privilege of electing the mayor and bailiffs annually, and of choosing a recorder, town-clerk, sword-bearer, and various other officers. In the 16th of her reign, Elizabeth granted the citizens a new charter, constituting the city, with all lands belonging to it, a county of itself, under the designation of the city and county of the city of Waterford, ordaining that the corporation should consist of a mayor, two sheriffs, and citizens; and by another charter in the 25th of her reign, the same queen granted to the corporation the lands of the grange, Ballycrkeele, and the new town adjoining Waterford on the south



CORPORATION SEAL.

side (containing 100 acres), with the abbey of Kilkellen and its demesnes on the north side. In the 5th of Jas. I., the citizens, who had refused to proclaim that monarch's accession to the throne, were served with a writ of Quo Warranto, to which they pleaded the several charters previously enumerated; and their plea with some small alterations and omissions, as "by the king's privy council were thought fit," was allowed; and the charter having remained in the hands of the monarch, as forfeited, was, after a disclaimer by the citizens in a Quo Warranto, restored by patent under the great seal of England, on the 26th of May, 1626, in the 2nd year of the reign of Chas. I. This charter was explained and amended by a supplementary charter granted by the same monarch in 1631, and is now the governing charter. It confers upon the mayor and council the returns of assize, precepts, bills, and warrants, the summons and escheats of the exchequer, and the precepts of itinerant judges; a grant of the city and various lands; with all other possessions of which it had formerly been seized, to be held for ever in free burgage at the usual rents; a grant of the site and precincts of the abbey of Kilculliheen, with all its possessions and numerous parsonages, to be held in fee-farm at the rent of £59 1s. 8d. per annum. The same charter granted also to the corporation, for ever, the harbour of Waterford, from the entrance between Rodgbank and Rindoan to Carrigmagriffin, and as far as the sea ebbed and flowed, with all its waters, soil, and fisheries; the office of an admiralty and an admiralty court, reserving to the Lord High Admiral of England and Ireland all pirates' goods and wrecks of the sea; the power of taxing the inhabitants for all public charges and works; of forming themselves into guilds and fraternities, similar to those of Bristol; of taking murage custom, and of having a corporation of the staple and two constables; of holding courts or councils, once every week, for the conduct and government of the orphan children left to their charge by deed or will; of receiving the cocket customs and half the prisage of wine, together with all waifs, strays, felons' goods, and deodands, and of having a gaol under the custody of the sheriffs, and many other privileges.

Under this charter the government of the city is vested in a mayor, eighteen aldermen, eighteen assistants, a recorder, and two sheriffs (who altogether constitute the common council); a coroner, clerk of the crown and peace, a town-clerk, notary public, mareschal, water-bailiff, searcher, gauger, sword-bearer, four sergeants-at-mace, constables, and other officers. The mayor is chosen from among the aldermen annually on the Monday after the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin, by a majority of the common council, and sworn into office before his predecessor, or, in his absence, before the council, on the Michaelmas-day following. The sheriffs are chosen at the same time from among the assistants, by which body the recorder is appointed; all the other officers of the corporation are chosen by the mayor and council, except the sergeants-at-mace, who are appointed by the mayor and sheriffs. The mayor, the recorder and the four senior aldermen are justices of the peace within the city and the county of the city, and also within the county of Waterford. The freedom of the city is inherited by birth, and obtained by marriage with a freeman's daughter, or by apprenticeship to a freeman; the citizens are exempted from all toll, lastage, portage, pontage, murage, and other duties throughout the realm. The city first sent members to parliament in the year 1374, apparently by prescriptive right, as no grant of the elective franchise is found in any of its charters; from that period it continued to send two members to the Irish parliament till the Union, from which time it returned only one to the Imperial parliament, till the passing of the act of the 2nd of Wm. IV., cap. 88, which restored its original number.

The county of the city, from the peculiar situation of the town on the northern confines of the county of Waterford, is made to include a portion of land on the north of the river Suir, which formerly belonged to the county of Kilkenny; and by the charter of Chas. I. comprises the great port and river up to Carrick, that part of the county of Kilkenny which is contained in the parish of Kilculliheen, all the lands on the opposite bank of the river in the parishes of Kilbarry and Killoteran, and the town of Passage; comprehending together, according to the Ordnance survey, 9,683 statute acres, of which about 882 acres are occupied by the city and suburbs; the amount of Grand Jury cess, in 1835, was £4,928 9s. 7½d. The rural districts present no peculiarity of character; the northern part chiefly consists of high grounds, commanding fine views of the city; and on the opposite side, especially on the banks of the river above the city, are some elevated lands, except near the course of John's river, where there is an extensive level of marshy land. The prevailing substratum is agrillaceous

schistus, with silicious breccia near the summits of the hills, over which red sandstone frequently occurs; sienite and hornblende are found at Kilronan, talcous slate near Knockhouse, lydian stone on the road to Annestown; hornstone and jasper, alternating with flinty slate, in the same neighbourhood; and serpentine, resting on a blueish black quartoze rock, at Knockhouse. The face of Bilberry rock, over the river Suir, above the city, presents a very interesting section, in which, in addition to the above-named minerals, are veins of quartz, comprising a considerable quantity of micaceous iron ore and scalygraphite, both passing into oxyde of iron and jasper, and in some places forming, with the quartz, a beautiful jaspery ironstone; brown crystallised quartz, with minute crystals of chlorite; red ochre in abundance, sulphate of barytes, oxyde of titanium, bituminous shale, talcous slate, and arsenieurate of iron.

Of the ancient walls of the city, which appear to have enclosed a triangular arena of about 15 acres, with a tower at each angle, there are still some interesting remains; they were extended in the reign of Hen. II. by a considerable sweep towards the west, and their circuit was farther enlarged in that of Hen. VII., when they were repaired. Of the original towers, the only one perfect is Reginald's tower, in the old documents frequently called Reynold's tower and the King's tower: it was rebuilt in its original style in 1819, and is now appropriated by the corporation as a barrack for the police establishment. St. Martin's Castle, which was situated at the western angle of the city walls, has been partly preserved by its connection with a private dwelling-house, long called "the Castle." On the land side the city had five gates, of which St. John's was for a long time used as a county prison. There were also, in addition to the regular fortifications of the city, several private fortresses, called by the names of their respective proprietors, and supposed to have been not less than 20 in number. In Colbeck Castle, from which that street took its name, was the Chamber of Green Cloth, or Chamber of Waterford, sometimes used by the mayor as a place of confinement for refractory citizens; and a few years since there were several Danish semilunar towers on the walls, of which only one is now remaining at the extremity of what are called the ramparts. The palace in which King John resided, during his stay at Waterford, occupied the site on which the Widows' Apartments were built, and on the erection of which the vaults and foundations of that ancient structure were discovered. The most ancient of the religious houses was the priory of St. Catherine, founded by the Ostmen for canons of the order of St. Augustine and of the congregation of St. Victor: its endowment and possessions were confirmed by Pope Innocent III., in 1211; from the terms of that confirmation it appears to have been insulated at that time; in the 31st of Elizabeth, its revenues were granted on lease to Elizabeth Butler, otherwise Sherlock. The ancient abbey was situated to the south-west of the city, adjoining Lombard's marsh, and a great part of the building remained in tolerable preservation till a few years since, when it was levelled to open a way to the bridge then built over John's river; a vaulted room and a small portion of the foundations are all that now remain. The priory of St. John the Evangelist was founded in the suburbs, in 1185, by John, Earl of



MAYOR'S SEAL.

Morton, afterwards King of England, for monks of the order of St. Benedict, and made a cell to the abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul, in the city of Bath. This establishment received many grants and charters from successive English monarchs, and at the close of the 15th century had vast possessions and enjoyed ample privileges, among which was the right of holding a court baron within the parish of St. John. The manor of St. John, now the property of Thomas Wyse, Esq., was for a long period held under the priors of that house by his ancestors: at the dissolution, in 1537, it continued in the possession of the family, and was subsequently confirmed in capite at two knights' fees, with all tithes, privileges, royalties, and immunities, by royal charter, to Sir William Wyse, then chamberlain to Hen. VIII., which grant was more fully confirmed by patent in the 15th of Elizabeth. A monastery for Dominican or Black Friars, called also Friars Preachers, who were introduced into Ireland in 1226, was founded by the citizens, who for that purpose applied to Hen. III. for liberty to erect their house on a piece of ground adjoining Arundel's castle, and on which stood the ruins of an ancient tower. This establishment continued to flourish under the patronage of several monarchs, and at the dissolution the buildings, which were very extensive, but in a ruinous condition, were granted in capite, with some parcels of land, to James White, at an annual rent of 4s. The only existing remains are the chancel of the church and the belfry: the entrance to the former is through an arched doorway, highly ornamented with rope mouldings and surmounted by a spacious window; the interior consists of two apartments, which are low and gloomy, with vaulted roofs supported on groined arches; the belfry is a lofty, square tower of massive thickness, having a staircase leading to the summit, from which is obtained an interesting view, especially over the old portion of the city. A monastery for Franciscan Friars, or Friars Minor, was founded in 1240 by Sir Hugh Purcell; at the dissolution it was purchased by Henry Walsh, who established on its site the hospital of the Holy Ghost, before noticed. There are remains of two houses of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, situated respectively at Killure and Kilbarry, near which last is also a cromlech. In Arundel square was anciently a college of Jesuits, of which there are still some small remains. Of the old parish churches, the only one of which any part remains is that of St. Thomas, supposed to have been erected by Hen. II., or by his son and successor, King John, and was dedicated to St. Thomas á Beckett: part of the entrance is still entire, and displays a beautiful specimen of Norman architecture. In Her Majesty's State Paper Office is lodged a curious manuscript history, in verse, of the municipality of Waterford, supposed to have been written in the time of Hen. VIII., and of which a printed version is given in Ryland's History of Waterford. Among eminent natives may be noticed Gotofield, a learned Dominican friar of the 13th century; William of Waterford, author of a polemical work, published in 1433; Peter White, a celebrated classical teacher, and author of several publications, in the reign of Elizabeth; Nicholas Quemerford, D.D., cotemporary with the above, and author of "Answeres to certain Questions propounded by the citizens of Waterford," and other works; Peter Lumbard, R. C. Archbishop of Armagh, and a learned writer, who died in 1625 or 1626; Peter Wadding, a learned Jesuit, highly esteemed for his piety, who died in 1644; John Hartrey, a Cistertian monk, who wrote the history of his order in Ireland; and Luke Wadding, Franciscan friar, born in 1588, who also compiled the annals of his own order. Waterford gives the title of Marquess to the family of De la Poer Beresford.

[THE END.]

SABBATH DAWN.

In the soft mist the trees at worship stood,
The bush in reverence bowed its jewelled head,
Like ghosts at prayer, cobwebs bestrewed the grass:
No bird-song broke the hush of early morn,
Nor insects' chant, that fainting dies at dawn,
When the silence came the strident crow
Of chanticleer irreverent, and the Night
Died by the shafts of Day. The living light
Bore the dead darkness hence, and as it passed
Lighted the gladiolus flame
Before the altar of the flowers.

THE SCIENTISTS' DEBT TO FRANKLIN.

Benjamin Franklin was one of the most earnest and tireless of scientists. His discoveries are classed among the most remarkable of his age. They were extensive and brilliant as they were deep and mysterious. He outran the most celebrated English electricians in the race for new discoveries. He gave form and dignity to the science of electricity, and raised the science to a high rank among the most useful and distinguished and also gav it a philosophic standing second to none of the discoveries of the eighteenth century. To Benjamin Franklin are due many of the most useful discoveries in electricity. His clear eyes of prophecy saw the glorious triumph of his favourite science, and somewhere he may be watching the grand illuminations resulting from his successful efforts in bottling a flash of lightning. He was the first man to succeed in imprisoning the mysterious currents of electricity.

LITERARY NOTES.

Several new and important productions will shortly be issued by The Walter Scott Publishing Company. Among those books which are nearly ready will be found the "Reminiscences of Mr. Frederick Goodall, R.A."; 'Musicians' Wit, Humour, and Anecdote," by Mr. F. J. Crowest; "The Making of Citizens," by Mr. R. E. Hughes; "Sakuntala," by Kalidasa; "Select Essays of John Henry Newman"; and Renan's "Marcus Aurelius"; the last three being additions to the "Scott Library"; and "The Yeomanry in the South African War," by Mr. Karl B. Spurgin.

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Some appropriate mottoes for the birthday of Anatole France, which occurred recently, are:—

The hour of a complete maturity of a talent,
—Zola.

Monsieur, are you not lettered?—Shakespeare.

Je suis Academicien.—Alphonse Daudet.

Look on fertile France.—Shakespeare.

Benevolent Nature has placed him at the exquisite point where poetry ends and reality begins.—Zola.

He belongs to our modern class of trained men of letters. He is master of his art.
—Henry James.

An intellect to which one listens.—Meredith.

An eminent monsieur.—Shakespeare.

Write some letters literary.—W. S. Gilbert.

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We have all heard of the little girl who when she was good was very, very good, but when she was bad she was horrid. A correspondent of "Notes and Queries" asks for the authorship of an epigram on Women, which is built on the same plan, but is necessarily more solemnising. It runs:—

Oh the gladness of their gladness when they're glad,
And the sadness of their sadness when they're sad;
But the gladness of their gladness and the sadness of their sadness
Are as nothing to their badness when they're bad.

It seems that these useful lines have been attributed to Thomas Love Peacock, but the ascription is believed to be erroneous. And yet, one thinks, they might well have come from a writer who has been described as "a Rabelaisian pagan—egoistic, protean."

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In reference to the possible effect of the new tax upon the price of wheat, it is interesting to read the following entry in Pepys's diary for January 1, 1667:—"Dined with my Lord Crewe, with whom was Mr. Browne, Clerke of the House of Lords, and Mr. John Crewe. Here they did talk much of the present cheapness of corne, even to a miracle; so as their farmers can pay no rent, but do fling up their lands; and would pay in corne; but . . . our gentry are grown so ignorant in everything of good husbandry that they know not how to bestow this corne; which, did they understand but a little trade, they would be able to joyne together, and know what markets there are abroad, and send it thither, and thereby ease their tenants and be able to pay themselves." Coal, on the contrary, we are told by the same writer in the same year, was so scarce and dear as to be the cause of a mutiny in the Navy; while tea was as yet barely known. "I did send for a cup of tee (a China drink), of which I never had drunk before," he tells us.

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Until some "emancipated" Hindoo, with a genius approaching that of Dickens, or George Eliot, or Kipling, writes a novel of native life, the Western world will not know what that life really is. Native writers, among them a Christian pastor, have given us some glimpses of it, but glimpses only The newest author in this kind is an accomplished Bengalee, Mr. Romesh Dutt, C.I.E., known for his English versions from the old Indian Epics. Mr. Dutt has written, in English, a story of Indian domestic life, to which he has given the title of "The Lake of Palms," and which Mr. Unwin is about to publish. He describes the despotic rule of aged matrons over vast households, the quaint religious ceremonies which Hindoo wives and daughters observe at home, and the position of the Hindoo widow. To Western readers who interest themselves in India, the last is by far the most important matter. So would it be to the people of India themselves if tyrannical custom did not blind them to the evils of early marriage and compulsory widowhood. The despotically ruling Hindoo matron is one of the most curious characters in native Indian life. The Ranee, in Mr. R. Kipling's story, "Kim," is a type of this class—in the higher social sphere. Like Mr. Kipling, Mr. Romesh Dutt takes his personages through a pilgrimage to sacred places. Among Mr. Dutt's characters are some native youths as influenced by contact with the West—by the evil in it as well as by the good.

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The 10th April, 1710, is a noteworthy date in the history of literature. On that day came into operation an Act "for the Encouragement of Learning by vesting the Copies of Printed Books in the Authors or Purchasers of such Copies." This was the first measure passed for the protection of literary property: the word "copyright," according to Dr. Murray, was not used before 1767. In the preamble of the Bill, which is said to have been drafted by Dean Swift, the necessity of a measure "to enable learned men to write useful books" is dwelt upon. By its provisions two terms of copyright, each of 14 years, were created for all future publications, one term to follow immediately upon the other; if the author were still living, at the expiration of the first term. According to a subsidiary clause, if any publisher issued a book at a price judged too high by certain "discreet persons," he was liable to a penalty. The "discreet persons" included, among others, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Vice-Chancellors of Oxford and Cambridge; on them devolved the somewhat delicate task of fixing the book's value. This clause was repealed in 1739; but the term of copyright remained unaltered until 1842, when it was extended to the life of the author and seven years, or 42 years from the date of publication, whichever may prove longer. England was the first country thus to protect the right of authors. France followed suit in 1793; but in Germany no copyright law existed until 1870.

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Replying to a letter from Mr. Quiller Couch on the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, Mr. George Stronach says that the former, in the endeavour to lower the esteem in which Bacon was held as a poet, gave inferior selections from some of the great man's verses. Mr. Stronach accordingly gives some selections of a different class:—

Thou carriest man away, as with a tide,
Then down swim all his thoughts that mounted high,
Much like a mocking dream that will not hide,
But flies before the sight of aching eyes;
Or as the grass that cannot term obtain,
To see the summer come about again.

Of this Spedding says: "I should myself infer that Bacon had all the natural faculties which a poet wants, a fine feeling for imaginative effect in words, and a vein of poetic passion: the thought could not well be fitted with imagery, words, and rhythm, more apt and imaginative; and there is a tenderness of expression which comes manifestly out of a heart in sensitive sympathy with nature. . . The heroic couplet could hardly do its work better in the hands of Dryden." "The lines I have quoted," says Mr. Stronach, "may not be 'poetry' acording to Mr. Quiller Couch, but they appear to me to be quite as good 'poetry' as Shakespeare's:—

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbeare
To dig the dust encloased heare;
Bleste be the man that spares these stones,
And curs't be he that moves my bones.

These lines are supposed to be written by the author of 'The Sonnets.'"

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Colonel Harvey, president of the well-known publishing firm of Harper, has been giving his opinions to an interviewer on the condition and tendencies of the Anglo-American book world.

"What," he was asked, "is the most noteworthy tendency of American literature at the moment?"

"I think," he answered, "there can be little doubt that it is to be found in the rise and vogue of the purely American novel. I do not mean the proverbial American novel, for which the world has long been supposed to be waiting. It will never be written in one book, or by one man, because the subject of American life and character is far too big, far too complex, for that. What I mean is the American novel which deals with distinctive and characteristic parts of America—in a word, the local novel of American life and character."

"This style of fiction, as one gathers, is universally popular at present in America?"

"Yes, and I think it, and the ideas which it represents, will continue to dominate American literature for some years to come. Our people are anxious to read what they regard as pretty accurate and realistic accounts of life in those regions of the country which they do not personally know. Not more than four years ago the general historical novel—the novel of history here or there, it mattered little where—held the field. It has quite fallen away before the story with American colour; and the same change holds good in regard to short stories. Whereas before we gave prominence, in our monthly magazine, to what I may term short stories of action, we now select stories of character. It will be seen, altogether, that there has been a far-reaching development in American fiction. Incident you must always have, but that element is of less importance than character-study, and both are set in American local colour."

Asked as to whether the recent activity in American literature had been accompanied by a corresponding advance in reading on the part of the mass of the people, Colonel Harvey replied that "the two things have gone together, thanks to our system of education, which in the past ten years has enormously increased the percentage of book-readers. Every little place wants to have at its doors as good facilities for education as every big place has. We add about a million a year to the number of our population, but the increase in the number of readers is, in proportion, probably three times as great. After fiction I should think that history and biography—biography set out tersely, intimately, not in the old Blue-book style—will engage much of the energy of American writers in the future. Poetry? Well, I'm afraid poetry is not a very burning bush; there's no desperate demand for new poetry, always with certain exceptions." Speaking of the book trade in America, Colonel Harvey said it had been excellent for several years. He noted as a point of progress the attractively got-up books which most American houses now issue. "until not so long ago," he remarked, "we Americans were criticised, and rightly criticised, for the heavy paper on which we printed our books. Now we have changed all that." Colonel Harvey mentioned in particular that a new paper of good quality and singular lightness is coming into use in America. It is made from wood-pulp, by a special process, and he expressed the opinion that eventually it would everywhere become the popular paper for books.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

Only the girls in a telegraph exchange in New York city and the officials of the telephone company know what a vast amount of business is transacted in the American metropolis by telephone. In New York and its suburbs about 120,000 telephones are in use, more than in all France. These 120,000 telephones are used in ringing up the central stations about 426,000 times a day.

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Aluminium saw handles are being introduced which are said to be both lighter and stronger than those of wood. There are several shapes, but they are all made of thin sheet metal worked into the desired form and supplied with perforations for the purpose of enabling workmen to get a secure hold of the tool. One of the designs offered is adjustable, so that the right hand side of the handle is flush with the saw, permitting the operator to work close to the floor or in other inconvenient places.

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Machinery suffers, perhaps, as much from overheating as it does from general wear. In order to indicate when the moving parts have become excessively heated, a German inventor has devised a paint composed of an amalgam of the iodides of mercury and copper—a composition which, he claims, will turn colour when heated bearings to which it is applied are red in colour under normal conditions. But when a temperature of 140 deg. Fahr. is reached the paint turns black.

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Marconi has finally decided on Table Head, 15 miles from Sydney, as the location for his Cape Breton Station. He told the officials of the town that flashes from the trolley wire would interfere with his system, and asked if the town could take some action on the matter. Forthwith a meeting of the Council was called. A resolution was passed that for a period of five years no trolley line was to be operated within a third of a mile of the station. Marconi says that the work of building the station will begin at once and will be completed within three months.

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The German War Office has offered three prizes of 10,000, 5,000, and 2,500 marks respectively for the best motor vehicles for military use. The machines must be ready for testing by February, 1903. Each automobile must be driven by alcohol; must be chiefly adapted for the transportation of military supplies and artillery; must not weigh less than 8 tons; and must have a tractive power of 16 tons on good roads. The vehicle must be able to travel on soft or rough ground and also through water 18 inches deep. A limit of 20 inches has been placed upon the width of the tyres. The competition is open only to German automobile makers.

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The recent violent earthquake at Shemakha, near Baku (Russia), afforded some very interesting and conclusive data regarding the rate of the earth's vibration. Shemakha is some 1,400 miles distant from Moscow as the bird flies, but the seismographic instruments in the University of the latter city duly recorded the disturbance. The earthquake occurred at 12.15 Shemakha local time, and it was recorded in Moscow at 12.13 local time. The difference in time between the two cities is 35 minutes, so the vibration of the earth's crust travelled over the 1,400 miles separating the two points at a velocity of 40 miles a minute.

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M. Edouard Branly, the well-known French electrician, who has long been interested in the problem of wireless telegraphy, has now perfected a device which it is stated will considerably develop communication by this means. It is called the improved Bramly radio-conductor. The Bramly coherer is already employed in wireless telegraphy, but the value of the new device is the important discovery that any two pieces of metal, provided one of them be polished or oxidized, will serve all purposes of the tube. Any metal will suffice for this object. The result has even been secured with a common needle. The new radio-conductor consists of a horizontal plaque of polished steel connected with one pole of the circuit, on which rests a small metallic tripod connected with the other pole, the three points of the tripod being oxidized.

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The currency of Abyssinia is somewhat varied, to judge by an account given of it by Count Gleichen in his story of the mission to Menelik. For standard money the people of Abyssinia use the Maria Theresa 1780 dollars, but for small change a very different coin is resorted to. This is no other than a bar of hard crystallised salt, about ten inches long and two and a half broad and thick, slightly tapering towards the end. Five of these bars go for a dollar at the capital. People are very particular about the standard of fineness of the currency. If it does not ring like metal when struck with the finger nail, or if it is cracked or chipped, they will not take it. It is a token of affection when friends meet to give each other a lick of their respective amolis, and in this way the value of the bar is decreased.

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According to the Centralblatt fur Accumulatorenund Elementenkunde, a German company is building electric tug boats with some success, these boats being employed for touring purposes regularly between Zehndenick and Berlin. The boats are 14 to 15 meters in length, 3.25 meters in width, and have a draught of 1.05 meters, and are able to tow barges of 150 tons at a higher rate than the steam tugs usually employed for this purpose. The chief advantages offered by these electrically propelled tugs is that their displacement is considerably less than that of steam tugs of equivalent drawing power, and they are, therefore, peculiarly suited for towing purposes in shallow and winding canals or rivers. The transport of goods by water is said to require only one-fifth of the drawing power required for transport by rail, so that this development of electrically-propelled tugboats is worthy of attention.

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An ingenious electric switch for crossovers of road surface railroads has been devised by Messrs. S. Dixon and Sons, electrical engineers of Leeds. The feature of the invention is the simultaneous automatic adjustment of crossovers on the rails and overhead wires of an electric system, the object being achieved by means of a small switch conveniently placed in front of the driver of the car. The switch is connected by ordinary electric wires with the trolley head, and is so arranged that when passing a convenient position in front of the crossovers to be moved, by merely turning the switch the points on both rails and the trolly wire overhead are opened, while a second contact, after passing the crossover, closes them. The necessary batteries for the circuit are inclosed in a box beside the track. The contrivance, which is extremely simple in mechanism, it also fitted with a hand lever, which in case of any breakdown in the electrical equipment can be used to set the crossovers and overhead switch by one movement.

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Some very cautious experiments have recently been carried out in the German Zoological Gardens in order to ascertain the actual influence of music upon animals. The instrument was the violin and Herr Baker was the performer. Of all the animals the puma was the most sensitive to the musical influence. His moods changed rapidly according to the nature of the melody, the animal frequently becoming very excited and nervous, "just like a Frenchman," as the report says. Leopards were entirely unconcerned, but the lions appeared to be afraid, although their cubs wanted to dance when the music became livelier. The hyenas were very much terrified, but the monkeys were merely curious and interested. Wolves, on the other hand, were highly appreciative, and seemed to beg for an encore. The experiments are to be continued and with a variety of instruments, in order to distinguish between the mental states which are actually produced by the music and those which are merely the result of an unusual experience.

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Two-thirds of all the letters which pass through the post offices of the world are written by and sent to people who speak English, says Bradstreet's. There are substantially 500,000,000 persons speaking colloquially one or other of the ten or twelve chief modern languages, and of these about 25 per cent., or 125,000,000 persons, speak English. About 90,000,000 speak Russian, 75,000,000 German, 55,000,000 French, 45,000,000 Spanish, 35,000,000 Italian, and 12,000,000 Portuguese, and the balance Hungarian, Dutch, Polish, Flemish, Bohemian, Gaelic, Roumanian, Swedish, Finnish, Danish, and Norwegian. Thus, while only one-quarter of those who employ the facilities of the postal departments of civilised Governments speak as their native tongue English, two-thirds of those who correspond do so in the English language. There are, for instance, more than 20,000 post offices in India, the business of which in letters and papers aggregate more than 300,000,000 a year, and the business of these offices is done chiefly in English, though of India's total population, which is nearly 300,000,000, fewer than 000,000 persons either speak or understand English.

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One of the recent balloon projects advanced in France is that of crossing the Sahara, and M. Les Deburaux, a prominent aeronaut, has been giving considerable study to the question, and thinks it quite practicable by his method of guide-rope, and that it would be possible to make the passage across the Sahara from Tunis to the Niger by utilising the north-easterly winds which prevail in the region. The Count Castillon de Saint-Victor, who was one of the party on the last Mediterranean trip, is convinced of the practicability of the scheme, and wishes to put it into execution. However, the expense of such an undertaking would be considerable, and a large balloon sufficient to carry four or five aeronauts would necessitate an outlay of £12,000. For this reason the promoters of the enterprise wish to make an experiment on a small scale and use a balloon which is not mounted by an aeronaut, but is arranged on an automatic system. This expirement could be made for the comparatively small sum of £800. According to the project of M. Deburaux the balloon is provided with an automatic apparatus for keeping it in equilibrium, and various registering instruments. It is estimated that under the most unfavourable conditions the balloon would remain in the air at least 12 days. There are ample data in regard to the prevailing winds in the region, and all the Sahara explorers are in accord that the north-north-east winds blow over the central Sahara in an almost constant manner from October to April, with invariable fine weather. These winds would propel the balloon provided with its guide-rope at a mean speed of 12 miles an hour, and thus it would cover 288 miles in 24 hours. If the balloon should become shipwrecked en route it would in any case have been seen by the nomads of the desert, and as its passage would be for them an extraordinary phenomenon, the news would be quickly spread abroad, and there would be no difficulty in forming an idea of the traject made by the balloon, and perhaps the wreck could be found, together with the registering instruments.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

From the Dublin Newspapers of 1793.

October 24.—This day Mr Dunn stood in the pillory in Church street, agreeably to his sentence, for making use of certain seditious expressions at the house of Mr. Vousden in Church street.

An error, it seems, had happened as to the particular spot for erecting the pillory, it being placed opposite Mr. Vousden's house, instead of the church, as directed by the sentence. On the arrival of the Sheriffs and guards, the order of the court being read, the error was discovered, when one of the Sheriffs addressed the multitude, requesting their assistance in moving the pillory to its proper place, assuring them that they would be well paid for their trouble; but a sullen silence and inactivity prevailing among the crowd, he applied to a number of soldiers present as spectators, who instantly obeyed his directions.

When Mr. Dunn ascended the pillory, a gentleman from a window entered into some conversation with him; he was, however, severely reprimanded by one of the Sheriffs, who insisted no person should speak to the culprit.

Extract of a Letter from Roscommon.

"October 12, 1793.

"On Wednesday last arrived here the Right Hon. the Lord Chief Baron and the Right Hon. Prime Sergeant Fitzgerald, and they opened the new Commission to try those unfortunate persons whose trials were postponed from the last adjournment, on account of the return of an illegal grand jury.

"Early on Thursday morning, after the new grand jury panel had been called over, the counsel for the prisoners tendered a challenge to the array of the panel, to the following purport:—'That W. Crofton, Esq., who impannelled and returned the same was not qualified to act as Sheriff of this county, as he had not performed the requisites, as by the statute of the 2nd of Queen Anne, cap vi. is required by all officers on their several appointments and admissions into office: wherefore it is prayed that the array might be quashed.' The above statute enacts that all officers who do not qualify according to the modes specified therein, are incapable of acting in, or holding the same, and the office is thereby declared null and void.

"This challenge having been received, the Crown lawyers demurred thereto, ore tenus—whereby they admitted the want of qualification in the Sheriff; but after long arguments on both sides, the Court disallowed the challenge. Negative certificates of the non-qualification of the Sheriff were ready to be proved, but the prisoners' counsel, relying on the point of the demurrer, admitting every fact in the plea or challenge, declined producing them.

"The prisoners not agreeing to join in their challenges to the petty jury, the principal of them, Mr. J. M'Dermott, was then arraigned singly on an indictment containing nine several counts; the principal of which was—'For having, on the 21st of May last, feloniously, with several unknown, broke open the house of Thomas Tennison, Esq., and thereout stole several articles of plate, wine, etc., etc.' To this he pleaded Not Guilty. A panel of near three hundred names being returned, after three hours taken up in trying several challenges for cause in favour of the prisoners, and also of the Crown, about twelve o'clock a jury was sworn.

"The indictment was opened by the junior counsel for the prosecution, and then the Solicitor-General stated the case with great ability and vast ingenuity. Several witnesses were produced and examined to support the indictment; three were produced by the prisoners; and after a very able and discriminating charge from the Chief Baron, the jury retired about ten o'clock; but not being likely to agree, the court was adjourned until this morning at twelve o'clock, and a difference of opinion still continuing, their Lordships determined to bring the jury to the bounds of the county, and directed the Sheriff to prepare forthwith.

"The Solicitor-General, with that humanity for which he is so particularly distinguished, interceded in the name of Mr. Tennison, to have the several unfortunate wretches that remained on the calendar bailed, which the Chief Baron readily assented to; and, having discharged the goal, the commission, with the prisoner, the Sheriff, and the jury, escorted by a troop of the 14th Regiment of Light Dragoons, proceeded to the bounds of the county.

As the jury were leaving the town, those who had been for acquitting the prisoner consented to find him guilty to the value of 4s. 9d., to which the others assented; but, to the surprise of every one, on coming to the bounds of the county, about four miles, they changed their minds again, and refused to give any verdict, on which the prisoner was remanded."

Counsel for the Crown—Right Hon. Solicitor-General, Hon. Ed. Stanley, John Blossett, Esq.; James Whitestone, Esq. Agent—Mr. Kemmis.

Counsel for the Prisoner—John Geoghegan, Esq.; Charles M'Carthy, Esq.; William Boyd, Esq.; Owen M'Dermott, Esq.

November 1.—On Friday night last, at the hour of nine o'clock, a number of armed men surrounded the house of Mrs. Moore, of Ballintree, in the county of Meath, and parish of Kilbride; first they fired several shots into the house, then proceeded to the haggard and took out some straw to set fire to the place if not admitted, which the people of the place were obliged to do, then proceeded to plunder the house, and took cash, plate, and several other articles of value. And on the same night they proceeded to the house of Mr. Tyrrell, of Strokestown, in the parish of Dunboyne, in said county, and robbed him of cash and sundry articles.

It gives us great pleasure to record the gallant behaviour of two companies of Irish Artillery, when the army retreated on the 8th of September. Their orders were to march from Ostend, and proceed with all possible expedition to Furnes. In their route they met the baggage of the army retreating, and every person they addressed giving them a worse account than they had heard before. Many dissuaded them from pursuing their march, and concluded they would never return. They were young men, yet their spirit and good fortune disappointed these conjectures; not an individual shrunk or showed any symptoms of fear. They arrived time enough to save a valuable depot of ammunition, which, but for their seasonable exertions, would have fallen into the enemy's hands. They received thanks in the handsomest manner from Colonel Congreve, of the Artillery, who afterwards reported their conduct to the British Commander-in-Chief.

Committed to the gaol of Maryborough, on the 24th inst., by Sir Robert Staples, Bart., James Edw. Hamilton, late of Clookskerry, gent.; Richard Moore, jun., of Rathdowney, attorney; William Kealey, of Coolkerry, labourer; Patrick Lawler, of the same, labourer; and William Stapleton, of the same, labourer; all in the Queen's County; who stand charged, upon oath, with forcibly, feloniously, and without due process of law, taking and holding possession of the said lands of Coolkerry.

November 2.—Yesterday a cause of some novelty was tried in the city Court-house, Limerick, before the Mayor, Recorder, and Sheriffs, wherein Edwd. Parker, Esq., was plaintiff, and Capt. David Forbes, of the 34th Regiment, lately commanding officer of this garrison, was defendant. The action was brought for the value of a horse, killed by the firing of soldiers at a target, under the command of the captain. The gentlemen of the bench, the counsel on both sides, and every auditor, appeared most anxious in expressing their most cordial approbation of the meritorious conduct of this brave officer, well recollecting the very signal services he rendered to this city and county while commanding officer and magistrate at large of the county; to which he was most honourably appointed by the express favour of our upright Chancellor. The jury, composed of the first characters in the city, held themselves bound, not only by law, but in conscience, to find a verdict for the plaintiff; yet no doubt can remain that the Government of this country will reimburse the worthy captain in every expense he may be put to in the business. Counsel for the plaintiff—Geo. Pitt, Esq. For the defendant—Thomas Casey, Esq.

Sunday last a melancholy accident happened in the harbour of Cork:—Lieutenant Forde, with Ensigns C. Upton, F. Tidy, and the surgeon's mate of the 43rd Regiment, having dined with some of the officers of their regiment who were in a different ship, were returning in the evening to the transport in which they were appointed to sail, when unfortunately the boat overset, by which Messrs. Forde, Upton, the surgeon's mate, one soldier (who was servant to Mr. Upton), and five sailors were drowned; two sailors and Ensign Tidy saved themselves by swimming till boats came to their assistance.

(To be Continued.)

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THE MEETING HOUSE, DUNGANNON.



WHERE THE VOLUNTEERS ASSEMBLED IN 1782.

(FROM A CONTEMPORARY PICTURE.)

The paper which Mr. C. Litton Falkiner has contributed to our pages, on "The Parish Church of the Old Irish Parliament," has suggested the reproduction of the picture of the Meeting House in Dungannon, wherein the Volunteers of '82 assembled and adopted those resolutions the carrying into effect of which contributed so many striking pages to the Parliamentary history of our country. The picture of which above is a copy appeared in the "Anthologia Hibernica" in 1793, with the subjoined description:—

Dungannon is an ancient borough in the county of Tyrone, and gives name to a barony, and title to the noble family of Trevor. It was the ancient patrimony of the O'Neils, the great chiefs of Ulster. In 1498 it was the principal seat of Neil Mac Art O'Neil, who had a strong castle here, which the same year was taken by Gerald, the eighth earl of Kildare. The castle was soon recovered by its former possessor, but in 1517 was again surrendered to Gerald, the ninth earl of Kildare, who burnt it. Con O'Neil, in the reign of Henry VII., built a small monastery on the south side of the town, for Franciscan Friars of the third Order; which, on the suppression of religious houses, was granted to Richard, earl of Westmeath, who assigned it to Sir Arthur Chichester, ancestor of the present Marquis of Donegal.

The castle experienced the vicissitudes of turbulent ages, being alternately in the hands of contending parties, sometimes dismantled, and sometimes repaired. In the troubles of 1641 it was one of the first seized by the northern insurgents, but it shared the fate of the other fortresses, being demolished by the parliamentary forces.

Dungannon continued in obscurity until the 15th February, 1782, when the Ulster volunteer delegates assembled there in the dissenting Meeting-house, there being no church. After choosing Col. Wm. Irvine their chairman, they entered into spiritual resolutions, which in the event secured the independence of our parliament, our national judicature, our commerce, and a happy toleration. On the 8th September, 1783, there was another assembly at Dungannon, when 500 delegates from 270 volunteer corps appeared. Col. James Stewart was called to the chair, and twenty-two resolutions were unanimously agreed to. The 13th was, "Resolved unanimously, that a committee of five persons from each county be now chosen by ballot to represent this province in a 'Grand National Convention,' to be held at noon in the Royal Exchange of Dublin, on the 10th

November next; to which, we trust, each of the other provinces will send delegates, to digest and publish a plan of a parliamentary reform; to pursue such measures as may appear to them most likely to render it effectual, to adjourn from time to time, and convene provincial meetings, if found necessary." This resolution was suggested by the Rev. Mr. Wyville, of Yorkshire, who, at the same time, was zealously urging the plan of a reform in England. The Convention met on the day appointed, and broke up the 2nd December in the same year.

On the 15th February, 1793, delegates from Ulster again met at Dungannon, William Sharman, Esq., in the chair, when fifteen resolutions were agreed to: they were strongly expressive of the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, of a parliamentary reform, and the rejection of a national militia.

THREE COUNTY HISTORIES OF CLARE.

A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.

Mr. James Frost, M.R.I.A., etc., etc., than whom there has been no more painstaking Irish historian, commenced to write "The History and Topography of Clare" (his native county) in the seventies or early eighties, and it was published in 1893. He consulted with extreme care all the authorities, many libraries, and MSS. of the Three Kingdoms and the Continent, and visited, in order to verify facts, every parish in Clare. As a grand juror for many years of Co. Clare, he was very conversant with his native county; but lest any inaccuracy in any form might creep into his book, he again visited every parish, ruin, etc., and compared the traditions with his authorities, the result being the extremely correct book under notice. He is now completing a County History of "Irish Names," whose interest to Claremen at home and abroad it is difficult to overestimate. This beautiful book of 660 pp., and illustrated, is now reduced from 7s. 6d. to 5s., per post, 5s. 6d., and American post, 6s. Mr. J. Hayes, Bookseller, Ennis, has the exclusive sale of the remainder of this book.

Very Rev. J. Fahy's (P.P., V.G., M.R.S.A.I., etc., etc., St. Colman's, Gort) "History of the Diocese of Kilmacduah (part in Clare and part in Galway), is practically a history of Clare. It is the result of very many years of careful study of Irish archæology and Irish Church history. This kind-hearted and widely-known Sagart a rúin (Sagart Aroon), will live long in the love of the people of his diocese, and, indeed, in the memory of every one who has had the pleasure of once meeting him—for to meet is to love him. It is now also reduced from 8s. to 4s., per post, 4s. 6d., American post, 5s. The exclusive sale of this book is also in the hands of Mr. Hayes.

Dean White's "History of Clare and Dalcassian Chiefs" is very suitable for the general reader, being written in a very clear and flowing style. It is reduced from 10s. 6d. to 3s. 6d., per post, 4s., American post, 4s. 6d., and may also be had from Mr. Hayes.

The three authors published their books in 1893—all three, we believe, being quite unconscious of the others' work. No other county in Ireland can boast of such industry and success in county histories, and all of such high standing.

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS:

Compiled from Authentick Memoirs, Offices of Record, Manufcript Collections, and other Unexceptionable Vouchers,

By THE LATE WALTER HARRIS, ESQ. WITH AN APPENDIX.

Chap. VIII.

Of the forces, musters, and military discipline of the city of Dublin, according to the ancient constitutions, customs, and usages.

The signal actions done from time to time by the citizens of Dublin, in aid of the state, will be seen hereafter; in the meantime, it may be thought necessary to say a few words of their "military discipline" in ancient times, which produced those services for which they have been justly remarkable: For it is habit and discipline that create the chief distinctions between man and man in point of valour, notwithstanding what has been alleged on the score of inward worth.

The military forces of the city were anciently composed of twenty corporations, commanded in chief by the principal magistrate, and every company under the guidance of their respective masters, as captains, subordinate to whom were appointed lieutenants, and other inferior officers. The foot, consisting of twenty companies, were mustered and exercised four times a year: 1st. On Easter Monday, commonly called "black Monday," from a disastrous accident which happened to the citizens of Dublin on that day; 2ndly, on May-day; 3rdly, on Midsummer-eve; and 4thly, on St. Peter's-eve. On "black Monday" and "midsummer-eve" the mayor and sheriffs mustered and commanded the forces in person; but on the other two days, the mayor and sheriffs of the "bull-ring" had the chief command of the "bachelors," who were then mustered before them. The horse were mustered on Shrove Tuesday, and then commanded in chief by the sheriffs of the city. The charges of these musters were defrayed by fines levied on such freemen as had been married the foregoing year. The mayor and principal citizens sat at these musters under a pavilion or tent erected on the top of a butt; and every person so married, being below the estate of paying a fine in money, presented the mayor with an orange, as an acknowledgement for the fine, which by the constitution and custom of the city he was liable to.

The mayor of the "bull-ring" was an officer eligible by the citizens yearly, to be captain or guardian of the bachelors of the city; and during the year of his office had authority to punish such as frequented brothel-houses, and the like infamous places. He took his name from an iron ring in Corn-market, to which the butchers fastened their bulls for baiting; and when any bachelor citizen happened to marry, the custom was for the mayor of the bull-ring and his attendants to conduct the bridegroom, upon his return from church, to the ring, and there with a solemn kiss receive his homage and last farewell: From whence the new-married man took the mayor and sheriffs of the bull-ring home to dinner with him, unless he were poor; in which case, the mayor and his bachelors made a collection for him, which they gave to him at the ring, upon receiving his homage. But this office seems to have been ludicrous, and established merely by custom, without any foundation of authority.

The muster on "black Monday," beforementioned, and the name of the day, had their rise upon this occasion. The Bristolines of Dublin, to whom king Henry II. granted the city, by custom had introduced a sport among them called "hurling of balls," which they practised on all festival days. One party of the citizens challenged another party to exercise this recreation on Easter Monday near Cullen's-wood, two miles from Dublin. Having, as they thought, at that time fully subdued the Irish enemy, they feared no attempt from them, and therefore went out unarmed. But a false brother gave notice of the citizens' intentions to the enemy, then lurking in the neighbouring mountains, who marching down privately, laid an ambush in Cullen's-wood, who fell on the citizens, unprepared and fatigued with the laborious diversion, and slew upwards of five hundred of them. This disaster happened in the year 1209, and ever since hath been called "black Monday." The city was soon after replenished by a new colony of Bristolines, who for ages after kept up the memorial of this misfortune, by marching out to the place well armed every Easter Monday, and bidding defiance to their enemies.

The citizens heretofore in general hostings marched out with a black standard carried before them; which proved a great terror to the Irish enemy, as knowing by dear-bought experience that it was attended by valiant, well-disciplined, and soldierly citizens.

Chapter IX.

Brief annals of the city of Dublin from the year 448 to the year 1169, when it was first invaded by the English, during which period the Ostmen or Danes became masters of it.

We have seen before (Chap. I.) that Dublin was either built or fortified by the Ostmen

or Danes, who settled here early on the score of traffic; but, as these mercantile people had for a long time no concern in government, it cannot be expected that their actions could afford any matter for history, till their countrymen came hither for the purposes of conquest in the 9th century, and, like a deluge, spread the terror of their arms through the whole kingdom.

That Dublin, and the adjacent territories, were early governed by Roitelets, or petty kings, is manifest from the tenor of the Irish history, though the names of such petty kings have not been handed down to us, except in one instance only. For the kingdom being cantomed into several parts, the supreme monarch had his share of territory, as well as the dominion of the whole. The four provincial kings were governors of the four provinces, yet in subordination to the supreme monarch, to whom they were feudatory, and collected and paid the allotted tributes and taxes for the support of the government to him; so that, properly speaking, they were "substitutes" or "viceroys" only to the monarchs of Ireland, though they often undertook to mete his power. If the provincial kings were to be considered in any other light, it would be repugnant to the nature of monarchy, which was always the prevailing form of government in this island; and the title of king of Ireland would be only an empty shadow if those provincial kings should be allowed singly to enjoy a supreme right of magistracy in their respective shares. For then nothing would be left to the supreme monarch but the little territory of Meath, which was reckoned his private estate, and was allotted to him for the maintenance of his table.

As the provincial kings were substitutes to the supreme monarch, so they had under them other "inferior kings" of smaller territories. For the possessors of considerable domains in Ireland were in common acceptation dignified with the titles of kings, though in reality they were only subjects; so that to this passage of Martial, "Qui rex est, regem, Maxime, non habeat," may be opposed another (Flah. Ogyg. p. 31), "Degener in tuguri rex lare quisque fui." Thus we read frequently of the king of Brefinny, the king of Kinsellagh, the king of Ossory, the king of Cashell, and the like, who were all subjects only to the several provincial kings, as these latter were to the monarch. The Irish in this instance of petty kings, followed the examples of other nations, who often gave the title of kings to the governors of small territories, and sometimes to those of single towns. Thus Ulysses was called king of Ithaca, though his dominions were only a craggy island of about 25 miles in compass; insomuch that Cicero compares them to "a nest built upon a rock." Nestor had the title of king of Pylos, though his power extended no further than a single town of that name in Peloponnesus. Joshua slew thirty-one kings in the small compass of Palestine alone; and Strabo affirms that every city of the Phœnicians was governed by a peculiar king. Nor is there occasion to travel so far for instances of this kind, Kent alone being subject to four kings, when Julius Cæsar invaded it.

The Irish language distinguisheth the office of king by two words (Ogyg. p. 28), namely, "airdrigh," or the high king; i.e., the supreme monarch; and "righ-beag," i.e., the little or "petty king"; in latin "regulus," who was a provincial or inferior king, and owed obedience and subjection to the "airdrigh," though at the same time he exercised an absolute authority over his own subjects, who nevertheless had a right of appeal to the supreme monarch. There were also other petty kings of smaller districts in Ireland, some subject to the "airdrigh," and some to the provincial kings. From hence it seems to be fairly collected that the provincial kings were the great officers of the supreme monarch's court, and of his council; and that the other petty kings, or chieftains of smaller districts, were in the nature of counts, barons, or lords of manors in other countries, and were probably the great officers of the several provincial kings, and of their council. Some ancient writers, taking example from the customs of other countries, have not unfrequently called these last mentioned petty kings by the titles of "dukes" (duces) or chieftains, and counts. Thus the author of the life of St. Declan (MS.), not yet published, calls the father of Declan, "Ercus, dux Desiorum," i.e., Ercus, duke or chieftain of Desies, then a territory, now a barony in the county of Waterford, of which the descendants of that Ercus continued petty kings until the arrival of the English. So in the life of St. Carthag (cited by Flah. Ogyg, p. 29), Melocride is called dux Nan-Desi, duke or chieftain of Decies. Bede (Eccl. Hist. lib. 4 cap. 4), in his account of St. Colman, says, "That he bought Mayo a comite ad cujus possessionem pertinebat—from a count whose estate it was." The author of the life of Laurence O'Toole (Jnt. Surii Collect.), archbishop of Dublin, who died in the year 1180, mentions a count of Kildare, who undoubtedly was then petty king of that district; for Kildare was not erected into an earldom till 1316.

The Danes, having settled themselves in the government of Dublin, followed the example of the Irish in this particular, and were sometimes called kings, and sometimes counts; of which an instance may be seen in the black-book of Christchurch, Dublin, where Sitric Mac-Aulaff, king of the Ostmen of Dublin, is called Sitricus, rex Dublin, filius Ableb, comitis Dublin, which Ableb, otherwise called Aulaff, was immediate predecessor to Sitric.

Many instances of this sort of petty kings might be cited from the histories of Ireland, which, to avoid prolixity, are omitted; and thus much is advanced only to give the reader some idea of the nature of the kings, or chief governors of Dublin in the Danish times, who undoubtedly owed subjection to the provincial kings of Leinster; though in the 9th and 10th centuries, when they had strengthened themselves in Dublin, Fingal, and other adjacent territories, they shook off their allegiance, and often made war on these princes.

One instance only occurs of a king of Dublin (and that in the 5th century) before the invasions of the Danes in the beginning of the 9th, and he is mentioned (it must be confessed) by no very reputable writer (Jocelin. vit. Patricii, cap 71), as follows:

A.D. 448. Alphin Mc. Eochaid, king of Dublin, and his subjects, were converted to the Christian faith by the preaching of St. Patrick, and baptised in a fountain called after that missionary's name, St. Patrick's Well, on the south side of the city, near the place where the steeple of the church dedicated to him now stands, which well (we are told by archbishop Ussher) (Primord. p. 863) was a little before the year 1639, shut up and enclosed within a private house. In the black-book of Christ-church the following passage may be seen. "Fornices, &c. The arches or vaults were built by the Danes before the arrival of St. Patrick in Ireland; and at that time Christ-church was not built in the manner it is now; and therefore St. Patrick celebrated Mass in one of the arches or vaults, which to this day is called the arch or vault of St. Patrick: and St. Patrick prophesied concerning the building of Christ-church there in future ages." It must follow from hence that these vaults were erected by the Ostmen merchants, as a depository for their wares, many ages before that people came to make settlements here on the score of conquest, which happened in the following time and manner

A.D. 838. The Ostmen entered the river Liffey (Annals of the Four Masters), with a fleet of sixty sail, in aid of their countrymen, who had ravaged the land, and made several settlements in it during the space of 43 years before. Dublin now submitted to them for the first time, in which they raised a strong rath (Waræi Antiq. cap. 24), and thereby curbed not only the city, but in a little time extended their conquests through Fingal to the north, and as far as Bray, and the mountains of Wicklow to the south. These parts seem to have been soon after made the head of the Danish settlements in Leinster, and from them Fingal took its name, as much as to say, "the territory of the white foreigners or Norwegians," as the country to the south of Dublin was called "Dubh-Gall," or "the territory of the black foreigners," from the Danes. This last denomination is not preserved in history, that we know of; but it remains by tradition among the native Irish of these parts to this day. The Danes, however, were soon after driven out of Dublin. Turgesius, their principal commander, was slain in 845, and the greatest part of the Danes driven back to Norway, and the islands from whence they came.

(To be Continued.)

MAY-DAY and MIDSUMMER
IN
IRISH FOLK-LORE.

By N. O'KEARNEY.

La Bealtine, the day of Baal's fire, as the first day of the month of May is called in Irish, was unquestionably a day on which a solemn festival was held by the Druids; possibly the most solemn festival in the Pagan calendar—the festival of La Samna the first day of November, excepted. It has been frequently alleged that little or no trace of Druidical religion can now be discovered, because the reminiscences relative to it found in authentic Irish manuscripts are too meagre and insufficient to found anything like a rational theory upon their authority. There is, it must be confessed, strong ground for this argument, especially in case there were no other aids to fall back on; but if we look carefully around us, examine Ireland as we find her, attend to the traditions that yet remain among us, and compare them with the strange customs still prevalent in many places, and with such extraneous rites as we find analogous with them, a theory may yet be formed which will throw much light upon many mystic passages found in Irish manuscripts, as well as on Irish history itself, though it may not be found sufficient for the full development of the ancient Druidic religion. In elucidation, it is necessary to give a few of the strange customs that were practised, and many of which are still practised, at the periodical return of May-day and midsummer.

On the morning of Bealtine, it was customary with such as possessed cattle, especially herdsmen, who were skilled in the old practices, to omit lighting their fires until midday at least, when the sun was at his meridian altitude, or until they found that their less cunning neighbours had lighted theirs; for then no danger, as they supposed, was to be apprehended. The reason they assigned for this custom was, that witches and other malicious creatures, invisible as well as visible, possessed power to rob them of the produce of their dairies, and to do great injury to their cattle and other substance. Those who were addicted to these customs would on no account permit any person, even their most intimate friend or dearest relation, to take away any portion of their fires, when lighted, outside of their houses on that day, because they imagined that it would be unlucky and would militate against their prosperity; and to such a degree of exactness was the prohibition carried out that a mother was known to have refused her daughter, who lived in the neighbourhood, and whose "fire went out," as the phrase goes, an ember to kindle her fire to dress food for her children and husband. This absurd practice, it is clear, did not emanate from any principle of Christianity, but was a relic of the Druidic prohibition, which forbade any person to light a fire on that day, or derive an ember to kindle a fire from any other source, except from their own sacred fires, for which each family paid a certain tax. An extract from the Leabar Breac, given in the "Book of Rights," published by the Celtic Society, (1) will throw some light on the nature of the prohibition respecting the Druids' fire "Patrick goes afterwards to Fearta Fear Fiecc. A fire is kindled by him at that place on Easter eve. Laegaire is enraged as he sees the fire, for that was the geis (prohibition) of Teamhair among the Gaedhhil; and no one dared to kindle a fire in Ireland on that day until it should be first kindled at Teamhair at the solemnity," by the Druids, it may, perhaps, be added. It little matters whether the fire described above was the Baal fire, or any other Druidical fire, since the sacred fire was lighted more than once in the year, under equally stringent prohibitions, as appears by an extract from St. Patrick's Life by St. Mochta (2):—"Erat quoque quidam mos apud illos per edictum omnibus intimatus ut quicumque in cunctis regionibus sive procul, sive juxta, in illa nocte incendissent ignem, antequam in domu regia, id est, in palatio Temoriæ, succenderetur, periret anima ejus de popula suo." It was in consequence of the fear inculcated by the threat of this very severe penalty, and the dread of supernatural evils, with which the Druids threatened the people as a judgment for the clandestine violation of their ordinances, that the superstitious practices of neglecting to kindle fires, or give any portion of fire to light that of their neighbours, prevailed

It seems probable that the Druids consecrated water, as well as fire, on the eve of Baal, and possibly prohibited its use, except what was drawn from their sacred fountains; and that it was a source of revenue to them, as well as fire. No authority, however, has yet been found for this assumption, except it can be inferred from a practice very prevalent, of drawing the first water after midnight, from wells and fountains; this was called ꝼɀaiṫ an ṫobaiꝛ (the purity of the well)—positively a Pagan superstition. The people of each village, or townland, usually sat up on the eve of Bealtine, that they might overreach one another in drawing the first draught or pitcher of water from their wells and fountains. As the water should be drawn furtively, many an ingenious plan and cunning stratagem would be devised and used to outwit the rest of the neighbours in procuring the ꝼɀaiṫ. Whoever succeeded usually cast a tuft of grass into the well, which warned all others that that well had been robbed of its ꝼɀaiṫ. This first water was carefully preserved during the year, and was looked upon as a powerful charm or antidote against witchcraft and other imaginady evils which impeded; it was also considered very lucky to keep it in the house.

Another custom was scrupulously observed after sunset on the eve of Bealtine. Farmers, accompanied by their servants and domestics, were accustomed to walk around the boundaries of their farms in a sort of procession, carrying implements of husbandry, seeds of corn, ꝼɀaiṫ an ṫobaiꝛ, and other requisites, especially the sacred herb, bean fin (vervain), if any person were fortunate enough to possess a sprig of it. The procession always halted at the most convenient stations facing the four cardinal points, beginning at the east, and went through several ceremonies, particularly that of digging a sod, breaking it fine, and then sowing seed, after which they sprinkled the glebb with ꝼɀaiṫ an ṫobaiꝛ. They then drove all their cows into one place, and examined their tails, lest a witch or evil-disposed person might there conceal a sprig of the rowan tree, or some other bewitched token. If any suspicious bramble were found attached to a cow's tail, it was immediately taken and burned, and a sprig of vervain, if convenient, or a branch of the rowan substituted instead; for the rowan was potent for good as well as evil, if it were cut before sunrise on Bealtine morning. The cows were afterwards sprinkled with ꝼɀaiṫ an ṫobaiꝛ, preserved since last May-Day, which ended the ceremony.

It cannot be conveniently denied that these customs, too, were remnants of the superstitions practised in the olden time. The Hindus of the present day look upon the Cusha grass as sacred, and use it in almost all their lustrations. Our species of grass, called ouisheag, was once used for similar purposes, if we may credit herb-doctors and charm-mongers; and the casting of a tuft of it into the wells, on the night of Bealtine, was, possibly, once a sacred rite. The Hindus, too, have their cow-festival, called Gosht'hashtami, which is held on the 8th of Cartica; on this festival cows are attended to the pasture, hand-fed, and caressed; and the Hindus walk round them with ceremony, keeping them always to the right (3). These customs in Ireland, and similar ceremonies in Hindustan, were performed with the view of conciliating the moon, which was represented by the cow, in order that the deity represented by that animal, which was also a type of the earth, like the Rhea of the Latins, and Rae of the Irish, would deign to insure them a prosperous harvest. This is clearly shown by the following: Prithu having been churned from an apereure made in the right arm of his father Vena, was, unlike his wicked brother who had been churned from the left arm, a beautiful boy, and proved to be the form of Vishnu. "Gods and men came to make obeisance to him, and celebrate his appearance on earth. He married a form of the goddess Lacshmi. In his time, the earth having refused to give her wonted supplies to mankind, Prithu began to beat and wound her. The earth, assuming the shape of a cow, went to the high grounds of Meru, and there laid her complaint before the supreme court, who rejected it; as she acknowledged, that she had refused the common necessaries of life, not only to mankind in general, but to Prithu himself, whose wife she was in human shape. Prithu and his descendants were allowed to beat and wound her in case of non-compliance with the decree of the supreme court. The earth submitted reluctantly, and since that time mankind are continually wounding and beating her, with ploughs, harrows, hoes, and other instruments of husbandry (4)." Though this is an allegorical legend, it is singular that this Prithu was the sun, since he is said to have been a form of Vishnu; for Vishnu was the name of the sun at night, or when in the west. The sun is Brahma in the east, while it is morning; and from noon to evening he is Siva, a circumstance which throws some light on the Irish custom of breaking up a sod of turf at the four cardinal points, on the eve of Baal, or the sun's festival, a ceremony which originated, no doubt, from a more rational cause than can be, at present, discerned. It, too, is worthy of remark, that the Hindu triad, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, like Baal, Budh, and Grian of the Irish Druids, is nothing more, despite the compound mystification of their mythology, but the one and same object, namely the sun, the great deity of the Pagan world, whose festival was wont to be held on La Bealtine by the Irish Druids.

It may also be remarked that the same Lacshmi, the earth, moon, or goddess of prosperity, is frequently invoked as a cow. A cow is held by the tail, an approximation to the Irish custom, and the following prayer repeated, according to Hindu ritual:—"1. May the goddess, who is the Lachsmi of all beings, and resides among the gods, assume the shape of a milch cow, and procure me comfort. 2. May the goddess, who is Rudrani in a corporal form, and who is the beloved of Siva, assume the shape of a milch cow, and procure me comfort. 3. May she, who is Lachsmi reposing on the bosom of Vishnu; she, who is the Lachsmi of the regent riches; she, who is the Lachsmi of kings, be a boon-granting cow to me. 4. May she, who is the Lachsmi of Brahma; she, who is Swaha, the wife of fire; she, who is the exerted power of the sun, moon, and stars, assume the shape of a milch cow for (my) prosperity (5)." Hence, it is clear that this goddess of prosperity, who was invoked to assume the shape of a cow, was considered to have been the wife of fire or the sun and moon; and, the cow, on account of

her productiveness, was made the emblem of both in compound sense, since the moon was always considered to have great influence over the earth, its fruits, and the seeds committed to the earth, and, therefore, the cow was the most fit and tangible object of ceremony.

That the Druids looked upon the bovine species as sacred animals, some may doubt, nay deny; but if we attend to tradition, we can easily learn that they held the species in veneration, if they did not actually pay divine honours to the animal, like the old Egyptians. It would, indeed, be tedious to mention even the titles of the legends relative to mythic bulls and cows still extant: suffice it to say, that such animals as the Fionn Beamnach, the celebrated bull of Connaught, and the more mythic Donn Cuailgne of Ulster, whose extraordinary powers are set forth in the "Tain Bo Cuailgne," were certainly not ordinary animals; for had the Donn Cuailgne, as an animal, taken the gold medal at all the cattle-shows in the island, since the very day he had been calved, were he nothing more than a bull, it is absurd to suppose for a moment that the Connacians were so foolish as to wage bloody war for seven years with the Ultonians to obtain possession of the animal. (6). Such an inference may be drawn from the traditions of the people—who believe in the existence of an aerial bull, called by some Tarbh Conaire, and imagine that a certain disease incident to horned cattle, called geimneach, and urgartha, is caused by hearing his lowing in the air—from topographical terms, with which numerous legends of mythic bulls and cows are associated, and, lastly, from the practices of the people with respect to their cows. It is possible to presume that the Druids were the originators of those customs, since we find that they used to drive cattle between their sacred fires:—"Beltine, i.e., Biltine, i.e., lucky fire, i.e., two fires which used to be made by the lawgivers or Druids, with great incantations, and they used to drive the cattle between them (to guard) against the diseases of each year. Or, Beldine; Bel was the name of an idol god. It was on it (i.e., on that day) that the firstlings of every kind of cattle used to be exhibited as in the possession of Bel" (7). Hence it appears that the Druids made use of cattle at their sacred fire, and exacted an offering of their firstlings to their deity. It is, perhaps, in commemoration of this offering, that some old folks, for no reason that could be assigned, except that some invisible being of the spiritual world required some nourishment which through their tenderheartedness they could not refuse, used to pour the first milk drawn from a newly-calved cow at the foot of a solitary or sacred white thorn. Analogous with this is the Hindu custom of offering milk, curds, etc, to the manes of their ancestors. The hawthorn is still considered to be under the tutelage of the "good people," or fairies; and it is a branch of it that is used as a May-bush, circumstances almost sufficient to warrant the inference that the hawthorn had been sacred to Bel, or the sun.

The Baal-fire was lighted by the Druids at Tlachta, on the first day of the month of May: it is still lighted in Dublin and its vicinity on that day; but in all other parts of Ireland on the eve of the festival of St. John the Baptist. A few say that the change was caused by St. Patrick with the view of doing honour to the precursor of the Redeemer; the most prevalent account, however, is that fires had been lighted on that eve as a preconcerted signal for the Irish to make a general onslaught upon the Danes, who grievously oppressed them at that time. This has some show of probability, and may account for the Baal-fire being continued in Dublin on the eve of Bealtine. If the fires had really been lighted on midsummer-eve, as a signal for a general massacre of the Danes throughout Ireland, it is possible that, since Dublin was the principal stronghold of the foreigners in Ireland, fires were not lighted there on that occasion, or, if the Danes were massacred, it is reasonable to suppose that those of Dublin would prohibit fires being lighted to commemorate the anniversary of the slaughter of their countrymen—reasons strong enough to warrant the prevalence of the practice of lighting the Baal-fire on the day of Baal in Dublin only. But there are reasons to suspect that the midsummer fires were originally lighted by the Druids on that night as well as on the eve of Baal. It is, indeed, possible, may probable, that on that day, when the sun reached the zenith of his annual glory, a festival was held in his honour. On that eve many strange practices are still prevalent, such as gathering the seed of the common fern or filix major vulgaris, performing certain kinds of divinations, competent, as they are supposed, to reveal the names, and manifest the personal appearances of the destined helpmates of the performers, and other absurd mummeries, which are never known to be practised, except on days dedicated to Pagan rites.

It was a general practice, about eighty years ago, in most villages, to erect long poles called May-poles; but these, too, fell into desuetude, except in a few places, especially in the village of Finglas, near Dublin, where the pole stood, until the clergy of the parish caused it to be destroyed and the "fun" dispensed with, some two or three years ago. The pole was evidently used in the Druidical ceremonies, since it is so used in the East to the present day, and was held in such vogue by the Irish to a late period, as shall be hereafter shown.

In most places the poles of Baal's day were, like the Baal's fire, set up on midsummer-day; and these are the poles that can be best described by personal observation, though there is sufficient living evidence to testify to the amount of apparently meaningless mummery exhibited in connection with the poles of La Bealtine. It must be observed that the poles set up on St. John's day were always erected where fairs, "patterns," or any other merry-makings took place; perhaps the assemblies were originally instituted in consequence of setting up the poles in those places. The midsummer-pole was always called craebh, and was dressed with considerable taste with flowers and silk kerchiefs and ribbons; it was generally as lofty as the mast of a sloop, and on its top a small basket of cakes or gingerbread, and a large bunch of parti-coloured worsted garters were tied. The best musician attending the assembly was always selected to perform at the foot of the craebh, or pole; and the best dancers vied with one another for the honour of winning the gingerbread and garters—the young man got the garters, and the lady the gingerbread. The winners were held in as high estimation as if, in days of yore, they had won the first prize at the Olympic games; for they were said—"gur bhuain siad an chraebh as far an aenaich," i.e., that they bore away the prize from the whole assembly; and many a sweet Irish ditty resounded their praises; and it was always their own fault if they remained unmarried to contest for the next anniversary prize. It is a pity that the local clergy found excuses sufficiently strong to suppress these innocent amusements—for innocent they certainly were, in the absence of extraneous vice, since the performers knew not the origin of their diversions.

The May-pole ceremony was evidently of very ancient origin, since tradition itself does not pretend to reach it, and, therefore, conjecture as to its original use may be pardonable. A gentleman of varied learning and of splendid talents, who has made large collections of the legendary and traditional lore of the country, and taken much pains to reduce them to a system, and who, if this sketch meets his eye, as probably it shall, will kindly pardon the unwarranted use of his remarks, writes concerning the May-pole:—

"Having given much attention to the subject, I am quite satisfied that such was the fact (viz., that lakes were considered as types of the youi); for every lake in Ireland was considered, and still is, as druoidheach, and that all islands in lakes had reference to the same. In Hindostan, as lakes are types of the youi, so islands are types of the Lingam. Mountains also—surely all the Sliabh Budhs in Ireland at least—were named from the idea of this object. As to the May-pole, I give you an extract concerning India:—'Poles to represent the Lingam are set up before the houses, and, where timber is not to be had conveniently, they form large heaps of earth or mud, to represent that object.' In Ireland the same practice was observed 200 years ago, as may be seen in Vallancey's "Collectanea," vol. i., p. 123. In a description of Westmeath, by Sir Henry Piers, is found:—'On May-eve every family sets up before their door a green bush, strowed over with yellow flowers, which the meadows yield plentifully; in counties where timber is plentiful, they erect tall, slender trees, which stand high, and they continue almost the whole year, so as a stranger would go nigh to imagine that they were all signs of ale-sellers, and that all houses were ale-houses.' This passage refers directly to Westmeath, but would indirectly appear to comprehend many parts of Ireland.

"It remains, however, to be shown that the ancient Irish understood the May-pole as a type of the Lingam. In the absence of direct proof, I think we have strong inferential evidence that they did so understand it. Those who have inquired into the habits of the peasantry must perceive that absurdities, I shall not say obscenities, are either openly or covertly intended in that section of them which relates to the procuring of husbands. The search for worms—the plan of separating two of them—the use made of the knife employed for that purpose, are all, unquestionably, highly obscene, deserving of general censure, and referring to the May-pole, or May-bush, as a type of the Lingam." It is, indeed, well known that the May-bush, like the heap of mud, represented the pole in localities where timber was scarce. May-bushes are, or were, at least, some twelve or fourteen years ago, set up before almost every door in the counties of Louth, Cavan, part of Meath, and Monaghan; the custom was rather on the decline then, and, possibly, is now entirely neglected. The people could not tell the meaning of this custom, except that it was merely an ancient one; and yet, it must have had some meaning, since it was considered an omen of some misfortune should the bush droop, fall from its place, or be otherwise removed, before sunrise on May day.

It appears that on the festival of Bhavani, generally held on or about the first of May, according to the state of the moon, the May-pole custom is prevalent in the East, as may be seen by a paper in the "Asiatic Researches," by Colonel Pearse (8):—"I beg to point out to the Society, that the Sunday before last was the festival of Bhavani, which is annually celebrated by the Gopas, and all other Hindus who keep horned cattle for use or profit; on this feast they visit gardens, erect a pole in the fields, and adorn it with pendants and garlands. The Sunday before last was our first of May, on which the same rites are performed by the same class of people in England, where it is well known to be a relique of ancient superstition in that country; it should seem, therefore, that the religion of the East and the old religion of Britain had a strong affinity. Bhavani has another festival; but that is not kept by any one set of Hindus in particular, and this is appropriated to one class of people; this is constantly held on the ninth of Baisac'h." There can be no doubt that the Druidical tenets of Britain and Ireland were the same, and had a strong affinity to the religion of the East, since between the relics of it lingering both in Ireland and Britain, so close an affinity to the Hindu rites of the present day is found.

The sun was Vishnu; and Chrishna was another term in religion for the same planet, as may safely be inferred from Hindu theo-

logy, as well as from the Irish word cṡeaṙ, a name for the sun. The reason for worshipping Crishna, or the sun, by shepherds and shepherdesses in the East, is much more intelligible from the nature of the Irish ceremonies than even from that of those who actually profess that form of worship to this day. The Hindus assert that Crishna was the son of Devaci and Vasudeva; and it was found necessary to conceal his birth from the tyrant Cansa, to whom it had been predicted that a child born at that time would destroy him. He was fostered by a herdsman named Ananda, and his wife, Yasoda, who tended the dairy. The constant companions of the god were a crowd of Gopas, or cowherds, and Gopis, or milk-maids, and he is represented as spending a pleasant life among his rustic companions. Hence the veneration paid by cow-herds and milk-maids to Crishna, and the frantic rollicking of the same class of persons in some parts of England up to the present time.

On the fifteenth of Aswina, flowers were offered to Syama, or the Black, an epithet of this same Bhavani, who appears in the Calijug, as a damsel twelve years old. Analogous with this is the custom, not many years ago prevalent in some localities, of carrying around from house to house the figure of a baby or lass, apparently about the same age, on May-day. This female figure, which was usually decked out with great taste, was called baibin Bealtaine—in English, May-baby; though there are reasons for suspecting that baibin should not be translated "baby." The baibin was always carried by young girls, who usually sang the old Irish pastoral, "ċuȝamaṙ ṗéin an ṙaṁṙa linn" (we have brought the summer with us), when the procession reached any dwelling-house, the attendants used to exclaim to the persons inside, "Seo ċuȝaiḃ an ṙaṁṙa—ḃeannuiġe umlaċt ḋon t-ṙaṁṙa" (here cometh summer, do ye salute the summer), a circumstance strong enough to warrant that the baibin ceremony was a religious one, descended from the dark days of Paganism.

Though this paper has been drawn out to too great a length, it should not be omitted to state, that such as assembled at the bonfires on midsummer-eve, were wont to dance around them, and, as it were, in imitation of the old Druidical custom of dispensing the sacred fire to the people, each person carried home a lucky coal or ember from the bonfire. The same custom is said to have prevailed at the Baal-fires in Dublin about a century ago. This bonfire dance is analogous with that performed by the Ammonian priests round a large fire in honour of the sun. Bryant (vol. i. p. 336) says:—"The Ammonian priests used to dance round a large fire in honour of the sun, whose orbit they affected to describe. At the same time they exhibited other feats of activity, to amuse the votaries who resorted to their temples. This dance was sometimes performed in armour, especially in Crete; and being called Pyrric, was supposed to have been so named from Pyrrus, the son of Achilles. But when was he in Crete? Besides, it is said to be practised by the Argonautic heroes before his time. It was a religious dance denominated from πυρ (fire), with which it was accompanied." It is very probable that dances similar to those of the Ammonian priests had been anciently practised at May and midsummer fires, and degenerated to the common country dances; for old folk used to relate that rustic performers, armed with a pair of cudgels, used to go through a kind of military dance with great dexterity, around bonfires, May-poles, and craebhs. It was called, "Colla Ciotach's march," and generally supposed to have been introduced by a member of the MacMahon family, named Colla Ciotach, or Colla the left-handed; but the supposition appears to have been erroneously founded; for none could tell on what occasion it was invented, or even when this Colla himself flourished. Whether or not this military dance was the same as the "Droghedy dance," cannot be exactly determined, since neither ever came under my personal observation. A gentleman who has had an opportunity of collecting many wanton orgies which disgraced wakes in Munster, says:—"The highly obscene manner of the performance of the 'Droghedy' is very objectionable: in it one party is supposed to be killed, whereupon the music becomes plaintive; but when this party revives every symptom of rejoicing ensues. I may remark concerning this dance, that each performer uses two short sticks, and in a Hindu painting, Crishna is represented dancing, with a stick in each hand; he is depicted nine times—once with each of his nine Gopis. In this curious picture he plays a flute sitting in the centre, the performance being enacted by the Gopis and himself. To return to the 'Droghedy,' it is the Morris-dance, which I have seen performed in Portugal and England—the same in tune and action. The common notion is, that it was introduced into those countries by John of Gaunt, son of Edward III., but I think it was practised in both England and Ireland before the Romans came to Britain."

Tradition also relates that females used to perform on these occasions as well as men. The principal female was called Amiud shugach, and used to dress in a very fantastic costume, and perform a very frantic, meaningless dance. This character has long since ceased to perform her merry pranks in Ulster, where the practice is said to have principally prevailed. It may be remarked that the title Amuid bears a close resemblance, both in character and name, to the Amida of the Ethiopians, around whose statue they were accustomed to dance. Here we come again to sun and moon associations; for Budda and Amida are the principal deities of the Siamese, and generally supposed to have been the sun and moon.

(1). Book of Rights, Introd. p. xix.

(2). Ibid.

(3). Asiat. Res., vol. iii. pp. 265, 266.

(4). Asiat. Res., vol. v. pp. 253, 254.

(5). Ibid, vol. vii. p. 263.

(6). Vid. Tain Bo Cuailgne, et alibi.

(7). Vid. Book of Rights, Int. p. liii.

(8). Vol. ii. p. 333.

THE ORIGINAL MRS. GRUNDY.

Everybody knows that "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" is a question which corresponds to "What will general gossip say?" But few people know anything about Mrs Grundy herself.

The character of Mrs Grundy originated in Thomas Morton's comedy of "Speed the Plow, which was first acted in London in 1798. The garrulous old lady does not appear upon the scene at all, but is often mentioned by Dame Ashfield in her conversations with her husband, for she is jealous of Mrs Grundy's good luck. Farmer Ashfield, quite exasperated, exclaims: "Be quiet, will ye? Always dinning Mrs Grundy into my ears! What will Mrs Grundy say, what will Mrs Grundy think? Canst thou be quiet and leave her alone?"

The audience took up the cry, "What will Mrs Grundy say?" and the invisible Mrs Grundy began to be considered a garrulous and critical old woman, typical gossip of the town.

A capital story about Lord Kelvin is told by Dr. Gilman, president of John Hopkins University, Baltimore, in "Scribner's Magazine" In 1884 his lordship (then Sir W. Thomson) gave a course of addresses at the University. "The lectures," says Dr. Gilman, "went on from day to day upon topics that occurred to the lecturer, or were suggested by the questions of his hearers. Everyone capable of following him was enchanted. 'How long will these lectures continue?' asked one of the audience. 'I do not know,' replied Lord Rayleigh, who was a listener, 'I suppose they will end some time, but I confess I see no reason why they should,'"

OUR WEEKLY STORY

HOW GAFFNEY BROUGHT THE LETTER.

Perhaps the story I have to tell is not really a story at all. It is an incident in the career of James Gaffney, marine postman; not an every- day incident, to be sure, but none the less true. Indeed, the facts of my story may be found in a certain volume of the Post-Office Department Reports for the year 189—.

The tonnage which passes through the Detroit River in a year is enormous. Huge, lumbering freighters bound for Cleveland and Buffalo steam lazily through the river from the opening of navigation in the early spring until the forming of the ice in early winter, bearing their loads of timber, ore, and grain from Duluth, Sault Sainte Marie, Escanaba, and other great shipping points of the north.

Seldom do these "freighters" touch at Detroit. But mail is sent to them, and this mail the United States Post Office Department undertakes to deliver. As all boats pass Detroit bound for the east, whether they stop or not, Detroit has become their post office, and Gaffney is the postman.

In a little launch named the Florence B., with no companion but old Thomas Scoggins, the engineer, Gaffney, has these ten years past, from the opening of navigation until its close, bobbed out on the river through sleet and snow and rain, amid crunching, floating cakes of ice to deliver his mail. Tourists on board the big passenger steamers bound for the famous resorts of Northern Michigan have often watched him when, on the approach of a big freighter down or up stream he has slipped off the launch into the little rowboat tender, and pulled sturdily into what seemed the direct course of the lofty ship.

Then they have seen him hook a bucket containing the mail to a line thrown him from the dock of the freighter. Two minutes later they have seen the rowboat drift back behind the vessel and attach itself to the launch, over the rail of which Gaffney would clamber, to await the coming of another boat.

It is a pretty performance—that is, in the daylight and summer. But at night, or when the ice has just broken up, or the autumn rains are thick and heavy, his work is attended by many dangers. For instance, a line might part; or he might be run down by the very steamer he seeks to serve; or a cake of ice might break up his boat.

But it was none of these accidents that befell him when he sought to deliver a letter on a memorable March day a few years ago.

At ten o'clock on the morning of that day Thurber, the receiving clerk of the Detroit Post Office, entered the postmaster's room with a long, yellow, unstamped envelope, which he tossed upon his chief's desk, remarking as he did so, "There's a nice job for Gaffney, with the river full of floating sponge ice."

Postmaster Stevens took up the envelope and glanced at the address, which was this—

THOMAS CROWLEY, Esq.,
Third Assistant Postmaster-General,
Down Bound Str. "North Wave,"
By Marine Post. Detroit.

In place of a stamp in the upper right hand corner, the envelope bore the clause defining the penalty for its use for other than official business. It was, however, neither the address nor the clause that interested Postmaster Stevens, but rather the one word "Sure," heavily underscored, followed by three exclamation points, that stared up at him from the lower left hand corner of the yellow envelope. He regarded that word curiously for a moment, then glanced out of the window and up at the leaden sky.

"It'll be a dirty job for Gaffney, and no mistake," he said. Then the regard for duty brushed aside all other considerations, and

pushing the letter across his desk, he pressed a button at his elbow.

"Tell Gaffney I want to see him," he said to the clerk who answered the ring.

"Yes, sir."

The postmaster looked up from the work that engaged him as Gaffney entered a moment later.

Gaffney is not a handsome man. His head, slightly bald, is set low on his narrow shoulders. His thin red beard extends down to the tip of his chin, and is thinnest at the point it makes there. His moustache is scraggly, but neither beard nor moustache serves to hide the firm jaw and the straight determined mouth. His blue eyes are clear and set wide apart, and his arms are of extraordinary length; when they hang lax the tips of his fingers almost touch his knees.

As Gaffney stood just within the swing of the door, he removed his round-crowned cap and fumbled it awkwardly.

"Gaffney, look at this." The postmaster held out the yellow envelope. The postman crossed to the desk, took it, and glanced indifferently at the address.

"Well, sir?" he said, lifting his eyes and handing back the letter.

"You've got to deliver it, Gaffney," the postmaster replied, quietly. "I'm sorry, but there isn't any way out of it that I can see. It appears that the "North Wave" is the first boat down. How Crowley happens to be on her I don't know, or care, for the matter of that. I wish he weren't, but he is, and this letter must be delivered, that's all. You notice it's marked 'Sure'?"

"Yes, sir. When's she going to pass? Have you heard, sir?"

"No. Here, telephone the marine reporter and find out." The postmaster pushed the desk telephone toward the postman and listened attentively to the one-sided conversation that ensued between Gaffney and the marine officer.

"What do they say?" he asked, as Gaffney lowered the receiver.

"She left the Soo on the twenty-sixth, at noon. They say she ought to pass about five."

"That's all right, then. How's the Florence B?"

"That's just it, sir, Gaffney replied, a little frown gathering on his forehead. "They said she'd be ready yesterday. We weren't expecting navigation would open before the first, and we didn't hurry 'em. Maybe she's ready, but I doubt it."

"Well, what will you do if she isn't ready?" inquired the postmaster, eagerly.

"Have to go out in a small boat," was the indifferent reply.

"And the river full of ice!" the postmaster exclaimed.

"Oh, it ain't bad. I went down and had a look at it this mornin'," Gaffney said. "The river above is free, and what ice there is is passin' down fast. Probably pretty bad out in Lake Erie, but I guess a big boat as big as the North Wave could get through. She wouldn't try if she wasn't pretty certain of makin' Cleveland. Of course, there's the honour of bein' the first boat of the season, but she wouldn't take chances for that."

"Well, you'd better get right up to the shipyards and telephone Scroggins, and be all ready," the postmaster suggested.

"Yes, sir," and Gaffney withdrew as quietly as he had entered. It was shortly after half past two that afternoon when he returned to his chief's office.

"Well?" the latter inquired.

"I guess the Florence B. will stand it. They ain't through with her yet, but I guess she'll do. I saw Scroggins. He's ready. We can't take a rowboat. It wouldn't do no good, come to look it over. She'd only get jammed between a couple o' cakes, an' we couldn't no more move her than we could a house.'

"All right, Gaffney; just do your best, that's all," the postmaster said. "You don't have to be told that when the department sends out a letter to be delivered 'Sure,' it means it."

"No, sir," Gaffney replied, turning away.

"He'll do it!" Stevens muttered, bending over his desk.

He did; and the extraordinary manner of the doing makes this story.

When Gaffney left the post office that afternoon, he slouched off down Wayne street towards the dock. He had arranged with Scroggins to run the Florence B. down stream to Wayne street. The plan, further, was to make for the middle of the river and wait.

Snow was in the air, and the sky was leaden. Reaching the dock, Gaffney gazed off up the river. He made out the launch steaming slowly down and hugging the shore; then he shifted his gaze out to midstream and shivered. Broken, jagged cakes of ice bobbed, overlapped and splashed as they slid upon and off one another. It was rotten ice, dirty white in colour, and Gaffney knew it was as porous as a sponge, and almost as light.

The trim Florence B. came alongside the wharf, and Gaffney jumped down upon her deck.

"Is she making it all right, Tom?" was the first question he asked the grizzled old man who had poked his head out of the window of his little engine and wheel room.

"To be sure," was the reply. "Easy as clear water, but I don't like it, all the same."

Gaffney laughed.

"I suppose we'd better get right out to midstream and wait, and trust to heaven she don't run us down," the old man added.

"I guess she won't run us down," Gaffney replied; "not us, Tom!"

The other shook his head. "Well, 'tain't just the job I like!" he grumbled.

To the precise middle of the stream they made their way slowly, among the myriad cakes of crunching, crumbling ice.

Gaffney gazed off up the river to the lower point of bleak, gray Belle Isle. "Little ahead," he called. "We ain't quite in the channel yet." He waited a moment, then added, "We can afford to get right in the way; she won't be comin' down fast, likely."

In the middle of the channel Scroggins turned the launch and steamed lazily upstream.

"Get a pretty good idee now what it would be like up to the North Pole!" Gaffney shouted.

"Detroit's good enough for me!" Scroggins called back. At the point of the island he turned the launch and steamed slowly down, endeavouring merely to hold the little craft steady in the current. As he made another turn, crunching through the breaking ice, the huge, black hulk of a broad-beamed freighter loomed up in the gray above.

"Here she comes," Gaffney cried. "Get back up as near as you can to the ferry course."

"All right!" came the answering cry, and the launch forged ahead mightily. Scroggins held the boat steady in the course. Nearer and nearer came the high, black boat.

"She looks big!" he shouted.

"I should say so!" Gaffney called back. And it was not an instant later that he realised something had happened to the launch. He cried, with great excitement:

"Tom! Tom! What's the matter? We're turnin' and driftin' down stream!" As he spoke the old man's head again came out of the little window. His face was strangely pale. He gazed round a moment, then drew back. Gaffney heard an ominous crunch, followed by a report, sharp and snappy.

"She's busted her steerin' gear!" Scroggins cried.

The huge freighter was not six rods away up stream, and her approach was steady. She gave no sign of lessening her speed.

The engineer's face was at the window again. "What are you doin'?" he screamed, for as he looked he saw his companion strip off his gray coat. There was no reply. "Gaff!" he shouted. "What are you goin' to do?"

The man replied with a keen note of determination in his harsh voice, as he folded a long yellow envelope and placed it between the sweat-band and lining of his hard cap: "I'm goin' to deliver this letter!"

And before the old engineer could rush on deck and hold him back, Gaffney had flung both legs over the low rail of the launch, and clung for an instant, half his body in the icy water. A broad cake of the dirty white ice was floating alongside, and just as Scroggins reached the rail and stooped to seize the postman's hands, Gaffney released his grip. He clutched the cake, and Scroggins saw the distance between the man in the water and the drifting Florence B. grow greater and greater each instant.

"Gaff, you'll freeze!" he cried. There was no answer. He changed his cry to one of encouragement. "Can you make midstream?"

"I can try," was the half-smothered answer.

Scroggins, forgetting his own position and the uselessness of the launch, gazed in wonder at the man in the water. Gaffney's head and shoulders were above water, and his cap was jammed low about his ears. Scroggins saw a big cake of ice bearing down upon him. "Look out on your left!" he screamed. With a great confusion of water, the postman kicked his own cake clear of the other, and for the moment was safe.

The freighter was now hardly two rods away. Gaffney seemed directly in its course. He was being carried down stream by the current, but his own efforts made the cake go at an angle and bear him into the channel. Scroggins screamed. He saw that the men on board the freighter had taken notice of the launch, and—yes, and of the man in the water. He saw several persons running along the deck of the big steamer to the bow. And then he heard that fine cry sung out across the ice, "Watch the line!" and saw the rope whirl through the air and fall, weighted by the "doughnut" life-preserver that it carried.

The old man had expected to see the big cakes of ice that were thrust aside by the freighter in its passage tossed upon the one to which Gaffney clung. But with fine presence of mind, the postman seemed to have anticipated this and conducted himself accordingly.

The launch was so far down stream and toward the shore now that the old man, standing at the rail, could not see where the line had fallen, and because of the piled ice he could not see his associate. But he knew he was out there somewhere, for the freighter had slackened speed. Then he heard a cry, and turning, saw that a puffy little tug had put off from the nearest dock and was making for the launch. He realised that his own position had been observed, and that the drifting of the mail-boat had occasioned alarm.

He turned again to the river. Of a sudden the pile of ice out there gave way, and he made out Gaffney, still in the water. He saw him lift one hand, and then, as he watched breathlessly, beheld him raise himself, as it were, over the cake to which he had clung. And then the old man fell involuntarily upon his knees in thankfulness, giving way beneath the strain, for he saw a strange, long, kicking thing pulled up the vertical side of the freighter and over the stern rail. And a moment later the tug bumped resoundingly into the launch.

What happened on the North Wave as that long, kicking thing fell over the rail is a matter of lake and river history.

Almost frozen, Gaffney was carried down into the engine-room. Rough but willing hands, working under the direction of the big captain, had quickly stripped the soaking gray clothes from his body.

Above him bent a tall, full-bearded man, whom he heard say, as he opened his eyes, "What under the sun was the matter out there?"

Gaffney's breath hissed as he drew it in,

and he shook as with the ague. He felt many pains, but he was hot and sleepy. Then he opened his eyes. He looked up and started.

"Crowley," he muttered. "Where's Crowley—assistant post—" He got no farther. He closed his eyes again.

The bearded man was on his knees now. "I'm Crowley," he said. "What is it?"

The man lying there on the blanket spread upon the engine-room floor made an heroic effort to tear off the cap, that till now no one seemed to have noticed. The fingers of the hand he raised touched the vizor; that was all. The arm fell back, a groan escaped his purple lips, and his mouth opened.

Cowley snatched off the cap, saying as he did so, "I guess it was too tight; it seemed to hurt him."

As he set it on the floor he happened to glance inside. He saw a folded yellow envelope between the band and the lining, and removed it gingerly. He spread it out and saw it was addressed to himself. Hastily he tore open the envelope, and drew out the letter it enclosed. He ran his eye rapidly down the single sheet. He looked up into the eyes of the men about him, then down at the still figure on the floor.

He was smiling, but mistily. "Boys," he said, with a little catch in his voice, "he's lost his life delivering this letter to me!" He hesitated a moment, looking down, then added, "Here's a sample of the men that do our work!"

But Gaffney had not lost his life. As he is wont to say, "The idea of me gettin' drowned in the river! Why, that wouldn't be an novelty!"

They took him on to Cleveland. It was Scroggins who reported his achievement to the postmaster that evening, and it was the postmaster who gave the story to the morning papers later.

As for Gaffney, they sent him back from the Ohio city that night, his life restored by the severe but kindly treatment they had given him; and he entered the postmaster's office early the next morning, sheepishly, to report for duty. And all the postmaster did was to go to him and take his hand and say, "Gaffney, I knew you'd do it." Whereat Gaffney grinned, and looked more sheepish still.

"TOM MOORE."

Maybe it takes a poet to describe another poet. Gerald Griffin, the Irish poet and novelist, once wrote a precious letter to a friend, giving an account of a visit to Thomas Moore.

"In the morning," wrote Griffin, "we set off to Sloperton in a drizzling rain, but through a most delightful country; such a gentle shower as that through which Moore looked at Innisfallen—his farewell look. And we drove away until we came to a cottage of gentility, with two gateways and pretty grounds about it. We alighted and knocked at the hall door; there was dead silence, and we whispered one another; my nerves thrilled as the wind rustled in the creeping shrubs that graced the retreat of Moore. I wonder I ever stood it at all, and I an Irishman, too, and singing his songs since I was the height of my knee.

"The door opened, and we were shown upstairs, where we found our hero in his study, a table before him, covered with books and papers, a drawer half open, and stuffed with letters, a piano, also open, at a little distance, and himself, a little man, but full of spirit, with eyes, hands, feet, and frame forever in motion, looking as if it would be a great feat for him to sit for three minutes quiet in his chair. I am no great observer of proportions, but he seemed to be a neat made little fellow, tidily buttoned up, young as 15 at heart, though with hair that reminded one of the Alps in sunset; not handsome, perhaps, but something in the whole cut of him that pleased me. Finished as an actor, but without an actor's affectation; easy as a gentleman, but without some gentlemen's formality; in a word, we found him a hospitable, warm-hearted Irishman, as pleasant as could be himself, and disposed to make others so. Need I tell you that we spent the day delightfully, chiefly in listening to his innumerable jests and admirable stories and beautiful similes, beautiful and original as those he throws into his songs and anecdotes that would make the Danes laugh?"

THE PARISH CHURCH OF THE OLD IRISH PARLIAMENT

By C. LITTON FALKINER.

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III.

Dr. Travers' successor, the Rev. Robert Dougatt, was a nephew of Archbishop King, by whom he had been appointed Archdeacon of Dublin, and through whose influence he was afterwards nominated to the Precentorship of St. Patrick's and the Keepership of St. Mark's Library. Dr. Dougatt's ministry lasted only three years, and is noticeable only as reviving the bygone connection between St. Andrew's and the Cathedral in the person of its minister. It is curious that he was also appointed Vicar of St. Mark's, notwithstanding the recent Act of Parliament. On Dr. Dougatt's death in 1730 the Rev. Alexander Bradford commenced an incumbency of twenty years, which, although the new Vicar was not a man of special distinction, is remarkable from our present point of view as having witnessed the first formal acknowledgment of the existence of close official relations between the parish of St. Andrew's and the Irish Parliament.

Neither the journals of Parliament nor the records of the parish inform us at what precise period the practice grew up under which the church of St. Andrew's came to be used as the place of worship of the Houses of Parliament on important public occasions. The Irish Parliament first met within the limits of the parish in 1661, when the first of the Parliaments of Charles II. was opened at Chichester House. That building was in 1674 leased by the Crown from its then owner, Dr. John Parry, Bishop of Ossory, for the use of the Parliament, but inasmuch as Charles II. summoned no second Parliament, from the dissolution of the first one in 1666 to the end of his reign, it is impossible that the church, which was not completely built till 1673, could have been so utilised prior to the Revolution. William the Third's Parliament of 1692 lasted for seven years, during all which time it continued to sit at Chichester House. But neither during this Parliament nor during those called by Queen Anne and George I. is there any evidence that the church was used for State purposes; and it is possible that the practice did not begin until after the demolition of Chichester House, in 1728, and the erection of the Parliament House. But at whatever precise date the custom originated there is no doubt that long before the first half of the eighteenth century had run its course St. Andrew's had become the recognised place of worship of the two Houses, and that it had become customary for the House of Commons to attend in state on certain anniversaries. The earliest mention of such attendance appears to be in 1733, when the "Commons' Journal" contains the entry under date November 5—"The House met in order to go to church, and then adjourned until next day," the occasion being, of course, the commemoration of the Gunpowder Plot. The entry does not mention St. Andrew's, but it was almost certainly the scene of the service, for in the same month official recognition was given to the claims of St. Andrew's to be the parish church of Parliament in connection with the petition of Dr. Bradford to be compensated for the loss of Ministers' money through the rebuilding of the Parliament House and the consequent removal of several houses which were cleared for the purpose, and which had formerly contributed to the parochial assessment. At the instance of Mr. Wesley, afterwards the first Lord Mornington, and grandfather of the great Duke of Wellington whose residence, Mornington House, stood until the other day in the parish, and who was an active member of St. Andrew's Vestry, as well as of the House of Commons, Parliament undertook to make good these losses, and to pay the assessment to the parish for the future. From this period allusions to the attendances of the House of Commons at St. Andrew's are frequent in the journals, and in the year 1745 there occurs as many as three entries, in each of which the church is specifically mentioned. On October 9, 1745, Dr. Marmaduke Phillips was desired to preach before the House of Commons at St. Andrew's Church, Dublin, on the 23rd of that month, being the anniversary Thanksgiving Day for the deliverance from the horrid rebellion which broke out in this kingdom on the 23rd day of October, 1641," and on the 24th Mr. Phillips received the thanks of the House for his excellent sermon on the occasion, and was requested to print the same. The Rev. Benjamin Barrington received a like command and a like compliment for a sermon on November 5th following; and on November 6, in a petition to Parliament for assistance in re-roofing the church, the parishioners prayed that, "inasmuch as the House doth on all public occasions resort to the said Church of St. Andrew's, the House may please to take this petition into consideration." The Committee to which the petition was referred held that the claim of the parish had been proved, and a sum of £500 was accordingly voted in aid of the work. This was the first of a series of contributions by Parliament in aid of the repair or restoration of the fabric of the church, in all of which the position of the parish in relation to Parliament was fully acknowledged, and when in 1794 it was found necessary to rebuild the church the petition for help from the Commons besought "such aid as will enable the parishioners to accommodate the House in a manner suited to its dignity," inasmuch as "the House of Commons on public days compose a considerable part of the congregation." That the members of the House of Lords also attended appears from the language employed in an address presented to Lord FitzGibbon, the Lord Chancellor, whose aid was solicited on the ground of his occasional presence in the church in his capacity as Speaker of the House of Lords.

The closeness of the connection between Parliament and the parish is traced with great fulness in a petition presented to the House of Commons of the United Parliament on January 22, 1805, by Mr. Foster, the ex-Speaker of the Irish House, in which help was sought to enable the parish to complete the restoration of the church, begun in 1793. This document opens with the assertion that "Hitherto, and until the Act of Union, both the Houses of Parliament of Ireland were situate in the said parish, to the church of which the Speaker and members of the House of Commons always resorted on public and solemn occasions." It recalls the instances already enumerated of the extension of Parliamentary patronage to the parish, and cites the reports of several Committees of the Irish House in 1796, 1798, and 1799, in which financial assistance was rendered on the express ground that the parish could not, by its own

THE IRISH PARLIAMENT HOUSE.



WITH VIEW OF DAME STREET 150 YEARS AGO.

exertions, render the church fit for the reception of the parishioners and members of the House. The work of rebuilding the church was spread over a period of fourteen years. Commenced in 1793, the work was frequently interrupted for want of funds, notwithstanding contributions of £500 and £1,000 respectively from Parliament, and in 1798 was entirely suspended during the period of the Rebellion. The original intention had been to rebuild the church de novo from the foundation on an entirely fresh design, and plans drawn by Mr. George Hartwell on this understanding were approved by the Vestry. It was soon evident, however, that the funds for so extensive an undertaking could not be raised, and, it being ascertained that the old walls from below the level of the windows were in a perfectly sound condition, it was decided to retain the original shape, and the Round Church on the plan designed by William Dodson a hundred and thirty years earlier was thus preserved. Hartwell having resigned his commission as architect, the work was confided to Francis Johnston, by whom the new front was designed. The interior arrangements, which all authorities concur in eulogising as extremely handsome and convenient in all respects, save as to the acoustic properties of the building, were carried out by the father of the celebrated novelist, Charles Lever.

But even to this reduced scheme the resources of the parish were soon found to be inadequate, and it is doubtful whether the church would ever have been restored but for the munificence of the Imperial Parliament on the one hand and a fortunate windfall to the parish on the other. The petition presented by Mr. Foster was favourably entertained, and a sum of £6,000 voted for the completion of the church. About the same time a suit which had been long in progress respecting the allocation of the sum paid into the hands of trustees by the Wide Streets Commissioners in respect of the old churchyard was brought to a conclusion, the parish establishing its title, through the lapse of the lease formerly given to Sir William Fownes, and the fund being divided by decree of the Lord Chancellor between the Vicar and the parish. The money thus made available was devoted to the building fund, and, so aided, the work was at last brought to a completion fourteen years after its inception, and the church opened for Divine service on March 7, 1807, in presence of the Viceroy and a distinguished congregation. The total cost, inclusive of the organ and of the fine statue of St. Andrew executed by Edward Smyth, which long stood over the entrance, but which now, in a much battered condition, lies in a corner of the churchyard, amounted to £22,000.

Long before the building could be finished the Parliament on whose honourable connection with which the Parish of St. Andrew's will always pride itself had disappeared. But for many years the church continued a valuable memorial of the days when it was the Parish Church of the Houses of Parliament. Through the graceful act of the Viceroy, Lord Hardwicke, the parish was presented with the handsome gilt candelabra which had hung in the Irish House of Commons. This relic now adorns the Examination Hall of Trinity College, to which building it was fortunately transferred, in view of some contemplated repairs to the roof of the church, a year or two before the great fire of January 9, 1860,

Space is lacking to dwell on the history of the parish under the rule of its successive Vicars in the last half of the 18th century. Dr. Bradford was followed by Isaac Mann, afterwards eminent as Bishop of Cork, who after seven years was succeeded in turn by Dr. William Brown, and the Hon John Hewitt, Dean of Cloyne; nor is it possible to exhibit here the mode in which the Parish Records illustrate life in Dublin during the 17th and 18th centuries. Many particulars appear in them which throw light on the social condition of the city. The parochial regulations for the relief of the poor, especially a plan for lodging beggars according to the parishes to which they belonged, which is the subject of an animated paper in Dean Swift's Miscellaneous Writings, occupy several entries. There are also many references to the mode of lighting the streets, to the inefficiency of the watchmen, and the frequency of street outrages, and other like matters. But these and other topics, such as the contents of the parish registers, the eminent persons connected with the parish, and the charity sermons of Dean Kirwan, who preached some of the most eloquent sermons in St. Andrew's, cannot be set forth here. Equally impossible is it to recall the story of St. Andrew's in the 19th century. But it is the less necessary to do so from the fact that by the close of the 18th century the parish had assumed very much of the appearance it presents at present. For though a succession of handsome banks and other buildings have altered the south side of Dame street, the thoroughfares are in the main unchanged. From an archæological and antiquarian point of view the more recent history of the parish has no special claim on our attention; while the one conspicuous event in parish history for which the 19th century is memorable, the destruction of the old Round Church by fire on the morning of Sunday, January 9th, 1860, is well remembered by many persons who would resent being called old. It must suffice to mention for the benefit of younger persons that the existing building, which replaced the Round Church, was built at a cost of above £10,000 from the design of Messrs. Lanyon, Lyne, and Lanyon of Belfast, that its foundation was laid by the Viceroy, Lord Carlisle, on August 11, 1862; and that it was consecrated on St. Andrew's Day, November 30th, 1866, by Archbishop Trench, in presence of the Lord Lieutenant, the Duke of Abercorn.

Some apology is due to the readers of the "Dublin Penny Journal" for a paper in which, from the length of the record which this parish can boast, it has been necessary to summarise in the baldest way much that might well seem to some more interesting than the rather dry details chiefly dwelt upon. But its main object has been to interest some who may not hitherto have given much attention to such subjects in the antiquities of a peculiarly attractive part of Dublin; to indicate a few of the many sources of interest which lie but a little way beneath the surface of our crowded streets; and in doing so to stimulate in however small a degree an intelligent and sympathetic interest in the story of our city.

[THE END.]

THE

PANTHEON OF THE GAEL.

BY L. McMANUS,
Author of the "Silk of the Kine," "Lally of the Brigade."

THE mythology, as we know it, of the pagan Gael has not that distinctive form or clearness of detail that we find in those of Greece and Rome and the Teutonic races. There is, in fact, as first sight, little or no trace of a circle of gods regarded as such, where each divinity is equipped with its special power and attribute. And the reason is this: Pagan Ireland dethroned her gods in the course of centuries, and turned them into kings and heroes, races and nations, a process exactly opposite to the almost universal one of turning the hero into a god.

There are three principal cycles in early Gaelic literature, which are known as the Mythological, the Red Branch, and the Ossianic. In the first we have definite reference to the gods, who appear sometimes in the fullness of their power, sometimes already half euhemerised, and have become races and mortals, but races and mortals who are still gifted with supernatural powers and surrounded by the mysterious. One of the earliest of these races were the Formorians, pirates and ill-doers, small, dark men, who were ultimately conquered by a second race, the Tuatha De Dananns, who in their turn were subdued by a fresh wave of immigrants, the Milesians. Now every Gaelic family can trace itself to one or other of the three sons of Milesius, Ir, Eber, and Eremon, or to his brother Ith; but no Gaelic family has ever claimed a descent from the people of the Tuatha De Danann. The latter—Celtic scholars show us—were the gods.

We are told in our early literature that they had the gift of magic, and used it to prevent the landing of the Milesians, but were finally driven to the hills and lakes and enchanted dwellings under the raths and the waters. In their battles with the Formorians, the eternal strife between the powers of good and evil, of light and darkness, is portrayed, and in the defeat of the dark, evil men the ultimate triumph of light foretold.

Here, then, we find the gods; vague, half divine, half human, their divinity showing through the euhemerism to which they have been subjected. Dana, "mother of the gods," known, too, as the Morrigan (Great Queen), was chief war-goddess of Erin. She appeared in the camp before the battle with helmet and shield, bearing two spears in one hand, and gave a shout which was like that of ten thousand men. Sometimes the heroes saw her in the form of a red or grey backed cow; sometimes she came as a beautiful woman, fair and blue-eyed. The hero, Cuchulin, met her in her chariot, her eyebrows red, a crimson mantle on her shoulders, which, falling between the wheels, trailed on the ground. Her metamorphoses were many; she appeared as a white red-eared heifer, as a black eel, as a rough grey wolf. Twelve principal mountains in Ireland were ready to do her bidding and fall upon the Formorians. The Irish-speaking peasant to-day, as he points to the two hills of Slieve Luachra, in Kerry, will tell you that they are "Da chich Danainne," the two Paps of Dana.

Her husband was the Dagda, "Good God," who played an important part in the mythological cycle. He fought the Formorians, and did mighty feats. Once he went to their camp to demand a truce, and appeared there "in a less dignified but more clearly mythological position."* On leaving, the wheeled fork he bore, as it trailed behind him, left a deep track, "large enough to mark the frontier mearin of two provinces." He brought men the various foods of earth, which he carried in a caldron slung on his back; when he played on his harp figures sprang from it, the months and seasons with their gifts. Another god was Lugh-Lamfada (the long-handed), who is called the Ildana, master of arts, and is the sun-god, giver of life and fertility. It was he who slew Balor, the Formorian, of the Evil Eye, whose glance killed men. Lugh had a hound brilliantly white, which changed periodically into a dark yew tree. Sometimes the god rode on the steed of the god of the sea, Mannanan Mac Lir clad in the armour helmet of Manannan, so that he could not be wounded "under, over, or through it," and when the helmet was removed his face and front were dazzling. He carried, too, a mighty spear, from whose head fire rushed. To prevent it slaying all who approached, it had to be dipped in a mixture made of mandrakes and poppies. This sun-god of the Celts has given his name to two Continental cities, Lyons and Leyden.

The god of the sea, Manannan, was the son of Lir, that Lir whom Shakespeare has made a King in Britain. The Isle of Man—the Isle of Manannan, preserves his name to-day. He was master of the ocean, and knew where the weather lay in the sky. He drove a shining chariot across the sea, "which to him was a flowery plain." The sea is spoken of in the sagas as "the land of Manannan," the land where Tir-na-n'og was to be found, and the magic isles of delight. He possessed a sword, which he gave to one of the heroes, which left "no relic of stroke or blow behind." Cormac, King of Cashel, in his glossary written in the ninth century, says that he was "the sea's son—Mac Lir, that is, son of the sea."

The god of love and youth and beauty was Angus Og. The Dagda was his father, and his dwelling was at Brugh, on the Boyne. He went on the wind accompanied by three birds, invisible to mortals, but whose divine singing set the heart on fire. These birds were his own kisses, to which he had given form; and he carried a golden lyre from which he drew enchanting music. He came to the aid of Diarmuid of the love spot, one of the heroes of the Fiana, and when later, Diarmuid was slain, brought his body to the Brugh, and sent a soul into him so that he, the god, might talk to the hero every day.

Dianacht was the god of health, the healer of men's bodies. Cormac calls him "the sage of the leech-craft of Ireland." He is one of the five gods who came together to consult how they might defeat the Formorians. Ogma was of the number, whose attributes were strength and eloquence. To Ogma the Gael ascribed the invention of the Ogham writing. He is the same as Ogmios, mentioned by Lucian, who saw him depicted in Gaul as an old man with a smiling face, leading a crowd by golden chains, which were hung round their ears, and the ends fastened to his tongue. In Ireland he was called Ogma grian-aineach, Ogma of the shining face. At the battle of Moytura, he fought against the Formorians, and there rolled a stone too heavy for eighty pair of oxen to move.

Some of the gods had kingdoms over the men of the sidhe (fairies). Bove, son of the Dagda, ruled in Munster, and Orchill in Connaught. Brigit, "very noble," was the goddess of the poets, and daughter of the Dagda. "She was a goddess," says Cormac, "whom poets worshipped, for very great and noble was her superintendance, whose sister was Brigit, woman of smith-work, and Brigit, woman of healing, namely goddesses." The Gallo-Roman inscriptions found in Great Britain to Brigantia are to this goddess. Cliona was queen of the southern gods; and there are numbers of lesser divinities, lovely immortal women, and sons of the gods, each of whom had their place and power. Among the queens are Eire, and Fola, and Banba, names that have been given to Ireland. Other war-goddesses were Babh, Fea, Macha (of whom it was said she was mast-feeding, "meaning the heads of men who were slaughtered"), and Neman. They, together with Dana, show greater signs of antiquity than the Norse Valkyrs, and have been thought to personify the emotions aroused in battle.

A belief in rebirth was a feature of the pagan Gael. Again and again the gods are re-incarnated in some hero. Cuchulin, the great hero in the second cycle, the Red Branch, was a re-incarnation of the sun-god, Lugh. The gods re-appeared, too, in the forms of animals, and there are stories of mysterious births, of metamorphoses, of immortals passing into the bodies of birds and beasts. It is round a mighty bull, in which a god is incarnated, that the saga of the Capture of the Kine of Cuilaigne (Tain bo Cuilaigne) centres. The doctrine of rebirth was taught by the Druids of Gaul to make men brave. It may have been also taught in Ireland by the Druids there.

The Gael's Elysium was Tir-na-n'og, the Land of Youth. It lay to the west among magic islands. The gods went thither, and thither, too, the heroes were enticed by the enchantment of some goddess. Sometimes a hero would be seized with a longing to sail westward and see these islands; to pass through the door of the mysterious, and behold the heart of beauty itself. From the pagan Gaelic fantasy of enchanted islands and magic voyages sprang the tale of St. Brandon's voyage towards Hy Brazil. Tennyson has also used the conception in his voyage of Maelduin. Here is a picture of the Land of Youth as shown in one of our Irish MSS. The hero, Maelduin, and his companions have sailed for thirty days seeking the islands; and having passed by many, at last reach one, "around which was a fiery rampart, and it was wont ever to turn round and about it. Now in the side of that rampart was an open door, and as it came opposite to them in its turning course, they beheld through it the island and all therein, and its indwellers, even human beings, beautiful, numerous, wearing richly dight garments, and feasting with golden vessels in their hands. The wanderers heard their ale-music, and for long did they gaze upon the marvel, delightful as it seemed to them."*

The brief, elusive glimpses of the Land of Youth, the haunting memory, the nearness of the supernatural world which reveals itself for a moment, the inner beauty and mystery, as given here, are full of the Celtic glamour. There are other descriptions of Tir-na-n'og. In the "Voyage of Bran," we hear of it as a distant isle, "a lovely land on which many blossoms drop," where is an ancient tree in flower, "on which birds call to the hours." Wailing and treachery are unknown there; it is "without grief, without sorrow, without death." Crystal drops fall from the waves that wash its shore. Wealth and treasures are there. "It is a day of lasting weather that showers down silver on the land." It is a land of wondrous beauty, "incomparable in its haze." Men and women are there "without sin, without crime." The goddesses invited men to the Land of Youth. One of the conditions imposed upon mortals who set foot on those islands was that they must not return to Erin. They remained young and strong in Tir-na-n'og,

* Hyde's "Literary History of Ireland."

*Translation in Alfred Nutt's "Happy Other World."

but if they went back they fell again under the law of mortality. Ossian, the poet, in the third cycle, left his companions, the heroes of the Fiana, and followed a beautiful immortal to the Land of Youth. Three hundred years passed and the desire came to him to see Eire and the battle-champions, his comrades, again. So he returned, and old age fell on him as soon as he touched the shore. There are many references in the Irish MSS. to the divinities who invite men to Tir-na-n'og. They appeared suddenly in the king's court, and summoned the hero upon whom they had set their heart to follow them to a mysterious land where "there is neither death, nor sin, nor strife." Connla, son of Con of the Hundred Battles, was thus summoned, and though the king got his druid to drive the enchantress away by his incantations, yet she came again. Finally the prince sailed with her in her boat of pearl to the west, and no man saw him more. Bran, too, was summoned, and went on his mystic voyage. Cuchulin, the hero, as he lay on his sick bed, was called thither by the deserted wife of Manannan, and sent his charioteer to report upon the beauties of the land. Dunlang, also, the warrior, visited the magic halls within the mounds, enticed by a goddess. Murough, his friend, was of a sterner mould, and though often addressed by some lovely lady of the Sidhe, yet resisted their enchantments, and fell at the battle of Clontarf.

There are still people in Ireland who believe that men and women and children are beguiled away by the fairies to their homes in the raths and loughs and hills. The gods "are dethroned but not dead." They have become fairy men and women whose mode of life is similar to ours. But all those things that they possess are richer, more delightful, more perfect than anything that we can have. They sell and buy, marry (sometimes with mortals whom they beguile to their habitations), and make war. Their name in Irish is duine sidhe (dhinna shee)—people of the fairy mounds. One of their occupations is to kidnap mortals. The young are often taken; young women at the birth of their first children are in danger of being carried away, and young men about to marry. The old are rarely taken—and here we see the difference which the centuries have wrought between Tir-na-n'og and the fairy raths of Christian Ireland—being carried off by the fairies does not confer immortality on the person captured. The baby stolen from its mortal mother grows up in the rath, becomes mature, old, and dies. Occasionally, however, an old man may be taken to be a herd to their cattle, or an old woman for a nurse.

On certain nights it is dangerous to give water or a light or food to any person who asks for them at the door, for the stranger is invariably one of the duine sidhe. Those who give will be carried off before long. The mysterious visitant who comes to entice the mortal to the raths is seldom described as a young woman. The lovely ladies who sang their songs of enchantment in the ears of the heroes whom they wish to beguile to Tir-na-n'og, have changed their guise in the course of centuries. They have become old and withered; they dress like beggars. But they still whisper in the ears of those whom they desire a tale of a land of magic, "a land against which laughter peals," where rich and beautiful things are to be found.

The duine sidhe have been so long a power in Ireland that we can trace their influence for centuries on the thought of the Gael, and link them with the pantheon of the Mythological cycle. The word sidhe constitutes or begins the names of about seventy townlands, besides forming the designation of innumerable hills and raths. There are hundreds of place-names that tell of the days when men held that the gods of the earth built their homes in the hearts of the round green hills, or reared cities of delight deep in the bosom of the loughs. Thence they emerged to intermingle in the lives of men, some still retaining the dignity and power of the god, some sunk to mere capricious beings. Their higher attributes fade as the years pass; their actions take more the whim of mortals. But enough remains to show that they were once enthroned and ruled as divinities. The Land of Youth, whence they came, is not wholly forgotten. It lingers a vague remembrance from the past in the mind of the Gael, and Tir-na-n'og may still be found in the raths and gleaming lakes.

The study of the three cycles is one of deep interest. The traditions of Ireland, rooted in the Irish language, preserved in the ancient manuscripts, are of peculiar value. "Geographical circumstances," says a writer in the "Century."* "are such, that habits, traits, customs, laws, legends, and religious ideas, which once existed in Europe at large, are now to be found alive only in remote places like Ireland, or imbedded in such a literature as Ireland owns—one of the most wonderful in Europe." Those, therefore, who desire to obtain glimpses into the past, not alone of the Gael, but the past of the Celtic race on the Continent—a knowledge of their gods and customs—will find them in the cycles and sagas recorded in our literature.

*Pagan Ireland.—"Century Magazine."

HASSAN NAZAR (DAMASCUS).

By the gateway gray and grim
All day sits Hassan Nazar,
Till the golden west grows dim,
And above the peaks afar
Burns eve's amethystine star.

Under overhanging brows
Darkling eyes inscrutable,
Watchful, though they seem to drowse;
And a smile whose quiet spell
Holds you—why you cannot tell.

Then a voice as varied as
Barada's, that singing stream,
In whose flow as in a glass
You may follow every theme,
Interwoven dream on dream:

"Truth, Howadji! Verily!"
You who list must fain believe;
For that manner, frank and free,
Velvet voice and eyes like eve—
Soothly, they could not deceive!

How the djinns and genii still—
Errant spirits of the air—
Work their good or evil will;
Where they dwell and delve, and where
Up and down the earth they fare.

Miracles Mohammed wrought;
How the wondrous Kaaba cures;
Sapient subtleties of thought,—
Why the soul of man endures,
Hate repels and love allures.

This will he relate, and more,
For a few piasters' hire;
Flood you from his ample store,
With your hearkening heart's desire;
"Truth!"—you likeable old liar!

Nay, imagination's brew!
Fancies fettered to a star!
What, then, if they be not true?
Marvellous we know they are.
Here's your health, Hassan Nazar!

Here's your health, O, cunning one,
Smooth of lip, and deep of eye!
May your deft web long be spun!
And, albeit you love a lie,
May the Dark One pass you by!

NOTES AND QUERIES.

BOYNE VIADUCT AT DROGHEDA.

In the "Freeman's Journal" of June 10th, 1858, there appears a long letter asserting that J Barton and not Sir John M'Neill was the designer of this great work. Can any reader tell me?

T. O'C.

ANTIENT CONCERT ROOMS.

Why is the first word in this title not spelled according to our modern usage, Ancient? Is there any curious or strange tale in connection, to account for the keeping up of this custom?

T. O'C.

CHAPELIZOD.

To the Editor "Dublin Penny Journal."

Sir.—In Mr. Julian Moore's contribution to the "Athenaeum," it is stated that Chapelizod was named from Izod, or Isolte the fair, and that a tradition exists in the village that the church tower was built by "La belle Izod." The name Chapelizod could mean "Chapel of the Izods," and the Izods, whose residence in the county of Kilkenny is named Chapelizod House, claim that the Dublin Chapelizod was named from them, just as the modern Chapel Russell, in the county of Limerick, was named from the Russell family.

Lewis says that Chapelizod is supposed to have derived its name from La Belle Isode, a daughter of one of the ancient Irish Kings, who had a chapel here; but this is absurd. Lewis makes numerous blunders re meanings of Irish place-names. Isolde or Ysonde is not mentioned in the Irish tales, but she as Isolde (Ysonde) the Fair, daughter of an Irish Queen, and wife of King Mark, of Cornwall, and the beloved of Tristram, and healer of his wound, belonged to the mythology of the Celts of Britain, while as Isolde (Ysonde) of the white hand, daughter of King Howel, of Brittany, or of Duke Florentin, and the despised wife of Tristram, and healer of his wound, she belonged to the mythology of the Celts of Brittany.

Then, Tristram, waiting for the quip to come,
"Good now, what music have I broken, fool?"
And little Dagonet, skipping, "Arthur, the King's";
For when thou playest that air with Queen Isolt,
Thou makest broken music with thy bride,
Her daintiest namesake down in Brittany—
And so thou breakest Arthur's music, too.

—Yours faithfully,

J. F. LYNCH.

NELSON'S PILLAR, DUBLIN.

To the Editor "Dublin Penny Journal."

Dear Sir.—In reply to enquiry by Mr. Thomas O'Connor, of 32 Vince street, Smithwick, Belfast, as to the building of Nelson's Pillar, Dublin, the following description of same, taken from the Rev. G. N. Wright's work, entitled "Ireland Illustrated," may interest him and such other of your readers as are unaware of its origin: "In the year 1808, as early as arrangements could be completed (Feb. 15th), his Grace the late Duke of Richmond laid the first stone of a lofty column, raised at the public expense, to perpetuate the fame and public services of the great naval hero of the British Isles. Coins of various values were deposited in the stone, beneath a brass plate, bearing the following inscription, which is cut in capital letters:—

"By the Blessing of Almighty God.—To commemorate the transcendent heroic achievements of the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Nelson, Duke of Bronti, in Sicily, Vice-Admiral of the White Squadron of His Majesty's Fleet, who fell gloriously in the Battle off Cape Trafalgar, on the 21st day of October, 1805, when he obtained for his country a victory over the combined fleets of France and Spain, unparalleled in naval history.

"The deposition of the foundation-stone was accompanied with much ceremony and great

respect. The design, which is neither very happy nor very novel, resembles that of the Nelsonic Memorial at Yarmouth, and is by the same individual, W. Wilkins, Esq., of Cain's College, Cambridge. It is a fluted Doric column, 121 feet 3 inches in height, restin gupon a plain square pedestal, and surmounted by a colossal statue of the naval hero, 13 feet high, appropriately leaning against a man-of-war's capstan. The statue, which is a very clever, spirited production, was executed by Thomas Kirk, Esq., R.H.A. The capital is finished with an abacus, enclosed by an iron balustrade, affording a secure observatory, and commanding an extensive prospect. The shaft, which is hollow, contains a special staircase of 162 steps, leading to the platform, an elevation of 108 feet from the surface of the street. The entablature around the pedestal is inscribed with the names Trafalgar, St. Vincent, Copenhagen, Nile, and the panels beneath bear the dates of each respective victory engraven thereon.

"A sarcophagus, of a heavy-looking character, stands above the cornice, inscribed 'Nile,' having our hero's name carved upon it. The sum of £6,856, all raised by voluntary subscription, was expended in the erection of this commemorating column."

In Whitelaw and Walsh's "History of Dublin" (1818), the dimensions of the Pillar are given as follows:—

	Feet.	Inches.
The pedestal, whose diameter is 20 feet, is.....	30	1
Shaft of column, diameter 20 feet at bottom 71 8		
Capital of do. 7 0		
	78	8
Epistilion and plinth at top for the statue.....	12	6
Statue	13	0
Total height of column and statue	134	3

The materials, expenditure, and receipts are given as follows:—

22,090 cubic feet of black stone, and 7,310 do. of cut mountain granite, with stone cutters' bill, per contract	£4,876	11	3
Flagging, railing, painting, and carpenters' bill	710	15	8
	£5,587	15	8 (a)
William Kirk, Sculptor	300	0	0
Portland stone, model, scaffolding	329	2	3
Cost of statue (£629), with lamps and flag staffs	83	0	9
Total cost of pillar and statue	£6,299	18	8 (b)
Contingent expenses	556	9	7
Total expenditure (c)	£6,856	3	3
Amount of subscriptions	£6,608	16	6
Concert at Rotunda	137	9	10
Interest on money lent	499	7	3
Entrance money to ascend the column for one year, at 10d. each person, deducting cost of attendance	92	13	7
Total receipts	£7,138	7	2 (d)
Total expenditure	6,856	8	3
Balance, Cr.	£281	18	11 (e)

Laid out in stock, which, with the entrance money, is to keep the monument in repair.

The entrance to the Pillar at the present day is somewhat altered, as in the year 1894 the steps at the entrance were taken away, a doorway inserted, and new iron railings erected, the architect being Mr. G. P. Beater.—Yours truly,

A. W.

Dublin, 17th May, 1902.

(a) Should be £5,587 6s. 11d.
(b) Should be £6,299 9s. 11.
(c) Should be £6,855 19s. 6d.
(d) Should be £7,338 7s. 2d.
(e) Should be £481 18s. 11d.

THE

FIRST IRISH AERONAUT.

RICHARD CROSBIE AND HIS BALLOON.

A SUBSTITUTE'S PERILOUS ASCENT IN 1785.

(From a Contemporary Account.)

The Mr. Crosbie referred to in the following account of one of the very earliest balloon ascents, was born in the County of Wicklow in 1775, was one of the first, if not the first, native of the British islands to make a balloon ascent. [The first ascent ever made was by Pilatre de Rozier, in a balloon of Mongolfier's, at Paris, 21st November, 1783; and the first in England was by Lunardi, an Italian, in London, on the 21st September, 1784.] Crosbie was of a mechanical genius, and reading of Mongolfier's success, and having made preliminary experiments by sending up cats in cars attached to small balloons, he ascended on 19th January, 1785, from Ranelagh Gardens, near Dublin, and descended safely on the North Strand. The "Annual Register" says: "The balloon and chariot were beautifully painted, and the arms of Ireland emblazoned on them in superior elegance of taste. . . . His aerial dress consisted of a robe of oiled silk, lined with white fur, his waistcoat and breeches in one, of white satin quilted, and morocco boots, and a montero cap of leopard skin. The Duke of Leinster, Lord Charlemont, Right Hon. George Ogle, . . . attended with white staves, as regulators of the business of the day." We are not furnished with any particulars of Crosbie's life, further than that he devoted attention to aeronautics.

"The Town and County Weekly Magazine," published in Dublin by Smith of Bridge street, gave in its issue dated Saturday, 21st May, 1785, the subjoined account of an ascent in which Mr. Crosbie was to have been the aeronaut, but in which for the reasons stated below he had to find a substitute, who had rather a trying experience:—

BALLOON INTELLIGENCE.

As many contradictory reports have been circulated relative to Mr. Crosbie and Mr. M'Gwire, a Correspondent, well acquainted with all the facts previous to ascension, and informed of the subsequent ones by Mr. M'Gwire, sends us the following account, which may be depended on as authentic:—

At eight o'clock on Thursday morning, Mr. Crosbie found his balloon sufficiently inflated, and made no doubt of its being able to carry up one hundred weight of ballast. The proposed signals were made, and he waited with the greatest impatience for the arrival of his friends, but it was half past one before they assembled.

Two gentlemen were appointed to determine his power of ascension; the boat was loaded with twelve stone of ballast, in twelve bags, a grapple and rope, a fly, a speaking trumpet, a compass, a barometer and thermometer, and a basket of provisions, and a machine to measure its ascent was suspended from its bottom. Mr. Crosbie got into it, but finding it too heavy, even when the ballast had been taken out, he expressed the utmost disappointment and despair. Rather than disappoint the public, which had shown him such repeated indulgence, Mr. Crosbie determined to give up the fruit of his expense, labour, and expectations, and generously offered to let a lighter person ascend in his place. Numberless competitors crowded round the boat. But Mr. Crosbie gave the preference to Mr. M'Gwire, whom he had promised to take with him, if he took a companion. Mr. M'Gwire prepared for his ascent, one of his friends tore off his ruffle and fastened it to the valve cord to distinguish it; Mr. Crosbie gave him particular instructions relative to the use of it; ballast was thrown in, and the two gentlemen who held the boat were just going to launch it into the air, when Mr. Crosbie eagerly returned, and desired to resume his feat; he had hopes of procuring more inflammable air, and upon reflection determined rather to delay his ascent than to leave anything undone that was possible. The conflict between justice and ambition were but momentary in the mind of Mr. M'Gwire; he knew that gratitude to public, and private friendship for him, had obtained him a seat which he was going to relinquish, and with that modesty which is the companion of merit, he resigned his pretensions to Mr. Crosbie.

The balloon was again adjusted to the apparatus for inflation, and after the last drop of vitriolic had been expended, a second attempt was made by Mr. Crosbie to ascend. All the interior work of the boat was torn out, several feet of the balloon itself were cut off, all the ballast, his provision, and his last bottle of wine, were thrown overboard, and under all those disagreeable and dangerous circumstances, Mr. Crosbie undauntedly determined to ascend. The gentlemen who held the boat, pushed it upwards with all their strength, but in vain: it rose a few feet from the impulse it had received, but fell again, with no small danger to Mr. Crosbie, at the other side of the square.

In a moment another gentleman of the name of M'Gwire, jumped into the boat, and had he not been prevented by the spectators, and Mr. Crosbie, would have instantly ascended; but Mr. Richard M'Gwire's claim was too strong to be resisted; seven bags of ballast, a barometer, thermometer, a flag, a speaking-trumpet, and half a French roll, were put into the boat, and by throwing out four bags of ballast, he mounted as high as the roof

of the Barracks; perceiving his danger, with the utmost presence of mind, he gradually emptied another bag, and proceeded majestically over the park. Another higher current of the air carried him towards the sea, when upon remarking the distension which had taken place in consequence of the rarified atmosphere in which it then floated, he endeavoured to relieve it by opening the valve; he pulled the valve rope gently, and kept his eye steadily on the barometer, but perceiving that the mercury still continued to fall, he concluded the valve had not opened, and upon applying a greater force, the cord broke at the staple of the valve, presently the balloon burst just above the cord which was tied round the lower part of it. At this interesting moment, with steady composure, he marked the barometer and thermometer, and noted them in a paper, which was wafted away; but the same unruffled calmness which enabled him in so critical a juncture to commit it to paper, enabled him also to remember it. the barometer stood at 20 inches, and the thermometer at 32. This latter being the freezing point, surprised him much, as he did not perceive in his person a corresponding degree of cold, which induced him to repeat the observation three different times. His situation became more critical every instant, driving to sea with a damaged balloon, and but two bags of ballast; perceiving by the barometer that the balloon, notwithstanding the fissure, still continued to ascend (probably for the impetus not yet counteracted), he determined if it were practicable, to let more gas escape; the balloon was too high for him to reach it with his arms; fortunately he had in his pocket a small gimblet, with which he had been that morning making some alterations in the barometer, which he carried to the Barracks for Mr. Crosbie. This gimblet he tied to the flag-staff, and this latter he made fast to the speaking-trumpet, and standing on the seat he was enabled to make several punctures, in consequence of which he descended with considerable rapidity into the sea, nine miles E. N. E. of Howth.

When his boat took to the water, the impetus of the balloon brought it so near to the boat as to slack the suspending ropes, his body was thrown out, but before his legs were cleared, the balloon re-ascended so much as to make the ropes hold him fast by the ankle, his head lying in the water; being fortunately an excellent swimmer, he disengaged himself, and tried to grapple the boat, he failed in his attempt, and endeavoured to overtake it, but finding this fruitless, he thought it prudent to reserve his strength, he turned on his back, and after thirty-three minutes in this critical situation, heard the cheer of a boat's crew, "never fear, my lad, you are safe," when turning suddenly on his face, he saw them at the distance of forty yards, already holding out their hands, and straining for his relief; he then swam towards them, and was happily taken up, the boat then pursued the balloon and recovered it, and he was soon brought on shore, where their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Rutland received him with that politeness and good-nature for which they are so justly distinguished; their Graces' kind anxiety can never be forgotten by Mr. M'Gwire and his friends.

He was brought to town by Mr. Uniacke, in her Grace's carriage, and set down at Dr. Usher's house, amidst the acclamations of thousands, in perfect health, and but little fatigued.

N.B.—The barometer stood before his ascent, in the Barracks, at 30, 31 inches, and the thermometer at 63 deg. of Fahrenheit.

A MOUNTAIN LAKE.

BY THOMAS WISTAR.

Bright gem upon fair nature's breast,
Far gleaming with resplendent ray,
When morning gilds the mountain crest,
Or stars look down on dying day;

No sound disturbs thy calm repose,
No bird the hush of morning breaks;
The slumber thy fair bosom knows
Alone the fitful zephyr wakes.

Beneath the cloudless summer sky
So pure the crystal depths appear,
With heart attuned, I wish that I
Might look above with soul as clear.

Of sombre cast or joyous sheen,
If sparkling with the sapphire ray,
Or emerald, as thou now art seen,
Or clad in livery of gray,

Thou catchest from above, around,
The choicest hues of earth and sky:
The tints thy leafy borders bound
My every changing mood supply.

And thine it is such peace and rest,
Such health and happiness to give;
I would my own lot were as blest,
I would as pure and bounteous live.

The submarine torpedo boat "Fulton," during the course of her coastwise trip to the South from New York Harbour, made a successful run to the mouth of the Delaware, but, unfortunately, as she was rounding the Breakwater, there was an explosion of gas within the boat, which more or less seriously injured five of the crew. The run seems to have been fairly successful, the "Fulton" having made several dives during the night as she was passing down the Jersey coast, on one occasion remaining submerged for a distance of two miles. Probably it would be unjust to ascribe the accident to any special features of the submarine as such, since explosions due to the same cause occur in gasoline launches. At the same time it cannot be denied that the use of gasoline as a fuel becomes particularly perilous in this type of torpedo boat, where the chances of escape in the case of accident are very remote.

The fastest run ever made by a railroad train for the distance was that accomplished last month on the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad, between the two stations of Eckley and Wray, Colo. The two towns are 14.8 miles apart, and the run was made in an even nine minutes, which works out at the rate of 98.66 miles per hour. The train was made up of a small mail car, baggage car, two chair cars, three sleeping cars, a dining car, and a private car, or nine cars in all. It was drawn by a ten-wheel engine with 19-inch by 26-inch cylinders, and 72-inch drivers; the line is on a down-grade, with a maximum of 32 feet to the mile. The timing of the train was done in the observation car by five watches, one of which was held by the conductor, and the record is considered to be so accurate and well authenticated, that it has received the official confirmation of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad.

CANCER AND THE X RAYS.

So many irresponsible accounts of the treatment of malignant growths by the X rays have been published that it is interesting to note in the New York "Medical News" a report of cases so treated, read by Dr. William J. Morton at a recent meeting of the Harvard Medical Society of New York City, at which Dr. William B. Coley presided.

Dr. Morton's first case for discussion was that of a patient suffering from an epithelioma of the cheek, which had run a very persistent course. It was first noticed over fifteen years ago, and then, as the result of cauterization, improved somewhat. Afterwards it was treated with arsenic paste for a time, and was so much improved that it seemed to be cured. Later it broke down again, and for this last year produced great disfigurement. Before treatment with the X rays there was hardening of the tissues for three-quarters of an inch beyond the edge of the ulcer, all of which has softened as the result of about three weeks of treatment with the X rays. The case is not cured, but so much improvement has come and there is so much less discomfort that the patient is enthusiastic over the new method of treatment.

Another case was a sarcoma of the temporal bone. This had been operated upon and as much as possible of the malignant growth removed. The recurrence was treated as carefully as possible with caustics, but without any lasting effect. "Coley's Fluid" was then employed, the tumour reduced in size, and the patient's general condition much improved. Later, however, the sarcoma again returned, and the patient suffered so much that large amounts of morphine had to be used to induce sleep. After three treatments with the X rays the patient was able to sleep at night, and to cut down the usual dose of morphine to less than one-fourth. In a week the tumour was very much reduced in size, and the case is evidently progressing toward a cure.

Other cases were cited by Dr. Morton, who called special attention to the fact that the X rays produced almost immediate and complete relief from pain. In this matter they are much better than any of the ordinary analgesics; one patient, who had had considerable experience with both, said that the relief they afforded was as great as that produced by morphine, and was much more lasting. This points to the fact that the nerves of sensation of the part are entirely benumbed. The most important feature of the new growths that are amenable to treatment by the X rays is superficiality. If the growth is situated in the skin itself or if it is not covered by skin because of ulcerative processes, then the X rays are sure to be useful. Referring to one case, carcinoma of the breast, where the tumour had disappeared completely after three weeks' treatment by Dr. Morton, Dr. Coley said that he had not a single doubt as to the malignant character of the growth, and when it had recurred the third time the case had seemed hopeless.

Dr. Morton called special attention to the dangers of the use of the X ray in such cases as these, especially that from gangrene. Dr. Gibson said that the experience at St. Luke's Hospital with the X rays shows that very probably there is some great service to be expected from their use in the treatment of malignant disease, and that further opportunity for the employment of this method of treatment should be looked for so as to decide the possibilities and the limits of their application. Dr. Walker said that this method of treatment is in the hands of experts as yet, and that, while results are promising so promising as to be almost alluring, the profession must await further results at the hands of men who thoroughly understand the application of the method.

The workmen digging the foundations for the enlargement of a religious building in Turin discovered, at the depth of about six meters below the soil, a number of articles of great archaeological interest. The most important is a hollow bronze head, life size, and a masterpiece of art, in excellent preservation. The hair, the ears, and the eyes show traces of gilding. It is supposed, from comparison with other heads of the same period, to represent Tiberius. It is hoped that further research may lead to the discovery of other parts of the statue.

LITERARY NOTES.

The "Berliner Tageblatt" announces the death of Herr Julius Grosse, the well-known poet, while staying at Lake Garde. Julius Waldemar Grosse was born at Erfurt, Prussia, April 25, 1828. He was a journalist at Munich from 1854 to 1870, when he became secretary of the Schiller Stiftung at Weimar. Since 1862 he published many poetical and dramatic works and novels.

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There appears to be indications of a Carlyle boom this year. Messrs. Chapman and Hall have a new edition, to be called the "Edinburgh Edition," in preparation, which is to be printed on India paper and to be completed in fourteen volumes. There are rumours, also, of other issues. It is obvious that Carlyle still sells largely, for Messrs Chapman and Hall, during the past three years, have sold on an average thirty thousand copies of his works a year. But is he so largely read? We suspect, remarks the "Academy," he is amongst the "presentation authors" who occupy a good deal of shelf room. Yet the appeal of "Sartor Resartus" and "Heroes and Hero Worship" can hardly, to the young at least, ever fail.

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The Booklover's Library, which claims to be the largest circulating library in the world, was founded in Philadelphia no longer ago than March, 1900. It has fifty branch libraries, and delivers books in nearly all towns in the States having a population of a thousand or over. The membership is limited to a certain number in each locality, and the corporation guarantees to "deliver new books in the best bindings, always clean and pleasing to handle." The latest development of this remarkable institution is called the "Tabard Inn" service, and consists in placing revolving bookcases, the contents of which are frequently changed, in drug stores and shops. We feel, says the "Academy," commenting on this piece of enterprise, that there are some developments of literary enterprise from which this country is happily free.

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The Anglo-Russian Literary Society has printed quite a bulky volume of its proceedings during February, March, and April. The Society, which meets at the Imperial Institute, appears to be doing a good deal to promote a better understanding between Russians and Englishmen. During the three months which the "Proceedings" cover, papers were read by both Russians and Britons, on such varied subjects as "Maikov" (Russian poet), "Two Anglo-Russian Philanthropists" (John and Walter Venning), "Russia and the Russians," "Godol's Celebration," "How to Improve Anglo-Russian Relations," and "Russian Waterways." The "Proceedings" contain also a number of translations from Russian poets. Among forthcoming papers is "A Journalist's Scamper through Siberia and Manchuria," by J. Foster Fraser, to be read on June 1.

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Apropos of an article on "The Coming Novelist" in the "Daily Mail" by Mr. Justin M'Carthy, Mr. G. K. Chesterton writes in the current "Pall Mall Magazine" concerning the over-production of novels. Mr. Chesterton is optimistic; he holds that the critics are not really afraid of literary degeneration—they are frightened by mere numbers. "It is not," he says, "because the novels are weak, but because we are weak, that we seek to arrest this impetuous progression." And he proceeds to assert that people write and read novels because they have discovered that life is fundamentally romantic. This, no doubt, the "Academy" remarks, is one very good reason, though it is no new discovery. But Mr. Chesterton hardly touches that very large class of novels which would almost appear to be written for the purpose of misrepresenting life. Now true romance never misrepresents.

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M. Xavier de Montepin, the eminent French novelist, who died lately, had, like most of his craft, experienced hard times at the beginning of his eventually very successful career. To one experience he always referred with particular zest. On concluding a long and elaborate tale of adventure, he took it full of hope to a publisher, who promptly declined it on even the most advantageous terms, to the writer's poignant mortification. Twenty years afterwards this identical publisher besought at his hands a sensational story—one of those serials which were the delight of grisettes—offering any price within reason. "Well," said Montepin, "I will oblige you, but my terms must be somewhat heavy; I want £4,000." After many protests it was paid. In telling the story de Montepin added: "The best of the business was that it was the very same story which he had previously rejected, and which I had in various directions endeavoured to dispose of."

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In the "Cornhill Magazine" for May Mr. Charles Whibley tells over again the now almost forgotten story of the literary forgeries of Vram Lucas, which imposed for so long upon the credulity of the amiable M. Chasles, a distinguished member of the French Academie, and even duped the Academie itself. In the course of a few years Vrain Lucas sold to M. Chasles 27,472 forgeries for the comfortable price of 150,000 francs. To give the names of the correspondents would be to exhaust the roll of fame. They belonged to all countries and all ages. The letters of Sappho, Thales, Virgil, Julius Caesar, Zeno, St. Luke, Lazarus, Montaigne, Rabelais, the Cid, Moliere, Newton, Galileo, Pascol, Louis XIV., and countless others jostled each other in the ample chests of M. le Comte de Boisjourdain. This was the gentleman who, according to Lucas' story, had rescued the collection at the Revolution from the famous Cabinet of the Chevalier Blondeau de Charnage.

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The question as to whether Mr. John Bright, who was in his day the prince of Parliamentary orators, used to prepare his speeches by writing them out beforehand or otherwise, is finally set at rest by a letter which Mr. H. W. Lucy publishes in his "From Behind the Speaker's Chair" in the "Strand Magazine" for May. The letter is from Mr. John Albert Bright, the great "Tribune's" eldest son, and is as follows:—

Dear Mr. Lucy—I see in an article in the "Strand Magazine" you say that my father used always to write out his speeches and commit them to memory. You are quite mistaken in that. I have seen him prepare his speeches scores of times, and he never wrote them out. In a letter published in the volume of his public letters, and written in 1874, he says—"I have never been in the habit of writing out my speeches—certainly not for more than thirty years past. The labour of writing is bad enough, and the labour of committing to memory would be intolerable. . . . It is enough to think over what is to be said, and to form an outline in a few brief notes."

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"£4,000 for a Bible!" This was the price paid not very long ago in a London auction room for a copy of the Bible. The fact of so high a value being placed upon a single copy has led Mr. J. Cuthbert Hadden, an industrious literary investigator, to tell the story of the "£4,000 Bible and others" in the May number of the "Gentleman's Magazine." The Bible in question is what is known as the Mazarin Bible, because of the discovery of a copy in the library of Cardinal Mazarin; but it is more properly called the Gutenberg Bible, coming, as it did, from the press of the inventor of the art of printing from movable types. The date is supposed to have been prior to 1456. It is a folio of 641 pages, printed in black letter, double columns, without title-page or pagination. Various prices previously paid for the Mazarin Bible were—A vellum copy in 1825, £504; and a paper copy, £199 10s. The former sold for £3,400 in 1873, and the paper copy for £2,690. The purchaser of the former was the Earl of Ashburnham, and when his library was sold in 1897 the Bible brought £4,000. In 1884 Mr. Quaritch also paid £3,850 for a copy.

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The current "Century" publishes "A Little Essay on Books and Reading," by Mr. Dooley. Here is one of his deliverances:—

Hardly a day passes but some lady fri'nd iv mine stops me on me way to catch a car, an' asks me if I don't regard Morse Hewlett as th' gr-reatest an' mos' homicidal writer iv our time, an' what I've got to say about Hinnelly's attack on Stevenson. "Madam," says I, "I w'u'd n't know Morse if I was to see him goin' down th' sthreet ax in hand, an' as f'r Hinnelly, his name escapes me, though his language is familiar to anny wan who iver helped load a scow. Stevenson," I says, "does n't appeal to me, an' if he sh'u'd I'll revarse th' decision on th' ground iv th' bad prevyous charackter iv th' plaintiff, while," I says, "admittin' th' thruth iv what he said. But," says I, "th' on'y books in me libr'y is th' Bible an' Shakespere," says I. "They're gr-reat f'r ye," says she. "'So bully f'r th' style. D' ye read them all th' time?" she says. "I niver read thim," says I. "I use thim f'r purposes iv definse. I have niver read thim, but I'll niver read annything else till I have read thim," I says.

The "Essay" is illustrated, and has clever realisations of Mr. Dooley and Mr. Hennessy.

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Lord Crewe justified a literary name in the chair at Mr. Herbert Paul's lecture on "Style," delivered at the Speaker's house recently in aid of Mr. Watts Hughes's home for boys at Barnsbury. The rustle of evening cloaks as the beautiful room filled almost made one scent a hidden joke in the subject of the lecture, but Mr. Paul kept his gravity even when he assumed that we all knew Sir Thomas Browne and John Dunne as well as Louis Stevenson. We were all (remarks a correspondent) "Macaulay's schoolboys." He came to courageously close quarters, too, with his subject in giving us four masters of style among poets, and four among prose writers ("you can draw no real distinction between style in poetry and style in prose"), and in sifting them for common qualities. It may be interesting to give the names which Mr. Paul defensively qualified as names which no list could leave out. In poetry Sophocles ("the chiselled perfection of human thought"), Virgil, Dante, Milton; in prose Plato ("the greatest master of style who ever lived"), Tacitus, Bacon ("one of the least Shakesperian of writers"), and Pascal. And their common qualities he put down as dignity, lucidity, and strength. It is perhaps particularly unfair to a lecturer on "Style" to pick out "good things," but Mr. Paul tempts one. Swift, "the perfect prose of plain common sense;" Shakespeare, "who exists to show that rules have only a limited application"; "Unto this last," which Mr. Ruskin supposed to be a refutation of what he took to be political economy; "Our language I believe to be even a finer language than the French, but we don't care so much about it." Louis Stevenson, "who after all was a man of genius." These are a few of Mr. Paul's own touches; and in broader vein were the stories of Flaubert, who passed a sleepless night because of a double genitive in "Madame Bovary," and the victim of examination which paraphrased "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" into "Can you wait upon a lunatic?"

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

Lamp-black, which for hundreds and hundreds of years has been the chief ingredient in dark pigments, may perhaps be eventually displaced by acetylene-black. The chief merit of the new substance lies in its freedom from grease and, therefore, in its more ready manipulation. It is said that acetylene-black is admirably adapted for the uses of the manufacturer of printing inks. The high cost of acetylene-black is the only obstacle that bars its general introduction. A field is, therefore, opened to inventors in devising a method of producing the substance cheaply in large quantities. At present the black pigment is obtained by decomposing acetylene through the medium of an electric spark.

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Among the most interesting of the exhibits at the Royal Society's soiree were the manuscripts of the late Professor J. Couch Adams, relating to the discovery of Neptune. Adams determined in 1841, while still an undergraduate in his second year, to attack the problem, and in 1846 the planet was discovered. The earliest, though necessarily the least perfect of the papers, is perhaps the most interesting. In it the orbit and mass of the unknown planet that was disturbing Uranus are calculated, and the final result set down in Adams's handwriting at the end of September, 1843, "three years before the planet was observed with the telescope," and two years before Leverrier had taken the matter in hand. Adams died in 1892

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The House Committee on Coinage, Weights, and Measures, which is now considering the advisability of adopting the metric system in the various departments of the United States Government, had two distinguished witnesses before it recently in the persons of Lord Kelvin and George P. Westinghouse. Lord Kelvin advocated the passage of the Bill warmly. He remarked that he had long hoped that England would take the lead in this matter. If the United States were the first to adopt the system, he had no doubt that England would soon follow suit. He was glad to see that the Committee intended to allow a suitable time for the adoption of the standard before making it effective in order that the public at large might familiarise itself wth metro terminology. Mr. Westinghouse also advocated this system.

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In the valley of Camonica, in northern Italy, electric furnaces have been erected for the purpose of manufaoturing pig iron under the Stassano patent. There are three furnaces, taking 500 horse power each, in each of which furnaces electrodes are employed, placed in the lower part. The ore is pulverised before being put in the furnaces, and a sample carefully inspected and analysed with the object of ascertaining how much carbon will be necessary to reduce it successfully, likewise the required quantity of fluxes. After a determination of the lime, carbon and silicate, the proper proportions are added to the pulverised ore, and briquettes are formed, to which are added from 5 per cent. to 10 per cent. of coal tar. The furnace heat developed around the electric arc decomposes the iron ore, the oxygen with the carbon uniting to form carbon-dioxide. The figures given show that 3,000 horse power hours of the current, costing 13s. 9d., are required to make one metric ton of iron.

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The extraordinary dust fall in Europe a year ago (March 9-12, 1901) has been studied by Hellman and Meinardus, whose memoir has lately appeared in the Abhandlungen of the Royal Prussian Meteorological Institute It is shown beyond dispute that the dust came from the Sahara, and not from South America, as the famous Ehrenberg concluded for similar dust-falls many years ago. Dust storms were observed in the Algerian Sahara during the days immediately preceding the dust fall in Europe. South of the Alps there was a stormy sirocco; further north, the lower air was relatively quiet, but the higher currents were strong from the south, their velocity of 70 kilometers an hour agreeing with the rate at which the dusty area was extended northward. The microscopic analysis of the dust showed it to be a mineral composition such as the Sahara would furnish. Around the Mediterranean the dust fell during the dry sirocco, but further north, especially in northern Germany, the dust came down with rain and snow. Most of it fell south of the Alps. Further north the size and the specific gravity of the particles were reduced. The average weight of a grain of quartz dust in northern Germany was 1-3,200,000,000 gramme. The total fall is estimated to have weighed 2,000,000 tons.

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An interesting lecture was recently delivered before the Society of Arts in London by Mr. William Jago upon "Chemistry of Confectionery." In flour confections or cakes—not sugar confections or sweets proper—the principal substances used are flour, milk, eggs, and sugar. For confectionery the weaker and softer flours, containing much starch and little gluten, are preferable. Milk is used as a moistener instead of water, because of its richness, average pure new milk containing 4.0 per cent. of fat, 3.6 per cent. proteids, 4.5 per cent sugar, 0.7 per cent. ash, 8.8 per cent. non-fatty solids, and 78.4 per cent of water. It is not only the fat in the milk that is of service to the confectioner, but also its proteids, which, though like the white of eggs have no very pronounced taste, yet confer a fullness of flavour which a simple solution of lactose in water would not possess. In baked goods the proteids of milk produce a moistness and mellowness of character, and new milk, therefore, gives to confectionery richness to its fat, sweetness through its sugar, and mellowness through its proteid.

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Next to milk, eggs are one of the most important moistening agents to the confectioner. In composition the white of eggs consists of proteids dissolved in water, while the yolk contains in addition to the proteid, fat and colouring matter. The white of eggs may be viewed as a solution of one part albumen in seven parts of water, while in the whole egg about two-fifths of the solids consist of fat and three-fifths of proteid, while the water of the whole egg amounts roughly to three-quarters of its weight. Another moistening agent used by confectioners is glycerine. If exposed to the air glycerine increases in volume through absorption of moisture. Chemically glycerine is a compound of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, belonging to the alcohol type. When used in small quantities in cakes the result is that drying is much retarded, and the cake remains fresh and moist for a considerable time longer than would otherwise be the case. Many aerating agents are used by confectioners, the chief of them being ammonium-carbonate, usually called "ammonia," or volatile sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid, and cream of tartar. The chemical action of these on the confectioner's paste is to change the sugar present by fermentation into alcohol and carbon-dioxide gas, which has the mechanical effect of distending and lightening the dough.

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The advantages of the twin-screw system of propulsion of steamships have been proved once more in the case of a disabled Atlantic steamship. In this case it was the Deutschland, the fastest of the Transatlantic liners, that got into trouble, her rudder having been carried away at a point 400 miles west of Bishop's Rock. To a single-screw ship this disaster would have meant complete disablement; for although smaller vessels have been steered by jury rudders consisting of floating spars towed astern of the vessel, no such makeshift device could be rigged up that would control a 23,000-ton liner. As it was, however, by means of signals sent down from the bridge to the engine room it was possible to keep the great vessel on a true course, the port or starboard engine being given more or less steam to counteract the veering of the vessel as she sheered to port or starboard. It is conceivable that in ordinary weather a twin-screw ship would experience but little delay from an accident which, happening to a big liner of a dozen or fifteen years ago, would have rendered her completely helpless.

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The United States Weather Bureau has long been experimenting with suitable instruments for the transmission of wireless telegraphic messages. Recent experiments made by Prof. Willis B. Moore, the superintendent of the Weather Bureau, have demonstrated the feasibility of the new apparatus which the Department of Agriculture will probably adopt. Prof. Moore stated that over water of wide expanse wireless messages could be sent accurately and quickly, and more rapidly than if wires were used, but that it was a matter of some doubt whether aerial communication would prove very successful on land. The Department used a new wireless receiver, in which a telephone is employed. The recent experiments showed that this apparatus operates faultlessly and rapidly. Prof. Moore states that he sent a message which, to be transmitted over a wire by electric telegraph, would require two or three minutes, and which was sent without wires at about the fastest rate of wire telegraphy over a land wire. What the particular construction of the Department's wireless telegraphic apparatus may be has not as yet been disclosed.

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The members of the Babylonian expedition sent out by the German Oriental Society, have, in spite of the heat, wind, and dust, held out steadfastly at their post, and have brought to light many valuable memorials which, with those already unearthed, will some day give a faithful picture of the ancient metropolis, its streets, temples, and palaces, and its social, intellectual, and religious life. Up to now four hundred inscribed clay slabs have been found in the centre of the ruins of Babylon. Of only two of them are the inscriptions yet deciphered, but they are pearls of Babylonian literature. One tablet contains a great part of a celebrated Babylonian compendium, which explains the Babylonian cuneiform characters. It is a very ancient dictionary, of great linguistic interest, and of exceptional value practically. The second tablet contains no less than the litany which was chanted by the singers of the Temple of Esagila on the return of the god Marduk to his sanctuary. Marduk, or Merodach, was the son of Ea, and one of the twelve great gods of the Assyro-Babylonian Pantheon. His temple, Esagila, "the exalted house," became the national sanctuary of the whole empire. He had also a sanctuary at Sippar. He is twice mentioned in the Book of Jeremiah, and in Isaiah, as Bel. It was the custom to sing the litany which has now been found after the periodical procession to that grand pantheon which has been brought to light by the expedition, and which, it is hoped, by the winter will be completely excavated. In the meantime Herren Koldewey and Andrae have made another important discovery, a temple of Ador, or Nineb, the tutelar god of physicians, hitherto quite unknown. The German Odiental Society's account of these discoveries, which has just been published, also gives a minute description of an amulet, supposed to protect the wearer from the machinations of the demon Labartu. Labartu was an ashen hued being who made people pale with terror, drank human blood, caused great sorrow, and was acompanied by a black dog. This amulet was once hung round a child's neck in order to drive off the demon.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

From the Dublin Newspapers of 1793.

NOVEMBER 7.—Last Monday exhibited a spectacle in this city pleasing to every friend of virtue and humanity. A procession, formed of all the several parochial charity schools in the metropolis, conducted by their schoolmasters and mistresses, to and from St. Werburgh's Church, where an examination of the progress made by each in the principles of the Christian religion was held by the Rev. George Miller, A.M., F.T.C.D., before the Association for Discountenancing Vice, and promoting the practice of Virtue and Religion, by whom silver medals, with emblematic devices, Bibles, etc., were given as premiums to the best answerers.

The Association, we understand, intend holding such an examination annually in future, and also publishing the names of the successful children, as well as those of their respective masters, as the best means to excite emulation in both.

It is worthy to be mentioned that several most respectable members of the Association joined in the procession, walking two by two before the children; nor can any but those who were present at St. Werburgh's Church during Divine Service, conceive the sublimity of near five hundred youthful voices, raised in Hallelujahs to their Creator, expressive at once of gratitude and adoration.

NOVEMBER 9.—The Privy Council sat in Dublin Castle for the purpose of taking into consideration advices received from Philadelphia, that an epidemical fever raged there, which made dreadful ravages; in consequence of which we hear a quarantine is laid upon all vessels entering any of the ports of this kingdom from America. This pestilential malady is said to have been communicated at Philadelphia from a vessel arrived there from the island of Grenada.

NOVEMBER 13.—Monday last the Attorney-General moved the Court of King's Bench on the part of the King against Archibald Hamilton Rowan, Esq., for liberty to amend the information filed in the said cause in last Trinity term, by striking out of the engrossment the following words, that is to say—"meaning a proclamation issued under the great seal of the kingdom of Ireland, the 8th day of December, 1792, for repressing all seditious associations."

The Recorder, on the part of the defendant, made no objection to the motion being granted.

The Court ruled that the prosecutor be at liberty to amend the information as is desired.

The same day the Attorney-General moved the Court of King's Bench in the same cause, that the issue in this cause be tried at the bar of this court on the first Wednesday after the first sitting-day in the next term.

Yesterday, in the Court of King's Bench, in the case of the King, at the prosecution of the Duke of Leinster, against John Giffard, Esq., one of the present High Sheriffs of the city of Dublin, for a libel against his Grace, the court allowed the cause shown, and set aside the conditional rule.

DECEMBER 1.

Saturday last, in the Court of King's Bench, the Attorney-General moved the Court that a writ of habeas corpus might issue for bringing up John Fay from the goal of Trim, where he was committed some days ago on some charges of a capital nature. The Court granted the motion.

The Recorder, as counsel for Mr. Fay, moved the Court that the information against him be returned to the Clerk of the Crown, which was granted; and

Yesterday Mr. Fay, of the county Meath, arested on a charge of being accessory to the murder of the late Rev. Mr. Butler, and an abettor of defenders, was brought up here from Trim goal, escorted by a party of the English Light Dragoons, and lodged in the New Prison.

Mr. Fay is said to a dealer in flour, and worth a property of £30,000.

Yesterday, about two o'clock, a very serious occurrence took place on the north side of the river, a little above the new Custom House. The crew of a boat belonging to a tender in the Bay, under command of a lieutenant and a midshipman were proceeding with some fresh provisions for their ship's use, when perceiving, as they thought, a very favourable opportunity to impress some of the crews of vessels in that quarter, orders were given to board them. The consequences were such as might have been expected at such a period as the rash adventure was undertaken. The sailors belonging to the trading ships rose against, and by their numbers overpowered them; handpikes, and every instrument which presented itself, were used with dreadful effect on the agents in this injudicious business: the officers were precipitated from a vessel, they had entered into the boat, and being brought to the south side of the river, were there assailed by the sailors and coalporters, who cut and contused them in so cruel a manner, that their lives are in the most imminent danger. Several of the press-gang are desperately wounded. The beef which was conveying to the Bay being brought on shore, was hacked to pieces by a number of poissards, who hurried home with the spoils of this victory.

Detachments of horse and foot, headed by the Sheriffs, proceeded to the scene of affray as soon as information was received of the transaction, but arrived too late to obviate the consequences of what in the first instance seems to have been an act of temerity.

On Saturday last Mr. W. H. Thorpe's poem: "Ancient Rome considered in its rise, zenith, declension, as contrasted with its modern appearance," obtained in our University a premium for English verse composition.

Yesterday John M'Dermot, who stands charged upon a capital offence, alleged to have been committed in the county of Roscommon, and who has been removed here from the gaol of that county, was brought up to the Court of King's Bench, on the motion of the Attorney-General, in order that a day should be appointed for his trial; and the Court ruled that he should be tried at the bar on the 8th of February next.

Friday the election of a member for the county Down, in the room of the Earl of Hillsborough, now Marquis of Downshire, was held at Downpatrick, when Mr. Savage was unanimously chosen.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant hae been pleased to appoint Mr. Barrington to be one of his Majesty's counsel at law and also to the office of clerk of the ship entries, lately held by Mr. George Ponsonby and Mr. Coppinger.

The ticket, No. 32,882, drawn this day a prize of £5,000, was sold in shares, by Mr. Wm. Jones, Dame street.

DECEMBER 6.

On Saturday last a number of letters were received in town from Bordeaux, of various dates up to the 9th of last month, at which time the foreigners, subjects to the States at war with France, were still in confinement, pursuant to the decree of the National Convention, to the number of three hundred persons; but as a modification of this rigorous measure has just taken place in Paris, they all expected to be liberated in a very few days.

Of the above prisoners, one hundred and thirty-four are British; these have the ci-devant Carmelite Convent for their prison, where they are treated with all the lenity and accommodation their condition can admit of, having an unrestrained communication with each other, and the free use of large and beautiful gardens to walk in, with liberty to write letters, etc., to their friends either in France or foreign countries.

On the 6th ult., one of the conventional commissioners paid them a visit, and said he was directed to assure them that it was with the utmost reluctance the Convention had, through the direful necessity of circumstances, been induced to take so violent a step against persons whose good opinion they wished to cultivate; but, added the commissioner, none of you can be ignorant that a dreadful conspiracy was lately on foot to set up the standard of counter revolution in Bordeaux, as well as at Lyons and Toulon, by the means of foreign gold and domestic traitors; these last wretches are well known, and will shortly all meet the fate they deserve; against you we find no cause of accusation, and in consequence thereof, you shall in a few days be restored to liberty and the peaceful enjoyment of your property and business, under the protection of the Republic, while you demean yourselves as you have hitherto done.

(To be Continued.)

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THE MARKET PLACE, ATHLONE.



FROM A PICTURE IN THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL, 1834-5.

HISTORY OF ATHLONE.

(rom Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.)

Athlone, a borough, market and post-vn, and an important military station, rtly in the barony of Brawney, county Westmeath, and province of Leinster, d partly in the barony of Athlone, nty of Roscommon, and province of naught, 12 miles (N.E. by E.) from llinasloe, 15¼ (S.E. by S.) from Ros-mon, and 59½ (W.) from Dublin; con-ning 11,406 inhabitants. This place ives its name from the words "Ath ain," signifying in the Irish language e ford of the moon," of which, pre-isly to the introduction of Christianity, ancient inhabitants were worshippers; according to some, from "Ath-Luan," in reference to the rapids at the bridge over the Shannon. After the erection of a town at this ford it obtained the name of "Bail-ath-Luain," or "town of the ford of the moon," by which, now contracted into "Blahluin," it is generally called by the Irish inhabitants of the neighbourhood. The town is situated on the river Shannon, by which it is divided into two parts, and on the great western road from Dublin to Galway through Ballinasloe. An abbey for Cistersian monks, dedicated to St. Peter, was founded, according to Ware, in 1216, on the western or Connaught side of the Shannon, to which in that year King John gave certain lands in exchange for the site on which was erected the Castle of Athlone, besides one-tenth part of the expenses of the castle, which afterwards become one of the principal military stations in the country. The castle was progressively increased in strength, and so important was it regarded by the English monarchs, that when Hen. III. granted the dominion of Ireland to his son Prince Edward, this town was expressly reserved with other principal cities; and when the same monarch granted the whole of Connaught to Richard de Burgo, he retained for himself five cantreds contiguous to the castle. In this reign another monastery was founded on the eastern side of the Shannon, by Cathal Croibh-Dearg O'Connor, Prince of Connaught, and completed by Sir Henry Dillon, who was interred in it in 1244. In the reign of Elizabeth this place was greatly improved, the fortifications were strengthened, and the castle was for some time occupied by the Earl of Essex. The castle became the seat of the presidency of Connaught, and when the insurrection

broke out in 1641, it was occupied by Viscount Ranelagh, then lord-president, with the usual ward of a royal castle. Independently of its several defences, the town was strong in itself, being built of stone; and the inhabitants having given assurances of their determination to defend it against all enemies, the president entrusted it entirely to their custody; but in a few weeks they secretly formed a design of enabling the insurgents to seize the president and his family, and to surprise the castle. For this purpose they admitted Sir James Dillon's forces within the walls on the night of Saturday, in the hope of surprising Lord Ranelagh on his way to church in the English town on the following day; but by some mistake in the appointed signal, the design miscarried. The Irish forces laid close siege to the castle for twenty-two weeks, when it was relieved by some troops sent from Dublin by the Duke of Ormonde, who strengthened the garrison; but with this reinforcement the president effected nothing more than an unimportant defeat of the Connaught men near Ballintobber. During the president's absence on this expedition, the insurgents of Westmeath under Sir James Dillon attacked the English town in such numbers that the garrison were compelled to abandon the walls, but they defended the houses till Captain St. George, making a sally from the castle, compelled the assailants to withdraw. By occupying the pass of Ballykeran, however, Dillon's forces cut off all communication from the metropolis, and reduced the town to a state of extreme distress for want of supplies, which an entire troop had to cut its way through his forces to Dublin to solicit. At length, all hope of assistance being extinct, the president negotiated with the enemy for a safe conduct for his wife and family to Trim, which was honourably granted; and so forcibly did Lady Ranelagh, at Dublin, urge the necessities of the deserted English in this town, that a convoy was sent to bring the inhabitants away. This convoy, which consisted of 1,100 foot and a few horse, summoned from the garrisons around Dublin, under the command of Sir Richard Grenville, arrived at Athlone in the latter part of February, 1642, and found the English there so much reduced in numbers as scarcely to muster more than 450 men, and many of these so wasted by famine and disease as to be unable to march. They fought their way home through the pass of Rochonnell, and the custody of the castle was assumed by Viscount Dillon of Costelloe. After the victories obtained by Cromwell, the castle was taken on a second attack by Sir Charles Coote for the parliament; and during the fury of the war the town was burned; though restored, it never recovered its former strength or appearance; and in the reign of Charles II. the eastern portion of it was destroyed by an accidental fire.

During the war of the Revolution, the town was held for James II. by Col. Richard Grace, an experienced officer, and a garrison, consisting of three regiments of foot, with nine troops of dragoons and two troops of horse in and around it. Immediately after the battle of the Boyne, Lieutenant-General Douglas was sent by William III. to assault the town. Colonel Grace, doubtful of his ability to defend the whole, burnt the eastern portion of it, and breaking down some of the arches of the bridge, fortified himself in the other part; and Douglas, after battering the castle for eight days without success, withdrew his forces in the middle of the night. Towards the midsummer of 1691, the main



SEAL.

body of William's army was led to the assault by De Ginkell, who first made himself master of the eastern portion of the town, of which, after the retreat of Douglas, the Irish had taken possession, and had fortified it with additional works. From the 20th till the 30th of June, a destructive canonade was kept up across the river by both parties from batteries successively erected; during this period, after expending 12,000 cannon balls, many tons of stone shot, 600 shells, and more than 50 tons of powder, De Ginkell destroyed not only the castle but every house on the Roscommon side of the river. New works were constantly, however, thrown up by the garrison, assisted by the Irish army under St. Ruth, which had encamped at a short distance for the especial defence of the bridge, the passage of which was perseveringly contested with frequent destructive losses to William's army. On the last day of the siege a council of war was held, when it was resolved to storm the town, and the ringing of the bells of St. Mary's church was appointed as a signal for crossing the river. This was accordingly effected the same evening by the army in three divisions, and such was the simultaneous velocity of their movements, that after an hour's sanguinary conflict the assailants became masters of the town, which was immediately evacuated by the garrison. A detachment, which had been sent by St. Ruth to oppose them, was repulsed by the victorious army, who turned the guns of the garrison against them; and St. Ruth, on their taking possession of the place, decamped with his forces to Aughrim, fifteen miles distant. During this siege the loss of the defenders amounted to 1,200; and their brave commander, Col. Grace, who had been chamberlain to James II., while Duke of York, and one of his most faithful adherents, was killed in the action. The English, on taking possession of the town, immediately directed their attention to its restoration and to the repair of its fortifications and works; and it soon became one of the principal military depots for arms, stores, and ammunition. On the 27th of October, 1697, the castle was, during one of the severest storms ever known here, struck by the electric fluid, which set fire to the magazine, in which were 260 barrels of gunpowder, 10,000 hand grenades charged, and a great quantity of match and other combustible stores, the whole of which exploded with so violent a concussion that all the houses in the town, except a few cottages without the gates, were shattered or destroyed: the loss of life, however, was comparatively small, only 7 persons being killed and 36 wounded.

The town, though at present the largest on the Shannon next to Limerick, still retains much of its character as a military station. On the Leinster side, one of the principal entrances near the river is through a gateway in one of the old square towers; and the ancient walls, though in a great measure concealed by buildings, extend for a considerable distance in that direction. On the Connaught side there are scarcely any traces of the walls or gates; but in this quarter are situated all the present military defences of the place.

The town was incorporated by charter dated Dec. 16th, 4th of James I. (1606), which was seized by Jas. II. on a judgment of forfeiture obtained in the court of exchequer, and a new charter was granted in the 3rd of that monarch's reign; but the judgment being subsequently declared void, the former has since been and still is the governing charter, and the latter has not been acted upon since the accession of Wm. III. Other charters confirming and extending the privileges of the corporation were granted on the 16th of Jas. I. and 17th of Chas. II.; and the "New Rules" made by the lord-lieutenant and privy council, in the 25th of Chas. II., provided that the appointment of the sovereign, recorder, and town-clerk should be subject to their approval. The style of the corporation is "The Sovereign, Bailiffs, Burgesses, and Freemen of the Town of Athlone;" and the officers are a sovereign, two bailiffs, thirteen burgesses (including the constable of the castle, Viscount Castlemaine), a recorder, town-clerk, serjeant-at-mace, and billet-master; and there is a select body called the common council. The borough sent two representatives to the Irish parliament prior to the Union, since which period it has sent one to the imperial parliament.

Out of the 4,200 species of plants gathered and used for commercial purposes in Europe, 420 have a perfume that is pleasing and enter largely into the manufacture of scents, soaps, and sachets. There are more species of white flowers gathered than any other colour—1,124. Of these 187 have an agreeable scent, an extraordinarily large proportion. Next in order come yellow blossoms, with 951, 77 of them being perfumed. Red flowers number 823, of which 84 are scented. The blue flowers are of 594 varieties, 34 of which are perfumed, and the violet blossoms number 308, 13 of which are pleasantly odoriferous.

THE INDIAN CADMUS.

In the beginning of the last century, when the herokee Indians still lived down in Georgia, ne of them completed as extraordinary an inven on as many which have given their originators eathless fame and ample fortune.

One day members of his tribe took a white ıan prisoner, and found in his pocket a scrap of aper with printed words upon it. The prisoner cplained its meaning to the wondering redmen, ho at once called it "the paper that speaks." here were some, however, who were sceptical, nd refused to believe the white man, while others eceived the message on the paper as the work f the Great Spirit. One only among them, by ame Sequoyah, comprehended the situation.

"We forget things," he said, "because we have o way of making paper speak. We should have way. I will find it."

The captive explained that letters stood for ounds, groups of letters for words or ideas. And equoyah said:

"My nation, too, shall have what you call an lphabet."

He worked for twelve years, the laughing-ock of his tribe, using birch bark instead of aper, always hopeful, always believing, until at ng last success came. He was a white-haired ıan of sixty when his task was done, but he had ot lived in vain; he had placed himself in the ınk of great inventors, and given a priceless oon to his people.

There are those who declare that Sequoyah's lphabet is better than the one from which he ained his inspiration. It is so simple and so ell adapted to the language for which it is ritten that young Indians easily master it in few weeks. When it was a novelty they looked pon it as some wonderful toy, and neglected all eir sports and occupations while they went to ork to learn how to write down words that ould fix their thoughts, as flies are imprisoned ı amber. Many of them took unaccustomed ourneys for the express purpose of writing to eir homes. Even old men nearing the grave eemed to grow young again in this strange and ascinating study.

Sequoyah's alphabet contained thirty-six let-ers, each one representing a sound, and having ıe value of a syllable. The inventor, unlike ıany others, received honours and appreciation uring his lifetime, being proclaimed Philosopher nd Prophet by the Great Council, and receiving medal, which he wore to the day of his death.

One would have thought a single achievement f this sort enough for one individual; but not ontent, he devised a scheme whereby all Indian ngues might be consolidated into one. To gain ıe knowledge of other languages which he would equire for his new undertaking, he set forth on long journey, and from this journey he never eturned. He was received everywhere with omage and honour, but the fatigue of the trip nquered him, and he died in New Mexico, work-ıg to the last.

More than half of the Cherokees are now speak-ıg English; so it is likely that their language, ne of the best used by Indians, will soon be ntirely superseded by that of their conquerors. nd when this takes place there will be no more se for the invention of the good Sequoyah.

THE MOUNTAINS.

owed unto silence and impassiveness;
Mute and immovable, by God's decree,
Through ages past, through ages yet to be,
ehold, how potent is their spell to bless!

holy quietude this rock and soil
Have communed with high heaven, and so attained
Wisdom humanity hath not yet gained
Vith yearning, heartbreak, and tumultuous toil.

angeless! Yet changed with ever-varying shades;
This crag, or that, enshrouded from our sight,
Then tow'ring forth, snow-crowned and bathed in light,
ve where soft mists 'broider deep purple glades.

riceless! Yet hark, how many a perfect song
Hath in the hills its inspiration found;
Yea, sweeter harmonies of thought and sound
ıan man can utter unto these belong.

auty and song are theirs, and peace divine,
While heaven bends low to meet them where they wait,
Patient, receptive; friends, not thralls, o' Fate.
rn to the hills, O restless heart of mine!

"GAELIC SUPERSTITION."

By GILLA GAEL.

I.

In writing of such a subject as the above I take it to mean a foolish or absurd belief in omens, prognostics, charms, spells, supernatural agencies, and the existence of such as Fairies, the Good People.

Gaelic superstition has been a very over-written subject. Writers have familiarised us with its ad nauseum; but few have taken the trouble to find what are, have been, or may be, the causes which led to it. The bigot cries, the Catholic religion; the sentimentalist calls it the beautiful mythical legendary tales handed down from generation to generation. The pedant calls it the barbarous survival of a Pagan time, the ignorance of the people.

In asking myself what may have been the origin, the cause of the so-called Gaelic superstition, I put away from my mind all I had read, all I had previously heard. I resolved not to indulge in vague theory or speculation, but to study the subject and inquire thoroughly amongst the people whether superstition did exist amongst them, and, if so, its probable cause.

My occupation peculiarly fitted me to thoroughly study the subject, and here let me enter a protest against the writings and opinions of those "birds of passage," the English residents in Ireland, whose knowledge of the Gael and his customs are very much on a par with that of the Irish exile "who knew New York well—he slept a night in it." Everything depends on one's point of view, and if people are credible enough to swallow the opinions of a literary parson living amongst a Catholic people and writing of them, yet completely out of touch, out of sympathy with them, not of their religious or race, I think they ought not refuse to hear the other side, the opinions of one whom the Gaels recognise as a friend, who has worked amongst them, has spent nights in their humble homes, knows their language, is of their race and religion—the dispensary doctor.

My inquiries were always met with the honest confidence that the overbearing sneer, the laughing ridicule would never come from me to hurt the sensitive informant. I knew every "wise woman" and every story-teller in the six parishes of my district, and I always took extreme pride in this—that "they forgot I was the doctor" before I had done with them. They were delighted that I did not, as is commonly done, sneer at their domestic cures, and when I told a village wiseacre that her tying with worsted thread the limbs of a patient bleeding from a wound was a survival of a practice sometime existent, to retain blood in the vital organs, she was triumphant in her pride; and when I found, to my astonishment, hysteroid convulsions in an adult, being domestically treated by liberal ablutions of water dashed on the sufferer, I may have laughed at the drastic treatment, but I could not deny that it was wonderfully efficient. I could not deny a tribute of praise to the acute observer, who could so readily distinguish between true epilepsy and the convulsions of hysteria, and when he gravely informed me that the water of a particular well possessed curative properties for this disease, I found on pursuing my inquiries that such reputation was founded on the fact that three generatons previously a "traveller" had made use of the said well to treat a sudden attack of the same disease in the immediate neighbourhood. That the "traveller" was supposed to be a very learned man goes without saying—that, like every quack, he made the most solemn prophecies about what would have happened had he not been available, so as to better his reputation, is not to be surprised at, and that the poor ignorant Gaels would have believed him is not to be sneered at by the highly educated public which accumulates wealth in these days for patent medicine purveyors.

And is it to be wondered at that when I suggested that any other source of water would do as well, that they would hardly believe me. They referred me to the story-teller—the first porter that leads to the sanctuary of Gaelic superstition.

THE STORY-TELLER OF THE GAELS.

He is generally an elderly man, and yet you will find that all his tales have originated in his golden youth. He can neither read nor write; he would have been, if educated, possibly a literary genius—a beautiful fictionist. He has been a dreamer of dreams. His character is a mixture of characteristics—a fiery-souled hate of the rule of the conqueror, an ardent love for his native land; a soldier, yet not a soldier; a lover of peace, of beauty, of refinement, of the glamour of wealth, of music; filled with all the charm which springs from association with the past, in viewing near his home the ever-present ruins of fort or castle or church; soothed, saddened, and cheered by turns, as the seasons pass him by with their every-changing aspect on the country side, his mind peoples the old ruin standing in the island on the lake with a galaxy of splendour as he sees it rising from the summer morning's mist to greet the new-born sun; as he sees it in the gloaming, in the moonlight letting its shadow so softly fall, fall into the placid water, when around him all is still and silent, and he thinks of the olden time, and transfers himself back to stand amidst the now dead men who in days of old sung, slew and suffered. Winter comes, and the cold wind sweeps across the moorland; no soft foliage clothes the trees; no song of woodland bird hangs on the evening air to make music to the watcher's ears; the old ruin looks cold, and wet, and dreary—then it tells him another story—of ruin, of slaughter, of the days when Ireland fell.

Every acre of his country is hallowed in legend and song; his life is one spent in Nature's solitude; his eye is as observant as the wild, free creatures of the air around him; he is imaginative only as his surroundings give him food for reflection; all the material is there for the story-teller; but yet he is young; he is too modest, although his fancy is fertile, and his ideas brightly drawn. He creates a story, and says modestly it comes to him; he lives on it, dreams on it; it is

ever present with him; he must tell it, and he does tell it. He tells it thus. As around the great fires the youth of the village assemble, and story follows story, and the good man in the corner waits until they all have finished, until, with the respect due to age and wisdom, they shall listen attentively to what they now wish to be told. By sundry and various hints delicately thrown around, this youthful aspirant for honours blurts out the main facts of his own creation, he speaks awkwardly and unconnectedly, and with the modest avowal he heard it from another. The old man fixes the youth with his eye, and sees through the modest veneer; he sees the imagination, the ideas, which came to him when young, the same external pictures prompting the same internal consciousness, and the youthful story-teller, frightened at being so easily found out, and feeling a shame that it should be thought that he, a stalwart, active, athletic farmer, should possess such a thing as the higher intelligence inappropriate in the old man, remains silent, but stores his fanciful creations in the album of memory until he, too, is old and able to command the respect and attention that age deserves, when he will tell his tale.

Now, even when he is old, the story-teller well knows that did he tell his hearers that his fiction was self-born they would not for a moment believe him, and so he often boldly declared that it happened and that he knew well the man who saw—and here he introduced his readers by the common path of all the Gaelic unlettered fictionists.

His first words are generally God bless and protect all our hearers. This awes all the unknowing ones into the belief that the tale is about people who it is harmful to talk about—to the knowing ones it means that the story-teller is going to tell a tissue of lies only, as all fiction is lies, and that the introductory phrase is meant honestly in the hope that the listeners will not carry away with them anything that may be hurtful to them from the story to be told. And here let me say, if the author of the modern neurotic novel gave us an introduction headed, well, God bless and protect all our readers, it might serve them, if honest like the Gaelic story-teller, in keeping on truly moral lines, and might protect the morbid neurasthenic craving girl from carrying away horrible pictures and ideas of passionate vice and suggestive desire from her readings. The Gaelic story-teller loves to tell his story, but he would feel that he would commit a grave injury and transgress the commandments of his Faith if his tale was not a perfectly innocent one. As the writer of "She" first leads us to a University before he brings us by swift steps to the African Palace, the story-teller brings us to every-day, ordinary commonplace life; and then swiftly, suddenly he brings us to the homes of "The Good People," or the "People Good," those popular folk in Ireland.

THE PEOPLE GOOD.

Shakespeare's "The Patricians Good" are good in worldly wealth; the Gaelic story-teller's "People Good" are people good in worldly wealth. They are those from whom he loves to pick the heroes and heroines of his tales—lovely women, stalwart men living in lordly homes, in wealthy halls, surrounded by beauty, loveliness, music, all the charm of youth, of golden summer; they are the creatures of his fancy, the dead men and women of the old ruins. He seeks only those as his characters, and this is the reason why: He will not paint with the brush of his fancy as lovely, beautiful and good, those in his land who have wealth, and dress in silk attire—for the aristocracy of the country are not of his race; they are the sons and daughters of the conquerer; he cannot, he could not praise them; they could never be his heroes or heroines. Perhaps, as I have often known his beautiful daughter of the People Good was but the dark rippling haired and blue-eyed Irish girl, the graceful slender girl who walked barefooted across the mountain heather to her humble home, and who, perhaps, is sitting attentive listening now to the old man, who describing her, clothed in all the glory, the sheen, the splendour of wealth, leads her to the People Good, a heroine, a lovely girl, a very queen.

But the audience pay no attention to particular items in devouring the splendid generalities. The career of the earthly one who carried the tale of that other great, wealthy, gorgeous, lovely world to them is closely followed. But now comes the story-teller's difficulty—his Kallikrates (to borrow a name from "She") leaves the home of the People Good, but how is he to be driven from it that the way may remain unknown to any aspirant afterwards, or in a way that may raise no hope in any of the listeners of pursuing such a futile path, if they are credible enough to believe the tale that is solemnly asserted to be true only to engage attention.

Sometimes he is killed outright, but not until he has divulged all that he has seen or heard. More commonly he is afflicted with a lingering sickness—"He never did a day's good from that day until the day he died"; and sometimes—"He went off to live with them a year and a day after, and they said he died, but, sure, it was the lady that loved him that drew him away and put something in his place at home." Now, the story-teller's tale must be morally good, for he would not and could not be allowed to tell amongst a circle of his young acquaintances anything that would offend or be indecent. He stands in this relationship to the educated writer of fiction.

His imagination is more fertile; he draws from the "character evolution of internal consciousness," and not from real life. He creates a tale, not for an army of readers unknown to him, or ignorant of his private and domestic life, character, but speaks to a limited circle of acquaintances, and is limited by their knowledge. He fears to do harm, because he speaks to a few whose prosperity and welfare he has good wishes for. He tells the story for amusement both to himself and his audience. He tells it not to reap a financial benefit by it. He often does good, as the author of a good book does good, by pointing a moral and illustrating the evil of vice and injury of man to man, and as the author often creates a morbid fancy, the Gaelic story-teller does.

It is not his fault more than it is the literary fiction author's fault. In one case it depends on the listener; in the other on the reader.

I have known an emotional girl made a superstitious slave by her belief in the imaginative tale of a Gaelic story-teller, but—and which is worse—I have known a young, highly-educated, and well-bred girl absolutely ruined, becoming a debased, destroyed woman—a slave to vice—through an acquaintance made with the books of a modern author, whose suggestive freedom from social and domestic customs in her heroines has set a fashion in the neurasthenic passion craving literature of the day. The Gaelic story-tellers have been the cause, the innocent cause, of part of what we hear as Gaelic superstition, and what we hear commonly as folk-lore, etc., is Gaelic imagination. The tales of the Good People are but romances sung to the dead men of our native land. That "the good people still live" is a pleasant association to us uneducated poor people with the halls of the wealthy, the music-loving, the refined, the beautiful, our ideals. That we believe in Deirdre or Chreena or Una the Fair is true, but they are our ideals of the sex we chivalrously admire, protect, and love to sing of. They are the heroines of our unwritten fiction. If we speak about them, if we sing about them—if a maid far beyond us as the skies strike our fancy, and yet that we must view from afar, and yet may flee an exile from our land. Does it matter, because when our hairs are grey and our children around us, we speak of her, the sweetheart of our youth, whom we loved as man can only love woman, and who is lying now, perhaps, in her cold grave, or away beyond in that other land, towards which the very sods of Irish turf do spring? We tell of her, and adorn her, as we would what we love, and if some poor half-witted fool or fools take too seriously our tales, and cry that "they are taken in the fairies," is it because they say so, and we laugh that we should no longer paint up the old ruins when the summer moon shimmers its silver sheen across lake, rivulet, and stream? Not we; and we shall tell our tales; we shall create high ideals, and let the materialist scoff; let the library scribe or bird of passage pitch down finished the cleverly-written fiction of an English author, and then seek his desk and drawing-pen and paper, write until the grey morning flits across the eastern sky, on "the traits and characteristics of the Gaels," "their gross superstition," and all the usual cant about the Catholic religion, the Pagan traits, and the sidhe or fairy religion. Educate them Gaels; then it will possibly be a sin to be a Catholic novelist. to be an author of works. Doubtless the people who now write the delirum tremens stories of the Martians and the voyages to planets beyond will beg to draw attention to the "gross superstitious imaginations of the Gaels."

Ah, poor Ireland! uneducated Ireland!—your every virtue is a cardinal sin. Your happiness would be to have but a demented people, who would eat, drink, sleep methodically, for dare you think you are superstitious—dare you have a fancy. You are a Pagan. Dare you possess any virtue. That virtue is a vice!

(To be continued.)

BUILDINGS THAT MOVE.

Experiments made in the Capitol at Washington, started originally to show the physical properties of the pendulum, brought out some strange facts in regard to the movement of the Capitol itself. The movement is due to the influence of heat and cold, producing expansion and contraction. A wire was hung from the top of the dome to the floor below, and on the end of it was a specially prepared plumb-bob with a lead pencil inserted in its lowest point. The point of the pencil just touched the floor, on which there was a paper. Every day the dome moved and carried the pencil with it in an elliptical track averaging 6in. long.

The dome starts moving in the morning as soon as the sun's rays strike it, and the pencil draws its curved track until sundown, when a reaction takes place, and it moves back to its starting place; but not over the same track, for the cool air of the night makes the dome contract, so that the pencil draws the other half of the eclipse. When the experiments were being conducted it was said that the time of day could be approximately told by the extent of line drawn. The Washington monument is so noted for nodding its head at the sun that the Government engineers have rigged up a permanent device there to show just how much it may be out of plumb at any time.

It may sound fanciful, but it is nevertheless a fact, that the Liberty Statue in New York Harbour literally waves a welcome and farewell to the vessels that ply up and down the bay, the tall office buildings bend their heads, and the Brooklyn Bridge rises and falls every day, having a special device to compensate this motion. There was not a sufficient accommodation for the great heat of last summer, and as a consequence certain irons gave way and impaired the safety of the structure.

All of us know how railway rails have their ends close together in summer time and open in winter: and when tracks are laid either in extreme cold or hot weather allowances have to be made for this change. The roofs of large buildings have to be supported on wheels or other bearings in order to allow them to expand in the day and contract at night without spreading the walls on which they are supported; and the famous Britannia tubular bridge is also provided with a similar safety device, or it would have racked itself to pieces long ago.

DUBLIN CANALS.

By T. O'C., BIRMINGHAM.

Surely our ancestors were easily satisfied when, on the completion of the Grand Canal to Monasterevan, something over a hundred years ago, they found they could journey from thence to the Metropolis, or vice versa, a distance of 30 miles, at the astonishing rate of some three miles an hour! A packet boat sailed from James's street Harbour (I quote from Watson's Almanack of 1792) every morning at six o'clock, and arrived at Monasterevan in the evening. Evidently the fly boat described by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, and which is illustrated in the "Dublin Penny Journal" of May 3rd last, was a much more modern affair, as the speed then was accelerated to seven Irish miles per hour. According to a time-table of 1804, referred to in an article in the "Evening Telegraph" about six years ago, accommodation was provided for first and second class passengers in the fly boats of that period, and the rate of travel was four miles an hour. A trip to Athy or Tullamore being a good day's journey, it was, of course, necessary to provide creature comforts for passengers, and so it was possible to dine for 1s. 6d or 2s 2d, according to class. A bottle of porter cost 6d, Dublin cider 10d, port wine (restricted to those who travelled first class and who ordered dinner) was 2s. a bottle. Smoking was not allowed; dogs, if brought into the cabin, were charged for as if they were human passengers, but, even in this respect, they had an advantage over servants in livery, who were forbidden to enter the first class cabin at all. In 1835 we read of the employment of iron fly boats on the Royal Canal between Dublin and Mullingar, and in the same year the City of Dublin Steampacket Company announced the conveyance of merchandise by means of steamboats, plying both on the Grand and Royal Canals. It does not appear that packet boats were propelled by steam at all, for, even to the year which witnessed the competition of the "iron horse," the Canal Companies guaranteed the contract speed of seven Irish miles an hour to be upheld, and this object was gained by the use of three horses to each boat, and the division of the entire length of waterway into easy shages, fresh relays of horses being provided at each stage. On the Athy line these stages were as follows:—1, Hazlehatch, 8 miles; 2, Sallins, 14 miles; 3, Robertstown, 20 miles; 4, Rathangan, 26 miles; 5, Monasterevan, 31 miles; 6, Vicarstown, 37 miles; and 7, Athy, 42 miles. The line to Shannon Harbour branched off at Robertstown, and was divided into the following stages, the distance being computed from Robertstown, which was the third stage from Dublin:—4, Ticknevin, 5 miles; 5, Edenderry, 8 miles; 6, Ballybritten, 11 miles; 7, Phillipstown, 17 miles; 8, Tullamore, 24 miles; 9, Cornolor, 31 miles; 10, Gillen, 37 miles; 11, Shannon Harbour, 41 miles.

The banks were in many cases bordered by rows of elm trees, which added greatly to the charm of a walk along the canal side, and rendered it one of the most popular promenades in the vicinity of Dublin. On certain evenings each week a band would perform in Richmond Barracks, and then, if the weather happened to be fine, might be seen a throng of people of all classes, young and old, enjoying the fresh air and listening to the strains of the music, softened by the proximity of the water. Innocent flirtation, just as prevalent then, as now, of a band evening at the Depot or Drumcondra Park, would be the principal attraction to the young people of both sexes, while, no doubt, their elders would gossip of the stirring incidents of the times. Occasionally there would be a display of fireworks at the neighbouring Vauxhall Gardens, at Ranelagh.

Frank Thorpe Porter, in his "Gleanings and Reminiscences," mentions that for some years prior to 1842 a very large number of persons were found drowned in both the canals, indeed, so numerous did they become that public attention was drawn to the matter, but it was only by a mere accident that the cause was discovered. It happened that on the 11th March, 1842, a few minutes before 10 o'clock, that a young man named Kinsella, who was employed in a distillery at Marrowbone lane, was proceeding, after his breakfast, from his residence, at Dolphin's Barn, to resume his work, when, on approaching the canal bridge, he was stopped by a constable, who informed him that the Coroner required his attendance, as a juror, on an inquest that was about to be held on the body of an old man, just taken out of the canal. Kinsella vainly expostulated against the detention. He was told it would be a very short business, for there were no marks of violence on the corpse; it would merely be a case of "found drowned." The man was accordingly sworn on the inquest, and the coroner having informed the jury that they were required by law to view the body, they were conducted to the apartment where it lay. As soon as Kinsella beheld the corpse he rushed forward, dropped on his knees beside it, seized the stiff and frigid hand, and exclaimed, "My father! my poor, dear father! We buried him on this day week, decently and well, in the Hospital Fields. He had no business in the canal, and them old clothes never belonged to him; he never wore a stitch of them." The coroner and the doctor vainly endeavoured to persuade Kinsella that he was mistaken, and his recognition of his parent produced an inquiry, which resulted in bringing to light some very extraordinary practises on the part of the county functionary and his medical satellite. They were paid by public presentment, according to the number of inquests held, and they had recourse to the expedient of having bodies disinterred, clothed in old habiliments, and thrown into the canal. Such bodies were almost always discovered very soon, and were taken out on the county side of the canal, to swell the coroner's next presentment for inquests on persons who were "found drowned." A crush from a passing barge afforded an additional profit, as the bruises constituted a plausible reason for a post mortem examination, and thereby doubled the doctor's ordinary fee. The coroner and his associate were convicted of conspiring to defraud, and consequently were deprived of their functions. It must be acknowledged that if their mode of procuring inquests was not honest, it was certainly novel and ingenious.

Nearly all the bridges spanning the canals, in the Dublin district were named after directors of one or other of the companies, thus over the Royal, there are Newcomen, Clarke's (at Ballybough road), Binn's, Blaquiere, and Reilly's bridges, and over the Grand Canal, Macquay's (at Grand Canal street), M'Kenny's, Huband, Macartney, Eustace, La Touche, Camac, Harberton, and Griffith bridges. Most Dublin people will know that the building at Portobello harbour, now used as a private hospital, was built as an hotel for the accommodation of passengers arriving and departing by canal boats.

A SPRING MADRIGAL.

Faint flutes at morn I heard
When April spake the word,
And bade her choir invisible across the moorland sing.

Then, louder on the air,
As if each blossom fair
A burst of utterance had found, I heard the earth-psalm ring.

Unto the gates of May
Fair April led the way,
With all her fairy host allured and my heart following.
Free from the thought of pain,
We trooped, a joyful train,
And sang ourselves, and sought to make the mournful worldlings sing.

Far from the haunts of man,
Out where the great god Pan
Lifts his wild reed and lures us on, we minstrels troop and run;
Flushed with the fire of spring
We only seek to sing,
And bathe ourselves in dreams of love beneath the April sun.

So runs my heart away
Toward the white hills of May,
Where daffodils and daisies are the springtime snow, I ween;
The sweetest life we know
When April's trumpets blow,
And all her courtiers call to us to follow with their queen.

Charles T. Schoen, of pressed steel car fame, announces that the pressed steel car wheel has demonstrated its utility by a severe test in actual service, and the new plant projected for the manufacture of the wheels will have an initial capacity of five hundred wheels per day.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

THE DAY OF THE FIRE.

The trainmen of the main line called the L. and B. Branch "the family cinch." It was a twenty-mile spur, running north from the State Central, and connected Lovell Junction with the village of Baxter. Its trains were four a day: passenger down in the morning, mixed back at noon, mixed down at half-past three in the afternoon, and passenger back at six.

One train crew did all the work, and the crew "was all in the family." Jotham Hale was the engineer, and had tooted for cows and crossings on the branch ever since the days of the "cow-lily stack" wood-burners. Seth Hale, his eldest son, was conductor; Asa, his youngest son, was fireman, and another son, Ira, was station agent at Baxter, where all the Hales lived.

Asa was seventeen years old, and was the family pride on account of his ingenuity, a word that expresses a great deal in Yankee land. From the time when he could first run about he had devoted to the trains and the station all the hours he could get from his school.

So it came about that even before he was hired as fireman he could "spell" any member of the family, which was convenient for the family, for the father and brothers had several rather engrossing personal interests, such as gardens and horses and positions in the village fire department.

"Old Man" Hale was, quite naturally, the chief engineer of the steamer. Seth was foreman of Hose No. 2; and the station agent, Ira, was chairman of the citizens' committee, whose duty it was to look after property removed to the street during a fire.

We are now qualified to understand what happened when the "big Baxter fire" broke out.

The noon train had been in at the station ten minutes. Jotham Hale had backed the uncoupled engine down opposite his house below the station. He owned a tract of land half a mile down the line, and his big barn was close beside the track. Morning, noon, and night the train arrangement exactly suited his chore time.

Half an hour before leaving time in the morning he was in the habit of loading his pails of swill into the cab and running the locomotive down to the barn. Noon and night he did the same. The neighbours used to smile and say that pretty soon "Old Man" Hale would be using the engine to pull his mowing machine and his harrow.

Now on this day the engineer was just hoisting two pails of steaming provender into the cab. All at once came a clamour of voices from up in the village. Then dong! dong! the Methodist bell boomed out. It was followed, cling! clang! cling! by the bell on the Congregational Church.

"Fire, boys!" shouted the chief engineer, running to the house for his rubber coat. As he came out he cried to Asa, "Look out for Old Hoss!" "Old Hoss" was the family name for the locomotive.

Behind his father ran Seth, buttoning his fire coat. "Lock up my ticket-box, Asa," he yelled back.

Then Ira, of the fire committee, bolted out of the station and came running down the long platform.

"Tend the office while I'm gone, Asa!" he gasped, as he ran past. "Keep your ear out for messages."

Asa was quite unaccustomed to being sole ruler in the station. He took a look at the gages in the engine, sprinkled fresh fuel on the quivering bed of coals, slowed down the pump till it breathed its "oo-o-wough" as slowly as a tired man asleep, and then he went up to the station.

"That fire looks rather savage," he thought.

A great dun column had gone straight up, pushing a mighty, balloon-shaped, yellow and black knob. The knob had begun to "blossom" into rolling, puffy, ominous convolutions and tumbled high above in the upper air-currents.

Ten minutes later the first selectman came slewing around the corner of the station in his Concord wagon. He sprang out before the horse had fairly stopped, and thrust a telegram under the wicket.

"Here, Asa!" he shouted. "Send it as quick as lightning will take it! Baxter is spoken for, I guess."

As Asa clickety-clacked the Lovell office call, he read aloud—

"Chief Fire Department, Lovell—Baxter burning up. Can you send help on special?—O. Burrt, Selectman."

"That's right!" corroborated the Selectman. "Hustle it!"

As the message went rattling away the Selectman explained, "It caught in the sawmill and leather-board factory, and they're afire from stem to stern. The grease in the leather-board place flashed up like powder and oil. All the Main street blocks this side are ablaze, and clots of fire are dropping everywhere out of that first smoke cloud. There's no telling where it's going to stop."

"We ought to hear in five minutes," said Asa. "They'll telephone it to the chief."

He watched the smoke rolling higher and more dense. The selectman kept his eye on the mute telegraph-sounder. Suddenly it began to rattle. The Selectman could hardly restrain himself while Asa translated—

"Will start special as soon as can be made up.—Chief, Lovell."

"Good!" exclaimed the Selectman. Out he ran and galloped his horse back into the village.

"Let's see," mused Asa. "To get a permit for the special, to load and run up here, will take a good part of an hour, best they can do. But 'll slip Old Hoss off the main line now, to make sure." He hurried down and climbed into the cab. There were the pails of swill.

"Those poor critters ought to be fed!" he muttered, remembering the plight of the patient stock at the barn. Asa was a sympathetic and thoughtful youth in all cases where animals were concerned, and only a country-bred boy realises the importance of chores.

"I can do it in a jiffy," he thought. "There's no knowing when they will get fed if I don't take the time right now."

Without hesitation he pulled the throttle and started for the barn. The railroad man that he was, Asa realised that he ought to be at the telegraph instrument, but he hoped these few moments, stolen for the sake of the beasts, would make no difference.

Almost before the engine came to a halt at the barn he was out and down with the pails and inside the door. He slopped the swill into the troughs, frantically jammed hay into the mangers, and then ran out.

There was a heart-chilling blank in the landscape where Old Hoss had stood. Rods away down the track the locomotive was lumbering along slowly, its faint and moderate chuff! ugh! chuff! telling that the throttle-bar was out a notch or so.

Whether in his haste he had failed to drive the lever in securely, or whether the engine had started to roll on the grade and had jarred the throttle open, Asa's sudden, frantic conjecture could not determine.

But he fully realised that it was a case where haste had made waste. Old Hoss was travelling off leisurely, and already was rolling out upon the trestle and taking the long curve by the river.

Now, the topography of the land below Baxter is rather peculiar. On minor branch roads contractors build around hills and dodge ravines. Just below the village the L. and B. track is especially sinuous. It comfortably follows the river, which sweeps around a great hill and curves back towards the village like the tail of the letter S.

The distance around the hill to South Baxter is five miles by the railroad. Across lots, and along one of those old New England highways of the forefathers that went straight ahead regardless of hill or valley, it is less than two miles.

Asa, standing there by the track with the empty pails in his hand, thought quickly and desperately. It was useless to pursue Old Hoss down the track. Probably the station agent at South Baxter was then at dinner, otherwise Asa could have called him on the wire and asked him to shunt the engine.

With a great thrill of fear Asa tore a bridle from its peg in the barn, fiercely pulled an astonished horse from his dinner, and the next instant was clattering down the dusty road, pounding with fists and heels, and shouting into the frightened animal's flattened ears.

Already from the country to the south the farmers were hurrying up toward Baxter, summoned by the signal smoke of the conflagration. Rattling wagons were kicking clouds of dust behind, and under the drifting cover of it men and boys were running and puffing.

Yelling as he galloped, Asa narrowly missed riding down dozens of these dust-hidden pedestrians. Astonished farmers jerked their horses to one side as he thundered past.

When he galloped down the hill toward the white crossing-post at South Baxter his hands were clutching the mane and his heels were hooked against the animal's steaming flanks. The horse was fairly running away.

Time and time again was Asa nearly dislodged, for he was riding bareback without stirrups. But he gathered all his strength, and when the horse's hoofs struck the crossing planks he dragged the snorting beast back on his haunches.

He looked up and down the line. The curve above shut off the view except for a short half-circle. Below was a two-mile tangent. Old Hoss was not in sight. There was not even a whiff of smoke down the tangent.

"She hasn't passed!" was the sudden, wild, thrilling flash of thought that steadied Asa's swimming head. Then he galloped beside the track to the small station building. The agent poked his head out of the window.

"Has Old Hoss gone past?" gasped Asa.

"No, but it ought to be going past," snapped the agent; "that is, if your family expect to keep their jobs! Seems from what I hear that they got in too much of a hurry down in the Lovell yard, and the engine bumped off the track at the Y switch frog as they were making up. There's no other spare engine in reach on the division, and they've been drumming Baxter to send down your engine. Reckon the division super must be in a padded cell by this time if the operator has told him. Hear?"

Out from the open window came the angry cracker! chacker! of the instrument. Asa wheeled his horse.

"Break in and report special south according to orders!" he cried, and he dashed away up the track on the shoulder of the gravelled bed, the horse's labouring hoofs throwing the sand in jets like a fountain. He had seen Old Hoss just rounding the curve.

As he approached the advancing delinquent, he whirled about and waited till the engine rumbled down on him. Then, as the cow-catcher came abreast of the plunging horse, he drove his heels against the animal's ribs and raced along for a few feet.

The locomotive was travelling leisurely. As the step came past, Asa threw down the bridle reins, grabbed for the hand-rails, and dragged himself into the cab. The horse swung away into the field.

The next instant, throttle wide open, engine throbbling, and the white flames in the fire-box quivering with the exhaust blasts, Old Hoss roared past the South Baxter station, the whistle screaming for the crossing.

The station agent stared from his platform after the locomotive till it was far down the tangent.

"Well, I swan!" he gasped. "Has the H family got Old Hoss so well trained that t let him go out for a stroll alone?"

It occurred to him that he ought to repo and he hastened to his instrument. The soun had been quiet for a little while; but now, j as he was about to call Lovell, that po called Baxter once more with impatient rack Failing to get a response, the Lovell opera called South Baxter. It was a caution m sage.

"Hold track clear for fire special. L here 1.22."

The South Baxter agent gasped; then grabbed his sender-key and rattled this m sage:—

"Special engine just left Lovell."

"Hold at South Baxter," clacked Lov very naturally not dreaming that a spec could have been unreported as leaving Baxter terminal, a special that had not as officially acknowledged receipt of orders start.

"Has already passed," clicked South Baxt with a tremble in the sending hand. Betw South Baxter and Lovell there were only f stations, without agents or signals.

"That's what comes of dipping in where don't belong," said the South Baxter m drawing a quivering finger across his perspir brow. "It's going to be the worst smash ever was on this road!" he moaned. "A there's nothing to do but just sit here and things go. Reckon I'd better go climb a t and then pull the tree up."

Again the sounder began to rattle. snapped bitter reproach at the South Bax agent as the only victim in reach at the ti He broke in and sought partially to justify action.

The man at the Lovell end was the k agent. He informed the South Baxter n that not only was the division superintend on the fire train, but the general manager the system as well. In fact, it was owing the general manager's presence that the d culty of the engine had been arranged.

The Lovell operator explained that the nager's special had come along on the m line a little before; and when he learned of fire and the delay, he ordered his engine take the fire train. Naturally, he went alo too.

All at once the fierce "cnack" of this lo range colloquy was interrupted by a "bro in." The two white-faced men who w sitting fifteen miles apart listened with dr ing jaws to the nervous clack! click! cla As the staccato jerked out its informat each man started from his chair and shou with joy.

And this was what had happened.

All the way down the tangent below So Baxter Asa had been stoking and studying gages. As the jolting engine swung ro the first curve he climbed to the engine cushion and put his head out. The billow wind swept against his streaming face. troubles were clearing.

But suddenly he thought of the situatio the Baxter station that he had been compe to desert under such desperate necessity. realised that if telegraph calls were not swered at such a critical time, and that if superintendent arrived there and found place deserted by all the Halles, the fa would in all probability be retired to think matter over.

In some way his people must be appr Someone must be called to the telegraph strument. The livelihood of the whole fa depended on it.

Again Asa's ingenuity was equal to emergency. Tucked in the box under cushion he always carried a coil of wir telegraph instrument, wire-cutters and cl ers—a linesman's outfit. He jammed dow throttle, set the brake, and as soon as th comotive grated to a halt he seized his t and in thirty seconds was up a teleg pole. A few minutes sufficed for him t stall his relay box.

The wire was still busy, as the immediate chatter of his instrument indicated, and he waited a bit to learn the condition of affairs before he acted. His intention was this: To ask the agent at South Baxter to send a messenger post haste to Baxter and hurry his brother Ira to the station.

But Asa heard with bristling hair the despairing laments and bitter taunts passing between the two operators. He heard that the special had started from Lovell, and was then coming up the rails at a mile-a-minute speed.

With nervous haste he broke in. His hand trembled so with fear, joy, and excitement that he could hardly work the key. But his few jerky sentences sent two men out of their chairs, shouting with delighted surprise.

It must now be a race between lumbering Old Hoss, with only one slender youth as both engineer and fireman, and the great engine of the general manager's train, with its seven-foot drivers and its mighty reach of piston-rod.

Asa left his instrument still clicking, ran to his engine, swung himself into the cab, threw down the reverse lever, and started. His drivers throwing sparks as they whirled for a clutch.

He glanced at the chronometer now. The fire train must be close on him. His swaying, drooping trail of smoke obscured his vista down the track, but he knew that just beyond the veil the pursuing engine was quivering at the head of its train.

He screamed a shrill whistle warning for the crossing at South Baxter. When he roared past the station he flung a gesture of greeting to the agent, who swung his cap and danced in delight on the platform.

As Old Hoss wrenched round the curve, Asa, through the shredded smoke, perceived the fire special far down the tangent. By the white jets puffing against the pall of its smoke, he knew that it was hooting at his fleeing engine in hoarse and fierce protest at its presence on the right of way.

But Old Hoss gathered herself in renewed effort, and thundered on desperately along the snaky five miles between South Baxter and the terminal. The sign-board at the south end of the trestle warned "Slow!" But Asa rushed the engine across the groaning structure, and drove up the track in the yard limit to the roundhouse siding. Then he reversed and pulled Old Hoss to a stop that jarred her in every fibre.

Jerking out his keys as he ran, he flew to the switchpost, and in two minutes had his engine safely off the line. He stood there, still with his hand on the switch-lever, when the fire train rumbled past, men crowding its "flats" and massed around the gleaming steamer and host trucks.

The station yard was full of citizens, who were down to assist in unloading the equipment of their neighbours in the south. Asa hurried through the crowd and burst into the telegraph-room. Ira was there at the instrument.

"I didn't hear you had cleared out and left till twenty minutes ago!" Ira grumbled. "I happened to come down with the rest and found the office open. Since then Lovell and South Baxter have been filling me up on what has happened, and what will probably happen, as soon as the division super gets at us. What have you been trying to do?"

Asa interrupted his brother's complaints. "Old Hoss got away from me and I chased her; that's all there is to it," he panted, wiping the perspiration out of his eyes. "I just did the best I could, Ira, but I'm afraid the way things look now, there's going to be trouble when the management begins to investigate. There's no use talking; we've run things rather slack up here on the branch."

Then he told his story hurriedly, Ira listening with mingled wrath and amazement. Outside were the shouts of hurrying men, the squeaks of pulleys, and a tumult of excitement, as the equipment was unloaded.

Over all rolled the smoke from the conflagration that now had swept half way down Main street.

"There'll be no question asked until after this is over," said Ira.

He grabbed the telegraph-key, called both South Baxter and Lovell, and rattled off a long message. Asa listened, occasionally scrubbing his sleeve across his sooty forehead.

"Do you think that is the best way?" he asked, finally, his question inspired by the discussion over the wire.

"I don't know. Both of them say they'll back up any story we give 'em," "They know just as well as we do that if the manager gets a ripping things up on this branch it may mean a clear sweep. Just those two operators know how close a shave it really was. The only thing we need stick to, I suppose, is that we got the orders, sent the engine to South Baxter, and came back when the signals there blocked us. I dont want to do it, though. I never lied out of a scrape yet, and I don't like to begin now. Think it over, Asa, and I'll see you to-night."

Asa was very thoughtful during the remainder of the busy day.

That evening, while the steamers were extinguishing with hissing streams the last red fires among the blackened beams, Asa had his talk with the general manager in the latter's private car on the side-track. The manager had summoned him.

"Young man," said he, "I have been making some inquiries, and I find that your relatives left you to run this whole branch to-day, and that they have been doing the same thing for some time. Local public spirit is a good thing, but sometimes we need our men ourselves. I find you got the engine out alone and ran as far as South Baxter. You were here attending to your business, so I now promote you to the engineer's job.

"At the same time, I think we shall give the rest of your family an extended vacation, so that they can catch up in their public and private affairs."

The general manager swung around in his revolving chair and began talking with the division superintendent, signifying that Asa might retire. But Asa stayed, rolling his cap in his hands.

"I should like to say just a word," he requested, humbly.

"I'll listen to no plea for your father and brothers," said the manager. "They are discharged."

"I think I'm the only one who ought to be discharged," said Asa.

It was the most bitter humiliation of his life, but he had made up his mind to it long before. He told his story through, not seeking to shield himself. The manager surveyed him after he had finished, his fingers tip to tip and his eyes steely.

"Do you think that a simple discharge is punishment enough for imperilling fifty lives and a hundred thousand dollars' worth of property for the sake of some pigs and a few old cows?" he demanded.

Asa choked. He was merely a boy. "I realise what I have done, sir," he said.

There was a long pause. Then the manager leaned back and crossed his legs.

"But you had wit enough to save this road from damage suits that would have cleaned out our surplus and given us a floating debt," said the manager. Then he spoke more kindly. "My custom is to reward intelligence, honesty, and loyalty on this road."

He turned to the superintendent. "Peters," said he, "here is such a case as I have spoken to you about before. The thing that boy has been through to-day is a liberal education in the railroad business. Until a railroad man has been close to a thing like that he isn't an absolutely safe employe. Some people figure differently, but that's my notion. Young man," he said, "we need well-educated men, and I really do believe that the Hale family has taken the full degrees. You're all discharged, but your term of service will recommence to-morrow morning in season to take down the first train. Good night!"

To be sure, the railroad men of the State always have said that this general manager's great success in getting the most out of his men comes from his complete understanding of human nature. Here was another example.

The L. and B. Branch? Why, they are martinets in discipline and devotees to attention there now!

MEMORY.

Sad, as the waves of the low-moaning ocean,
Break in the light of the moon on the shore—
Fitful, as music, when winds set in motion
Strings of the air-lute their wings tremble o'er;
Pure, as the spring from its fountain-heart welling
Through the hot sands in the wilderness lone,
Come back again from their shadowy dwelling,
All the dear memories of days that are gone.

Childhood—its light-hearted sorrow and pleasure,
Smiles like the sunlight, and tears like the dew;
Youth—rich in love, as a vase filled with treasure;
Prime—with its dreams of the grand and the true.
Sunlight and dew-drop will come back at morning,
Night give new dreams, and the vase find new store;
Life! on thy stream there is no more returning—
Memory! oh, give back the sweet days of yore!

PICTURED ON ROCKS.

CLIFFS IN ARIZONA ORNAMENTED WITH MAPS CENTURIES OLD.

The oldest maps in America are to be found in Arizona and Texas. How old they are may not be said, but they date back many centuries. The Indian has left behind him many records. In his rude implements of peace and warfare—his knives, arrows, axes, spears, vessels, mortars, quoits, etc—we can read to-day the history of prehistoric races, their habits and customs, their social life, their tribal relations, their occupations and their pastimes. From picture writings we gain additional insight into the ways of these primitive people. It now appears that some of these early dwellers in the land were map-makers of no mean ability. The traditions of some of the tribes of Arizona and New Mexico point to a common origin with the Montezumas. It seems quite certain that the nations or tribes occupying the country now known as New Mexico, Arizona, Texas, and Mexico held intimate relations with each other, and their inhabitants travelled back and forth from country to country for centuries.

In Tenaja canyon, Texas, are unmistakable evidences of this. The lay of the land is such as to make this canyon the natural pass for a large area of country north and south of that point. The travel which has passed through this canyon has worn the solid rock of the trail to a depth of not less than three feet. Even though the region about were densely populated, it must have taken centuries to wear through the adamantine path. The walls of the canyon, which are perpendicular and smooth, are embellished with lines carved in the rock, and then traced over with paint of a vermillion hue, so permanent as to have lost but little of its lustre during the centuries it has ornamented the rock canvas.

The first discoverers of these markings were unable to decipher them or guess their import, but subsequently prospectors and plainsmen who visited the canyon discovered in these lines accurate maps of the country, with the trails, mountain passes, and water holes indicated thereon. The makers of these maps showed a thorough knowledge of the country and accuracy as to relative distances and points of the compass. Near Oatmans Flat, Arizona, are what are known as "Pedros Pintados," or painted rocks. The walls of the mesa are covered from base to summit with drawings of men, animals, reptiles, etc. Some of the figures are of so uncertain a nature as formerly to have failed of classification. It is now known that some of these are maps of sections of country, with trails, villages, water wells, etc., indicated upon them. It is somewhat remarkable that among the animals pictured on these rocks are camels so life-like as to admit of no doubt as to their identity. There can be little question but the makers of those pictures had knowledge of Egypt or Arabia, or that the camel was once indigenous to this country.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

KNIGHTS OF THE SHIRE.

Having recently seen in your journal an allusion to "Knights of the Shire" (I presume a Parliamentary appointment), could any of your readers state up to what period the same existed, and whether the courtesy title of "Sir" was added to the designation of the individual holding the same. —R.S.C.

DR. T. M. MADDEN.

In an obituary notice of the late Dr T More Madden, of Dublin, it was stated that besides the biography published in 1891, of his more celebrated father, Dr R R Madden, who was such a prolific writer in his day, and his History of the O'Maddens of Hy (Dublin, 1894), he also brought out a centenary edition of his father's work on the United Irishmen. By whom was the centenary edition published? It is curious how little seems to be known of Dr R R Madden, in spite of the above-mentioned biography by his son, and yet what career could furnish such material for romance for as he writes of himself in one of his books: "It has been my fate to have been taken for a spy in Syria, to have endangered my life in Canada for refusing to administer poison, to have been shot at in Canea twice, and once on the Nile by Turkish soldiers, to have been accused of changing the fragments of a broken statue into gold at Thebes, to have been charged with sorcery in Nubia for showing an old woman her face in a pocket mirror, and to have been captive with Greek pirates for wearing a long beard, when taken on board a vessel bearing Turkish property. In Syria I was repeatedly in the hands of banditti, and to good humour alone, unruffled temper, and cheerful demeanour, I am indebted for making Children of Mercy of those who proved pitiless enough to other travellers."—Elector.

THE EFFECT OF IVY ON BUILDINGS.
LETTER FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE BOARD OF WORKS.

We have received the following important letter in reply to the query lately printed in our columns:—

Office of Public Works, Dublin,
27th May, 1902.

Sir—In reply to your letter of the 12th inst, enclosing an issue of the "Dublin Penny Journal" for May 17th, I am directed by the Commissioners of Public Works to state that their experience is that ivy is most injurious to all ruins. Saplings, and all other forms of vegetation, especially when growing out of the walls are also injurious, but ivy is the cause of more harm than other forms of vegetation.

The practice of the Board is to remove ivy where it causes or threatens injury. In some cases it suffices to trim it, or remove only a portion of the growth.—I am sir, your obedient servant,

H. Williams, Secretary.

The Editor, "The Dublin Penny Journal," 90 Middle Abbey street, Dublin.

My observation as far as it goes leads me to the following conclusion:—If ivy is kept closely cropped it protects old walls from exposure to rough weather, and even binds the stones and holds them together, when they might otherwise fall away, but if ivy grows too thick and heavy on top or sides, or forces its shoots through walls, it becomes destructive to the ruins, and should be cut off. It is certainly pretty as a rule, and on plain walls ornamental, but should never be allowed to cover cut stone work, mullions, etc.

As no one else has replied to "Barn," I give my view for what it is worth, and so invite comment and discussion.—E. R. M'C. Dix.

THE TOWER NEAR LANDSCAPE.

There is an account, accompanied by a plate of this tower in the "Sentimental and Masonic Magazine" for January, 1795. The tower is said to have been built about the year 1741—a time of great famine in Ireland—by a Major Hall, for the purpose of giving employment, and was known during the eighteenth century as Hall's Barn. A similar structure known as the Wonderful Barn, was erected about the same time at Castletown, in the county Kildare. It has been described in the "Kildare Archæological Journal" by Lord Walter Fitzgerald.—F.E.B.

THE

LAMENT OF DEIRDRE.

By FRANCIS JOSEPH BIGGER

"My beloved, do not go with him, whose cry is sounding through the bushes and along the lake shore, my heart misgiveth me. Do not trust him nor listen to his winning words."

So spake Deirdre, the beautiful, the child of disaster, as she threw her arms around the neck of her spouse, and pressed hot kisses upon his cheek. "Listen not to his message nor his fair promises, which are like the galt nuts of our own sweet woods of Erin—fair without and deceitful within. Long have I dreamed that King Conchubar would press our return to his regal halls at Emain Macha that he might undo me and slay you, my heart's treasure. Are not the shores of Lough Etive a paradise to us, have we not here lived enchanted lives, is not the roebuck of Alba as swift as any in Erin, and is not my fleet one more than his equal in the chase; have we not here enough and to spare, and are not thy brothers with thee, and have they not treated me even as a sister?"

Then did the false Fergus, with his sons Buine, Borb and Ioltan Finn, and Callon, the shield bearer, step into the green booth of Naoise and Deirdre, and unfold there tidings from King Conchubar, and how they, the King's message bearers, were surety for their safe conduct to Royal Emain, where a great feast was prepared to welcome them.

Naoise and his brothers Ardan and Ainnle, the children of Usnach, doubted not the prince's promise, but Deirdre was very sad and sorrowful, for she had no trust in King Conchubar.

The high cliffs of Alba were parted from with tears, as the prow of their stout boat clave through the sounding waters of the Moyle until Benmore was neared and the track of the Fear liath* passed and the smoother waters to the west entered, where low shelving rocks jut out into the ocean known as Carrig Usnach to this day.

The children of Usnach leap ashore, wading through the strong surf, and upon their stout shoulders land Deirdre dry upon the beach, quickly followed by Fergus and his band. Then many a wild glad cry is given in joy for their safe return to Erin, but only tears brighten the face of Deirdre. Swiftly the strong fort of Dun Rainey is passed, beside whose desolate banks in later years the stout walls of Bunnamargie were to be reared by the brothers of Saint Francis, and up Glentaisi, where the birds sang sweetly amongst the copse, as yet unreddened by the blood of O'Neill and MacDonnell, which was in future days to run in rivulets, where now only the pure stream rushed over its stony bed.

"Fear not Deirdre, my heart's core, all will yet be well, thy fears of King Conchubar are groundless," said Naoise to Deirdre, but Deirdre only clasped her beloved more tightly, weeping as she did so.

And anon the palace halls of Emalin and the tents of the Red Branch Knights are reached, and Naisi, Arden, and Naili, with Deirdre, find royal apartments fitted for their use.

King Conchubar carouses in his hall amongst his knights and clansmen, until, inflamed with wine, he inquires if Deirdre's beauty is still upon her. His spies tell of her surpassing loveliness, and the King's desire hastens his plans.

His followers fall upon the children of Usnach, who are at first defended by Fergus' sons until King Conchubar, by offers of territory, obtains their desistance or they are slain.

*Now the Grey Man's Path.

Then Naoise, Ardan, and Ainnle fight t
the end to protect their Deirdre from the Kin
until all are slain, and Deirdre, with tea
and cries, falls dead upon the body of h
lord.

Dig the grave both wide and deep,
Sick I am, and fain would sleep.
Dig the grave and make it ready,
Lay me on my true love's body. (Fergus

A fateful disaster soon fell upon Kin
Conchubar, and his high halls were left des
late, and Emain Macha is now a field f
cattle, its proud past unknown to the he
who wanders around its well-nigh obliterat
battlements.

The waves still break on Carrig Usnach
and the roar of Moyle still dims the ear, a
the plaintive cry of the seabird is heard li
the ghostly echo of centuries, the voice
Deirdre weeping for the children of Usnach.

Ardrie, Belfast.

† At Ballycastle, Co. Antrim.

THE SUBMERSION OF THE TOWN OF I

(From the Barzaz Breiz, or Popular Songs of
Brittany.)

Aloud, then, cried the man of God to Grandlo
King of Is,
"O, yield not up to pleasure, for it has a bitt
bliss;
And the grief that ever follows, gives a pang
sharp as this—
Who eats the flesh of fishes, shall by fish be eat
up—
Who drinks of wine and mead, shall rue the ov
flowing cup!"

Then spoke King Grandlon: "Gentle guests, I
awhile to sleep."
"O, sleep at morn! but watch with us; for
must wakeful keep."
He went. Then, low, with honeyed words, li
music in her ear,
The lover to the Princess said—"The key? Dah
most dear."
"The key," she fondly answered, "shall be thin
the fountains flow,
And, as they leap beneath the stars, we'll dan
and revel too!"

Ah! see, there sleeps the aged King, upon h
purple bed,
His white hair falling like the snow, is o'er h
shoulders spread;
His chain of gold is round his neck; O, hush! w
cometh there?
Whose white feet glideth o'er the floor, li
moonbeam thro' the air—
She stoops, she bendeth on her knee, she tak
the key and chain—
Then, like a moonbeam thro' the air, she glide
back again!

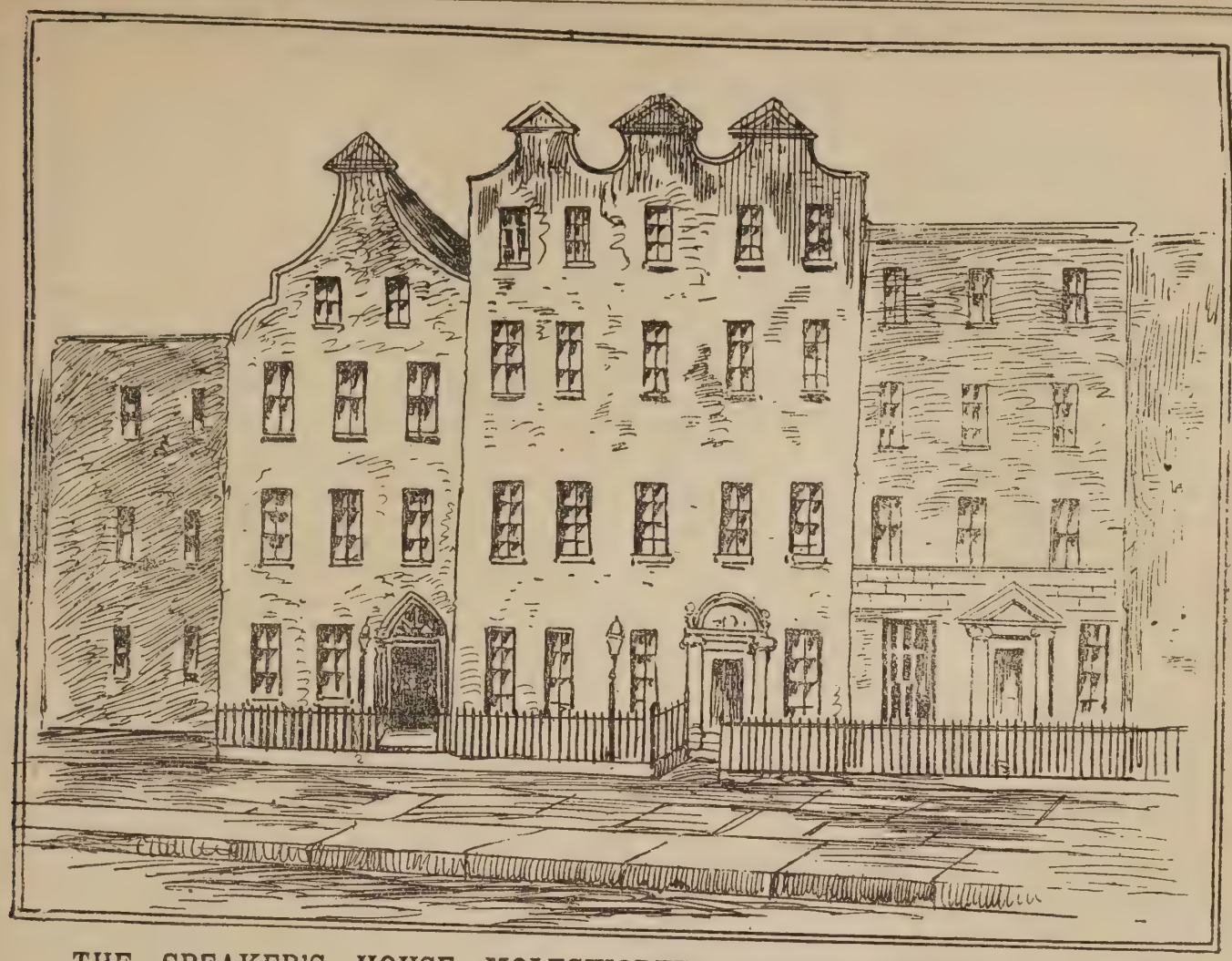
O, hark! what shout of woe was that? "Awak
King Grandlon, fly!
The fountains spring, the Town is lost, the wat
mounteth high—
The dykes have burst, the sea rolls in, and
thy people die!"

Ah! who goes there? "O ranger bold, thro' mi
night, drear and deep,
O ranger! thro' the valley, hast thou seen the wi
horse sweep?"

"I saw no horse; but heard all night the wi
wave's moaning swell;
With 'trip and trep,' with 'trip and trep,' I kno
their voices well."

O, fisher, by the ocean's brink, hast seen the se
maid fair,
With golden comb, at noontide sun, array h
flaxen hair?"

"I saw the maiden of the sea. I even heard h
sing.
Her voice was like the coming waves—as sad a
murmuring!"



THE SPEAKER'S HOUSE, MOLESWORTH STREET, DUBLIN, IN 1834.

THE HOUSE OF THE SPEAKER OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENT

ITS HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS.

In Gilbert's "History of the City of Dublin," the following description of the building shown above is given:—

On the western side of Molesworth street stood "Kerry House," the residence of the family of FitzMaurice. Thomas FitzMaurice, twenty-first Lord of Kerry, was created Viscount Clan Maurice and Earl of Kerry, in 1722; in his house died, in the year 1707, John Lord Cutts, one of the most valiant soldiers of his time, who acquired the name of the "Salamander" from the great intrepidity which he displayed amidst a murderous discharge of artillery at the siege of Namur, in 1696. Cutts received the title of Baron of Gowran from William III., and during the part of Anne's reign, held the office of Commander-in-Chief of the British troops on the Continent, his withdrawal from which, by being appointed Commander of the Forces in, and one of the Lords Justices in Ireland, in 1705, was supposed to have caused his death. He published a collection of verses in the year 1687, under the title of "Poetical Exercises," and having obtained a captain's commission for Sir Richard Steele, the latter dedicated to him his theoretical treatise named the "Christian Hero;" and in the "Tatler" quoted his Lordship's love verses as those of "honest Cynthio, a man of wit, good sense, and fortune." Lord Cutts "hath abundance of wit," said a writer in 1703, "but too much seized with vanity and self-conceit; he is affable, familiar, and very brave. Few considerable actions happened in this as well as the last war in which he was not, and hath been wounded in all the actions where he served; is esteemed to be a mighty vigilant officer and for putting the military orders in execution; he is pretty tall, lusty, well-shaped, and an agreeable companion; hath great revenues, yet so very expensive, as always to be in debt; towards fifty years old."

The first Earl of Kerry married Anne, only daughter to Sir William Petty, through which alliance the estates and honours of the Shelburne family subsequently passed to the FitzMauricces. Lady Kerry was one of Swift's most intimate friends; and the following details, connected with this family, illustrate the style in which the establishments of the Irish nobility were maintained in the early part of the last century:—

"Dublin, March the 24th, 1732-3.—We have been informed that the Right Hon. John FitzMaurice, Esq., High Sheriff of the county of Kerry, received the Judges of Assize at the bounds of the county, in a most magnificent and splendid manner, the particulars of which are as follows:—Two running footmen led the way, being clothed in white, with their black caps dressed with red ribbons, and red sashes with deep fringes. Four grooms leading four stately horses with embroidered caparisons, their manes and tails dressed with roses of red ribbons. A puge in scarlet, laced with silver, bearing the Sheriff's white rod. The High Sheriff in scarlet, his sword hanging in a broad shoulder-belt of a crimson velvet, covered with silver lace, mounted on a very beautiful horse, having a Turkish bridle, with reins of green silk intermixed with gold, the caps and housings of green velvet, that was almost covered with gold lace, and bordered with a deep gold fringe. Two trumpets in green, profusely laced with silver. Twelve livery men, in the colours of the family, mounted on black horses, from £20 to £40 price, with long tails, which, as well as their manes, were decked with roses of red ribbons; the caps and housing having a centaur in brass, which is the crest of the Fitzmaurices. They had short horsemen's wigs of one cut, with gold-laced hats. Their back-swords hung in broad buff belts. Their cravats or stocks were black, fastened with two large gilt buttons behind. Each had a brace of pistols, and a bright carabine hanging in a bucket on his right side, with a stopper in the muzzle, of red mixed with white, that looked not unlike a tulip; his riding coat, with a scarlet

cape and gilt buttons, was rolled up behind him. The Earl of Kerry's gentleman of the horse single, mounted on a very fine bay horse. The steward, waiting-gentlemen, and other domestics of the Lord Kerry. This cavalcade of the Earl's own family, and all mounted out of his own stable, to the number of thirty-five, being passed, there followed another of the gentlemen of the country, which was very considerable, there being about twenty led horses, with field cloths, attending them. But the day proved very unfavourable, and all this pomp and gallantry of equipage was forced to march under a heavy and continued rain to Listowel, where the High Sheriff had prepared a splendid entertainment, consisting of one hundred and twenty dishes, to solace the judges and gentlemen after their fatigues, which it seems they greatly wanted, for the roads were so heavy and deep, by reason of the excessive rain, that the judges were forced to leave their coach, and betake themselves to their saddle-horses. But their repast was short, for tidings being brought that the River Fayl was swelling apace, they soon mounted, in order to pass over while it was fordable."

In 1768 "Kerry House," in Molesworth street, came into the possession of Anthony Foster, eldest son of John Foster, of Dunleer, appointed in 1765 Chief Baron of the Irish Exchequer, a post which he resigned in 1776; and was succeeded in his house here, on his death in 1778, by his son, John Foster, who was born in 1740, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, elected member for the borough of Dunleer at the age of eighteen, and called to the bar in 1766. In 1768 John Foster was returned as representative for the county of Louth, ten years subsequent to which he was appointed Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee of Supply. Under the predominant English influence, Foster, for a time, opposed Irish Free Trade and Independence; but he subsequently was the author of excellent measures, supporting the corn trade, the linen and cotton manufactures of Ireland. In 1785 he was elected Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, by his curtailment of the gallery, of which he acquired an unpopularity augmented by his opposition to the emancipation of the Catholics, and his violence towards the people in 1798. Foster's energetic opposition to the Union gained him the public favour in 1799, and after the debate in the Commons in January of the latter year, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of Dublin, went in state to his house in Molesworth street, amidst the acclamations of thousands of spectators, the band playing "Long Live the King," to present him with a complimentary address. On the same day a numerous body of the merchants and traders of the city of Dublin went in procession from the Royal Exchange to Foster's residence, and also presented him with a most respectful address. As a speaker, he was calm and firm, possessing little eloquence, but reasoning with calmness and accuracy. Foster was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer of Ireland after the retirement of Isaac Corry, and was created Baron Oriel of Collon, county of Louth, in 1821. The Royal Dublin Society possesses a full-length portrait in oil of Foster, whose likeness was engraved in oval by Maguire; also at full length, in the Speaker's robes, by C. Hodges, in 1792, from a painting by C. G. Stuart. Foster's only son, Thomas Henry, Viscount Ferrard, having married Viscountess Massareene, assumed the name of Skeffington, and died in 1843. His eldest son, now Viscount Massereene, enjoys also the titles of Baron of Lough Neagh, Viscount Ferrard, Baron Oriel in the Peerage of Ireland, and Baron Oriel, of Ferrard, in the Peerage of England.

THE CROSS OF TUAM.

By RICHARD J. KELLY, B.L.,
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The Cross of Tuam, which stands to-day in our market place, is one of the finest specimens of that particular kind of sculpture in Ireland. Despite the ruthless ravages of time it is to-day in a wonderful condition of preservation, the figures upon its base and shaft being still remarkably well defined.

This Cross was erected in the episcopacy of Aidan O'Hoisin, or Edmund O'Hession, who was Archbishop of Tuam from 1150 to 1161. In the Annals of Innisfallen he is called Æda Va Deisin. He succeeded Bishop O'Duabhai (O'Duffy), and was the first Archbishop of Tuam. He was invested with the Pall at the Synod of Kells, presided over in 1152 by Cardinal Paparo, and seven suffragan Bishoprics in Connaught were assigned to his archiepiscopal see at Tuam, namely, Mayo, Killala, Roscommon, Clonfert, Achonry, Cluan, and Duach. Mayo afterwards was united to Tuam, as was the See of Enaghdune, or Annadown, which it does not appear was originally assigned. Roscommon was afterwards "translated" to Elphin, and Cluan, or Clonmacnois, was annexed to Armagh after a long litigation over its possession, carried on by suit in the ecclesiastical court of Rome between the Archbishops of Armagh and Tuam. Archbishop O'Hoisin convened a Synod at Roscommon in 1158, and at this assembly many good canons and disciplinary regulations were made. He died in 1161, and was buried in his own Cathedral in Tuam under a monument on which (according to an old writer) was inscribed in Irish an epitaph describing him as the comarbain, or successor, of St. Jarlath. "Our historians," says an old chronicler, "have not been backward in celebrating the fame of his piety, learning, and liberality." The same year in which he died Roderick O'Connor, King of Connaught, built a castle of stone at Tuam, which, "as a thing new and uncommon among the Irish at that time, grew famous by the name of the wonderful castle." Catholicus, or Cadla O'Dubhai (Duffy) succeeded Archbishop O'Hoisin (Hession). He was "a man of weight, and learned according to those times." The Annals of Leinster tell of a great Synod held in Tuam in 1172 by this Archbishop, when he consecrated three churches there. It was principally through this Archbishop's instrumentality that King Roderick O'Connor of Ireland and King Henry II. of England came to terms in 1175. The Archbishop, along with Cantbred, Abbot of St Brendan, and Lawrence, Chancellor of Roderick, went to Windsor as the Irish plenipotentiaries and concluded the first treaty ever come to between an Irish and an English King, which, of course, was broken when it suited the English convenience, but observed with what proved fatal fidelity by the Irish. Dr. O'Duffy attended the Lateran Council, and on his way to Rome through England he and the other Irish Bishops had to take an oath not to do any hurt to the English King's interests and rights in Ireland. Dying in 1201, after being Archbishop for forty years, he was buried in the Augustinian Friary of St. Fechlin at Cong. During his pontificate Tuam was destroyed by fire.

The inscription on the base of the Cross has been deciphered to read thus;—

ORDO U OSSIN; DOND
A BBAID; LA (SA) N DERN (A.D.).

This line has been translated to mean:—

Pray for O'Hoisin by whom was made.

On the other side of the square base runs this line:—

OR DO THOIRDEL
BUCHUCHONCHOB
UIRDONT . . . UR . . . 1
ARLAH (F) SINE (F) (N)
ADINSAER.

This, with the obvious literal omissions and gaps filled in, has been translated thus:—

"Pray for Turlough O'Conor for the . . . . of Jarlath by whom was made this:

The inscribed figures represent the Crucifixion on one side, a figure of a Bishop with his crozier on the other; a funeral procession apparently on the reverse.

The sculptured and inscribed stone of Christian Ireland are generally (so far as they are known) divided into the following groups, viz.—200 Og ham stones, 250 tombstones, 7 pillar stones, 4 altar stones, 1 Mass stone, 1 quern stone, and 45 high crosses. Tuam belongs to the latter class, and, as the inscription on the Kill-na-saggart cross states that Ciaran bequeathed a place under the protection of St. Peter which was marked by this stone, and the inscriptions on the Tuam, Kells, and Clonmacnois crosses show that these were commemorative. They all date from the tenth to the thirteenth centuries. As Archbishop O'Hoisin died in Tuam in 1161 and occupied the See of St. Jarlath from 1150, we may fairly put the date of the cross as between those two terminal dates—say, 1140. It is, therefore, at least 760 years since it was carved and erected, and its present fairly good condition despite the neglected way it was allowed to remain for years, shows how well those men carved in those days—evidently meaning their splendid work to last for all time as it seems destined to. The winds and rains and frosts of nearly eight centuries have dashed against it, and still it stands in a wonderful state of preservation. Many years ago it was knocked down and broken up. The shaft was carried to the Protestant churchyard, and there it lay unminded and uncared for over the grave of the Burtons, at the west side of the church. The base was taken up to the Cathedral grounds by the Catholics, and it stood on the very spot where now stands the beautiful statue of the late Archbishop M'Hale. It was there for some forty years when, about the year 1870, the late Bishop Bernard generously consenting to the removal, the parts of the separated cross were once again joined and it was erected in the Square of the town. A part of the shaft was found in Mr. Burton's old house in the Mall, and a section yet remains

missing, the defect in some degree marring the beauty of its appearance and symmetry. It probably is hidden away under ground, perhaps over some grave, as was the other part, or built into some house a chimney piece (as one of the restored portions was), or a lintel of a door plastered and mortared over. It is a thousand pities that it cannot be found, for the completed cross, as may be seen by the model standing to-day in the National Museum in Kildare street, Dublin, and which was at the great Exhibition in London in 1855, would be a most beautiful and imposing monument. Even as it is it is a credit to the artistic genius of our ancestors and an ornament to this historic and ancient town.

ON REVISITING—IN THE COUNTY MEATH.

BY Z. Y.

So the river mirrors the castle walls,
Just as it ever did!
Half seen, half ivy-hid,
And there they are, those old ruined halls
As haughtily facing the autumn blast,
And wearing as royal an air,
And looking as jealous of glory past,
As I knew them in days that were.

The lightning, and time, and the wild-night wind,
All then have passed them by,
And left their green towers still dark out-lined
On the blue and quiet sky!
They have scorned to bow to the storms' strong grasp,
Which hath hurled things down more frail:
Scarce a grey stone stirred from the moss-wreath's clasp,
At its whistling and dirge-like wail.

And like silver sparkling in the sun,
The bright river rolls on yet;
And gem-like its graceful sweep upon
The grassy isle is set;
And in emerald freshness the still banks lie:
Oh! I remember all;
How such things live while young hopes die,
And air-built castles fall!

The names too engraven here years ago
On the young tree's sun-gilt bark,
Now in the crims'ning evening's glow,
A memory-saddening mark;
I meet them as I roam along
O'er the yellow rustling leaves,
And thoughts, how many! o'er me throng
Of other autumn eves.

A PLETHORA OF MOONS.

The characteristics of Dogberry and his fellows—types of dull and self-satisfied humanity—are not likely to perish, even in our day of progress and enlightenment. Their characteristics, as as especially manifested in their office, seem to belong some centuries back, yet the last of the old men who remember the comic rural watchmen of England—the "Charleys" they were often called—are but now dying out; and many absurdities of the watch are preserved in comparatively recent tradition.

It used to be customary to place upon the watchmen so aged that any rascal could run from them, or any naughty lad trip them up; while it was a favourite amusement of wild and mischievous young men to tip over the sentry boxes in which they took refuge during inclement weather, and be off and away before the unfortunate officials could extricate themselves or get so much as a glimpse of their assailants. Their wits were as sluggish as their limbs, and a truly Shakespearian anecdote is told of the preambulating guardian of a historic town.

It was part of his duty to call the hour and the weather. There had been a sharp shower, then clearing winds and moonlight, with, naturally, many glistening reflections in the pools of rain that still lay upon the ground. The old watchman plodded faithfully through street after street, calling aloud, to the amazement of all wakeful folk, who heard:

"Past 11 o'clock, a wet night, and more moons than usual!"

AN OLD WATERFORD KEEP AND ITS MEMORIES.

THE POWERS OF DON ISLE.

About three miles outside of Tramore, the well-known, charming watering-place in the county of Waterford, amongst impressive and romantic scenery, stands the fine old "keep" called Don Isle. It is discernable at a considerable distance, the rock on which it is built being almost detached from the range of hills which form one side of a ravine through which flows a beauteous river. It was once the stronghold of De la Poer, from whom the present Marquis of Waterford is descended.

In Ryland's "History of Waterford" it is thus described:—"The Castle might be considered inaccessible on two sides, and where it was liable to be approached, its defences appear to have possessed a considerable degree of strength. The only vulnerable part was well defended by a strong wall and deep fosse, which enclosed a court yard of about fifty yards square. The mason work of the wall can still be traced through its whole course. After entering the courtyard the passage to the Castle was ascended by a steep flight of stone steps, which led to a gate defended by a portcullis, the arch of the gate and the grove of the portcullis being still discernable. You then enter a small courtyard, which appears to have contained several out-offices belonging to the Castle, and then, turning to the left, into a still smaller enclosure of about twelve feet square, the door of the Castle is at length seen. All the various approaches already mentioned are carefully defended by loopholes and embrasures, and on entering the Castle itself the usual square trap-door is observed over the passage, which gave the last opportunity of defence to the beseiged, and from which, in the obstinacy of despair, they poured down on the assailants large stones, boiling water, or other means of annoyance which the danger might suggest. The walls of the Castle are still perfectly upright, not having yielded in the least to the encroachments of time; the Castle, however, evidently suffered considerably from the violence of man, having been subjected to the force of gunpowder; but the square tower which crowns the summit, and which can only be ascended by a ladder, the stairs having been designedly destroyed, is as perfect as if erected within these few years. The church, which lies at the distance of about 300 yards west of the Castle, and which was evidently attached to that building, appears to have been subjected to the same barbarous violence, as the rocky firmness of the masses which formerly composed it, and which now lie scattered in various directions, clearly prove. In one case, an entire staircase remains perfect, but the wall in which it was built has been thrown a considerable distance from its original position. The only part of the wall which remains perfect is the arch which separated the chancel from the aisle. On digging among the ruins of this church some years ago, a statue, cut in sandstone, and bearing on its head a coronet, was discovered; it is now to be seen set upright against the wall at the west end of the church."

It will thus be seen that we have here a splendid specimen of an Anglo-Norman keep, dating from about the 12th century. The family that possessed this ancient castle were amongst the earliest Anglo-Norman settlers, and were the ancestors of the Powers of Waterford. Amongst the most ancient of the feudal Peers of Ireland was Le Poer, who, in almost every writ from the Crown, had the addition of Baron of Donoil (or Dunhill, according to the present orthography) attached to his name. Sir John le Poer, son of Piers of Don Isle, was Sheriff of Waterford in 1304. On the Close Roll of the third of Edward II. is a summons to Parliament, and amongst the magnates summoned is John de la Poer de Donyle. On Candlemas Day, 1310, John Bonneral was killed by Lord Arnold Poer and his accomplices, and the year following, at a Parliament held at Kildare, his lordship was tried and acquitted of this murder, it being proved that it had been done in his own defence. In 1323 we find this same Lord Arnold was Seneshal of Kilkenny, and, we presume, a not very obedient son of the Church, for he was brought before the Bishop of Ossory on a charge of heresy and sorcery. Peter, eldest son of John, Baron of Don Isle, married Joan, daughter of Sir John Wogan, and had a son named John, who died in 1328; and in April of the same year it is stated that Peter Le Poer, son to the Baron of Don Isle, was slain by the followers of Lord Maurice FitzThomas. Sir Arnold le Poer, Baron of Don Isle, is mentioned by Holinshed as one of the four powerful noblemen of Ireland who levied an army of 30,000 men to oppose Edward Bruce in 1317. He died a prisoner in Dublin Castle in 1328. Members of this powerful family were frequently summoned to Parliament, and sometimes proved refractory, as we find by the records of 1346, when John le Poer, Baron Don Isle, had to give security to the Lord Justice Birmingham, at Waterford, for the peaceable behaviour of himself and of all others of his name to the King and his Ministers. These were belligerent times, and faction fights were of constant occurrence amongst chieftains of the period. Maurice Fitzgerald, having received an affront from Lord Arnold le Poer, who, in derision, called him a "Rhimer," assembled all his followers, and, being joined by the Butlers, and Berminghams, slew great numbers of them, and obliged others to retire into Connaught. The Poers were assisted in the broil by the Bourks, but they were everywhere put to flight, and Lord Arnold was compelled to escape to England, leaving his lands to be plundered by the Fitzgeralds.

When Henry VIII. decided to invade France, he ordered an extensive levy of men in Ireland, who were placed under the command of Lord Poer and Sherlock of Waterford. These Irish troops distinguished themselves in France during the war, and it is recorded that when the French were encamped near Bologne, beyond the haven, one of them came forward and challenged any of the English to meet him in single combat. A Waterford man, named Walsh, immediately accepted the offer, and having swam across the harbour, killed his antagonist in fair fight, and returned to his countrymen with the Frenchman's head in his mouth.

Amongst the peers who lost their Parliamentary dignity after the reign of Edward III, and were not subsequently summoned, but were still styled lords and barons down to the reign of Charles II., was Poer, Baron Donhill, or Don Isle, and some others, who in point of antiquity of descent, and of original extent of possessions might vie with many of those peers who preserved their Parliamentary dignity.

On the 15th of August, 1649, Oliver Cromwell landed in Dublin. Drogheda was soon after taken by storm, and Wexford shared the same fate, but at Waterford he met with stern resistance. Owing to the strong walls and fortifications of the city he was obliged to raise the siege and retired in the direction of Dungarvan. At Kilmeadon he attacked a castle of one of the Poers, which he totally destroyed, the lands were parcelled out amongst his soldiers, and Le Poer hanged on the nearest tree.

Curraghmore, the seat of another Poer, submitted to the conqueror, and here, disappointed of his prey, he crossed the country to Don Isle, and perceiving that resistance was meditated, he waited the arrival of reinforcements of foot and artillery. Ryland, in his interesting history of the county, informs us that "the castle, from its insulation and position seemed to defy the threats of the assailants. The noble owner was a female, confident in support of her rights, and sustained in the midst of danger by the courage and spirit of her race. She is represented as Countess of Don Isle: her coroneted tombstone lies in the adjoining burying-ground." It is to be regretted

that no well authenticated account of the siege has been preserved, but there can be no doubt that the castle garrison held out against a fierce storm of shot from the artillery, and was at last compelled to yield to the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. According to tradition the siege was replete with interesting and romantic incidents. Ryland furnishes us with the following, which is credited to the present day:—"It is said that the exertions of the garrison, stimulated by the zeal and courage of the Countess, were for a long time successful in repelling every attack of the savage and infuriated enemy. The Countess was seen in situations of the greatest danger, animating by her presence the almost exhausted spirits of the besieged, and more than sharing the dangers and privations of the meanest soldier. The honour of the vigilant defence is attributed to a gunner, who directed the artillery of the castle, and who next the owner held the principal command. Fortune seemed to favour his exertions. Cromwell, wearied with the length of the contest, was preparing to retreat; he had already drawn off part of his forces, and allowed some repose to the anxiety of the garrison. The Countess had retired to rest without attending sufficiently to the wants and comforts of the heroic gunner, who, the fight being done, breathless and faint, sent to request that suitable refreshment might be prepared for him. A drink of buttermilk was the unromantic return for his exertions, which so irritated his gallant spirit that he made signals to the retreating enemy, and on their reappearance surrendered the castle."

The late Sir Bernard Burke, alluding to the Poers of Don Isle, in his "Extinct Peerages," states that the last of this race was hung at his own castle gate; but this we think is a mistake. It was Poer of Kilmeadon that was hanged by the ruthless conqueror, as we have already shown.

It is pleasing to note that amongst the few restorations of Charles II. in this country was that of Don Isle to John Power, whose descendants are, we believe, in possession of the property to this day.

SEUMAS CORMAC.

BIG SLICE OF A GREAT TREE.

On exhibition at the American Meseum of Natural History will soon be seen the largest section of a tree ever brought from a forest, which is considered the finest specimen of its kind in the world. The fast passing away of the giant redwood trees—due to the axe of the commercial lumbermen—those majestic relics of the forest primeval and the great ice age, is rapidly going on, and it will only be a question of time when all save those standing in the government and State reservation grooves will be destroyed. This huge block of redwood, now skilfully polished, forms a striking big tree exhibit, whose like cannot be seen outside of a visit to Southern California. The diameter is more than 18 feet, and the circumference is 56 feet, and it is surrounded by a fringe of cinnamon-coloured bark a foot deep in some places. The specimen will be the main feature of the new wing of the Forestry Hall. The tree began to grow 550 A.D., and was 13 feet in diameter when Columbus reached the New World, and when cut down it was 1,340 years old. Some of the trees in the same vicinity are said to be from 5,000 to 8,000 years old.

WE GROW OLD IN PIECES.

The general impression is that the body grows old uniformly. From birth till the age of 25 it grows in size and weight, from 25 to 50 it remains stationary, and from that period it decays. Observation of expert physiologists show us that this impression is not a correct one.

Each organ begins to age independently, each has its period for the change, and these periods differ with the various organs and do not take place coincidently, as we may have supposed. The body attains its greatest size during the third decade and remains in about the same condition during the fourth and fifth decades, that is true, but the brain reaches its greatest size in the second decade, the kidneys reach their maximum size during the third decade, the muscles, skeleton, and intestines during the fifth, the heart and lungs in the eighth decade.

Increase or decrease in the size or weight of the body consequently is not due to simultaneous increase or decrease in all its parts.

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS:

Compiled from Authentick Memoirs, Offices of Record, Manufcript Collections, and other Unexceptionable Vouchers,

By THE LATE WALTER HARRIS, ESQ. WITH AN APPENDIX.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

A.D. 851. About this time (Waræi Antiq. cap. 24) the Danes, or Ostmen, again possessed themselves of Dublin, Fingal, and other adjoining territories. And now a bloody battle was fought between the Irish of Meath and Leinster and those foreigners; in which the Danes of Dublin were put to flight, and the city plundered by the victors. A great number of the Danes escaped to their own country, from whence the year following they returned with fresh recruits, overthrew their enemies in battle, and recovered the city of Dublin, which they repaired and strengthened with fortifications. The author of the life of St. Coemgene (Transcriptum ex Codice Kilkennienfii MS. cap. 30), commonly called St. Keivin, intends those Danes or Ostmen, in a passage wherein he speaks of Dublin thus:—"St Garban lived near the city of Ath-Cliath, which is seated in the north parts of Leinster, upon a firth of the sea, and in the Irish language is called 'Dubh-lein,' which in latin signifies 'Nigræ-thermæ,' or the 'black-bath': and the city is potent and war-like, and inhabited by a race of people who have been always most hardy in battle and of great skill in navigation."

A.D. 853. Amlave or Aulaffe (Ware Antiq. cap. 24) arrived in Ireland with a powerful fleet of Danes and Norwegians, and all the Danes then living in Ireland submitted themselves to his government. Some writers (Ibid) have taken this Amlave, and this Norwegian fleet, to be the same of whom Cambrensis (Topogr. Hib. district 3 cap. 43) speaks. "A short time after (says he), namely, after the death of Turgesius, a colony from Norway, and other parts of the islands of the north, as it were the remainder of former swarms, landed in Ireland. They had a competent knowledge of the goodness of the country, either from their own experience or from the reports of their parents. They came not with an hostile fleet, but under a pretext of peace, and colour of traffick; and sitting down in the maritime parts of the kingdom, they at length by consent of the princes of the land erected several cities in it. For the Irish out of a natural disposition to laziness, never in any degree employed themselves in navigation or commerce; and therefore it was by the unanimous advice of the whole kingdom judged to be for the interest of the weal-publick, that some foreigners should be permitted to make settlements in the island, by whose industry the commodities of other countries, which this nation wanted, might be imported into it. The leaders of this enterprise were three brethren, namely, Amelaus, Sytarachus, and Yvorus. They therefore at first founded three cities, namely, Dublin, Waterford, and Limerick; of which the principality of Dublin fell to the share of Amelaus, that of Waterford to Sytarachus, and Limerick became the lot of Yvorus; and from thence by degrees they proceeded to build other cities in Ireland. This people, therefore, who are now stiled Ostmen, were in the beginning peaceable and governable enough under the kings of the country. But when their numbers increased beyond bounds, and they had strongly fortified their cities with trenches and walls, they every now and then were fond of reviving their antient quarrels, which they could not easily forget, and to fly out into open rebellion. They were called Ostmen in their own language, which was a corrupt kind of Saxon, as much as to say, 'eastern men'; for, in respect to Ireland, they came hither from countries lying to the east."

This is the account given by Cambrensis, which others (Ranulph, in Polycronico) have followed; but it seems to be manifest that the Ostmen possessed themselves of these maritime habitations by force and arms, and not under colour of traffic, nor by permission of the Irish; and this will appear, if it be considered, with what barbarity they ravaged Ireland from their first entrance into it, and even at the time of which we now speak, and for a long time after. The account, therefore, of Cambrensis seems to have been blended from actions of two distinct periods. For that these brethren came to Ireland about the time mentioned is certain; but that they landed here under the pretext of traffic (as this writer alleges) is as much a mistake. Nor can it be conceived that Amlave built the city of Dublin after the death of Turgesius, who was slain in 845, when we have seen before (Chap. I.) that it was a city of considerable rank many centuries earlier: and Hollingshed, or those (Stanihurst's Descrip. of Ireland in Hollingsh. p. 20) whose works he published, is in as great an error, when he places the arrival of these brethren in 155. The history, therefore, of the arrival of the Ostmen in the way of traffic should with much more probability be carried up to earlier times, and their coming hither in an hostile manner be placed in the 9th century; and then their building the arches or vaults under Christ-church before the time of St. Patrick (a fact much controverted) (Ogyg. p. 42) may stand with truth.

A.D. 856. A truce which was made in

853 between Aulaffe and some of the Irish princes expiring this year, new hostilities were commenced between Melaghlin, king of Ireland, and the Ostmen of Dublin, headed by the said Aulaffe, which continued three years to the loss of great numbers on both sides; but in the year 859 the former truce was renewed between them. In the meantime, other parts of the kingdom were not so quiet; for in 857 Cathol the white, attempting innovations in Munster, was set upon by king Aulaffe from Dublin, and Yvor from Waterford, and put to flight with great loss.

A.D. 862. Upon the death of king Melaghlin this year, Lorcan Mac-Cathol and Cornelius Mac-Dermod aspired (Ogyg. p 42) to the monarchy, and as a step to it found means by their power to divide the kingdom of Meath between them: but Hugh Finliat, the monarch in possession, by the assistance of Aulaffe, king of Dublin, took them both prisoners, and was thereupon universally recognised king of Ireland, the first having his eyes thrust out by king Hugh, and the other drowned at Clonard by Aulaffe.

A.D. 865. The truce being ended, king Hugh raised an army to oppose the Danes, and gave them a total defeat (Keat. part 2, p. 63) at Lough-foile, in which 1,200 of the enemy fell, with most of their principal officers. Encouraged with this success, the king attacked the fortifications and garrisons of the enemy, and beat them out of their fortresses, recovering all the plunder and booty they had deposited in them. Soon after the principal seat of king Aulaffe, built at Clondolchaim, near Dublin, was set on fire by a party of Irish, and consumed, and in the confusion an hundred of the principal Danes were slain. To revenge this affront, Aulaffe, by an ambuscade, surprised a body of two thousand Irish, who were most of them slain, or taken prisoners.

A.D. 869. The foregoing success inspired the Danes with fresh courage. Aulaffe this year (Waræi Antiq. cap. 24) extended his arms northward, and plundered and burned Armagh, having first slain a thousand Irish in battle.

A.D. 870. Aulaffe and his son, Ivar, fitted (Ibid) out a fleet of 200 ships, and sailed over to Britain in aid of their countrymen Hinguar and Hubba; and making a successful expedition, they returned to Dublin the year following, loaded with vast booty and a great number of prisoners. The Ulster annals relate the expedition thus:

"Amlaph and Yvar came to Ath-Cliath out of Albany with 200 ships, and brought them with a great prey of English, Britons and Picts into captivity." But King Aulaffe died soon after his return.

A.D. 871. Yvar Mac-Aulaffe succeeded his father in the government of Dublin, and was a prince of such power that the Irish annals (Ibid) have given him the title of "king of the Normans of all Ireland." During his government of Dublin, Ailell, king of Leinster, was slain by the Danes; and the year following Yvar died.

A.D. 872. Austin Mac-Aulaffe succeeded his deceased brother, Yvar, and in the year 875 made an expedition (Waræi Antiq. cap. 24) into North-Britain, and having routed the Picts there with great slaughter, was upon his return slain by the treachery of some Ostmen, and then Godfrid Mac-Yvar assumed the government of Dublin. Buchanan (Hist. p. 95, edit. 1715), treading in the steps of some of the English historians (Cowper and Grafton), relates, "that in the year 877 the citizens of Dublin, pretending to be aggrieved by the Scots of Galloway, who had rifled some ships of theirs driven by a storm on that coast, in revenge sent over some forces, preyed the country, and carried home great booty. That Gregory, king of Scotland, to repair the injuries done to his subjects, passed with an army into Ireland, the king of which was then Duncan, Donat, or rather Dunach, who was a child, and under the guardianship of two powerful chieftains, Brien and Cornelius, between whom the whole land was divided into factions. But receiving an account of the landing of a foreign enemy, they made a truce, and marching with two armies, fortified the passes of the river Bann, and by wasting the country, endeavoured to stop the progress of king Gregory. But he marched forward without delay, and by night secretly sent a party of his army to possess an eminence which hung over Brien's camp, which he the next day assaulted, and by tumbling down rocks from his advantageous post, cast the whole army into confusion; Brien was slain, and Cornelius soon after put to flight. King Gregory marched forward, took in Dundalk (called Dungardus by Buchanan) and Drogheda, and laid siege to Dublin, which was surrendered in a short time by Cormal, Bishop of it. Gregory visited his kinsman, king Duncan, and told him that it was not for the sake of conquest or wealth, but to vindicate his subjects, that he came there. Then committing the care of the king's education to the elders of the land, he took upon himself the guardianship, and garrisoning the fortress, he exacted an oath from the nobles that they would admit neither English, Briton, nor Dane into the island, without his licence, and, having taken sixty hostages returned home to his great honour." Hollingshed (History of Scotland, p. 143) embellishes this story with many new circumstances. But, after all, the relation can by no means consist with truth. For the Irish historians acknowledge no monarch of the names mentioned at or about this period; nor was it ever known that a child was admitted to the supreme government of Ireland; and further, the city of Dublin never was the seat of supreme government during the Irish times, nor was it at this time under the power of any Irish king, either provincial or other, but was governed by Godfrid Mac-Yvor, a Dane, and was the head of the settlements of that people.

A.D. 885. Flan Mac-Melaghlin, king of Ireland, was routed (Annals of the four Masters) in battle by Godfrid Mac-Yvor, and his subjects, the Ostmen of Dublin, in which Largisius, bishop of Kildare, and many others were slain; and two years after Kildare was wasted and burnt down by the same people.

A.D. 888. King Flan renewed the war (Ware ibid), which was followed by a fierce battle fought between him and the Danes of Dublin, wherein many fell on both sides; and among others, on the part of Flan, Hugh O'Connor, king of Connaught, was slain; soon after which Godfrid Mac-Yvor, prince of the Danes of Dublin, fell by the treachery of his brother Sitrick, who succeeded him.

A.D. 890. The Danes of Dublin (Trias Thaum. p. 296), under the conduct of Gluniarm, general to Sitrick Mac-Yvor, marched northwards, and possessed themselves of Armagh, and not only plundered it, but set fire to the cathedral, and other religious houses, and carried away seven hundred and ten prisoners into captivity.

A.D. 892. The whole city of Dublin was this year torn (Ware Antiq. cap. 24) by intestine factions, fomented by Jeffery Merlys, a man of great reputation among the citizens at that time, against Sitrick Mac-Yvor, then king of Dublin, on the score of the murder of his brother, and other cruelties, and many mischiefs ensued these dissensions.

A.D. 895. The Ostmen of Dublin marched (Ibid) an army into Ulster, and plundered Armagh; and another party of them the same year (Annals of the four Masters) pillaged Kildare.

A.D. 896. Divine vengeance (Waræi Antiq. cap. 24), though slow, pursued the guilty Sitrick, who had murdered his brother as before said, and he was slain by his own people. He was succeeded by another brother, called Aulaffe Mac-Yvor, who was slain the same year in battle by the Utonians of Tyrconnell, and was succeeded by Reginald Mac-Yvor, probably another brother of Sitrick.

A.D. 897. Ireland at this time felt another scourge besides that of the Danes. For Caradocus of Lhancarvan relates, "That in the year 897 it was destroyed by strange worms, having two teeth, which consumed all that was green in the land. These (proceeds he) seem to have been locusts, a rare plague in those countries, but often seen in Africa, Italy, and other hot regions." Other writers (Polycron. ad. An. 897. Hamm. Chron p. 88) add, "That these devourers left neither corn nor grass, nor food for man or beast, but consumed all that was green in the land," so that of consequence a miserable famine ensued. This visitation confined both the Irish princes and the Danes within the terms of peace for five years, when in the year 902 (Ware Antiq. an. 902) a fresh fleet of these latter people landed on the coasts of Leinster near that city, and put to flight with great slaughter.

A.D. 911. The Danes of Dublin (Carad. of Lhancar. van. ad an. 911) fitted out a fleet this year, and made incursions into South Wales; but were constrained by the inhabitants to return home after a successless expedition, and not without some loss.

(To be Continued.)

LITERARY NOTES.

In "Scribner's Magazine" for May Mr. Henry Van Dyke has achieved a poem of sixty-one lines, addressed to Victor Hugo, without a single full stop.

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It may not be generally known that each year the catalogue of the Royal Academy has a motto upon its title page. This year it is from Theophile Gautier, and runs: "Rien n'est use pour le genie."

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An interviewer in the "Sketch" tells us that Mr T. P. O'Connor writes directly on his typewriter—"He goes at a very rapid rate, for his ideas flow in a continuous stream, and he never has to pause for a word in which to express the exact phase of his thought." We are further told that "the only writing which Mr. O'Connor does with his pen, apart from signing his name, is the famous review of 'The Book of the Week.'" We are inclined to congratulate Mr. O'Connor.

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Mr. George Allen has in preparation a new and complete "Library Edition" of Ruskin's works. The issue is to be under the editorship of Mr. E. T. Cook, and it is proposed to print, probably in the form of notes, any unpublished passages which may be found in the original MSS. The edition will be limited to 2,000 copies for England and America, and the first volume will be issued early in 1903. The price is fixed at one guinea per volume, and the set is to consist of thirty volumes.

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There are unusually few literary pictures in the Royal Academy this year. Mr. Frank Dicksee has attempted to realise Keats's "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," a subject which seems to have a permanent attraction for artists, and Mr. J. D. Penrose's "The Last Chapter" aims at representing the following passage from St. Cuthbert: "The venerable Bede spent the last day of his life dictating his translation of the last chapter of St. John's Gospel. In the evening the scribe said, 'Dear master, there is yet one sentence to write.' He answered, 'Write quickly.' Presently the youth said, 'Now it is finished.' He replied, 'Thou hast said the truth; it is finished.'"

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A correspondent of a contemporary writes—Respecting the derivation of "nap," your correspondent quotes the line from "Hudibras":

"I took thee napping, unprepared."

It may be of interest to point out that the word, three centuries before Butler's time, was used by William Langland, in his "Piers Plowman's Vision." A contemporary of the latter, Chaucer, in "The Manciples Prologue" also says:

"A thefe him might full lightly rob and bind,
See how he nappeth."

Our familiar figure "caught napping" was employed before Butler's time by Beaumont and Fletcher in one of their plays, thus:

"You are taken napping now."

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The murder of Paul Leicester Ford, the distinguished American writer, by his brother Malcolm, acquires its last touch of repulsiveness by the fact that the murdered man was a dwarf, hardly more than four feet high. Literature was his passion almost from infancy, and by incessant practice, aided by a fine instinct, he developed into a very capable and entertaining writer. His novel, "The Honourable Peter Sterling," is quite the cleverest and most faithful picture of New York politics that has yet been given to us. He showed, too, a talent for short stories of a really high order, and was the author of many original and pointed essays on literary and historical subjects. Few Americans knew more about the early ages of his own country, and in "Janice Meredith" and "The True George Washington" he turned his knowledge to admirable account. Popularity and success came to him early and abundantly, and those who knew him would have found it hard to think that even failure could have spoiled his cheerful temperament or destroyed the wonderful poise of his character.

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Mr. Edmund Gosse, in a fresh and interesting article in the "Cosmopolitan," discusses the fame of Victor Hugo, its area and the likelihood of its performance. About 1880 and for some years, no praise of Victor Hugo could be too unstinted. Twenty years have cooled this enthusiasm, until "a good many very rude things about the divine Hugo are now openly said in the coteries of Paris," although Mr. Gosse only once heard "an ineffable young ass" declare that he was "hardly a poet."

But, at the very lowest estimate, Victor Hugo presents us with the case of a poet who ruled a vast and complex modern nation, without a pretender to share his dignity, through nearly the whole of a period of a hundred years. This is unique, or paralleled only and partially by the almost royal state of Goethe.

Among Victor Hugo's detractors Mr. Gosse will not be numbered. But he finds it profitable to inquire why "his influence has been so very slight and accidental in English and American literature." With the exception of Swinburne, "in a sort of magnificent isolation," Victor Hugo has influenced no English or American author.

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In the course of an article in "Pearson's Magazine," Mr. T. P. O'Connor sketches with a critical hand the career of Lord Salisbury. Mr. O'Connor dwells with most pleasure on the time when Lord Robert Cecil, a poor younger son of twenty-six, married a judge's daughter (a mesalliance in those days), and became poorer still, was befriended by the now forgotten Beresford Hope, and became a regular contributor to the brilliant and high-paying "Saturday Review":—

"Here it was that Lord Salisbury learned that art of sardonic phrase-making which has been at once his bane and his glory in political life. Here it was that he nourished that hatred and contempt for Disraeli which was the badge of his young school of ecclesiastical Tories; and here it was, above all things, that he learned the art of rapid work, and especially of rapid writing, which also has been a two-edged sword to him in his official career."

At Hatfield he seems the least occupied person about, the reason for which, Mr. O'Connor thinks, is that he writes his official despatches with the facility of the practised journalist with the printer's devil at his elbow.

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Mr. Ben Greet has just presented to the School Board his report on the examinations in the "Dramatic Literature Competitions" inaugurated three years ago by the Rev. Stewart Headlam. These competitions are confined to scholars attending evening continuation schools and have been attended with remarkable success. This year thirteen schools entered for the competition, and the test piece for recitation was a passage from Act IV., Scene 3, of "A Winter's Tale." In his report Mr. Greet assigns premier position to Fossdene road school, Old Charlton, but, he adds, that as this school has won the prize twice already, he thinks, and Mr. Headlam agrees, that they should be asked to relinquish the award. Something, however, should be given, and Mr. Greet suggests that the teacher of the school should be the recipient. At the close of his report Mr. Greet says:—"I consider, on the whole, there was great improvement all round on previous contests. I consider that each school had good points, and if I mention some particularly it is because there was more to be said of them. The employment of singers and musicians was an excellent move, and showed how very well these branches of the useful arts are being encouraged among evening continuation students."

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Bret Harte's literary production was astonishingly steady. Over forty volumes stand to his credit, some of which, however, were somewhat slender. His latest volume, "On the Old Trail," contains nine short stories, most of them dealing with his own subjects. We understand (says the "Heading"), that Bret Harte had practically completed a new series of Condensed Novels—the first appeared in 1867—so that we shall have a posthumous work from his pen. Messrs Chatto and Windus will publish the volume, but it may be delayed until the autumn. Amongst the authors parodied are Mr Kipling, Mr Anthony Hope, and Mr Conan Doyle.

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In an article entitled "My First Book," which appeared in the "Idler" some years ago, Bret Harte explained that his first book was not strictly his own, but a "small compilation of Californian poems indited by other hands. . . . ." The difficulties attending his editorial work are described with characteristic humour. Here is what a reviewer of the Red Dog "Jay Hawk," none of whose verse was included in the Anthology, is reported by Bret Harte to have written of it:—

> The hogwash and "purp" stuff ladled out from the slop bucket of Messrs. —— and Co., of 'Frisco, by some lop-eared Eastern apprentice, and called "A Compilation of Californian Verse," might be passed over, so far as criticism goes. A club in the hands of any able-bodied citizen of Red Dog and a steamboat ticket to the Bay, cheerfully contributed from this office, would be all-sufficient. But when an imported greenhorn dares to call his flapdoodle mixture "Californian," it is an insult to the State that has produced the gifted "Yellow Hammer," whose lofty flights have from time to time dazzled our readers in the columns of the "Jay Hawk." That this complacent editorial jackass, browsing among the dock and thistles which he has served up in this volume, should make no allusion to California's greatest bard, is rather a confession of his idiocy than a slur upon the genius of our esteemed contributor.

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The most striking instance (writes Mr. W. E. Garrett Fisher in the columns of a contemporary) of the folly of trying to read autobiography into a novelist's writings is afforded by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, who recently published an article on Dickens, in which he tried to apply the story of the two sisters in "The Battle of Life" to the history of Dickens's marriage. Mr. Fitzgerald, with an inaccuracy which is simply unforgivable in one who has always talked so loudly about his allegiance to Dickens, assumed that Dickens was really in love with the elder Miss Hogarth and then married her younger sister, and on this totally erroneous foundation built up a fabric of assumption, with the help of the hypothetical autobiography embedded in "The Battle of Life." The blunder would be ludicrous if it were not of a nature to give considerable pain to the surviving members of the Dickens family, one of whom has sent a strong and well-deserved protest to the current number of "Harper's Magazine," in which the peccant article was originally published. He speaks with justifiable severity of the extraordinary way in which "Mr. Fitzgerald has woven a wild and fantastic legend, based upon an absolutely erroneous statement of the facts." Of course, there is no ground at all for Mr. Fitzgerald's theory of a deep romantic mystery attaching to Dickens's affection for Mary Hogarth, and it is only the desire to air his own cleverness in perceiving the "real foundation" of "The Battle of Life" that led him into a blunder so ridiculous. And yet, with all these modern instances before their eyes, people continue gaily to extract "autobiographical revelations" from Shakespeare's Sonnets!

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

It is announced that Siemens and Halske, the owners of the Braun patents, have signed a contract with the Austrian Government for the installation of the Braun system of wireless telegraphy on the Adriatic coast.

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Dresden boasts of a novel method of heating its Royal Castle, Royal Opera House, and Police Headquarters. The heat is conveyed through pipes. So great is the distances in some cases that the furnace is known in the town as the "long distance heating apparatus." It might seem that the loss of heat must be enormous, but reports received seem to indicate that the system works admirably.

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Examination of the fossils which were brought from the Southern provinces of China has been made under the direction of M. G. Vasseur, Director of the Geological Laboratory of Indo-China. The researches have proved that there are in several parts of the provinces of Yun-nan and Koni-tcheon Devonian schists very rich in fossils.

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A new species of violet has been discovered by Miss Lillie Angell, of Minton Place, Orange, and Charles Louis Pollard, curator of plants at the Smithsonian Institution, has named the species Viola angellæ, after the discoverer. The leaves are cordate-ovate in outline, with a broad sinus, irregularly five to seven lobed, or some of them merely deeply sinuate. The lobes are all obtuse, more or less crenate, and the flowers are violet-purple, darker at the base. The leaves attain large dimensions.

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An experiment is now being made by the Chicago and North-Western Railroad on the new Overland express which will be watched with much interest both by railroad men and the public at large. The express in question is equipped with telephones, which connect not only the several cars, but can be connected with local and long distance wires at any station along the line. If this experiment proves successful the company will probably install a service, which will enable passengers to telephone from a moving train.

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A searching party is to be sent out to hunt up the Baldwin-Zeigler expedition. The steamer "Frithjof," which conveyed the Baldwin party to Franz Josef Land, has been chartered for the purpose. She will leave Tromsoe on July 1, under the command of Captain Kjeldson, her former captain. From Tromsoe the "Frithjof" will go to Camp Zeigler, on Alger Island, 80 degrees 24 minutes north latitude. At this camp Baldwin's last instructions will be secured, after which the auxiliary expedition will proceed northward.

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The conditions of the races for the capital prize of 100,000 dollars, offered by the St. Louis World's Fair management, have been published. Tentative rules for the time of the races, shape of course, type of airship, and the like have been drawn up. It has been definitely decided that 200,000 dollars shall be appropriated for the contest, to be divided as follows:—100,000 dollars for a grand capital prize; 50,000 dollars to be divided into a number of subsidiary prizes; and 50,000 dollars devoted to the conduct of the competion and the payment of general expenses.

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Count von Zeppelin, who has the distinction of having built the largest of all airships, has been financially ruined by his aeronautical experiments. Unable to obtain means for carrying out his new projects, he is now breaking up the old framework of his airships in order to sell the aluminium of which they are composed. Zeppelin is sixty-seven years of age. He is something of a historical personage. He was military attache of the German Embassy during the civil war, and made several balloon ascensions from battlefields of the South in 1863. He was the leader of the famous cavalry raid into France in 1870, which marked the commencement of hostilities of the great Franco-Prussian war.

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The expedition which started last year under the auspices of the British Royal Society, to explore the cave fauna of the Malay Peninsula, has accomplished some very interesting biological work, and many geographical observations have been made which prove existing maps of this country to be erroneous. The expedition has crossed the Peninsula from Singgora to Kedah, and has discovered that the high mountain range marked on maps does not exist in that part. About 120 miles north of Penang the mountains are over 6,000 feet high. The chief object of this scientific expedition is to study tropical cave fauna with a view to ascertaining whether it will throw light on the history and evolution of cave-dwelling animals.

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The aeronautical problem, which is just now receiving most attention in France, is a voyage across the great desert of Sahara. M. Deburaux considers it absolutely practicable to travel from Tunis to the Niger by means of the winds travelling in that region. He declares himself ready to make the experiment. Up to the present time his ambition has remained unrealised, for the reason that the necessary funds have not been forthcoming. To construct and equip a balloon with a carrying capacity of several passengers, would entail a cost of about 160,000 dollars. For economical reasons the plan has been advocated of sending up an experimental balloon controlled by automatic devices. The expense involved in this undertaking would be only about 4,000 dollars.

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The equilibrium of this experimental balloon is to be maintained by means of a steel cable weighing half a ton. Ballast in the shape of 5,000 pounds of water is carried in the tank. Automatic means are provided to discharge this ballast when the balloon falls to within 150 feet of the ground. The balloonette, which has figured so prominently in the Santos-Dumont airship, will be used to keep the gas bag in shape, in spite of the leakage of gas. Prof. Deburaux believes that the nomadic tribes of the desert, who might pick up this balloon, would probably convey the information of their find to civilisation. But whether the nomads of the desert are sufficiently imbued with the scientific spirit, is a matter of some doubt. Perhaps a better plan would be to offer a reward for the return of the balloon or of some account of its fate.

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Dr. E. Ule contributes to Engler's Jahrbuch (30 Beiblatt) some interesting observations on "antgardens" in the Amazon region, where they abound on a large number of woody plants. They are generally spherical in form and about the size of a walnut. They are formed by several species of ant, which appear to collect the seeds of many different plants and to sow them in these nests, covering up the seedlings with humus when they begin to germinate. In the structure of these "ant epiphytes" the foliage and the roots display characters which especially adapt them for the situation in which they grow, and promote also the protection of the ants themselves in their nest. Quite a number of the epiphytes were found by Ule as denizens of the antgardens and nowhere else. Among them were three species of Piperaceæ, five of Bromeliaceae, five of Gesneraceae, one of Moraceae, and one of Cactaceae.

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An unusually interesting discovery has been made at Stanford Bishop, England. Dr. James Johnson, the eminent antiquarian, has found an old oak chair in the village church, which is said to be the most perfect sample of ancient British carpentry extant. It is believed to have been used by St. Augustine at the synods held between A.D. 590 and 603. The chair is made entirely of oak, without any form of iron work. It is oblong in shape, the outside measurement being 32 inches in length and 22 inches in width. Four massive posts, with two boards on each side mortised into them, forms the supports. The seat is 26 inches in length and 18 inches in width, and appears to have originally been 2 inches in thickness. It is movable like the lid of a box, the hinges being two round tenons inserted into mortise holes in the rear posts. The construction of the chair is similar in many respects to a Roman solium, or chair of authority.

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A coal field in Asia Minor, situated in the north-east of the peninsula on the North Sea littoral, and about 140 miles from Constantinople, is being worked with some vigour, says "The Engineer." The two principal ports of shipment are Heraclea and Zoungouldak. As a bunkering coal, an independent examination on behalf of the British Admiralty condemns it on account (1) of excessive clinkering, and (2) of a too high percentage of impurities to enable it to be used with advantage where a large amount of coal is required to be used per square foot of firegrate. The quality tried for the British Admiralty contained 15 to 20 per cent. of ash, and other qualities contain as much as 50 and 60 per cent. In some parts of the country no true coal exists, but lignite is found in greater or less quantities. Its heating value, as compared to coal, is as 11 to 14, but it can be burned to advantage as fuel for steam boilers if the grates are made very large and correspondingly deep. There is a difference in the quality of lignite as in all other things, some of it being very wet. The heating surface should be not less than 40 to 1, or about what is used for anthracite. Lignite burns freely, being very light, and requires frequent firing, and for that reason is very apt to be condemned by those who attend to that duty, but it is no worse in this respect than soft coal screenings, of which quantities are used daily.

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Early in February Mr. Phillips, the U.S. Consul of Cardiff, received a letter from Galveston propounding certain queries as to the likelihood of oil fuel being introduced there. He replied as fully as he could at the time; but he has since made further investigations, and now furnishes the results. The Consul ventures to prognosticate that this new combustible is destined ere long to revolutionise the coal markets of the world. The abnormal cost of steam coal in Great Britain—particularly in Wales—and the exhorbitant price of the best house coal (£1 6s. per ton) are calculated to hasten this revolution. An impetus was given to this industry five years ago, when petroleum discovered in Borneo was found to be well adapted for fuel purposes. This field is owned by the Shell Transport and Trading Company, Limited. Last year (1901) the exports exceeded 100,000 tons. The Dutch Steamship Company uses this fuel in its boats; the Hamburg-American Line has built four new steamers adapted for oil fuel, and run them in the Eastern trade with marked success; the North German Lloyd has two local steamers using oil; the East Asiatic Company, of Copenhagen, employs this fuel in its local boats, and is building two ocean-going steamers with the intention of using it; and the China Mutual is preparing three boats for the employment of oil. The prejudice against oil fuel is passing away. Several firms are contemplating a change in their method of steam production, which they predict will be as safe as the old method and more economical.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

From the Dublin Newspapers of 1793.

DECEMBER 6.

Notwithstanding that the late Coal Act for Dublin gives to the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor a very incompetent share of control over the coal factors, his Lordship's zeal is not less arduous to calm if possible the current of extortion, so rapid and mischievous in this line, and to bring that indispensable necessary of life to a moderate price.

Notwithstanding that a fleet of coal ships, with full cargoes, have lain for three weeks in our harbours, still is the price kept up on the citizens, under the pretence of actual scarcity, owing, as it is alleged, to the difficulty of inducing the sailors of Whitehaven to work the ships over, lest they should be pressed.

To explore this fallacy, the Lord Mayor called a metting of the coal-ship captains, and offered, if they would bring their vessels up to the quays, and sell their coals during the winter months at one guinea per ton, he would apply to Government to have their men protected from being pressed.

His Lordship applied to Captain Brabazon, the regulating navy officer of this port, upon this head, who cheerfully rendered his co-operation in the proposal of his Lordship.

The coal-ship captains declared themselves ready to a man to comply with his Lordship's request; but the coal factors, who had purchased their cargoes, would by no means assent to the coals being brought up to the market, though many of the captains declared they could with readiness clear out their cargoes in four days, or at most in six.

Thus do we see stubborn extortion setting the laws at defiance, wrestling with authority, and daring the Chief Magistrate of our city in the execution of his duty.

Acts of this nefarious kind, by tending to exasperate the people at large, tend directly to a breach of the peace, and deserve to meet the most exemplary punishment.

DUBLIN, DECEMBER 27.

Christmas Eve, Alderman Carleton, as late Lord Mayor, distributed to 304 debtors confined in the different prisons of this city, the annual bounty of a twelvepenny loaf and a piece of beef each. This humane donation arises from a legacy left by a benevolent gentleman of the name of Powel; the expense is defrayed by the interest of £800, at 5 per cent., vested for that purpose, and the persons who have last served the offices of Lord Mayor and High Sheriffs are the almoners.

How good, how bounteous, must have been the mind that could provide a morsel to comfort and sustain the unfortunate, many years after itself should be gone from hence to the enjoyment of eternal happiness! We shall only say to the affluent who would wish to enjoy real luxury, the luxury of doing good—Go and do ye likewise.

DUBLIN CASTLE, DECEMBER 20, 1793.

Letters Patent have been passed under the Great Seal of Ireland, granting the following dignities—viz:—

To the Right Honourable Edmund Viscount Mountgarret the dignity of Earl Kilkenny. To Arthur Visc. Valentia, the dignity of Earl Mountnorris. To Otway Visc. Desart, the dignity of Earl Desart. To Alice Viscountess-Dowager of Wicklow, the dignity of Countess of Wicklow, in the county of Wicklow, and to the heirs male of her body by Ralph, late Lord Viscount Wicklow, the dignity of Earl of Wicklow. To John Viscount Clonmell, the dignity of Earl of Clonmell, of Clonmell. To Andrew-Thomas Lord Castlestewart, the dignity of Viscount Castlestewart. To Robert Lord Leitrim, the dignity of Viscount Leitrim. To Francis Lord Landaff, the dignity of Viscount Landaff. To Cornwallis Lord De Montalt, the dignity of Viscount Howarden. To John Lord Fitz-Gibbon, the dignity of Viscount Fitz-Gibbon.

DUBLIN CASTLE, 28th DECEMBER, 1793.

Letters Patent have been passed under the Great Seal of Ireland, constituting and appointing the Right Honourable Richard Earl of Shannon; Sir John Parnell, Bart.; John Beresford; Sir Henry Cavendish, Bart.; William Conyngham, and Lord Hobart, or the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant for the time being, to be his Majesty's Commissioners for executing the office of Treasurer of his Majesty's Exchequer of his Majesty's Kingdom of Ireland.

The Right Hon. Theophilus Clements to be his Majesty's Receiver General and Paymaster-General of all his Majesty's Revenues within this Kingdom of Ireland.

The Hon. John Loftus Loftus, to be Teller or Cashier of his Majesty's Exchequer of this Kingdom.

JANUARY 9.

Monday morning the body of an unfortunate female was taken out of the river at Crampton quay. In her pocket the duplicate of a pawned watch, with one sixpence, were found. The body appeared to have lain but a short time in the water.

Mr. Sheriff Jenkins, attended by Mr. Gregg, the gaoler of the New Prison, went on Saturday last, by information, on board a vessel lying at the new Custom House, and apprehended a fellow named John Connor, charged with having committed an atrocious murder some time since in the county Kildare, whom this active magistrate safely lodged in the New Jail.

Yesterday, two persons of the name of M'Cabe and O'Hara, were brought up to town from Balbriggan, by Justice Wilson, under a strong guard, and lodged in the New Prison, charged with being concerned in the atrocious murder of Mr. Pentlant, a revenue officer, in Drogheda, some time ago. These persons, it is said, are butchers.

Sunday morning early, an unfortunate black man, who had worked some time as a labourer at the glass-house on the North Strand, but was recently discharged, was found dead near that factory. The poor man was by many supposed to have died for want.

The following method of preserving the health of soldiers and sailors was recommended by the late learned and ingenious Dr. Hales:—Let them, where they have opportunity, plunge every morning into the salt water. In the Inland parts, where this opportunity is not at hand, let each soldier every morning throw into his bason an ounce of salt, and, after it is dissolved in the water, dip into the bason a coarse towel, and wet his head, his limbs, and all his body over with this salt water, and immediately after put on his clothes, without drying his skin. Bay salt is the best if it can be had. This wonderfully strengthens and braces all the muscular fibres, and covers the skin with a kind of saltish crust, which prevents all feverish infections. This whole process may be executed in three minutes, and effectually embalms and preserves the body from danger for that day.

It may gratify curiosity to know that Hoche, to whom the chief command was given, when the armies of the Rhine and Mozelle joined, who out-generalled both Wurmser and the Duke of Brunswick, and whose letters are so laconic, was formerly one of the French King's postillions, and afterwards a Sergeant in the Guards, the highest rank to which he rose before the Revolution.

16th.—Monday being the quarter day of the Corporation of Barbers, Surgeons, etc., the freedom of that ancient guild was voted in a silver box to the Right Hon. John Foster, Speaker of the House of Commons, as a tribute of gratitude for his zeal and ability in promoting the agricultural and commercial interests of this Kingdom.

Cove of Cork, Wednesday Morning.

Last night the Sphynx frigate brought in a French prize, and the following is the account sent by the prize masters:—

"The French national corvette called La Trompeaure, mounting 18 guns 6 pounders, on a cruise, and carrying 110 men, ten days from Brest, was in search of the French fleet, had taken nothing this cruise, but on her last had captured several merchantmen; she is only three months old, and launched at the National-yard, Brest. The Sphynx had chased a French frigate the night preceding the capture. She informs of the French having ten sail of the line and eight frigates at sea. She is copper-bottomed, and in endeavouring to escape, she hove 6 guns overboard."

JANUARY 17.

On Saturday last a charity sermon was preached in Usher's quay Meeting House, by the Rev. William Wilson, and a collection made for the Female Charity School, amounting to £136 3s. 6d.

DUBLIN CASTLE, 4th JANUARY.

Letters Patent have been passed under the Great Seal of this Kingdom, granting unto the Rev. Peter Carleton, A.M., the Deanery of his Majesty's Cathedral Church of St. Patrick, in the City of Dublin.

10th.—Letters Patent have been passed under the Great Seal of this Kingdom, constituting and appointing Maurice Copinger, William Preston, Charles Osborne, Richard Moore, and William Wynne, Esqrs., to be Commissioners of Appeal.

17th.—The Lord Lieutenant has been pleased to appoint the Right Hon. Sylvester Douglas to be his Excellency's Chief Secretary in the room of the Right Hon. Lord Hobart, who has resigned.

(To be Continued.)

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THE SALE OF THE MAJOR'S LIBRARY.

CARICATURE FROM THE "IRISH MAGAZINE AND MONTHLY ASYLUM FOR NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY," 1811.



We give here a reproduction of another of the caricatures with which "Watty" Cox embellished the pages of his extraordinary periodical, the "Irish Magazine and Monthly Asylum for Neglected Biography," 1811.

The Major, the disposal of whose library by public sale was the subject of the cartoon by Watty Cox, which we here reproduce, was, of course, Major Sirr, whose name figures so prominently in the '98 and Union periods. Henry Charles Sirr was born about 1756, became a wine merchant, and in 1796 received the appointment of Town Major of Dublin, in which capacity he rendered important services to the Government, as the seizure of the "Press" newspaper, and the capture of Lord Edward Fitzgerald in 1798, and Robert Emmet in 1803. He was a man of undaunted bravery, overbearing in his manners, and was equally feared and hated by the people at large. Lord Castlereagh thus eulogises him; "The services Major Sirr has rendered to the King's Government since I have been in office are such as to make me feel it an incumbent duty to bear testimony, in the strongest terms, to his merits. . . . He has been constantly employed confidentially by Government on every occasion which called for great personal exertions, discretion, and courage. . . . The metropolis was peculiarly indebted for its tranquility to the unceasing activity of Major Sirr." He latterly held the post of police magistrate. He was a connoisseur in the fine arts. Major Sirr died 11th January, 1841, and was buried in St. Werburgh's churchyard, Dublin, near the vault where rest the remains of Lord Edward FitzGerald, whom he had made prisoner and mortally wounded forty-two years previously. His papers, which contain much valuable information relating to the events of the times in which he lived, are preserved in the Library of Trinity College.

The following is the amusing letterpress by which the caricature was accompanied:—

December the 21st.—This great sale was finally closed for the year, several very scarce and highly appreciated volumes were disposed of at great prices. The bidders were numerous and respectable in the particular line of literature of which the library is exclusively composed. We never remember so many dignified divines at the library any preceding sale. Mr. Murtagh Lacy, late of Lacy's lane, Cowkeeper and Bricklayer, God rest his soul, had two representatives of his house buying up loyal hymn books, treatises against Popery, and riding-house Bon-mots, to be sent down to ABRACCAN. Jacky Triangle, late of Marlborough Green, did not attend during the sale, not having any intention at present of augmenting his collection, as some apprehensions are entertained that

his books will soon come to the hammer. Major Sandys was, for the first time, absent, as he apprehended he might be waylaid by a band of assassins, who are often observed lurking about Mass lane.

Mr. Samuel Coates, of Beresford's Cavalry, late of Rathangan, was "obliged" to be absent also, on the king's affairs, as he was shipped about three weeks since for Botany Bay, where he is to remain during life, for removing a Velice with six hundred pounds in it, martial law not being in force and the person plundered being a loyal man. If this melancholy manner continues, the Major must immediately close his shop for lack of bidders. In the short space of one month, two excellent customers have been put out of the literary market, and this by the operation of the law: one is a bankrupt and the other has been transported. The good times when those poor gentlemen were the Law and Constitution have unhappily passed away, and vulgar passions are gratified at the fall of two pillars that once ornamented and sustained a tottering empire.

The public will be much gratified to know that the Major's misfortune is considerably abated, by the acquisition of two very great amateurs, whose attention to the interests of the library promises to give every due assistance to promote the interests of the establishment. This fortunate acquisition descends in a direct line from Murtagh Lacy, late of Merrion row, Dairy man, to his labours and industry, for he was a good man in his day: the Christian world, particularly the reformed part of it, owe a great deal of acknowledgement. Murtagh's posthumus fame will live as long as the established Church, the Major's memory, or the Irish Magazine, while true piety, eminent villainy, or literary inquiry are objects of public curiosity.

The following books sold at high prices:

Mr. Bloomfield's abridgement of the Statutes, printed at the Mass lane press, with a handsome dedication to Mr. Cassidy of the Inner-temple, Green street. This edition is illuminated, with a curious collection of affadavits, made by the most distinguished professors of Bible hand, from Titus Oates down to Tom Reynolds and Sheeres Armstrong.

A collection of Songs, written for the amusement of the Farming Society, by George Grierson. This volume contains a great fund of entertainment, and is worthy of the attention of Irish gentlemen solicitous for the comforts of their live stock. The Author has a happy talent at description. The picture of an improved pig stye is excellent, and the manner of education for the grunting inhabitants very instructive, dedicated to the Societies for the improvement of the condition of the poor and for distributing Bibles among the Irish.

Essay on the Irish character, and a plan for making Caravats on the shortest notice, by Major "Row de dow," Commissioner for burning cabins in the north-east district.

A statistical survey of Lucan, by Major Sandys, with a correct map, on which is marked the produce of every acre, half acre, rood and perch in the town and vicinity, with the size, number of apartments, and accommodation of every whiskey house, from accurate "drawings" and actual "measurements," made by the assistance of observations had at every hour in the last week of Autumn, by the aid of different "glasses" of the most approved "diameters." His account of the mutton of Lucan is not so accurate as that of the other produce, as the ill-nature of a butcher prevented the Major of trying experiments to his satisfaction. His Eulogium on the house of White, for the spirited proselytising, Protestant spirit of the MAJOR, whose zeal to purge his regiment of Popery has made so much noise, is animated with becoming language and appropriate sentences of ardent loyalty. This charming treaty is dedicated to LUKE, the flying stationer, and ornamented with a likeness of Limerick Luttrell, Esq.

An ingenuous comparison between "Browney's Cow" and "Hevey's Mare," written by Hakwy White. The author labours to show to the loyal reader that both animals were the instruments and agents of rebellion, and attempts to prove from the testimonies of several witnesses that BROWNEY'S Cow was Carnivorous, as she was frequently detected eating orange men; that the absence of NEWELL must be attributed to this Cow, as well as the fate of many other gentlemen in the North of Ireland, who had been out on racking parties, driving the papists to Hell or Connaught, so far back as 1792, and have not yet returned to their respective dwellings. Hawtry thinks Browney's Cow is lurking in his own neighbourhood, waiting for an opportunity to graze on the loyal, and advises a general search by proclamation. He describes her as having but one horn, as the other was lodged in an Ancient Briton at Coolgraney in the fatal meeting of 1798.

Military movements, collected from the Works of Justice D—— and Lord Blayney. The military reader will find some very Original Articles in this treatise, such as every man of judgment would expect from two eminent tacticians such as the noble Lord and brave Justice have shown themselves in the many arduous campaigns they conducted. The Coombe expedition is discussed with all the accuracy such an important subject deserves. The volume is ornamented with a Portrait of the Doctor, giving the word of command from his garret window. Lord Blayney's likeness is also given in Company with Sebastiani, who appears highly delighted at the vast Genius and great talents which the noble Lord displays in the relation of his Campaigns in Ireland.

Mr. Howard, the author of "Kiartan the Icelander," which we review in this issue, has had a unique and gratifying experience. The other day a stranger called on Mr. J. M. Dent, his publisher, and left a bank note for £100 with a slip of paper on which was written—"From an admirer north of the Tweed to the author of 'Kiartan the Icelander.'"

A RACE OF PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN THE SEA.

Thursday Island is one of the most curious and interesting bits of land on the globe. It is the commercial centre of a race of people who live practically in the sea, viz., the pearl divers of the Pacific Ocean. Thursday Island is one of the little group of coral formation lying between Australia and New Guinea. Taken together, the largest of these islands constitute a calendar, with an island for every day of the week, beginning with Sunday Island. Thursday Island commands Torrest Strait. Representatives of nearly all the nations of the Far East may be seen any day along its shores, disporting themselves in the water—Filipinos, Japanese, Chinese, East Indians, Fijians, and Papuans. To the right of the island, running for 1,200 miles down the Australian coast, is a stretch of waving green vegetation, apparently afloat upon the surface of the placid ocean. This is the top of the Great Barrier reef, the most notable coral reef in the world. Throughout its length its banks are lined with pearl oysters. Thursday Island forms the great market for these oysters. About £200,000 worth of shells are raised annually along the reef and on the western coast of Australia. The business of pearl fishing is conducted on the basis of the profit from the oyster shells. The pearls are clear gain, the value varying a great deal. One pearl found in 1890 sold for £2,000; another for £1,500. Pearls worth £20 are quite common. The shells of pearl oysters are of enormous size, measuring frequently eighteen inches across. The oysters lie in the sea fastened to rocks, especially coral rocks, and quite away from sand and dirt. They hang by thread-like filaments, about a dozen in a bunch. The business of the diver is to cut this thread and bring up the oysters. The shells are worth from £100 to £200 a ton for the best; the poorest from £15 to £60 a ton. The natives trade them for merchandise and realise about £15 a ton on the average. Fishing is done in small boats or luggers. Each boat has a pumping apparatus to force air to the divers under water. The smallest boat with apparatus is worth £600. The business is very dangerous. Poisonous fish, sharks, and squid abound. Sharks rarely attack divers, but contribute immensely to their nervousness. Squid exude a quantity of inky black liquid which dangerously clouds the water. Japanese are the best divers. They stay under water longer, dare more, and can be relied upon better than any of the other types. Among the Malay natives women are successful divers. They go down without diving suits, fastening stones to their feet to help them to sink. Natives and divers are not allowed to open the oysters. A careful watch is kept to prevent the theft of gems, under the eye of an experienced foreman. A good operator can open a ton of shells in one day. It is supposed that a grain of sand getting underneath an oyster shell irritates the fish and causes it to exude a carbonate of lime, which gradually coats the obstruction until a pearl is formed. Attempts to obtain pearls artificially by slipping sand or glass under oyster shells have been unsuccessful. The greatest pearl fisheries of the world are in the Indian Ocean. The product there is but one-tenth the amount of former years.

SHADOWS.

By Frances Graham.

When the sun is slowly setting far across the Western Sea,
And the clouds like shadow islands seem to rise,
Then there comes an old-time story in the twilight unto me,
Of a fairyland beyond the western skies.

'Tis the legend of an island, where all lives were young and bright,
And memory could not fill the heart with pain,
Where the sunlight and the moonlight had a keener, purer light,
And tears and sorrow fled—in love's long reign.

But the waves of time rose proudly, and they swept across the shore,
Hid that dreamland with their waters cold and green,
Left us but a dim remembrance of the days that are no more,
Just a shadow of the light that once has been.

THE DRUIDS' ALTARS AND GIANTS' GRAVES.

By F. R. MONTGOMERY HITCHCOCK.

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The cromlech or dolmen is one of those interesting remains of the Stone Age that affords the student of the history of the nations a subject for research and speculation. These relics, with others of the same principle—temples, dome-roofed caverns, subterranean passages, huge blocks standing in a ring, are found all over Europe, and not a few can be seen in Ireland. The readers of this journal are doubtless more familiar with them under the names of Druids' altars or giants' graves. "A cromlech," says Wakeman, "when perfect, consists of three or more stones, unhewn, and generally so placed as to form a small enclosure. Over these a larger stone is laid, the whole forming a kind of rude chamber. The position of the table or covering stone is generally sloping; but its degree of inclination does not appear to have been regulated by any design." The name cromlech is not thought to be Irish, for if it had been manufactured on the soil, we should most surely have it preserved in the names of the localities where they are found. The ancient Irish often styled remains of this kind Labby (leaba), which means grave. In O'Brien's dictionary we have the note—"Leaba is the name of several places in Ireland, which are by the common people called Labhaha-na-veana, the monuments of the Fenii or old Irish champions. There is a Labasheeda in Clare, which means Sheedy's grave." In some parts the cromlechs are called by an Irish term signifying the bed of Diarmaid and Grainne, from the legend that Diarmaid ran away with Grainne, the espoused wife of the celebrated Minn Mac Cuhihail (Finn-ma-Cool), and for one year and a day baffled all Finn's efforts to discover them. During his period of flight Diarmaid erected every night a different leaba to shelter Grainne from the wind and rain. This, of course, is legend. But in Cork we have a townland called Labbadermody, Diarmaid's bed.

An even less poetical name than Labby is Griddle. A cromlech on the top of a hill was often called a griddle. In Downpatrick we have a hill called Sleeve-na-griddle, the mountain of the griddle. Finn-Mac-Cool, the injured and enraged lover, had his griddle in a bog near Easky, in Sligo.

A very fine cromlech is in the Howth demesne. It is generally called Aileen's grave. The covering stone is a huge block, and is almost on the ground. At the base of a rocky hill, where stones of great size are to be seen in numbers, the weight of this stone does not strike us so much as other cromlechs, which are found in a neighbourhood completely devoid of similar stones, and which are generally explained as a deposit of the ice age.

But in Antrim there is a much more elaborate monument. It is called Carngranny, or Carn-Greine (Granny's Grave), Granny being a corruption of Grian, which means the sun, which appears in the name Tomgraney, and which has not anything to do with the word grandmother. The monument to this Granny, this sunny-faced woman, "consists," as Bishop Reeves tells us, "of ten large slabs raised on side supporters, like a series of cromlechs, forming steps commencing with the lowest at the north-east, and ascending gradually for the length of forty feet towards the south-west." Such are some of the great stone monuments now generally known as dolmens and cromlechs. We have seen that there is something more substantial than legend connected with them. Who, then, were their builders? Here we may be guided by the fact that no weapon or implement of any kind of metal has been found in the vicinity of any of these remains. Underneath these dolmens human bones have been found in many cases, and in several places urns have been dug up. The extension of the principle of the dolmen may be seen in the stone chambers and passages of New Grange and Dowth. It is not, however, from Ireland, but from Jersey, that the finest specimens of the cromlech hail. Twenty-two yards in circumference, composed of fifty massive stones, averaging seven feet in height, six in breadth, and four in thickness, and situated on the Town Hill, where Fort Regent now stands, it presented an imposing appearance. It was divided into four perfect cells, had the ruins of a fifth, and was approached by a passage through which one had to creep on hands and feet. This way of entrance was very like that which leads into the fine chamber of New Grange, being fifteen feet long and four feet four inches high, and running east and west. This was indeed a colossal cromlech, a miniature Stonehenge. But it has, unfortunately, been removed from the island. There is still a fine specimen in Jersey near Mount Orgeuil Castle. Situated on a rising knoll, it is approached by what seems to have originally been a covered passage, of which the great side-stones alone remain. The roofing stone under which a person may stand erect, is several hundred tons in weight, being fifteen feet in length, ten and a half in breadth, and three and a half in thickness. Supported on five great blocks, it forms a fairly sized chamber, and may have originally been a place of some form of worship or religious function. There are other structures of a similar kind in the Channel Isles. The archaeologist, Dr. Lukis, explored a magnificent cromlech in Guernsey, near l'Ancresse Bay. Like the Irish monument of New Grange, it stands within a somewhat broken and indistinct circle of smaller stones. It is roofed by five gigantic capstones, and has another chamber near its eastern entrance. It is now called Le Temple des Druides—the Druids' Temple. When Dr. Lukes first found it, it was choked with sand, but when clearing had been effected and the sandy layer had been removed, the explorer came upon the bones of animals, oxen and hogs, embedded in a stratun of sand. Below this he came upon the bones of human beings, burnt and unburnt, and underneath all a miniature cromlech, a small capstone on stone props, under which lay a mass of bones and implements, arrowheads, grinding troughs and mullers, hammers and quoits, all of stone. But not one of these was of iron or of any other kind of metal These megalithic fabrics would not, therefore, have been erected by Celts, who used weapons and implements of bronze and iron—a formidable array of which are now on view in the National Museum, Kildare place. Moreover, the Celts were not builders in stone. They lived in houses of wood and shining clay, with which, Tacitus tells us, they produced marvellous artistic effects. Before the Celts came to Ireland the Tuatha-de-Danaans and Firbolgs had lived here. Of these last it is possible that some remains are still to be found. In the caves of the Arran Isles are found skulls and bones belonging to a long-headed, small-boned race of men, somewhat akin in appearance to the Basque inhabitants of the Pyrenees. The Firbolgs, being driven to the extreme west by the better armed and more powerful Aryan invaders, made their last stand in Co. Clare and the Isles of Arran, where some of their descendants may doubtless be seen to this very day. The fort of Angus, a massive circular fort on the West Coast, consisting of great stones laid one upon the other, the heavier being at the bottom and the lighter at the top of the wall, bears the name of the last Iberian king, while the name of "Scots" was borne by the followers of Queen Scotia. This is all we can say of the builders of the cromlechs. It is very possible that this conjecture may be completely wrong. The cromlechs, at all events, belong to a pre-historic age, an age of which history is silent, and of which geology alone can discover traces.

What was the original purpose of these monuments? Here again we must confess ignorance. But it is apparent that they may have served one or other of two purposes. They may have either been constructed as rude altars by barbarian predecessors in honour of the god they ignorantly worshipped or as enduring monuments of the fame of their strong men and their beautiful women. For ancient urns and calcined bones have been found beneath. Passing from one idea to the other, the natives of Erin call them now "Druids' Altars," and now "Giants' Graves." Perhaps both ideas may be harmonised when we remember that the gods of most heathen nations were but deified men and women.

And by what method of leverage were the great cap stones raised into their present position? This is another interesting question to which we can give no definite answer. But conjectures are not wanting.

It has been suggested by the King of Denmark that these massive blocks were worked up over an artificial inclined plane of earthwork. To other antiquarians it has appeared more probable that the smaller stones found in the vicinity of certain of these cromlechs were utilised in this process of lifting. While it has been recently conjectured that the trunks of the trees which abounded in this even and well-wooded island were employed as levenage, and that the small stones found by the sides of the Dolmens had been originally inserted by the workmen under the great block to secure a purchase for their efforts. It is very likely that the original workmen would laugh at these notions, and consider them far-fetched and poetical explanations of their simple but enduring achivements. The great Pyramids of Egypt still remain to bear witness to the great efforts and colossal undertakings of a long buried civilisation. These marvellous structures, whose raised stone—Clogh togha—was a mystery to later races, are a silent but everlasting monument of the brawn and muscle, the affection, and adoration of the earliest generation of Irishmen.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

(From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.)

ATHY.

Athy, an incorporated market and post-town, in the barony of West Naragh and Rheban, county of Kildare, and province of Leinster, 17¾ miles (S.W. by S.) from Naas, and 32 (S.W.) from Dublin; containing 4,494 inhabitants. This place derives its name from an ancient ford called "Athelehac," or anciently "Athlegar," the "ford towards the west," which led from the territory of Leix to that of Calleagh or Caellan, and near which a great battle was fought between the people of Munster and those of Leix, under Lavisegh Cean Mordha, in the 3rd century. Donogh O'Brien and his forces crossed the river Barrow at this ford, on their retreat from the battle of Clontarf. The town appears to have originated in the foundation of two monasteries, soon after the English invasion; one on the west bank of the Barrow, by Richard de St. Michael, Lord of Rheban, in 1253, for Crouched friars; and the other on the east bank, by the families of Boisle or Boyle and Hogan, some time in the 13th century, for Dominican or Preaching friars. It was frequently exposed to the assaults of the neighbouring septs, especially of the O'Kellys, whose territories, then called Caellan, are included in the modern county of Kildare. In 1308 the town was burnt by the Irish, and in 1315 was plundered by the Scots under Robert Bruce, who gained the battle of Ardscull, in which were killed, on the side of the English, Raymond le Gros and Sir William Prendergast, and on the side of the Scots, Sir Fergus Andressan and Sir Walter Murray, all of whom were buried in the Dominican monastery. In 1422, the Lord Justice of Ireland, considering Athy, from its situation on the Irish frontier, to be one of the keys of the Marches of Kildare, and necessary to be maintained for the defence of those parts, placed it in the custody of a military governor; and about the year 1506, a castle was built on the eastern side of the river, by Gerald, eigth earl of Kildare, for the protection of the town, which being enlarged in 1575, by one of the family of White, has since obtained the name of White's Castle, and in 1648 was held by the Irish under O'Nial, but was taken in 1650 by the Parliamentary forces under Cols. Hewson and Reynolds.

The inhabitants were incorporated in 1613, at the instance of Sir Robert Digby, Knt., by a charter, in which the corporation is entitled "the Sovereign, Bailiffs, Free Burgesses, and Commonalty of the Borough of Athy." The officers of the corporation are a sovereign (who is a justice of the peace), 2 bailiffs, 12 free burgesses, a recorder, and several inferior officers. The sovereign and bailiffs are elected annually, on June 24th, by the sovereign, bailiffs, and burgesses, out of the body of burgesses, and are sworn into office on Sept. 29th; the burgesses are elected for life, out of the body of the freemen; the latter, in recent instances, have been nominated by the sovereign. The governing body consists of the sovereign,



SEAL.

bailiffs, and burgesses: the recorder, treasurer, and inferior officers are appointed either by the sovereign or the governing body. The borough returned to the Irish parliament two members until the Union.

There are several remains of antiquity; but of the ancient monasteries little is left besides a gateway on the Carlow road, which, when seen in connection with the plantations intervening between it and the river, forms a picturesque and interesting feature in the landscape. Near the entrance from the Dublin road is a modern building occupied by two Dominican friars, with a small domestic chapel, near which is the ancient burial-ground of St. Michael's. The remains of White's castle, which is situated close to the bridge, consist only of a massive square and embattled tower, now used as the police barrack. On the western bank of the river stand the remains of Woodstock castle: the date of its erection is unknown, but it is supposed to have been built, about 1290, by a descendant of the Earl of Pembroke, or more probably at a later period by Thomas Fitzgerald, seventh Earl of Kildare, who, on marrying Dorothea, daughter of Anthony O'Moore, of Leix, in 1424, received the manors of Woodstock and Rheban as her dower. The walls are very thick and in moderately good preservation, and the mullioned windows are much admired for the elegance of their execution; a fine arched gateway and part of the outer court yet remain. The castle was taken from the insurgents, in 1642, by the Marquess of Ormonde, who made it a halting-place for his troops; and, in 1647, Owen Roe O'Nial surprised it and put the garrison to the sword, but Lord Inchiquin compelled him soon afterwards to surrender both it and Athy. Rheban castle is on the west bank of the Barrow, above two miles from the town. In the 2nd century, Rheban was one of the inland towns, and is found in Ptolemy's map. The castle was built, or greatly enlarged, in the 13th century, by Richard de St. Michael, when it and an adjoining district named Dunamase were erected into a barony, of which he was created baron. The first English settlers strengthened and repaired this castle, as also the opposite one of Kilberry. Its name was formerly "Raiba" or "Righban," "the habitation of the King," and though now in ruins, its massive walls, mullioned windows, and imposing position, show that it was intended to awe the surrounding country. In 1325, Rheban, Dunamase, and all their dependencies, were taken by O'Moore, whose descendant, Anthony O'Moore, gave it in dower to the Earl of Kildare, through whom it has descended to the Dukes of Leinster. About three miles from the town, on the Dublin road, and in a most commanding position, is a rude but very extensive ancient fortification constructed entirely of earth raised so high as to command all the adjacent country: it is called the Moat of Ardscull, and if not raised on the occasion of the battle, was probably the scene of it; it was enclosed and planted about ten years since by the Duke of Leinster, and is a conspicuous landmark.

(To be Continued.)

THE LOVER'S WISHES.

(From the French of the Chevalier de Chatelain).

I would I were the cloud above,
That screens thee from the noontide ray;
I would I were thine image, love,
To smile on thee at dawn of day!

I would I were that flow'ret blue,
That waves amid thine ebon hair—
Or eke the glass, when thou dost view,
Within its depths, thy features fair!

I would—when slumbers wait on thee,
And sweet each sense in rest enfold—
Thy guardian angel I might be,
Who hovers round on wings of gold!

I would I were a dream, that leaves
No bitter thoughts thy peace to mar—
A dream so sweetly that deceives,
Than duller truth, 'tis better far!

I would I were a gentle dove,
Glad tidings who to thee might bear;
To fan thee with the wings of love,
And nestle in thy flowing hair!

I would I were the radiant spark
Those eyes emit when day doth flee—
Nay; I would be thy shadow dark,
So I might ever follow thee!

I would I were each thing that meets
Thine eyes where'er they rove by chance—
Each passing wish—each flower, whose sweets,
However humble, draw thy glance!

I would I were the lyre, whose chord
Thine ear with rapt'rous thrills could bless;
I would, in short—in one sweet word—
I would that I were—happiness!

"DUCK AND DUCKLINGS."

When a glacier dislodges itself and sails away over the Arctic Ocean, it never travels alone. In the wake of every large one floats a line of smaller companions. The Eskimos call this phenomenon "the duck and ducklings," and any one who has watched the progress of the eider duck followed by her brood will appreciate the aptitude of the name. Strange as it may seem, plants grow and blossom upon these great ice mountains. When a glacier is at rest moss attaches itself to it, protecting the ice beneath, just as sawdust does. After a time the moss decays and forms a soil, in which the seeds of buttercups and dandelions, brought by the wind, take root and flourish. Those who have travelled in Arctic lands say they have found no point yet where the poppy does not bloom during the brief Northern summer.

KNOCKFIERNA.

DISCOVERY OF THE BIRTHPLACE OF FINN M'CUMHAILL

By J. F. LYNCH.

I.

Dr. Joyce ("Irish Names," vol. i., p. 381), says:—"There is a conspicuous isolated hill near Ballingarry, in Limerick, called Knockfierna, a noted fairy haunt. It serves as a weather-glass to the people of the circumjacent plains, who can predict with certainty whether the day will be wet or dry, by the appearance of the summit in the morning; and hence the mountain is called Cnocfirinne, the hill of truth—i.e., of truthful prediction." Keeper hill (Irish Sliabh Coimcalta "mountain of the fosterage") serves as weather-glass to the people of Cahirconlish district, for they say that the day will be wet when Keeper keeps on his nightcap—a cloud of mist on the summit of the mountain; but I do not think that Keeper is named from keeping on his nightcap. Miss Banim ("Here and There Through Ireland," p. 291), says: "To the south-west of St. John's spire, Limerick, a number of hills are clear against the horizon. The first is Tory Hill, so-called from its woods, having been the headquarters of the 'Tories,' or clansmen, who in the penal times lived by raiding on their own forfeited lands. Next to Tory Hill is Knockfierna, the hill of truth, a hill that is the dwelling-place of all the fairies of that part of Munster. The fairies are a remnant of the wonder-working people who inhabited Ireland before the Milesians came. At the top of Knockfierna is a cavern, from which a stone thrown in by a man is pitched up again, covered by blood; but if a young colleen throws down her ball of worsted, it is wound up again, and sent up to her; and if she has the courage to go there on a May morning and cast in her ball, keeping hold of the end and listening well, as the thread comes up again, she will hear the name of her future husband. A moaning sound coming from the cavern, like the sigh of autumn wind, signifies an early death. Knock Fierna, too, is the countryman's weather-glass, for he knows by it in the morning what the weather for the day will be."

Lewis (Ballingarry) says: "On Knockfierna is a conical pile raised on the spot where stood the ancient temple of Stuadhraicin." Fitzgerald ("History of Limerick"), says: "On the summit of Knockfirine is a heap of stones called in Irish Stuadhruicin, or the pinnacle, which was erected on a specula." O'Donovan ("Supplement to O'Reilly"), says: "Cnoc Firinne, a very conspicuous hill in the parish of Ballingarry, county of Limerick, on which is a heap of stones believed to be the monument of Donn Firinne, who is still believed to haunt the hill in the shape of a warlike fairy."

Dr. Joyce quotes the following from Edward Walsh's "O'Donovan's Daughter":—

God grant 'tis no fairy from Knockfierna that woos me;
God grant 'tis not Cleena, the queen, that pursues me;
That my soul, lost and lone, has no witchery wrought her,
While I dream of dark groves and O'Donovan's daughter.

Dr. Joyce says that in the "Dinnshenchas" there is an ancient poetical love story of which Cleena is the heroine, where it is related that she was a foreigner, and that she was drowned in the harbour of Glandore, near Skibbereen. Dr. Joyce here follows O'Donovan ("Annals of Four Masters"). Clidna (Cleena) was drowned in Roscarbery bay, and the celebrated Wave of Clidna broke upon the Strand of Teite. The monuments of Teite and Clidna are still to be seen; the one is a stone circle named Lecht Teite, and the other is a dolmen named Lecht Clidna, and is on a hill now called "America," but the old name is Sidh Duirn Buidhe, or the fairy-hill of Yellow Fist ("Silva Gadelica," p. 201). I shall have more to say later on the Teite and Clidna. The Tonn of Clidna wails no longer, for the sea retreated some hundreds of years ago from the southern coast, but I have been told that the sea is slowly encroaching again upon the land. One of the poems of Egan O'Rahilly is termed Tarngaireacht Dhoinn Fhirinnigh, or "the Prophecy of Donn Firinneach," and the Rev. Patrick S. Dinneen says in note: "Donn was a celebrated Munster fairy, supposed to haunt Cnoc Firinne, near Ballingarry, Co. Tipperary (recte, Co. Limerick). He holds much the same rank in the fairy world as Cliodhna and Aine. He is a kinsman of the Donn, son of Milesius, who is supposed to haunt the sandbanks known as Teach Doinn, and to whom Andrew Curtin made complaint of his grievances." The Donns are mentioned in "Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne," and in "Battle of Ventry," but in neither list is Donn Firinne named. It was to Donn Dumach, and not to Donn of Tech Doinn, that Andrew Curtin wrote an address. In Fotha Catha Cnucha (Windish's "Irish Grammar," p. 139), Rairin, daughter of Donn Duma, is said to have been wife of Tadg mac Nuadat, and consequently mother of Murni Muncaim, wife of Cumall, and mother of Finn. The name Donn simply means "brown." The Celts regarded certain colours as sacred, and attributed certain attributes to these colours, and this is the reason why the old roads of Ireland were termed ruadh or red, dubh or black, etc. It appears from "D. P. J.," p. 99, that Belach n Duibhlinni, or road of the Duibhlinn, was named Cladh ruad, or Rughditch, that is, "red trench." In the "Book of Rights," p. 15, it is stated that 'tis prohibited to the King of Leinster to go with a host on Monday across the Bealach Duibhlinne. The Greeks and Romans erected along their roads statues of Hermes, or Mercury, the god of roads and the protector of travellers. These statues, named Hermae, were quadrangular pillars, (a) about the height of the human form, and were held in great reverence by the Athenians. Cæsar does not give the Celtic names of the deities of Gaul, but the names of many are given in Gaulish inscriptions, some of which are quoted by Professor Rhys in his Hibbert Lectures, who also gives the following inscription found at Thornbury, in Yorkshire: Deo qui vias et semitas commentus est, "to the god who has discovered roads and paths."

I have succeeded in obtaining the real name of Donn Firinne, of which I was in quest for a long time. In the "Life of St. Eiltene," it is stated that he built a church at Cluain, situated between the mountain of Crota and the Mountain of Marg. Crota Cliach, "the humps of Clin district, or according to an old legend, "the harps of Cliach," is an old name for the Galtees, and Elton, situated between the Galtees and Knockfierna, has preserved the name of Elteine, and thus it appears that the old name of Knockfierna was Sliabh Mairge, or "Mountain of Marg." In the "Calendar of Oengus," p. 182, the following entry re Eiltene occurs: "My Elteoc (Moelteoc)—i.e., Eiltene of Kinsale, in the South of Ireland." At Kinsale Moelteoc has been corrupted to Multose, and Lewis says that the church at Kinsale, dedicated to St. Multosia, is stated to have been erected by her in the 14th century. St. Multose was not a "her," and he flourished at a very early period.

In the "Bodleian Dinnshenchas," p. 37, Marg is made son of Guiscach, son of Lodan of Luchair, and Sliabh Mairge, now Slieve Margy, in the Queen's County, is stated to have been named from him. Considering what has been already stated concerning Lodan, the connection of Marg with Lodan is of importance.

In the Dinnshenchas of Duiblinn ("Bodleian Dinnshenchas," p. 35), it is stated that Dublin means "pool of Dubh," daughter of Rodubh—that is, Black, daughter of Very Black, and that Dubh was wife of Enna, son of Nos, of the fairy hill of Forcarthian, near Rathcoole (fort of Cumall), according to O'Curry. But Enna had another wife named Aide, daughter of Ochinn, son of Cnucha, from whom was named Castleknock—i.e., Caisleán Cnucha, and of this Aide, Dubh became jealous, and went beside the sea, opposite Ochinn's house and sang a sea-spell, so that Aide and all her family were drowned. Then went forth Mârgine, the servant of Ochoinne, and cast out of his sling a carr clis (sling-stone) like a thunderbolt at Dubh, and so she fell into the pool, and hence Dublinn (Dub's pool), and Ath Liag Margin, or "ford of Margen's Stone"—that is, the stone cast by Margen, and which must, when the Dinnshenches was written, have been standing beside Ath Cliath Duibhlinne. O'Curry ("Lectures," p. 269), says: "The point of the river over which this bridge of hurdles was thrown, was, at this time called Dubhlinn, literally the "Black Pool," but in fact so-called from a lady named Dubh, who had been formerly drowned there; but from this time down it took the name of Dublinn Atha Cliath, or the Black Pool of the Ford of Hurdles; and this ford, I have no doubt, extended from a point at the Dublin side of the river, where the Dothor (or Dodder) falls into the Liffey at Rings-End, to the opposite side, where the Poolbeg Lighthouse now stands."

Margine, or Margin, is an extension of Marg, and it appears from the Dinnshenchas that Ath Liag Mangin was the old name of the ford of Dublin, which was probably at the foot of Dublin hill, where was also most likely the pool of Dubh.

The hill of Knockaine was named Druim Collchoille, or "ridge of the hazel-wood," which was also the old name of Dublin hill. The fords across the rivers flowing beside the two hills were named Ath Cliath, and Marg is connected also with Knockaine as well as with Dublin. In the old poem re Cnoc Aine, given by Mr. S. H. O'Grady in "Silva Gadelica," p. 576, we read: "Five tribes surely dwelt about the hill, and there they got their firewood; the Dilraighe, the Margraighe, the Sibenraighe, the Calraighe, and the Gargraighe were the fifth tribe that were round about the hill; and this is no false utterance, all which turned out to show the Tuath De Danann fight." The tribes of Greece named themselves from their deities, from whom they supposed themselves to be descended; and the same custom appears to have prevailed in ancient Ireland. In the names of the five tribes of Cnocaine, the termination raighe means race, and Margraighe means race of Marg, and so Mang must have been connected at a very old period with Knockaine.

There can be not the least doubt that the Irish Marg is the "King" Mark of Cornwall,

(a). The pillar stones of the old road south of Ludden hill are quadrangular, and the people say that the top of the Buachaill Breige, on Ludden hill, had shape of the human head. On the pillar stones of Hermes the Greeks placed a head of Hermes.

who in the Arthurian legends is often represented in the darkest colours. Cox ("Popular Romances of the Middle Ages," p. 38), says: "In all these narratives, the good and bad King Mark, the kindly Ring and the hard Rinkrank, each deprive the young and beautiful hero of his bride; in each case the maiden is united with her lover, either in life, as Penelope with Odysseus, or in death, as Iole with Heracles, or Kleopatra with Meleagros. Sir Henry Strachey (Morte d'Arthur, xiii.) regards the fact that Mark appears in his more general form in the older romance as evidence that the later romance-writer found in the King's treachery some sort of palliation for what Sir Walter Scott calls the extreme ingratitude and profligacy of the hero. The charge of ingratitude seems but scantily borne out, or rather, even according to Malory's story, it has no foundation at all. The truth is that, if we judge the story from the standard of our human morality, we shall find profligacy everywhere. Tristram pledges his faith to Isolde in Ireland, but when he returns to Cornwall, he and King Mark quarrel not for her, but about the wife of Earl Segwarides (p. 139). Rather it may be said that in the relations of Mark with Isolte, Tristram displays a singular fidelity; but the multiplication of theories is really not needed to explain variations which are common to the myths of the Aryan nations generally. Here, as elsewhere, the method which we have employed makes it quite unnecessary to enter into controversies which can have interest only on the supposition that we are dealing with powers and persons which are in some degree historical. Hence we may leave on one side the conclusion of Mr. Price (Introduction to Wharton's "History of English Poetry," 1824), that Sir Walter Scott had wholly failed to prove any connection between this romance and the Rhymer of Ercildoune." Though Isolte and Tristram are not mentioned in the Irish tales, yet Mark occurs in Marg; and of Meriadok, who plays a prominent part in the romance of Sir Tristram, I shall have somewhat to say, for Meriadok is the Irish Muireadach.

Cahirconlish Rectory.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

By Dr. Maginn.

In answer to your last sweet lines,
Where love, and wit, and spirit shines,
I'll try to write a line or two
Upon a nymph so fair as you.
I'll try to write: Lord, what a pity
That such a bard should pen a ditty
On such a theme: for sure the man,
Who dares the matchless worth to scan,
Should claim his lineage from Apollo,
And Helicon's whole fountains swallow.
Castalia's waters, in a sup
The aspiring bard should guzzle up:
And, fuddled thus, with drink poetic,
He should be joyous or pathetic
He should be ready, then, to dash on
Sorrow, or love, or any passion;
Embolden'd by the inspiration—
Try, with the muses, some flirtation,
The pen that should bepraise my duck,
From a wild goose I would not pluck;
But snatch it from an angel's wing,
As fit to write on such a thing—
On such a thing! I'd not say that,
But that the rhyme comes in so pat.
Designed for such a noble strain,
No vulgar ink that pen should stain;
But, nobly daring, I should try
To dip it in the rainbow's dye,
And steal from heaven, the hues, to paint
The beauties of an earthly saint.
But, Lord, my muse is in a stew,
I scarcely know what I shall do;
For, Helicon, you know, my dear,
Is such a long, long way from here.
Rainbows, no doubt, are in the sky,
But, curse it, they are up so high;
And, as for angel's wings—by Gad,
They're things not easy to be had:
So, as you see, I can't succeed,
You must take the intention for the deed.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

THE MYSTERIOUS MASTER

I really ought not to relate this story, I suppose, because the person it chiefly concerns is still living, and is one of the best known men in Europe, but as biographers have a habit of betraying confidence, I think that in this matter I may be forgiven if I anticipate them.

I was poor, my clothes were threadbare, and my stomach was often painfully empty.

While busy copying Durer's "Adoration of the Magi" in the Uffixi in an attempt to grasp its marvellous technical handling and fluency of colouring, three bright-faced English girls, probably tourists, entered the Tribuna. One of them passed behind me to examine my work, then, probably taking me for an Italian because of my peg-top trousers and soft hat, exclaimed quite audibly in English to one of her companions:

"Look, dear! What a frightful daub! The poor fellow is a student, I suppose. But he'll never make an artist, that's certain."

An hour later I was sitting in the attic, high up above the noisy Via Condotti, which served me as a studio and living room, plunged in black despair.

The door opened, and there advanced timidly into the room a strange, ill-dressed, white-haired old man, who, removing his shabby hat, greeted me affably in Italian. His face was thin and wizened, his figure lean and shrivelled, but his eyes were black and full of fire that age had not dimmed. Accompanying him was a young girl of, perhaps, 18, of that rare type, the fair-haired Florentine.

"I trust you will pardon my intrusion," croaked the queer old fellow in a thin, squeaky voice. I noticed you copying in the Tribuna to-day, and it afterwards occurred to me that you might have some pictures for sale. When I returned, however, you had gone, Therefore, I ascertained your address and came here. Have I your pardon?

"Ah," he added, "you have something there. I see!"

"It's a failure," I admitted sadly.

He raised his eyes to mine with an inquiring glance, and then proceeded to criticise my work in a manner that showed him to be no tyro in art.

The young girl with the blue eyes sat also gazing at the picture, but uttering no word. I fancied, however, that she sighed.

"You see my work, I have no talent," I added despondently, when, in answer to his inquiries, I told him my story.

"You mistake," he answered kindly, "You have some talent, but lack the dexterity which makes an artist. That picture there, for instance," and he pointed to the easel, "might be turned into a very credible piece of work with but little effort. If you'll allow me, I'll give you an illustration of what I mean."

To this I made no objection, and a few moments later he was at work with brush and palette painting away with astounding rapidity, while I stood by wondering as the picture grew beneath his hand. By the addition of subtle touches here and there he was completely transforming the work, showing the tinted and throbbing flesh against the warm light ground with a technical execution that bewildered me. I had never seen a man paint like that before.

"Ah," I exclaimed at last, in profound admiration, "the signore is a painter!"

"I have painted," he answered enigmatically, and his lips closed as if he wished to say nothing of himself. "I do buy my own poor work. But you are in need," he said. "Tomorrow take it to Ferroni in the Via Ciazaioli."

"To Ferroni!" I exclaimed. "But he is the greatest and most critical of all the dealers. Surely he will not care for my work?"

"Take it to him and see."

I stood before the easel in the soft, red light of the Italian afterglow, and marvelled at the transformation that had been effected.

Next day, with the canvas under my arm, I entered Ferroni's, not, I must confess, without some trepidation.

When the dealer saw it he grunted:

"The old man has done this! It isn't your own work," he said bluntly, looking at me. "The mysterious master has been at work again. How did he discover you?"

I explained the whole of the circumstances.

"Ah, you are lucky, indeed!" he responded. "This is not the first picture of his that I have had, yet I would know his work amid 10.000 canvases."

"But who is he?" I inquired anxiously. "He refused to tell me his name."

"Nobody knows," responded the dealer.

"He is a master," I declared, admiring the picture.

"Undoubtedly. Such technique is possessed by no other living painter. It is because of that I am able to offer you 1,000 lire for the picture."

A thousand lire! I stood openmouthed.

"It was more than you expected, eh?" he rejoined with a laugh.

Weeks passed, however, until one morning while I was busy he entered accompanied by Filomena. He seemed rather more feeble, and a single glance at the girl, whose sweet face, with the clear blue eyes, was such an exact replica of that exquisite little Madonna of Vandyke in the Pitti Palace, showed that she had sadly changed. Her cheeks lost their roundness, her face was pale, and she was evidently ill.

I sympathised with her, and we fell to talking quite naturally. She was ingenious, frank, and altogether charming.

I told the signore how I had sold the picture to Ferroni, at which he smiled, and then proceeded to quiz and criticise my work, pointing out a defect in foreshortening that I had not before noticed, and indicating the errors with his thin, bony hand

"But you are improving rapidly—piano, si lavore, bene," he said, encouragingly, and after giving some technical instruction, added, "And now let me see what I can make of it."

He threw aside his shabby coat, took up my palette, mixed some colours with great care, and then in silence went to work.

Thus I stood chatting with Filomena. We chatted about the galleries and the antiquities, and I could not refrain from saying:

"Firenze non si muove, se tutta non si doule."

"Ah," she laughed, "that is quite true! Its charm lies in the fact that the vandals have not touched it like so many of our old cities. And you find it pleasant too?"

"I have but little time to see its beauties," I answered. "I work always. Work, work, but with such little result—ah, so very little!"

The old man finished at last and threw down the brushes, saying:

"I think now it will do. Take it to that old rogue, Ferroni, and make him give you 2.000 lire for it. It is worth that, but the old Jew always lies like an epitaph."

I stood before the easel dumbfounded. The effect was perfect. He was indeed the mysterious master. I thanked him, but he waved me aside, declaring it was nothing.

As the old man had suggested, Ferroni gave me 2,000 lire for the picture, and a day or two afterward, having entered Santa Maria Novella with a view to painting the Strozzi chapel as a background, I suddenly encountered Filomena. She was going up to Fiesole to deliver a message for the signore, and, obtaining permission, I accompanied her. How well I remember that sunny afternoon as we strolled about the ancient little town perched high upon its hill, where the women were plaiting their straws; how we gazed down upon the Duomo and the red roofs of Florence, with the Arno winding away like a silver thread to sun-blanched Pisa and the distant sea. I became intoxicated by her marvellous beauty,

for her face was pure as one of Donatello's angels.

Beneath the shadow of the grim old Porta San Galla she halted to take leave of me, and I saw in her manner a firm determination to give me opportunity of finding out where she lived. Somehow I could not open my mouth even to stammer a word of love, although my heart was full of it.

"Addio," she said, stretching forth her slim, white hand.

"Addio, si dice al morti" (adieu one says only to the dead). I protested, taking her hand.

"Then a riverderie," she said, raising her eyes to mine with a strange, sad look, and, turning, continued her way beneath the trees of the Viale.

Time wore on until the fiesta of Natale. On the day following the fete I chanced to be crossing the Piazzi Signorina, the great old square flanked by the Palazzo Vechio and Oreagna's dark old loggia, with its wonderful bronzes and statuary, when, suddenly, a fine carriage, drawn by a grand pair of bays, passed me. In it, sitting alone, was a slight female figure warmly wrapped in rich furs. I glanced quickly after her. No. Surely it could not be Filomena! I laughed bitterly at the suggestion, then, sighing wearily, continued my way.

One night while I sat reading by candlelight my door was opened suddenly, and a man in smart livery stood in the entry.

"The Signor George Maguire?" he inquired.

I rose quickly and took from his hand a letter, which I found to contain an urgent request in Italian that I should accompany the bearer, as the writer wished to see me immediately. It was signed "Il Maestro Mistomoso."

So he knew the title that old Ferroni had given him! The letter was a surprise, but I assumed my frayed coat and lost no time in obeying. Below a brougham awaited me, and, entering it, I was driven across the city and out by the Porta Romana, to one of those beautiful villas with which the hills around Florence are studded. A man servant threw open the door, and, entering, I found myself in a spacious hall filled with palms and flowers, a veritable winter garden.

Suddenly the servant opened a door, and I found myself with the man who had rescued me from starvation.

His face was haggard and anxious, his eyes bore signs of recent tears, and as he advanced and took my hand I felt that he was trembling.

"Signore," I cried, "why what is the meaning of this?"

"Filomena," he sobbed, in a choking voice. "She wished to see you, so I have sent for you."

"She is ill? Tell me the truth quickly," I cried.

"Come," he faltered, "see for yourself." And he led me to a handsome bed chamber, where in the subdued light I distinguished two Sisters of Charity in their big white headdress tenderly watching their patient. Advancing to the bed, I bent until I saw the poor pinched white face, with the wealth of fair hair straying over the pillow. Her eyes were closed, and she seemed to be sleeping, but as the old maestro approached she suddenly raised her eyelids, and her gaze, wandering, fell upon me.

At first she seemed unable to recognise me distinctly, but a moment later she put forth her thin, wasted hand, and I took it tenderly, unable to utter a word for the hot tears which blinded me.

I felt the soft pressure of her fingers and saw that long, wistful look in her pure blue eyes.

"You have come to me at last Piccino!" she whispered softly in her musical Tuscan. "I have waited so long—so very long, my love, my love."

I stood there rooted to the spot.

Then I drooped on my knees to kiss her hand; but, alas! it was only a dead hand that my lips caressed. With that declaration of her love, the love that I had feared to tell her on that well-remembered day when we went up to Fiesole, she had passed peacefully away.

A couple of days later, the day of the Befana, I turned from the Piazza Donatello into the Viale Amedeo and halted before a large house facing the Gheradesca Gardena, the address of which the mysterious master had given me. The house, I found, was a fine, handsome studio, and upon the door was a small brass plate with the single inscription:—

"Cav. Corradini."

Corradini! I stood aghast before the door. I rang and inquired of the black-coated cameriere whether the signor professore was within. In response he led me through the handsome salon, with its long windows—a salon wherein many a reigning sovereign has sat waiting the pleasure of the great master of painting—along a small gallery hung with his works, and entered the large, bare and rather uncomfortable studio.

And there I found the sad-faced maestro misterioso and discovered the truth. The man who had watched me in the Uffizi and who had transformed my wretched pictures, thus rescuing me from absolute penury, was none other than the great Corradini, whose fame was known to the world over and whose wonder pictures commanded the highest price of those of any living artist.

"You must know the truth," he faltered. "The poor child loved you from the first, but she was struck down by that curse of the human race, consumption. Her thoughts were always of you and of your welfare, and on the day before I sent for you she confessed to me her secret. She confessed that she loved you, that she had met you, but that you had not reciprocated her affection. Yet she passed away happily, poor child," he added in tears. "She knew at last you actually loved her."

And we both sat silent, plunged in unutterable grief. He had lost his only daughter. I had lost my only love.

TWILIGHT.

Soft shadows gather in the afternoon:
And as the mellow sunlight wanes and fades,
There comes a grateful stillness.
Twilight falls,
And Nature, in her myriad motherly ways
Invites to peace and quiet.
Oh, how sweet
Is rest, contented rest, when work is done!
No more the burden of the blinding day,
No more the tiring task, the anxious thought,
The hopeless longing and the feverish haste;
No more the greed of praise, the fear of blame;
No more the care, the worry—nay, no more
Of anything that frets—only sweet rest.

How hushed the air; the earth, how strangely still;
But see, there faintly glints a friendly star,
That brighter glows each moment, as 'twould say:
"Fear not the night; I'll bide and watch with thee."

Walter C. Rodman.

LEARNING AND WISDOM.

The learned man is only useful to the learned; the wise man is equally useful to the wise and the simple. The merely learned man has not elevated his mind above that of others; his judgments are not more penetrating, his remarks not more delicate, nor his actions more beautiful than those of others; he merely uses other instruments than his own; his hands are employed in business of which the head sometimes takes little note. It is wholly different with the wise man; he moves far above the common level—he observes everything from a different point of view; in his employments there is always an aim, in his views always freedom, and all with him is above the common level.—Jean Paul Richter.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

SARSFIELD'S DAUGHTER.

Webb's "Compendium of Irish Biography" tells us that Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, had one daughter, who married Baron de Neuberg, styled King of Corsica. Is anything known of the issue of this marriage, and what was the history of this Baron, styled "King of Corsica"?—Brigadier.

MILESTONES, CO. DUBLIN.

Can any of your readers refer me to information about the milestones in this county? I have observed at least three different forms and styles; one is narrow, oblong generally set into a wall and marked 'C.D." and a figure. Are these the oldest milestones, and what does "C D" indicate? The second style is triangular, quadilateral or pentagonal. These stand out by themselves and are very strong and bulky. The names of places are cut on them, and the miles, and generally the place from which the measurement is taken appear on one side, and the place to which the next distance is given appear on the other side. The third style is found on the Malahide and Howth roads. It consists of an iron or metal plate let into a slab of stone. Probably this is the most modern of the three. Can the date of any be traced? Was the difference of style merely the eccentricity of the county surveyor of the period? Which give Irish miles?

E. R. M'C. DIX.

(The letters "C.D." obviously stand for County Dublin.—Editor, D.P.J.).

THE WELLINGTON TESTIMONIAL, PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN.

To the Editor "Dublin Penny Journal."

Dear Sir—An inquiry appears in your issue of 17th ult. from a Mr. Thomas O'Connor, of Belfast, with reference to the above, and which up to the present has not been answered by any of your correspondents. The following description, taken from Wright's "Ireland Illustrated," may supply the information required:—

"Within a distance of half a mile from Sarah's Bridge (a), and in the enclosure of Phœnix Park, stands the memorial called the 'Wellington Testimonial.' The inhabitants of Dublin, participating equally with the other countries of Europe, in feeling of grateful acknowledgement of the heroes of Waterloo, determined to express their sense of these courageous deeds and warlike achievements, which will ever occupy a principal place in the history of Great Britain, by the erection of a memorial worthy of the event. Accordingly, subscriptions were contributed, amounting to £26,000, and placed at the disposal of the committee, composed of persons of acknowledged taste and much experience in the fine arts. Designs were furnished by artists from all parts of the United Kingdom for the inspection and adoption of the committee, who also offered premiums for, in their judgment, the six most meritorious. The public were gratified by an inspection of the most approved models, which were exhibited in the Gallery of the Royal Dublin Society; the majority appeared to favour the adoption of Mr. Hamilton's very elegant obeliskal design, combining all the advantages of simplicity and of magnitude which the present column possesses, while the man of pure classical taste at once claimed the appropriate model presented by Bowden, and copied from Trajan's Pillar. The most collosal, but least attractive, the design of Mr. Smirke, was, however, selected by the committee, to whom the public had delegated full

(a) Sarah's Arch or Island Bridge, spans the river Anna Liffey at the termination of the river navigation (if it deserves the name) and adjacent to the salmon fishery belonging to the Dublin Corporation. The appellation of "Sarah's Bridge" was conferred upon the structure in compliment to Sarah, Countess of Westmoreland and Vice-Queen of Ireland, who condescended to lay the first stone of the foundation on 22nd June, 1794.—A.W.

power for that purpose. Smirke's design consists of a base, formed by four great flights of steps, of inconvenient and gigantic dimensions, ascending to a height of 20 feet. The ground periphery of the base measures 480 feet, and the summit platform supports a square sub-plinth 60 feet in periphery by 10 feet in altitude. This, again, is surmounted by a pedestal 56 feet square by 24 feet in height, from which a truncated pyramidal column, measuring 28 feet round its base, rises to a height of 150 feet above its pedestal, diminishing in the ratio of an inch to a foot in its ascent. The total height of this great obelisk is 205 feet. The principal front, according to the original design, but which is not yet completed, is to be adorned by an equestrian statue of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, dressed in a military costume; for this the pedestal is erected, and stands near the summit of the stair-formed base, entirely detached from the principal column. The pannels of the pedestal of the grand obelisk are intended to be adorned by bas-reliefs of the principal battles won by his Grace, and the names of many of his well-fought fields are carved on the facades of the pyramidal shaft at equal intervals. The entire of the Memorial is of hewn granite stone, raised in the Dublin mountains; the situation is very well selected and was formerly occupied by a salute battery, which was erected there from its commanding position relative to Dublin generally. Indeed, the colossal scale of the Wellington Memorial prohibited its admission within the avenues or even squares of the city; nor is this to be regretted. Its present site is remarkable and conspicuous. Around its base the military forces stationed in Ireland are annually assembled, and make a grand display of accomplished discipline and of skilful manoeuvre; while the dull, monotonous character of the great pyramid itself is relieved by the agreeable accompaniments of undulating and extensive grounds, intersected by broad and noble avenues, and adorned by picturesque groups of forest trees, through the vistas of which the Memorial is occasionally seen in a pleasing and rather imposing aspect."

The above description, strange to say, does not give the date when the Memorial was commenced. It was, as a matter of fact, commenced in the year 1817. The smaller pedestal for the statue above referred to was removed, as money for the statue was not forthcoming. It is stated that its removal was a great advantage to the monument.

Upon the faces of the obelisk are inscribed: West—Comaigeel, Poonah, Amednagur, Ahsaye, Argaum, Gawilghur, Monkaseer; North Talavera, Fuentes, d'Onor, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, Salamanca, Vittoria, Pyrenees; South—Rolica, Vimiera, Oporto, Busaco, Torres Vedras, Redinha, Sabugal; East—Bidassoa, Nivelle, Nive, Adour, Orthes, Tarbes, Toulouse.

In the description of the Memorial in "Irwin's Dublin Guide" (1853) the following footnote is given:

"By order of Commissioner Fonblanque, in February, 1853, the Duke of Leinster, sole surviving Irish Trustee (and others) to a fund raised at the London Tavern, 6th of May, 1829, by subscription, for erecting a statue to the Duke of Wellington in or near Dublin, commemorative of his aid in passing the Emancipation Act, regained possession of £1,500, principal with interest, which had lain among the assets of the broken bank of Biddulph and Co., London, upon condition that the statue be forthwith undertaken and executed according to the intention of the contributors."

All the old pictures of the Memorial show the pedestal which has been removed.—Yours truly, "A.W."

Dublin, 2nd June, 1902.

(It would be interesting to learn what became of the fund referred to by our correspondent, and if any further effort was made to erect the statue.—Editor "D.P.J.")

FORMER IRISH GUARDS.

By J. EDWARD COOPER, CAPTAIN 1st C.B. THE ROYAL FUSILIERS.

It will be generally remembered that in the year 1900 the late Queen Victoria, in recognition of the devotion and gallantry of the Irish troops in South Africa, authorised the formation of a regiment of Irish Foot Guards, and the recent presentation of colours to the regiment by King Edward VII. may render a brief account of the old Irish Foot Guards not devoid of interest. Although the name Scots Guards had been so familiar for generations, it was not very generally known that nearly two and a half centuries ago—in 1662, to be exact—Charles II. ordered a regiment of Irish Foot Guards to be raised. In an exhaustive article on the subject contributed by Lieutenant-Colonel C. R. Holden to the "Household Brigade Magazine" some two years ago, it was stated that the majority of the men were recruited in England, although others probably came from the old detached corps of pikemen and musketeers on the Irish establishment. It is certain, however, that the regiment was formed in two battalions, was rapidly recruited to the authorised strength, and completely equipped in all respects like the other regiments of Guards. It is also particularly opportune, in connection with the late ceremony on the Horse Guards Parade, to here observe that each company of the Irish Guards raised by the "Merrie Monarch" carried a colour, which was made of "yellow taffety and crimson," with the Royal badges embroidered upon it. The Irish Guards, when formed, were immediately employed in Dublin on the usual garrison and Viceregal duties, and were also occasionally requisitioned to quell disturbance, and sometimes even mutiny of other troops, as the Guards were stated to be "the only regiment on which dependence could be placed." Ten years after their embodiment war broke out with Holland, and several companies served afloat as Marines, and two were present in the naval action of Solebay. Shortly after the accession of James II. the Duke of Monmouth raised his famous rebellion, and four companies of the Irish Guards were brought over to assist in its suppression; it appears, however, that their services were not needed, and they returned to Ireland after the battle of Sedgemoor.

In 1686 the Earl of Tyrconnell, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, took an active part in carrying out James II.'s policy of "purifying" the Army, and some four hundred men of the Irish Guards were discharged in order to be replaced by Roman Catholics. At the Revolution nearly, if not quite, the whole of the 2nd Battalion of Irish Guards was brought over by King James, but the arrival of the Prince of Orange was fatal to its existence. On the flight of James, the army left by him, deserted in England, was disbanded, and the bulk of the men were without employment or any means of subsistence, and their sufferings were often terrible. The Irish Guards, whose colonel, the young Duke of Ormonde, was one of the first to transfer his allegiance to William, were eventually disarmed at Portsmouth and relegated to the Isle of Wight, where they were imprisoned and closely guarded until April, 1689. The unfortunate soldiers were then transported to Germany to form part of a force organised to oppose the Turks, "the Protestant officers having been previously transferred to Lord Forbes's Irish Regiment, afterwards the 18th Royal Irish."

The first battalion had, during this period, remained in Ireland, and when James made his desperate attempt to regain the kingdom, the Irish Guards were present at the historic siege of Londonderry, and suffered heavily. They also behaved with distinction at the Battle of the Boyne, and, though defeated, their fidelity and devotion avoided confusion and desertion, and enabled a retreat to Limerick to be conducted in good order. In 1691, at the sanguinary battle of Aughrim, the regiment was again distinguished by its gallantry. The final yielding of the Irish Guards was the result of events elsewhere, their history in Ireland being closed by the surrender of Limerick. Although every inducement was held out to encourage the men of the Irish Guards to transfer their services to William III., out of over a thousand only seven were found to do so; some seven hundred, by permission, returned to their homes, while about five hundred manifested a conspicuous example of loyal devotion, and followed James into life-long exile. Though in most of the last scenes of the regiment it appears in the character of an opponent to England, as the above-mentioned remnant became embodied in the historic Irish Brigade of the French army, even Englishmen can feel nothing but admiration for the conspicuous valour and constancy it had always displayed, and there is little doubt but that similar virtues will ever signalise the revived Irish Guards.

THE POET'S HOME.

Give answer, rolling waves!
Where must the minstrel go
To find some quiet land,
Unvisited by woe?
Some consecrated spot,
Where partings are unknown,
And on the violet turf
A blight is never thrown?
The waves reply, while bursting on the strand,
"Earth, in her ample bounds, owns no such land."

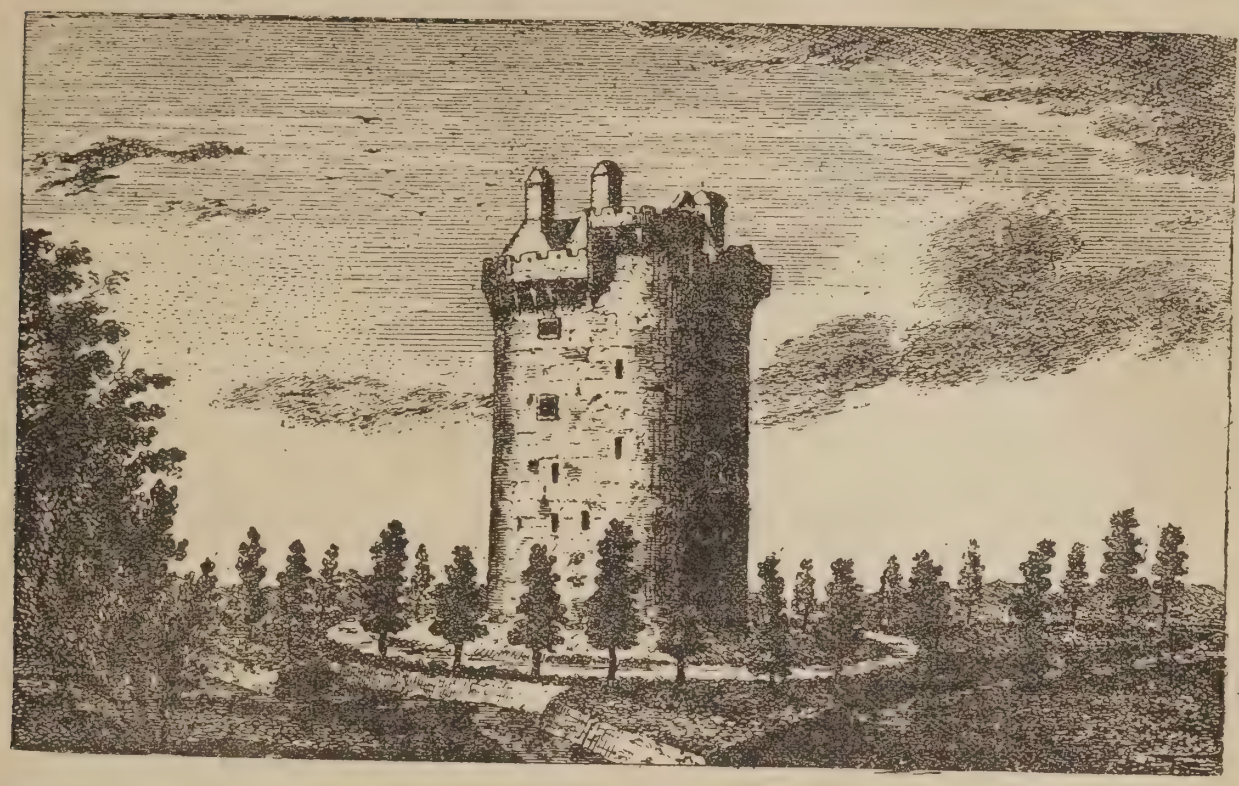
Answer, ye voiceful winds!
Where can the minstrel find
A wreath amid whose leaves
No cypress is entwined?
A crown of beauteous flowers
That may become a brow,
O'er which Neglect's cold hand
Hath driven Grief's dark plough?
And the winds answer—"Sunshine hath not smiled
On wreath like this in all our wanderings wild."

Oh! answer, aged Earth!
Where will the bard obtain
Reward for airy dreams
Created by his brain;
A recompense for toil
In haunts obscure and cold,
While one by one his hopes,
Expiring, turn to mould
Earth makes reply—"The bard's reward is rest
Under the green robe of his mother's breast."

Give answer, journeying birds,
That northern fields forsake
In quest of tropic grove,
Green isle and sunny lake—
Will ye not reach a clime
Whose radiance may control
The wild, unsated wish
That haunts the poet's soul?
And the birds warble—"By our flight be taught
That not in vain are homes of beauty sought."

Give answer, twinkling stars!
For lord of lute and lay
Cannot some kingdom fair
Be found far, far away;
Where sleep may fall like balm
Upon his wearied powers—
A sunny land of calm,
Unlike this world of ours?
And the stars answer—"At the fount of song,
In heaven, no more the minstrel suffers wrong."

LOHORT CASTLE, CO. CORK.



FROM SMITH'S "ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK," 1774.

LOHORT CASTLE, CO CORK.

AN ANCIENT KEEP OF THE MACCARTHYS,

NOW HELD BY THE PERCEVALS.

HISTORY OF THE PERCEVAL FAMILY.

In "The Ancient and Present State of the County and City of Cork," by Charles Smith, M.D., of which a second edition was published in Dublin in 1774, the writer gives the following description of Lohort* Castle, an ancient keep of the Mac Carthys, which passed by the fortunes of war into the hands of the Percevals, afterwards Earls of Egmont, whose name has recently been recalled to public attention by certain proceedings in London:—

"About a mile more east is the castle of Lohort, built in king John's reign; it is in the manor of Kanturk, and belongs to the Right Hon. the Earl of Egmont, whose ancestor, Sir Philip Perceval, placed a garrison in it, in the rebellion of 1641: But the Irish gained it by treachery, and held it towards the end of the war, when Sir Hardress Waller, with a battery of cannon, reduced it in May, 1650, and gives it the character of a place of great strength, in his letter to the Parliament. This castle remained for many years a melancholy proof of the devastation of those times; but it has been of late repaired by the Earl of Egmont. It is 80 feet high, the walls are ten feet thick, and moated round with a deep trench, which is passed by a drawbridge. In one of the upper chambers is an handsome armoury for 100 horse, well furnished with broadswords, bayonets, pistols, carbines, &c. Here is also a good library, and other apartments; and from the top of this tower is a noble prospect of a great tract of country."

The Percevals are a remarkable family, claiming lineal descent from Ascelin Gouel de Perceval, who accompanied William the Conqueror to England. The first of the family whom history records as having anything to do with Ireland was Richard Perceval, son of George Perceval, Lord of Tykenham, Somerset. "The life of this ultimately successful person," says Sir Bernard Burke, "was chequered and eventful in no ordinary degree. He was born in 1550, and educated at St Paul's School, then the most celebrated seminary in England, whence he was sent to Lincoln's-Inn, to acquire some general idea of the laws, esteemed, in those days, an accomplishment of the highest description. In both, his progress was brilliant, but his conduct dissipated and disorderly, so much so, indeed, that he incurred the displeasure of his father, who, upon his marriage with Joan, daughter of Henry Young, Esq., of Buckorn Weston, co. Dorset, entirely abandoned him, observing, that as he had ruined himself by his riots, he might recover himself by his wits. Thus unnaturally cast off, Mr. Perceval found means, by the credit of his reversionary estates, and the assistance of his friends, to maintain himself several years, during which time he had three sons and two daughters: but at length, through a failure of resources, and the increasing expenses of his family, he was obliged to quit the kingdom, and travelled into Spain, where he remained about four years. Being then informed of his wife's decease, he returned to England, hoping, now that the principal cause of his father's displeasure had been removed, he might again recover his good opinion; but that hope proving delusive, his relations, and particularly Roger Cave, Esq., of Stamford, who had married the Lord-Treasurer Burghley's sister, engaged on his side, and, by that gentleman's means, he contracted an acquaintance with Lord Burghley, who, being pleased with his talents, and moved by his misfortunes, and having endeavoured in vain to procure a reconciliation with his father, determined to promote his fortune by employing him in the management of those state affairs which required the greatest trust and secrecy. Thus he continued till the year 1586, when, whilst the court of Spain was meditating the armada, an English ship succeeded in taking from a Spanish vessel letters from the Low Countries, which, by intimations from abroad, were known to contain the secret. Those letters being brought to Lord Burghley, were laid by his lordship before Queen Elizabeth in council; but the contents being in cipher, the lord-treasurer proposed that the papers should be entrusted to this Richard

*Dr. Joyce, in his "Irish Names of Places," gives the spelling as Lohort, and the derivation from the Irish lubh, lubh-ghort (pron. looart, loovart), meaning garden (literally herb-plot). Lohort lies about seven miles or so to the west of Mallow.

Perceval, who returned them the next day after they were placed in his hand to her majesty in person, deciphered, translated, and fairly transcribed in Spanish, Latin, and English. This was the first certain intelligence of the Spanish design, and Perceval was admitted instantly into the queen's favour, and from that moment his road to honour and fortune was open and unimpeded. Having subsequently filled the office of secretary of the Court of Wards in England, for several years, he was nominated, in 1616, registrar of the Court of Wards in Ireland, where, after obtaining considerable landed property, he died in 1620, and was succeeded by his son, Sir Philip Perceval, Knt., a very distinguished statesman, who, having been actively employed in the government of Ireland for a series of years, obtained grants of forfeited lands there to the extent of one hundred and one thousand statute acres. Dying 10 Nov., 1647, he was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir John Perceval, Knt., who was created a Baronet of Ireland, 9 Sept., 1661, by patent, containing this remarkable clause, that 'the eldest son, or grandson, shall exist a baronet, after the age of twenty-one years, at the same time with the father or grandfather. Sir John died at the age of thirty-six, 1 Nov., 1665, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir Philip, who died unmarried, 11 Sept., 1680, when the title devolved upon his brother John, the 3rd son of the 1st baronet (the 2nd son, Robert, having been assassinated, 5 June, 1677, in the Strand, London, by some unknown hand). Sir John died 29 April, 1686, of a contagious distemper caught from the prisoners at the assizes of Cork, where he had been officiating as foreman of the grand jury. He was succeeded by his second son, John, who, after becoming a privy-councillor of Ireland, and sitting for several years in the Irish House of Commons, was elevated to the peerage of that kingdom, by patent dated 21 April, 1715, as Baron Perceval of Burton, Co. Cork, with limitation to the heirs male of his father; and 25 Feb., 1772, his lordship was created Viscount Perceval, of Kanturk, also in the county of Cork, with the annual fee of twenty marks, payable out of the Exchequer, attached, to support the honour. In 1732, the viscount obtained a charter to colonise the province of Georgia, in America, and being nominated president thereof, was advanced to an earldom in the peerage of Ireland, by patent, dated 6 Nov., 1733, as Earl of Egmont." The second wife of the second earl was created a peeress of Ireland, 23 May, 1770, as Baroness Arden of Lohort Castle, with remainder to her ladyship's heirs male. A noteworthy scion of this family was the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, who, born 1 Nov., 1762, became a member of the English bar, and successively solicitor and attorney-general. He afterwards, 31 March, 1807, joined the administration of the Duke of Portland, as chancellor of the exchequer, and when the Duke died, 30 Oct., 1809, became, as well as chancellor of the exchequer, First Lord of the Treasury, 2nd Dec. of that year. While thus Premier, he fell the victim of one John Bellingham, by whom, under the frenzy of a supposed grievance, he was assassinated in the lobby of the House of Commons, 11 May, 1812.

THE PANTHEON OF THE GAEL.

To the Editor of the "Dublin Penny Journal."

Sir—In Ara we are at present on the war-path; we are painted (Picti), and our colour is blood-red (Cruth). Against our aristocratic masters, both Gaedhil and Saxon, we, the Aithech Tuatha, are now advancing. Bishop O'Brien in his Irish Dictionary (Preface, p. xi.) has informed us that the word Gaedhil is but an abusive writing of the word Gaill, the plural of Gall, and the words Gall and Celt have been shown by Todd (Wars G. G., p. xxix.) to be the same. The words Celt, Gall, Goth are also equivalent, and the name comes from an old word, Celt, Cell, Tel, Cet, etc., meaning to cast, hence Cet Mac Magach and Celtchar Mac Uitchechar and William Tell, who has been regarded by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould as non-historical. From the old mode of fighting by casting of weapons the word for casting came to mean war, and the English word War comes from an old root meaning to cast; hence we may explain the frequent reference to the casting of stones in Irish folk-lore as having reference to wars of the giants. The word Gaidhel, Goth, Celt, Gall, thus means warrior in derived signification, and Gall also came to mean foreigner, and the Gaedhil now term the Saxons Gaill, or "Foreigners," just as they termed the Norse, Gaill. Mil or Milidh, the eponymous ancestor of the Milesians, means warrior, and is an old translation of Gaedhel, Goth, or Celt. One of the Iberian forts (Murbech) in Arranmore was named from Mil—

Ro gni Adar theas a theach.
Atnadar Mil or Murbech.
"Adar made his residence in the South.
They stationed Mil at Murbech."

Professor Rhys in his Hibbert Lectures has completely demolished the Milesian theory, and Eber, Erimon, Ith, have been proved to be non-historical, and, as a matter of fact, Ith, from whom several plains in Ireland were named, was one of the oldest of the Iberian deities.

Mr. M'Manus says that no Gaelic family has ever claimed a descent from the people of the Tuatha De Danann. I think that O'Donovan makes a similar statement; but let us see whether this be so. All the chief Gaelic families in the County of Clare claim to be Dal g Cais, and to be descended from Cormac Cas. O'Donovan in his Introduction to "Boyish Exploits of Finn" says:—"The only known descendants of our hero now known to exist are the Dal Cais—i.e., O'Briens of Munster—and their correlatives. Cormac Cas, King of Munster, who married Samair, the daughter of Finn by Grainne, daughter of Cormac Mac-Airt, monarch of Ireland, had by her . . . Fearcorb, the progenitor of the Dal Cais."

In the "Agallmh na Seanorach Silva Gadelica," p. 245, we read—"Whence sprang his (Finn's) mother?" She was Muirne smooth-neck, daughter of Tadg, son of Nuada, of the Tuatha De Danann."

In "Cath Cnucha" (Windish Irish Grammar, p. 139), the wife of Tadhg Mac Nuadat is stated to be Rairiu, daughter of Donn Duma, one of the chiefs of the Tuatha De Danann, who fought in the battle of Ventry.

In the genealogy of the race of Aenghus Bulga, taken from the "Saltair-Chaisil" and the Book of the Island of Inis-Duine, and given in "Corca Laidhe," p. 25, Dunghalach is traced to Lugh Manair, son of Lugh, son of Ethlenn, son of Lugh, son of Ith, son of Breogan. Here we have Lugh MacEthlenn, of the Tuatha De Danann, derived from Lugh MacItha, of the Milesians. Here Ethlenn is masculine, and Ethlenn is also masculine in Baile an Scail, quoted by O'Curry, Lectures, p. 621, and Professor Rhys (Hibbert Lectures, p. 417), says that this is a display of ignorance on the part of the writer of Baile an Scail. The Oxford Professor of Celtic is mistaken, for in Irish mythology difference of sex is a matter of indifference.

It is now beginning to be thought by several able Irish scholars that the so-called Ossianic cycle is the oldest cycle, or, at least, contains the oldest elements of Irish literature, and the particulars of the Irish place names of the Ara district, which I am giving in "Dublin Penny Journal," tend to prove that this is the correct view. The connection of Eochu, Ane, Gar, Fer Fi, Nechtan, Cuil, Lodan, Domnal, Aoife, Ebliu, Ailell Marg, Dil, Guaire, Dara, Liath, Finn, Conan, Lugh, Ughaine, Oc, Muiredach, Fermora, Caoilte, Sin, Fintan, Deagh, and dozens of other important names, with the neglected district of the Iberians or Araid of Ara, will now have to be encountered by the upholders of the Milesian theory.

J. F. LYNCH.

ANCIENT IRISH SOCIETY.

ITS ELEMENTS.

Having been away on leave I could not answer Mr. M. J. Byrne's most interesting critique of an article of mine on the above subject which appeared recently in the "Dublin Penny Journal," before this. In the first place, let me say that I do not pretend to be anything more than an amateur in the circle of subjects connected with the ancient history and literature of Ireland. Mr. Byrne has raised four important points with regard to the division of the people, the wanderings of the tribes, the Geilfine system, and the relations of the chief and his clansmen. He will see that in the course of my article I alluded, like himself, to the two principal classes, the Neme and the Feini, the free and the not-free of the ancient Irish society. When speaking of the roaming nature of the ancient tribes I was describing an age previous to their localisation. Later on in the said article I had spoken of the settlement of the tribe and the extension of its borders. Of those prehistoric rovers, the tinkers of our day are, doubtless, an unhappy survival. The love of tramping is certainly very strong in some classes of the community. Heredity alone can explain it. I did not intend to convey the impression that there was no such thing as individual property. I merely wished to show how personal wealth was acquired. And in this matter I fall back on the authority of Professor Richie. Furthermore, the same explanation of the Geilfine system that I gave will be found in Walpole's "Kingdom of Ireland." But, of course, Mr. Byrne need not accept the conclusions of either. And with regard to the chief forcing stock on his clansmen, I did not say he was entitled to do so. I merely said he often did so. Might was generally right in such cases. And it is very evident that the poorer classes in early days were badly treated by the great lords. The custom of "coshering" which survived up to Cromwellian times was but a similar unjust advantage taken by the landlord of his tenant's weakness and devotion. But in matters so obscure, where we have little or no clue to guide us, we are, at least, building without straw. And we must not fall out if we do not all build in the same style. The ancient history of all countries is full of romance. For it is romance that made it picturesque as it is imagination that makes its dead bones live. In my short article on the elements of ancient Irish Society I had to curtail, omit and condense much interesting matter through lack of space, and I simply tried to write a paper that would make the ordinary reader take an interest in the ancient history of his native land, and I have been more than rewarded by having drawn out the excellent comments of one who has shown himself no ordinary reader.

F. A. MONTGOMERY HITCHCOCK.

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS:

Compiled from Authentick Memoirs, Offices of Record, Manufcript Collections, and other Unexceptionable Vouchers,

By THE LATE WALTER HARRIS, ESQ.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

A.D. 914. A sharp naval engagement (Ware Antiq.) happened near the isle of Man between Barred and Reginald Mac-Yvor, two Danes (the latter of whom was king of Dublin). Reginald obtained the victory, and slew Barred and a great number of his party.

A.D. 916 (Carad. of Lhancarvan). The Ostmen of Dublin made an expedition into the island of Anglesey in Wales, and wasted it from end to end with fire and sword.

A.D. 919. Was memorable (Ware) for a sharp battle fought betwenn Neill Glundub, king of Ireland, and the Ostmen, near Dublin, on the 15th of September, in which king Neill and a great number of the principal officers of his army were slain. Donat Mac-Flan O-Melaghlin succeeded him, and the year following revenged his predecessor's death by the greatest slaughter of the Danes that ever before happened in Ireland; insomuch, that scarce one half of their great army escaped (Mac-Geoghan's Annals MS.)

At this time Keallachan Cashell was king of both the divisions of Munster, and exerted all his powers in extirpating the Danes out of his dominions, whom he defeated in several battles, and by main force compelled them to abandon their settlements. These foreigners, despairing of being re-initiated in their old possessions by force of arms, had recourse to a detestable stratagem. Reginald Mac-Yvor, king of Dublin, had all the other Danes of the kingdom tributary to him. Under colour of desiring peace, he drew the king of Munster into a snare, which was near proving fatal to his life, as it did to his liberty. He offered to give him his sister in marriage, to conclude a perpetual league offensive and defensive with him, and to send hostages to him for the due observance of the agreement. The fame of the lady's beauty and accomplishments, together with the advantages of such a union, fired the young prince, and he made great preparations to espouse the Dane's sister. He intended to take the flower of his army with him in order to conduct the princess with the greater state into his province; but upon the representation made by prince Kennedy (to whom he proposed to commit the government during his absence) of the danger of leaving his kingdom destitute of forces, he set out for Dublin, attended by Duncan, one of the sons of Kennedy, and a small number of troops sufficient only for a body guard. The consort of Reginald Mac-Yvor, who was of the birth of Ireland, found means of getting into the knowledge of her husband's secret designs, and either out of a principle of generosity or love, having before seen king Keallachan at Waterford, she privately informed him of his danger, when he had arrived near the suburbs of the city. The king of Ireland was suspected to have known and approved of the plot, and being an enemy to the king of Munster, for refusing to pay him the usual tributes, concealed it.

King Keallachan, having thus received information of the conspiracy, resolved to return home with the utmost speed; but his few troops being surrounded by those whom Reginald had placed in ambush, were, after an obstinate resistance, cut to pieces, and king Keallachan and Duncan Mac-Kennedy made prisoners, and conducted first to Dublin, and afterwards confined under a strong guard at Armagh.

Kennedy, the regent, being informed of the treachery of Reginald, and of the imprisonment of the king and his son, resolved to attempt their release, and having mustered the provincial troops, he gave the principal command of them to Donogh Mac-Keefe, petty king of Fermoy, an experienced soldier. He also fitted out a fleet in the ports of Munster, and made Failbe Fion, king of Desmond, admiral of it; suspecting that the Dane might remove the prisoners on board his fleet (which then roved in the eastern seas) in case there was any danger of a rescue.

The Munster forces took their route through Connaught, to avoid any opposition from the much suspected king of Ireland. Upon their approach to Armagh, the Danes being informed of their strength removed the prisoners on board their fleet, which then lay in the bay of Dundalk. Mac-Keefe pursued, but came too late; and now it appeared that the precaution of Kennedy in fitting out a fleet was of singular advantage. For whilst the Munster forces stood distracted on the shore, unable to assist their king, the fleet appeared in sight, and attacked the Danes with such vigour, that they obtained a complete victory and recovered their king and prince Duncan.

Reginald escaped to Dublin by flight, where he died in 921, oppressed with grief for the disappointment of this shameful attempt. King Keallachan having recoverd his liberty, and provided for the necessities of his fleet and army, put himself at the head of his troops, and directed his march towards Munster. Mortough Mac-Flan, king of Leinster, being in league with the Dane, opposed his passage through his territories, and endeavoured to cut off his retreat. But the king of Munster forced his way, and arrived at his court without any loss, and was received with infinite joy by his subjects. Keating (Hist. 2d part, p. 75) improves this account with many new circumstances, but he misapplies it in point of time, and places the scene under the government of Sitrick, the son of Turgesius, which is impossible, Turgesius having died near eighty years before; nor was any son of his king of the Ostmen of Dublin.

A.D. 921. Upon the death of Reginald Mac-Yvor this year, his son Godfrid Mac-Reginald succeeded (Ware Antiq.) in the government of Dublin, who the same year marched an army into Ulster, and in November plundered Armagh, which it seems had recovered its liberty by the late success of the king of Munster.

A.D. 924. Godfrid made an expedition (Ibid) towards Limerick, in which he lost a great part of his army; nevertheless, upon his return, being joined (Annals of the four Masters) by some troops of his countrymen of Waterford, he ravaged and plundered Kildare.

A.D. 926 (Waræi Antiq. cap. 24). King Godfrid sent an army into Ulster under the command of his son Aulaffe, who was twice put to flight by the Ultonians; and at length escaped with difficulty by the assistance of his father, who had followed from Dublin with a body of fresh forces. Kildare was the year following plundered and miserably spoiled (Annals of the four Masters) by Godfrid on the festival of St. Bridget, the patroness of the place.

A.D. 934. King Godfrid died (Waræi Antiq. cap 24), and left behind him an infamous character for his cruelties. He was succeeded in the government by his son Aulaffe Mac-Godfrid, called Anlaph by the English historians, who is supposed to be the same person that was routed in the battle of Brunaburg in Northumberland, by Athelstan, king of England, in the year 937; whose disgraceful flight the Saxon chronicle thus describes (Ir. Hist. Libr., p. 156), "The sorry remains of Anlaph's army put to sea, and made for Dublin, returning to Ireland in a shameful manner."

A.D. 941. This year (War. ibid) Aulaffe was taken off by a sudden death. Caradocus of Lhancarvan calls him, "Abloick chief king of Ireland," and places his death under the year 939, though the book of Margan says he died in 940. However, that may be, he was succeeded by his brother, Blacar Mac-Godfrid.

A.D. 944. (War. Antiq c. 24) Congelach Mac-Mælith, king of Ireland, by the assistance of Brien, king of Leinster, assaulted, took, plundered, and burned Dublin; having slain (as it is said) four thousand Ostmen there, and put the remainder of them, with their king Blacar, to flight.

A.D. 945. (Ibid) King Blacar having levied a good body of auxiliaries from among his countrymen, marched back to Dublin, and recovered and repaired it.

A.D. 946. (Ibid) The Ostmen of Dublin, to revenge their late losses, laid a great part of Meath waste.

A.D. 947. (Ibid) The Ostmen of Dub-

lin were again put to flight by Congelach, king of Ireland.

A.D. 948. (War. Antiq. c. 24) The Ostmen of Dublin renewed the war, and were again vanquished by king Congelach, Blacar, king of Dublin, and about sixteen hundred of his subjects falling in the action. Godfrid Mac-Sitrick succeeded Blacar. About this time, the Ostmen settled in Ireland embraced the Christian faith; and some are of opinion that they this year founded the abbey of the B. V. Mary, near Dublin, for Benedictine monks; though others hold that it was founded long before by Melaghlin or Malachy, king of Ireland (who died in 862), and by one Gillehoholmoc and Roisia his wife, while others ascribe that action to Donald Gillemoholmoc alone.

A.D. 950 (Ibid) The Ostmen of Dublin plundered Slane in Meath, and burned it down to the ground. But the year following, having wasted a great part of the same territory under the conduct of king Godfrid, upon their return to Dublin loaded with spoil, they were intercepted by the Irish, and put to flight, with the slaughter of six thousand men, and in the rout Godfrid was slain, and was succeeded by Aulaffe Mac-Sitrick.

A.D. 953. (Annals of the four Masters) The Ostmen of Dublin again plundered Kildare, and slew Cullen Mac-Kellach, the abbot of it.

A.D. 956. (War. Antiq. c. 24) A sharp battle was fought between Congelach, king of Ireland, and the Ostmen of Dublin at Tiguiran in Leinster, in which Congelach was put to flight and slain. Caradocus of Lhancarvan erroneously places this action in 953. See Ware's Lat. Antiq. cap. IV.

A.D. 959. (Ibid) Aulaffe Mac-Sitrick, petty king of Dublin (called Abloick, king of Ireland, by Caradocus of Lhancarvan), landed in the island of Anglesea, and plundered Holyhead (called by the inhabitants Caer-Gubi) and the whole territory of Lhyn. Yet some (Lib. Mar. five lib. Hergesti) ascribe this action to the sons of Aulaffe.

A.D. 962. (War. ibid) Godfrid, a Dane, one of the sons of Aulaffe Mac-Sitrick, died in the lifetime of his father. It is said that about this time Edgar, king of England, subdued a great part of Ireland, and particularly "the most noble city of Dublin." Of this, see what is said before Chap. I. out of the preface to king Edgar's charter.

A.D. 964. (Annals of four Masters) The Ostmen of Dublin marched out as far as Kildare, and there took a great booty and many prisoners, who were put to ransom.

A.D. 970. (War. Antiq.) A battle was fought at Kilmore between Donald O'Neil, king of Ireland, and Donald, the son of the deceased monarch Congelach, assisted by the auxiliary troops of Aulaffe Mac-Sitric, king of the Ostmen of Dublin, in which many fell on both sides; but king Donald received the greatest loss.

A.D. 977. (Ibid) Aulaffe Mac-Sitric slew in battle Mortagh and Congelach, two of the sons of Donald, king of Ireland.

A.D. 980. (Ibid) The power of the Ostmen of Dublin, and of other parts, was greatly broken in the memorable battle of Tarah by Melaghlin, king of Ireland, who this year succeeded his father, king Donald. For in that battle, besides some thousands of common soldiers, the principal commanders and leaders of the Ostmen were almost all slain, and among them Reginald, the son of king Aulaffe, who took these losses so much to heart that the following year he undertook (Annal. Insul. Omn. Sanct.) a religious pilgrimage to the island of Hy or Iona, where he died of grief, after a reign of thirty-one years, and was succeeded in the government of Dublin by his son, Glunlaran Mac-Aulaffe.

A.D. 981. (War. Antiq.) King Melaghlin, animated by the successes of the former year, marched into Fingal, a little territory under the dominion of the Ostmen of Dublin, and wasted it with fire and sword, at the same time setting all the Irish prisoners at liberty who were in the custody of the Ostmen. At length a peace was concluded between this victorious Irish monarch and the Ostmen of Dublin, who to repair their late losses, having mustered up a body of Auxiliary forces, broke into the territories of Brien Mac-Murrough, king of Leinster, which Brien endeavouring to defend, he was taken prisoner by them, and soon after slain.

A.D. 983. Instead of a necessary union between the princes of Ireland against the common enemy, they joined with the Danish forces in making war on each other. King Melaghlin (as is said before) having made peace with the Ostmen of Dublin, hired (McGeoghan's Annals, MS.) a considerable body of their forces under the command of king Gluniaran, and marched against Donald Clæn Mac-Lorcan (who was now king of Leinster upon the death of Bryan), and defeated him in a set battle. But this victory cost the Ostmen dear; for besides the loss of a great number of common soldiers, many leaders (War. Antiq.) of principal account were slain; and among the rest Patrick Mac-Ivar, petty prince of Waterford, a young officer of great hopes, fell.

A.D. 985 (Annals of four Masters). The Ostmen of Dublin made an irruption northward as far as Derry, and with such cruelty, that they spared neither religious nor lay man that fell into their hands; and among others Malkyaran O'Maigne, abbot of Derry, suffered a cruel martyrdom.

A.D. 989 (War. Antiq.) Gluniaran Mac-Aulaffe, king of Dublin, was this year murdered by one of his domestics, called Colvann (McGeoghan's Annals), and was succeeded by his brother Sitrick Mac-Aulaffe. Caradocus of Lhancarvan, deceived both in the name and title, calls this Gluniaran, who now was killed, Abloick, king of Ireland. "The same year (according to the account given by McGeoghan), king Melaghlin fought the Danes in their own quarters in Dublin, slew grat numbers of them, where he remained three score nights, and he pressed them so close in their camp without the town, that he confined them to drink nothing but salt water. At length they submitted, and agreed to pay him a tribute of an ounce of gold out of every capital messuage and garden in Dublin yearly at Christmas to him and his successors for ever."

A.D. 994 (War. Antiq.) Sitric Mac-Aulaffe, king of the Ostmen of Dublin, was driven into banishment by his subjects of the city, headed by Hymar (Annals of the four Masters), who reigned a short space in his stead; but the same year he was recalled and restored to his kingdom, from whence he banished Hymar.

A.D. 996 (Ibid). The Ostmen of Dublin made an expedition into Meath, and wasted and plundered Kells, then called Kennanuse; and two years after they did the like by Kildare.

A.D. 999 War. ibid). Marian or Mælmurry Mac-Murrough, by the assistance of Sitric Mac-Aulaffe, king of Dublin, got possession of the kingdom of Leinster; his predecessor, Donald Mac-Lorcan, being taken prisoner in battle, and obliged to abdicate. Before the end of this year, Brian Boro, the valiant king of Munster, overthrew the ostmen of Dublin in a battle fought at Glenanin, and from thence he marched to Dublin, which he took and plundered.

A.D. 1000 (War. Antiq.) The Ostmen, having given hostages for their allegiance to Brien Boro, repaired and fortified Dublin with new works.

A.D. 1004. Caradocus of Lhancarvan relates, "That Gulfath and Ubiad, two Irish lords, were taken prisoners by the Scots, who put their eyes out, and also destroyed the country and town of Develin." By the Scots in this passage are to be understood the Irish in the northern parts; and Caradocus himself afterwards under the year 1031, distinguishes them by the name of Irish-Scots

A.D. 1013 (Ibid). Leinster was miserably wasted and plundered first by Murrough O'Brien, son to Brien Boro, then king of Ireland, and afterwards by king Brien himself, even up to the walls of Dublin. In the meantime the Lagenians and Ostmen of Dublin made peace among themselves, and, joining their forces, used their utmost endeavours to defend their country, though without success.

(To be continued.)

TENT LIFE FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

A scientist, whose name has not been divulged, has been experimenting on the effects of tent life upon consumptives. To this end he pitched his tent during the coldest part of January and stayed in there until the early spring, engrossed in his experiments, but finally seeing patients and announcing that he wanted as many consumptives as possible to prove the truth of his theories. "The life there," he said, "quickly fortifies a man's bodily powers; it envolutes, then evolutes a man back toward ancestral life. The skin, nails, and hair toughen and thicken; pulmonary catarrh stops, hemorrhages cease. A civilised man loses his sensitiveness; his emotions change. He becomes insensitive and fearless. All his energy goes to nutrition; his intellectual centers are dormant. All his powers are concentrated on building and repair. He falls asleep at twilight and wakes at dawn, ready to eat. Incidental disaster affects him little; he changes from a hothouse plant to an oak. The fear and panic customary to a crowd of consumptives no longer affects him, and thus the greatest danger of hospitalism is avoided."

A LITTLE WILFUL ROSE.

BY K. F. PURDON.

"What on earth have you got those things on for?" asked Albert.

There were three of them, young people, sitting in the meadow, where the hay was "making itself" one summer's day—two girls and Albert—only he would have reversed this order of statement, for Albert was always No. 1 to himself. He was sprawling on the hay aforesaid and smoking, and he asked his question because he considered it helped in the attitude of superiority he adopted towards girls. And he threw some contempt, and even a bitterness, into his words, which he did not really feel. For the "things" he was looking up at hanging over the edge of a hammock, though they were only ragged tennis shoes three sizes too big, held a pair of the prettiest feet in the world. And no one who has not tried it knows how small and slender a foot can look under such conditions. Albert Munro felt their fascination to the full.

Rosy, who owned the feet—the shoes were Aunt Rachel's, and had just come to hand when Rosy was in too desperate a hurry to look for her own—Rosy deigned no reply. She was craning her slender neck to stare down at something in the grass, and she presently said, just as if Albert hadn't spoken at all—"Oh, what a darling mouse! be quiet, do! Oh, if only I had a crumb!"

"Where! where?" cried Albert, starting up—for the laziest of Britons becomes alert at the prospect of something to kill. Mischievous little beast! I'll soon——"

"Let it alone!" cried Rosy, and she was artful enough to gaze earnestly at a tuft of grass, which certainly was not that mouse's city of refuge, and she laughed provokingly at Albert's important, red-faced stamping in the wrong spot. "Here, tie this for me!" holding out one of the big shoes. "How clumsy you are! Be quick! I want to go pick raspberries!" In a trice she had swung herself out of the hammock, and was flying to the garden.

"Won't you come, too?" said the other girl to Albert. She was posed in an approved attitude on a garden seat. She wore patent leather shoes two sizes too small, and looked as if she had stepped out of a fashion plate. She laughed nervously as she spoke. But Albert deigned no reply, as he strode moodily away towards the stables.

Clara looked after him quite tenderly. Fortunately her good angel intervened, so she did not follow and try to console him. She got up, too, and went after Rosy to the raspberry plot.

The two girls worked away, Rosy chattering—then, "Here's Albert!" Clara proclaimed, with bated breath.

"So it is. Why ever didn't you come before? Hurry up, now, and help! No, indeed, not here, crowding us up! Go to the other end of the plot! If you're good and work hard maybe I'll get Aunt Rachel to ask you to tea."

Albert meekly obeyed. Temper is only waste of energy when the person you intend to impress is quite unconscious of your majestic gloom. But Albert took it out of Clara by ignoring her utterly. Till Rosy's advent a week before she had been the recipient of his lordly attentions. Now she had palled on his taste.

Clara was good, but monotonous, like boiled leg of mutton. She "stood no show," as Albert would have said, beside Rosy—slim, laughing, busy Rosy, who enjoyed everything, was always sure of herself, was quite indifferent to what he said or thought—above all, was a novelty. Poor Clara!

Rosy had the further distinction of having overworked herself at school, and being run down. Hence her appearance at Aunt Rachel's for country air and milk.

"Here's Aunt Rachel! See, Auntie, what a lot we've picked! But Mr. Munro is as lazy as—as——"

"My dear!" said Aunt Rachel, "I thought you knew that fruit was to be sent to market this morning!" Aunt Rachel was tall and thin. A good deal of her small means came from her garden.

"Ah, dear, I forgot all about that! I am sorry!"

Rosy's penitence was pretty to see. Clara was sympathetic—Albert not ill-pleased that provoking Rosy was in fault.

"We'll make raspberry vinegar," said Aunt Rachel, placidly. "Meantime, I want a snapshot to illustrate a story." Aunt Rachel spent a good deal of time and postage sending contributions to magazines. "Here, Albert—now, Rosy—in front of this rose-bush. He is going away, and you are giving him a bud as a token, 'The Fond Farewell,' it is called."

Albert, with a conscious smile, assumed the desired attitude. Clara looked on miserably enough, and Aunt Rachel adjusted her camera.

But at the critical moment Rosy burst out laughing.

"I can't, indeed I can't, help laughing! Unless you'll stand with your back to me! Why on earth did you look at me like that?"

And away danced Rosy, while Albert, furious at the ridicule cast on his tender glances, suddenly remembered "letters that must be written" (who gets such letters?) and took a hasty leave, disregarding Aunt Rachel's entreaties that he would pose with Clara.

. . . . . .

Next morning, "Well, here you are, turned up again like a bad halfpenny! I can't shake hands, I'm all over raspberries. What happened you last night to disappoint me like that, going off in such a hurry?"

"Did it disappoint you?" said Albert.

And it was a foolish thing to say to Rosy through the kitchen window, she standing inside washing raspberries through a sieve. Her serge skirt and blouse were protected from possible stains by a huge, sensible apron of Biddy the cook's, a world too wide for slender Rosy.

When she got hot or excited her face looked as if it had been badly painted. There was no shading from creamy white to crimson flush in dabs. Rosy was always eager, and the kitchen fire was very hot that morning. She presented to Albert's gaze, cheeks "as red as two roses," so Biddy described them.

But a lurking dimple was always in stock to qualify the boundary line between red and white. It came into play now. Albert fell a victim. He lost his head. "Were you disappointed last night?" he repeated in an eager whisper. The window was open; Rosy was within arm's length. He couldn't resist that dimple, and the wicked little loose locks of hair about her ears.

But it was like putting his hand into a hornet's nest when he—well, he actually tried to put his arms round Rosy. "How dare you?" flamed Miss Rosy. "Let me go. Ah! I'll soon make you!"

Quick as thought she scooped up a handful of the juicy, crimson raspberry mash, and lodged it in Albert's admirable beard.

"You and your old arm, indeed!"

But why "old" was not clear. Albert claimed but seven and twenty, and presumably he had not been born piecemeal. But seventeen, though sweet, is not always reasonable.

"She made him leave that, so she did, anyhow, that shot!" said Biddy, who had come into the kitchen with a kishful of turf, in time to be a gratified witness of Mr. Munro's discomfiture. "An' she might have had him herself, as aisy as kiss hands, if she'd only have follied on the gait she was goin'." It was three weeks later. Rosy was back at school, and Aunt Rachel and Biddy were eagerly discussing a welcome break in the stagnation of their lonely lives—the private marriage of Mr. Albert Munro and Clara Bates.

"Then that accounts for it," said Aunt Rachel, solemnly. Like many spinsters of the old school, she held all male mankind in high esteem. Their attentions were not to be trifled with. She could not understand Rosy's cavalier ways.

"He was just caught on the rebound," she went on. "Poor Rosy! And it would have been so nice to have had her settled near me. I only hope she won't live to regret it!"

"There's as good fish in the say as ever kem out of it!" said Biddy, sententiously.

HOW THE OCTOPUS EATS.

"Never before had it fallen to my lot to see the terrible monster we encountered on the last passage from San Francisco towards Nanaimo in the barque Willscott of Honolulu," said a skipper the other day. "We knew that the octopus grew to an immense size, as Banks and Solander, who accompanied Captain Cook in his first voyage around the world, found the dead carcass of one floating on the water to the westward of Cape Horn. It was supposed to be twenty by thirty feet, the body only; the tentacles were hanging under water. It was surrounded by myriads of birds, which were feeding greedily on its remains. Pliny also mentions a similar monster, having eight arms thirty feet long and a corresponding girth, and many other writers, too numerous to mention, have certified to its actual existence. But I did not believe that anything similar to the terrible 'devil fish' described by Victor Hugo was really in existence until I had ocular demonstration of the fact on this passage.

"Its eyes were large, of a greenfish tint and somewhat protruding; its mouth, however, was not so very large and it appeared to be shaped like a parrot's bill; its tentacles were tapering and, like its body, of a grayish colour, covered with spots, it appeared to possess the chameleon-like power of changing the colour of these spots in a most extraordinary manner as fast as the eye could detect the changes; they varied from a very rich crimson to a dark, dull brown, these changes, no doubt, indicating the high state of excitement under which the creature was at the time.

"Suddenly the octopus discharged a huge jet of a dark-coloured fluid full into the eyes of a sunfish, and then, rushing forward with the rapidity of an arrow, it encircled its prey with the long tentacles, and in another moment the victor and vanquished had disappeared below the surface of the water.

"In a few moments more we had sailed right over the scene and found the water was coloured almost black for a space fully 200 feet in diameter, and we noticed an odour slightly resembling iodine rising from the water; our patent log line of snow-white cotton, which was towing astern, was coloured almost black, and it has not yet assumed its white freshness, although it was towed in the water fully 800 miles since the above episode.

"About twenty minutes after we had passed over the spot we saw the huge creature again on the surface enjoying its meal in a very leisurely manner, rolling the body of the unfortunate sunfish over and over and biting off large mouthfuls with its cruel-looking beak.

"I knew before that these huge octopods and their relatives, the decapods, were not altogether mythical, as they have at the United States National Museum in Washington a papier mache cast of one of the latter, which was found stranded on the north shore of Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, on the 22nd day of September, 1877. The total length of this specimen, including tentacles, was only 60 feet, so it is quite safe to infer that it had not become of age when it was wrecked."

LITERARY NOTES.

The July number of the "English Illustrated Magazine" will contain a brief authorised statement of the remarkable conclusions arrived at by Professor Paul Vigum, whose book, "The Holy Shroud of Turin," has just been published.

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A large and fully illustrated life of Alexandre Dumas, whose centenary will be celebrated in July, has for some time been in preparation by Messrs. Dent, and will be published in this country and America. The author, Mr. Harry A. Spurr, has had the advantage of assistance from the Dumas family and of much critical advice.

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A statement has been published during the past week that a somewhat sensational volume of letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle is being prepared for early publication. These letters, which were collected by members of the inner circle of the Carlyle family, have been submitted, it is said. to Sir James Crichton Browne for reading and revision. Sir James has advsed that they should be published for the sake of the fresh light they throw upon the domestic life of the Carlyles.

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The influence of Kings and Queens extends to many of the minor things of life, remarks a contemporary. Before the accession of Queen Victoria, people who tossed with a coin usually cried "man or woman," an instance of which is given in the "Pickwick Papers," published in 1837. When Mr. Tupman and the "imperturbable stranger," Mr. Jingle, conceived intentions of going to the ball at Rochester, they tossed a sovereign for payment of the tickets, calling "man or woman," and it is stated "the dragon, called by courtesy the woman, came uppermost." Probably when the Queen's head figured on coins some confusion arose as to the term "woman," hence the popular cry became "heads or tails?" Will the King's accession bring about the revival of the almost obsolete term?

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A correspondent of the "Academy" writes—"The other day I came across a curious instance of perverted pity in the mind of a child. She was studying with interest an engraving of the well-known picture which has for subject the Colisseum by night after a massacre of Christians by wild beasts. The artist has chosen to depict the moment when, the show being over and the victims, it is to be hoped, dead, the animals are enjoying the hideous reward of their victory. One of them, for some unknown reason, has been compelled to forego his share in the horrible feast, and his dinnerless condition was the thing, and the only thing, that appealed to the child's sympathies. 'Oh, look at that poor lion over there,' was her remark, 'he hasn't got any!' I should be interested to know whether others among your readers have come across similar instances of misplaced sympathy." Perhaps some reader can cap this.

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Was George Sand in any degree beautiful? Mrs. Stepney Rawson, in her new novel, "Journeyman Love," makes a pretty picture of this lady's olive cheek and the dark and cloudy hair. But the romantic eye of Mrs. Browning was evidently troubled and surprised at finding George Sand far from lovely, and the great novelist was still in the prime of life at the time of her meeting with the admiring English poetess. In later years a correspondent writes:—"Not many days ago I lay in the room of a famous and hospitable Boston house, wherein Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Thoreau, Lowell, Dickens, Thackeray had slept. It is almost papered with autographs and portraits, and amongst these hung the large drawing of George Sand, by Couture. The face is of a marked and known French type; a large face, inclining to bag, with eyes a fleur de tete—much more prominent than English eyes are apt to be, long features, a rather loose mouth, enclosed in the 'parenthesis' of Giordano Bruno. Much race, much character, but of beauty not a line."

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The late F. W. H. Myers records an amusing incident which illustrates the haphazard nature of most of these guesses at the originals of a great writer's characters. George Eliot and her husband were one day making good-humoured fun over the mistaken effusiveness of a too sympathising friend, who insisted on assuming that the dreary Casaubon was a portrait, and on condoling with the sad experiences which alone could have taught the author of "Middlemarch" to depict the horrors of marriage with so gloomy a man. "And there was, indeed, something ludicrous," adds Mr. Myers, "in the contrast between the dreary pedant of the novel and the good-natured self-content of the living savant who stood acting his vivid anecdotes before our eyes." "But whom, then," said a friend, turning to Mrs. Lewes, "did you draw Casaubon?" With a humorous solemnity, which was quite in earnest, however, she pointed to her own heart. Hence, it is logically evident that Dorothea was drawn from Lewes himself. One would hardly have suspected it.

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The position of a critical theatre-goer who has come to see a bad play at the author's invitation, and of course with a free seat, is one of some delicacy, but that it is capable of solution is proved by a story of Prof. Brander Matthews for which the "New York Times" is responsible. "Brander Matthews," says this authority, "received tickets for the first night. Did ever an author bring out a play in New York without sending tickets to Prof. Matthews? Contrary to his custom, Mr. Matthews made use of his passes on this occasion. He was down town; he wanted to see the play; so why not? The next day his opinion was eagerly called for by one of the classes at Columbia. 'Well, gentlemen,' said the literary free-thinker, 'the play was in four acts, and I was there as the guest of the author. After the first act the audience sat silent and I applauded. After the second act I sat quiet while the audience hissed.' The professor took a long-drawn and reminiscent pull at his cigarette, then held it at arm's length and flicked off the ashes. 'And the third act?' 'Well, gentlemen,' and there was a gleam of satisfaction in the professor's eye, 'after the third act I went out and bought standing room and came back and hissed too.'"

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A rather warm discussion has arisen at the University of Chicago from the statement made by M. Hughes le Roux, the French journalist, to an audience of students, that he was the author of "La Belle Nivernaise," one of the best-known of the shorter stories signed by Alphonse Daudet. M. Le Roux relates that when he was M. Daudet's secretary he studied his style, as did also many of his other young pupils. He referred to the fact that in the Louvre are many paintings by Rubens. These all bear the name of the master, and yet it is a well-known fact that many of them are the work of his pupils, who closely imitated him, offering their results to him from time to time for correction and advice and final revision, but doing practically all the labour themselves. One day Daudet came to him and said—"Le Roux, an American magazine for young people wishes me to produce for them a very moral story, which shall have for its central [illegible] such young persons of estimable character. Have you in stock such personages, and can you produce such a story?" He told his master that he would try, and the result was "La Belle Nivernaise." Such is M. Le Roux'e story, and opinions in America are divided on the question of literary ethics involved. It is a knotty question, and the efforts of the Denver "Republican" and New York "Evening Times" to solve it are not very helpful. This delegation of work has always been pardoned in great masters. Dumas practised it on a large scale. But it is certain that this is a kind of revelation to which people do not take very kindly.

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"The Hound of the Baskervilles" is thus advertised by its New York publishers, Messrs. Maclure, Phillips and Co.:—

Observe the Messenger Boy, how he Runs.
Is not this Unusual?
It is Positively Abnormal.
And its Cause?
He Goes on a Hurry Call for a Man—
To Fetch a Doctor?
—to Fetch a Book.
What Book?
The "Hound of the Baskervilles."
How Surprised and Gratified the Man will be to Get his Book so Soon.
He will Not.
Why so?
The Messenger Boy has Heard of that Book.
Well?
He will Dip into It.
Yes?
And See the Name of Sherlock Holmes.
And then?
He will Seat him on a Mossy Curb. And he will Read. And Read. And Read.
But the Man. What of Him?
He will Tear his Hair and Cuss.
Is that All?
No. Presently he will Rake up Another $1.25 and will Hustle to the Bookstore himself.
Wise Man.
Happy Messenger Boy!

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Which are the best fifty American poems? That is the question which is at present agitating literary America. It began with a list compiled by Mr. F. L. Knowles, and published in the "Boston Transcript." Mr. Knowles's aim was to produce an anthology "which should contain not more than fifty or one hundred short poems, but all of these untinctured by the least suspicion of mediocrity." Here is the list:—

"Thanatopis" (W. C. Bryant), "To a Waterfowl" (W. C. Bryant), "Israfel" (E. A. Poe), "To Helen" (E. A. Poe), "The City in the Sea" (E. A. Poe), "The Haunted Palace" (E. A. Poe), "To One in Paradise" (E. A. Poe), "The Sleeper" (E. A. Poe), "Annabel Lee" (E. A. Poe), "The Raven" (E. A. Poe), "Divina Commedia" (H. W. Longfellow), "Nature" (H. W. Longfellow), "The Skeleton in Armour" (H. W. Longfellow), "The Discoverer of the North Cape" (H. W. Longfellow), "The Problem" (R. W. Emerson), "Days" (R. W. Emerson), "The Rhodora" (R. W. Emerson), "Concord Hymn" (R. W. Emerson), "The Humble-Bee" (R. W. Emerson), "Each and All" (R. W. Emerson), "Skipper Ireson's Ride" (J. G. Whittier), "Telling the Bees" (J. G. Whittier), "In School Days" (J. G. Whittier), "Ichabod" (J. G. Whittier), "The Eternal Goodness" (J. G. Whittier), "My Playmate" (J. G. Whittier), "Hebe" (J. R. Lowell), "She Came and Went" (J. R. Lowell), "To the Dandelion" (J. R. Lowell), "Auspex" (J. R. Lowell), "The Courtin'" (J. R. Lowell), "Peace" (selection from Biglow Papers, second series, X.; from "Under the yaller pines I house" to "A nation saved, a race delivered"), (J. R. Lowell), "The Chambered Nautilus" (O. W. Holmes), "The Last Leaf" (O. W. Holmes), "The Living Temple" O. W. Holmes), "Old Ironsides" (O. W. Holmes), "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd" W. Whitman), "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking" (W. Whitman), "The Marshes of Glynn" (S. Lanier), "Bedouin Song" (B. Taylor), "Abraham Lincoln: An Ode" (R. H. Stoddard), "Battle Hymn of the Republic" (Mrs. Howe), "On a Bust of Dante" (T. W. Parsons), "The Venus of Milo" (E. R. Sill), "Columbus" (J. Miller) (C. H. Miller), "Echo Song" (T. B. Aldrich), "Sleep" (sonnet) (T. B. Aldrich), "Unguarded Gates" (T. B. Aldrich), "Sesostris" (L. Mifflin), "An Ode in Time of Hesitation" (W. V. Moody).

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

A new source of malarial fever has been discovered by one of the assistants of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine now at work on the west coast of Africa. Hitherto this complaint has been attributed to the bite of malarial mosquitoes, but the result of recent investigation proves that there is another parasite which is equally as deadly in the propagation of this malady. The new disease-bearer is said to resemble the insect which causes "fly disease" among horses in South Africa.

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G. T. Beilby and G. G. Henderson have exposed platinum, gold, silver, copper, iron, nickel, and cobalt to the action of ammonia at temperatures ranging from 400 deg. to 900 deg. In every case the physical effect of the treatment was to disintegrate the metal completely, while a large proportion of the ammonia was resolved into its elements. The fracture of metals which have been exposed to this action is spongy or cellular; under the microscope the metal appears as if it had been suddenly cooled while in a state of active effervescence. The penetration of the ammonia molecules into the metal is remarkably quick if the conditions are favourable. The absorption of small quantities of nitrogen by pure iron renders it hard and brittle like steel.

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Another monster now on exhibition at the Museum is a gigantic lobster, estimated to be the largest specimen in the world thus far recovered. It is a species of the common marine lobster, Homarus Amedicanus De Kay, and was caught of the Highlands, New Jersey, by fisherman. This immense crustacean measured nearly a yard in length and weighed 34 lbs. When first captured it was exhibited at the New York Aquarium, but only survived a few days. On account of its unusual size it was afterwards obtained by the Museum and mounted for permanent preservation. It now forms one of the most striking exhibits in the biological collection; it was also a prominent feature in the United States Fish Exhibit at the Paris Exhibition. Although of such extraordinary size, the lobster was quite normal in all its parts, being simply overgrown.

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The German explorers in Babylon have made an unusually interesting discovery. Inscribed tablets of clay are common enough, and examples of them are to be found in the principal museums of Europe. But in the excavations at Nischan-el-aswad 400 tablets have been discovered, many of which are of a novel character. Several of them may be considered of the belles-lettres class, says the "Architect." They were evidently used for teaching, and therefore may be regarded as presenting examples of the classic literature of Babylon. Some served as a dictionary, and on that account will be interesting to philologists. There is also a hymn which is chanted during the processions in honour of the god Mardik, whose temple has been brought to light by the German explorers. In another part of the same district the Temple of Adar or Ninev, the protector of physicians, has been discovered.

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A petrol motor has been fitted to one of the large boats at Lowestoft, employed in the North Sea herring fishing industry. The engine is of 24 nominal horse power, having three cylinders of 6½ inch bore and stroke, and a speed of 300 revolutions per minute. Economy of storage space is a marked feature of this type of motor, which is stowed in the cabin under the crew's table. Propelling the boat is not intended to be the sole use of the motor. It is also employed as a donkey-engine, to heave anchor, to hoist sails, and to work the pumps. The extremely small weight, both of the motor and the fuel to be carried, and the necessity for so few alterations in construction, make the adaptation of petrol motors to existing boats of this class a comparatively simple matter.

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A long critical article on the position of wireless telegraphy appeared recently in the "Koelnische Zeitung," which, as is well known, is one of the most influential papers in Germany. The agreement between the Marconi Company and Lloyd's is strongly criticised, and our contemporary asks if the Marconi Company and Lloyd's are really so naive as to think that the States in whose territory the signalling stations would exist would not oppose this "monopoly-greed." Our contemporary further asserts that the communication from the German Government on an international agreement on the subject of wireless telegraphy was not due to the refusal of the Nantucket lightship to communicate with the Deutschland, but that the subject had been moted some time previously. The article also compares the Marconi, the Slaby-Arco, and the Braun systems from a technical point of view, and claims that the two former have both adopted, in their system of transmitting, a method of which Braun is the original inventor and patentee. It suggests a combination of interests between the owners of the Braun and Slaby patents, who should fight the Marconi Company on the patent question. It will be remembered that the Slaby-Arco patents are owned by the Allgemeine Elektricitats Gesellschaft, and that the Braun patents are the property of Messrs. Siemens and Halske.

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The terrible news from St. Vincent, following the impression that this island had escaped the volcanic deluge which has cremated half Martinique, at once recalls and reverses (the "Academy" remarks) the famous hoax by which Daniel Defoe led all London to believe, in 1718, that the whole island of St. Vincent had been blown up and obliterated. On the basis of his own imagination, or on some thin ship story, Defoe wrote in "Mist's Journal" a circumstantial account of the destruction of this island, giving such details as, with all our facilities of new transmission, we wait for in vain to-day. After leading up very gradually to the catastrophe, he told his readers that, "on the night of the said 26th, about Midnight, the whole Island of St. Vincent rose up in the Air, with a most dreadful eruption of Fire from underneath the Earth, and an inconceivable Noise in the Air at its rising up, that it was not only blown up, but blown out of the very sea, with a dreadful force, as it were torn up by the Roots, or blown up from the Foundations of the Earth." Finally, to bring the event home to his readers he recalled an accident in a foundry in Moorfields, where a quntity of liquid gun-metal coming into contact with some water had blown up the works—just as a journalist of to-day might perhaps recall the recent distructive fire in the same district to suggest, however faintly, the storm of fire which swept over these hapless islands last week.

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The resistance which a flywheel offers to the air may give rise in some cases to a considerable expenditure of energy. Some tests were made in the Nurnberg central station which showed this very clearly. The station is provided with two tandem compound engines of 450 horse power, direct coupled to the dynamos and working at 95 revolutions per minute. In order to equalise the running with the great variations of load which occur, a very heavy flywheel was used with arms of a channel section. It was found that these arms offered a great resistance to the air, and created a powerful draft, and so it was decided to cover the wheel with sheet iron in order to reduce the resistance and thus gain considerable power. In order to test the amount of energy lost, the dynamo was made to run as a motor and thus drove the engine and flywheel at no load. When the latter had no protecting covering it was found to absorb 13,300 watts, but when the covering was replaced it took only 9,874 watts, thus showing a gain of 3,426 watts or 5.7 horse power, this being 1.2 per cent. of the horse power of the engine. Counting the current price per kilowatt hour and a day's run of 17 hours, it was found that this represented an economy of nearly £54 annually. Another test of a similar nature was made by M. Ingliss upon a 630 horse power engine and showed an economy as high as 30 horse power or 4.8 per cent. of the engine power which was gained by properly diminishing the resistance of the flywheel.

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President Henry Morton, of Stevens Institute of Technology, died on the evening of May 9, at the age of 66. A scientist of world-wide reputation, Professor Morton began his scientific career as an instructor of chemistry and physics at the Protestant Episcopal Academy in Philadelphia. He became a founder of the Philadelphia Dental College in 1863, and was first to hold its chair of chemistry. As an archaeologist, Professor Morton also distinguished himself. In 1859 he published a translation of the text of the Rosetta stone. While Resident Secretary of Franklin Institute and editor of the Institute's "Journal," he organised an expedition to photograph the total eclipse of the sun in Iowa. When Stevens Institute was founded in accordance with the will of Edwin A. Stevens, Professor Morton was made President. He held that position down to the time of his death. To Professor Morton's earnest efforts the success of Stevens Institute and the very high place which it assumed in the technological schools of America is largely if not entirely due. The interest which he took in the Institute is sufficiently manifested by his liberal endowments. He gave the Institute a mechanical laboratory fitted with steam engines and tools. Out of his own purse he furnished apparatus for the study of applied electricity and guaranteed the salary of a professor of electricity. When the chair of engineering practice was established in 1888, Professor Morton endowed it with 10,000 dollars, following this gift four years later with another of 20,000 dollars. In 1897 Dr. Morton received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Princeton.

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Quartz boulders and pebbles found in placer gravels are frequently reported to carry no quartz gold, according to "The Mining and Scientific Press." The condition is not universal, for placers are known in which the quartz boulders and pebbles do contain gold. The barren character of such float quartz is far the more common, however, and has been the foundation of many theories of formation of the gold found in the placers which excluded the idea of its coming originally from the quartz. The explanation of the seeming contradiction is simple. The gold in quartz is originally associated with pyrite and other sulphides. Surface percolating waters oxidise these sulphides and largely remove them, before the quartz, still containing the gold, by erosion of its overburden is itself in turn eroded and becomes placer. The quartz breaks up on its lines of least resistance, which are the lines where sulphides have been removed. The larger part of its original gold content is thus freed, and the separated quartz fragments are barren. In addition to the structural weakness of the quartz containing gold, its higher specific gravity constantly increasing as the fragment becomes smaller by abrasion, by retarding its downstream movement relative to quartz containing no gold, keeps it for a longer period of time under abrading influences. There are as well many quartz ledges that are barren of gold, and those ledges that do contain gold have barren portions. Such barren quartz, called "bull quartz" by the miners, is more resistant to disintegration than the gold-bearing quartz. It may thus happen that the quartz found in the gravels with the gold is not the quartz from which the gold was derived.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1793.)

DUBLIN CASTLE, 20th JANUARY.

His Majesty, by Royal Letters, having been pleased to appoint the Right Hon. Edw. Earl of Kingston, the Hon. Denis Browne, and Sylvester Douglas, Esq., to be one of his Majesty's Most Hon. Privy Council of this Kingdom, his said Lordship, the Hon. Denis Browne, and Sylvester Douglas, in Council this day did take the usual oaths, and their places at the Board accordingly.

24th.—Michael Smith, Esq., took his seat yesterday as Junior Baron of the Court of Exchequer, in the room of Mr. Baron Hamilton, deceased.

Yesterday Tankerville Chamberlaine, Esq., took his seat as one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas, in the room of Mr. Justice Hellen, deceased.

The Hon. Mr. Knox, son of the Earl of Northland,, was sworn in yesterday one of his Majesty's Commissioners of the Revenue, before the Right. Hon. Barry Yelverton, Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer, in the room of Gervais Parker Bushe, Esq., deceased.

Between seven and eight o'clock on Wednesday night last, a clerk belonging to Mr. Gibbons, public notary of the Bank of Ireland, was stopped by two footpads, near Mark's Church, in the lower end of Townsend street, and robbed of eighteen bills of various amounts which he had taken out for the purpose of demanding payment from the several persons on whom they were drawn. As all the bills were due, and notice given to the several persons on whom they were drawn, it is imagined no loss will thereby occur to the parties concerned.

DUBLIN CASTLE, JAN. 23, 1794.

His Majesty, by his Royal Letters, having been pleased to appoint the Most Noble Arthur, Marquis of Downshire, to be of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council of this Kingdom; his Lordship, in Council this day, did take the usual oaths, etc., and his place at the board accordingly.

DUBLIN, FEBRUARY 4.

BARON POWER.

An accident occurred on Sunday last which affected the public in a high degree.

Mr. Baron Power, of distinguished eminence on the Bench, and not of less reputation as an intelligent lawyer, was also usher to the Court of Chancery. In right of his office large sums in contest were occasionally deposited in his hands for the security of suitors. In the contest between the Duke of Chandos and tenants, which so long engaged the Chancery, a large sum had been paid by the tenants, which, under an order of the Court, was to be invested in Government Securities—principal and accruing interest to be the right of the party who obtained the decree, which terminated after many years in favour of the tenants.

On adjustment of accounts, the usher, as in right of office, withheld the interest, which amounted to nearly £3,000. The tenants appealed to the Chancellor, who, struck with the equity of their claim, and which we have reason to think was still farther strengthened by an order of the late Chancellor, Lord Fitzgibbon, immediately directed the usher to appear in court to answer for his conduct. The Baron hesitated, if not refused, alleging his station as a judge, and holding a seat also on the same bench with the Chancellor, in the Court of Exchequer Chamber. The Chancellor was peremptory in his order, and most justly observed, that no person must or should hold a place in that court, where he presided, who did not give personal and immediate attendance when directed, and further fixed on to-morrow for the appearance of the usher personally to account for his conduct.

The Baron brooded in silence over the business. On Sunday, about one o'clock, he rode to the extremity of the South-wall, with calmness dismounted, and gave his horse to the servant, with directions to proceed slowly, and wait at Ringsend for his return. The servant returned, the Baron advanced to the new packet dock, and disappeared, after leaving his hat on the wall.

The servant waited till dusk, and finding no appearance, returned back, and could not get the smallest intelligence—not a trace, the hat excepted, which he immediately recognised. It was then supposed the Baron had taken a boat, and boarded some of the packets under weigh for England. These hopes all vanished when the body was discovered yesterday morning on the Strand, near the Pigeon House.

A jury sat upon the body. Verdict—Accidental death.

The Baron's fortune in the English funds was estimated at upwards of £60,000.

It is further said that the Baron left all his papers sealed up, and deliberately made his will.

TRIAL OF ARCHIBALD HAMILTON ROWAN, ESQ.

Wednesday last came on, at the bar of the Court of King's Bench, before the Right Hon. Lord Clonmell, and the Hon. Judges Downes and Boyd, the trial of Archibald Hamilton Rowan, Esq., on an information ex-officio, for a charge of having uttered and published on the 16th of December last, a certain libellous and seditious paper, purporting to be an address from the Society called United Irishmen to the people of Ireland—exciting them to discontent, jealousies, and sedition against the King's Government and the constitution of this realm, and calling them to arms, etc., with a seditious intent and purpose.

The crowds in the hall and every part of the court were unusually great. The following jury were sworn:—

Sir F. Hutchinson,
Thomas Sherrard,
Humphrey Minchin,
Richard Fox,
George Perrin,
John Read,
Frederick Trench,
George Palmer,
Richard Manders,
W. D. Moore,
Christopher Harrison,
Robert Lea.

The prosecution was opened by Counsellor Ruxton, and the case stated by the Right Hon. Attorney-General, in a most able and perspicuous address to the Court and jury, which continued above an hour and a half.

After hearing counsel on both sides, the jury, at a quarter before ten at night, retired, and returned a verdict in about five minutes of GUILTY.

The sentence was received by the auditors with much disapprobation, and the jury were hissed as passing from the box.

Mr. Curran and the Recorder then interposed on behalf of their client, that as he had all along pleaded by attorney, and done so in the trial this day, that their Lordship's could have no judicial knowledge of his being in court, and, therefore, it required a new process legally to take him into custody.

Lord Clonmell said, that the traverser being now convicted, and avowing himself present, he could not suffer him to be discharged, except the Attorney-General, or some of the Crown lawyers on the part of the prosecution, thought fit he should be admitted to bail. In that case he had no objection, as he would not receive sentence for four days.

The Crown Solicitor having attended for the Attorney-General, and refused to admit the traverser to bail, he was ordered into the custody of the High Sheriffs, and was afterwards escorted under a strong guard to the New Prison.

Counsel for the Prosecution:—
The Prime Sergeant,
The Attorney-General,
The Solicitor-General,
Mr. Frankland, and
Mr. Ruxton.
Agent—Thomas Kemmis, Esq., Solicitor for the Crown.
Counsel for the Traverser:—
Mr. Curran,
The Recorder, and
Mr. Fletcher.
Agent—Matthew Dowling, Esq.

FEBRUARY 4.

The candidates for the vacant seat on the Exchequer Bench are already suggested—The Prime Sergeant, and Mr. Day, Chairman of Kilmainham. The latter gentleman's spirit and exertions in promoting the emancipation of the Catholics, together with his exemplary and judicious decisions in his official department at Kilmainham, have equally rendered him a favourite with Government and the people.

5.—This day Mr. Secretary Douglas informed the House of Commons that, in pursuance of their order, their address had been forwarded to his Majesty by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, who had desired him to report to the House his Majesty's most gracious answer as follows:—

"GEORGE R.

"His Majesty returns his thanks to the House of Commons for their expressions of affection and loyalty, and their cordial attachment to his person, family, and Government.

"His Majesty receives with great satisfaction their congratulations on the failure of the attempts which his enemies have made to shake the stability of his throne, and to weaken the security of our happy constitution, and on the general success of his forces, and those of his allies, during the last campaign.

"It affords great satisfaction to his Majesty to find that the national Militia has been so successfully established, and that his faithful Commons are resolved to continue their exertions to prevent internal disturbances in Ireland.

"His Majesty is sensible of the zeal they manifest for the support of Government, by their assurance of granting him such supplies as the exigencies of the times and the honour of his Crown shall require; and his Majesty observes with pleasure, their resolution to persevere in their endeavours to improve the agriculture, the commerce, and manufactures, and in their support of the Protestant Charter Schools, and other public institutions in that kingdom.

"His Majesty feels justly gratified by the confidence they repose in his present Chief Governor, and by the sense they entertain of the advantages they have derived under his administration.

"G. R."

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BRAY, CO. WICKLOW.



HOW IT LOOKED SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

(bridged from Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.)

RAY, a market and post-town, and a rish, in the half-barony of Rathdown, unty of Wicklow, and province of inster, 14 miles (N.) from Wicklow (by e sea road), and 10 (S.E. by S.) from ublin; containing 3,509 inhabitants, of ich number 2,590 are in the town. This ace derives its name, originally "Bré" "Bree," signifying a "hill" or "head-d," from the precipitous promontory of y slate and quartz, called Bray Head, ich rises immediately on the south of town to an elevation of 807 feet above level of the sea, and from the singular entation of its summit forms a well-wn land-mark to mariners. The nor, or lordship, of Bray, with all the itories of the O'Tooles, was granted, in 3, by Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, lord-deputy, to Walter de Riddlesford, one of the earliest of the Norman adventurars, to be held of the Crown by three knights' service, to be performed at Dublin. This grant, together with the seigniory of Castledermot and extensive privileges, was confirmed to him by John, Lord of Ireland, who subsequently granted him an annual fair to be held at Bray, with free warren and other privileges. Among the earliest notices of this place is the record of a grant of a burgage, with a portion of arable land, to the abbey of St. Thomas, near Dublin, by the same Walter de Riddlesford, whose estates, on failure of male issue, were at his death divided between two co-heiresses: and in 1215 the abbot of St. Thomas obtained a grant of all the lands held by Walter de Riddlesford in fee, in the town of Bray, at a yearly rent of 3 and a fine of 60 marks. The town was frequently assailed by the mountain septs of the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles, to whose territories it was contiguous, and who, on the 16th of April, 1316, destroyed the castle; but they were on the same day attacked and defeated by Edmond Le Boteler. A fierce conflict took place near the town, in 1402, between these septs and the citizens of Dublin, headed by John Drake, their provost, on which occasion, according to Ware and Camden, 4,000, but according to Hervey de Malbrigge, 400 of the former were slain. At the dissolution of the religious houses, the possessions of the abbey of St. Thomas were granted to Sir Thomas Brabazon, whose descendant, the Earl of Meath, is the present proprietor in fee of the greater part of the town.

The town is situated on the Dargle or Bray river, which here forms a boundary

between the counties of Dublin and Wicklow, and after passing under an old bridge of five arches (this is the view shown in the accompanying illustration—Ed. D. P. J.), connecting the portions of the town which lie on different sides of it, falls into the sea a little below this place. That part of the town which is on the Wicklow side of the river consists of one long street of irregularly built houses, at the head of which are two smaller streets, one branching off on the left, from which the lower road to Wicklow is continued over the hill of Windgates; and the other on the right along the road to the Glen of the Downs, and together containing about 450 houses. That part which is in the county of Dublin is called Little Bray; it forms part of the parish of Old Connaught, and contains about 230 houses and cottages, and 1,168 inhabitants. The houses in both are in general neatly built, and the town has a cheerful and interesting appearance; it is neither paved nor lighted, but the road is kept in good order. The surrounding scenery is exceedingly romantic, and combines with its short distance from Dublin to render this place a favourite resort during the summer season for sea-bathing. On the Dublin side of the river a race-course has been formed, and races are held annually. The river abounds with excellent trout, which are taken in great quantities and sent to Dublin and different parts of the country, and even to London. By an inquisition taken in the reign of Chas. I., it appears, from various records, that the town had been in times past incorporated and endowed with many privileges. The church, a plain building with a small spire, situated on the verge of an eminence overhanging the river, was erected in 1609, and enlarged, by aid of a loan of £1,020 from the late Board of First Fruits, in 1818.

Besides the remains of the castle at Little Bray, there are the ruins of two others in the parish; one in the grounds of Old Court, consisting of a tower, with some fragments of the walls. Near these is a rude pyramidal block of granite, on which are some faint traces of ancient sculpture, which, from a print taken before it was so much mutilated, appears to have represented the sacrifice of a ram, on the top of it is a cavity apparently designed for the reception of a cross. The remains of the other castle, at Fassarow, which was demolished by Cromwell, are not in any way remarkable; coins of William have been found near them, on the road to Old Connaught, where is an ancient cross with a rudely sculptured representation of the Crucifixion. Under Bray Head are the ruins of an ancient chapel, 40 feet long and 18 feet wide; it is built in a north and south direction, with a circular-headed window at each end, and the doorway on the east side; and near the glebe land is an ancient burial-ground. On letelling a bank of sand near the sea, in 1835, to make an approach to the demesne of Mr. Putland, several human skeletons of large dimensions were discovered, lying regularly east and west, with a stone at the head and another at the feet of each, but which crumbled into dust on exposure to the air; several Roman coins of the Emperor Adrian were found at the same time.

KANAK MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

Though the Kanak (South Sea Islander), may in ordinary circumstances expect honourable interment after his death, his cradle is a luxury which never existed for him. The poor little darkie who enters this valley of tears must first of all receive by way of welcome a baptism of smoke. All the grannies in the neighbourhood meet in the cabin, and the most worthy of them—the one who talks the most holds the baby over a great smoking fire while she pronounces an endless list of good wishes—"Mayest thou become a strong man, rich, a chief, and cultivate numberless plantations. Mayest thou navigate towards Nabanai, and bring back quantities of tambu," etc., etc. The happy father is obliged to pay for all these wishes of the old women, who, if the parents can afford a big reward, will prolong the baptism as much as they can. Only two months ago one of the poor babies died in the process. If the child is a first-born, the ceremonies are still more imposing. The cabin and all the little estate are decorated with verdure; here and there bits of stuff are hung by way of bunting. The near relations bring presents which the father has had to pay in advance. Visitors arrive from all sides, examine the baby, and feel him all over, trying to find in his poor little body good points in proportion to the amount of tambu which is served out to them. Much greater is the joy of the parents when a girl is born to them, for later on they will be able to sell her at a high price. A short time ago I heard of a young woman who was desperately disappointed at having a third baby boy, and no girl. With the consent of the family, she determined to get rid of it acording to ancient usages. Deformed children always died a few days after their birth, and doubtless by a violent death. Kanak mothers use a kind of shawl made of the fibre of the bread-fruit-tree to carry their babies in. This tissue is now often replaced by a piece of ordinary stuff. It is passed over the left shoulder and under the right arm-pit, so that the little one lies in a kind of pouch on his mother's back. When he gets a bit older he will have to stride across her haunches. In no case is a child caried in the arms. The European manner of carrying an infant excites laughter among Kanaks. As a consequence of the native mode of carrying children, the latter have curved thighs like old horsemen; as soon, however, as they can walk, their legs take a natural form. The imposition of a name takes place at the birth, or much later, according to circumstance. The name is a reminder of some circumstance attending the birth, or it is given in memory of a relation, living or dead. More frequently it is only a whim of father or mother.

LOW BAROMETER AND AURORAS.

M. Stazzano has heretofore noted several facts going to show that the aurora borealis is of terrestrial origin, that it is intimately connected with the phenomena classed as meteorological; and now shows from statistics that low pressures of the barometer are the most direct connection, auroras increasing in frequency with low pressures. They act not only to extend the aurorol zone, which, in both hemispheres, follows the line of polar pressure, but also the period of the low pressure influences both the diurnal and the monthly period of the aurora.

TO ENGLAND BY BALLOON.

ATTEMPT TO CROSS FROM IRELAND IN 1785.

ACCOUNT BY THE FIRST IRISH AERONAUT.

We give this week another page from the early history of ballooning in Ireland —viz., that which recounts in his own words Richard Crosbie's attempt in 1785 to cross the Irish Sea and to make a descent upon the English coast. The first report given of this essay was contained in some paragraphs in the Town and Country Weekly Magazine of 23rd July, 1785. In its department headed "Weekly Register of Historical Affairs," the reporter said:—

Tuesday last, at twenty minutes past two o'clock, Mr. Crosbie, the original Irish aeronaut, ascended with his new balloon, from Leinster Lawn, amid the acclamations of thousand of his applauding countrymen. This gentleman's spirited perseverance, in struggling through many difficulties, and having met with much unmerited calumny, marks his character for undaunted resolution and firm wisdom.

When Mr. Crosbie was preparing to ascend, the motion of his balloon caused much agitation in the minds of the spectators, it not ascending so immediately from the spot, as others we have seen; for on his outset he skimmed along the ground of the lawn, and slightly touched the parapet wall at the back in Merrion street, but happily without receiving any injury. Mr. Crosbie seemed to be perfectly collected; and observing the tendency of his balloon to come down in a field at the back of the lawn, with great presence of mind threw out a quantity of ballast, by which he at that instant majestically ascended eastward over the houses of Merrion square, and precipitately bore away. He continued in sight for near an hour, and seemed to be favoured with a wind that may gratify his long-fixed determination of landing with his balloon from hence upon British ground.

We are happy in announcing the safe arrival of Mr. Crosbie, though he has not as yet been able to effect (contrary to general expectation) his ardent desire of making an aerial voyage to England. Having proceeded half Channel over, he encountered with a current of air, which perceptibly carried him out of his intended course, to avoid which, and to obtain the benefit of the wind at a less elevation, he lowered the machine, when a heavy shower of hail, together with the attraction of the water, forced him into the sea, from whence he was taken up by the Dunleary barge, and arrived in town in excellent health and spirits. At four o'clock yesterday, the gentlemen who formed his committee, together with a great number of his friends, attended by a band of wind instruments, accompanied him from Leinster Lawn to the Castle, whither he was borne in triumph on the shoulders of the multitude, who gave the usual testimonies of their approbation. The Duke and Duchess of Rutland, to whom he intended to pay his devoirs, being absent at the time of his arrival at the Castle, the procession was continued from thence to his abode, while every mark of the public satisfaction at his safety was testified in his progress through such parts of the city as he passed.

Upon the publication of the above, Mr. Crosbie addressed the following note to the printer:—

Sir—As a circumstantial account of my last aerial voyage, on Tuesday, the 19th inst. may prove agreeable to my countrymen,

think it a duty incumbent on me to endeavour, as far as possible, to gratify their curiosity; and I trust it will not be thought too long, by the printer of a Magazine, who seems to have in view the same object in all his publications.—I am, sir, your very humble servant,

RICHARD CROSBIE.

Here is the "circumstantial account" referred to in the above letter:—

About five o'clock, the morning appeared so very unfavourable, that it was determined by the gentlemen of the committee, after due consideration, not to hazard the experiment; the wind was almost due south, and heavy squalls blew every moment. About eight it began to shift more to the westward, and at length to settle in one of the points mentioned in the advertisements; it was, notwithstanding, still thought imprudent to attempt filling the balloon, as the squalls, which were likely to continue, might do it some material injury, and be productive of a disappointment. The populace that were gathered outside of the lawn in great numbers, seemed to grow impatient, and the balloon was brought out in order to hoist between the masts, to try how far it was possible to begin the inflation with safety, and make an experiment on my apparatus, to convince myself that all was right, before I gave the appointed signals. About this time, near ten o'clock, some officious person in town fired a gun, which was immediately answered by others, and at length the signals became general. I had promised two hours notice, to which I was determined to be punctual, had it not been for the circumstances I have mentioned, which I fear rendered the spectators impatient. This I think necessary to mention, in order to plead my excuse, and claim their forgiveness. I judged the balloon would be ready to ascend by two, but from some little delay, the barometer I intended to have taken with me being broken, and the difficulty at the time of procuring another, it was twenty minutes past two before her Grace the Duchess of Rutland did me the honour of committing me to the air by cutting the cord.

At first my ascent was slow, and rather difficult, from having been misinformed as to the ascending power of the balloon, some of my friends, through their eagerness, pushing it up, while others, according to my prior directions, kept it down, when trying it. As I wished to have reserved all the ballast I could for so interesting a voyage, I threw it out so slow that it did not prevent the returning impetus, and my carriage struck with considerable violence against the ha ha wall which encloses the lawn on the side of Merrion street; here, with the assistance of the people, and discharging more ballast, I again ascended; but the balloon not yet in sufficient equilibrio with the circumambient air, struck against the ground in one of the fields opposite Merrion square, then gradually ascended, slowly throwing out sand, until I thought I had acquired sufficient power of ascent to gain proper altitude.

I now took a view of the astonishing scene was quitting, and after returning the salutations of the innumerable spectators along the fields, Strand, etc., to the seashore, I was highly entertained with a race composed of hundreds of horsemen, stretching with full speed along the Pigeon House wall, as if their course could not be terminated. I was now over the Bay, and, as I imagined, from the diminution of objects, that I was still ascending, I cast my eye on the barometer, which, to my mortification, I found had lost a considerable quantity of mercury, from the two concussions I had received against the wall and ground on my ascent. I, however, examined it, and as I found it fluctuate to the top of the tube, and of consequence proved the vacuum, I considered that it would answer for what at that time I was most interested in, merely to inform myself whether I was ascending or descending; that when I found a favourable current of air, I might be able to keep myself at the same elevation. I marked the height of the mercury with my pencil; and some time after one of the bladders that was in the carriage with me bursting with a considerable explosion, I looked to the barometer, and found it had fallen some inches. I marked the fall, and for a considerable period seemed to move in a favourable direction. I took out my pen, ink, and paper, to write down such observations as I could make, and to entrust to a more faithful record than thoughts what the glorious and unbounded scene around inspired me with.

I had written about a page when I felt myself grow very chilly, and put on an oiled silk wrapper, which soon brought on a glow of heat. I had two thermometers, one with mercury, and the other with spirits of wine; both had at this time fallen so low, that the mercury and spirits had entirely descended into their respective bulbs. (a) My ink was so frozen that I could not use it, until holding the bottle some time in my hand, its contents again became fluid. I at this time found the great advantage of my lower valve; for perceiving the smell of the gas, I was for a moment roused from the subject I was then committing to paper, and, looking up to the balloon, observed the valve open at short intervals with a sort of pulsation, and at each discharging the inflammable air in considerable quantities, The balloon was expanded to its fullest extent, and a number of bladders that were attached to my carriage exploded one after another, in some measure resembling hedge-firing.

Though the height was now so considerable that every cloud in the atmosphere was far below me, and nothing above but a blue expanse, I felt no sort of inconvenience or difficulty in breathing; but taking an observation from the line which the Lighthouse wall formed, though indistinct, and the Wicklow shore, which had appeared to my view beyond Bray Head, I found I was stationary, or nearly so, what little way I was making being to the southward; I was, nevertheless, so charmed with the enchanting scene before me, that for a while I forgot my enterprise; but the appearance of the British shore soon recalled me to myself, and observing the rack flying to eastward, as it seemed over the surface of the water, I opened my lower valve only, both to assist the efforts of the superabundant or compressed air to release itself, and to descend into the favourable current; in this I succeeded, and as yet had not parted with any ballast from the time of my ascent, though nearly half Channel over. I attentively watched the rise of the mercury, and observing it to arrive at the mark I had before made, when in the same stratum of clouds, I was in hopes it would stop there; but rising still higher, and the balloon consequently descending, I threw out four pounds of sand, when the mercury became settled, and afterwards gradually rose to the mark I mentioned. I now moved forward with considerable velocity, as I could perceive from some vessels that were holding the same course. I encountered a light shower of hail, and flying in all directions, which, however, soon passed off. Some humid vapour that had ascended with the gas into the balloon in the inflation, fell in large drops from the bottom, which wetted my paper and blotted my notes, while I marked them down. I attentively watched my time-keeper that I had laid on a bag of ballast in the bottom of my carriage. (b) My course now bid so fair for success, that I experienced more happiness and transport in the idea than I believe ever before fell to the lot of man. My mind, that was hitherto voluptuously fed, made me inattentive to the cravings of my appetite, which at length grew rather pressing, and with my pen in one hand, and part of a fowl in the other, I wrote as I enjoyed my delicious repast. A shower of hail darkening the surrounding air, now attracted my notice, as after some short period it seemed to ascend like a shower on earth reversed; from this I judged I was descending, and examining my barometer, the mercury had risen but a few tenths, which, after the shower had blown over, gradually resumed its former station, and I continued to move as before. I now had a distinct view of the two shores, and was drawing a rude sketch of the grandest and most awful scene that human eye ever beheld, when the report of a gun just under me, induced me to look over, and I observed a vessel ploughing through the surge with all her sails crowded; she appeared to me (only from the foam before her bow) to make little or no way; but looking exactly in the same direction with myself, I waved my flag and shouted, but was much surprised to find that my voice sounded to me as if my ears had been stopped; I afterwards felt some pain in each, which continued as long as I remained at the elevation I then was, though not considerable, and though I did not feel any at a much greater.

I passed this vessel, which proved afterwards to be the Dunleary barge, commanded by Captain Wallnutt, which had been kindly and obligingly sent out by the Right Hon. and Hon. the Board of Commissioners to attend me; and for about two leagues I continued to move horizontally; but another shower of hail coming on, and hearing the noise of the sea again, cast my eyes off my paper on the barometer, and found the hail was again depressing me; but not willing to waste my ballast, as I could not perceive the balloon had lost any of its power, unless when affected by these showers, and fearing the loss of weight would raise me to the same altitude wherein I had before lost my course, I reserved it until the increasing hail, or some influence unaccountable to me at present in any other manner, had brought me so near the water, that I took up a bag of 10lb., gradually spilling it out until the balloon again descended a little, its motion appearing like a vessel on sea in a heavy swell; but at every send, notwithstanding my incessant discharge of more ballast, it appeared nearer to the surface of the sea, until just as I seemed to overcome its descent, the increasing hail shower, and a violent squall of wind, precipitated me into the water. I was convinced I could ascend again from the peculiar construction of my carriage; when the shower was over, therefore, I was but little alarmed, as my legs only were wet; but unfortunately the cord that was attached to the lower valve was pulled out, which being of considerable dimension, and the repeated and violent squalls acting on the balloon like a hurricane, so much of the inflammable air was forced out, and of the atmospheric air got in, that after heaving out every bag I could get at, I found my efforts to rise ineffectual. In groping for ballast I found my cork jacket, which, from my reliance in my safety, I had not before thought of; I however now put it on.

My only hopes of rising were in heaving out my chain, as I knew the balloon would not suffer the same agitation if I could once ascend. I was resolved to try how far the loss of the chain's weight would effect it, at the same time not to lose it, unless necessary; to this end I took the chain in one hand (the other being engaged in holding the rope by which I was towed, that passed through a block opposite my rudder), and flung it out, letting the cord with which it was fastened run out with it at the same time; this, even bfore it could have descended to the extent of the cord, had no other effect than lightening the machine a few inches out

(a) The mercurial thermometer had a temporary scale constructed in a hurry, and the freezing point appears to be about 22 degrees above the bulb.

(b) My descent was so unexpected and sudden, that I never thought of securing my time-keeper or my notes, the latter of which were washed away, and the former (my own construction and work) effectually spoiled.

of the water, but not sufficient to raise it completely. I, therefore, though with undescribable mortification at being unable to fly, reconciled myself to the idea of being ignominiously towed to the other side, as I was drifting through the water with astonishing celerity. However, looking behind me, I observed a vessel crowding sail after me; but as I watched her a good while, I perceived she was losing way. The wind before this seeming to have spent all its fury, and was now become very moderate, it would have been ridiculous to have persisted in the idea, at that hour, of getting across the Channel, especially as I was not entirely in the direction for Holyhead. I, therefore, in order to lie to, paid out a considerable length of cord with my chain, which staid me so much, that at 47 minutes past three o'clock, the barge (the same I had passed some time before, and had fired the gun) came up with me, after being at perfect ease (but from wet) upwards of 26 minutes in the water, and about ten leagues from Howth. Having secured my balloon and carriage to one of their hawsers, I got on board, and discharging the remaining gas from the balloon, we got it upon deck, and steered our course for Dunleary, where, as we were becalmed some hours, we did not arrive until four o'clock on Wednesday morning. The mortification I felt at not accomplishing my intended voyage was greatly mitigated by the almost undoubted certainty and safety which I have every reason to conceive, there is in crossing the Channel, on any particular occasion, with a proper wind and good weather, and by the flattering hopes of again being able to attempt and succeed in my undertaking on a future day.

DEEP SEA LIFE.

Results of deep sea dredgings are different in different oceans. A series of experiments made in the Aegean Sea, which is a part of the Mediterranean, seems to establish the fact there was an abundance of life in the shallow water, which diminish till it found a limit at 300 fathoms, below which no life seemed to exist. It was afterwards shown, when repairing a cable on the coast of Africa, that animals were attached to the cable that had been lying at a depth of 1,200 fathoms. This, however, was exceptional for the Mediterranean. Both the English and American Governments have made extensive research in the bottom of different oceans, with very interesting results to science. It is proved by these dredging that there is abundant life in the Atlantic Ocean as deep down as 2,500 fathoms, or nearly three miles. One result of these soundings was to establish the fact that there were currents reaching to great depths moving in opposite directions, with fifteen degrees difference of temperature within a short distance.

The Mediterranean seems to be an exception to the general rule in the matter of deep sea life. The reason is found in the fact that there is a slimy sediment in the deeper portions of this sea that interferes with animal respiration, the same as an extremely thick dust would in the air. Life is supported in the water the same as on land—by breathing oxygen. In the one case it is absorbed from the air and in the other from the water. Pure water is to the sea animal what pure air is to the land animal. The sea animal could not live in muddy water continuously any more than we could exist continuously in an atmosphere filled with dust. It is thus seen that depth is not the only condition that affects animal life on the bed of the sea. The nature of the soil and deposits are factors, as well as the temperature of the water. However, there are certain forms of life to be found in the lowest temperatures. But as is the case on land, we do not find the same kind of life in the colder and deeper zones of the ocean as in the warmer and more shallow parts.

In the cold waters the animals are dwarfed in size, somewhat as we find them in high mountain regions. It is said that the starfish will grow as large as a pudding plate where the conditions are favourable, but not larger than a silver dollar in the cold current of the Atlantic, which flows southward. In some places this cold current falls 2 to 2½ degrees below the freezing point of fresh water, at the bottom of the ocean.

KNOCKFIERNA.

DISCOVERY OF THE BIRTHPLACE OF FINN M'CUMHAILL

By J. F. LYNCH.

II.

Mr. W. M. Hennessy (Introduction to "Mesca Ulad," p. vi.), says: "Temair Mairci, where, according to Leb na h-Uidhre, 42, b, the celebrated Find Mac Cumaill was born and nursed. It was probably in Sliabh Margi (or Sliabh Marague), in the Queen's County."

The passage referred to by Mr. Hennessy is given in "Irish Grammar," by Professor Windisch, p. 140, where it is stated that Conn of the Hundred Battles ordered Muirne to go to the house of Fiacail, son of Cuchenn, at Temanr Mairci, for Fiacail's wife, Bodball Bendron, was sister to Cumall, the husband of Muirne, and father of Demne, afterwards named Finn. At Temair Mairci, Demne was accordingly born. In the "Boyish Exploits of Finn, no mention is made of Temair Mairci, but it is stated that after the birth of Demne, Fiacail, son of Cuichenn, Bodhmall Bandrai (or Druidess), and Liath Luachra came to Muirne, and carried away Demne, for his mother durst not keep him with her. The account given of Liath Luachra, (a) in the "Boyish Exploits," is very curious; he is stated to have been the keeper of the round bag of the jewels of Cumall, and to have been the first who wounded Cumall in the battle of Cnucha, and to have departed with the round bag of jewels which he had in his possession, when slain long years afterwards by Finn. It is also to be noted that Bodball Bendron is named Bodhmall Bandrai in "Boyish Exploits." Temair Mairci signifies the tara, or "prospect hill," of Marc, or Marg, and was, it appears to me, the old name of Cnoc Firinne. In "Silva Gadelica," p. 529, a Cuchenn, son of Dedadh, is mentioned, and his residence appears to have been south of, and not far from the residence of Asal, son of Umor, on the hill now named Tory hill. In "Silva Gadelica," p. 166, Liath Luachra is stated to have been son of one of the plebeian men of Ara; and in the list of De Danann chiefs, given in "Battle of Ventry," the three Liath Luachra are mentioned, and correspond to the three Mais of Sliabh Luachra of the list in "Pursuit of Dearmuid and Grainne." In the "Book of Rights," p. 87, there is a list of the royal forts of Munster, and in this list, and in following order, we have Cathair Chinn Chon, Dun Fir Aen Cholca, Cathair Methais, Dun Gair, Temair Subha. Cathair Chinn Chon, (b) or "fort of hound's head," is said by O'Donovan to be near Rockbarton, the seat of Cahirguillamore, now of Lord Fermoy. The site of the fort of Cahirguillamore is marked on the new Ordnance Map, and Cahirguillamore, and Cathair Chinn Chon, are probably the same. Dun Fir Aen Cholca, which means fort of the man of the one (or wonderful) sword, is about a mile to the east of Cahirguillamore, and on the hill of Buile na g Cuillech, at south side of Lough Gur. Dun Gair, or fort of Gar, was on the summit of Knockadoon, or hill of the fort (of Gar), a short distance to the north of Dun Fir Aen Cholca. According to the people, the "fear" was a giant, and his sword was of gold. On the western pinnacle of Knockfinnel is site of a stone fort, and this fort appears to me to have been Cathair Meathais, or fort of Meathas, or Methas, and probably Mas and Meathas are the same; and as mas means excellent, handsome, perhaps Methas has the same meaning, and so the word mas may have reference to Liath Luachra. It has for a long time been my opinion that there were two places named Temair Luachra, and that the western Temair Luachra is merely a shadow of the real Temair Luachra, or Knockfinnel, at the west side of Lough Gur.

Hennessy says that O'Donovan identifies Temair Subha with Temair Luachra, but without authority, and he evidently regards the identification as incorrect. From the position of Temair Sabha, in the list in "Book of Rights," it appears that Temair Subha must be not far from Lough Gur. South of Knockroe there is a townland named Ballyhoodan, which is an old name, as it is mentioned in State Paper, dated 1243, as one of the de Burgh manors in Munster. Ballyhoodan may be in Irish Baile Shubhdain, or place of Subdan; and as Temair Subha is Tara of Sub, the name Subdan may be extension of Sub. The two forts which succeed Temair Subha in the list are Ard Bile and Aenach m-Bearrain. The old name of Isert, or Disert Lawrence parish, which bounds Ballyhoodan on the north, is Tristilaverrane. This name occurs in State Paper dated 1243, and the place was one of the de Burgh manors. Tristilaverrane is corrupted from Disert an bhearrain. Bearran may mean "little summit," at western end of the Knockroe, and in "Isert Lawrence," there is a little summit which is the site of one of the strongest stone forts in the district, and which is now called Shanacuart, or "Old Court," and this may be Aenach m-Bearrain.

I have given these particulars in order to show that Ara district was a most important one in the pre-historic period, and consequently that the identification of Cnoc Firinne with Temair Mairci is not one to be brushed

(a) Cathair Chinn Chon is mentioned in Chronicum Scotorum, at year 639 A.D., as scene of a great battle, in which Maelduin, son of Aedh Bennan, King of Munster, was defeated. South of the site, and not far from it, is a great pillar stone, with respect to which the fort was probably named. Compare the name Ath Chinn Chon, now Kinnegad, according to O'Curry, "Lectures," p. 487, and the name, Rath Chinn Chon, "Silva Gadelica," p. 235. Compare also the account given in "Silva Gadelica," p.p. 236-237, of Raithin na ningnadh, and of the wonderful hound, which may, perhaps, have some connection with the tale of the gold found in the city of Hound's-head. North of Cahirgullamore is a townland named Raithin, which is mentioned in State Paper, dated 1200 A.D.

(b) In "Bodleian Dinnshenchas," p. 11, Liath is stated to be son of Celtchar of Cualu, and in "Genealogy of Corca Laidhe," p. 63, the Uaithsthire and Uaithne-Cliach are stated to be descended from Celtchar, son of Uitheochar. Uaithne-thire and Uaithne-Cliach are the baronies of Owney and Arra, and Owneybeg, in counties of Tipperary and Limerick. The Uaithne were the four tribes of O'Hifernain, Muintir Loingsigh, O'Cathalain, and Mag Ceoch (See O'Heerin's Topographical poem). Celtchar was one of the heroes of Craobh Ruadh, and gave name to Dun Celtchair, a very large fort near the town of Downpatrick. (See "Book of Leinster," 66a, where he is called of Leth glais, another ancient name for Downpatrick ("Battle of Magh Rath," p. 207).

aside on account of the non-importance of Ara district. Some time ago I wrote to Professor Rhys suggesting that Ivernis of the Iverni or Iberians, mentioned by Ptolemy, was beside Lough Gur, and Professor Rhys said, in reply, that he considered this identification as highly probable. Some months after this, when looking through an old volume of the "Trans. R.I.A.," I came upon a letter written by William Beauford, (c) from Athy, Jan. 2nd, 1790, in which he discusses Ptolemy's account of Ireland. Beauford's note on Journis Edit. Pal. Iernis is, "according to Richard of Cirencester, there were two Ibernia; one he places on the east side of the Shannon, the other on the Blackwater, the port of Insovenach. The former being an inland city, was most probably the Journis of Ptolemy, and thought by Whitaker to be Cahir, near Bruff, in the county of Limerick, where there still remains some raths, cromlecs, and other monuments of antiquity."

The Cahir is Cahirguillamore, and the old people of Lough Gur say that Cahirguillamore was formerly a great city; and it was probably on account of this tradition that Whitaker identified Cahir with the Iberian "city." Lewis, in his article on Tullybracky, says: "Round Rockbarton are numerous vestiges of antiquity, but the most remarkable ruins are those in the demesne of Cahirguillamore, which indicate the former existence of an ancient city of great extent; the sites of streets, gates, and fortifications are still to be traced, extending in some places into the adjoining parishes, and connected with the ancient forts on several of the surrounding hills."

The old people sometimes called Cahirguillamore as Cahirguillamoreveety, (d) that is, Cahirguillamore of the Whites, and in one of Queen Elizabeth's State Papers it is mentioned that the last Earl of Desmond leased the lands of Cahirguillamore to Richard White, a member of the family, who built Cahirnarry Castle, near Ballyneety (town of the Whites), and old Tullybracky Church, and Castle. The people tell a curious story—that a Mr. Hayes, ancestor of Mr. S. Hayes O'Grady, author of "Silva Gadelica," found a cauldron full of gold near the city, and therewith were built Rockbarton and Cahirguillamore Ho. The hole where the cauldron was found was pointed out to me, and I was also told that there is still some gold in the hole, but that it is guarded by a supernatural guardian; and as the gold is not visible by day, the guardian must be encountered by night.

One thinks of the old Greek tale of the sacred gold guarded by the griffons. I searched Cahirguillamore Park, and could find no trace of the city; but the people say that the first Lord Guillamore made many alterations, and that Cahirguillamore Ho. and Rockbarton Ho. were built with the stones of the city, as was also the wall of the deer park. The city may, perhaps, be the city, at the bottom of Lough Gur, which General Vallancey terms the great cirgor, that was overwhelmed by the waters which burst from a sacred well, when Lough Gur was formed. Lough Neagh was formed in the same way; for Liban, the daughter of Eochu, who guarded the sacred well, went acoortin', and so Lough Neagh, or lake of Eochu, was formed. The lake legends of Ireland are very interesting, and of extreme value, but they must be treated as legends; and from the legends, both oral and written, must be pieced together the extremely complicated mythology of the ancient Irish. The late Professor Max Muller appears, towards the close of his life, to have recognised the value of the old things of Ireland, for Mr. W. C. Borlase says, in the Preface to "The Dolmens of Ireland," that he was advised by his friend, Professor Max Muller, to go to Ireland to examine the Irish monuments, and to hear the Irish tales.

J. F. LYNCH.

(c) In an early volume of "Trans. of R.I.A.," there is an article by William Beauford on the stone circles at west side of Lough Gur, in the townland of Grange, or Nova Grangia. This is the earliest account of the Lough Gur monuments. In the "Gentleman's Magazine," Feb. 1833, there is a paper by T. Crofton Croker on Lough Gur; and Croker's "Tale of the Enchanted Lake," refers to Lough Gur; and in "Galloping O'Hogan" there is also a very valuable tale of Lough Gur.

(d) Mr. John Hayes, of Lough Gur, whose father lived at Raithin, told me that he heard the celebrated John Collins, of Myross, call the place by this name. John Collins, who was regarded by O'Donovan as a great authority on the Irish language, often visited at the house of Mr. Hayes, at Raithin; and Mr. John Hayes has an Irish manuscript, which is a copy made by his father from a manuscript belonging to John Collins. The identification of the fort of Cahirguillamore (Cathair Ghoill Mhoir)) for present Ordnance Map is due to Mr. John Hayes. I thought that Cahirguillamore was just beside Cahirguillamore House. On old Ordnance Map a stone circle is marked close to the pillar stone of Cahirguillamore, but Mr. Owen Bresnan has informed me that this monument is not a stone circle. I did not examine it when I visited Cahirguillamore.

DO FISHES SUFFER PAIN

All fishes have nerves, and in some respects fishes are extremely sensitive. A fish that has buried itself in sand or mud so completely that only the tip of its tail fin is above the bottom will feel upon the slightest touch and instantly dart out of its sandy bed. A fish is very sensitive to movements in the water surrounding it. A shadow falling upon the water will startle a fish into flight. But sensitive as fishes are in some respects, it is probable that they do not suffer pain from injuries received.

Fishes are extremely sensitive at the nose. A fish that had in pursuit of prey run its nose against a rock might shake its head violently, perhaps in pain, but fishes sustain serious injuries from actual wounds without showing any indication of pain. In fact, the indications tend to show that they do not suffer.

A fish that has been hooked by an angler, but has escaped, perhaps carrying off a hook in its mouth, may a few minutes afterwards bite again at another hook. Such instances are not infrequent. In such cases the hook would probably be concealed by the bait and the fish would not be likely to see it, but the fact that it is ready to take the bait shows that it is continuing to feed, which it would scarcely be like to do if it were suffering great pain. A shark from whose body all the viscera had been removed has continued to feed.

Sensitive as fishes are about the nose, many of them use the nose in pushing stones and gravel about in building a nest for the female to spawn in. The salmon notoriously often wears its snout down to the bone in excavating a cavity for a nest, and often it wears off its tail to a mere stub in brushing out stones and gravel. Yet such fishes frequently recover from their injuries and return to the ocean.

Timid and sensitive as fishes are in some respects, they fight one another vigorously. In such fights they may receive injuries that might be described as terrible. To these injuries they may pay so little attention that after the fight is over they go on with their feeding or with whatever occupation they had been engaged in.

Injuries which would throw a human being into a state of helplessness do not interrupt the current of fish life. The fish may afterward die from its injuries, but apparently it does not suffer pain from them.

Fishes sometimes survive injuries of a remarkable character. The stomach of a captured codfish was found to be pierced by a spine of a flounder which it had swallowed. The sharp, thornlike spine projected about half an inch beyond the outer wall of the stomach into the fish's body. Apparently the codfish had suffered no inconvenience from this. The wound caused by the spine had healed around it, and the codfish was fat and in good condition generally.

AT LOVE'S DOOR.

I heard a sound, in the deep of night,
Unlike aught heard before;
It was a lost heart knocking at Love's door.

I saw a sight in the dawning light—
May I not see it more!
It was a dead heart lying at Love's door.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

BOB'S VARIOUS.

BY K. F. PURDON.

They were biking, one pleasant summer afternoon, along a hilly road in Wicklow. Both had racket and tennis shoes strapped on in front; both were straw-hatted and white-flannelled, and both had been christened Robert. But there the likeness ended—in the opinion, at least, of the elder of the two youths. He was never spoken of except by his full name, Robert. Robert Olive MacKenzie he liked to sign himself. His parents had died, when he was an infant, in India, and it seemed to strengthen the hazy idea that such a circumstance favours, of some connection with the army, that he should adopt the name of the hero of Plassy and Arcot.

The other Robert, his cousin, was just Bob—Bob Mac his many friends called him.

"I can't imagine," Robert was saying, as they slowly pedalled up a long hill, "I can't imagine how any man would hesitate about his profession—if he were free to choose—I really can't!"

"Why can't you" asked Bob; and he asked the question with an air of trifling calm that Robert felt justified in considering stupidity—worse—it seemed as if Bob wasn't paying attention, or taking the trouble to understand him—he evidently was thinking of something else—and he, Robert, actually trying to educate him up to his own lofty standard! But he curbed his wrath. "Because," he pronounced haughtily, "there is only the one profession."

"Oh, yes, there is more!" cried Bob cheerfully. "A chap can be a parson—I don't think I could mind you! or a lawyer, or lay railways, or eggs—I mean up-to-date farming, you know—or a doctor——"

"Yes!" said Robert, almost snorting in his fierce contempt; "and so you've stuck yourself down to roll pills and spread plasters, when you might spend your muscle fighting for Queen and country! I'd take the shilling myself, and chuck the Bank, only for," and here Robert smiled—a meaning smile—half sad, as who should say, "Well, well, we are all human—even I have my weak side—poor little Nettie!"

"Ah, the army!" said Bob; and really his tone implied that quite a new field of thought was being opened to him. "I don't think I'd like that!"

"Not like it! and why, pray?"

"I might get shot," said Bob, simply.

Robert cast one stern glance at his companion—a silent glance it had to be, for his feelings were beyond words. And I think Bob deserved some credit for the cheerful equanimity with which he sustained that awful gaze.

"A chap might start inventing new names—I believe there'd be money in it, do you know! They're all used up—there's no variety. It would save no end of confusion. Now, look at you and me——"

"You needn't worry over that!" said Robert; "no one is likely to make any mistake there!"

Of course, Bob might have replied witheringly, "Thank goodness!" or "I should hope not!" But he never could think of things to say till the next morning—and repartee is like soda-water—for immediate use only. So he just said—they had got to the top of the hill—"You're never going to coast down this side"

"You needn't, if you're afraid!" was the reply, as Robert put up his feet and whirled off.

"A pity he's such a blithering idiot," thought Bob, following more slowly; "he's not so bad if he wasn't such an ass! And no brake on that old grid of his! And the turn half way down; and it's a lot steeper after that, and you never can tell what other fool may be coming along the bog road, and just run into you at the bottom. By Jove! he's done for! or somebody is!"

Bob slackened his laborious back-pedalling, and shot downward. He rounded the curve, and beheld the great Robert sprawling ignominiously at one side of the road, while at the other, a white mule, that had evidently just been emerging from the bog road, was trying to kick itself free from the trap to which it was attached, and at the same time backing stubbornly towards a yawning bog-hole at the side of the rough roadway.

An old lady, seated in the trap, was uttering shrieks of wrath and terror, alternated with contradictory orders to the girl who held the reins. With Bob the climax arrived. The second bike was the last straw for the mule, who determined to bolt for home. He made one wild plunge forward, tried to turn, and fell. Bob, who had sprung off and let his bike roll away, promptly seated himself on the mule's head, and the two women got out.

"Oh, what an escape!" said the old lady. "If you hadn't come up, Mr. Bob, I don't know what we should have done!" and she looked indignantly at Robert, who was on his legs again, and was smoothing down his ankles in a military way, and trying to look collected. Robert was what is sometimes called highstrung—Bob was not. Their friends said of the cousins, that when Robert got in a tight place he stuck, whereas Bob was "all there."

"Oh, that's all right," said Bob, hastily cutting short the impending thanks. "The brute got a bit beyond you, didn't he, Miss Nettie"

"What could you expect," demanded the girl. "It was enough to startle anyone to see a Thing whirling madly——"

"Oh, it's just mulish cussedness," said Bob, soothingly—"they hate bikes——"

"What do you propose doing?" asked Robert, majestically; "you're not going to spend the evening sitting on the brute's head?"

"Why, indeed, should he?" exclaimed Miss Nettie, vehemently, "it wasn't his bike."

"Come and undo some of these buckles," said Bob. "No, hang it all, man, not that one."

Bob had a kind of instinct about all things practical under his directions. Robert managed to loosen the business part of the harness. Bob jumped up, and the mule followed suit.

"What are we to do now?" asked the old lady, "we ought to be at the Deverell's now."

"If it's not too far for you to walk," said Bob, "I'll lead this fellow back to his stable. I don't think you ought to try driving him again this evening."

"No, indeed, but you'll miss the tennis!"

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said Bob, "it's of more consequence about Robert, he plays so well," he added aside to Nettie. She looked rebellious at this arrangement, and Bob, who had suggested it in all good faith, felt cheered as he marched off with the mule.

"I can't pretend to understand that class of brute," said Robert, as he sauntered off with Nettie and her aunt. He believed he would feel at home on a charger.

"Lucky your cousin does!" said the old lady, and they strolled on in silence.

Nettie was soothing her ruffled feelings, by calculating how long Bob would be delayed. He might reach soon after them—he was very quick, she reflected.

Robert, on the other hand, did everything with a slow majesty that was distinctly impressive upon first acquaintance. There was a long pause now, and he broke it by saying in the deliberate, mysterious voice that implies more behind, "Bob means very well—he is often quite useful."

"That unsolicited testimonial is most flattering," said Nettie. "A fine, manly young fellow," said Nettie's aunt, tentatively. She was out of play herself, of course, but she took a keen interest in the game still. Girls' aunts often catch a good share of reflected excitement in that way. Like the "hurler on the ditch," too, they generally see most of the fun.

There was a short silence, and then Robert spoke again.

"Manly, did you say? Well, I don't know if that exactly fits a fellow who's afraid!"

"Afraid of what?"

"Afraid of being shot, if he went into the army!"

"Oh, I don't believe that!" cried Nettie—a simple statement enough but a powerful rejoinder. For if a person doesn't believe what you say, why, there you are, and you get no forrader, as the farmer said of drinking claret.

But Robert was so possessed with righteous wrath, that he ignored this speech altogether—another strong position to take up in argument, and went on, "I wouldn't have believed it, and of my own cousin, too, only he told me so himself just now."

"What!" cried Nettie's aunt, in a tone as horrified as if she had just heard that the Queen had gone on a visit to the Vatican, or that Kruger and Mr. Rhodes had started ostrich-farming together.

"He said," Robert explained solemnly, "that he wouldn't like to go into the army—that he might get shot!"

"Dear me, dear me!" said Nettie's aunt, almost groaning in sympathy, at the same time pressing Nettie's arm, which she held, for silence.

Robert went on in the same suppressed tone: "Afraid! afraid of being shot! Can you imagine a man saying such a thing! Why, it's the most glorious death——"

"Oh, bosh!" Nettie broke in, "talk about something pleasant, do! Be amusing—if you can."

Robert fell back into dignified silence. Nettie caught the quiet twinkle in auntie's eye, and was soothed.

A few weeks passed, during which it happened that the Bob's did not see one another. When next they met, it was in Grafton street, Robert fiercely war-like in kharki.

"Hallo, old man," said Bob, "going out?"

Robert nodded. "Next month—Lord L's troop of yeomanry."

"Well, good luck, and a V.C. to you," said Bob. "South Africa's pretty roomy; but maybe I'll see you there. I'm going too."

"What!"

"Yes, with the I. Hospital—lucky for me, isn't it?"

It wasn't exactly luck, that Bob had been chosen from among so many volunteering young medicos by the great surgeon who only wanted men he knew he could rely on. But when Robert remarked kindly, "You'll be safe enough, you know, under the Red Cross," Bob accepted the remark without comment.

"You'll do first rate, Robert," he said, "after all your military training."

Robert nodded stiffly, slapped his riding-breeches with his whip, and stalked loftily on.

But the little knowledge of the militia man is often a dangerous thing. Like many another, Volunteer Robert had plenty of pluck, but very little discretion, and still less sense of discipline.

During a long, fierce struggle for a kopje, where he had to lie still till ordered to advance, the inaction became unbearable. He thought he saw his chance.

A gun a few hundred yards off had been silenced, the men shot down; unless an effort were made, it would be captured.

Robert's heart beat fast. He saw the V.C. within his grasp. Despite the warning, more emphatic than polite, of a more wary comrade, he stood up from behind the boulder where he had been posted.

Hardly had he done so, when, with a sharp ping, something happened, and down he went, with a bullet in his thigh.

It seemed days long, that he lay there, with rattle and din and shouts around him, his only company the horrible pain, and the heat, and thirst, which seemed unbearable. He dared not move, even if he could have done so, for it would mean drawing the Boer attention on himself again.

Bullets were still simply raining around the bare, stony hill, when some one came up and stooped over him.

"Never mind me," he groaned—Robert really had some grit in him—"get under cover yourself."

"Robert!" exclaimed a well-known voice. "So it's you!"

"I'm done for Bob! Good-bye!"

"Not a fear of ye, old man; you're worth ten deadens this minute! Here, let's have a look," and Bob, as coolly as if he had been in the operating room at home, began to examine the wound.

"You'll only get potted, too; those brutes can see anything, except the Red Cross—and they can always hit that, too!"

"Let them shoot away, and be hanged to them," said Bob. "Here, that's all I can do for you now. I'll drag you round further a bit, if you can stand it. You'll be safe enough here till I can get a stretcher out for you, when the firing's over. I must go on to the next chap—he doesn't hear me, poor Robert; hang it all, he's fainted—it's the heat."

But the blessed unconsciousness only lasted till the removal over the rough hill-side began, and then there was fever. Robert's was one of the tedious cases, whereby the patience of doctors and nurses are sorely tried. They like to get through quickly—kill or cure—and naturally, with such an unending stream of suffering to be handled.

At last Robert fought his way back to conscious life. His memory was a blank; he was sorely puzzled to find himself in one of a number of narrow beds in a huge, cool building, that not only looked like a church, but was a church, commandeered for hospital purposes.

Everything was very still, and neat, and clean—the scent of flowers was in the air.

A nurse heard him stir, and came over at once.

"Well," she said, with her professional brisk kindliness, "you're better now? You know me to-day, don't you?"

"I suppose so," said Robert, faintly—"but I don't know how I came here!"

"Ah, it was just like so many others, only worse, for the fire, while they were attending to the wounded on the field, was simply awful! They're all talking about the young fellow who worked at your corner, and say-

ing he ought to get the V.C. When you were being lifted into the cart, they found he had shaded your face with his own tunic, and gone off without even the Red Cross on his sleeve—not that it makes much difference! Bob Mac they call him, and they say he is as kind and gentle as little Bobs, and as daring as Mac. He got wounded himself—came near losing an arm—but he's nearly all right again. He'll probably be sent home in charge of the next invalid ship, and very likely you will go then, too."

So it came about that, when next the Bob's met, they were on sea, and again there was little in common between them.

Bob was busy and full of energy, devising all manner of things for the comfort of his patients, while Robert could do nothing but lie still and think. There is abundant leisure for that on board ship at any time, for a passenger that is. And when, perforce, you don't stir, because you haven't strength to move—well, then, you enjoy many salutary reflections, such as are apt to come when you realise what a fleeting possession is the health you have regarded with the ungrateful indifference of life-long habit, when you can't hold a cup to your own lips without danger of letting it fall—when a suden noise makes you start and tremble—when a fancied slight makes you cry like a child, with pure misery and weakness.

Robert was in this stage on deck one day. A pillow had slipped, and he couldn't for the life of him settle it, and he thought he was being neglected, when Bob came along.

"Well, Robert, old man, how're you making it? You look a lot better already. You'll be as fit as a fiddle by the time you land. You look as if you wanted something, though. Ah, I see!" and with a strong, gentle hand, Bob made the pillow right. "Now, you'll do, eh?"

"Wait a bit," said Robert—"that is, if you've time."

"Oh, yes, I can stop for a jaw, right enough." Bob was never in a hurry.

"I've forgotten such a lot," Robert began, in a shaking voice. "I'm only beginning to remember things now—I never said anything about all you did for me."

"Never mind, that's all right," said Bob, looking as uncomfortable and awkward as the average Briton does under thanks.

"But you risked your life that day, putting your coat over me, too—you ought to have the V.C., and I——"

"It all came in the day's work," said Bob. "Don't tire yourself now thinking about it!"

"But there's something else, and I must tell you," cried Robert, almost hysterically. "Do you remember going to that tennis party, and the accident with that brute of a mule?"

"Of course I do." Of course Bob did. In a flash he saw Nettie's face, rosier than ever, just as he had seen it last, after a certain eventful conversation that had taken place between them as they walked home from the tennis party. The warm summer dusk had been full of fragrance from the hedgerows, and they had lagged behind—quite a good way behind—Auntie and Robert.

"And do you remember saying, as we were riding up the hill, that you were afraid of being shot, if you went into the army?"

"Did I say that" quoth Bob, indifferently.

"Yes, and I believed it!" said Robert.

"Well, maybe I was then, but anyway, you know better now," said Bob, simply. "At least, it's like this—you don't get time to think, when you see a lot of poor beggars wanting you!"

"But," said Robert, almost gasping out the words, "I told that! I said you were afraid! afraid of being shot! I said it to Nettie and her aunt."

Bob did give a jump then, and a flush that might have been anger, showed through the African tan on his face. But it was only for a moment; then he turned to look after an imaginary flying-fish—really to hide a smile.

"It must be the mischief to feel yourself so big," he thought, "and that everything you say is so important. But he never can see if you're pulling his leg!" And he said aloud, with unreflecting candour, "It's all right, old man, I don't suppose she believed it!" And he felt in his pocket for Nettie's last letter.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

(From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.)

AUGHER.

Augher, a market town (formerly a parliamentary borough), in the parish and barony of Clogher, county of Tyrone, and province of Ulster, 2 miles (N.E. by E.) from Clogher, and 75¼ (N.N.W.) from Dublin; containing 726 inhabitants. Of the origin and early history of this place but very little is known. In the reign of Elizabeth, Lord Deputy Mountjoy placed in it a powerful garrison to defend the pass through the valley in which it is situated, that retained possession for some time, constantly harassing the army of the Earl of Tyrone till his final surrender at Mellifont. From this place the queen's army marched when it crossed the mountains to give battle to the earl at Maheralowney, where that chieftain's principal magazine was taken, in June, 1602. At the time of the English settlement of Ulster, by virtue of a decree by James I., in 1611, Sir Thomas Ridgway, Knt., Treasurer at War for Ireland, received in 1613, a grant of 315 acres of land in the barony of Clogher, under an agreement that he should, within four years, settle on a parcel of land called Agher twenty Englishmen or Scots, chiefly artificers and tradesmen, to be incorporated as burgesses and made a body politic within the said four years; and should set apart convenient places for the site of the town, churchyard, market-place, and public school; he was likewise to assign to the burgesses houses and lands and 30 acres of commons. Sir Thomas received also, in 1611, the grant of a market and two fairs to be held here: and in 1613, the town and precincts, with the exception of a fort and bawn called Spur Royal Castle, which had been erected, were created a borough. Besides the 315 acres of land on which he was to found the borough, Sir Thomas received a grant of 2,000 acres called Portclare; and according to Pinnar's report in 1619, it appears that, besides the fort and bawn, he had built 16 houses of stone in the town, which were inhabited by English artificers who were burgesses, and had each two acres of land, and commons for their cattle. In 1630, Sir James Erskine, Knt., then proprietor of the manor, received a grant of two additional fairs. On the breaking out of the war in 1641, a garrison was stationed here by Col. Chichester and Sir Arthur Tyringham, and the castle was gallantly defended against the insurgent forces, who, in an attempt to take it by storm, were repulsed. Sir James Erskine dying without male issue, the extensive manor of Portclare, which in 1665 was confirmed in the family by Chas. II., under its present name of Favour Royal, was divided between his two daughters, who married into the families of Richardson and Moutray, and the respective portions are still in the possession of their descendants, of whom the present proprietor of Augher Castle has assumed the additional surname and arms of Bunbury. The castle was finally dismantled by order of parliament, and continued in a state of dilapidation and neglect till 1832, when it was restored. The town is situated on the river Blackwater, over which is a bridge adjoining it, and in a fertile valley between two ridges of lofty mountains clothed with verdure to the summit, of which the highest, Knockmany, is covered on its south side with thriving plantations. The charter granted in 1613 incorporated the inhabitants under the style of the "Burgomaster, Free Burgesses, and Commonalty of the Borough of Agher," with the privilege of holding a civil court of record with jurisdiction to the extent of five marks, and of returning two members to the Irish parliament, which they continued to exercise till the Union, when the £15,000 compensation money for the abolition of its franchise was awarded to James, Marquess of Abercorn.

THE NAME OF ATHLONE.

(To the Editor "Dublin Penny Journal.")

Tullamore, June 9th, 1902.

With reference to the article on Athlone in your last issue, in which the name of the town is stated to be derived from "Ath-Luain," meaning "the ford of the moon," it may be of interest to consider another derivation of the name. The tale called the Tain Bo Chuailgne relates how Queen Meadhbh, jealous that she had not among her herds a bull to match her husband's famous bull, "Finnbheannach," or "The White Horned," went to war with the men of Ulster to obtain possession of the Donn Chuailgne, or Brown Bull, owned by Dare Mac Fachtna. She carried off the Brown Bull to her own territory, but as soon as the animal found himself in a strange country, he bellowed so loudly that he attracted the attention of Finnbheannach, and there then ensued a terrible conflict between the two rivals. Donn Chuailgne was victorious, and dashed homewards to Ulster, tossing and shaking the body of his enemy as he went. Wherever a portion of the body of Finnbheannach fell the place was named after it, and Athlone, once called Ath-Mor, received its name from the animal's "luan" or loin which fell there. This is the derivation given by O'Curry. In Joyce's "Irish Names of Places," it is stated to be named after Luain-mic-Luighdheach. Perhaps some other reader could throw more light on the matter.

T. O'G.

The bids opened by Gen. Greely, Chief Signal Officer, for wireless telegraphy systems to be used by the United States Government in Alaska, have called forth tenders from six firms. Among the bids come one from Germany for the Slaby-Arco system. The other bidders were the Marconi Company of London; Foote, Pierson, and Co., New York; the American Wireless Telegraph and Telephone Company, of Philadelphia; the De Forest Wireless Telegraph Company, of New York; and Queen and Co., of Philadelphia.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE IRISH IN BUENOS AYRES AND THE RIVER PLATE.

In Sir Horace Rumbold's "The Great Silver River, London, 1887," appears the following interesting reference to our countrymen in this part of South America: "One is at once bound to give precedence to the Irish, who, besides being the most numerous, are unquestionably the most successful of all our settlers in the River Plate. In some respects indeed they are more prosperous than any other foreign bodies. There are among them men who, having originally came out with scarcely a shirt to their back, are now the owners of league upon league of well-stocked land, and rank with the largest proprietors in the country. The Irish were the first to take seriously to sheep-farming out here; and they have so successfully developed that branch of rural industry, that it is claimed that their flocks produce one half of the wool which is exported from this province. Yet barely forty years ago the sheep was looked upon as relatively worthless, and to Irishmen is mainly due the credit of having reclaimed that valuable animal from the contempt and degradation into which it had fallen. There is little doubt that the Irish owe their fortunate beginnings in a great measure to the good influence and judicious direction of their clergy. Submissive as they always have been to the voice of their pastors, they were positively blessed in some of the priests who just came out with them. One of them, Father Fahy, seems to have wielded much the same kind of authority over them one reads of in the story of the missionaries who accompanied the first French settlers in Canada, or of the Jesuit Fathers, who, much about the same time, began to work such wonders among the Guaranis of Paraguay and the adjacent regions. Father Fahy appears not only to have been the trusted adviser of many of his countrymen, but to have constantly acted as their banker and agent, and, owing to his shrewd counsel, their investments became from the outset so profitable that prosperity seems never to have deserted them since. They own almost entire districts in the north and centre of the province of Buenos Ayres, where they have endowed chaplaincies, and founded schools of their own with libraries attached to them.—Evoc.

IRISH AND CARTHAGINIAN.

When Professor Kuno Meyer, in one of his recent lectures in Dublin, spoke of a philologist working to discover in the Irish language traces of African dialects," he had hardly in view the following lines taken from the "Rambles of Latoinayne, a French Emigre in Ireland," Cork, page 132. "General Vallancey has explained the speech of the Carthaginian general in Plantus, and thus proved that these Republicans spoke a language very similar to the Irish. The colony which they call Shiloes at Tunis are supposed to be descended from the Carthaginians, who escaped after the destruction of their empire, and fled to the mountains, distant from the sea coast. Some years ago a Tunis merchant, who knew the language of the Shiloes, came to Dublin about some commercial matters; the deceased Mr Burton Conyngham (uncle of Earl Conyngham), who wished to be sure of the analogy between both languages, invited General Vallancey to breakfast, and introduced him to the Tunisian, without previously informing him he was to be there; to his great surprise they soon entered into conversation with each other, and seemed to be at no loss to comprehend what was said. This merchant had an old woman with him, who was a Shiloe. She conversed without the least difficulty with the Irish, and made herself understood, though her accent and expressions were different.—S. N.

A VIOLET.

(From the German.)

God does not send us strange flowers every year.
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces—
The violet is here.

It all comes back—the odor, grace, and hue—
Each sweet relation of its life repeated;
No blank is left, no looking for is cheated;
It is the thing we knew.

So after the death-winter it must be;
God will not put strange signs in heavenly places;
The old love shall look out from the old faces—
Veilchen! I shall have thee!

RICHARD MONTGOMERY

THE CAREER OF A BRILLIANT IRISH SOLDIER.

By EBLANA.

Richard Montgomery was born in Raphoe, county Donegal, on the 2nd of December, 1736. His father, Thomas Montgomery, sat in College Green as member of the Irish Parliament for Lifford, a constituency of his native county; while Richard's brother, called Black Montgomery, afterwards represented that county.

Richard was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and at the age of eighteen entered the British army as an ensign in the 17th Infantry, which regiment, three years later, was ordered to Nova Scotia in order to assist in reducing the colonists to submission, and acquiring new territory for the English Government.

His conduct at the siege of Louisburg won the approval of Wolfe, who, with Jeffry Amherst, was about to join the fleet under Boscawen, and in which Howe and Isaac Barre also signalised themselves. This fleet consisted of 22 ships of the line and 15 frigates; the army was 10,000 strong.

The Canadians were cut off from regular intercourse with France, to which country they were united; the policy of the elder Pitt, the British Minister, being to starve them into surrender. So great was the misery that Montcalm, the French commander said: "I shudder when I think of provisions. The famine is very great. For all our success, New France needs peace, or sooner or later it must fall; such are the numbers of the English, such the difficulty of our receiving supplies."

And now after successive failures of the British to capture Canada, the experiment was repeated. For six days a high wind in Chapeau Rouge Bay delayed the arrival of the English forces, and gave the French time to strengthen their lines. But James Wolfe and Richard Montgomery braved the stormy sea, which broke several boats and upset others, and under the fire from the French garrison succeeded at the head of their men in forcing the rampart on landing, taking the batteries, driving the garrison before them, and finally investing Louisburg.

"At that landing," says Bancroft, the historian, "none was more gallant than Richard Montgomery, just one and twenty, Irish by birth, an humble officer in Wolfe's brigade, but also a servant of humanity, enlisted in its corps of immortals. The sagacity of his commander honoured him with well-deserved praise and promotion to a Lieutenancy."

It was on the same occasion that that other Irishman, Isaac Barre, also secured the approbation of Amherst and Wolfe.

Louisburg being reduced to a heap of ruins, the Chevalier de Drucour capitulated, and the garrison became prisoners of war, and were sent to England, where great rejoicings prevailed at the news of the victory. And thus was transferred from France to England the possession of Louisburg, with Cape Breton and Prince Edward's Island.

When Amherst landed with an army in Boston in September, Lieutenant Montgomery was in command of one of the regiments.

Early in the following year the conquest of Canada or New France was determined on by England and America, and the defenders of it had little hope of being able to retain possession. Of its population of 82,000, only 7,000 could serve in the army, the Frenc battalions being only 3,200, while the Englis were nearly 50,000 armed men. The continu attempts of the English to seize upon it re dered the country incapable of yielding to i population its natural resources, and it w cut off from French succour or aid.

The English were successful on Lake O tario, and later on the French abandon Ticonderoga and Crown Point.

But Amherst failed to rout Montcalm fro Quebec until after a severe struggle, whi Montcalm did not live through, and the su render was made by his successor, De Ra say.

In connection with these events the Fren Minister said these prophetic words:

"The cession of Canada will lead to the i dependence of North America."

Richard Montgomery took part in t expedition against Lake Champlain, and l came Adjutant of his regiment in 1760, marc ing on Montreal under Haviland, and becam Captain in 1762. He also fought at M tinique and Havanna, in the West Indies, a then returned to New York.

He, in 1763, returned home to Irela spent much of his time in England, and b came intimate with several prominent me bers of Parliament, including Isaac Bar who had also returned, Edmund Burke, a Charles James Fox. But failing to impr the English Government sufficiently with claims for promotion, he resigned his co mission, and returned to America in 17 purchased a farm at King's Bridge, now thickly populated part of New York, and s after renewed his acquaintance with, and m ried the daughter of Judge Robert Livi ston, and thence for the most part lived his wife's residence of Grassmere, n Rhinebeck. They also purchased a handso estate on the banks of the Hudson, a another at Barrytown, and commenced erection of a beautiful house, where he ho they should spend together the remainder their lives in quiet seclusion.

But it was not to be.

Though a sanguine temperament, his ex rience of life, and the manner in which he been over-reached by the English Governm in his just claim for promotion to a major and many other minor trials, had tinged spirit with sadness, and he was wont to s "My happiness is not lasting; but yet, let enjoy it as long as we may, and leave rest to God."

"And," as Bancroft says, "they did en life; blest with parents, brothers, sisters, friends, their circle was always enlivened intelligent conversation and the undistur flow of affection."

In May, 1775, he was sent as a delegate the First Provincial Congress in New Y and in the following June was made Brigad General of the American Army, second place, and the only one not native of N England.

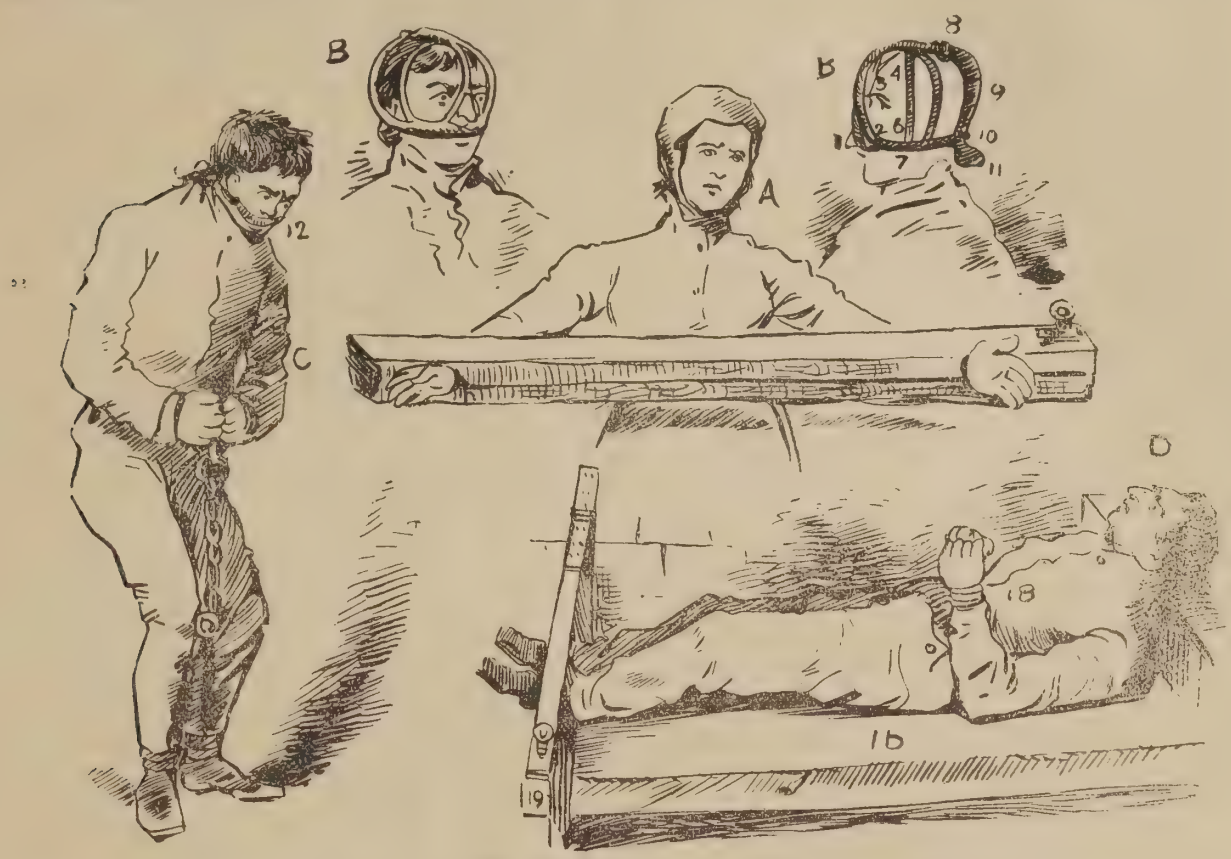
He was then selected to serve with Gen Schuyler against Canada in order to rec it for the now revolutionary colonists, had already made much progress towards i pendence.

But Schuyler, becoming suddenly ill, entire command devolved upon Montgom

IRISH PRISON DISCIPLINE IN 1827.

STRANGE PHYSICAL RESTRAINTS IMPOSED ON REFRACTORY CRIMINALS.

An official enquiry held in Dublin in 1827 at the request of the Most Rev. Dr. Murray and the Council of the Catholic Association revealed the fact that the instruments of torture shown below were in constant use in the Richmond Prison for the purpose of punishing or controlling prisoners. Our engraving is a reproduction of one contained in the official report of the proceedings at the inquiry.



KEY TO THE ABOVE PICTURE.

A A Woman in wooden Handcuffs cased with Iron. **B B** Front and Side View of a Convict muzzled with an Iron Helmet:—viz.—1. Aperture for the nose. 2. a flat broad piece of Iron, the surface rough and pointed as a rasp, which enters the mouth and prevents utterance. 3.4.5.6. and 7. The Iron Frame which forms the Front part of the Helmet. 8. A hinge. 9. back part of frame connected with the front by the hinge. 10. a Staple joined to 6. on which the different straps fasten. 11. a Padlock to secure all. **C** Duffy the Convict in the state described in Mr. Neary's evidence. 12. Iron Latch in the mouth. 13. Handcuffs. 14. Bolts. 15. Chain connecting Handcuffs and Bolts, and from its shortness contracting the back. **D** A Convict in Stocks. 16. A wooden Bedstead. 17. A wooden resting place for the head. 18. Handcuffs. 19. The Stocks.

of whom it was said that "though perhaps inferior to Charles Lee in quickness of mind, was much superior both to him and Gates in all the great qualities which adorn the soldier."

In the brilliant campaign against St. John's fortress, which he speedily reduced notwithstanding the sufferings, wants, and mutiny of his soldiers, he likewise captured the first colours taken in the Revolutionary War, those of the 7th Fusiliers, and followed up this success by the taking of Chambley and Montreal.

Ordered to Canada by Washington, he was accompanied as far as Saratoga by his beloved wife, whom he reassured by his good humour and cheerful disposition, his last words to her being:

"You will never have cause to blush for your Montgomery."

On the 12th of November Montgomery took possession of Montreal, requested the Canadians to choose "faithful representatives to sit on the Continental Congress, and make a part of that union."

He declared that "the thirteen colonies could never be securely enjoyed so long as arbitrary government should remain established in Canada, and that no reconciliation could take place till the liberties of all should be secured on the same basis." He said he thought this plan had "the merit of being liberal, and of coming from an honest heart, void of any ambition but that of serving the public."

But amidst all this glory and success he longed to be at Catskills with his beloved wife on his farm and amidst his books.

"I am weary of power," he said to Schuyler; "I must go home this winter if I walk by the side of the lake."

About the same time he wrote to his brother-in-law:

"I have courted fortune and found her kind; I have one more favour to solicit, and then I have done."

At this time he was described as "tall, of fine military presence, of graceful address, with a bright, magnetic face, winning manners, and the bearing of a prince."

And here he parted with his wife, having lived with her only two brief years of happiness, and from which and other places during the winter campaign, he often corresponded with her. In one of the letters he wrote:

"I long to see you in your new home"—that is the mansion he had commenced at Barrytown, and called "Montgomery Place," which was finished in the following spring, and which he was destined never to see.

But he was not without presentiment of his fate, for on first receiving his appointment he, with reluctance, bid adieu to his quiet scheme of life, perhaps for ever; but the will of an oppressed people, compelled to choose between liberty and slavery, must be obeyed.

And now when Mrs. Montgomery was parted from "her soldier," as she was wont lovingly to call him, that hero himself was soon summoned to take command of the expedition against Quebec. He even wrote to Congress:

"'Till Quebec is taken Canada is unconquered."

His small army of less than 300 men was joined by that of Benedict Arnold with 600 men early in December, 1775, when for past services Montgomery was made Major-General. Winter was coming on, smallpox was raging, and the term of enlistment was nearly expiring. He called a council of war, and decided to take the city by assault. He must act now or give up all hope of crowning his career by this engagement; and ordering his troops to assemble at 2 o'clock in the morning of the 31st of December, he pre-

pared for emergencies by having placed on the cap of each man the words "Liberty or Death" on white paper, so that they should be able to recognise each other.

The English General, Gage, wrote home, that "if the King would insist on reducing New England, a very respectable force should take the field"; and the commission to Carleton, as Governor of the Province of Quebec, under the Act of Parliament, conveyed full authority to levy, arm, and employ, not the Canadians only, but "all persons whatsoever," including the Indian tribes from the coast of Labrador to the Ohio, and to march them against the rebels "into any one of the plantations of America."

The President of Columbia College, too, an Englishman published to the world that, in case submission to Parliament should be withheld, civil war would follow, and the Indians would be let loose upon the back settlements to scalp the inhabitants along the border. These Indians were cannibals, and savage and unscrupulous to a degree. But Edmund Burke and Lord Chatham protested loudly against their employment.

Carleton urgently appealed to the Catholic Bishop, who was a stipendiary of the English King, for aid against the Americans, and that prelate caused a pastoral to be read in all the churches in support of the English connection.

But the Canadians refused to fight as directed, all their sympathies being with the Revolutionists. The Bishop's action was due to the passing of the Quebec Act of the previous year which, "besides including in the province all the extent of country from the Ohio to the Mississippi, and all the adjoining territories, also gave a full measure of religious liberty and toleration."

All being now ready for the attack, Montgomery's plan was to alarm the garrison at once; Colonel Livingston, with less than 200 Canadians, was to appear before St. John's Gate on the south-west; a company of Americans, under Browne, at Cape Diamond, where at the proper time they were to fire rockets as the signal for beginning the real attack on the lower town under Arnold, from the west and north, under Montgomery from the south and east.

In a fierce and heavy snowstorm, Montgomery led his men from Wolfe's Cove up slant rocks covered with two feet of snow, and then down a sliding incline of 15 or 20 feet against the cutting wind and hail. The difficulties in his way, of which he wrote, were not without effect on the occasion:

"The New Englanders are the worst stuff imaginable for soldiers. They are home-sick. Their regiments are melted away, and yet not a man dead of any distemper. There is such an equality among them that their officers have no authority, and there are very few among them in whose spirit I have confidence. The privates are all generals but not soldiers, and so jealous that it is impossible, though a man risk his person, to escape the imputation of treachery."

But surmounting these obstacles as best he could, he prepared for the assault.

Montgomery and Cheeseman were the first to enter the barrier between the rock and the pickets; but sending a messenger back to hurry up the troops, our hero observed his surroundings, and found the path extremely narrow, the overhanging cliff on one side, the river on the other, and at the end a fortified blockhouse defended in front by a stockade. It was held by 30 Canadians and 8 British militiamen under Coffin, and 9 seamen under Barnsfare as cannoniers.

Montgomery waited until 60 men joined him, when they carried the first barrier, he exclaiming:

"Men of New York, you will not fear to follow where your general leads; push on, brave boys, Quebec is ours!"

But, alas! as he pushed forward about 50 yards from the mouths of the cannon, which were loaded with grapeshot, and now discharged, Montgomery and his two aides, MacPherson and Cheeseman, with ten others, fell dead. It was the first and only discharge, and his soldiers, discouraged by his death, retreated under Campbell, leaving Carlton at liberty to concentrate his attention on the forces under Arnold, who led the forlorn hope, consisting of twice as many men as the fallen commander had led, soon captured 400 Americans, and drove the remainder from the city.

He was assisted most gallantly by William Maxwell, of New Jersey, and other Irishmen, but the number of New Englanders in his army is avowedly responsible for his failure.

Washington writes:

"The account given of the behaviour of the men under General Montgomery is exactly consonant to the opinion I have formed of these people. . . . Place them behind a parapet, a breastwork, stone wall, or anything that will afford them shelter, they will give a good account of the enemy; but I am as well convinced, as if I had seen it, that they will not march boldly up to a rock, nor stand exposed in a plain."

Washington ascribed the failure and death of Montgomery to the system of short enlistments; he adds:

"For had he not been apprehensive of the troops leaving him at so important a crisis, but continued the blockade of Quebec, a capitulation, from the best accounts I have been able to collect, must inevitably have followed."

Montgomery was discovered pierced by three wounds where he fell, high over the rocks of Cape Diamond, and where has been placed the inscription:

"Here Major-General Montgomery fell, December 31st, 1775."

Quick as lightning passed the words from lips to lips: "Montgomery is dead!"

The French-Canadians, not understanding English, were at a loss to know what the last two words meant. But they recognised the name, "Montgomery," and gathered from the tones of grief and awe of some, and the joyful triumph of others, the import of the dire intelligence.

The Canadians, who were in sympathy with the Revolution, deeply lamented his untimely death, while the loyalists, on the other hand, even to the very nuns in their cloisters, made no secret of their satisfaction, so well had the Quebec Act worked.

And here may be mentioned a disgraceful episode, lately brought to light by one of the nuns of St. Vallere, in a history of her convent, a building which overlooks this historic place, and of which her predecessors of the time had been the witnesses. It appears that Montgomery's body was laid in a shed, or small wooden house, where it was first discovered by his enemies, and to the eternal disgrace of the English name, they severed the head from the body, and placing the former on a pike, carried it through the district with as much ignominy as they could, amidst the jeers and the intense joy of their party, and to the sorrow and indignation of the brave man's friends and fellow-revolutionists.

Bancroft says of Richard Montgomery:

"At his death he was in the first month of his 40th year. He was tall and slender, well-limbed, of a graceful address, and of a strong and active frame. He could endure fatigue and all changes and severities of climate. His judgment was cool, though he kindled in action, imparting confidence and sympathetic courage. Never himself negligent of duty, never avoiding danger, discriminating and energetic, he had the power of conducting freemen by their voluntary love and esteem. An experienced soldier, he was also well versed in letters, particularly in natural sciences. In private life he was a good husband, brother and son, an amiable and faithful friend. The rectitude of his heart shone forth in his actions, which were habitually and unaffectedly directed by a nice moral sense. He overcame difficulties which others shunned to encounter. Foes and friends paid tribute to his worth. The Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and Council of Quebec, and all the principal officers of the garrison, buried him and his aide-de-camp with the honours of war."

At the news of his death the whole city of Philadelphia was in tears; every person seemed to have lost his nearest relative or heart-friend. Congress proclaimed for him their grateful remembrance, profound respect, and high veneration; and desiring to transmit to future ages a truly worthy example of patriotism, conduct, boldness of enterprise, insuperable perseverance, and contempt of danger and death, they reared a marble monument to the glory of Major-General Richard Montgomery.

The lovers of liberty in the British Parliament also paid tribute to his memory. His fellow-countryman, Isaac Barre, who had been his comrade in the war, wept as he recalled their friendship, and pointed out his superior merits; while another fellow-countryman, Edmund Burke, contrasted the condition of the 8,000 men, starved, disgraced, and shut up within the single town of Boston, with the movements of the hero, who in one campaign had conquered two-thirds of Canada."

To which Lord North responded:

"I cannot join in lamenting the death of Montgomery as a public loss. He was brave, he was able, he was humane, he was generous; but still he was only a brave, able, humane, and generous rebel. Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country!"

"The term 'rebel'" retorted Charles James Fox, "is no certain mark of disgrace. All the great assertors of liberty, the saviours of their country, the benefactors of mankind in all ages have been called 'rebels.' We owe the Constitution, which enables us to sit in this House, to a rebellion."

In 1788 Mrs. Montgomery visited Ireland with letters of introduction from Washington. She met with a reception which indicated the esteem in which her husband's name and memory were held, and the strength of Irish attachment to the principles of American liberty for which he had died.

In 1818, by an "Act of Honour," says Armstrong, passed by the New York Legislature in behalf of Mrs. Montgomery, Sir John Sherbrooke, Governor-General of Canada, was requested to allow her husband's remains to be disinterred and conveyed to New York, which, being granted, De Witt Clinton, Governor of the State, appointed her nephew, Lewis Livingston, to take charge of the body. As the funeral cortege moved down the Hudson, nearing the home he had left in the prime of life, 43 years previously, to fight for his adopted country, Mrs. Montgomery took her place on the broad veranda of the mansion, and requested that she might be left alone as the body passed by. She was found unconscious stretched upon the floor, where she had fallen, overcome with emotion.

She died ten years later, and fifty-three years after his death.

In commemoration of his engagement at Lake Champlain, Fort Montgomery, which commands that lake, was named after him, besides other places.

Congress voted money for a monument to his memory, which was ordered in France by Benjamin Franklin, and erected in St Paul's Church, New York; while the small wooden house, in which his remains had been laid on his fall, is still shown in Quebec.

Thomas D'Arcy M'Ghee has written:—

Comrades, awhile suspend your glee,
And fill your glasses solemnly,
Here's Wolfe, Montcalm, Montgomery!
May honour most one hero's name,
Who looks on Abram's storied plain;
But we conjure to-night the three—
I give the brave man's memory

KITE AND AIRSHIP.

(From the "Dublin Penny Journal," 1832.)

The kite is the prototype from which the flying machine will be developed. The modern idea is but the evolution of this toy, substituting a motor and propeller for the strings. The problem is threefold.

First—To get a surface strong enough to support, say, one pound per square foot.

Second—To get a surface which is stable.

Third—To get a surface which will offer so little resistance to forward motion that but little power is needed to drive it.

The first problem seems to be satisfactorily answered by the Blue Hill box kite construction. This kite, built in the form of a truss, is capable of standing a pressure of five pounds per square foot, and hardly any flying machine would be required to stand such a pressure. Kites are held to the ground, and thus feel a pressure equal to that of the actual velocity of the wind, but when a flying machine leaves the ground and loses its first inertia, there exists for it but one wind, and that is the wind of its own making. To illustrate: The resistance to the movement of a steamer is dependent upon its speed relative to the water in which it floats, and is independent of whether it floats in a strong current or calm water. To fly in wind which is moving over the earth at the rate of 100 miles an hour involves no more pressure on the machine than if it was calm, and therefore the supporting surfaces need only be made strong enough to stand the pressure necessary to support the weight at the given ration of surface to weight, which in this case is one pound to one square foot. Since then these kites above spoken of can stand a pressure of five pounds per square foot, I claim their factor of safety is sufficiently large to prevent their collapse under any air strain to which a flying machine would be subject.

The question now is, what is the future for flying machines?

There is no question in my mind that, like like the balloon, they will never compete with modern method of transporting passengers or freight. In comparison with a navigable balloon they will be very cheap both to build and to run, and very compact, and therefore will be used for individual transportation, perhaps, as the automobile is. They will, I think, perform over long distances, and to otherwise inaccessible points, the same work that the motor bicycle will do on the roads. The stability of a flying machine will be so delicate that, like the bicycle, it will always depend, more or less, upon the skill of its rider to keep it upright, which eliminates it as a passenger-carrying machine, and also limits its size. Nevertheless its importance to the human race will be tremendous.

The art of making malleable glass, which is said to have been well understood by the Egyptians, but which has been for centuries lost, has been rediscovered by Louis Kauffeld, of Richmond, Ind., so the daily Press says. Mr. Kauffeld is a lamp chimney maker, and has for years tried to devise a chimney that would withstand excessive heat. The new process, it is stated, renders possible the making of cooking vessels out of glass.

IRISH SUPERSTITIONS.

By M. J. B.

The great antiquary and historian—O'Donovan—has remarked—"Nothing is clearer than that Patrick engrafted Christianity on the Pagan superstitions with such skill that he won the people over to the Christian religion before they understood the exact difference between the two systems of belief, and much of this half-Pagan, half-Christian religion will be found, not only in the Irish stories of the Middle Ages, but in the superstitions of the peasantry of the present day."—Annals, Four Masters, 131n.

The following extract from a newspaper recalls the old Pagan festival of Belltaine, as well as the belief in the fairies:—

MODERN WITCHCRAFT AT BALLYPOREEN.

PRACTITIONER SENTENCED TO THREE MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT.

An instance of the superstitious associations and belief in witchcraft which still linger in some parts of Ireland was afforded at Clogheen Petty Sessions on Friday, 2nd May, 1902, when a cattle drover named William Murphy, from near Cahir, was brought forward in custody on the charge of having unlawfully entered the lands and premises of John Russel, of Coolapoorawn, Ballyporeen, for the purpose of performing an act of witchcraft on the latter's cattle.

According to old traditions, May morning was the one morning in the year on which sorceries of that kind could be successfully practised, and the "Black Art" flourishes to a considerable extent at the southern side of the Galtees down to the present day. Most of those who believe in the charms generally remain up the night previous to protect their cattle and property from what they fancy to be these baleful influences. So it was with Russell, who remained in the cowshed watching his cattle till three o'clock in the morning. Just before sunset he heard a soft step outside, and immediately afterwards he observed through the dim light a man with a flowing beard enter stealthily with a tin vessel in his hand, and proceed to milk one of the cattle, with the obvious purpose of bewitching them. He was just beginning his mysterious ceremonies, when Mr. Russell sprang upon and felled him to the ground. A short struggle ensued, in which Murphy appealed for mercy. Mr. Russel pinioned him and brought him to the police barracks at Ballyporeen, where Sergeant Price took him into custody. He was subsequently brought to Clogheen, where a Petty Sessions Court was being held that day.

The evidence having been given,

The prisoner threw himself on the mercy of the court, and pleaded for mercy.

The magistrates, after a short consultation, sentenced him to three months' hard labour. He was conveyed to Clonmel prison in the evening by car by Sergeant Price.

The incident has created considerable sensation. It is said that the prisoner is an old practitioner at the "Black Art," and that he has paid his attentions to numerous farmers in the locality.

Another superstition came under my notice the other day. There is an ailment called "thrush," to which infants particularly are liable, and the general belief round here is that the fasting breath of a posthumous child is a cure for this disease. The posthumous child breathes three times on three consecutive mornings into the mouth of the patient, and in the name of the Trinity. I confess I was rather shocked myself at the association of the Sacred Names in a charm of this kind, but I found devout and religious persons thoroughly satisfied of the genuineness and innocence of the charm. It might well be that St. Patrick, instead of trying to stamp out such superstitions, endeavoured to divert the thought from its action, and give the mind a different current, and so allowed the act, while associating it with the Trinity, which, judging from the Patrician documents now remaining, was the article of faith he laid most stress upon.

In O'Curry's "Lectures on the MSS. Materials for Irish History," he relates the old tale of Conall Dearg Ua Carra making a three days' fast to the Devil, to favour him with a heir (p. 280), and the orthodox herb gatherer, I believe, always picks the weed fasting.

In parts of the county Limerick round Adare there is a curious notion that the last person buried in a churchyard is doomed to draw water to the souls in Purgatory, and when two funerals approach at some turn there is a very unseemly rush, each party being anxious to save their own departed from this drudgery!

Some years ago I was present at a friend's funeral to the Old Abbey at Ballylongford, Co. Kerry. After the coffin was put into the vault an old retainer of the family entered the vault and declined to leave until the screws were taken out of the lid of the coffin. I then learned that it is the custom in Kerry to raise the nails with which lids of coffins are usually fastened down, so as to give the poor corpse liberty!

I have met educated gentlemen, of intelligence and sound sense in ordinary affairs of life, who yet firmly believed in the "evil-eye" and the power of "over-looking." The modern discoveries of hypnotism, etc., are regarded by these gentlemen as simply telling them what they knew before from the peasant's tale.

When practising in Kerry I was professionally consulted by a young man as to what steps he could take to prevent his mother-in-law bewitching his wife and cattle. I had to confess our laws, as at present framed, could give him no redress, but I suggested his forbidding the woman to come near his house, and that he could enforce this injunction. She had, however, meantime "drawn" her daughter to her, and the young man left in disgust and horror at the idea of my suggesting he should go and fetch his wife home. He was afraid of getting bewitched himself.

Mr. Worman, United States Consul, reports from Munich that, according to the newspapers, a Hamburg chemist has discovered a fluid which, when added to ordinary water, produces a liquid that cannot be distinguished from petroleum. It can be used for lighting as well as for heating purposes. When burned in a lamp with an ordinary wick it gives an extraordinary white light of double the strength of a petroleum flame. The fluid is not explosive. Experts are, however, doubtful as to the exceptional efficiency of the new fluid.

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS:

Compiled from Authentick Memoirs, Offices of Record, Manufcript Collections, and other Unexceptionable Vouchers,

By THE LATE WALTER HARRIS, ESQ.

IX.—(Continued.)

A.D. 1014 (War. Antiq.) About the beginning of this year, or the end of the last, Brian Boro made a league with many of the petty princes of Ireland, and they agreed to unite their forces, and expel Sitric and all the Ostmen of Dublin out of the kingdom as public enemies. On the other hand, Sitric, having received intelligence of this union, was not negligent in providing for his own security. Having, therefore, made peace (as is before observed) with Melmurry Mac-Murrough, king of Leinster, he solicited and obtained aids both from him and from the Danes and Norwegians, who inhabited the isle of Man, and the Hebrides or western islands of Scotland, called by the Irish Inche-Gall. Great preparations being thus made on both sides, they met at length on the 23rd of April this year at Clontarf, near Dublin, where after a lang and obstinate engagement king Brien obtained the victory (as most writers say), though he instantly died of the wounds he received in the action. Others, on the contrary, hold, that though the Danish army began to give ground, yet that on the death of king Brien, they rallied, and defeated the confederate army of the Irish with great slaughter. The authors of this latter opinion add, that the rashness of Brien gave great advantage to the Danes. For his ambition was so great, that he would not wait for the auxiliaries, which were expected to join him in three days under his son, Donat, lest he should seem to sully the glory of his former great achievements, and therefore he was easily persuaded to engage the enemy with such forces as he had then about him, which proved fatal to his country and himself. This circumstance also contributed (Keat., 2d part, p. 94. Dub. edit.) not a little to his overthrow, Melaghlin, king of Meath, who had been king of Ireland, and for his indolence and inactivity obliged to abdicate in favour of Brien, smothered a strong resentment in his mind; and though he marched with the forces of his country to Clontarf, yet on the day of battle he drew off, and was only a spectator of the action at a distance. With Brien fell his son Murrough, and Tirlagh, the son of Murrough, a great number of the nobility of the provinces of Munster and Connaught, and 7,000 (some say 11,000) common soldiers. Many, also, of the Ostmen and provincial troops of Leinster were slain, and among them Dubgall the son of Aulaffe, Bruodar, admiral of the Danish fleet (who slew king Brien), Melmurry, king of Leinster, and many others. Some writers affirm that the bodies of Brien and his son Murrough, of Donat O'Kelly, Doulan O'Hartegan, and Gille Barmedi, were buried by the Irish at Kilmainham, a village about a mile from Dublin, near an ancient stone cross; while others hold that the bodies of Brien and Murrough were conveyed from the field of battle to Swords (six miles from Dublin), and from thence attended to Armagh by the archbishop and clergy in procession, where they were deposited in the cathedral there, to which Brien had been a benefactor. After the battle, Sitric retired to Dublin with the remains of the Ostmen, and Melaghlin was rewarded for his treachery by being a second time advanced to the throne of Ireland.

A.D. 1018 (Keat. part 2 p. 98. Dub. Edit.) The Danes of Dublin were quiet for four years after this bloody battle; but at length they began to recover their spirits, and marched into Meath under the conduct of their king Sitric, who wasted and plundered Kells; from whence they took many prisoners, and slew great numbers, who had taken shelter in the church there. But their good fortune forsook them before the end of the year, when they were defeated (War. Antiq.) by king Melaghlin in a battle fought at Fodvay.

A.D. 1019. Bryen Mac-Melmurry, king of Leinster, fell under the jealousy of the Danes, and Sitric, king of Dublin, put out his eyes (Ibid), which (according to a custom long established among the Irish) rendered him incapable of government; so that he was deposed, and Ugar succeeded him.

A.D. 1022 (War. Antiq.) Ugair Mac-Dunluing, king of Leinster, routed Sitric, king of Dublin, in a battle fought at Delgine, and slew a great number of his forces.

A.D. 1029 (Ibid). Sitric, king of the Ostmen of Dublin, undertook a religious pilgrimage to Rome, and died on his journey. He was succeeded by his son Aulaffe Mac-Sitric, who the year following was taken prisoner by Matthew or Mathgaun O'Riagan, and obliged to pay for his ransom 200 cows, 80 British horses, 3 ounces of gold, and a certain sword called Charles's sword: perhaps the sword of Charles Knute, son to the king of Denmark, who fell valiantly fighting in the plains of Clontarf.

A.D. 1035 (Ibid). Aulaffe Mac-Sitric, king of Dublin, was slain in England on a journey he was making to Rome, and was succeeded by his son Sitric Mac-Aulaffe, who the year following slew Reginald O'Hivar, prince of the Danes of Waterford, in the streets of Dublin.

A.D. 1042 (War. Antiq.) This year, or as some say, in the year 1041, Sitric Mac-Aulaffe, king of the Ostmen of Dublin, died. This Sitric, as it is thought, is the same person whom the black-book of Christ-church calls Sitric the son of Ableb, and who, together with Donat, bishop of Dublin, about the year 1038, founded that church in the heart of the city, of which we shall give an account hereafter.

He was succeeded by his son Aulaffe Mac-Sitric, erroneously called Alphred, king of Divelin, by Caradocus of Lhancarvan. About this time, or a year earlier (Caradocus of Lhancarvan), Conan ap Jago, who had married Ranulpha, Aulaffe's daughter, fled to Ireland, to avoid the cruelties of Griffin ap Lewellin, who had usurped Venedotia or North Wales, which of right was Conan's inheritance. Conan, by the assistance of his father-in-law, raised a considerable body of forces in Dublin, and sailed over with them into Wales to assert his claim. With these he took Griffin prisoner by stratagem. But the Welsh, hearing of it, assembled in great numbers, rescued Griffin, and drove Conan to his ships with considerable slaughter.

A.D. 1050 (1). Conan ap Jago made another attempt this year for the recovery of Venedotia; but with as bad fortune as before. For the greatest part of his fleet was wrecked by tempest, and he himself cast upon the Irish shore; and from thenceforth he continued with his father-in-law, Aulaffe, in Dublin.

A.D. 1066 (2). Godred-Crovan, king of Man, is said to have subdued Dublin this year, and a great part of Leinster, and to have made himself king of the parts he had brought under his power. Lanfrank, archbishop of Canterbury, in an epistle (3) to this Godred, styles him king of Ireland, but in a mistake; and at the same time he gives Tirdolvac (who really was king of Ireland) the same title.

A.D. 1071 (War. Ibid). Murrough Mac-Dermod, king of Leinster, died, and was buried by the Ostmen in Dublin, to whom they were tributary. He is called king of the Galls of Leinster, as well as of that province, in some of the Irish annals (4).

A.D. 1074 (War. Antiq.) Donat, first bishop of the Ostmen of Dublin, died, and was buried in his own cathedral near the high altar. His successor, Patrick, was also an Easterling.

A.D. 1076 (Ibid). Godred Crovan, king of Dublin, as also of the islands of Man and the Hebrides, died in the island of Ila (Chron. of Man), called by Ptolemy Epidium. Upon his death, the Ostmen of Dublin elected Godfrid Meranagh for their king.

1. Ware Antiq. Carad. of Lhancarv.

2. Chron. of Man, at the end of the new edition of Camden in English.

3. Usher's Sylloge Epist. p. 6. Baron. Anales, tom 11.

4. Annals of the Priory of All Saints in Lough Ree.

A.D. 1088 (War. Ibid). The Ostmen of Dublin marched to Waterford, and took and burned it down to the ground.

A.D. 1089 (Ibid). The Ostmen of Dublin, Waterford, and Wicklow united, and with joint forces marched out, intending to plunder Cork. But they were met by the people of Oneach, and routed with considerable execution.

A.D. 1095 (War Antiq.) Mortogh O'Brien, king of Ireland, advanced to Dublin with an army, and from thence drove out king Godfrid Meranagh, who soon after died of grief or of the plague, which then ravaged all Europe, and to this, Mac-Geoghan imputes his death. We read of no other king of the Ostmen of Dublin for twenty-five years after this period; and therefore probably king Mortogh governed it, with the rest of Ireland, until his death in 1120; to which the MS. annals of Connell Mac-Geoghan give some countenance, which say, "that Mortogh was constituted king of Dublin, and of the Danes of Ireland."

A.D. 1125 (Ibid). Torfin Mac-Torcall (who was advanced to the government of the Ostmen of Dublin in the year 1120) died this year a sudden death in the flower of his youth, and was succeeded by Donald Mac-Gilleholmock.

A.D. 1134 (War. Antiq.) Cornelius, son to Mortogh, king of Meath, was slain in battle by Donald Mac-Gilleholmock and his Ostmen of Dublin. But by a sudden change of fortune Donald was slain in another battle: this same year the Dublinians were put to flight, and the subjects of Meath broke into Fingal, and wasted it with fire and sword. Donald was succeeded by Reginald Mac-Torcall.

A.D. 1142 (Carad. Lhancar. War. ib.) About this time Cadwallader, revolting from his allegiance to his brother Owen Guinoth, prince of North Wales, fled into Ireland, and agreed with the Ostmen of Dublin for two thousand marks to raise a complete army, and make war on his brother. The army was raised, and composed partly of Ostmen and partly of Irish, and sent into Wales under the command of Octer, and the sons of Torcall and Cherulph. But soon after they had landed, hearing that the brothers had made peace, they detained Cadwallader prisoner, until he gave them two thousand head of cattle for the two thousand marks stipulated to be paid them for their wages. These things being so done, Owen Guineth unexpectedly fell on the Ostmen and Irish thus loaded with spoils before they could recover their fleet, slew a great number, and returned with the booty. The remains of this shattered army got on ship-board, and returned home with shame and loss.

A.D. 1147 (War. Antiq.) Reginald Mac-Torcall, king of Dublin, being this year slain in battle by the people of Meath, Godfrid Mac-Olave, king of Man, was (according to the Manks chronicle) recognised king by the Ostmen of Dublin. But (according to the annals of Ireland) (Annals of Abbey-Boyle ad. an. 1148) Oiter or Octer is said to have succeeded Reginald; yet possibly he might have governed in subordination to the king of Man. However that may be, Octer was slain two years after by the sons of Torcall (as the said annals relate), upon which Brodar Mac-Torcall, brother to Reginald, obtained the principality of Dublin.

A.D. 1161 (War. Antiq.) Brodar Mac-Torcall, king of the Ostmen of Dublin, was slain in battle by the inhabitants of Meath, and his brother Asculph Mac-Torcall succeeded him.

A.D. 1162. The Ostmen of Dublin were over-run and spoiled by Dermod Mac-Murrough, king of Leinster, who bore a greater sway over them than any other king had done for a long time.

A.D. 1165. Henry II. king of England, being alarmed by the insurrections of the Welsh, who, under the conduct of David ap Owen, prince of North Wales, had invaded and pillaged part of that king's country, he levied an army through all his dominions of England and France, and had succours from Flanders and Bretagne, resolving to chastise that people. Among these the Ostmen of Dublin, either as auxiliaries or allies, attended king Henry with a good body of forces, and continued half a year in his service. But partly from the difficulties of the passes, and partly through want of provisions, the king was obliged to break up his camp ingloriously, and the Ostmen, half starved for want of bread, returned home.

A.D. 1167 (War. Antiq.) Roderick O'Connor, king of Ireland, invaded Leinster, put Dermod Mac-Murrough, king of that province, to flight, and obliged the Lagenians, and particularly the Ostmen of Dublin, to give him hostages. The cause of this war was not only the cruelty and oppression which king Dermod exercised over his subjects, but a rape committed by him on the wife of Tiernan O'Roirk, king of Breffiny, which in its consequences brought on the invasion of the English; of which so far as relates to Dublin in the next chapter.

(To be Continued.)

Mr. Abraham, in an article on the theory of the propagation of electric waves along wires in Annalen der Physik, distinguishes two cases in the first of which the return current is a pure conduction current, and in the second of which displacement currents also come into action. Ordinary telegraphy and telephony belong to the first category, and space telegraphy to the second. In oscillations of the Hertzian order it depends upon the distance between parellel conductors whether di-electric return currents come into play. The author discusses the relation between the conditions of propagation and the electromagnetic energy of the waves. He proves, among other theorems, that in stationary electromagnetic oscillations in a field bordered partly by perefct reflecting surfaces, while through the remainder plane homogeneous waves import and export energy, the mean magnetic energy equals the mean electrical energy. In the case of wire waves, the effective and apparent internal inductances are identical, and when the return circuit is metallic, and, therefore, the values of the apparent capacity and apparent external inductance are real, these values are identical with the values of the effective capacity and the effective external inductance derived from the field energy.

CORONATION CEREMONIES

Notwithstanding the contempt which the so-called Anglo-Saxon seems to have (through ignorance-invincible, perhaps) for the Celt and for ancient Celtic civilisation, those great moderns may yet wonder if they learn how much they are indebted even for their own records to that ancient civilisation, and how much they unconsciously possess at the present day direct from the hands of those despised ancients. But of this more anon. Coronation ceremonies now hold the field. It is quite unnecessary to say anything of the Lia Fail, now lying under the chair of the Confessor; its history in various versions is well known but it may be worth noting that after Bannockburn, when the Scottish regalia was demanded, the Lia Fail was not given up. The Londoners, we are told, knowing the old prophecy (those supposed Saxons are really more superstitious than the Celts), exclaimed, "We will fight for the stone." This stone was, it would seem, only lent to the Albanian Scottish colony by the Irish monarch, Murttough, or MacEares, the first Christian king of Ireland, in order that his kinsman, Fergus, might be inaugurated or crowned upon it in 503. This aiding of the colony (first established in Argyle—territory of the Gael—and the Isles, at the close of the second century) by the Irish monarch, after it had suffered a severe defeat from the Picts is by Tighernach placed under the date 506, and by the "Four Masters" at 498. Loarn, Arngus, and Fergus were the leaders of the force. Some authorities hold that the Lia Fail was not sent until about 850, when the Picts were finally subdued, and Kenneth Macalpine became the first king of all Scotland. The Irish monarch, Hugh Finnliath, was married to a daughter of Kenneth MacAlpine. It was this monarch who removed the royal residence to Scone, and there, when the stone was removed, the ancient records of Scotland were destroyed, about 1300, by Edward I., in order, it is said, to blot out, if possible, the nationality of the people; hence we have had various fraudulent histories, some even asserting that Alba was the mother country, and all the celebrated men termed Scots were thus claimed for Alba. It seems that this absurdity continued up to the eighteenth century. When King Aidan, of Scotland, was inaugurated, St. Columbkille performed the ceremony, and this is said to be the first mention in European annals of the anointing of kings at coronation. St. Columbkille, who was grandson of Loarn, one of the leaders in 503, left Ireland for Iona in 563, which then belonged to the Picts, and he is regarded as the apostle of both the Picts and Scots of North Britain. The Picts, it must be remembered, were half Scots, for when proceeding to Scotland they received Milesian women as wives, and then made a compact to choose a king from the female line rather than the male, in case of dispute, with the Milesians, as Venerable Bede remarks, and which continued to his own day; but, as we find that St. Columbkille was obliged to use an interpreter, when evangelizing them, one cannot conclude that the Picts were originally of the same immediate race as the Scots. Even during the course of the many centuries that intervened, the language could not, perhaps, have so much changed as to require this. In 573, when St. Columbkille came back to Ireland to attend the convention of Drumceast—the first Feis held after the abandonment of Tara—the independence of the Albanian Scottish colony was established. The saint's death is by some authorities placed under date, 592, and by others, 597. It may be considered somewhat strange to find Andamnan, the successor and biographer of St. Columbkille, obliged to censure the conduct of Donnell Bruce, King of the Albanian Scots, for combining with Picts, Britons, and Saxons, and invading, in 634, the country of his ancestors. Donnell, chief of the Northern Hy-Miall, however, disposed of the invaders at Magh Rath, or Moyra, in Down. An authority says of Andamnan's work, that it is "the most complete piece of such biography that all Europe can boast of, not only at so early a period, but through the whole Middle Ages

LITERARY NOTES.

Lord Roberts's "Rise of Wellington" is about to be issued as a sixpenny by Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marston and Co.

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There have already been some forty-eight editions of Blackmore's celebrated novel, "Lorna Doone." The publishers, Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marston and Co., have now a second sixpenny edition in hand. Some five years ago it was issued at sixpence, but the edition was exhausted in two or three weeks.

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The late Mr. E. L. Godkin had for some years past been engaged on a work of personal reminiscences. Mr. Godkin was for many years a regular correspondent with Mr. Gladstone and with several representative men in literature and politics in this country. The volume will, we understand, be ready in the autumn.

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The biographer of the late Marquis of Dufferin and Ava has not yet been chosen, but Lady Dufferin, to whose charge all the papers and correspondence have been left, will be obliged if any of Lord Dufferin's friends will send her such letters as may be useful for the Life.

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Mr. John Morley, who is now engaged in reading the final proofs of his "Life of Gladstone," has, it is said, arranged the letters of the great Liberal statesman in different sections of the biography; that is, the correspondence that has been deemed worthy of embodiment in the Life appears under the respective headings of political, ecclesiastical, theological, and literary. Mr. Morley's magnum opus will almost certainly be published in the autumn of this year.

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Matthew Arnold's first excursion in literature was "Alaric at Rome," a prize poem written in his nineteenth year, and recited at Rugby School on June 12, 1840. It was printed, on eleven pages, by Combe and Crossley, Rugby, in 1840, and until recently one copy only, that in the libary of Mr. Edmund Gosse, was known. A second, in original pink printed paper, bearing the name "H. Davies, 1840," realised £50 the other day, or equivalent to about fifteen times its weight in sovereigns.

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The signing of peace, the "Academy" remarks, has been received in comparative silence by the established poets. Mr. Francis Thompson contributed an ode to the "Daily Chronicle," and the occasional poets of the daily papers were ready with their rifles; but the Poet Laureate was dumb, and neither Mr. Kipling, Mr. Watson, nor Mr. Phillips lifted up their voices. We, ourselves, were a little surprised not to receive any poetical offerings on the subject, although since last Monday we have been offered three poems on June, and an ode of several pages on September.

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A country corrspondent tells us, we read in the same journal, that the end of the war was announced to him by a servant in the following quaint terms: "Oh, sir, the bells has been ringing all night, and the war's at peace." Many country dwellers who went to bed reasonably early on Sunday night, were awakened by unexpected bells. One of the quietest villages in Surrey was flooded with chimes at eleven o'clock at night. Indeed, it may be said that peace, in this instance, more than war, "startled the villages with strange alarms."

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We have pleasure in bringing under the notice of our readers "A History and Genealogy of the Warren Family in Normandy, Great Britain, and Ireland, France, Holland, Tuscany, United States of America," etc. (2 D 912-1902), by the Rev. Thomas Warren, F.R.S.A., of 29 Gipsy Hill, Upper Norwood, London, which has just been issued. This handsome and sumptuous volume is the result of many years' laborious research, and contains many interesting biographical and historical sketches, and will serve as an important Book of Reference on its subject. The edition is limited to 300 copies, which can only be obtained from the author. An early application is desirable, as already a large portion of the issue has been subscribed for. The price of the work is 10s. 6d. net, with 6d. extra for postage.

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Is the "series" or "library" form of publication played out? The "Publisher's Circular" discusses the question with particular regard to novels, and comes to the conclusion that, with a few exceptions, the series of copyright books in uniform bindings is doing badly. There was a time when things were far otherwise, and a good addition to a good series, or even an indifferent addition, could command a definite advance subscription. But now a novel published on its own account appears, on the whole, to stand a better chance. The fact is, we imagine, says the "Academy," that the "series" was somewhat in the nature of a bait to the public, and when the baits became too plentiful the public declined to be caught.

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A correspondent of a London contemporary writes:—As you occasionally reproduce some of the amusing cartoons of the Berlin satirical-political paper "Kladderadatsch," it may interest your readers to know what this strange word "Kladderadatsch" means, or signifies, and how it originated. "Kladderadatsch" is a refined slang word, coined by the past generation of old Berliners for expressing a surprising, dashing, untoward, sudden event; it was as such, if I am correctly informed, little known or used until about fifty years ago. When, in 1848, after the revolutions which convulsed the whole continent of Europe, a group of literary and political gentlemen in Berlin had decided to publish a new independent political-satirical paper, after the style of "Punch," they failed to agree upon a suitable name for such publication.

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Although Mr. Godkin despised what he called the tricks of journalism, he employed one honourable device, old as the "Delenda est Carthago" of the Roman orator. He placed a high value on reiteration. Discuss a matter once and your reader will forget it, was his reasoning; keep on asserting it, and you will make converts. "With this in view, he not only kept on discussing a favourite topic, but he frequently gave an order regarding some citation from a speech, editorial, or the like. 'Let this appear every day during the campaign.' Nor was this rule confined to subjects political, as his readers will remember who recall his persistent attacks on the 'brutality' of football and on the spitting abuse." Mr. Godkin was not specially industrious, though he was tenacious; he disliked research. He was not always quite fair to opponents, but this was only because he attacked ideas with implacable vigour and incidentally hurt their upholders. He influenced millions, and went unrecognised in the street.

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From time to time we hear of some melancholy connection between great literature and petty larceny. Such a case is brought to the public notice by Mrs. Lewis in the "Expository Times." Leaf 101 of the Lewis Syriac palimpsest has disappeared from the library of the Monastery of Mount Sinai. Mrs. Lewis gives a facsimile of it, and says that she missed it at Mount Sinai last February, but the monks had already discovered their loss:—

I was informed that a party of several scholars had worked for some time at that Ms. during the course of last summer; and it is safe to suppose that a fair number of passing travellers had been permitted not only to look at it, but also to handle it. My surmise is that one of these latter, wishing to make an addition to his own collection of curios, had slipped the leaf between the pages of a book, in the fond belief that it would never be missed. . . . The man who knowingly injures a fourteenth-century codex of the gospels commits an act of sacrilege.

Mrs. Lewis wishes the purloiner to return the lost leaf to her, in which case it will be replaced in the codex and no questions will be asked.

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The Paris correspondent of the "Daily News" remarks that a volume of poems, now in press, by M. Frederick Humbert, suggests the idea that he may be ranked among the victims of his wife. The author showed about a fortnight ago anxiety that his work should appear on the 15th. He promised each of the compositors a hundred francs if they got it through on that date. The first set of proofs passed through his hands, but the second lie uncorrected at the publishers'. One of them headed "Papier brule," or reflections on a burned paper, might have been written in a prophetic spirit. The paper has lost in the flame weight, whiteness, printed words—all that gave it value—and now rises towards the blue sky. If likewise the author should lose all that he has in the world, perhaps he might find compensation. Misfortune purges us of dross and renders us more fit to live according to our ideal. The meditations on the small satisfaction wealth gives are worth reading as a confession:—

Dans un hotel splendide ou l'art et la richesse
Ont melé le bien-étre et le plaisir des yeux
Il est navrant de voir, inutile largesse,
Les festins prodigués au maitre de ces lieux

Usé par des excés et l'agè, il est livide
Et ne sauriat gouter ni les mets ni le vin;
Patés, chapons dorés, c'est sa livrée avide
Qui les mange, car lui ne connait plus la faim.

Pendant ce temps, tapis sous sa porte cochère,
Grelotte un pauvre enfant en guenilles, a jeun,
Dont l'appétit de loup ferait friande chere
Du moindre de ces mets gaspillés un par un.

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Mr. Godkin was a splendid type of the powerful, but comparatively unknown, journalist, and is so portrayed by Mr. William A. Linn in the New York "Times Saturday Review." Mr. Linn served under Mr. Godkin for many years as managing editor on the New York "Evening Post," and some of the glimpses he gives us of this powerful moulder of opinion are very interesting. Mr. Godkin cared nothing about news, and he even stigmatised as "journalism" all sensations, violations of private life, and unworthy devices to make a paper sell His province was the editorial page, and here he was great—all the greater, too, because his strength flowered continually into humour. Mr. Linn writes:—

The humorous aspect of every question (if it had one) always seemed to present itself to him first. And how he delighted to hold it up and picture it and enjoy it. Many a morning during the brief council with his assistants of the editorial page which laid out the subjects for the day's discussion, he would work himself up into what may literally be called a glee over some matter that was suggested, telling an amusing anecdote that was pertinent (his stories, if few, were always of the best), and then perhaps condensing the whole discussion into one of those sparkling editorial paragraphs which no other man ever wrote so well. Possibly nothing that was ever published about him by his sneering critics afforded him so much amusement as the story that, when his editorial council met for its daily consultation, he compelled the members to begin their work by singing "God Save the Queen." He recognised in this the concentration of the "un-Americanism" which such critics attributed to him, and he enjoyed the satire as well as if it were one of his own construction. A favourite anecdote was concerning one of his acquaintances who called on him soon after the "Nation" was started, and said "I want to write for your paper. I know I can write well. The only trouble is I don't know what to write about." That contained, in his view the pith of journalistic incompetence.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

The new Edison storage battery is now on the market commercially. It has been officially announced that the plant for its manufacture at Silver Lake, N. J., has been completed, and that the company is ready to take orders.

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In the museum at the University of Arizona at Tucson, a skeleton of a very large whale found in the desert south of Yuma has been mounted. Other finds of rare value have been made in this same region. In the University Museum are the tusks and lower jaw of an elephant found in the Yuma desert.

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At the meeting of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers to be held at Great Barrington from June 18 to 21, it is said that Marconi will for the first time make inland long-distance wireless telegraphic tests. The tests will be made on the second day of the convention. Besides Marconi, Tesla and Edison are expected to be guests of the Institute.

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An adequate idea of the high value of a modern Atlantic liner may be gathered from the fact that the insurance value of the North German Lloyd steamship Kaiser Wilhelm II., now in course of construction at the Vulcan Shipyard, Stettin, is £318,250. This represents only the launching value of the bare hull. A further insurance sum of £709,896 is required to cover the ship for the first trial trip, while the company require a total sum underwritten on completion of the vessel of £1,295,000. The risk of launching, river work, and trials is to be covered by the policies.

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A Russian inventor, Nicolas Gherassimoff, of St. Petersburg, has devised an apparatus which is intended to prevent collisions at sea. The apparatus is operated by the use of contact devices which he calls "feelers." The feelers move in advance of the ship and at such a depth as not to be materially interfered with by the waves. They are so disposed and connected as to indicate an obstruction, stationary or floating, beneath the surface, whether in the direct course of the ship or on one or the other side. The diversion of the feelers from a straight course, due to their collision with an obstruction in their path, or to the action of such obstruction on their connecting devices, is made use of to indicate the course that the vessel is to take in order to avoid the obstruction.

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About 3,100 miles of narrow-gauge railroad are to be built in Spain at a cost of £10,000,000 The scheme is one of the greatest that Spanish statesmen have devised to secure better transportation facilities. Spain's inadequate railway facilities are due not so much to the indolence of her people as to the topographical formation of the country. The mountains offer an obstacle to railway building; and the rivers are too small and swift for many steamers. Freight and passenger rates are high. About 1¾d per mile is charged for 400 miles. The speed of passenger express trains never exceeds 27 miles per hour. Ordinary trains never make more than 15 to 20 miles an hour. So costly is freight transportation that it is cheaper to carry goods from England to Spain than it is to ship them from Saragossa to Barcelona.

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A Perth Amboy inventor has patented a device "whereby those who desire it may experience the novel sensation of diving in a water-tight submarine boat, making a trip under water, and coming to the surface again at the landing place." Means by which the "novel sensation" is obtained are a waterway deep enough to submerge the boat, a track in the waterway, a boat moving along the track, and mechanism for propelling the boat. The track is endless. The boat describes a circuit, so that the passengers are received and discharged at the same elevated point. This elevated point of the track is connected with the main submerged portion by inclines.

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A special writer for "Leslie's Weekly" recounts in a recent issue some of the observations he made while travelling over the Trans-Siberian Railroad. He says the road has been engineered so that it runs through the richest part of the territory. The name Siberia stands for all the Asiatic dominions of Russia except Transcaucasia, Transcaspia, and Turkestan. It is at present divided into the following provinces—Western Siberia, including the Governments of Tobolsk and Tomsk, in the basin of the Ob River. Its area is 42,000 square geographical miles. The southern part of these regions, lying immediately east of the Urals, stretches far south toward the Khirgiz Steppe Borderland and the region known as Baraba. Over an area twice as large as Japan, this vast Siberian plain is composed of black earth, and has scarcely a rock or stone. This black earth, or chernoziom, is the real treasure of Siberia, and makes the western plain the granary of Russia. Wheat, rye, oats, and barley are grown in large quantities; crops of many fold were reaped last year. The two things that militate against the crops are the late frosts and the want of snow in winter. But when riding through the wheat fields in June the land seemed as rich and prosperous as Dakota. For hundreds of miles, even up as far north as Tobolsk, at 59 degrees, nothing but grain fields growing green were seen. Winter wheat is seldom sown, but spring wheat is sown from April 10. Frosts in the wheat area generally begin in September. The land is tilled by the fallow-land system.

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M. E. Mayer made a communication recently to the Wurtemburg section of the German Engineers' Association relating to the consumption of an alcohol motor. A society has been formed in Germany with a view of encouraging the use of alcohol in industrial applications, and this society has engaged itself to furnish, under certain conditions, alcohol at 90 per cent for the average price of 18s. 3½d. per hectolire (26.4 gallons), which makes the price per kilogramme equal to .054 cent. It is found that one kilogramme of alcohol produces 6,000 calories, while a kilogramme of petroleum, costing less than ½d, gives 10,000. According to the calculations, therefore, the use of alcohol seems less favaurable by 80 per cent. In the practical tests with a motor of 14 horse power it was shown that an alcohol motor only consumes 68 per cent of the heat units needed in a petroleum motor to produce the same power. The reason lies in the amount of water contained in the alcohol which gives a less abrupt expansion, and also permits a higher compression, and thus gives a more advantageous utilisation of the heat. According to the latest trials, the cost of the alcohol was but 22 per cent. higher than that of petroleum for a given power. This is partly due to the fact that the society has recently lowered the price of alcohol to 13s per car load of 5,000 kilogrammes (11,000 pounds).

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The circular railway which passes around Mount Etna is interesting on account of the geological conditions encountered in its construction as well as the nature of the country which it passes through. In many points of the route the surface consists of layers of lava, and more than twenty-two miles of cutting had to be made across the lava, which is hard as granite. In this way the line, which is only 70 miles long, required no less than four years to execute. The road leaves the station of Borgo and mounts first across a region of flourishing vegetation, among vineyards, wheat fields and orange orchards, but soon it enters an arid and treeless portion, and runs between hillocks of lava until it reaches a fertile strip at Belpasso, a district which suffered greatly from the eruption of 1669. The road again passes through the small town of Misterbianco, which was destroyed by the same eruption, and reaches Paterno, with its miniature volcanoes, which throw out salt mud, and its ferruginous springs. Farther on is Aderno, which has a waterfall and a river, two things which are quite rare in Sicily. Then the route passes through Bronte, which has been often threatened with destruction by lava, and was especially in danger in 1832 and 1843. The last station is Giarre-Riposto, from which it is easy to reach Messina or Catania. This road will be very much appreciated by tourists, and will also serve as an outlet for the products of this populous region.

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For some time past the comparative shallow depth of the water at the various ports of the Sea of Azoff has attracted the serious attention of the Russian Government. First class steamers cannot secure proper accommodation, with the result that cargoes have to be unloaded by lighters, thus incurring great expense and delay. The Straits of Kertch are only about 45 feet in depth; at Taganrog the depth is only 7 feet 6 inches, while Marignopole is inaccessible owing to a great sandbank, which reduces the depth of water to about 5 feet at the maximum. The Russian Government has sought to overcome the difficulty by dredging the various ports, but the results achieved are disappointing. The authorities now propose to construct a barrage across the Straits of Kertch, thus raising the water level of the Sea of Azoff. The width of the straits between the Crimean shore and the Tusla promontory is 10,823 feet, but of this total width only a little over 4,000 feet, giving an average depth of 27 feet, can be utilised. The construction of an embankment 51,480 feet in length is now contemplated, which will provide several large central basins with sufficient depth of water to accommodate large first class steamers. The total cost of the scheme is estimated at 9,800,000 roubles, approximately one-third of hich will be expended as compensation to private individuals. The authorities propose to recoup themselves, however, by the levy of dues upon all ships passing through the straits. The completion of such a scheme will tend materially to increase the shipping traffic with the Azoff ports.

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To an English machinist, Joseph Jenks, belongs the honour of having secured the first American patent. A blacksmith in Hammersmith, England, in 1643, he was a man of great renown, by reason of his inventive skill in the art of making machines. Emigrating to the colony of Massachusettes in the fall of 1643, about the same time that Rev. John Harvard arrived, he settled in Lynn. This man Jenks cut the dies for the coining of the old colonial "pine tree" money. He also invented the first apparatus for extinguishing fires, a kind of primitive hand-pump on wheels. His application for a patent on a water-power device for mills was granted by the Colonial Court, and is probably the first patent on record in America. The court had jurisdiction over the Massachusetts Bay Colony, embracing nearly all of New England at that time. The limit of the monopoly was fourteen years, and the court retained not only power to forbid exportation, but also power to prevent exorbitant charges made upon the public. The patent was issued in this form: "At a general Courte at Boston the 6th of the 3rd Mo. 1648. The cor't consid-inge ye necessity of raising such manifactures of engins of mills to go by water for speedy dispatch of much worke with few hands, and being sufficiently informed of ye ability of ye petition to performe such workes grant his petition (yet no other person shall set up or use any such new invention, or trade for fourteen years without ye licence of him the said Joseph Jenkes) so farr as concerns any such new invention, and so it shall be always in ye power of this co'te to restrain ye exportation of such manufactures and ye prizes of them to moderation if occasion to require."

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1793.)

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant has been pleased to appoint the following gentlemen to be High Sheriffs for the present year:—

COUNTY CAVAN.
Thomas Fleming, of Castle Cosby, Esq.

COUNTY KILKENNY.
Richard Alcock, of Kilmurry, Esq.

COUNTY MONAGHAN.
Alexander Kerr, of Newbliss, Esq.

Yesterday the Judges of the Court of King's Bench came to a final determination on a motion which was made to set aside the verdict against Archibald Hamilton Rowan, Esq., which was that the verdict should be allowed. After which the Court delivered the following sentence: That Mr. Rowan should be subjected to a fine of £500 sterling; be confined two years in his Majesty's goal Newgate; and give £4,000 sterling security to keep the peace for the term of seven years; himself to be bound in a recognizance of £2,000, and two sureties in £1,000 each.

Mr. Hamilton Rowan was conveyed back to Newgate in his own carriage, in the custody of Mr. Sheriff Jenkin, and Mr. Gregg, gaoler, without any military escort.

The "Union Snow," from Virginia to Dublin, is lost near Ormshead.

The three last "London Gazettes" contain twenty-eight new commissions of bankruptcy.

The Rev. Dr. Samuel Murray acknowledges to have received from a gentleman (who minutely examined the House of Industry, and the situation of its very numerous poor), the sum of thirty guineas, for the particular purpose of purchasing clothing for the children in the house. An example truly worthy, at this season, of the imitation of the opulent, and tending to promote the sale of our manufactures.

CORK, JANUARY 28.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN IN BORDEAUX TO HIS FATHER IN THIS CITY, DATED DEC. 26, 1793.

"I am once more at liberty, an event which in my last I informed you I expected would shortly take place. On the 24th all the prisoners confined here as subjects of Great Britain were liberated. On Christmas Day I had the honour, with numbers of my countrymen, of dining in company with one of the Commissioners, when he addressd us in a short but pathetic speech, assuring us that it was with the greatest reluctance the National Convention found itself under the necessity of adopting measures so repugnant to their wishes, but that from the vast number of spies sent, and the many under-practices made use of by the English Government, such a measure had become for a time indispensibly necessary. He begged further to assure us, that the Convention still retained the highest opinion of the great body of the people in Great Britain and Ireland, and that he was directed to inform us, the first neutral vessel that arrived in that harbour, should be hired for the purpose of conveying to their native country, all such subjects of Great Britain as should wish to return. Never were prisoners so happy as we were during our confinement—beautiful gardens to walk in, and a free intercourse with each other; we had liberty to write to our friends, together with plenty of the best provisions, good beds, etc, and all at the expense of the nation."

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM LIMERICK.

"The learned and benevolent Dr. Maunsell, author of the celebrated theory on the cultivation of potatoes, ever vigilant for some unexplored means of serving his country, has ready for the press, an appeal to the Right Reverend Prelates of Great Britain and Ireland, on the expediency of making a provision for curates out of the revenue of the non-resident incumbents; this plan he suggested on the principle of revoking the resolution of the House of Commons relative to tithes of agistment, and applying their produce to the use of the curates in this kingdom. The outlines of his plan for the relief of that distressed but exemplary body in Great Britain, have not as yet transpired."

The English Government, we hear, has purchased the late Mr. John Hunter's Anatomical preparations, which are to be paid for by a pension to his widow. They are to be sent to the British Museum, where they will soon go to ruin, unless more than ordinary pains be taken to preserve them. A more secure and more noble purchase would be that of the medals of the late Dr. William Hunter, which would thus be retained in the capital: where alone there are men capable of employing them to the best advantage of literature and ancient history.

11.—Mr. Gibbons' valuable library is to be brought to England, and to be sold by auction. It consisted of upwards of nine thousand volumes, which were deposited in a suite of seven large rooms in his house at Lausanne. The books were admirably chosen, being all purchased by himself. They are all elegantly bound, forming at once the most splendid and most useful collection that was ever possessed by any private gentleman. Besides this noble library, he has left thirty thousand pounds in money. We do not find that he had anything of consequence prepared for the press. Indeed he had relinquished the idea of ever publishing more. We cannot but regret, for the sake of mankind, that he had published so much.

THE KING v. M'CREARY AND OTHERS, PRINTERS OF THE "NORTHERN STAR."

A motion was made this day to postpone the trial at bar in this cause, grounded on an affidavit of one of the defendants, stating that Æneas Lamont, the corrector of the press to the "Northern Star," at the time of the publication alledged, who is a material witness for the defendant, could not be found in this kingdom; but that the defendants, understanding that he had gone to Scotland, would be diligent in endeavouring to procure his attendance by next term.

This motion was opposed on the part of the Crown; but the Court was of opinion that the ground laid was sufficient, especially as the prosecution had once already postponed the trial.

Monday, the 19th of May, was appointed for the trial.

Friday Messrs. Bird, Hamill, and Delahoyd, from Drogheda, were, upon motion, admitted to bail in the Court of King's Bench.

Yesterday John M'Dermot was tried at bar, in the Court of King's Bench, by a jury of the county Roscommon. At eleven o'clock at night the jury retired for about twenty minutes, when they returned with a verdict Guilty, but recommended the prisoner as an object of mercy. The charge against him was heading the mob which destroyed and plundered Mr. Tenison's house, Castle Tenison, on the 21st of May last, a crime which is punishable by death. His wretched appearance (for half his face is shot off) interested the feelings of every person present.

LIMERICK, FEBRUARY 13.

At a Common Council convened on Monday last, the freedom of this city was voted to the following Roman Catholic clergy and merchants, viz:— Rev. Dr. Denis Conway, Titular-Bishop of Limerick; Rev .Dr. Peter M'Mahon, Titular-Bishop of Killaloe; Stephen Roche John, Esq.; Michael Roche John, Esq.; and Michael Rochfort, Esq.

DUBLIN, FEBRUARY 13.

Yesterday, in consequence of the order of the preceding day, Mr. Fay, of Navan, was brought into the Court of King's Bench, when Mr. William Smith argued for his admission to bail, and was answered by the Attorney-General. The Chief Justice pronounced the opinion of the Court, in which he was not bailable of right, and that the Court could not with propriety bail him in their discretion.

It appeared from the committals, in the case of Mr. Fay, that he stands charged as being accessary, before the fact, to the murder of the Rev. Mr. Butler, shot time time ago in the county of Louth, and also that he was charged with administering an illegal oath.

22.—Thursday a Privy Council sat in the Castle.

By an order of Council, the quarantine on vessels coming from American ports was taken off.

Yesterday Major-General Craig inspected, and most highly approved, the regiment raised by Colonel Fitch.

Colonel Lennox is expected from England in the course of a few days, to join his regiment (the 35th) now quartered at Cork, and under orders for embarkation.

26.—Yesterday being the day appointed for the celebration of the anniversary of her Majesty's birthday, there was a levee at the Castle.

DUBLIN, FEBRUARY 27, 1794.

Tuesday evening Mr. Douglas entertained his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant and a select party at dinner.

Amongst the noblemen and gentlemen present were:—Archbishops—Dublin, Cashel, and Tuam; the Marquis of Waterford; Earls—Granard, Shannon, Bective, Bellamont, Kingston, Portarlington, Carhampton, Clonmel and Ely; Lord Charles Fitzgerald; Viscounts—Landaff and Leitrim; Bishops—Killaloe, Ossory, and Cork; Lords—Carleton and O'Neill; the Speaker of the House of Commons; the Chief Baron; Sirs—John Parnell, Henry Cavendish, and John Blaquiere; Messrs—Beresford, Conyngham, Clements, Cuffe, and T. Jones.

(To be Continued.)

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ABBEY OF CLARE, GALWAY,



AND CASTLE OF DE BURGOS,

As they were in 1829.

In the above picture are comprised two ost ancient edifices—viz., the ruined bbey of Clare, Galway, and the ruin of 1 old adjoining castle built by the De urgos. The former was erected about 90 by John de Cogan as a Franciscan friary. It is a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture; its high tower, raised on arches, exhibiting some exquisite features. Its remains in recent years have been carefully guarded against further dilapidation. The castle on the right was built by one of the De Burgos early in the 14th century. In the wars of 1641 it was garrisoned by the Earl of Clanricarde; in 1643 it was surprised by Captain Thomas Bourke, of Anbally; in 1651 it was taken possession of by Sir Charles Coote.

KNOCKFIERNA.

DISCOVERY OF THE BIRTHPLACE OF FINN M'CUMHAILL

By J. F. LYNCH.

III.

In "Silva Gadelica," p. 99, we read: "This then, according to archæological verity, and as experts relate it, is Finn's death; but his origin they declare variously. Some of them say that he was of the Corca Oiche in the Ua Fidhgeinte; others again assert (and this is the truth of the matter) that he was of the Ui Tairrsigh (a) of Offaley, which were of the Attacotti. . . . They of Leinster, however, state that Finn was great-grandson to Nuada Necht, and that his pedigree is this: Finn son of Cumhall son of Sualtach son of Baeisene son of Nuada Necht." Dr. O'Donovan, in his introductory letter to the "Boyish Exploits of Finn," addressed to Mr. William S. O'Brien, President of the Ossianic Society, says: "The celebrated Irish antiquary, Duald Mac Firbis, in his genealogical work, p.p. 435-436, gives various pedigrees of the famous Irish hero, Finn Mac Cumhaill. Some deduce his origin from the Orbraighe of Druim Inmocht, others from the Corco Oiche, a sept of the Ui Fidhgeinte, who were seated in the present county of Limerick. Some state that he sprung from the Ui Tairsigh of the Luaighni Teamrach of Fera Cul in Bregia, which was one of the three septs from whom the chief leader of the Fians, or Irish militia, was elected . . . but by far the greater number of the authentic Irish authorities agree in deducing the pedigree of the famous Finn Mac Cumhaill from Nuada Neacht, (b) the fourth son of Sedna Sithbhaic, the ancestor of the Kings of Leinster. In "Chronicum Scotorum," at year 552, A.D., there is entry of the battle of Cuillne, in which a number of the Corca Oche were slain, and Hennessy says that the Corca Oche were a Munster tribe in S.W. of Co. Limerick. In "Chronicum Scotorum," at year 554, is the following entry: "Birth of Molua Mac Ui Oche," from which it appears that Molua belonged to the Corca Oche.

In "Calendar of Oengus," p. cxx., mention is made of the Molua molbthach Mairge—that is, "Molua the praiseworthy of Marg"—that is, of the district of Marg. In the parish of Emly Grennan (corrupted from the Irish Bile Groidhnin), a few miles east of Kilmallock, there is a well named Tobar Molua, at which rounds are paid on August 3rd. In this parish, named also St. Malo, there was an abbey, and a Collegiate Church, which Lewis says was destroyed in 1641. In the "Calendar of Oengus," p. lxxv., we read: "Lugaid, son of Maenach, son of Fachtnae, son of Rossa, son of Erc, son of Tren, son of Duach, son of Mac Niad, son of Mac Con, son of Lugaid. Hi sunt vii Germani ejus, Bishop Brandubh, Cúsan Fachtna, Lugna Molua, Lochan in Ui Echach, Cailchine, Manchine of Cul Caiss." All these belonged to the Corca Laidhe, the so-called Attacotti (Aitheach Tuatha), really Iberians, who O'Curry says ("Lectures," p. 230), were mere rent-payers and unprivileged classes of Erinn, and by a sudden rebellion succeeded in overthrowing the power of their Gaedhilic masters. These were the Plebeians of Ara Cliach, to whom Liath Luachra (c) is stated, in "Silva Gadelica," to belong. The Iberians were the Neolithic inhabitants of Ireland; and the old stone monuments and tales of Ara Cliach must be credited to the Iberians, who are also called Mairtine. The Uaithne, of the counties of Limerick and Tipperary, were also Iberians, and their district was a portion of Ara. In "Calendar of Oengus," p. cxxviii., Molua Mac Ochai is said to be of Cluain Fertai Molua, and of Slieve Bloom, and of Druim Snechta in Fernmag; and Molua mac Ochai is stated to have been discovered when a babe in a bank of rushes, to which a man, sent thither by St. Comgall, of Bangor, gave a kick, and hence the name is said to mean "My-lua (kick), son of Ocha (armpit). This is, of course quite fanciful, and Ocha must be referred to the old tribal name, Oche, which has no connection with Ocha, "armpit," nor does Mo Lua mean "my kick," for mo "my," is a term of endearment often prefixed to the names of Irish saints. Killaloe was named from Lua, and Killaloe represents the Irish Cill do Lua, or "Church of thy Lua," who is said by Lewis to be son of Eochu Baillderg—that is, Eochu Red Spot, son of Cairthenn, who is stated in the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick to have been baptised by St. Patrick at Saingil, (d) now Singland, close to Limerick City. The old folk of this district say that a great battle will be fought between the Gaedhil and the Saxons at Singland, and that the leader of the Gaedhil will have six fingers on his right hand.. This prophecy belongs to the class of prophecies mentioned by O'Curry, "Lectures," p. 382, et seq.

Clonfert Molua, or Kyle, is stated by Lewis to be 1¾ miles from Borris-in-Ossory, and he says that there are remains in the parish of an encampment, of the old church, and of the castles of Ballaghmore and Cloneurse. The Rev. Canon Dwyer ("Diocese of Killaloe," p. 530), says: "A reference to Dr. Lanigan will satisfy those who would desire a sketch of the history of Mollua. The origin of the name of the parish is thus given (note p. 209). Cluain ferta Molua, id est latibulum mirabile S. Moluæ, eo quod ipse sua multa miracula in illa fecit, et ad huc gratia Dei per eum patrantur. The learned Dr. denies that he was ever at Finnian's School of Clonard, and asserts that he became a disciple of Comgall, of Bangor, not earlier than 550. The Dr. does not believe (No. 94, p. 209) that his rulers were taken to Rome and praised and blessed. The Church of Killaloe is supposed to have got its name from the Saint in question, either from his having lived there for some time, or from its having been dedicated to his name. This is not improbable, although far from certain. . . . This is the only parish of the Diocese of Killaloe, in Queen's County." I have given these particulars of Molua on account of his connection with the Ui Oche, or Corca Oiche, in whose territory must, I think, have been Cnoc Firinne. A short distance to the south of Cnoc Firinne is Corcomohide, the Irish Corca Muichet, "race of Muichet," who is said by Dr. Joyce to have been one of Mogh Ruith's disciples. I am very sceptical re the disciples of Mogh Ruith, and I hope, when giving account of Mr. J. J. Mahony's discoveries in the vicinity of the Well of Mogh Ruith, to give some particulars of Mogh Ruith. Corcomohide includes the parishes of Castletown-Conyers (Castletown Mac Ineiry), Dromcolloher, and Kilmeedy (Church of my Ita), from whom also is named Killeedy (or Church of Ita). It appears from the entry in "Chronicum Scotorum, at year 552, A.D., that the Corca Oiche were opposed to St. Ita of Cluain Credail (Killeedy), and so if the Corca Oiche and Corca Muichet be not the same, the territories of the two races were adjoining. In the Annals of Four Masters, O'Donovan gives some particulars of Ugaine Mor, who is stated to have had twenty-two sons and three daughters, his wife's name being Cesair. Now as Ughaine Mor belongs to the mythology, we are entitled to equate his wife, Cesair, with the Cesair, daughter of Bithu, and wife of Finntan, who is stated by Keating to have come to Ireland before the Flood. One of the

(a) Keating (Joyce's edition, p. 109), says: "Some historians say that from them (the Firbolg) are descended these three tribes who are now in Erin that are not of the Gaels—namely, the Garbruidhe of the river Suck in Connaught, the Ui Thairsidh in Crich O' bh-Failge, and the Gaileons of Leinster." Tairsidh appears to be an extended form of Tair, who is made son of Ughaine Mor. Sualtach is extension of Soalt, and so is an intensive prefix ("Corca Laidhe," p. 63). Professor Rhys connects Cumall with German himmel, but perhaps Cumal is extension of Cum; compare Finn mac Cumail with Finn mac Cubain.

(b) In "Genealogy of Corca Laidhe," p. 59, we read: "The three Fothadhs—namely, Fothadh Airetheach, Fothadh Cairptheach—i.e., Fothadh Canann, and Fothadh Dolus, were the three sons of Fuinnche, daughter of Nar, son of Fearmora of the Ara Cliach (Knockaine district), Teite, daughter of Maicniadh, son of Lughaidh, son of Daire Dearg, son of Gnathal, son of Nuada Neacht, son of Sedna Sithbhaic, was her sister." Traigh Teite is the old name of Rosscarbery Strand, and the stone circle on it, which is still there, is Lecht Teite. Nenagh, in Co. Tipperary, represents the Irish An Aenach Teite, "the Assembly of Teite."

(c) In "Silva Gadelica," p. 193, Conan maol, who is often referred to in tales of the Fenian cycle, is stated to be son of Liath Luachra, and Carn Luighdech, or "Carn of Lughaidh," where Conan clasped Finn round the shoulders, was the carn from which Knockcarron (hill of the Carn), near Emly, was named. Mr. Mahony has identified the site of the carn on the hill. In "Chronicum Scotorum," at year 858 A.D., we read: "A great host, by which Mumhan was burnt in one day, was led by Maelsechlain, son of Maelruanaidh, with the men of Erinn, so that they inflicted a defeat on the men of Mumhan, at Carn Lughdach, where Maelcroin, son of Muiredhach, half-king of the Desi, was lost." In "Todd Lecture Series," vol. iii., p. 181, we read:—

"Lugaidh Laidech, who filled the plain with his fame,
Eight years was his power in defiance:
Fell the remembered Branch of the Carn
By Aedh Buidhnech, son of Badorn."

(d) The explanation of the name Saingil, given in Tripartite Life of St. Patrick, is fanciful. The l in Saingil is a termination, and the combination ng is an extension of n, and we thus obtain source from Sin, or Sen, who is made son of Ughaine Mor, and the possessor of Luachair-Deaghaidh. Compare the account of Clanna Deaghaidh given by Connellan, "Trans. O.S. Soc.," vol. v., p. 288; the explanation of Cleitech in "Bodleian Dinnsheanchas," p. 45; the references to Sin, "Todd Lecture Series," vol. iii., p. 399; "Chronicum Scotorum," p. 43; and the references to Sidh, or Sigh, "Trans. O.S Soc.," vol. v., p. 285, and vol. iv., p. 285.

sons (e) of Ughaine Mor was named Bard, and to him was given Cluain-Corca-Oiche in Ui Fidhgeinte; this Cluain may be the place afterwards named Cluain Credail, now Killeedy. Partholon is a name which is also mentioned by Keating, at an early period, and it is, I think, explained by Professor Rhys as "top of the wave," but the Partry—i.e., Parthraighe of Co. Mayo, shows that Parth, and not Par (Barr), is the first component of the word, and Parth is to be equated with Bard. Another son of Ughaine Mor was named Marc, and on him was bestowed Midhe, or Meath, or the district which lay beside Uisnech hill.

In the "Bodleian Dinnshenchas," p. 9, and by Keating, Meath is stated to be named from Midhe, son of Brath, son of Deagh, and the name Midhe is, in "Dinnshenchas," said to be midhe, "hateful," which is connected with old Celtic mitios, Greek misos, and German meiden, by Dr. Whitley Stokes. In "Silva Gadelica," p. 576, we read: "Knockaine's history tell to me—is there here one that remembers it?—best hill (a time there was)—that stood on Ireland's wondrous land. A pleasant hill the cool Knockaine is, which once hosts, many and various, did frequent; great was their triumphing and their renown, with Ane and with Eogabal. Uainidhe and tall Eogabal were sons of Uisnech's lofty Donn."

We have seen that Donn of Cnoc Firinne was named Marc, and that the race of Marg, or Marc, was one of the five tribes that dwelt about Cnoc Aine or Sidh Eogabail; and here we have Eogabal made son of Donn of Uisnech, and as Uisnech is an extended form of Us, which is found also in name Bruis (f) (Bri Uis), in Triath-ri-thorc, (g) near town of Tipperary, we conclude that Marc was the name of the Donn of Uisnech, and it appears to me that Donn and Uisnech are merely terms which describe certain qualities of Marc or Marg. Dr. Joyce ("Irish Names," vol. ii., p. 7), says that Uisnech signifies a place of fawns; but it appears to me that this explanation cannot be accepted, and that Uisnech must be regarded as a personal name, as in the tale of Oidhe Chloinne Uisnigh, or "The Slaughter of the Children of Uisnech." In "Silva Gadelica," p. 77, it is stated that Ireland's three high gatherings were the congregation of Uisnech, at Beltane (May day), the convention of Taillte, at Lammas (first of August), and the feast of Tara, at Samhain (November Eve). In "Silva Gadelica," p. 521, Uisnech is derived from uas, "above," and nech, "a person." Mr. O'Grady explains the word midhe as "evil fire."

Professor Rhys "Hibbert Lectures," p. 192), says: "Giraldus Cambrensis, speaking of the five provinces into which Ireland used to be divided when Meath was reckoned one of them, uses the following words with regard to the hill of Uisnech: "Et eam (Hiberniam) vacuam invenientes, in quinque portiones æquales inter se diviserunt: quarum capita in lapide quodam conveniunt apud mediam juxta castrum de Kiliar, qui lapis et umbilicus Hiberniæ dicitur, quasi in medico (h), et meditullio terræ positus." The stone is described as a very large one, and it is believed to have been cursed by St. Patrick on account of the pagan worship there; or, more correctly speaking, the Stones of Uisnech—for there were more than one—became so accursed, owing to the Saint's malediction, that they never failed to prove the ruin of any structure into which they happened to be built." In "Silva Gadelica," p. 170, there is a reference to the pillar stone on the top of Uisnech, and at p. 158, mention is made of the muc shlangha, or "prophylactic pig," which is stated to be the last prophylactic pig that was distributed among the men of Ireland. The great chiefs and kings of Ireland sat in a circle when at Uisnech, and the kings paid the "hero's ring" of red gold for seat ("Book of Rights," p. 7). La Beltine was the day of the ring—that is, of the year, and hence the buinde niad, or hero's ring of Uisnech.

(To be Continued.)

(e) Clin Mail, the district south of Knockaine, is stated to be named from Muireadhach Mal, son of Ughaine Mor. Gleann Aeife, north of Galbally, was named from Aeife, or Aifi ("Wars G. G.," p. 93), daughter of Ughaine Mor. Treitherne, near town of Tipperary, was named from Triath, son of Ughaine Mor. Moenmhagh, in Galway, is said to be named from Moen, son of Ughaine Mor; but Keating says that Moenmhagh was named from Moen, son of Ugh Mor. It appears to me that Ugh, which is also written Uath, Hu, and U, has been extended to Ughaine. In the "Bodleian Dinnshenchas," p. 10, Erin is said to be daughter of U Mor, and foster-mother of Midhe; and in the "Edinburgh Dinnshenchas," p. 55, Ane is daughter of Uath, and foster-mother of Finnchad. In the "Chronicum Scotorum," p. 3, Erin is said to be another name for Cesair.

(f) In the Life of St. Brendan, the Navigator, Mount Bruis is given in form Bri Uis, or "hill of Us."

(g) Keating ("Joyce's Edition," p. 125), says: "Among these noble females were the two royal poetesses—viz., Fe and Meann their names; it is from them is named Magh Feimhin in Munster. Belonging to them also was Triath-rithore, from whom is called Treitheirne of Munster." For Muscraidhe Treitheirne (see "Book of Rights," p. 45). Keating's explanation of Magh Feimhin is not correct, but there is a Magh Fea, in Co. Carlow, which was bestowed on Fuilne, son of Ughaine Mor. Airgeatross, or "Silver-wood," beside the river Nore, was given to Cinga, son of Ughaine Mor; but in "Trans. O.S. Soc., vol. v., p. 287, Cinga, son of Ugh Mor, is said to have obtained Iath Oigle, or "district of Oigle." Cruachan Oigle was old name of Croagh Patrick, in Co. Mayo.

(h) Perhaps Midhe or Meath is derived from an old Irish word cognate with the Latin medius, Greek mesos, Slavonian mezda, Sanskirt madhyas, Anglo-Saxon midd, Gothic midjis. The present Irish word meadhon, "middle," may be derived from the Latin medius. Keating also suggests that Midhe is the Irish meidhe, "a neck," because it is of a meidhe or neck of each province that Tuathol Teachthor cut it.

DON ISLE.*

BY SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

Lonely beneath the silent stars
It stands, a gray and mouldering pile,
Wrecked in the wild Cromwellian wars,
The sea-girt castle of Don Isle.
The wild waves beat the castle wall,
And bathe the rocks with ceaseless showers;
Dark heaving billows plunge and fall
In whitening foam beneath the towers.

High beetling o'er the headland's brow,
All seamed and battle-scarred it stands,
And rents and gaping ruins show
The ravage of the spoiler's hands.
Two hundred years have rolled away,
And still at twilight's haunted hour
A ghostly lady seems to stray
By ruined barbacan and tower.

Dauntless within her own domain
She held at bay her father's foe,
Till faithless followers fired the train
That laid her feudal fortress low;
Afar her exiled children roam;
She perished in the smouldering pile,
The last of all her house and home,
The lonely lady of Don Isle.

The gray moss gathers on the wall,
And low beneath the crowning stars
The crumbling turrets waste and fall,
Wrecked in the wild Cromwellian wars;
And peasants round their evening fire
With many a tale the hours beguile,
Of warrior ghosts and spectres dire
That haunt the castle of Don Isle.

*Cromwell's siege of the sea-girt castle and fortress of Don Isle, which was heroically defended by a female descendant of Nicholas Le Poer, Baron of Don Isle, is represented by Sir Bernard Burke in his "Romance of Irish History," as full of legendary interest.

OLD ROMAN ROADS.

Milestones were erected along the entire length of the military road. They were usually columnar in shape, though the cippus milestone is found frequently. From personal observation I know only the milestones of Asia Minor and Syria. These are round monolithic columns, about 7 to 9 feet high, with a diameter at the base of 2½ to 4 feet, but tapering off to 1½ feet at the blunty rounded top. They are roughly hewn, and inscribed with the name and full titles of the Emperor during whose reign the road was built, in Asia Minor usually a proprietor, during whose term of office the actual building or repairing was done. Beneath this inscription the distance was engraved, oftenest with no statement as to the place from which the distance was measured, though sometimes both the starting point and the objective point were given.

The Roman milestones are of great value, not merely in order to locate in a general way the line of lapsed and forgotten roads, and for fixing the various starting points of the Roman system in such countries as Asia Minor and Syria, but they are also of importance for the reconstruction of provincial or local history, geography, and chronology.

In the course of time the road's top dressing of gravel and cement wore away, and costly repairs had to be made by the provincial Governor, who, eager to claim all honour due himself, caused the fact of his restitution (vias et pontes restituit is one of the stock phrases) to be engraved on the milestones. Accordingly, it often happened that this new inscription was engraved directly over or else overlapped the original inscription. Sometimes as many as three inscriptions occupy the same space on the stone.

"All roads lead to Rome." Therefore, the military roads centred in Rome and spread out in a vast network that embraced all the provinces of Europe, Asia, Africa, and the islands, such as Britannia, Sicily, Sardinia, etc. Distances along the roads of Italy were, of course, measured from Rome. The central milestone was the miliarium aureum, erected by Augustus in the forum. It has been recognised by some in certain remains near the arch of Septimus Severus. But the Governmental centres of the provinces were also centres of the provincial road systems, and miliaria aurea were erected in all these centres, such as Milan (for Gallia Cisalpina), Lyons (for Gallia Celtica), Rheims (for Gallia Belgica), Tavium (for Cappadocia), Melitene (for Armenia), Palmyra (for Palmyrene).

In conclusion, it must be remarked that all streams crossed by military roads were spanned by bridges, of which there were three kinds—those made entirely of wood, and those made of stone and wood, and those made of stone throughout. Many of the all-stone bridges are still in use. Several of them span the Tiber to this day, both in and outside Rome. Not only this, but Roman bridges are still used by semi-barbarous peoples who, perhaps, have never even so much as heard the name of Rome. A silent, but eloquent reminder of Rome's solicitude even for her most distant provinces is the noble Roman bridge at Kiakhta, in Kommagene. Every stone of the defiant old bridge is vocal, telling in pathetic wise of the inevitable passing of human glory, pomp, and power.

The retardation or load coils invented by Prof. M. I. Pupin have been put into practical use on a line of about 1,000 miles in length. Three long-distance lines between Chicago and New York have been fitted with the load coils. It is said that the loudness of transmission has been increased by about a hundred per cent. Prof. Pupin hopes that by the use of his coils it will soon be possible to carry on a conversation between New York and San Francisco.

THE FENIAN TRADITIONS;

OR,

SLIABH - NA - M - BAN.

BY JOHN DUNNE.

I.

Our distinguished countryman, Dr. Wilde, in one of his interesting chapters on Irish popular superstitions, mourns over the loss of our old fairy-lore which is certain to result from the removal of so large a portion of the population through emigration, etc., etc. There are few, doubtless, who would refuse to sympathise in the learned gentleman's regretful feeling on this subject, or to acknowledge that his anticipations are but too likely to be well founded. But it appears to me that the curious old fairy legends of our country, much as their loss should be deplored, were never half as valuable or as interesting as the traditions which have long lingered amongst our peasantry concerning the primæval inhabitants of Ireland, the total obliteration of which is now, unfortunately, threatened from the same causes. The pre-historic annals of this kingdom, which remain yet to be properly compiled, must be drawn not alone from the appearance of the existing primæval monuments, but from the vivid traditions connected with them, long handed down from sire to son, in the localities in which they are placed, and which, though many of their features were marvellous, incongruous, or impossible of occurrence, are far from being worthless as aids to a proper investigation of that important subject. With such materials much may yet be done towards the elucidation of remote events in our national history; and though a very large proportion must, unquestionably, be thrown aside as profitless chaff from amongst it, many valuable grains of corn may be sifted. The elf-lore, which was once a characteristic of our country, will, doubtless, be lost or forgotten from the circumstances to which Dr. Hyde has alluded; but Irish elf-lore has had many cordial chroniclers, and Crofton Croker's gleanings, and the researches of several other eminent writers, will preserve the memory of our most remarkable fairy legends so long as English literature endures. Not so, however, our Fenian traditions—few have thought it worth their while to inquire after and preserve a single incident, however romantic, nationally characteristic, or locally interesting; and, with the succession of disastrous years through which this land has now passed, it must be obvious that much of this lore which was unwritten has been obliterated: indeed, unless some strenuous effort be now made to collect the Fenian tales remaining in the memory of our people, with the present generation such of them as are not already preserved amongst the ancient manuscript Ossianic poems will certainly pass away. Under this impression, it is my wish to place on record such of the traditions of Sliabh-na-m-ban as I have heard related in the district. Unfortunately, my researches cannot be now made with such facility as in by-gone days—and those not remote either—when the farmer and his group of labourers, from all parts of the country, sat down in the evening, their day of toil being over, with light hearts before a blazing turf fire and a sciach of smiling potatoes, and recounted in turn the tales of the olden time handed down to them from their fathers. Now, alas! the story-telling peasant is in his grave, the poor-house, or the wilds of America. Nevertheless, I hope to rescue from oblivion some old-world stories of my native district, Kilkenny.

As Sliabh-na-m-ban mountain, commonly termed by the Irish-speaking people Sliabh-na-m-ban-fionn, is the most prominent object in the locality, and the site of many of the most famous exploits of the traditionary hero, Fionn Mac Cumhail, I believe I cannot begin more suitably than by noticing a legend referring to the origin of its name. The story of the pedestrian race up the heathy acclivity of a portion of the mountain by the fairest ladies of Ireland, Fionn's hand in wedlock being the prize of the winner, was one of the most frequently told in the locality from my infancy upwards. Some of the deepest read of our seannchaidhes seem inclined to despise the legend, as it has never been found amongst the ancient written metrical romances, but as my task is to glean the existing oral traditions of a locality, I see no reason why I should treat this, the most popular amongst them, with contemptuous silence. The story has been briefly, and rather incorrectly, printed by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, in a note to their "Ireland, its Scenery, Character, etc.," and alluded to by other writers for aught I know; but I wish to state it correctly here. Fionn, as the tale goes, like many a modern "gallant gay," had from time to time paid his addresses to several of the fairest belles of his day, on all of whose hearts he had made a strong impression, but without actually committing himself to any by asking the important question which decides such delicate affairs. Each fond lady fondly flattered herself that she would be the chosen bride of the great chieftain, but each, of course, hated her numberless rivals, and the result was a general quarrel amongst them, carried on with such implacable acrimony as threatened to throw the whole country into a hopeless embroilment. Fionn saw that with him alone rested the power of putting an end to this very unpleasant controversy, but as it was possible that he could only please one of his admirers by taking her hand, and he was sure to make relentless enemies of all the rest—a consummation which he by no means devoutly wished—he found himself placed in a very unpleasant position, to relieve himself from which it was necessary that some stratagem should be resorted to without delay. Accordingly, he made a public declaration of equal affection and admiration of all the numerous candidates for his hand, but announced that, as he could not marry them all, he would leave the decision of the important question to the agility of their own pretty feet. Sliabh-na-m-ban was chosen as the site of the memorable race, and the chieftain himself stood at the top of the hill to receive and proclaim the successful competitor. Amongst the bevy of beauties, however, there was one whose charms had made a deeper impression upon the hero's heart than all the rest, and to her he did not scruple to whisper in private a word of advice, by adopting which she might be certain to gain the much coveted prize. This lady was Graine, or Grace, the beauteous daughter of Cormac Ulfhada, monarch of Ireland; and the counsel which her lover gave her was simply this, that she should not attempt to run too fast in the outset, so as to exhaust her breath. The advice was strictly followed. Graine for some moments appeared to have been left far behind by all the other runners, who put forth their utmost strength at once to breast the acclivity. The exertion, however, was too much for them; soon they became heated, lost breath, and finally sank down one after another, completely exhausted, on the heath; and had the mortification to see the princess, who had at first seemed to make but little way, pass by them fresh and unruffled, and smiling triumphantly in full consciousness of possessing the secret of success. Several made a last effort again to outstrip her, but in vain; for she alone gained the summit and won the much coveted prize. The princess had now gained as firm possession of the chieftain's hand, as formerly she had won his heart, and a long life of connubial bliss was fondly anticipated for the distinguished pair. But the lady proved as frail and false as her lord was chivalrous and confiding, and after the expiration of a few short months she eloped with the most cherished friend of her husband, Diarmuid O'Duibhne.

Many of the peasantry in recounting this legend will insist that the princess possessed no personal attraction, but quite the reverse, and that, therefore, the preference bestowed upon her by Fionn can only be accounted for on the supposition that she had recourse to magic arts to gain that end. These people, however, confound the name of Graine, which signifies Grace, with grana, which means ugly, and from this false conclusion draw the inference of the lady's want of beauty. (a)

(a) However this may be, the belief is general amongst a large proportion of the peasantry, that Graine was by no means the beautiful personage which others represent her, and that Fionn was anything but pleased at her success in the race. The following is the version current in the barony of Iverk:—"The name of Sliabh-na-m-ban is said to have been derived from the following traditionary circumstance. From amongst the numerous princesses and beautiful young woman to whom Fionn Mac Cumhail had paid attentions in Ireland and foreign nations, he selected twenty-one, either for their superior personal attractions, or the influence of their family connection, from which to chose his wife, and they were thus to compete for his hand:—On an appointed day the twenty-one young women were to stand in a row at the foot of Sliabh-na-m-ban, and upon a given signal to run up the mountain, the first who should arrive at Mullach-suidhe-Finn, to become the wife of the king of the Fenians. There was not among the candidates a less comely woman than Grana, nor one less concerned for the success of the race, as she considered it impossible she could be the winner, in consequence of the fame which several of the beautiful competitors had acquired for speed, it being commonly reported that some of them could run before the wind and leave it far behind them! They all stood in anxious expectation awaiting the signal, except Grana, who took her place in hopeless indifference. Fionn stood at the table, or bord, at the summit of the mountain, and having blown a loud blast upon his trumpet, the racers set off at full speed; Grana, however, walked carefully and slowly after them. Shortly the first in the race dropped down on the path, fainting from over-exertion; the next young woman passed her for a short distance, and then fell exhausted also. In this manner, to the number of twenty, they fell one after another before they had come within sight of Fionn. Grana then easily passed them, several trying to rise and move again, but dying in their struggles. At last Grana passed them all, and arrived at Bord-suidhe-Finn, where she was acknowledged as the queen of Fionn. The chieftain, however, was far from being pleased at this result, and immediately expressed his disappointment by these bitter words: "Never may be your welcome to me, Grana, without beauty or attractions." Grana was the mother of Ossian, but Fionn is said never to have loved either the mother or son, and in revenge for his infidelity, she eloped with Diarmuid O'Duibhne."

But if she was not ugly in person, she was, at least, false in heart and mind, verifying by her conduct the truth of the proverb: "Beauty and virtue are not always found together." Nevertheless, before condemning the lady altogether, she ought to be allowed the benefit of a very important extenuating circumstance. It appears from universal tradition that Diarmuid, who was called from his swiftness "The swiftest footman amongst the Fenians," from his gallantry, "Diarmuid of the women," and from his personal beauty, "The white-toothed bright-skinned Diarmuid O'Duibhne," was endowed with a supernatural attribute. He possessed on his breast a ball-rearc—i.e., an Irish "beauty spot," which contained so great a charm that no woman could look upon it without loving him, and being compelled to accompany him whithersoever he wished to go. Thus the peasantry admit, that Graine having chanced to see the "beauty-spot" on Diarmuid's breast, needs must follow him, even "through fire and water." This Diarmuid is not only connected with the Sliabh-na-m-ban district through the circumstance of his elopement with Graine, but by many additional traditions which refer to his military and other achievements in the locality, and even his sepulchre was, till its recent destruction, pointed out in the adjoining barony of Knocktopher. (b)

However, with respect to the derivation of Sliabh-na-m-ban, from which the loves of Graine and Diarmuid have caused me to wander, it is averred by tradition that the name of the mountain is derived from the circumstance of the race of the ladies up its side, and the vast numbers of the fair sex which assembled on the occasion to witness that event, Sliabh-na-m-ban literally meaning "the mountain of women." Mrs. Hall observes, "Slieve-na-man is called in Irish 'Sliabh na mban fionn na heirin'—i.e., 'the mountain of the fair women of Ireland,' for which appellation tradition assigns the whimsical origin," which is above stated. The word fionn, as an adjective, certainly means fair, white, or pale, and is usually applied by the peasantry to whitish hair, which they call gruaig fhionn.

The people of the locality, however, Mrs Hall's testimony notwithstanding, will have it that the word here does not allude to the ladies at all, but to the general of the Fenian heroes himself, and that Sliabh-na-m-ban-fionn should be translated "the mountain of Fionn's women." There is a serious grammatical difficulty in the reading, as Fionn in the genitive case would be Finn; nevertheless, the late Mr. Michael Mullally, of Cappaghmore, an excellent Irish scholar, espoused the popular view of the matter; and as he justly was deemed the best authority on such matters in the ancient barony of Compsey, I would not presume to contravene his statement, were it not that one of the first living Irish scholars, Dr. O'Donovan, I find has intimated (c) that all the theories hitherto indulged in with respect to the name of the mountain, are incorrect, and that the word fionn is a corruption of Feimheann, the original appellation of the district to which Sliabh-na-m-ban is adjacent, and the true translation of its name is "The mountain of the women of Feimheann."

Before quitting the subject of the derivation of Sliabh-na-m-ban, however, it may be well to notice another error on the subject into which a writer on Irish antiquities, once looked up to as an authority, has fallen. General Vallancey, speaking of the Scythian religion, observes that the ceremonies pertaining to their worship were comprehended in the word Haman or Mann. From this word Mann, he says, many of our mountains receive their names. "Take an old Irish fable still in every one's mouth of Sliabh-na-Mann mountain. They say it was first inhabited by foreigners, who came from very distant countries; that they were of both sexes, and taught the Irish the art of O Shiris, or Ouris —that is the management of flax and hemp, of cattle, and of tillage. They all wore horns according to their dignity; the chief had five horns. The word Ouris now means a meeting of girls at one house, or barn, to card a quantity of wool, or to spin a quantity of flax, and sometimes there are a hundred together. Wherever there is an Ouris, the Mann come invisible and assist."—"Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis," vol. iv., pref. p. viii., note. Now, the very name of the mountain in question, proves this derivation to be erroneous, for it is never pronounced Sliabh-na-man in Irish, but always Sliabh-na-mon, the article na properly referring to m-ban, the genitive plural of bean—woman. Ouris, properly spelt abhras, literally means yarn of any kind, and by it is also understood the custom treated of in the above passage, which has been copied by Lady Morgan into her "Wild Irish Girl." Her ladyship tells us that General Vallancey, ingeniously traces those conventions of female industry called Ouris, to a Scythian origin, but it is not likely that the Scoto-Milesians, who in their various migrations proceeded from Scythia to Ireland, had any occasion to be instructed in the management of flax by the 'foreigners' who, according to the legend, 'had first inhabited the Sliabh-na-Mann-mountain.'" I must say I fully agree with Lady Morgan, and I may further add, that in any story, relating to this mountain, I have never heard of "the Mann" or of their coming, either visibly or invisibly, to assist the Irish girls at their spinning matches. There is, however, a curious tradition told of certain supernatural spinners connected with Sliabh-na-m-ban, which may have supplied the ground-work upon which fanciful antiquaries have built some of their whimsical theories as to the name of the mountain; and as I have now disposed of Mrs. Hall's "fair women" and General Vallancey's "invisible Mann," I will proceed to narrate the tale, which will serve to illustrate some local popular superstitions, as well as a traditionary statement of the people that one of the lesser eminences of the group, and not the highest of the Sliabh-na-m-ban hills, was the "mountain of the women."

One night, very many years ago, two industrious females were engaged in spinning flax in a cabin at Gortnapise, (d) in the vale of Compsey, near the base of Sliabh-na-m-ban mountain. All the rest of the family had been long in bed, but they being intent on finishing some task which they had undertaken, hard work was the order of the night, and all gossip was suspended, except during an occasional intermission, when the bright turf fire was raked out to obtain "a soft spark" to kindle the dudeen. It was during one of these sociable intervals, whilst the wind moaned through keyhole and crevice, that the smokers were disturbed by an unusual knocking at the door. Knock succeeded knock with dull and heavy sounds for some minutes, but in vain; the affrighted women made no reply. At length a shrill hoarse voice asked loudly: "Are you within, feet-water?". "I am! I am!" was responded immediately from an old pot in the corner of the kitchen, in which the family had washed their feet before retiring to rest. "Do you hear? list! what the devil's in the pot?" whispered one of the spinners, in a tremulous tone. "Oh! I don't know, my heart is beating!" was the faint reply. A dabbling noise was next heard from the pot, and some supernatural being in an eel-like form, began to uncoil itself and stretch forward in the direction of the door, which it immediately opened, and in a second several women, strangely attired, and of extraordinary aspect, stood before the trembling spinners. Without apology for the intrusion, some of the unbidden visitors began to amuse themselves with the wheels, cards, etc. The women

(b) See paper on "Giants' Graves" in the Transactions for 1894, p. 14, where the tradition is given respecting the death of Diarmuid.

(c) As Dr. O'Donovan's remarks upon the meaning and derivation of Sliabh-na-m-ban-fionn cannot fail to prove interesting, we consider it well to give them here:—"Fionn Mac Cumhail's name has nothing to do with that of the mountain. If fionn, the lost portion of the compound, meant 'of Fionn,' then it should be in the genitive form, Finn. The natives of the counties of Kilkenny, Tipperary, Waterford, and Limerick, all call the mountain Sliabh-na-m-ban-fion—i.e., 'mountain of the fair (haired) women'—but they never call it Sliabh-na-m-ban-Finn. This is a fact, and so far the living language is a witness that the mountain was not called after Fionn Mac Cumhail, or any other man. But when the people interpret Sliabh-na-m-ban-fionn as meaning 'mountain of Fionn's women,' they are wrong, because the words conuld not bear that interpretation. Again, Sliabh-na-m-ban-Finn (i.e., of Fionn) would be bad Irish, because the following rule is always adhered to in the modern Irish—'When two substantives come together, one governing the other in the genitive case, the article cannot be used before the governing noun.' It is fair to give the name by which the people call the mountain, but it would be wrong to translate it incorrectly. 'The mountain of Fionn's women' would be Sliabh-ban-Fhinn, pronounced Slie-bon-een; no other form would express it. Sliabh-na-m-ban-fionn is pronounced Slie-na-mon-feunn, and this form could not mean 'mountain of Fionn's women,' but mons fon fæminarum candidarum. This is very clear to every grammatical Irish scholar. 'The Book of Lismore,' as well as other ancient Irish manuscripts, contains a metrical romance, from which it appears that the Tuatha De Danann women of the Sidh of this mountain, who enchanted Fionn and his Fianna, gave it its name. The fairy palace of these women, on the east shoulder of the mountain, is there called Sidh ban Feimheann—i.e., the sidh or fairy palace of the women of Feimheann. The mountain itself is called Sliabh-ban-Feimheann, or Sliabh-na-m-ban simply. If the second genitive is used, the article must be rejected. Magh Feimheann—i.e., 'the plain of Feimheann, was exactly co-extensive with the barony of Iffa and Offa East, and this mountain formed its northern boundary. I do not believe that Sliabh-na-m-ban-fionn or Feimheann, is its primitive name; I have reason to believe that it was originally called Sliabh Dile." Dr. O'Donovan considers the story of the lady-race (which is not to be met with in any of the ancient Irish MSS. romances) a comparatively modern tale, which entirely originated in the mistake as to the meaning of a portion of the name of the mountain.

(d) Gort-na-pise (pronounced Gorth-na-pische), near Sliabh-na-m-ban. I presume that this is the place called Gortnapissi, where a bloody battle was fought in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, "ten battalions of the English being cut to pieces" by Sir John Desmond at the head of the Irish army. (See Abbe Mac Geoghegan's "History of Ireland," Dublin, 1844, p. 472).

of the house were quite dismayed at this visitation, but endeavoured to dissemble their fears; and one, under pretence of fetching a few sods of turf from a shed in the yard, walked out, but soon returned in a hurry, exclaiming: "Sliabh-na-m-ban fionn and the great mountain over it are on fire!" This exclamation had a talismanic effect on the unwelcome visitors, who ran out uttering exclamations of alarm. The two women then lost not a moment in locking the door, and obeying some directions mysteriously conveyed to her who had left the house for the turf, as to the precautions to be taken against fairy influence, they thrust the tongs into one of the staples, laid the broom against the door, threw a spark from the fire into the bathing water, plucked a quill from one of the wings of a speckled hen, took the band from off the spinning-wheel, placed the carded flax, or abhras, under a weight, raked up the fire, and jumped into bed. Scarcely, however, had they got their heads under the coverlet, when the mysterious females returned, and were heard calling out, in Irish as before: "Let me in, feet-water." The immediate response from within was, in the same language: "No, I cannot, for there is a spark in me." Then the applications of the fairy women were addressed to the other objects in turn: "Let me in, tongs," "Let me in, broom," "Let me in, speckled hen, "Let me in, wheel-band," "Let me in, abhras." Each of these answered that it was out of their power, assigning as the reason the precaution taken in the disposition made of them by the owners of the house. The unearthly visitants then raised a yell of disappointment, and departed without their expected victims. This strange legend is always cited in the district as the origin of the very prevalent custom amongst the peasantry there, of throwing a spark of fire into any vessel in which a person's feet have been bathed at night; and to this day the whizzing of a red sod in a pot of hot water is music to the ears of every old woman in Crimpsey, from the assurance therefrom derived that the house is thus defended from the visitation of the "good people."(e)

(To be Continued.)

(e) The practice of putting a spark of fire in foot-water, to protect the premises from the power of the fairies was till not so long ago prevalent in the north as well as the south of Ireland, and may, perhaps, be still kept up.

LITERARY SCRAP BOOKS.

The following hints, we believe, worth attention from those who have the excellent practice of making scrap-books of cuttings from readings on subjects which interest them or are within the range of their studies:—In the choice of scrap-books beware of the gaudily bound affairs with which the market is flooded. They are poorly bound and go to pieces before they are half filled with scraps. What is even worse, the pages are made of thick wood-pulp paper, which dries, cracks, and breaks ere a year has gone by. I have seen scores of nice-looking scrap-books which were masses of fragments by the time the last page was pasted with clippings. The only kinds of paper which should be used are either the best linen or else Manila hemp. Literary people may profit by the usages in business offices. The books there which are made for the heaviest wear and tear have their pages of yellow or brown Manila hemp paper. This is particularly the case with all first-class invoice books, which will last till the day of doom. Most of them will outlast their bindings, and for this reason nearly all are so constructed that the heavy canvas bindings can be removed without trouble and handsomer ones put on when so desired. What is more, they are very economical. A 250-page invoice-book costs five or six shillings, which is less than most of the pretty parlour-table affairs, which contain but a hundred pages and the poorest wood-pulp paper.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

THE SUNKEN TREASURE.

In 1863-4 a great treasure, to the value of nearly one million dollars in gold coin and bullion, was recovered from the wreck of the Pacific mail-ship, "Golden Gate." I have the story direct from one of the principal men of the enterprise. During the period which elapsed between the discovery of gold in California and the establishment of transcontinental traffic, the custom was to ship coin and bullion from San Francisco to the Isthmus of Panama, across which it was carried to Aspinwall, now Colon, on the Atlantic. There it would be reshipped to its destination in the United States or Europe.

Thus in July, 1862, the side-wheel steamship, "Golden Gate," was en route from San Francisco to Panama, carrying more than five hundred passengers and a large amount of treasure. While running along the west coast of Mexico, about two miles offshore, she was discovered to be afire. She was headed for the beach, and when she struck the fire had so enwrapped her that all on board were forced to fling themselves into the surf. There was a vicious undertow. Two hundred and twenty-eight people were lost, and of the vessel herself, in a short time nothing remained in sight except some of the tall machinery.

After the wreck became known, it was announced that there had been a million and a half dollars' worth of gold in the treasure-room of the "Golden Gate." The underwriters sent skilled divers to the scene to attempt the recovery of this treasure.

The divers, after a prolonged examination, reported that the vessel had broken in two at the treasure-room, and that the gold had been buried so deep in the sand, through the combined action of the surf and the undertow, that the recovery of any portion of it was impossible. The underwriters thereupon abandoned the attempt.

A number of adventurous spirits in San Francisco, upon learning of this report, determined to make a personal examination of the wreck. This they did in August, 1862, and corroborated the report of the previous divers.

A second expedition went down, and although not successful, brought back reports that furnished encouragement for a third, which started from San Francico in October. 1863.

This expedition sailed in two schooners, the "R. B. Potter," a former pilot-boat of seventy tons, and the "Naiad," a little craft of thirty tons, previously used for collecting gulls' eggs from the Farallone Islands. There were ten men on each vessel, including divers and engineers, and there was all the necessary apparatus.

The diving apparatus was put into shape; the two schooners were moored at a safe distance from the breakers; the air-pump, with its attendants, was placed in position on the launch; and one of the divers, in his submarine suit, dropped over the side, but did not vanish. Since the water was but four fathoms deep, and clear as crystal, he could easily be seen as he walked along the bottom towards the wreck. A stream of air-bubbles rose behind him, and fish and sharks fled from him in every direction.

As he approached the wreck and found shallower water with each step, it was seen that the furious surf and the undertow forced him by degrees to stoop until he was crawling along on all fours. When he was directly over the wreck, he began to employ the ingenious apparatus to which the adventurers looked for success.

This apparatus consisted of a brass pipe, with a nozzle two and one-half inches in diameter, which was attached to five hundred feet of hose leading to a steam-pump on board the "Naiad. A continuous stream of water, as powerful as that from a fire-engine, was to be forced through the hose; and this, it was hoped, would roil the sand to such a state that the diver could gradually settle down into it and lay hold of the treasure.

As soon as he reached the place where he was to work, the diver gave the signal to start the pump.

After an hour of expectancy by those above, the diver signalled to stop the pump, and then came to the surface. After being relieved of his helmet, he drew in a few breaths of fresh air and reported:

"Everything is all right so far, but there is a lot more work to be done than we bargained for. The sand has accumulated so that where we expected two or three feet, there are almost six. Under this is the coal, and in it we shall find the boxes of gold, if we ever find them.

"The experiment with the hose worked well," he continued. "I kept playing the nozzle under and about my legs, and sank three feet easily. But I tell you, there's danger for a diver in this thing. If the steam-pump ever stops working while a man is deep in the roiled-up sand, he will be caught there sure, for the sand will grow solid about him before he can get out."

The men had not thought of this before, but they at once saw the truth of it, and arranged that every imaginable precaution should be taken to keep the pump working.

Both divers descended on the second day, but after considerable time reappeared with no more encouraging news than that one of them had got down into the sand to the depth of his armpits without discovering anything. During the following week the search went on with no success. The divers found that the stream from the hose did not thin the sand enough to enable them to bend down in it and grope about their feet. The stream made a hole for them to sink in, but it was not wide enough to stoop in, and it was filled with a mixture of sand and water, ready to "set" the moment the stream should stop. So the men employed their feet as hands, groping about for the treasure-boxes.

The time passed thus until Thanksgiving Day. Then the hopes of the party, who had ventured most of their savings in the enterprise, were very low, but the divers were encased as usual for the regular descents. On this morning one of them remarked:

"Boys, I am going to touch the coal to-day if I have to go my full length for it. We're needing something special to be thankful for."

It was three hours before he signalled to stop the pump. With their expectations roused by his unusual stay, the others waited eagerly for a signal to send down a bag of such implements as the diver might need to assist him in raising a box of treasure. A small, flat boat, containing two men and grapnels, ice-tongs, and such implements, were always kept moored over the spot where the diver was at work. Soon the hopes of those above were destroyed by the announcement that the diver was coming to the surface.

The diver, however, had planned a most agreeable disappointment, He who tells me this story remembers being struck by the fact that as the diver ascended the ladder to the side of the launch, he used but one hand to assist himself. When he emerged, his friends saw a package under one of his arms, and this he handed up to those on board.

The box, about a foot long, eight inches in

width, was carried over to the "Potter," opened, and found to contain three thousand five hundred dollars in gold coin.

To obtain this box, the diver had been obliged to sink himself until the top of his head was just level with the surface of the sand. Feeling something hard beneath him, he worked it about for a long time with his feet, until, finally, with the assistance of some hooks he had carried down with him, he had raised it to a point where he could get his hand on it. While there he had sent up several signals of assurance, which his tenders had never received, no doubt because his life-line had been buried in the firm sand which surrounded the roily hole.

Great progress was now made. The next day, with the assistance of grapnels and bags, more treasure was discovered, and then, day after day, two, three, and even four boxes, containing various amounts, were extricated from the sand by the labour of both divers. With each box they had to mount slowly out of the hole they had bored, and allow the sand to fill in and harden behind them.

Elated with success, the divers, as was natural, relaxed their precautions a little, until one of them had a perilous adventure. Standing over the wreck, he was boring his excavation with the hose, and sinking rapidly into the sand as usual.

Just as he got down to his shoulders, the butt of the hose was suddenly torn from his grasp by the surf. As he groped about on the sand, expecting to feel it, he remembered with a shock that before beginning operations, he had neglected the customary precaution of attaching the hose to his belt by a lanyard. The whole thing had been washed far beyond his reach.

Almost instantly the sand, no longer loosened by the stream of water, began to harden round him, and he realised the full horror of his situation.

So quickly was he embedded, that the use of his arms was soon lost; nothing protruded from the solid sand except his helmeted head, hands, and wrists. With his life-line buried and his arms powerless, he was unable to make any signal for relief to those above, who were quite unaware of his dreadful situation. Besides all this, owing to the disturbance created around him by the surf and the undertow, he might as well have been blind for all that he could see.

The pressure of sand on his chest was so severe that he began to lose breath, and resigned himself to the speedy, agonizing death which appeared inevitable. Nearly exhausted, he felt something touch one of his hands. It was the bight of the hose, which, in washing about over the bottom, had struck against him —a thing not likely to happen once in a thousand times.

Gripping this with his hand, he slowly edged it along, bit by bit, until finally he got hold of the butt and the nozzle itself. With great difficulty he turned the stream of water into the sand, and freed first one arm, then the other, and gradually the whole upper part of his body.

Through the remainder of the day he was prostrated, but he pluckily went back to the work the next day, and from that time on there was no lack of precaution on his part.

A later incident, in which the other diver figured, indicates well to what a degree the success of the expedition was due to the pluck, persistence, and hard work, of the divers. In raising one large box of treasure from the hole in the sand, the tongs by which he held it slipped, and ripped the cover entirely off the box while it was yet a foot from the top of the hole.

But by the greatest care and pains he finally succeeded in resting it on the level sand outside the hole without spilling a single coin. It was hauled up to the boat in a bag, and found to contain nearly thirty thousand dollars. Of course the weight of these boxes in the mixture of sand and water was far less than it would have been in the air.

Uninterrupted by other accidents, the work of recovery went on until the first of January, when the increase of surf, with the change of season, made further operations impossible. The last box of treasure was extricated on Christmas Day, and although regular trips below were made during the week that followed, no more boxes were brought to the surface. Then the men stopped their work and left the spot, fully intending to repeat the operations in the following year; but during the winter the party scattered far and wide, and were never reunited.

Many schemes for obtaining the rest of the treasure, by dredging, building breakwaters, or inserting coffer-dams, have been talked about, but no one has yet recovered a dollar of what the San Francisco sailormen failed to lift; nor has any one produced a scheme which, in the opinion of the man who told me this story, will warrant the outlay of the capital necessary to secure what is left of the treasure of the "Golden Gate."

MALOGA'S HOLY WELL.

BY EUGENE GEARY.

I loved to stray where Funcheon's stream
  Winds thro' fair meadows, vernal dressed,
And watch the sunlight's farewell gleam
  When cloud-isles floated in the west;
No place was there that nursed its tide,
  On which I dearer loved to dwell,
Than when entranced, I stood beside
    Maloga's Holy Well.

The cloister, ivy-clad, looked down
  In solemn splendor o'er the scene—
On tombs time-worn to gray or brown—
  Memorials of what once had been.
The shadow of the hawthorn tree
  Upon its mystic waters fell,
And wrapped in beauteous mystery
    Maloga's Holy Well.

Upon its velvet mossy brink
  Betimes I knelt in silent prayer,
Then from the goblet rose to drink
  The blessed waters sparkling there;
I watched its bubbles, rapture-bound—
  How sweet upon it then to dwell,
When dreamy stillness reigned around
    Maloga's Holy Well.

Still memory often pointing back
  To varied joys of vanished years,
With roses strews the exile's track—
  The exile's lonely spirit cheers;
Its wavering hand might cease to trace
  The changing tints of grove and dell,
But from it time can ne'er efface
    Maloga's Holy Well.

BULLS OTHER THAN IRISH.

"Bulls" are the peculiar property of no race or country, even though the Irish would claim them for their own. Herr Weizmann, chief of the reporting staff in the Austrian Reichsrath, has collected some brilliant remarks, of which the following are a few specimens:—

One most important point of the agricultural question is the maintenance of the breed of horses to which I have the honour to belong.

We are here for the weal and woe of our constituents.

Gentlemen, consider this question in the light of a dark future.

The eye of the law weighs heavily on our press legislation.

There, gentlemen, is the ever-changing point of which the opposition has made a hobby-horse.

This taunt is the same old sea-serpent which, for years and years, has been groaning in this assembly.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

(From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.)

BALTINGLASS.

BALTINGLASS, an ancient borough, market, and post-town, and a parish, in the barony of Upper Talbotstown, county of Wicklow, and province of Leinster, 32 miles (W.S.W.) from Wicklow, and 28 miles (S.S.W.) from Dublin; containing, with the town of Stratford-on-Slaney, 4,110 inhabitants, of which number, 1,670 are in the town of Baltinglass. This place, according to most antiquaries, derives its name from "Baal-Tin-Glas," signifying, according to common acceptation, "the pure fire of Baal," and is thence supposed to have been one of the principal seats of druidical worship. At the time of the English invasion, it formed part of the inheritance of the Kings of Leinster; and about the year 1148, or 1151, Diarmit Mac Murchad O'Cavanagh, the reigning monarch, founded here a monastery for Cistercian monks, in the church of which he was afterwards interred. Among the most distinguished benefactors to this establishment, which became a mitred abbey, was John, Earl of Morton, afterwards King of England; and among its abbots was Albin O'Molloy, one of the most zealous advocates of the Irish clergy, in opposition to the overbearing allegations of Giraldus Cambrensis. The monastery was frequently plundered by the mountain septs of the O'Byrnes and the O'Tooles; and in 1314 the abbot obtained from the English government permission to hold a conference with the chiefs of those formidable septs, who in the deed for this purpose are designated "Irish Felons," in order to recover "the goods and chattels of which he had been robbed, or a full equivalent for the same." The monastery was suppressed in 1537, and with its extensive possessions, including the castle and manor of Baltinglass, was granted, in 1541, to Thomas Eustace, Lord Kilcullen, whom Hen. VIII. created Viscount Baltinglass. In the reign of Elizabeth a parliament was held here, in which was passed an act rendering every kind of inheritance forfeitable for high treason, emphatically called the statue of Baltinglass. James, the third Viscount Baltinglass, and his four brothers, having joined in the great Desmond insurrection, were convicted of high treason; and their estates being confiscated under this statute, were granted by Queen Elizabeth to Sir John Harrington. The manor is now the property of Henry Carroll, Esq., of Ballynure; and the castle, with the town and other considerable property in the neighbourhood, is in the possession of the Earl of Aldborough. During the disturbances of 1798, the insurgents, after their defeat in the county of Wexford, stationed themselves in the mountains of this neighbourhood, and continued for some time to commit outrages on the peaceable inhabitants of the surrounding country.

The town is pleasantly situated in a

romantic vale watered by the Slaney, over which is a stone bridge of three arches connecting those parts of it which are on the opposite banks of the river. It was incorporated by charter of Chas. II. in the 15th year of his reign (1663), under the designation of the "Sovereign, Burgesses, and Free Commons of the Borough of Baltinglass." The borough returned two members to the Irish parliament till the Union, when it was disfranchised, and the sum of £15,000 awarded as compensation was paid to the trustees of the Earl of Aldborough.

There are some considerable remains of the Cistercian abbey, chiefly consisting of a series of seven pointed arches springing from alternated round and square pillars with curiously carved capitals, which formerly separated the south aisle from the nave; the church appears to have been a spacious cruciform structure, and the west end, which is still standing, has the remains of a lancet-shaped window of three lights; the walls enclose a large area, which appears to have been surrounded with monastic buildings. Of the ancient castle, now converted into a farm-house, two Norman doorways leading into a court-yard are still remaining; and formerly many fragments of stone highly wrought lay scattered in all directions. Near the town is a cromlech, and numerous other relics of antiquity are said to have been lately existing there. On the eminence on which Golden Fort is built are two circular intrenchments or raths, surrounded by moats, in one of which the proprietor of the estate discovered, a few years since, a number of gold coins, from which circumstance the seat derived its name; and in the other, which is of larger dimensions and in a much more perfect state, was found a kistvaen containing an urn of rude pottery, in which were ashes, with a number of human bones scattered around: in the same demesne is an ancient cemetery. Baltinglass gives the title of Baron to the noble family of Stratford, Earls of Aldborough.

(To be continued.)

NOTES AND QUERIES.

MILESTONES.

(To the Editor of the "Dublin Penny Journal.")

Sir—If I am not mistaken, the milestones in the Co. Dublin on the road to Drogheda are inscribed G. P. O, and indicate Irish Miles, while those on the road to Howth are marked only P. O., and indicate statute or English miles. I have been told that the latter measurement is used on the Howth road because it is (as it were), a continuation of the great road from London to Holyhead. Both kinds of milestone are on the left side of the road going from Dublin.—C. T. McC.

PAPER MAKING IN IRELAND.

A practical and favourite way of aiding on the revival of Irish industries is the exclusive use of Irish-made paper; yet this, notwithstanding the number of paper mills at present in all Ireland, is less, I believe, than could be found in one county (such as the county Cork), about 60 years since, when the abolition of the duty on imported paper led to the failure of its home manufacture, and consequent closing of these mills. Is anything now known of the history of Irish paper making, or when it was first set up in Ireland?

—LECTOR

IRISH BIBLIOGRAPHY.

The Use and Need of Its Study

BY E. R. M'C. DIX.

(Read originally before the National Literary Society in February, 1900.)

In dealing with the subject of Irish Bibliography, I think it well at the outset to attempt some kind of definition of the term used, and in doing so I follow, to some extent, that indicated by the late Sir John Thomas Gilbert. Of course the derivation of the word is from two Greek words, one meaning "a book," and the other "to write," and, therefore, Bibliography means writing about books. Originally all books were written, and, therefore, the study of Bibliography comprises not only what we know now as books—that is, printed books, but also all forms of early books prior to the introduction of printing, now more generally known and described as manuscripts. Primarily, then, we must divide books into two classes—viz., (1) Printed, and (2) Written. Sub-divisions of these classes have then to be made, applicable more or less to each of these branches of the subject—that is, when one deals with the Bibliography of any particular country. In our own case, therefore, the subject of Bibliography should comprise (1) The works written or printed in Ireland, whatever the subject matter of the work may be, or whomsoever the author of it. (2) Works by natives of Ireland, whether written or printed at home or abroad. (3) Books about Ireland, its history, its literature, its people, etc., whether by natives or strangers, and wheresoever printed. Under each of these sub-divisions further sub-divisions arise, occasioned by the subject of the work. For example, books about music, history, poetry, any of the sciences, theology, law, etc., or books privately printed—that is, not published or offered for sale, such, for example, as family histories. Further details or sub-headings will also be found, with some differences as to printed matter and manuscript, so far as the mechanical portions of each work is concerned. In the case of manuscript, for example, the writing, the vellum, or paper, on which it is written; in printed books, the type and all things connected with the appearance of the book as printed, the paper, or vellum, on which it appears, its size, its binding, and other minutiæ, not necessary at present to refer to. Many manuscripts, too, are bound. Thus roughly, though sufficiently, I think, is shown that the term "Irish Bibliography" includes a great variety of points or matters of study and interest, suitable to various tastes and abilities.

Let us now consider the use of such a study. In the first place, it puts on record all that has been written or printed in connection with our own country, or by our countrymen, a fact of much importance. For example, many publications are ephemeral, or are thought to be so at the time of their publication, but after the lapse of centuries they acquire a fresh value. The pamphlet, the ballad, the proclamation, even the legal deed or instrument, may after the lapse of even one or two centuries become of great value in supplying some information as to the names of places or of people, of customs, of laws, of social questions, and the like, about which future historians, genealogists, and even novel writers, may eagerly seek information. Many manuscripts and many books have vanished completely, and all knowledge of them would be lacking were it not for the titles, and occasionally some very meagre particulars, being preserved in some catalogue, or perhaps in some contemporary or later work. The hand of time presses severely upon all writings and books. As illustrative of the use of preserving passing publications, I might mention that the earliest journals of a newspaper kind are now eagerly sought after, as they give glimpses of the life and manners of the times in which they were published, and often historical information that possibly could not be otherwise obtained. The daily paper that we toss aside so lightly, after skimming it at the breakfast table, may be eagerly sought for by the historian some two centuries hence, a solid reason for having all our newspapers filed and carefully preserved in our Public Libraries, or in some of them, at least.

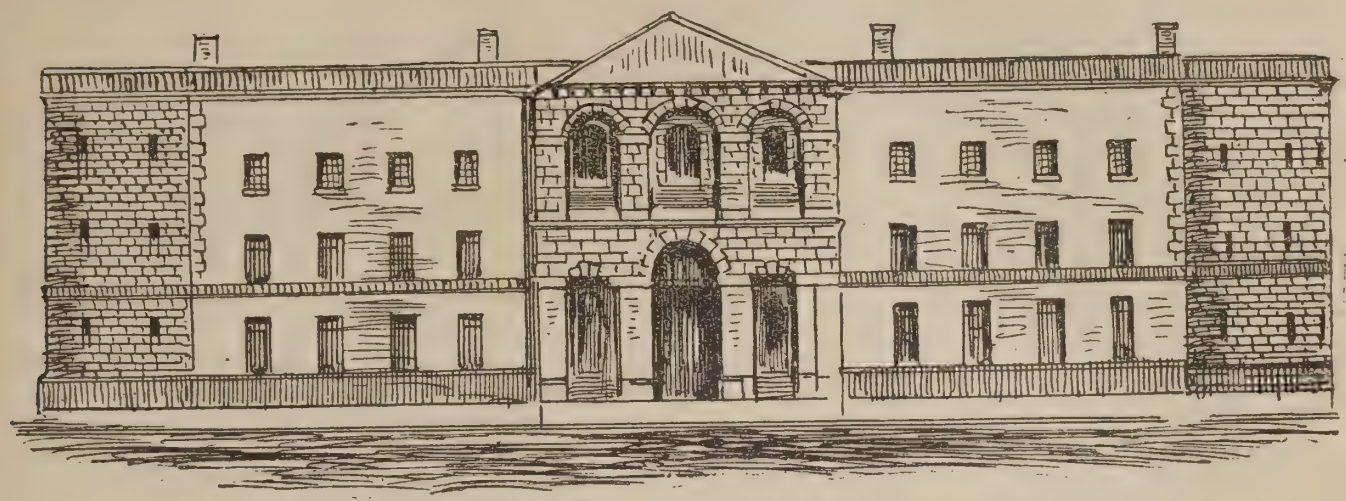
This, however, is not the only use of Bibliography. The study of it also reveals the inception and progress of such arts and crafts as writing, illumination, printing, typefounding, wood-cutting, engraving, illustrating, paper-making, and bookbinding, and as these so largely enter into every relation of modern life, no country can afford to be ignorant of this really important study. The past enlightens the present, and is suggestive for the future.

Before proceeding further with the subject under some of its sub-headings, I would wish to point out what other countries are doing as regards their Bibliography. Let us take the case of the sister country; there the study, of books more particularly, has progressed for centuries. English Bibliography has drawn to its investigation continuously most ardent students, whose works, generation after generation, have enabled their successors to follow up this fascinating pursuit more deeply and widely. A library could be formed alone of books dealing with printing, bookbinding, typefounding, and all the other minutiæ of book forming. Each detail has its special students and authors. Nor is the subject by any means becoming exhausted, but rather is it becoming further developed, and a wider circle is being interested in the subject. There is one instance only I would refer to—that is, the series of books, six in number, published not long since by Kegan Paul and Co., London:—

1. "The Great Book Collectors," by Charles and Mary Elton.
2. "Book-Plates," by W. J. Hardy.
3. "Books in MS.," by F. Madan.
4. "Early Printed Books," by E. Gordon Duff.
5. "Early Illustrated Books," by A. W. Pollard.
6. Bookbinding," by H. P. Horne.

All these are books by experts each in his particular field, and a perusal of them is often useful to guide the Irish Bibliophile in what he should do or look for, and the lines on which this study must be pursued, for Bibliography is an exact science, with its own technical terms and its own forms pursued by its students in every country. There are Associations, too, for the study of Bibliography, all doing important work, both in England and Scotland, and on the Continent in particular, where printing had its origin, as far as Europe is concerned. If, then, the subject

NEWGATE PRISON.



THE HISTORIC OLD GREEN STREET EDIFICE (NOW DEMOLISHED).

The above is a picture of the now demolished Newgate Prison which stood in Green Street, Dublin. Historic interest attached to the old building, as in it most of the leaders of the United Irishmen were confined, and from the gallows which projected over the large iron gate in centre of the picture many of them were executed. The following account of the erection of the prison and of the manner in which it was once conducted is taken from the "New Picture of Dublin," published in 1821:—

The name Newgate was given to the old gaol of the city of Dublin, which stood in Corn-market, from its having been formerly one of the city gates. The former appellation continues attached to the present prison, the first stone of which was laid in the Little Green, on the north side of the city, in 1773. The site is considered to have been most injudiciously chosen, as there is not sufficient extent for the necessary yards and other accommodations; it is surrounded by wretched streets, and the ground is so low as to render the construction of sewers to carry off its filth impracticable. The building was erected under the direction of Mr. Thomas Cooley, at the expense of £16,000. It is a large quadrangular pile of three stories, extending 170 feet in front, and 127 in depth, having, at the external angles, four round towers. In the front are the guard-room, hospital, common-hall, long-room, chapel, &c.; and on the other sides of the quadrangle are the cells, which are universally 12 feet by 8, badly disposed and ventilated. The cells for the condemned are truly gloomy: they are nine in number, and compose the cellarage of the east front. There are two common halls to the prisoner's yard, where they are allowed liberty to walk.

Previous to the year 1808, the internal management of this prison was defective in the extreme, and abuses of a very flagrant nature are said to have existed. It was visited at that period by the Commissioners appointed for inspecting the Prisons of Ireland, who found the prisoners, tried and untried, and even some under sentence of death, indiscriminately mingled together, without any attempt at classification; and in some instances, from 8 to 14 were crowded together in one cell. Want of cleanliness and comfort was visible throughout the building, while the hospital was destitute of almost every essential necessary. Information was received by the Commissioners, that such was the anarchy and insubordination that prevailed amongst the prisoners from want of proper discipline, that robbery and other crimes of a more horrible nature were frequently committed within the prison, which were not only permitted but encouraged by the turnkeys.

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is worthy of such attention in other lands, one may well ask what has been done on the subject here; or where should one look for all these details in the Bibliography of our own country. As regards MSS. I will, further on, make some reference to them; but without fear of contradiction I may say, that very little, indeed, has been done as regards our printed books. Sir James Ware's "Writers of Ireland," edited and very largely supplemented by Walter Harris (1746), is the earliest and best work in which Bibliographers can find much valuable information, and it must be the main source to depend on, apart from independent research, for books of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and beginning of the eighteenth centuries. It is not, however, a Bibliography but a record of Irish writers and others who resided in Ireland.

Similarly, Bishop Nicholson's "Irish Historical Library" is useful to a certain degree or extent, but less so a good deal than Harris or Ware. There are other writers of Irish Bibliography, such as Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Charles Read, etc., who refer to the works of those whose lives they relate, but as sources of Bibliographical information they are not of much use.

The next authority where one looks for information is Cotton's "Typographical Gazetteer," first and second series, in which some particulars are given of some of the earliest printing in several of our towns, but these form only a few items amongst a mass of information referring to the printing done in other countries and places. Power's "Irish Literary Enquirer" and "Handy Book about Books" are thoroughly valuable and useful so far as they go, but that is not very far. Power must have left a mass of MS. material, collected for many years, but where it is to be found I do not know. The only work solely, if one may so say, devoted to Irish publications of any importance or size, is the valuable work by the late Dr. R. R. Madden, on "Irish Periodical Literature." In this voluminous work, the painstaking and ardent author sought to record the various periodical publications of Ireland, its newspaper press, and its journals, from their first appearance throughout the country, and here and there in this work are references to other printing done here. The third volume promised never appeared, as the author's life was not spared long enough for its publication, but I have heard that the MS. materials for it passed into the hands of a private collector not long ago.

Scattered through some of the numbers of the old "Dublin Penny Journal," and other earlier, and later, magazines, as the "Irish Builder" for example, are occasional articles dealing with the subject of the earlier printing in Ireland, but they are hard to find, or not easily accessible; many of them are old, and all, in the nature of things, lacking information now available. For example, when Dr. Madden's book was written, there were not then in existence the "Calendars of Irish State Papers," in which so much information can now be gleaned. It is very greatly to be regretted, indeed, that the publication of these "State Papers" was suspended for many years—even now the recent volume just out extends only to 1632.

Of late years, however, it is pleasant to record that more attention has been paid to our Home Bibliography, and articles (more particularly in antiquarian journals) will be found containing information of much use and importance; but I would point out again that there is no book or publication dealing generally, or exclusively, with the whole subject of Irish Bibliography, or even one deal-

ing with any particular branch of the subject.

Not long preceding his death, the lamented Sir John Thomas Gilbert read two papers on the subject before the Royal Irish Academy, a body of which he was so distinguished an ornament. His principal life work as an author and compiler was of a much more important character—namely, that of editing many of our national or municipal records; but in such constant work and study he came frequently across particulars of books falling under some branch of the definition I have attempted of Irish Biliography, and the subject was one very near to his heart. His communications to the Academy, however, I regret to say, have not, up to the present, been published. The newspaper report of his first communication was exceedingly meagre. On the second occasion, however, much more attention was given to the matter, and a nearly full report is to be found in at least four of the Dublin daily papers of the time. Having obtained a copy of each report, and attempted to collate them, I only found some clerical errors which could be corrected without difficulty, so that at least a reprint of the newspaper report might still be made. These communications, valuable as they are, were no doubt only introductory to this important subject, but Sir John T. Gilbert was cut off in the midst of his vigour and work, and Ireland has suffered a great loss in the death of her eminent historian. Perhaps at some future date it may be possible for the Academy to publish amongst their transactions or proceedings the communications thus made to them by Sir John T. Gilbert, as any communication from his erudite pen would be of immense value, and have great weight with and interest for leading Bibliographers in other countries.

I must not, however, omit to mention another work of great value, which will be found of much assistance to Irish Bibliographers. I refer to Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue's "Poets of Ireland," in which the places of publication, editions, and sizes of the works enumerated are given, as well as the dates. A second edition of this unique and invaluable work is in course of preparation, I am very glad to know, and in it, I am sure, Mr. O'Donoghue will increase the Bibliographical worth of his work.

When one turns to the works of English Bibliographers for information as regards Irish printing, that information (if found at all) is, as a rule, of the most meagre character, and not seldom unreliable. It did not interest these English writers particularly. No doubt it seemed poor in their eyes and very late in date, but it ought to interest all of us very much. Amongst English Bibliographers, however, there was one to whom Irish Bibliography was a much-loved subject, though his published communications on the subject have been very brief and few. I refer to the late Henry Bradshaw, some time Librarian of University Library, Cambridge. His father was an Ulster man, which may, perhaps, account to some extent for his liking for Irish books and MSS. On the occasion of the visit of the Libraries Association many years ago to our city, Mr. Bradshaw gave an address on the subject of Irish printing and books, but, strange to say, save for a meagre report in the daily papers, his communication is not recorded, and the only explanation for this, so far as I can ascertain, is that, as quoted in his Memoirs, he so enthralled his hearers that they forgot everything, even to take notes of what he said! That he had a most extensive knowledge of the subject we have the strongest reason for believing. He left behind him, it is said, a large quantity of MSS. materials, but what has become of them, and in whose custody they now are, I do not definitely know, although I made some enquiries of Mr. Prothero, who wrote his Memoirs.

Of recent attempts to do something for Irish Bibliography, I would refer to the communication of Dr. F. C. Crossle as regards Newry printing, and those of Mr. James Coleman as regards Waterford, Kilkenny, and Limerick printing; of several other towns in the S.E. of the country; and also to occasional communications from Mr. J. Buckley, the late Mr. M. J. Hurley, Mr. C. J. Doran, and others. I must also more particularly refer to the list of early Belfast-printed books, compiled by Mr. John Anderson, formerly Librarian, and now Hon. Secretary, of the Linen Hall Library, Belfast. His list, indeed, was the first attempt of the kind, and was begun originally in a small way. Two enlarged editions of this list then appeared, with a later supplement, comprising the titles, printers' names, size, authors, etc., of all Belfast-printed books, from the earliest date of printing there down to 1830. Small as such a contribution to Irish Bibliography may seem to be, it is of great value as throwing light upon the literary and even social condition for a lengthened period of the place to which it relates. In Belfast printing did not begin, so far as is known, until 1694. The student of Belfast history will, I think, come speedily to the conclusion that the list of books published there bears testimony to the character of the town itself. It is much to be regretted that a similar list of Cork-printed books was not long ago published. It would have been of great interest and value. As a step in that direction, a list of Cork books is being compiled for the Cork Archæological Society's Journal, and is appearing in it by instalments. In this work I am greatly indebted to and assisted by Messrs. Coleman and Buckley. I have also begun, as perhaps you are aware, an attempt to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Anderson, as regards a portion of early Dublin printing, with the able assistance of my colleague, Mr. W. C. Dugan, but it is proving a far more laborious and expensive task than I at first anticipated, and one that can only progress very slowly, and as health and funds permit. As printing here began much earlier than in Belfast, so such a list, as I conceive, ought to be of much more interest and value, or, at least, will be so when it is completed. As we pass from one century to another, and the distance between us, and any point of our past history becomes greater, increased interest will attach to anything which throws light on that history or time. Too long have we neglected this study. There have been serious difficulties, no doubt, in the way in past years which prevented a proper development of such study, but if people's interest were now properly awakened in the subject no real difficulty would be found to exist at present. There is, in fact, I believe, a slowly awakening and increasing interest now being taken in the subject. Here, therefore, in our native bibliography there is a very wide field for numerous workers; in some cases an absolutely virgin field. I may mention, for example, the sub-class or division of bookbinding. There is, so far as I am aware, no work of any kind whatever dealing with Irish bookbinding. Lectures have occasionally been given on the subject, but they have not been recorded otherwise than in a passing manner in the daily Press. It is true that the unquestioned authenticity of native bookbinding of a handsome and valuable kind is not certain, while bindings on the Continent were early valued for their magificence; but a thorough search will, I have no doubt, obtain clear and definite information, and no opinion can really be expressed on the subject until this be done. There seems little doubt, however, that very handsome bindings were made here in the 18th century, but my own experience of the earlier Dublin binding, i.e., of that done in the seventeenth century, is exactly the reverse. It would seem to have been then of the very poorest description as far as ornamentation went, but very serviceable, all the same, were the plain leather bindings both for use and for the preservation of the books so bound. The binding of MSS. in Ireland, I think, has never been touched upon. It is certain, however, that handsome Irish bookbindings can be done at the present day if only people are willing to pay for them, but things handsome and valuable cannot be had cheap.

(To be Continued.)

THE BELLS OF LONDONDERRY.

BY JOHN KANE.

How sweetly rang the bells when we chased the honey bee,
And loudly sang the lark to you, love, and to me,
While winds of sunny April were whispering in glee;
Sing merry!
When childhood heard the bells of Londonderry.

How softly rang the bells when we clomb the misty hill,
When we reached the pebbled cradle of the foamy mountain rill,
And pledged our love at noontide when every bird was still;
Sing merry!
So clearly rang the bells of Londonderry.

And sprightly was the dancing beneath the flowered thorn,
When the little eastern moonlight, like plenty's golden horn,
Lit our way from stile to stile through the fields of whispering corn,
Sing merry!
So gaily rang the bells of Londonderry.

But now the mountain flowers have lost their rich perfume,
And the lark has now no rapture, the nodding rose no gloom,
Since they took you from the ocean to lay you in the tomb.
Never merry
Shall sound for me sweet bells of Londonderry.

But merrily they'll sound when my heart has passed away,
To the fisher near his nets, and the hillmen mowing hay,
To mothers at their doorsteps, and lovers in the May,
Making merry,
Still chime the silver bells of Londonderry.

DENIS KELLY, SPANISH OFFICER.

The Rev. Thomas C. Middleton, O.S.A., in the "Records of the American Historical Society," calls attention to a book relating to maps of the Philippines and notes the curious fact that several of the military drawings from the years 1770 to 1776 were done by a military engineer named D. Dionisio Kelly. "Nor yet, says Father Middleton, "much as we would welcome any further information of this descendant of Milesius, who years, too, before the independence of our own beloved colonies, was engaged in far-away Malaysia in rearing the defences of Manila, can aught else be learned than merely his name and profession—plain Denis Kelly, officer of the Spanish army."

NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC PROCESS.

A French military officer has just discovered a new photographic process, by which reproductions of a photograph may easily be had. It consists in laying the carte which one wishes to reproduce on sensitive paper, the printed surface of the one against the sensitive surface of the other. Exposure to the light in a frame is then made, followed by the usual operations for fixing. This gives a negative, with which one employs to renew the operations, and thus get a positive. This process enables the easy reproduction of a photograph to the exact size of the original, and gets rid of the dark room.

THE GAME OF COMAN.

AN OLD IRISH PASTIME
AS
PLAYED BY NORTH-AMERICAN INDIANS.

(From the "Dublin Penny Journal, 1832.)

Our readers will, we have no doubt, be highly amused in reading the subjoined picturesque account, abridged from Capt Basil Hall's Travels, of the Indian game of ball play, and which, they will be surprised to find, is in every respect similar to the favourite game of coman, as played in Ireland. We may naturally enquire, how has this curious coincidence originated? That it should be accidental is very improbable; and are we then to conclude that the Irish and the Creek Indians are descended from the same stock. Do not laugh, reader, at the folly of this supposition; it is not quite so ridiculous as you may suppose. You all know that our Phœnician origin has been asserted, and, we might add, proved by our historians and antiquaries; for our own parts, to a certain, extent, we have no doubt on this point. A similar origin has been also assigned to the North American Indians by the writer of the Universal History, and by a vast number of other learned men; and the probability of the conjecture has been wonderfully strengthened in our times, by the discovery of various remains of antiquity similar to those of the old world, and proving the occupation of the country at a more remote time by a civilised race. Let it be remembered, too, that those Indians are altogether unlike other savages, that they have the finest intellectual cababilities, and are brought without difficulty into the habits of civilised life. It is remarkable also that a singular coincidence is found in many of their simple primitive words with those of the Irish, as for instance, isca, water, Inis, an island, bogo, soft etc, coincidences that could hardly be the result of chance. How sublime, then, is the probable supposition that two branches of the same family, after journeying in directly opposite courses, and making a circuit of the globe, are again united into one community after a lapse of three thousand years!

We should not take leave of this curious subject without noticing that the game of coman, like that of chess, is proved historically to be of the highest antiquity in Ireland. In the will of Cahir Mor, monarch of Ireland, in the second century, preserved in the book of Lecan in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, that monarch leaves to Crimthan fifty hurling balls of brass, and as many brazen coman.

Capt Basil Hall entered the country of the Creek Indians in the month of April, 1828. In his own peculiarly lively and amusing way, he describes various customs and ceremonies which he saw practised—but we have at present to do with nothing but the ball-play. Fifty strong, stout Indians from one village were pitted against fifty equally strong and nimble from another village—while men, women, and children were collected to witness the contest. After describing the preliminary ceremonies, the Captain says:—

At a signal from one of the chiefs the two parties suddenly sprung to their feet, and stood brandishing their sticks over their heads. Every player held one of these implements in each hand. They were formed of light, tough wood, I think willow, about two feet long, and as thick as my thumb. At the end farthest from the hand, the sticks were split and formed into an oval, three inches long by two wide, across which opening, or loop, were stretched two things made of hide. By means of these bats, the ball was struck to a great distance whenever any of the players succeeded in hitting it fairly. This, however, was not very often the case, for reasons which will be stated immediately. Generally speaking, the ball was grasped, or held between the end of the two sticks, and carried along over the head by the fortunate player who had got hold of it. The ball was pretty much like that used in tennis courts, only not so hard, being formed out of raw hide stuffed with deer's hair.

After the parties had stood for some minutes in silence, in two rows facing one another, they stepped forward till they came within the distance of a few feet. Upon some work of command being given by one of the chiefs, every one laid down his sticks before him on the ground. A deputation of the chiefs highest in rank now proceeded to examine and count the parties, in order to make sure of their being an equal number on both sides. All these ceremonies, and various others which I forget, being ended, an old man stood forward and made a speech, or talk, as it is called, which, being interpreted to us, appeared to be formed of injunctions to the combatants to observe fair play, and to do honour to their country upon this important occasion. As soon as he ceased, the Indians scattered themselves over the ground, according to some rules not unlike those of cricket, by which the players might intercept the ball, and send it back again in the right direction. I observed that each of the goals, or wickets, formed by the two boughs at the ends, was guarded by a couple of the most expert players, whose duty it was to prevent the ball passing through the opening—the especial object of their antagonists.

These long-protracted ceremonials and preparations being over, one of the chiefs, having advanced to the centre of the area, cast the ball high in the air. As it fell between twenty and thirty of the players rushed forward, and leaping several feet off the ground tried to strike it. The multiplicity of blows, acting in different directions, had the effect of bringing the ball to the ground, where a fine scramble took place, and a glorious clatter of sticks mingled with the cries of the savages. At length an Indian, more expert than the others, contrived to nip the ball between the ends of his sticks, and, having managed to fork it out, ran off with it like a deer, with his arms raised over his head, pursued by the whole party engaged in the first struggle. The fortunate youth was, of course, intercepted in his progress twenty different times by his antagonists, who shot like hawks across his flight from all parts of the field, to knock the prize out of his grasp, or to trip him up—in short, by any means to prevent his throwing it through the opening between the boughs at the end of the play-ground. Whenever this grand purpose of the game was accomplished, the successful party announced their right to count one by a fierce yell of triumph, which seemed to pierce the very depths of the wilderness. It was sometimes very amusing to see the way in which the Indian who had got hold of the ball contrived to elude his pursuers. It is not to be supposed he was allowed to proceed straight to the goal, or wicket, or even to get near it; but, on the contrary, he was obliged, in most cases, to make a circuit of many hundred yards amongst the trees with 30 or 40 swift-footed fellows stretching after or athwart him, with their fantastic tigers' tails streaming behind them; and he, in like manner, at full speed, holding his sticks as high over his head as possible, sometimes ducking to avoid a blow, or leaping to escape a trip, sometimes doubling like a hare, and sometimes tumbling at full length, or breaking his shins on a fallen tree, but seldom losing hold of his treasure without a severe struggle. It really seemed as if the possessor of the ball upon these occasions had a dozen pair of eyes, and was gifted at the time with double speed; for, in general, he had not only to evade the attacks of those who were close to him, but, to avoid being cut off, as it is called in nautical language, by the others farther ahead. These parts of the game were exciting in the highest degree, and it almost made the spectators breathless to look at them.

Sometimes the ball, when thrown up in the first instance by the chief, was reached and struck by one of the party before it fell to the ground. On these occasions, it was driven far amongst the pine-trees, quite out of sight to our eyes, but not to those of the Indians, who darted towards the spot, and drove it back again. In general, however, they contrived to catch the ball before it fell, and either to drive it back, or to grasp it and run along, as I have described, towards the end of the ground. Sometimes they were too eager to make much noise; but, whenever a successful blow was made, the people on the winning side utter a short yell, so harsh and wild, that it made my blood run cold every time I heard it, from being associated with tortures, human sacrifices, scalpings, and all the horrors of Indian warfare.

The notation of the game was most primitive. Two of the oldest and most trustworthy of the chiefs were seated on one side, each with ten small sticks in his hand, one of which was trust into the sand every time the ball happened to be driven through the wicket. Twenty was game; but I observed these learned sages never counted higher than ten, so that when it became necessary to mark eleven, the whole ten sticks were pulled out, and one of them replaced.

Sometimes the ball fell amongst the groups of lookers on, the women and children of the different Indian villages. It did not signify a straw, however, who was in the way; all respect of persons, age and sex was disregarded, in the furious rush of the players, whose faculties seemed concentrated in the game alone.

The agent had previously taught me the art of avoiding the mischief of these whirlwind rushes of the Indians; and it was fortunate for me that he did so. I was standing on one side of the ground, admiring a grand chase, which was going on at some considerable distance, when one of the players, who was watching his opportunity, intercepting the fugitive, and struck the ball out of the other's grasp, though he was bounding along with it at a prodigious rate. The ball pitched within a yard or two of the spot where I was standing. In the next instant a dozen or twenty Indians whizzed past me, as if they had been projected from canons. I sprung to the nearest tree, as I had been instructed, and putting my hands and legs round embraced it with all my might. A poor boy, however, close to me, had not time to imitate my example, and being overwhelmed by the multitude, was rolled over and over half a dozen times, in spite of his screams, which were lost in the clatter of sticks, and the yells and shouts of the combatants, who, by this time, had become animated by the exercise, and were letting out the secret of their savage nature very fast. I felt rather awkward, I must confess, as they rushed against me, and very nearly scraped me off; but I held fast, and escaped with a good daubing of rosin from the pine-tree. In half a minute afterwards the contest was raging some hundreds of yards off.

We did not stay to see the end of the game, as there was danger of our being benighted, an event which happened, however, notwithstanding all our precautions. I have since regretted much that I did not profit as far as I might have done by this only opportunity I ever had, or am ever likely to have, of seeing the habits of these people, who are fast vanishing from the face of the earth.

IMPERFECT SIGHT.

Savages and sailors are rarely near-sighted because they are incessantly looking at distant objects, seldom poring over books. Let a mother endeavour to make her child notice the shapes of distant objects, the flight of birds, the conditions of horses, their various actions, the growth and variety of trees. These apparently trifling cares are most useful in cultivating long sight, capacity for observation and accuracy in statements. To prevent short sight: First, prohibit a child from reading at dusk or by firelight. Second, never allow ill-printed books or one in small type. Third, no illuminant should be near the eyes, the heat being peculiarly injurious. Fourth, do not allow reading too long at a time. Fifth, a child should not stoop much over a book. Little beehive chairs are very useful in this way. The back is well supported and both feet can be placed straight on the ground. Bad positions in sitting are a fruitful cause of curvature of the spine. Sixth, at any sign of trouble in the eyes, have them at once examined by a competent oculist. Allow no amateur meddling on this important point.

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS:

Compiled from Authentick Memoirs, Offices of Record, Manufcript Collections, and other Unexceptionable Vouchers,

BY THE LATE WALTER HARRIS, ESQ.

CHAPTER X.

The history of the city of Dublin continued from the arrival of the English in 1169, to the settlement of it under that power in 1173.

HENRY II., king of England, from the beginning of his reign was animated with a strong ambition to reduce Ireland under his obedience, partly on account of the many injuries done to his subjects by piracies (Cox's Hist. Ireland, vol. I. p. 1), but principally as frequent aids were sent from thence against him in his wars with France (MS. College of Dublin). For this end he summoned a council of his great men at Winchester (Tyr. Hist. v. 2. lib. 5. p. 300) in 1155 to consult upon measures for carrying these his designs into execution; but the attempt was then looked upon to be so hazardous, that it was for the present laid aside, and he contented himself with procuring a bull (Pryn's Pap. Usurp. v. 1. p. 709) from Pope Adrian to licence his invasion of that kingdom upon a favourable opportunity, which in a few years after presented itself.

Dermod Mac-Murrough, alias Kevenagh, king of Leinster, a lustful and ambitious prince, having by arms obliged O'Neill, O'Melaghlin, O'Carroll, and other Irish princes to give him hostages, grew so insolent at his great successes, that he became oppressive (Geral. Cambr. lib. 1. cap. 1) to his subjects, and injurious to his neighbours, and more especially by a rape committed by him in the year 1167 on Dervorgille, wife of O'Roirk, king of Breffiny, who was daughter to O'Melaghlin, king of Meath; whereupon he was invaded by his enemies, and abandoned by his subjects and tributaries, particularly by Murrogh O'Birne (Maurice Regan), Asculph Mac-Torcall, king of Dublin, and Daniel, prince of Ossory, and after many defeats was obliged to forsake his country and throw himself at the feet of king Henry (then in Aquitian) and crave his protection and assistance, offering to become his liege-man, and to serve him faithfully during his life. The king of England, being engaged in his French wars, was disabled from affording him any present succour; but having taken from him an oath of allegiance, he by letters patent (Giral. Cambr. lib. I. cap. 1) granted a general licence to all his subjects to aid and assist king Dermod in the recovery of his kingdom. This happened in the year 1168.

With this encouragement king Dermod returned to England, and at Bristol published the king's letters, and his own overtures of great entertainment to such as would assist him. Richard de Clare, Earl of Strigul and Pembroke (commonly called Strongbow from his excellence in archery), was a man of great abilities and power (MS. College), of a high and conspicuous birth, magnanimous, but infinitely profuse, which had reduced his large estate to such a narrow condition, that having almost exhausted his patrimony, he was beyond measure obnoxious to his creditors, and from thence most ready to embrace all motions that promised any means of extricating himself from his difficulties. He was charmed with the proposals of the king of Leinster, and wanted nothing but king Henry's special licence (Regan MS.) to engage absolutely with him; which, if he could obtain, he stipulated to assist him in person, and with sufficient aids to restore him to his kingdom. On the other hand, the exiled king covenanted to give him his daughter Eva to wife, and with her the reversion of the kingdom of Leinster.

Fired with these hopes, king Dermod returned home, and wintered privately at Ferns among the clergy there (Giral. Cambr. lib. I. cap. 2). Yet, growing impatient at the delays in the execution of Earl Strongbow's engagement, on account of king Henry's special licence not yet obtained, early in the spring 1169 he despatched (Regan) his prime minister, Maurice Regan, called "his trusty servant and interpreter" (from whose history of these transactions, and from that of another contemporary witness, Giraldus Cambrensis, this account is chiefly gathered) into Wales, with authority in his name to promise to all who would serve him in his wars in Ireland, large recompenses in lands of inheritance, or good entertainment in money or cattle to such who should decline settling in the country. Robert Fitz-Stephen (a man of prime account in Wales, and who had been lately enlarged out of prison by king Rhees at Dermod's meditation) undertook the service, and under his banner lifted thirty gentlemen at arms, who were his own kinsmen, threescore men in Jacks or light coats of mail, and about three hundred archers and footmen. There also engaged in the same adventure, Maurice de Prendergast, with ten gentlemen at arms, and a good number of archers, and Maurice Fitz-Gerald, with ten gentlemen likewise at arms, thirty horsemen, and about one hundred archers. To these may be added Hervey of Mount-Maurice, Robert de Barry, Miler Fitz-Henry, and Miler Fitz-David, son to the Bishop of St. David's; but the numbers in their retinue are not mentioned.

This army, small indeed for so great an enterprise, landed (Regan) at Bannow-bay, not far from Wexford, in May, 1169; from whence they immediately despatched messengers to king Dermod, notifying their arrival, and were speedily joined by him, his natural son, Donald Kevanagh, and a good body of forces. With these they reduced Wexford, twice chastised the king of Ossory, plundered the country of O'Felan, brought O'Tool and others to submission, and obliged them to give hostages for their future loyalty. We only mention these actions briefly in order to connect them with the affairs of the city of Dublin, with which we shall now proceed.

King Dermod, animated with these successes, persuaded his new allies to turn their arms against Dublin, alleging that the reducing of that important place would lay a foundation for the conquest of the whole kingdom. But private revenge was the motive (Giral. Cambr. lib. I. cap. 22) to this undertaking, for the citizens had long before, under colour of friendship, invited Dermod's father to an entertainment, and getting him into their power, under pretence of some former injuries, basely murdered him, and contemptuously buried his body in a dunghill with a dog; from which time they cast off their allegiance to their prince, and continued in a state of rebellion under their own petty king, Asculph Mac-Torcall.

Leaving a small body of forces with Fitz-Stephen (who was employed in erecting a fort at Carrig (Regan. Tyrrel's Hist. Engl. vol. II. p. 346), two miles from Wexford, in order to bridle that fickle town, which was for the most part inhabited by Ostmen), king Dermod and his new allies put themselves upon their march to Dublin, and entering the borders of the territories thereof, they burned, spoiled, and wasted the same, and the whole country adjoining. The citizens finding their inability to resist, sued for peace, which they obtained upon swearing fealty, and giving sufficient hostages for their future obedience; which done, Asculph was continued in the government of the city.

This train of successes inspired king Dermod with higher undertakings, and he consulted with the English adventurers how he might recover the monarchy of Ireland, which some of his ancestors formerly enjoyed, and to which he pretended a title: and they advised him once more to solicit Earl Strongbow to make good his former engagements. He therefore wrote to the Earl (Giral. Cambr. lib. I. cap 12) and put him in mind that the year was already spent without seeing him. The earl, upon receipt of Dermod's letters, perceiving what feats the small body of English forces had achieved in Ireland, conceived great hopes of the undertaking, and determined to make the attempt; but first he hastened to the king, who was still in Normandy, and entreated him for licence to seek his fortune in

Ireland. The king, wearied with importunity, gave him such an answer as the earl interpreted to amount to a licence, and returning to Wales he despatched Raymond le Gross, with nine or ten knights and some foot (Cambrensis says seventy archers) to keep up Dermod's spirits till his arrival, which he promised should be without delay. Reymond landed near Waterford in spring, 1170, and having cast up a slight entrenchment, he had considerable success (Regan) against a strong party of the inhabitants of that city, supported by the prince of Ossory, Mac-Phelan of Offelan, and O'Ryan of Odrone, attended with an army of three or four thousand men. But he maintained his ground in his fortress of sods till Earl Strongbow landed in August following.

This noble adventurer brought with him two hundred men at arms, and a thousand others, as Cambrensis says; but Maurice Regan increases the number to fifteen or sixteen hundred soldiers. With these he immediately assaulted Waterford, and after two repulses made himself master of the town, not without a considerable slaughter of the citizens.

King Dermod and all the English adventurers joined Earl Strongbow at Waterford, where, according to compact, the marriage between the earl and Eva was solemnised.

In the meantime the citizens of Dublin (Regan. Giral. Cambr. lib. I. cap. 16) had again revolted, and it was determined in council to chastise them. While preparations were making for this purpose, Roderick O'Connor, king of Connaught, and monarch of Ireland, had raised an army of 30,000 horse and foot, with a resolution to impeach the intended enterprise against Dublin. In pursuance of which, he encamped with the main body of his forces at Clondalkin, three or four miles from Dublin, and guarded all the passes through the mountains with strong detachments. King Dermod laid the difficulties of the attempt before his confederates; but they judged that to draw back would give such a reputation to the arms of the king of Ireland as would be little short of a foil, and therefore it was resolved in council to proceed. Miles de Cogan, an officer of great valour, marched in the van with a regiment of 700 men, supported by Donald Kavenagh, natural son to king Dermod, and a strong body of Irish. Reymond le Gross led the battle with a regiment of 800 English, supported by king Dermod and 1,000 Irish. The rere was brought up by 3,000 English, headed by Earl Strongbow, and supported by a strong regiment of Irish. Their orderly march so appalled the enemy, that they gave way without making any opposition, and the king of Ireland, by advice of his council, dissolved his army and returned home. This is the account given by Maurice Regan (who was then in the army, and on the score of his prudence sent from thence to summon Dublin), which we choose to follow, rather than the relation of Cambrensis, who says that the confederates gave the Irish army the slip, marched through the mountains of Glandelogh, and got safe to Dublin. This would be to expose themselves between two armies, or (as it is now called) between two fires, which the English were better experienced soldiers than to run the hazard of.

Maurice Regan was despatched to summon the town, and to demand thirty hostages for the better assurance of king Dermod. Asculph Mac-Torcall, fearing the issue of a siege (Regan), was ready to submit to the terms; but the citizens disagreeing in the choice of the hostages, the time allotted for the treaty expired, of which Miles de Cogan took advantage, and, without any command from king Dermod or the earl, made himself master of the town with great slaughter. The soldiers got good spoil from the rich townsmen, and Asculph and many of the Ostmen citizens escaped by means of their shipping in the harbour. The same day (being the 21st of September, 1170) king Dermod and the earl made their entry into Dublin, wherein they found great abundance of provisions. A few days after Dermod returned to Ferns, and the earl, about Michaelmas, marched to Waterford with a part of his forces, leaving Dublin under the command of Miles de Cogan, who may truly be called the first English governor of it.

King Dermod died (Regan ibid. Giral. Cambr. lib. I. cap. 20) at Ferns in May, 1171, and most of the Irish nobility forsook the earl, except Donald Kavenagh and two or three others.

In the meantime, the news of these fortunate successes had reached the ears of king Henry (MS. College), who was jealous of Strongbow, and thought himself robbed of the glory of so great a conquest. He, therefore, not only confiscated all the earl's estate both in England and Wales, but by proclamation (Giral. Cambr. lib. I. p. 19) prohibited all his subjects from importing provisions or stores into Ireland, and further commanded such of them as were already in that kingdom to return home by a certain day. This proclamation, and the news that O'Connor, king of Ireland, had levied an army with an intent to besiege Dublin, brought the earl back both to defend the town and to consult of means to appease the king's anger. O'Connor invested the city with an army of 60,000 men. He himself took up his post at Castleknock and Finglas, Mac-Dunleve, king of Ulster, encamped at Clontarf, O'Bryen, king of Munster, at Kilmainham, and Moriertach, prince of Kinsellagh, at Dalky, waiting for the arrival of Asculph, who was expected with a fleet and a considerable number of forces from the isle of Man, and the Orcades; by which means all access to the city would be shut up. But he came too late.

Dublin being thus invested with a numerous army, and within but weakly provided with men or victuals for a defence, the stores taken with the city being much consumed, nevertheless bore the siege for two months. But then, all necessaries failing, earl Strongbow called a council, and laying before them the scantiness of their provisions, and the little hopes of relief from abroad, especially as king Henry had prohibited his subjects from sending them any aid, he advised to send to king Roderick, and propose a treaty, and that he should offer to submit himself unto him, become his man, and hold Leinster of him as a feudatory province. This council was approved, and Laurence, archbishop of Dublin, was commissioned to treat with Roderick. But he, knowing the difficulties the garrison laboured under, and not doubting but he should carry the town by assault, insisted upon much more exorbitant terms, and therefore willed the archbishop to tell the besieged that unless the earl would surrender up into his hands the city of Dublin, and also Waterford and Wexford, together with all his castles, and at a day prefixed abandon Ireland and return home with his English forces, that he would without delay give the assault, and made no doubt of carrying the city by storm.

(To be continued.)

THE CAUSES OF BAD SPELLING.

The following analysis of the causes of bad spelling is the outcome of deep study by an American Professor:—

Let me say that, in a long struggle against bad spelling by college students and others, we have never made use of a "spelling book." I do not believe that such a book should ever be used above, say, the fourth grammar grade. I am fully convinced that at least 90 per cent. of our prevalent bad spelling comes from an unwise use of the "visual" method. It has been demonstrated by recent experiments in our psychological laboratory that on an average a person does not see at one glance more than four consecutive letters of any word. The prevalent idea of taking a long word at a single gulp, so to speak, is therefore psychologically unsound. In our effort to improve the spelling of candidates for admission to our English courses we have found three or four methods effective.

(1) A careful drill in etymology, showing the obvious relation of Latin declensions and conjugation to the spelling of a vast number of common words. Such a drill generally helps the student to avoid misspelling such words as "arable," "divisible," "movable," and hundreds of other words where a slight recollection of the declension or conjugation involved will save the speller from blundering.

(2) A careful drill in the application of the half-dozen well-established rules for doubling letters, eliding the final, etc. It is amazing how generally grammar school and high school teachers ignore these rules. Yet these rules are as free from exceptions as the ordinary rules of Latin syntax.

(3) The determination of the besetting orthographical sins of each individual pupil. Except in the case of a very few incorrigibly bad spellers—and the number of these is infinitesimal, comparatively—it is found that persons habitually misspell each a few common words. It is for the earnest teacher to determine patiently, in each individual case, what these besetting orthographical sins are, and to drill the pupil accordingly. Such words can easily be determined by means of dictation exercises. If the drill in etymology and in spelling rules does not remedy the case, it is not difficult to suggest some fantastic association, by means of which—applying the well-known psychological law of remembering by association—the pupil may forever avoid his tendency to blunder on a particular word. For example, who need again misspell the often misspelled word "separate" after he has been reminded that that word is always "at par"—that is, contains the sequence p-a-r

(4) A thorough and continuous drill in syllabication. The neglect of syllabication in our grammar and high schools is amazing. As I have already said, this is the root of the matter. The "visual" method is of the very greatest value in teaching a young pupil to read, but it is, I repeat, responsible for most of our bad spelling, in so far as it is used to the exclusion of the analytic method.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Bible on which the King will take the oath at the Coronation is to be beautifully bound in red polished levant morocco. Both covers will have a Tudor rose border. On the front cover there will be a cottage roof centre design, and on the back one the arms of Edward the Confessor, Oxford University, Cambridge University, and Westminster Abbey. There will be no clasp or metal corners on the Bible, but the edges will be solid gilt. The Bible used at the Coronation of Queen Victoria was also an Oxford Bible. It is now in the possession of the descendants of the then Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Sumner, who was entitled to the volume by virtue of his office as Prelate of the Garter. Queen Victoria inscribed her name on the fly-leaf.

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Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the writer of at least half a dozen books, each of which would have rendered her famous, was born at Hobart, Tasmania, on June 11, 1851. She is grand-daughter of Dr. Arnold, the great Head Master of Rugby, and a niece of the late Matthew Arnold. She began work by writing many magazine articles and a series of essays on Spanish subjects for the "Dictionary of Christian Biography." Her first book, which was published in 1881, is "Milly and Olly," a child's story, illustrated by Mrs. Alma Tadema. "Miss Bretherton" appeared in 1884, and in 1888 the world was taken by storm with "Robert Elsmere." Seven editions of the three-volume form and over 90,000 copies of the one-volume edition have been sold in this country. In America, chiefly owing to the enterprise of the "pirates," half a million copies were quickly sold.

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"Robert Elsmere" was but the beginning. It had scarcely been translated into three languages, when "David Grieve" appeared in 1892, to be soon followed by "Marcella," "Sir George Tressady," "Helbeck of Bannisdale," and "Eleanor." In 1890 Mrs. Ward took the leading part in the founding of University Hall, an institute for the use of the poor of South St. Pancras. This has now become the Passmore Edwards Settlement, of which Mrs. Humphry Ward is Honorary Secretary.

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Mr. Donald Ferguson writes as follows to the "Daily News":—"Mr. Quiller-Couch is quite right with regard to the meaning of 'send' in the line, 'Send him victorious,' from the National Anthem. The Century Dictionary, under the verb 'send,' has: 'To cause to be; grant. (Obs. or archaic). As examples of the use of the word with this meaning it quotes:

'God send him well!'—Shaks., "All's Well," i., 1, 190.

'Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious.'
—H. Carey, "God Save the Queen."

'God keep you all, gentlemen; and send you meet, this day, with another Bitch-otter.—I. Walton, "Compleat Angler," p. 61.'"

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Mr. W. M. Voynich is one of the most eager of living bibliophiles; moreover, his eagerness is ever directed by a scholarly devotion to truth. The several Voynich catalogues issued during the past few years serve as object-lessons in their kind. Epithets such as rare, scarce—to say nothing of unique, a word which Mr. Voynich does not include in his vocabulary—are never over-exploited; references to the works of well and lesser known bibliographers, to copies of books in greater and smaller libraries, are the result of knowledge, indefatigable labour. There opened last week, at No. 1 Soho square, an exhibition of some 150 books and examples of incunabula, not one of which is to be found in any of the great libraries of Europe, from Italy in the south to Sweden in the north, from England to Russia or Poland. Mr Voynich is a traveller, and has made personal research in practically all the important public collections. The catalogue, in the compilation of which much aid has been given by officials of the British Museum, represents a labour difficult to realise, save by the initiated.

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It is impracticable in a brief note to give an idea even of the most attractive items. One great source of "finds" has been the bindings of old books. Actually protecting a work printed in Geneva—the plain vellum alone visible on the outside—is the fourth part of a map, almost without question sketched by or for a member of the Magellan expedition, whose crew, without the famous Portuguese navigator himself, reached Spain on September 6th, 1522, after having made the first voyage round the world. The course of the Victory is indicated on this map, and many of the place-names appear in red. In the right-hand corner is an interesting Latin inscription. Needless to say, Mr. Voynich hopes some day to find one or more of the remaining quarters. Another "binding find" is a summary of the Bull issued by Leo X. in 1514, to confirm that of 1512, showing the marks by which it was affixed to the doors of the church, with the Papal arms, St. Peter's keys, etc., hand-painted on a separate piece of paper. Similarly, we see a Hebrew alphabet, printed in Poland during the 17th century, with in the centre a well-known wood-cut. Some Petrarch enthusiast caused to be printed, probably at a private press, about 1600, on palimpsest vellum, a eulogy of the poet, excerpted from several sources; and here we have probably the only copy so executed for the possessor's own use. An interesting "Guide to Rome," printed there in 1562, by an Englishman named Shakerley; three dictionaries, each in six languages, Venice and Nuremburg, between 1536 and 1548, and all earlier than those in the British Museum; a "Life of S. Clare of Montefalco," Milan, 1504, with a most unusual wood-cut; a fragment of the second book printed in London, 1481, this by John Lettou, the Lithuanian, about whom so little is known; a psalter, printed at Venice about 1527, the type exquisitely spaced and put on the page; a portrait of Queen Elizabeth, impressed on a contemporary binding, varying somewhat from the portrait in the Bible of 1573 or 1583; and a perfect example of one of those strange presentments of the main divisions of the interior of the human body, dating from 1559; these are one or two, only, of the books, etc., of signal interest in the exhibition. Students and bibliophiles should not fail to visit the collection during the next few weeks.

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"What are Keats?" asked a frank Philistine, as he listened to a discussion on poetry. In similar spirit a correspondent who has found the Dumfries Burns's Club preparing to celebrate the centenary of Thomas Aird, asks, "Who was Aird?" Few beyond the Scottish border know of him. But he was born on August 28, 1802, and at Edinburgh University he met Carlyle, with whom he kept up a life-long friendship. Aird spent most of his life editing newspapers; but he found time to write a good deal of verse. His "Captive of Fez" appeared in 1830. One of the most popular of his books was the "Old Bachelor in the Scottish Village," which Scotland still remembers. Hogg, Christopher North, de Quincey, Lockhart, were among Aird's friends, and perhaps he is more notable for these than for anything else.

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In a few months time there will come round the centenary of the establishment of the newspaper press in Australia. The original paper—the "Sydney Gazette and New South Wales Advertiser"—died suddenly in 1843, after a vigorous and stormy life of over forty years. It was founded by Mr. George Howe, a West Indian creole, who had spent some time as a compositor in the office of the "London Times," and ventured out to Port Jackson in the very early day of that settlement. Curiously enough, the drama arrived before the Press in Australia, for it was in 1796 that the "Broad Arrow Number One" company produced "The Revenge," for which the notorious pickpocket, Barrington, wrote the famous prologue:—

From distant lands, o'er widespread seas we come,
Though not with much éclat, nor beat of drum;
True patriots we, for be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good;
And none will doubt but that our emigration
Has proved a blessing to the British nation.

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Mr. Charles Hughes has made an interesting literary discovery, which a prospectus lately received from Messrs. Sherratt and Hughes tells us that he intends to publish in the autumn. This is a hitherto unpublished fourth part of the "Itinerary" which Fynes Moryson printed in 1617, "containing his Ten Yeeres Travell through Germany, Bohmerland, Switzerland, Netherland, Denmark, Poland, Italy, Turkey, France, England, Scotland, and Ireland." At the end of this quaint and entertaining work—which has long been a mine for writers on the social conditions of Europe towards the beginning of the seventeenth century—Moryson gives a list of chapters which he proposed to add to his work, in which he intended to describe the social and political customs of various States more exactly than he had been able to do in the body of the narrative. Mr. Hughes was fortunate enough to discover this continuation, practically ready for the press, in the library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He has obtained permission to copy and publish the work, which will appear in the autumn—perhaps the first time on record that the fourth part of a work has appeared nearly three centuries after its predecessors went to press. Of the discovery Dr. Ward writes:—

The MS. is beyond all question worth publishing as a singularly faithful account of the manners and customs of German life, especially in cities and universities—founded not on hearsay but on close and accurate observation. The writer was one of those men who have a passion for detail, but his clearness of insight is as marked as his directness of style. It is certainly a very good find."

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Mr. Thomas J. Wise possesses probably the most exhaustive Shelley collection of any book-lover—but not, if we mistake not, a copy of one rarity. Doubtless he is among those who have detected a singular error which appears in the catalogue of a library about to be sold in King street. Shelley's first publication was "Zastrozzi," recently valued at £150, as against a published price in 1810 of 5s. Next came "Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire," no example of which seems to exist. In the same year, 1810, there was printed at Oxford, by J. Munday, "The Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson; being poems found among the papers of that noted female . . . edited by John Fitzvictor." Shelley was responsible for most, if not all, the verses—mere rhodomontade for the most part—professedly written by the maniac washerwoman who attempted the life of George III. The 4to., of some 29 pp., is extremely scarce, but about twenty years ago a reprint, sometimes mistaken for the original, was published by Mr. Sheppard. In the Christie catalogue the book appears under the name of Margaret Nicholson, Shelley going unmentioned. In the unlikely event of this proving to be a copy of the editio princeps, a high price is certain. If its money-worth has increased during the past decade in proportion, for instance, to that of "Adonais," each printed page may fetch more than £3. The last "Margaret Nicholson" sold at auction, in the Gardyne library about 20 years ago, made £52, and is now at Rowfant.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

Several remarkable instances are known in which the Yankee boy's trick of whittling led to valuable inventions. According to a writer in the "Stationary Engineer and Machinist," the elder Cunard, who was apprenticed as a lad to a Scotch shipbuilder, is said to have amused himself in whittling the hulls of vessels. Occasionally he would fit one of these with masts, sails, and rigging complete. Tired of familiar types, he would experiment with new ships, and one of these it was that attracted the attention of his master, because it would not maintain its upright position in the water. Experiments were made to ballast it, in order to give it the proper trim. The clipper-like shape and graceful, long lines of the model promised great speed. Such is said to be the origin of the standard model of the Cunard and later ocean greyhounds.

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Robert Livingston Stevens had grown to man's estate when he sailed from New York to Liverpool, eighty years ago. But he had not outgrown his love of whittling. In those days the passage took two months, and Stephens passed many an hour, jack-knife in one hand and a piece of wood in the other, brooding over a problem that had often worried him—how to run a railroad without stone stringers for tracks. He wanted to get an iron rail that would "hold," and would take the place of the thin strips fastened to the chair of the roadbed. Just before he reached England, his whittling revealed to him the solution of his problem, and that solution took the form of a T-rail with a broad base that could be applied direct to a solid wooden support. That T-rail is still in use on all railways of the world.

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A simple instrument has been tried experimentally on the Government Telephone Exchange in Stockholm for about a year, to indicate to the subscriber whether the operator is listening to the conversation. Bridged across the subscriber's line and connected to it by a double pole switch is a current detecter whose middle point is earthed. The centre point of the operator's receiver at the exchange is earthed through the "engaged-test battery" in the ordinary manner. Thus, when the operator switches in her telephone through her listening key, a current is sent over both lines in parallel, through the above-mentioned subscriber's indicator, and to earth, and the subscriber knows that the telephone operator is on the line. The indicator itself has two astatic needles, on whose common axis an aluminium disk is placed with red, black, and white crosses painted upon it. This disk moves behind a black painted shutter. When any current is passing through the indicator the black cross is behind a cut of corresponding shape in the shutter, and when the operator is listening the red or white cross shows. In this way, when the communication is through two exchanges, the connections can be so arranged that the white cross indicates that the operator at one exchange is listening, and the red cross that the operator at the other exchange is in circuit. This instrument is said to have worked well on the Stockholm system and to have been popular among subscribers.

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A departure which may turn out to be of some importance to the automobile industry, is described in a paper read by Dr. N. Caro, of Berlin, before the German Ecetylene Verein at a meeting held at Eisenach. It appears from Dr. Caro's contribution that acetylene gas, when led through petrol, becomes heavily carburetted by it in much the same way as does ordinary atmospheric air. One hundred litres of acetylene will in this way take up 125 grains of petrol, yielding 150 litres of carburetted gas. As a heating agent the carburetted acetylene is superior to ordinary acetylene in the proportion of about 6 to 4. It is plain that we have here a gaseous mixture containing a high degree of energy. Should it turn out to be applicable to explosion engines it ought to enable motors of extreme power per unit of weight to be constructed. There may, of course, be practical difficulties in the way, and they have not altogether been satisfactorily got over yet in the case of acetylene gas alone, while the fact that there is a tendency for petrol vapour to separate out from the acetylene on cooling somewhat, may give rise to additional complication, but in any case the discovery is one of high importance.

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Mr. E. G. Clayton, of London, has been engaged for some time past examining and analyzing the incrustation upon the exterior masonry of the stone gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral. This stone during the two centuries it has been standing has become very weather-worn, and the grey incrustation with which it is covered is as much as ¾ inch in thickness at places. The composition of this substance analysis reveals to be as follows—Water loss at 100 deg, 2.06; water loss at 150 deg, 22.48; carbon (soot), 1.10; calcium sulphate, 59.38; calcium phosphate, 2.22; calcium silicate, 1.63; magnesium silicate, 0.67; iron silicate, 2.40; sand and uncombined silica, 8.06. The substance is stalagmite in character, chiefly composed of calcium sulphate, hydrated together with some silicious matter. It is probable that the rain and the sulphurous and sulphuric fumes exhaled by the surrounding chimneys combined with the rain are responsible for the calcium sulphate deposit.

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The United States Mint gives in exchange gold coin for gold bullion, no charge being made for the coinage of the bullion; but a charge is made for the copper added in making an alloy of the proper standard, or 900 fine, that being the fineness of both gold and silver coin (says the "Mining and Scientific Press"). All unrefined gold bullion, unless it be foreign coin, must be refined or parted, for which a charge is made in accordance with the fineness of the metal. Upon fine gold—that is, bullion over 900 fine in gold—no parting or refining charge is made. Seigniorage is the actual difference between the face value of the coin and the market price of the metal in the coin. As the market price of the gold in a gold coin equals its face value, there is no seigniorage upon the coinage of gold. In all United States silver coins it is different. In the silver dollar, containing 412½ grains of metal. 371¼ grains of which is pure silver, if the market price of an ounce (480 grains) of silver is 60 cents, and the Government puts in the dollar 371¼ grains of silver, then the difference between the market value of 371¼ grains of silver and the amount of silver which the dollar will purchase is the seigniorage.

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For some time past the experimental staff of the British Naval Torpedo School at Portsmouth have been endeavouring to devise some means to frustrate the attack of a submarine upon a battleship. A contrivance had been designed for this purpose, consisting of an outrigger torpedo fired from a pole projecting from the side of a torpedo boat destroyer. A torpedo fired in this manner resulted in a sufficient shock to disable a submarine vessel within a radius of thirty feet. The drawbacks to the scheme, however, were that the pole was shivered into fragments whilst the torpedo boat destroyer itself also sustained a severe shock. Although various other contrivances have been tried, the outrigger torpedo and pole have proved the most feasible means for fighting the submarine. The experimental staff has now devised a new and stronger pole, which withstands the shock of the torpedo when detonated, but at the same time allows it to be fired with full effect. A series of trials with the apparatus has been carried out at Portsmouth in connection with a torpedo destroyer, and no ill effects were experienced upon the vessel during the discharge of the torpedo. So satisfied is the Admiralty with the apparatus, that it is to be generally adopted in the British navy.

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In a recent number of "Science" a method of utilising fluorine from fertilising plants is described. When natural phosphates are decomposed by sulphuric acid in the manufacture of superphosphate fertilisers, there is much hydroflouric acid set free as such or as fluoride of silicon. This is especially the case when apatite (native phosphate of lime) is used; indeed, this fact detracts very materially from the value of the immense apatite deposits of Canada. In Germany manufacturers are compelled by law to prevent the escape of these deleterious gases into the atmosphere, and efforts are being made to utilise the waste product. By leading the gases through water, fluosilicic acid is formed, and from this solution sodium fluosilicate or magnesium and aluminium fluosilicates may be readily prepared. The last two have some use in hardening calcareous stone. More recently it has been discovered that fluosilicic acid has strong antiseptic properties, and that as a preservative of manure it surpasses plaster, kainite, or super-phosphate of lime. The denitrifying action of bacteria is checked, preventing the loss of nitrogen. The aqueous acid in bottles would hardly be acceptable to the former, and no satisfactory absorbent of the acid has been found. A patent for a new manure preservative has recently been taken out, in which the fluosilicic acid is incorporated with clay, with the bases of which it for the most part combines. With this powder goes another consisting of a porous substance saturated with sulphuric acid. A small quantity of each powder is scattered over the manure pile, and by the action of the sulphuric acid on the fluosilicates fluosilicic acid is generated, which acts as an antiseptic.

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The American Museum of Natural History has just acquired a unique wonder of marine life in the shape of a gigantic Japenese crab, measuring 12 feet. This is the largest specimen in the world, the Biological Department of Columbia University having the next in size. The specimen shown is a type of the spider crab, which inhabits the waters of the group of islands forming the Empire of Japan. At four of these great islands, at present, according to Prof. David Starr Jordan, some 1,100 different marine species are known to exist. The extraordinary size of the crab is strikingly shown in comparison with the ordinary-sized one; the body portion is of about the size of a large dinner-plate, while its two great arms, containing saw-like teeth, called "pinchers," could encircle the outstretched figure of a man. The eight arms resemble sections of bamboo growth, and are extremely elastic. One of the peculiar features of the crab is its faculty of assuming a disguise. This feat they are able to perform owing to the flexibility of their pinchers, and to the hooked hairs and spines with which their numerous arms are studded. By means of these pinchers they tear off small fragments of sponges and seaweeds. After first putting these to their mouths, which contain a glutinous saliva, they place them on the surface of their limbs and body, by sticking them fast with a rubbing movement. By this method the crab succeeds in completely changing its appearance and rendering itself indistinguishable from the materials common to the bottom of the sea. The big crab is one of the features which Prof. H. C. Bumpus, Curator of the Department of Invertebrate Zoology, is arranging for exhibition.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1793.)

MARCH 14.

Accounts were said to have been received yesterday at the Castle, of a dangerous rising of the lower orders of the people a few days ago, near Kinsale, in the county of Cork. The magistrates and a party of the Carlow Militia quartered there, attended for the purpose of dispersing them, but notwithstanding the Riot Act had been read, and that orders and entreaties for their immediate dispersion had been employed on the part of the magistrates, the rioters continued obstinate, and orders being given to fire, four of the deluded wretches were killed on the spot, and several othere wounded and taken prisoners.

A letter, dated Cork, March 10, received by Messrs. Doyle and Roe, of this city, mentions that a vessel bound from Lisbon to Bristol, had arrived there that day, under the protection of the Hermit privateer. The vessel had been taken by one of nine French frigates cruising between latitudes 42 and 47, and about longitude 14, but happily rescued by the Hermit. One of the French frigates is said to carry 40 guns. The letter adds, that it is supposed this squadron of frigates are lying in wait for the West India fleet now there.

Last week several vessels sailed from the great victualling ports of Cork, Waterford, and Dungaryan, with provisions of all kinds for Leghorn, where large store-houses are taken by the British Consul, in which they will be deposited for the use of Lord Hood's squadron while it remains in the Mediterranean.

A gentleman just arrived in town from the county of Tipperary, says, that, in passing last Sunday over the great plain near Durrow, there happened a most dreadful thunder storm, which continued sixteen minutes, and ended with a crash in the atmosphere loud enough to be heard many miles round, The clouds then discharged a shower of hailstones as large as middling gooseberries, one of which struck him in the eye, which is not yet recovered.

Diligent search is making by the police inspectors after a junto of coiners, said to be at work in some obscure part of this city, from whence they issue and find means to pass counterfeit half-crowns, shillings, and sixpenses, throughout town and country. Two or three ragged boys, remarkable for wearing no shoes, stockings, nor hats, who daily purchase bad shillings for a halfpenny or penny each, may be well suspected for agents to the company, who by washing them with a quantity of litharge and quick-silver, can so clear their complexion, as to impose on hasty or ignorant people with the greatest ease.

Yesterday a proclamation of the Commissioners of Police, for regulating the rates of all sorts of carriages, whether for pleasure or for the conveyance of merchandise, plying within the precincts of the city of Dublin, was posted up in several of the most conspicuous places in the city—a regulation which the extortion of coachmen, carmen, and others employed in the carriage of goods, rendered highly necessary.

CORK, MARCH 6.

We are concerned to hear from different quarters of attempts to disturb the public peace by illegal assemblies, tendering and taking unlawful oaths. The spirited and timely exertions of the civil power, and the very active and zealous support of our garrison (a part of the 14th Dragoons and the Tipperary Militia), has secured and brought to justice a number of these deluded wretches.

This turbulence only exists amongst a low class of farmers and cottagers, who have for these two seasons got double the former prices for every article of country product brought to market.

On Monday eleven of these deluded people were taken out of a large body in the South Liberties by Sheriff Evanson, and a party of cavalry, and Tipperary Militia, and committed to Bridewell; and yesterday the Rev. Mr. Delany, and Mr. Johnson, High Constable, with a like party, surrounded 185 of them on the borders of the North Liberties, who are lodged in the county gaol.

Yesterday the Carlow Militia, a fine body of men, marched in here, and this morning set off for Kinsale, where they are to do duty. To-morrow the 33rd Regiment, 1,000 strong, and the city of Limerick Militia, will come in.

TRIM, MARCH 13.

The trial of Mullen, for the murder of the Rev. Mr. Butler, came on yesterday. The first evidence was the surgeon who attended the deceased. He deposed that the death of Mr. Butler was ocasioned by a gun-shot wound, and produced the bullets or slugs, which he extracted from the wounds. Having asked the deceased if he saw the person who fired at him, his reply was, "That he only saw the flash of the pan—that he was confounded, and felt as if electrified—did not immediately perceive himself wounded, the report having startled his horse, who took to full gallop."

Lynch, the approver, was the next witness examined. He deposed that Mullen, the prisoner at the bar, himself, and two others, were hired by Mr. Fay to shoot Mr. Butler; he was particular in stating that Fay had conferred with him on the business in his own office, and used the precaution of desiring his clerk to retire for the purpose of secrecy—his confederates and he agreed for a certain sum to effect the deed; Mr. Fay himself cast the bullets from leaden spoons, charged the blunderbuss, which he, the evidence, was ordered to use; he took it with him to the place appointed to way-lay the deceased, accompanied by the prisoner and the other confederates. As Mr. Butler approached, he, the witness, laid the blunderbuss down, which the prisoner at the bar instantly took up; they concealed themselves behind a bush, and when Mr. Butler approached near enough to fire at, the prisoner at the bar took aim at him through the bush, and fired. Mr. Butler's horse plunged and galloped forward, on which the rest of his associates and himself (the witness), except Mullen, were determined to follow and despatch him, but the prisoner at the bar cried out in these words, "Let the robber die in pain!"

The bullets were produced to the Court, were examined, and proved to be lead.

The approver Lynch underwent a cross-examination of more than two hours, and, what is extraordinary, his story was so well fabricated, and he came so well prepared, that the slightest deviation did not appear in the course of his testimony.

The prisoner pleaded an alibi, which in his case appeared singularly pointed and consistent.

The overseer of the Royal Canal deposed that the prisoner had been engaged for some time previous to the murder of Mr. Butler, in labouring work at the Royal Canal; that he worked all the day on which the murder was alleged to have been committed until the usual hour, and came to his work on the following morning at the accustomed time.

The witness corroborated his testimony by producing his book, in which the hours of the prisoner's departure from his work, and arrival next morning, were noted.

Another evidence deposed that he was in the habit of sleeping with the prisoner; that he slept with him particularly on the night of the alleged murder, and that the prisoner did not absent himself either on that night, or on any previous or succeeding.

Certain persons gave testimony to the character of the prisoner, which had always been irreproachable, while that of Lynch, the approver, was equally infamous.

The trial lasted until after ten o'clock at night, when the jury retired for a few minutes, and returned a verdict—Not Guilty.

This day Mr. Fay's trial came on, for conspiring the death of Mr. Butler. He was honourably acquitted, no evidence having appeared against him except Lynch.

From the "Dublin Gazette."

SHERIFFS

Appointed by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant for the year 1794.

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County of Armagh.—John Ogle, of Forkhill, Esq.
County of Cork.—John Wallis, of Westwood, Esq.
County of Cavan.—Thomas Fleming, of Castle Cosby, Esq.
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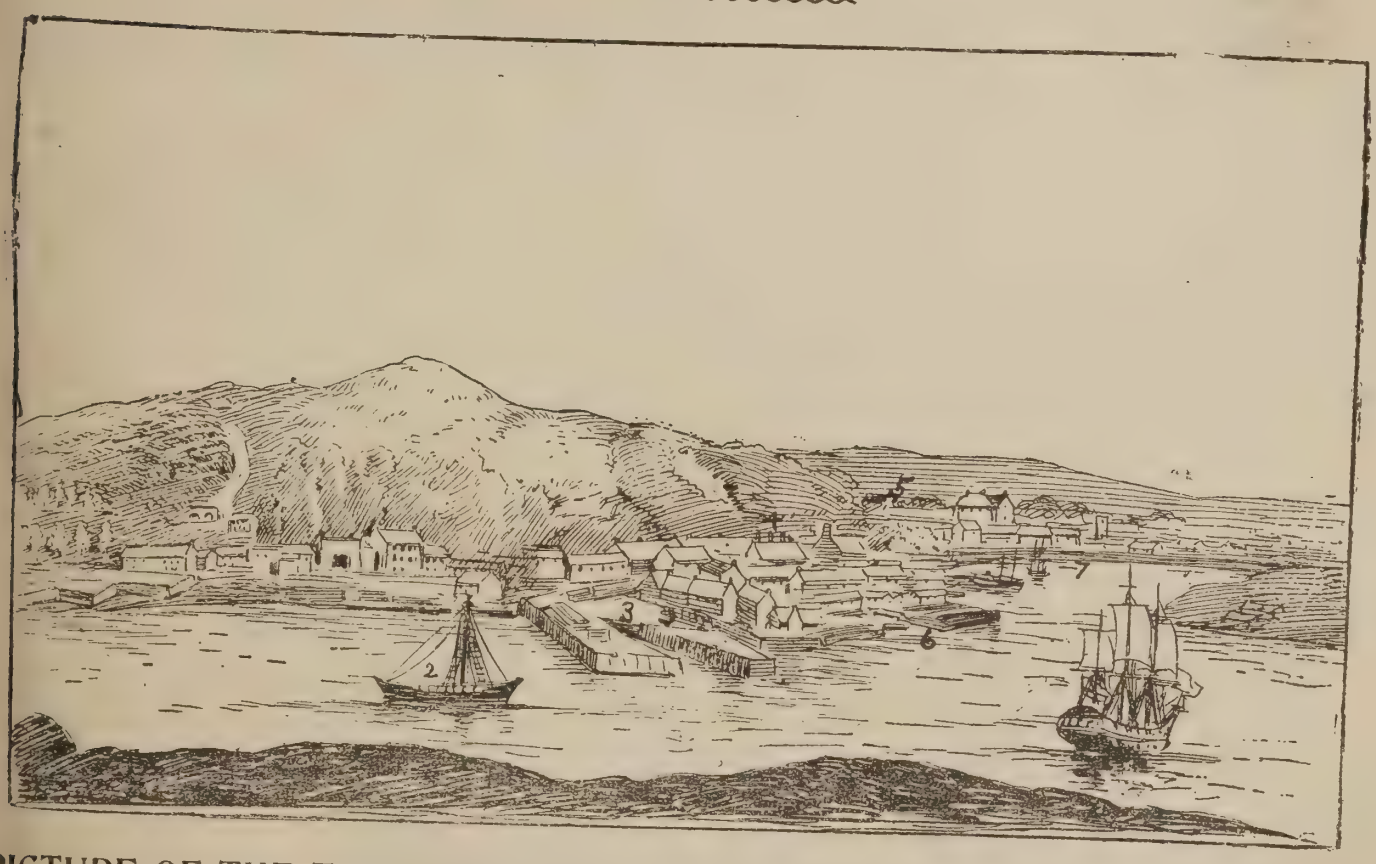
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KINSALE.



PICTURE OF THE TOWN AS IT WAS ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY YEARS AGO.

KEY TO THE ABOVE PICTURE.

1. Compass Hill. 2. Salisbury Hulk. 3. The Dock and Yard. 4. Mr. Southwell's House. 5. The Bowling Green. 6. The Custom House Quay. 7. The Market Quay.

The picture of the ancient borough of insale accompanying this article is taken om Smith's History of the Co. Cork econd edition, Dublin, 1774), in which is iven also the following sketch of its story:—

I proceed to a description of Kinsale, hich was called, in Irish, Cean Taile, i.e., e head of the sea, alluding to the pro- ontory, called the Old head; others de- ve it from the Irish cune taile, or cune ille, which imparts a smooth sea or sin. It is, in some old Irish MSS., called Fan-na-Tuabred, i.e., the fall of the springs. This is an ancient corporation. King Edward III. granted it a charter, anno 1333; and the same was renewed by king Edward IV'ths charter of the 22d year of his reign, anno 1482. I do not find that this charter was again renewed, until queen Elizabeth confirmed their privileges, anno 1588, the year of the famous invasion by the Spanish armada. The corporation forfeited this charter upon the Spaniards landing in this town, anno 1600, together with all their privileges. For on October 14, 1601, the burgesses came to Sir George Carew, and requested him to restore their charter, seal, mace, and royal standard; which, upon the arrival of the Spaniards, they had delivered him to keep. The president said he could not return them without directions from England, for he conceived that they were forfeited, but promised to write to the queen in their favour, which he did, and soon after had an order to restore them, on condition that they should, at their own charges, repair their walls, and assist, with labourers,

towards finishing the new fortifications of Castle-Park, all which they promised to perform.

Among other ensigns of royalty restored at this time to the burgesses, there was a fair, large standard, embroidered with the arms of England, given them by king Henry VIII., who sent it by Sir George Carew, the lord president's cousin german, when he arrived at Kinsale (not long before the siege of Bologne), being then admiral of the king's ships. After the restoration of their charter, king James I. gave them £20 per ann. out of the cantreds of Kinsale and Courcey's, to enable them to rebuild their walls. And king Charles I., by letters patent, dated March 13, ann. reg. 14., granted them £6 per ann. out of the lands of Drumdarig, and £12 10s. 0½d. out of the Spittle land. The late king James also gave them a new charter, dated at Dublin, 25th of February 4th regn. before his abdication, and enrolled May 4th, 1688.

In this town was an abbey of regular canons, where (Colgan says) Saint Gobban, a disciple of Saint Ailbe, was abbot in the 7th century. There was also an abbey here of Carmelites, or white friars, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, founded by Robert Fitz-Richard Balrain, anno 1334. Part of the ruins still remain on the N. end of the town.

The parish church is dedicated to a female saint, called Multosia, or St. Multos, by whom it is said to have been erected in the 14th century. From the W. door to the E. end it is 123 feet long, and proportionately broad. On the north side is an arcade of seven gothic arches; the middle arch leads into a cross isle. The steeple of this church is low, old, and but indifferently built. There were in it, about twenty years ago, three bells; at present there is but one.

This town is built under an hill, called Compass-Hill, and extends above an English mile from the barrack, at the north-east end (which is an handsome building for a regiment of men, pleasantly situated) to the World's-end, a place so called on the south-west; a good number of houses are built on the side of this hill, and several also rise near its top, which, from the bay, and the opposite shore, make it look much better than it really is. This hill being of circular form, the place, in a great measure, taking its figure from it. The principal street, for want of room, is, in many places, narrow and incommodious. Over this are the other streets, but the communication is by steep, slippery lanes, which, to strangers, are far from being agreeable. The houses are mostly built in the Spanish fashion, with large balcony windows; that of the Right Hon. Edward Southwell is the largest. Towards the middle of the hill is a pleasant bowling-green; and higher up, a road, planted with trees, called the Mall, where the ladies and gentlemen recreate themselves. There is another walk above this, called the rampart; and a pleasant way quite round Compass-hill, from whence there is a delightful prospect of the harbour, opening into several fine basins, besides the old and new forts, Bandon river, and, one the opposite shore, two well-built villages, called Cove and Scilly. This prospect in time of war is generally embellished with armed vessels and large fleets of merchant ships. The harbour is very commodious, being rendered deep and navigable, by the river Bandon, which empties itself here, and with the advantages of its strong fort makes it much frequented in war time. There are here a dock yard, for the building and repairing his majesty's vessels; also a crane and gun wharf, for landing and shipping heavy artillery, all built during the last war. In war time there is also an hulk for the laying down and careening great ships, besides a store-house, clerk of the cheque, store-keeper, master shipwright, and other proper officers; besides a number of seamen, usually kept in such places in England; and this is the only port in Ireland where his majesty's ships of war can be refitted. In war time, several rich merchant ships, bound to England, often put into this port, and wait for convoy.

The houses set, in war time, for double rent, and their leases are drawn up accordingly.

This town gives title of baron to the Right Hon. John De Courcey, who is lineally descended from Milo de Courcey, son to John, Earl of Ulster, whose ancestors were summoned to the first parliaments of Ireland. The privilege of being covered in the royal presence is enjoyed to this day by his lordship, being granted to his great ancestor, the Earl of Ulster, by King John. The Lords Kinsale were formerly the first barons of Ireland, but are said to have lost their precedency ann. 1489. James, Lord Kinsale, having missed being at a solemn procession at Greenwich, King Henry VII. gave the title of premier baron of Ireland to the Lords Athunry, who have ever since enjoyed the same; but this fact is disputed.

Lower down the bay is the royal fortification of Charles-fort, so called (in honour of King Charles II.) by the Duke of Ormond, anno. 1681, who then came to review it. It was begun in the year 1670, the first stone being laid by the Earl of Orrerey, and was finished at the expense of £73,000.

Before this fortification was built, there was one, on the opposite side, called the Old-fort. The blockhouse still remains, and is capable, if there was occasion to have cannon mounted on its rampart. Both these forts were taken by the Earl of Marlborough, ann. 1691. Sir Richard Booth was the last governor of the Old-fort.

When the Spaniards took Kinsale, it is hard to conceive how they maintained themselves in the place, which (except a rampart on the side of the hill) had very little, besides an old wall, to defend it; there was, to the S. of the town, a small round fort, called the Queen's-fort, which shows what weak fortifications they had in those days; but the army under Lord Mountjoy were scarce more numerous than the Spaniards in the town.

Four miles south of Kinsale, in the Barony of Courceys, is a promontory, running far into the sea, called the Old-head, on which is a lighthouse for the convenience of shipping. A mile from its extremity is an ancient castle of the Lords Kinsale, built from one side of the isthmus to the other, which defended all the land towards the head. This place was formerly called Duncearma, and was an old seat of the Irish kings. The isthmus, by the working of the sea, is quite penetrated through; so that there is a stupendous arch, under which a small boat may pass from one bay to the other. Among the rocks of this coast there are ayries of good hawks; also the sea eagle, or osprey, build their nests and breed in them.

Ringroan is an ancient castle, and small village; it gives also title of baron to the Right Hon. the Lord Kinsale.

POND-LILIES—PAST AND PRESENT.

BY MARGARET M. HALVEY.

When I was a child they were dearer to me
Than blooms of the garden, the hill, or the lea;
Not lifelessly lovely as blossoms they seemed—
They were friends for whose coming I yearned and
and dreamed!
Till a herald breeze whispered: "They wait you
beyond—
The white-lady lilies have come to the pond."

I pictured them ladies, all placid and pale—
On the floor of the waters their white robes a-
trail—
Their golden eys always with welcome a-light,
And 'twas their gentle bidding that speeded the
sprite,
Who bore me the message so lovingly conned:
"The white-lady lilies have come to the pond."

Years sped and I stood on a prosaic shore,
Where the voice of the herald might echo no
more—
For the fays may not stray from the Island of
streams;
Yet sometimes a whisper would steal through my
dreams.
"Acushla," it sighed, "are you lonesome beyond?
Do you miss the white-ladies who wait on the
pond?"
Ah! that same murmur echoed, methinks, in an
ear
Attuned as mine own, fairy whisperings to hear;
For lo! a mere mortal, who knew not the child,
Nor the days, nor the ways where the white-ladies
smiled,
Sends these as a token. 'Midst fern and frond
They nestle as once on the brim of the pond!

By their cheeks' lovely pallor, their eyes' golden
gleams
They are kin to the beauties that people my
dreams;
Oh, would my kind fairy were near me to teach
The soft Celtic magic of welcoming speech;
That sweet were my "Failthes" as now they are
fond,
For sake of the kin on the old Irish pond:
For sake of the days and the ways that are past—
Of the child o'er whose spirit their glamour was
cast—
Of a far Irish home—of a fair Irish scene,
Where the skies bended gray and the hills lifted
green—
Of a young love that chose for its symbol and
bond
The pure, fragile blooms o- the dear Irish pond.

My heart's haven now lies not over the main,
But above—past the breakers of sorrow and pain;
And of Earth's passing boons only this would I
crave—
To rest where the spring breezes croon o'er my
grave,
When her greenest of gowning the old land has
donned,
And her white-lady lilies are thronging the pond.

KNOCKFIERNA.

DISCOVERY OF THE BIRTHPLACE OF FINN M'CUMHAILL

By J. F. LYNCH.

IV.

In the Dinnshenchas of Duiblinn (Dublin), it is stated that Enda loved Aide, daughter of Ochinne, son of Cnucha, and that Dub, who was jealous of Aide, and caused her destruction, was slain by Margen, Ochinne's gillie, by a cast of a feat-apple (uball cliss), from his sling, and that Dublinn means Dub's Pool, and that the ford was named Ath Cliath Margeni, or "hurdle-ford of Margen," and Ath Liag Margin, which is explained "the ford of Margen's flagstone," by Dr. Whitley Stokes; but it is better to explain the name as "the ford of the flagstones of Margen," taking liag to be the genitive plural of liag, "a flagstone."

The ford across the Camoge river, near Knockaine, is, in "Wars G. G." p. 99, named Ath na nech, or ford of the horses, and Ath Cliath na gcomhramh, or hurdle-ford of the victories; both Todd and O'Donovan consider that Ath Cliath na gcomhramh refers to Ath Cliath of Dublin, but this is a mistake. The ford of Knockaine was named Ath Cliath—for instance, compare the passage(a) cited in O'Reilly's Dictionary, p. 259, in which Knockaine is named Druim Collchaille, and the ford is named Ath Cliath, the name of the ford having also become name of the hill. Ath Toradcle—i.e., Ath Cliath Torad, or "hurdle ford of the tower," which O'Donovan identified with Dublin, was a ford (b) at Lough Gur. The Gaill defeated by the Gaedhil at Knockaine sought refuge at Lough Gur, whither they were followed by the Gaedhil, for the people of Lough Gur have preserved a tradition of the terrible battle which was fought at Lough Gur between the Irish and the Danes. They say that the Irish, led by Brian Boroimhe, attacked the Danes early in the morning, and that the battle was fought a little north of Knockfinnel, which was strongly fortified by walls, which are described by FitzGerald ("History of Limerick"), but of which no traces are now left. The battle lasted the whole day, and in the evening the Dalg Cais had possession of Lough Gur. There is a reference to this battle in some historical document, but, strange to say, it is not mentioned in "Wars G. G."

In the Tripartite Life of St, Patrick, the Camoge is named Tir-Glass—that is, river of Tir, or Aradh, (c) for Tir and Aradh are equivalent, and cognate with Latin terra and English earth, and this is the reason why the barony of Owney and Arra is named in Irish Uaithne Tire, for Uaithne Tire, which was the district of the Iberian Muinter Loingsigh, was a portion of Ara, or Aradh, and the names, Iberi and Araid, are merely forms of the same old name, as are also Erin and Iberin, the old names of Ireland.

Beside the ford of Knockaine, there is a row of stepping stones, named Clochan Aine, or "stepping stones of Ane," and the flagstones of Margen were most likely stepping stones to enable foot passengers to cross over the river. At Cloghansoun bridge, a little to the east of Lough Gur, there is a Clochan, and Mr. Bresnan has informed me that he has traced a row of pillar stones from Knockroe, at north-east of Lough Gur, to the old ford.

The name of Oiche, or Oche (compare also Trans Os. Soc., vol. v, p. 273), which I have supposed to be connected with Cnoc Firinne, is an extension of Oc, and Ind Oc—i.e., "the Oc," was the father of Aengus, of Brugh na Boinne, who is termed Oengus mac ind Oc. Professor Rhys ("Hibbert Lectures," p.p. 144-5), says: "The next to be treated is Aengus, who, on the other hand, is never treated as a historical character: he is described as son of the god called Dagda (d) the Great, and the goddess Boann, from whom the river Boyne takes its name. The younger god, fully described, was Aengus, son of the (two) Young Ones. In Irish Oengus mac ind Oc, or merely Mac ind Oc, a name which probably belonged to a lost pedigree of the god, differing from the one ordinarily given. What this exactly meant is not clear." This word Oc has no connection with the word Oc, or Oac—that is, Unc, which is derived from an old Irish word cognate with Welsh ieuanc, Latin juvencus, Sanskrit yuvacas, Anglo-Saxon geong, and English young.

Ochinne, who is made son of Cnucha and master of Maginne, or Mirgen, or Marg, is an extension of Oc, just as Margen or Margine is of Marg, or Marc, and we find another form of the name in Ochaill, who is mentioned in the Dinnshenches of Luimnech, or Lower Shannon, as of Sid Cruachan, in Connaught, and who is stated, by Dr. Whitley Stokes, to occur in the "Cophur in da muccida," ed. Windisch, Irische Texte, 3rd. Series, part i., p.p. 235, et seq. Luimnech, as Dr. Joyce thinks, does not mean "bare little spot," but it is an extended and intensive form of Laoi, or Li, "a river." In the "Dinnshenches of Cnucha, it is stated that she was the daughter of Connadh, from the lands of Luimnech, (e) which is an important statement when we remember the connection of Ochaill with the Luimnech, or Limerick, and the filiation of Ochinne to Cnucha. Ochinne, in the form, Ochaine, is mentioned in a tale quoted by O'Beirne Crowe, from a MSS. of Trinity College, Dublin.

"What is the cause for which the Ulaid killed Cu Roi, son of Daire?" Not difficult. About Blathnait, daughter of Mind, who was brought from the siege of Fer Failge, and about the three Erc Iuchnai, and about the three Fira Ochaine—that is, little birds (f) that used to be on the ears of the cows—that is, the Erc Iuchnai. And a caldron was brought with the cows: it was their calf. And the full of it used to be milked each time from them, while the birds used to be singing for them." One of the Cyclopean forts on Arranmore is named Dun Oichill, or "fort of Ochaill," and on the same island is a fort named Dun Oenguis, or fort of Oengus, who here is said to be son of Ugh mor, but Oengus, son of Ugh mor, must be identical with Oengus, son of Oc. In Perthshire, Scotland, are the Ochil Hills, which have, but I think incorrectly, been supposed to mean high hills, from uchel "high," Cruachan Oigle is old name of Croagh Patrick, and means round hill of Ochil or Ochaill. Edgabail, from whom Knockaine was named Sidh Eogabail, means, I think, "great Eogu," and Eog is most likely a form of Oc, from which came the old Irish name Eochu, which has two genitive forms, Eochaidh and Echach. O'Donovan has explained Eochaidh as horseman, thinking that the word was from ech, "a horse," but this cannot be, for the real nominative case is Eochu. It may render some support to the etymology now given of Eogabal, that the de Danann Eochaidh are connected with Sidh Eogabail, in "Battle of Ventry," and "Pursuit of Diarmuid." Compare also Eochaidh beg of Knockaine in O'Curry's "Manner and Customs."

Professor Rhys ("Hibbert Lectures," p. 590), considers that the names Morc and Marg are equivalent, and he mentions that on the Tain, one of the foes killed by Cuchulaind, was called Marc; and he also equates Morc with Labraidh Loingsech, son of Ailell of Ane, son of Loeguire Lorc, son of Ugaine Mor. Loegaire appears to have been connected with the hill of Knockderk, about a mile south of Lough Gur, which is of old red sandstone formation, and on the hill are three stone circles and a stone chair, and at foot of hill some stone circles and dolmens. The three Loegaires of Red-Stones immediately succeed the three Eochaidhs of Cnoc Aine in lists of de Danann chiefs (Battle of Ventry; Pursuit of Diarmuid). In State Paper, dated 1200, A.D., I think that Knockderk is named Balinacalligi, or place of the caillech, or hag, and the stone chair, (g) which the people name Cathaoir "Baelee," or Chair of "Baelee," must be connected with the caillech. "Baelee" may be a survival of Baile in Baile na Caillich. West of Lough Gur there is a stone circle named Baelee's Drive, and the name is used like a personal name; but yet I think that

(a) In this passage Finn Mac Cumhaill is supposed to be standing on the top of Cnoc Aine. In Mesca Ulad there is a passage which describes Cu Chulaind as standing on top of the hill. The entrance to the Sidh of Eogabal is at south side of hill, and it is marked on present Ordnance Map. An old inhabitant of the district told me that there were a series of stone steps leading from the entrance into the hill.

(b) Probably the ford near Crock Island, by which the old road crossed an arm of the lake. Not far from ford are a small stone circle and a carn.

(c) One of the oldest cities in Chaldæa was named Eridu, and there grew the world-tree sacred to the moon god Ea, or Ai, beneath the spreading branches of which the shepherd, Dumu-zi, was tending his flock when Ishtar fell in love with him. Some years ago Mr. W. C. Borlase said to me that he considered the great mistake made by Irish archæologists was their not looking beyond the Irish horizon; but now we'll strike the harp of Gar, and let free the three terrible war wolves of the Ara race.

(d) Dr. Kuno Meyer (Battle of Ventry), following Cormac (Glossary), considers that Dagda means "good god." It appears to me that Dagda is a genitive form from nominative Dagaid, and that word is from dag, "to shine," which is found in English day, German tag. Dagda was at first a god of light, and is to be equated with the Deagaid of the Iberians of Munster. Ind Oc, Ind Dagda, Nechtan, and Ugh Mor, are made fathers of Oengus. At Lough Gur Nechtan was the husband of Cuil, and at the Boyne husband of Boand, which may mean "white cow." Profess Rhys equates Nechtan with Neptune, to whom the horse and bull were sacred.

(e) The lands of Luimnech probably have reference to Saingil, or Singland, where I think there was a lake. Compare the old pagan ceremony performed on the hills of Saingil ("Wars G. G."). The people say that Gleann na muice duibhe passed beside Singland.

(f) O'Curry ("Lectures," p. 478), quotes an old poem in which these birds are called Eoin Bicc Baile, birds of Little Baile—i.e., Baile Mac Buain, which were regarded in some tales as the kisses of Oengus. These birds are also connected with Clidhna, daughter of Genann ("Silva Gadelica," p. 394). And in "Silva Gadelica," p. 253, we read: "It was Uainebhuidhe (green-yellow) out of the Sidh of Dorn buidhe (yellow fist) from Clidhna's Wave in the South, and with her the birds of the Land of Promise (Tir Tairngiri), Uaine buidhe was Clidhna, and on the Sidh of Dorn buidhe is Lecht Clidhna, a dolmen in a very delapidated state. Dorn buidhe appears to be Clidhna.

(g) There is another stone chair on the hill a little to the west of Knockfinnel, and there was a third in the townland of Grange, a little north of the stone circles. The stone named "Gowlane" by Lenihan ("History of Limerick") was the last stone of the chair. Edward Fitzgerald gave me a description of this chair, which he had from his father. The "Gowlane" (gallan) was taken away some years ago. On Knockadoon is the Suidheachan, or little seat (marked on new Ordnance Map), of the Beantighe, or Housekeeper, who kept house at the bottom of the lake, and when she visited the earth sat upon the Suidheachan, which is a small mound of earth with the top having shape of a seat. On a hill at north-east side of Lough Gur was "red seat" (Suidhe).

"Baelee" can hardly be a survival from the old period.

West of Knockaine was the district of Firmorca, and I think that Knockfierna was in Firmorca, which O'Curry ("Lectures," p. 253), explains "Great men," but which is explained by Professor Rhys ("Hib. Lectures," p. 593), as "equine men," and this is most likely the correct explanation. Moriath was daughter of Scoriath, King of the Firmorca, and after the slaughter of Cobthach, at Dind rig, Labraid Loingsech, taking Craibtine along with him, went to the Stead, where Moriath dwelt, and then he wedded her, and she became his queen of Erin (Dr. Whitley Stokes in "Revue Celtique," vol. xx., No. 4, p. 433). Bruree was named Dun Cobhthaigh, most likely from the same Cobhthach connected with Dind righ, and the stead of the King of the Firmorca may have been on Cnoc Firinne. At the south side of Lough Gur, a little to the east of a large stone grave, (h) named Leabadh Dhiarmada agus Ghrainne, and at foot of the hill of Killalough (Church of the lake), there is a large boulder named Carraig an eithig, "rock of the falsehood," and the people say (i) that Carraig an eithig was cast by Donn from Cnoc Firinne at a giant who lived long ago on the hill of Killalough. It is strange that the rock of the falsehood came from the hill of truth; but the tale is parallel to the story of the feat-apple cast by Marg at Dub. The great leaps and the great casts made by the Celtic giants did not escape the attention of Spenser, and with the following quotation from his veracious chronicle of Briton Kings, I must bring to a close these meanderings from the hill of truth:—

And eke that ample pitt, yet far renowned
For the large leap which Debon did compell
Coulin to make, being eight lugs of ground,
Into the which returning backe he fell:
But those three monstrous stones doe most excell
Which that huge sonne of hideous Albion,
Whose father Hercules in Fraunce did quell,
Great Godmer threw, in fierce contention
At bold Canutus; but of him was slaine anon.

[The End.]

(h) Crofton Croker says that there was an urn found in this grave. The late Edward Fitzgerald, of Lough Gur, remembered Crofton Croker very well, and Edward Fitzgerald told me that his father often spoke of General Vallancey, whom he attended when at Lough Gur; he said that Vallancey took numerous sketches of the monuments, and made most searching enquiries from the people.

(i) The people also say that once upon a time Ane desired to do Donn a good turn, and so she filled her apron with earth, intending to increase the height of Cnoc Firinne, but the strings of the apron broke, and hence Cnoc Droma n-Asail, now named Tory hill, and the lake beside it. On Cromwell hill there is a large cromlech, and the people say that the stones of the cromlech were brought from Kilteely to Cromwell hill, by Grainne, in her apron. In no district of Ireland have so many traditions of Ane been preserved as in Knockaine district. Ane is termed by Cormac, in his Glossary, Mater deorum Hiberniensium. Danu and Ane are the same, and the two forms of the name are connected with the Kerry Paps. Ane is the earth, according to the Lough Gur tales, and her brother, Fer Fi, or Gar, from whom Loch Gair (Lough Gur) was named, was the Sun. Fand or Fann, daughter of Ailill Find and Flidais, and wife of Manannan, and Cu Chulaind, is a form of Ane.

Captain Lawrence, who was recently in command of the Signal Corps of the First Brigade at San Francisco, Cal., has invented a safety shield and signal for the protection of the markers stationed behind the targets at rifle contests. The markers are stationed in a bullet-proof house at the side of the target, where there can be no possibility of injury, but if they should leave this shelter for any purpose whatever, a signal is automatically shown over the face of the target. The signal is operated electrically by the movement of the door of the shelter.

AN ANCIENT IROQUOIS RITE

BY EDWARD HALE BRUSH.

If white men of a Christian nation see a great calamity impending it is customary in public and in private worship to call upon the Almighty for protection. When the so-called "Pagan" Iroquois are apprehensive of trouble of any kind they, in their simple, child-like faith in the power of a Divine Being or his agents, call upon him or them through their peculiar forms or ceremonies to avert the threatened harm. Iroquois annals are full of incidents of this kind. In the ceremonies of the New Year's festival at the Cattaraugus Reservation in Western New York in February, the Senecas of the "pagan" belief revived many ceremonies which had not been observed before in many years, or had not been executed with such faithfulness, and one might say devoutness.

The unusually large attendance of Indians at the dances and other rites of the festival, and the unusual circumspection maintained in connection with the ceremonies, seemed to indicate something akin to that feeling of religious fervour noticeable at a revival meeting among white Christians. The object of this unusual care to carry out the old ceremonies was the pleasing of the Good Creator, Ha-wen-ne-yu, and the subordinate divinities or spirits to whom he is believed to delegate various offices and tasks, such as He-no, who has control of the thunder, the storm, and the rain; the Three Sisters, the spirits whose especial care is the cultivation of vegetables which support life, and the spirits whose care produces the herbs used in healing the sick.

Thanks are given in the Iroquois ritual to all the objects in nature, many of which are enumerated by name. One of the leading features of the New Year's festival is the recitation by the "preacher," or "Master of Rites," as he is sometimes called, of an address or chant of Thanksgiving to the Good Creator, between the clauses or stanzas of which the turtle rattles are played and the feather dance is performed. This dance is the most religious of all the Iroquois dances. Whatever significance its name originally possessed is lost in the dimness of a great antiquity.

In times gone by, this thanksgiving chant and the feather dance were associated with the ceremony of burning the dog. This year on the Cattaraugus Reservation there was at one end of the Long House a curious-looking pole. It was about ten feet high, and was painted around with stripes of red, blue, and green like a barber's pole; near the top hung a small bag or basket and a cluster of ribbons of different colours. When asked what this was, the Indians said in hushed tones that it was "the dog," that is, it had been put there to remind the worshippers of Ha-wen-ne-yu of the ancient rite, which more than twenty years ago was abolished on pressure from the whites, who considered it barbarous and cruel. Neither white men nor red remembered seeing such a thing as this pole in many years.

The false-face ceremonies of the Iroquois were also observed with unusual faithfulness at the recent festival in February. The houses of the faithful were visited by the false-faces; and the false-face dance in the Long House was performed with all the ceremonies appertaining to it, including the burning of tobacco in offering incense to the Great Spirit and supplicating him to ward off the attacks of evil spirits, and including also the ancient ceremony of the scattering of the ashes.

In this ceremony the false-faces seize the ashes and glowing embers from the sacrificial fireplace, and holding them in their hands blow the hot smoke and ashes upon the heads of men and women who are there to be cured of disease by the spirits supposed to reside within the curious masks.

The significance of the decoration of the white dog pole, as described above, is apparent when the history of the white dog sacrifice is considered. It was customary in former times after the animal had been killed by strangling, to deck its body with ribbons of many colours, with feathers and with wampum, and sometimes to paint stripes upon the body also. It was then hung from a pole near the Long House until the hour arrived for taking it within that structure for the sacrifice. In the time of the historian Lewis H. Morgan, the body of the dog was borne to the blazing altar upon a sort of bark litter behind which the people came in Indian file. Speeches and chants were made over the dog, the people joining in the ceremony. Tobacco was burned, as it still is at the New Year's festival; this, as already noted, being the Indian method of burning incense as an offering to the Great Spirit. It is supposed to be an offering especially acceptable to Him and to carry the prayers to His ears.

The white dog sacrifice symbolized in this strangely ornamented pole was a very ancient ceremony, and its original significance is lost in the midst of antiquity, like that of many other Indian rites. At one time the custom of feasting upon its flesh, as that of a sacred animal, was associated with the sacrifice; and the ceremonies of the burning of the dog, as a whole, were anciently so peculiar as to call for especial attention from missionaries and early explorers, who made records of their observations as to the habits of the aborigines. One of the most interesting features of the ceremony is the fact that, while a sacrifice, it does not appear to have had the character of atonement for sin, in this respect being different from the sacrifices offered by the heathen peoples of the Old World and the animal sacrifices of the ancient Hebrews. The ritual connected with the ceremony, some of which survives to the present day, indicates that the chief, if not the whole, significance of the rite was the sending up of the spirit of the dog as a messenger to the Great Spirit to announce continued fidelity in His service and convey gratitude for the blessings of the year. The fidelity of the dog was typical of the fidelity of the Great Spirit's children. He was the trustiest messenger which could be found to bear to the Great Spirit the pledge of their fidelity to His worship.

The wampum, always used in sealing treaties of friendship or any other formal contracts, was hung around his neck as a pledge of good faith. The last time the dog was burned on the Canadian reservation at Brantford, Ont., the Master of Rites sang, "Great Master, behold here all of our people who hold the old faith and intend to abide by it. By means of this dog being burned, we hope to please Thee, and that just as we have decked it with ribbons and wampum, Thou wilt grant favours to us, Thy people. I now place the dog on the fire, that its spirit may find its way to Thee who made it and who made everything, and thus we hope to get blessings from Thee in return."

While the dog hung outside the Long House, where the decorated pole stood this year, its spirit was supposed to linger about the body; but when the dog was placed upon the fire and burned, it ascended to Ha-wen-ne-yu, and conveyed to him the message from His faithful children.

It is a singular fact that though the sacrifice of the dog itself has for many years been abolished on the New York reservations, the ideas associated with the curious rite still retain their hold upon the devotees of the ancient Iroquois religion.

In times past a lake existed in Switzerland near the Marshy Valley, but either dried up or disappeared through drainage or analogous causes. Now several cantons have combined and will fill the ancient lake site by water from mountain torrents now going to waste near by. The head thus obtained will amount to 600 feet, and will afford 60,000 horse-power. The work will take three years to execute and is expected to cost about eight million dollars.

THE FENIAN TRADITIONS;

OR,

SLIABH - NA - M - BAN.

BY JOHN DUNNE.

II.

Amongst all the legends of this locality the peasantry invariably introduce snatches from the ancient poem entitled Ագallaṁ բáṗuiʒ ագuṙ Oiṙin (the dialogue of Patrick and Ossian), which are yet preserved in manuscript, in ancient Irish books, and some of which have been so beautifully translated by the amiable and accomplished Miss Charlotte Brooke, in her "Reliques of Irish Poetry"; but amongst the people the passages referring to the most remarkable natural objects in their own locality have been handed down by oral tradition. History states that Ossian survived the battle of Gabhra, and it is probable that he also outlived the few of his Fenian compeers who had escaped that fatal fight, for there is no more proverbial saying more common in the mouths of the peasantry than "Oiṙin a n-diaiʒ na ṙeinne,"—i.e., "Ossian after the Fenians." Our Irish Homer, as he has been called, doubtless might have lived for some time after the other heroes of his day, but how he and the Irish apostle could have been contemporaries, is a mystery to me. It throws no obstacle, however, in the way of our local seannchaidhes' faith, for they have no difficulty in elucidating the matter by the tradition which I here recount, as it has often been repeated in my presence.

The Fenians were one day in pursuit of a stately elk, which, after a long chase, their hounds succeeded in killing; but scarcely had it fallen, when a dense heavy fog enveloped the landscape all round. A sudden gleam of bright sunshine, however, divided the dark fog, unfolding to their astonished gaze a venerable old man with long beard and silvery hair. Surveying for a few moments, with apparent concern, the "antlered monarch of the woods" expiring in the thicket where it had fallen, he lifted the carcase with much ease, and throwing it across his shoulders, walked away as if unincumbered by any burthen. The Fenians, hungry and fatigued after the day's chase, and ashamed and provoked at the idea of losing their quarry so easily and unceremoniously, followed with hasty strides after this mysterious personage, but to their surprise they always found themselves the same distance behind the object of their pursuit, no matter how they might increase their speed. Many an intricate copse and deep entangled glen did they force their way through in the pursuit, till at length they beheld at the further end of a narrow glade, the aged man enter a low moss-covered hut, which, on approaching, they found to be a most delightfully situated retreat. They followed into the house; but it is unnecessary to detail in full the incidents of their interview with the supernatural occupant; suffice it to say, that they received a welcome, were plenteously regaled, and wondered very much at the strange things which they saw, and at the words of wisdom which fell during the evening from their mysterious host, who at their departure in the morning, offered to bestow on each the gift of his own choice. It was then that Diarmuad obtained the ball-seare, that being the request which he made. Each of the others, was similarly granted his individual wish, all being somewhat similar; but, last of all, Ossian's turn came to state his choice, and he asked for "ʒṁára 'ṙ ṫṁócaiṁe," i.e., "grace and mercy." The sage congratulated Ossian on the wisdom of his choice, and expressed his regret that all the others had not made an equally sensible request. After this he bade them a long farewell. On their way, the Fenians pondered deeply on the strange adventure that they had met with, but time passed on, wearing away these impressions. Fionn fell in an engagement at Rathbrea, on the banks of the Boyne, A.D. 294, or 284, according to the Annals of Tighernach; and his valiant hosts were annihilated some years after at the famous battle of Gabhra; Ossian survived this battle, as before stated, and was subsequently conveyed by some invisible power to Tirna-n-og—"the land of youth," and the Elysium of the Pagan Irish—whence, after a long lapse of time, and many urgent entreaties, he was permitted to visit once more the favourite scenes of his mortal feats, his manly sports, and exercises whilst on earth. But forgetting a certain prescribed precaution on his return to the isle of his birth, he lost the health and vigour he had enjoyed in the land of youth, and was suddenly metamorphosed into an old man, worn down by the infirmities of two hundred years. So saith the legend, which further adds that this happened to be the period of St. Patrick's mission in Ireland, and meeting with Ossian in his sacred journeys, the saint, actuated by feelings of compassion for the great age and infirmities of the hero, took him under his protection, with the determination of converting him; but he found him an obstinate Pagan. Ossian, according to the traditions, could not relish the fasting fare and rigorous austerity of the saint and his followers, and disliked very much to be disturbed early in the morning by the noise of bells and the chanting of matins, always preferring to the harmony of their sweetest psalms, the melody of the birds in some romantic valley, or the wild and discordant music of hounds, deer, and horns, to which he has been so long accustomed. His lamentations for his departed heroes and for his own forlorn state, left on earth behind them, are very affecting, as given in the Irish MSS., or preserved orally amongst the people; and the panegyrics, ascribed to him, on their generosity, their valour, and other virtues, whoever may have written them, are beautiful in the extreme as poetical compositions. After many long disputations, Ossian renounced Paganism; but for a long time before his conversion St. Patrick found it necessary occasionally to draw him away from polemical discussions, when the violence of his temper appeared too likely to become roused; and this was ingeniously accomplished by asking him to narrate some of the heroic exploits of his father, himself, and brother Fenians, in the time of their glory. This stratagem at once calmed the storm of Ossian's anger, and his tales are the subject of the poems before alluded to, which are decidedly of very ancient composition. The allusions to Sliabh-na-m-ban and various places in its vicinity, with which the poems abound, are very numerous. Many are, doubtless, familiar with the ancient manuscripts which contain them in the Libraries of the Royal Irish Academy, and Trinity College, Dublin, or at least with more modern transcripts, which are numerous enough; but it may be interesting to note to those who do not understand the Irish language, that a short passage from one, with a translation, should be supplied here as an example:—

P. A Oiṙín iṙ binn liom do ġlór,
'S beannaċt fóṙ le hanmuin fhínn;
Aiṫṁiṙ dam cá ṁéad fiaḋ
Do ċuiṫ liḃ aṁ Śliaḃ na m-ban bṙionn?

O. Do ṙgaoileamaiṁ amaċ mile cú
Do b'ḟeaṙṙ lúiṫ 'ṙ do bí ġaṙġ;
Do ċuiṫ ḋá fiaḋ le ġaċ coin díoḃ
Sul do cuiṫeaḋ ialla na haṙġ.

Do ṙgaoileaḋ amaċ cú beaġ eile,
Ba leóṁ a ṫṁéine iṙ a cṁinne;
Do ċuiṫ lé ṁin ḋá fiaḋ
'S an oiṫeaḋ leiṙ an bṙinn uile.

Dá ċoin déaġ an Śliaḃ Luaċṙa,
Dá ċoin ṁóṁa a mBeaṙna an ṙgalla,
Dá ċoin a n-iaṫċaṙ an Ṙóṁaiṁ,
'S dá ċoin a n-aḋainn Danna.

Dá ċoin a ġCaiṙġín na ġcloċ,
'S dá ċoin a loċ Innṙe Ui Chuinn,
Dá ċoin a bṙoṁaoil na bṙiaṅ
'S dá ċoin aṁ Śliaḃ-na-m-ban-bṙionn.

ST. PATRICK.

Melodious, Ossian, is thy voice to me,
And a blessing yet be to the soul of Fionn;
To me now tell, how many stately deer
Fell in the chase of Sliabh-na-m-ban-fionn?

OSSIAN.

We from its cliffs a thousand hounds let loose—
Unmatched in speed were they, and fierce and strong;
Two stalwarth deer fell 'neath each dauntless hound,
Ere leashed in pack, by pliant leather thong.

And we let out another little hound—
All life was he, all perils to withstand,
Two noble deer fell victims to his fangs,
And many as the sporting Fenian band.

Twelve hounds did lurk on Sliabh Luachra's rushy breast,
And to Bearna an sgalla, two large ones ran—
Two watch'd the prey down westward of the Rower,
In measured springs two sought the silver Bann.

Two hounds took post, on rocky Carrigeen;
Another pair at Inchiquin's clear lake;
Two outstripp'd the dashing Fenian van;
And two crouch'd down in Sliabh-na-m-ban's thick brake.

My attempt at a metrical translation is very rude, indeed, but it is faithful. It is interesting to trace the localities alluded to in the above stanzas. The Bearna an sgalla (a) here mentioned is the famous Scallough Gap, a mountain pass on the confines of Carlow and Wexford. The Bann referred to is the river of that name in the county of Wexford, and not the Bann in Ulster. The name Ṙóṁaiṁ I have translated Rower, as there can be no doubt the district of that name between Brandon Hill and Ross is referred to. There is a rocky eminence on one of the Sliabh-na-m-bann hills named Carrigin-na-g-cloch, which is evidently the "rocky Carrigeen" mentioned. Sliabh Luachra is a mountain on the borders of the counties of Limerick and Kerry, but there was also a hill of the name in the ancient Ossory, and it is strange to find such distant localities as this and the lake of Inchi-

(a) We are indebted to Dr. O'Donovan for this reading: Mr. Dunne's MS. has Beaṙnaiṁ Sgail, Bearna an sgalla means "the gap of scalding"—so termed from the many conflicts which occurred there.

quin coupled with places in Kilkenny, Tipperary, and Wexford.

In the following stanza, from the same poem, one of our local rivers is also referred to:—

Dá gabadh deag do bí ag Fiann,
'Nuair do léigeadh iad fá'n gleann 'na fiadh;
Ba binne a nglam ná aoibne ceoil,
'Sa n-agaidh ó'n t-Suir amach.

Twelve dogs that Fionn had,
When let down the glen in full speed,
Sweeter their baying than the sweetest music,
And their face from the Suir out.—

It need hardly be observed that the summit of Sliabh-na-m-ban commands a magnificent prospect of the valley of the Suir.

In another part I find Drom-Derg, the old Irish name of Killamery hill, alluded to thus:—

Mian mic Cumhail ba maith gnoas,
Eisteacht le fiadh Dromma Deirg.

'Twas Mac Cumhail's delight, with cheerful brow
To listen to the deer of Drom Derg.

The same hill is also mentioned in the poem entitled "Laoidh Aircion":—

Dearmad fleidhe do finn Fionn,
A nalmuin re linn na laoch
Ar dir do'n bfeinn o Dhrom Deirg,
Fáth ar eigidh a breaig 'sa bruach.

Fionn forgot inviting to a feast
In Almhiunn, in the days of the heroes,
Two of the Fians from Drom Derg,
For which arose their anger and their ire.

Before leaving the subject of Ossian's alleged sojourn with the patron saint of Ireland at the Rock of Cashel, long after all his compeers were consigned to the tomb, I shall relate a very curious legend, and one which, though having particular reference to the locality under consideration, is a popular favourite throughout the greater portion of the south of Ireland.

(To be continued.)

ONE RIVER ALWAYS PEACEFUL.

In all the reports of storm and flood, disaster and death, there is one great river—the outlet of Lake Umbagog, which debouches from the lake about forty miles and a trifle east of north of Mount Washington in New Hampshire, like the Nile from Albert Nyanza, a river of sufficient depth and breadth to float the steamers that ply in summer on the lake—that is seldom heard from. The Androscoggin in all the trouble and tumult continues to flow on unvexed to the sea, carrying blessings without number to the land and people, the cattle on a thousand hills, birds of the air and creeping things.

The region of this river is not exempt from conditions prevailing elsewhere. The Connecticut River, on the other side of the State and at the lakes but twenty miles away, is doing its share in the way of dams carried away, farms and towns inundated, and ice gorges, fetching death and destruction in their course.

Why, every one will ask, is the Androscoggin peaceful when all others are disturbed; harmless when others are bent on devastation The answer is easy. A plain man, now deceased, Coe by name, and with a great head for business, who owned saw mills on the river, had the wisdom to spend thousands in order to save millions, holding the flood water back when it would do only harm and having it for use during the long summer, when it would do good only. He dammed the Androscoggin at its principal sources. These dams form three great lakes in the wilderness, covering the divide between the waters flowing through New England and those flowing into the St. Lawrence, which holds back the flood until the storm is past.

Thus one wise man did at his own expense for the people of two States, what great so-called commonwealths have not had the wisdom or enterprise to do.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

A CHILD'S WOE.

BY ETHEL GODDARD.

Babs Wrexham was aggrieved. Irritation was apparent in her round, delicately-tinted little face, her brown eyes—even, indeed, in the pose of the dark curly head, which turned all too often towards the window beyond which lay many delights, and all too seldom towards father, who was reading the "portion of scripture appointed for the day" in a voice of reverent melancholy. Babs was only six, and her soul loathed morning prayers, especially morning prayers in summer, because then there were so many happy free outdoor things which seemed to call to her and taunt her with being a prisoner. It was on a wonderfully fresh and sweet summer morning that Babs rose to such a height of irritation and nursed such angry feelings against solemn, sonorous father, and even against gentle, fair-haired, blue-eyed mother—not that Babs was by any means a bad little girl, but she was only six, and summers were still a fairy-like novelty.

Babs was worried that day as well as being restless, for the first great excitement of her baby life was filling her mind. Johnnie Lascelles, her pet playfellow, so strong, so brave, so wise—having well learned all that eight years could teach—had fallen from a tree, and with bated breath the children whispered together of their comrade's fate; he could never walk again. The awful possibilities of life under such a calamity gripped Bab's heart as she sat in the window seat, gazing abstractedly at the flitting butterflies and the little lambs which she always longed to pat. Never to walk—why that meant never to run, never to climb, and Johnnie had been learning to swim, whilst his riding had been the admiration of all his peers. Bab's brown eyes grew stormy; her comrade could not live if he could not walk. She clenched her hot hands fiercely, the humming of bees, the singing of birds, and the soft swish-swish of the trees ceased to make her long for freedom, the thought of Johnnie had killed all other thoughts. Johnnie a cripple until he should die. Suddenly father's sonorous tones caught Bab's wandering attention. He was reading of the signs which "shall follow them that believe," and Babs listened with wondering interest to the words which were very new and strange to her. "They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." Babs sat up stiffly, her brows puckered. These words were not merely strange and fairy-like, they bore on the present state of things, they bore on Johnnie's calamity.

All through the weary day of prosaic nursery life those words rang in Babs's ears. Play had become a burden, tea under the trees was a weariness. Babs counted the minutes until she should be able to make her escape to Johnnie.

It was not till the cool evening came that the little figur garbed in brown holland, and almost extinguished by a big mushroom hat, stood before Mrs. Lascelles, panting after a hurried run across the fields.

"May I, please—may I see Johnnie?" The voice was very eager, the brown eyes looked appealing. "I'll be very, very quiet."

"Really quiet, Babs—promise now."

"Weally quiet. I'll do Johnnie such good."

Mrs. Lascelles' eyes filled with tears at Babs' hopeful words.

"Run up, then, dearie, and mind you go away when Nursie tells you."

Babs scampered joyfully up the stairs, but her face grew very solemn as she walked on tiptoe up to her friend's bedside, for somehow the strong, gay Johnnie seemed a long way off, and quite alien to Johnnie with the fretful eyes and the husky voice which said "Well, Babs, old girl," with a ghastly affectation of the bravery of better days, which chilled his eager little comrade, and seemed to drive hope out of her heart.

"I'll leave ye with Master Johnnie, missie, an' maybe ye'll cheer him a bit," Nurse's voice broke in upon the storm in Babs's heart, and then she found herself alone with the wreck of her joyous playmate. For a moment Babs was silent, checked by the piteousness of Johnnie's thin, white face and puckered forehead; then, clenching her hands, she seemed to nerve herself for an effort, the struggle showing in her brown, solemn eyes, which gazed almost sternly at Johnnie. At last she spoke, straining on tiptoe in her eagerness, and clutching Johnnie's shoulder:

"Get up, Johnnie, get up; I believe you can get up!" Babs's face grew red from the tremendous effort. She waited a moment. Johnnie spoke querulously, incredulously:

"You what! You think I'm shamming! B—Babs, you're a little b—beast!" The suffering blue eyes were full of tears. Something stabbed Babs's heart, for in no tribulation had Johnnie ever been known to cry. But again the little hand clutched Johnnie's shoulder. The spirit of martyrs was come upon Babs, and, despite her friend's scorn and cruelty, she would save him—he should walk again.

"I believe you can walk—I believe you can walk! Walk round the room, Johnnie—now, now!"

Johnnie's mouth trembled; he looked deprecatingly at the flushed little face which seemed to him so cruel; he misread the bright eyes, and believed them full of mischief.

"Oh, you c—cad, you pig!" he ejaculated, and at last the great tears forced themselves down his cheeks. Babs gulped; he did not seem to understand her, but she would try once more, though it was hard when the tears rolled down her hero's face.

"I've laid my hands on you, I believe you can walk, get up, do get up, Johnnie." In her anxiety to impress belief, both on herself and Johnnie, Babs raised her voice almost to a shout. In a moment nurse came in.

"I'm ashamed of ye, missie, terrifyin' the poor lamb; leave the nursery at once, ye bold child." The voice brought comfort to Johnnie the tortured, whose whole being was shaken by sobs.

"S-she says I c-can get up," he moaned. "T-take her away."

Babs glanced despairingly from nurse to Johnnie. They were both against her, and she had meant so well. With a painful tightness of the throat and smarting in the eyes Babs left the nursery, lacerated in her soul by a sense of disgrace, a knowledge of defeat, and a sickening thought that there was a mistake somewhere. Just outside the door stood Johnnie's mother, and it seemed to Babs that all the world was her enemy, for there, too, stood her own father with judgment in his eyes.

"Why, Babs, what is this?" asked Mrs. Lascelles, "you promised to be good, and yet we heard your voice when we were at the hall door."

"Yes, what is the meaning of it, Babs?" came father's coldly spoken question.

In the doorway stood nurse, intent on telling her side of the story. Babs choked, and was silent. Not before father and nurse would she break down, but an aching longing for mother came into her heart.

Nurse spoke—"She's been tellin' that poor lamb, sir, that he can get up if he likes, an' he lyin' waitin' for the surgeon; an' she's made him cry somethin' awful, sir."

Father's strong, cool hand gripped Babs's little hot paw. "Come home at once, you naughty girl," he said. He, too, was deceived by the brightness of Babs's eyes, and thought it meant mischief. As they walked through the fields Babs gulped and blinked, while Mr. Wrexham wondered crossly how any child

could be so hard of heart. "What did you do it for?" he asked at last.

"I w-wanted to make Johnnie well."

"A nice way to do it. Why, any baby" (Mr. Wrexham looked indignantly at the small brown figure) "any baby would know better."

"It w-was what you read out this morning, and I p-put my hand on Johnnie, an' b-believed just like that." Babs looked up with tear-filled eyes, and longed to be understood.

"Tut, nonsense, child; that was not intended for children, and you were told to be quiet, so you were disobedient, and to bed you are to go directly."

To bed! To pull down the blinds in broad daylight, to shut out the sun when bed-time was still an hour distant, and to let the boys know of the disgrace. Babs's heart seemed to break as she thought of the three young brothers who would sit in the seat of the scornful. Just then they met mother, and hope came to Babs again.

"Ah! Margaret," said Mr. Wrexham, "I am glad to meet you. Babs has been a very bad child, has made Johnnie cry—the very worst thing for him—she is to go to bed at once, please."

When they were alone together mother looked down wonderingly at the little brown figure.

"What is this, Babs?" she asked. Two big tears welling up and splashing over were the answer. Babs felt herself caught up in mother's arms and carried away, she cared not whither, such was her joy at meeting sympathy at last.

Apathetically Babs allowed herself to be divested of the mushroom hat, and the crumpled brown frock, and even at last to be tucked into her cool cot.

"Now, Babs," said mother, "tell me what is wrong."

A big sob wrenched itself out of Babs's self-control, tears fell in a shower, blurring the round brown eyes; out of the tempest came Babs's little quivering voice. "It w-was what daddie read this morning all 'bout what Gentle Jesus said, an' I w-wanted to make Johnnie well, and I believed so hard, mummie, an' daddie says it is all nonsense—an' gentle Jesus said it, but Johnnie w-wouldn't get up an' walk about."

Mother's arms were round her poor, storm-tossed baby, and as she laid her head on that restful shoulder Babs felt that she had a friend in the world. Mother's forehead was puckered, her eyes seemed strangely dim, considering the tradition that grown-ups never cry.

"Babs, dearie," she said, speaking with difficulty, "listen. Gentle Jesus said that to men and women, not to little chicks, who are too small to be able to do those things."

"B-but Johnnie hates me now, and I wanted to m-make him well. An' nurse an' daddie is angry wiv me, an', oh, why didn't Gentle Jesus say he wasn't sayin' it for little girls?"

A stormy figure was Babs as she sat up in bed, her dark hair tangled, her face blotched from tears, the baby eyes cloudy, angry. Mrs. Wrexham was puzzled.

"Dearie," she said, stroking the little hot cheek gently, "I'll go over now and tell Mrs. Lascelles all about how it was, and then Johnnie will not be angry any more. I'll speak to daddie, too, and then everything will be all right. Now you must not talk or cry any more, but just go sound asleep, if you are my good girlie, and then we will have a long talk to-morrow about this trouble."

Babs, left alone in the darkness, gulped down many sobs, and blinked away many tears, so that she might be mother's "good girlie," and at last she fell asleep, with piteous shivering sighs. In the morning Babs did not come to prayers, for baby troubles bring long sleep, and just at the time when father and mother were wont to sit down to breakfast she trudged soberly out into the sunshine to join "the boys" in constructing a large mud pie, to be made from clay moistened from a watering can used religiously turn about.

Babs's mother was in the breakfast room, and her mind was full of the baby tragedy of the night before. Babs's father came hurriedly through the French window, bringing an atmosphere of practicality with him.

"The London specialist has operated on that little chap, Margaret," he said. "It's all right now; he'll be as well as ever soon."

Mrs. Wrexham looked at her husband with joy lighted eyes.

"Can he walk—can Johnnie walk?"

"Yes, surely. I tell you he'll be as well as ever soon."

"Oh, I must tell Babs; this will set everything right for her!"

"Now, Margaret, don't fill the child's head"—but Babs's mother had gone.

"Babs! Babs!" she called. Babs looked solemnly up from the mudpie; in her eyes was a child's shamed consciousness of a past breaking down of the barriers.

"Is it me, Mummie?"

"Us too?" shouted the boys.

"No, only Babs. Come, dearie."

Slowly, shyly, Babs walked over. Her head was still full of yesterday's agony, though she felt vaguely that she must put it away.

"I have good news for you, Babs"; Mother's voice was very happy. "Johnnie can walk; he will soon be quite well and able to play with you again."

"Weally, truly, Mummie?" The voice was tremulously eager, the brown eyes were bright once more. Babs paused, then she spoke again joyfully: "An', Mummie, Gentle Jesus meant it all, an' Daddie was wrong! Give me a kiss, Mummie, 'cause I wasn't bad, an' 'cause Gentle Jesus meant it."

Mother breathed a prayer of thankfulness when Babs ran triumphantly back to the mudpie that the little feet had touched earth again, and that her baby's hands were brown and soiled from a childish play.

SAND PILLARS.

Travellers in the celebrated Death Valley of California have described the wonderful contortions of the sand pillars that small whirlwinds sometimes send spinning across the hot plain. Even more remarkable are the "dust devils" seen by H. F. Witherby, the English explorer, in the valley of the White Nile. Sometimes two of these whirling columns, gyrating in opposite directions, meet, "and if they be well matched the collision stops them and a struggle ensues as to which way they shall twist. Gradually one gains the mastery, and the two combined begin to gyrate alike and then rush on together." Some of these whirls will strip the clothes from an Arab's back, or twist a goat round and round like a top.

ANCIENT CITY IN MEXICO.

Leopold Batres, Conservator of Archæological monuments in Mexico, has exhumed an ancient city of the Zapotecas, in the State of Oaxaca. In its centre is a grand plaza, and rising to the north of the plaza are terraces, on which are founded two great temples, while in the centre of the plaza itself are two massive mausoleums, in which the priests of the temples were buried. On opposite sides of the public square there are also twelve smaller shrines, six on either hand, all supported by heavy columns of basalt, covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions in bas-relief. In the temples the history of the people was found inscribed, in the language of the Zapotecas, upon fifty tablets of stone. So much of the surprisingly rare historic import has already been found that Mr. Batres will ask the government for more men to be put at the work of exhuming and restoring the buildings of the long-buried city.

Close beside the head of Tiberius a Cupid of white marble was found, the whiteness of the cleavage having lost none of its original purity. The fracture shows a clean, granular, and shining white. It is to be regretted that the statuette has lost its head, the left arm, the right forearm, the left leg, and the right foot. Both finds have been temporarily deposited in the Opera Pia di San Paolo, but will doubtless be presented to the Turin Museum of Antiquities, which contains many valuable relics.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE BOOK OF MacCARTHY REAGH.

Could any of your readers say what has now become of the "Book of MacCarthy Reagh," of which the following abridged account is taken from an article on this book, by the famous Cork antiquary, John Windels, published in an early volume of the "Kilkenny Arch.-Journal," at which time, about 1854, the said "Book of MacCarthy Reigh" was in the possession of a Mr Thomas Hewitt, of Cork:—"The 'Book of MacCarthy Reagh,' writes Windels, is a large vellum manuscript, discovered about half a century since (i.e., about the beginning of the ninteenth century), it is said, in a recess of one of the chambers in Lismore Castle, a recess which had long been walled up. Soon after this the MS. found its way into Cork, where it remained for some years, and many transcripts were made from it by the local scribes, who were then rather numerous. On its return to Lismore the volume was considerably reduced in bulk, portions of it having been abstracted, or altogether lost. Of the first 43 folios there is at present (i.e., 1854), no trace, whilst the part now in Cork, consisting of 66 folios, supplies the other missing portions. After the year 1813 the Cork part passed, by death, from the hands of its original holder, to those of a third party, with whom it remained till Dec, 1853, when it was purchased by Mr Hewitt. In May, 1840, Mr Eugene Curry completed for the Royal Irish Academy a facsimile of the Lismore volume, retained at Lismore, and now known as the 'Book of Lismore.' The Cork volume on 'Book of MacCarthy Reagh' consists of 66 membranes, numbered by folios, each page written in double columns. It contains 57 articles, two of which are imperfect—viz, the Life of St Finchua, and the Forbuis Dromdamhgaire, whose missing portions are supplied by the 'Book of Lismore.' There are in it but few titles or headings, and the distinctions of the various pieces are indicated merely by large-size initial letters, of which some are elaborately wrought with interlaced ornaments. The penmanship is, in general, admirable, large words and prim, and the abbreviations few. Dr Todd found that the writing was exactly similar to that of the 'Book of Fermoy,' written in 1487, and considered both volumes as probably the work of the same scribe. Its age is however ascertained by the same hand as the rest of the MS, made at folio 134, where it is recorded that Angus O'Calladh wrote this for MacCarthy—viz, Fingian MacDiarmod, and a blessing on him. This personage was no other than Fineen MacCarthy Reagh, or Riabhach, who died in 1505, and was the son of Diarmod, Prince of Carbery, county Cork. The contents of the volume, which was probably taken to Lismore Castle, whilst he latter formed the residence of the Bishop of that See (now joined to Waterford), are quite diversified, consisting of hagiology, topography, romance, and legend, poetry, and history. The hagiology comprises: 1. The Life of St Finchua, of Bregsni, near Mitchelstown. 2. The Life of St Brendan, the Navigator. 3. The Life of St Ciaran, of Clonmacnoise, and 4. The Life of St Mochua, of Balla, county Mayo. To these are to be added a number oflegends of St Patrick, St Columbkille, St Mochuda, of Lismore, etc. The topographical information in every portion of this volume cannot be over-estimated. A tractate on the Two Fermoys is almost unique, and is evidently a composition of the pre-English period. In the 'Agallamh' or Dialogue of Caoilte-Oisin and Fincadh is embodied a vast amount of the topography of Ireland, giving the derivation and origin of remarkable places, mountains, valleys, lakes, rivers, etc. At folio 140 is the 'Book of Rights,' which differs slightly from the version of it published by Dr O'Donovan for the Celtic Society. Article 52 is the 'Imthcacht Na Tromhe Daimhe,' or the Adventure of the Bards. The Forhics Dromdamhgaire is an historical chapter on this encampment at Knocklong, county Tipperary, following which is a tract detailing the visit of the King, Bishop Cormac MacCullinan to Cleann Claire, a mountain east of Knocklong. Next occurs an account of the revolt of the serfs of Ireland in the reign of Fiacha Finn Fhola, and the massacre of the natives, king, and princes. The historical pieces in this Book are heavily overladen with fact and fiction; whilst the purely legendary portion is particularly rich in invention and fancy."

EVOC.

LORD LOUTH IN NEWGATE.

A LAST CENTURY CARICATURE.

We reproduce this week another of the caricatures from Watty Cox's "Irish Magazine," 1811—that in which Lord Louth, who had got himself committed to Newgate for "subornation of perjury, for hiring another wretch to swear against an industrious poor man, father of a large family, for cutting down a tree that never grew in his lordship's demesne, nor in any other demesne, nor in any land or water, stone quarry or limekiln in the universe"—is depicted in his cell in Newgate. The caricature appeared in the October number of Cox's publication, and in the letter-press accompanying, his lordship is described as "Amusing himself in his chamber in Newgate, with some culinary experiments preparatory to his Dinner. Our readers may be assured the likeness of the noble Baron is strictly preserved by the artist, as we spare no expense on such occasions, to keep up the character of our print, to which the future Historian of Newgate or the Biographer of the house of Plunket may resort for the best and most faithful materials, and from the most authentic sources." The article gives a supposititious account of his lordship's departure from the jail on 1st September, 1811, when his three months' sentence expired. In an earlier number—that for August—the following account of how his lordship spent his time in Newgate was given:—



Every part of a great man's life must be interesting to the inquiring part of the community. Lord Louth's manner of disposing of the tedious hours in Newgate is not devoid of interest. If our time could allow us to pay such attention to the subject as it so eminently deserves, we could produce a very handsome course of regimen and amusement that must be useful on future occasions to noble convicts. His Lordship rises about nine each morning, breakfasts at ten, and has his ROLL-CALL at eleven. The reader is not to understand by "Roll-Call" that his Lordship has any military situation. The words only have a literal meaning in his Lordship's present manner of living; his "Roll-Call" is a regulation adopted in the management of his household, since Mathews and Judge Day sent him to Newgate. His Lordship discovered, before he was three days in his Green-street residence, that the bread he left after breakfast was not allowed to remain on the side-board as it should be, for a future occasion, but had been illegally removed by his valet, a wily Frenchman, who though allowed ample board wages, converted the broken "du pain" to his own use. To avoid a recurrence of such a heavy misfortune, his Lordship counts his bread every day, and as it is formed into "Rolls," the servants have appropriately given this part of his Lordship's business the name of ROLL-CALL. After Roll-Call, his Lordship retires to his study, which is the wide seat of the farther window, and there he reads for two or three hours, except when interrupted by visitors, or by the noisy voice of an obstreperous fruit woman, who continues inviting his Lordship, by name, to become her customer. The principal part of his literary recreation is taken from Saunder's News-Letter, which his Lordship prefers to any other book or paper, as it affords a greater variety of reading, particularly suited to his taste for rural economy; sales of lands and "trees"; anecdotes of jails, lazarettos, and butter-milk churns, articles heretofore in great estimation at Louth Hall. For this entertaining amusement he pays one penny a day to a blind stationer, who spends the hours he waits on his Lordship, playing on a Jew's Harp at the kitchen fire.

Four is Levee hour; several of the visitors stay for dinner. The Earl of Fingal, Mr. Pollock, Colonels Cuffe, Marlay, Plunket, and Caulfield, with Lord Gosford, Counsellor O'Casey, Rev. Mr. Eustace, Rev. Mr. Lees, and Lord Tyrawley, are amongst the most attentive of his Lordship's friends, who kindly assist to mitigate the dulness of an irksome confinement.

The miscellaneous conversation is interrupted about six, when the French "bread merchant" is rung for to count the potatoes for dinner; as his Lordship imports those useful articles, with cabbages, peas, turnips, milk, and butter from Louth Hall. After delivering the necessary number of vegetables to the cook, who has finished the respective dinners of her democratic fellow-prisoners, the culinary process for his Lordship's table commences, and at seven the mutton chops appear ready for the company. Mutton chops are favourite food with his Lordship; they are so convenient that they may be increased in proportion to the appetite of the company; while one or two on the table, if there is any apparent necessity for an increase of the number, a servant is employed running to the market for each pound weight, until a signal is made that another purchase is unnecessary.

At eleven his Lordship goes to his bed, which forms part of the furniture of his dining-room, after regaling himself with a literary pennyworth of an evening paper. The two servants disperse for the night; one mounts to an upper cell, and the other retires to the hospitable guard bed of some neighbouring watch house.

IRISH BIBLIOGRAPHY.

The Use and Need of Its Study

BY E. R. M'C. DIX.

(Read originally before the National Literary Society in February, 1900.)

II.

The history of paper making in Ireland is another sub-class or department of bibliography that would be one of much interest, comprising also that of water-marks. A study of the various types used, a study of all the books, etc., printed in Irish, separating those in Roman from those in Gaelic characters, the printing and publication of music, (a) of engraving, of woodcutting, of private presses and their work, all these have their place in the important study of bibliography, and are each worthy of being very carefully studied and put on record. If it is impossible to find a sufficient number of persons interested to justify the publication of works, or even of a journal or paper on these subjects, at least an increased number of articles upon them in local magazines is to be desired, or an association specially devoted to the subject. There is, as I have thus indicated, still a very wide field for research, and I will now give you two or three examples of what I have found myself, though I am but an amateur in the subject and acquainted as yet with little more than the fringe of it.

(1) In the course of searches for early Dublin books made for me in England there was found a solitary copy of a weekly journal printed in this city in 1659, and several succeeding numbers of a like journal, published in the years 1662-3, that is, respectively, about 23 or 24 years earlier than it was generally supposed that anything like a regular newspaper was published here. I was permitted by the Royal Irish Academy to lay before them a short communication on this subject.

2. In a pamphlet in Marsh's Library, and also in the Royal Irish Academy, I came across a list of announcements in 1663 by a publisher named Samuel Dancer, of Dublin printed books, and a short article upon it appeared at the time in a local paper in a preliminary way. This is the earliest list of the kind, though a list of Usher's works appears in a list at the end of his life by Dr. Bernard, or Barnard, published here in 1656.

3. A similar bookseller's announcement, but of later date, also afforded the very interesting information that music was printed here in Dublin from copper plates about the year 1686, 30 or 40 years earlier than it was supposed at that time that any musical notes were first printed here.

4. As regards Humphrey Powell, the first printer in Dublin, on looking through the Acts of the Privy Council of England I found the interesting information that in 1550 Powell received £20 to assist him in setting up in Ireland. Here, then, are a few items of information, throwing light upon printing and printers, on record for centuries, but hitherto entirely unnoticed. If there were many students working in the field how much more could be done; how much new information might be gleaned.

In the edition of our municipal records so ably edited by the late Sir John T. Gilbert are to be found abundant information on various subjects connected with the trades, occupations, etc, of our city, through a period covering centuries. Here, too, are to be found items of information about our early printers, only waiting for students to assimilate and make them known, as can now be done. Most interesting information of this kind has lately been brought to light by Mr. Keatinge in a paper read before the R.S.A.I. upon the existing records of the Dublin Guild of St. Luke, to which printers belonged.

I have referred, so far, mainly to printed matter. As regards MSS., which is also a most important branch of Irish bibliography, I hesitate to speak, save to mention how much more attention by far has been given to our Gaelic MSS., and I need only refer, amongst many others, to such distinguished names as O'Curry, O'Donovan, Dr. Reeves, and Dr. Todd, in the past, besides the many learned writers and students still living, who have all studied, and are still ceaselessly studying, the sources from which our earlier history can be formed, but notwithstanding their invaluable and increasing labours, I doubt if any special list of all the Irish MSS. or MSS. relating to Ireland, even of those contained in our own country, has ever been published, and we further know that our MSS. are scattered all over the Continent, and are to be found in many a distant city. It is again and again asserted by competent authorities that our MSS. are to be found in large numbers, especially in the libraries of other countries. Information as to such MSS, and as to the various copies of some works in MSS. would be of material use. But the subject is receiving increased attention now, and so many are the writers to-day that this interest will probably be maintained and increased, and sufficient funds provided so that much greater acquaintance with our MSS. will become general and information be in the power of anyone to acquire. There is also, I think, work to be done about MSS. in English or Latin, as well as Gaelic. Those, too, must not be neglected.

Let me suggest another line in which our bibliography may be pursued, namely, the compiling of lists of works published at particular periods of our history, or in particular places, or by particular writers. For example, a list of all the publications that issued from the presses of the Catholic Confederation in the middle of the seventeenth century would be of great interest and use.

So also would be a list of all the works and editions of any Irish writer which have appeared down to the present day. May I put to you and the country at large a few pertinent questions on this point of my subject? Take Goldsmith, for instance. Who knows the total editions of his works printed in this country? Has he been appreciated by his fellow-countrymen, or has he not? How many editions of Moore, his poetical or his musical works, can we boast of? Of standard classics, what editions have been reproduced here? How many plays? What music? These are queries that ought to touch us and arouse our interest.

I might here suggest to anyone interested in Irish bibliography that he should not try to take it up too widely, but rather to devote his attention to one particular branch of this subject, and to follow it up fully and carefully, studying it thoroughly and systematically, and then giving, either by papers, articles, or communications to magazines or otherwise, the result of his labours from time to time.

One branch of the subject deserves special attention, namely—works written or published by natives of Ireland on the Continent, which they were unable to do here. Sir John T. Gilbert, in his communications to the Royal Irish Academy (already referred to), drew particular attention to this subject, and most deservedly so, for his special knowledge of it would have rendered him particularly suited for the task himself had his life been spared; and it is a matter of great regret that he did not live to place on permanent record the full result of his researches in this direction.

But our greatest want is, in fact, a purely literary journal devoted to the subject of Irish bibliography. Such a work ought to have the support of all booksellers, especially those engaged in the second-hand book trade throughout the country. It would be a means of much profit to them, as it would raise the value of Irish books greatly, while a more persistent study might reveal some now forgotten or unexpected literary treasures of our land, and draw forth knowledge now confined to solitary and isolated bibliophiles scattered through the country.

As libraries are beginning to multiply throughout the land, I would suggest that each library in any particular town or locality should make it a special study to acquire all books relating to that particular town or locality, so that the student of this country at a future day might know where to look for the books, etc., dealing with the place. For example, the Derry libraries should make it a special point to obtain all books dealing with Derry, and keep them together, or at least keep them well catalogued. Then would the student or writer know to what place or library to go for the information he required.

It is a matter of great regret that so many of our printed as well as MSS. books are carried off to other lands. Many have been carried off to America. Hundreds, I think, have been carried off there during the last 25 or 30 years. It is, therefore, very important that our libraries here should acquire all such volumes that are still to be had, for in the case of individuals, death often brings private libraries suddenly into the market, and the books gathered slowly during a long lifetime are irrecoverably scattered in a day in all directions. Another matter which would much help this study would be the publication of the catalogue of every public library of any importance. I would even go further and suggest that book lovers who have made a particular line or study of their own in the gathering of Irish books of any particular time or place, or of any particular kind, should, as might be done with small expense, publish in a separate form, or in magazines, short particulars of their most valuable books, giving any important particulars. Here, again, a bibliographical journal would be of immense service.

There are not many private libraries in this country, but still there are some. Two I might refer to in particular, namely, the Diocesan Libraries of Cashel and Derry. Small as most of these libraries are, but often they contain valuable books. In some cases their catalogues have been printed, but the multiplication of such catalogues is much to be desired, and as such catalogues are required more particularly of older books, there would be the less need for their being reprinted. At later dates new editions or supplements, giving all books subsequently acquired, could be printed from time to time. It is a pity that the catalogue of the Royal Irish Academy is not printed, nor that of the splendid and unique collection of the Halliday Pamphlets and Tracts.

Thus, in a crude and incomplete form, I have endeavoured to put before you this subject, in which I personally take a very great interest, and to the study of which I would fain draw many, as the more that are engaged in its study and research the more likely are beneficial results and further acquisition of knowledge to follow. It is a mistake to despise things

(a) Note—Mr. F. Kidson, of Leeds has published a valuable and interesting work on British and Irish music publishers, and here are gathered under Ireland the first list of the kind well deserving of attention. He received information from excellent local authorities, such as D J O'Donoghue, Dr Culwick etc, Mr W H Grattan Flood (of Enniscorthy) is also at work on a somewhat similar subject, I understand.

which are at our own door, and to think that what is distant alone is valuable. Future generations will not thank us for such neglect and indifference, for too often thus have MSS. and books been lost.

Let no one think the pursuit of any branch of our Bibliography too uninteresting or useless. It will be found, on the contrary, very fascinating and useful. If old china and glass, coins, and stamps have their numerous devotees, much more should books and all book matters. What keen pleasure and delight does the book collector enjoy in finding a rare volume or tract, or in becoming its owner, after much labour and perhaps difficulty.

Our antiquarian societies have after many years of unceasing toil to a large extent awakened the country generally to a sense of the value of its ancient monuments. The ruined church or castle, the cromlech, rath, or caher, seldom now fall victims to deliberate or wanton destruction. We have learned that all such remains of past centuries should rather be carefully preserved as national monuments.

For a like treatment would I plead on behalf of the books and MSS. of our country. They, too, are national monuments often, and should be preserved carefully in our public libraries, and not left as the playthings or hobbies of a few individuals. My paper has been rather an appeal than a record. I fear, therefore, I have overlooked the work of some labourers in this field.

I have not attempted to give details of any of our special Bibliographical treasures. I have only dealt in generals, not in particulars, to try and show the need and use of a separate study of Irish Bibliography, using the term in its widest sense. Compiling lists of books and so forth, or of editions, may seem, and perhaps is, a very dry and uninteresting task, as monotonous as index-making. Granted, but could we do without indexes? Certainly not. So we cannot do without Bibliography, which is the handmaid, or at least the serving wench, of History, Poetry, Art, and Drama.

(The End.)

BOOKS.—LET THERE BE LIGHT.

BY ANNE C. L. BOTTA.

Light to the darkened mind
Bear, like the sun, the world's wide circle round,
Bright messengers that speak without a sound;
Light on the spirit blind
Shall fall where'er ye pass; your living ray
Shall change the night of ages into day—
God speed you on your way.

In closet and in hall
Too long alone your message hath been spoken,
The spell of gold that bound ye there is broken;
Go forth and shine on all.
The world's inheritance, the legacy
Bequeathed by genius to the race are ye;
Be like the sunlight, free.

A mighty power ye yield;
Ye wake grim centuries from their deep repose,
And bid their hoarded treasuries unclose,
The spoils of time to yield..
Ye hold the gift of immortality;
Bard, sage, and seer, whose fame shall never die,
Live thro' your ministry.

Noiseless upon your path,
Freighted with lore, romance, and song, ye speed,
Moving the world, in custom and in creed,
Waking its love or wrath;
Tyrants that blanch not on the battle-plain,
Quail at your silent coming, and in vain
Would bind the riven chain.

Shrines that embalm great souls,
Where yet the illustrious dead high converse hold,
As gods spake through their oracles of old,
Upon your mystic scrolls,
There lives a spell to guide our destiny—
The fire by night, the pillared cloud by day,
Upon our upward way.

CHURCH PEWS AND OTHER ECCLESIASTICAL SEATS.

They decently in form pay Heav'n its due,
And make a civil visit to her pew,
Young.

Very little has been written concerning pews, most likely because it is not a very interesting subject, and any research in this branch is unrewarded. Except a trifling article in an encyclopaedia and a solitary little pamphlet on the subject there is nothing to amuse or instruct in the subject. In Bloxam's "Principles of Ecclesiastical Architecture" the subject is briefly treated upon, at the same time containing the minutest information on the subject, which it is hard to scrape together, even with the greatest industry and labour.

It is not at all hard to prove the antiquity of seats, and it is no use to prove, as is well known, that they were used in the most ancient times. The oldest that exist at the present day are the Druid's stone chairs, of which there is said to be an example at Killiney, but according to Mr. Wakeman, in his "Handbook of Irish Antiquities," it is an imposture. This stone is commonly called "the Druid's Judgment Seat," it is formed of granite, and Mr. Wakeman says that it must have been taken good care of, for it is quite evident to anyone who has examined these stones carefully that small wedges have been introduced at various times, and these stones are ancient and may probably have belonged to some ancient monument now no longer existing; one great evidence of its being a forgery is the position it occupies in being near the eastern side of the enclosure, while the back of the seat is turned towards the west, and towards the centre of the space anciently encompassed with the stone circle. The following are its measurements: breadth at base, 11 feet and a half; depth of the seat, 1 foot 9 inches; extreme height, 7 feet.

There were often extensive stone ornamented seats near the walls of large churches and cathedrals, of which there is a fine example of Lenham Church, Kent. This stone chair is situated in the south wall of the chancel, one of the arms is a little broken, also a little of the moulding on the top, otherwise it is in very good order and preservation. Another example that may be appropriately introduced here is at St. Canice's Cathedral, in Kilkenny. This seat is called St. Ciaran's stone chair, who appears to have been the patron saint of the diocese, and one of the first teachers of Christianity in Ireland. This stone seat is not near so ornamented as that we have mentioned before in the chancel of Lenham Church, Kent, for it is only a square block of stone, with two arms slightly ornamented.

The form that pews have now was not assumed till after the Reformation; prior to this there were stone seats along the wall for the congregation, which still remain in several churches and cathedrals. Very early specimens may be seen at Tincdon, Northamptonshire; Headington, Oxfordshire; Hasely, also in Oxfordshire; Elkstone, Gloucestershire; Cubberly, Gloucestershire; Steeple, Aston, etc., which show the chief varieties of ancient pews. As we have gone so far we will describe the style that may be observed in most of these examples which we have named. The seats are separated from each other by wainscotting about two feet and a half or three feet high, and enclosed at each end by highly ornamented panels, which were commonly higher than the wainscot. A very fine example is at Nettlecoombe, Somersetshire, where it is adorned with acorns and—

"Carved o'er in ancient Gothic wise."

In the "Glossary of Terms used in Grecian, Roman, Italian, and Gothic Architecture" there is a very useful article on pews, in which we find that "the partitions sometimes reach down to the floors, and sometimes only to a little below the seats; they were usually perfectly plain, but the wainscotting next the cross passage was generally ornamented with panellings, tracery, small buttresses, etc. Opposite to the seat in each division or pew, a board was frequently placed, considerably narrower, but in other respects exactly like the seat; sometimes it was placed at rather a higher level; this kind of pewing was arranged so as to leave a broad passage down the middle aisle, with cross passages as to the different doorways, etc.; it was a place fixed to oak plates or to a wooden floor.

It may be useful to know that in the standard works on ecclesiastical law the word pew is seldom found, as it is generally spoken of as a church seat. Sometimes an aisle or a few seats in it are the property of private persons, and are claimed by some as having been erected for their ancestor's use, and it is necessary to repair the aisle or pew, as it may be in that manner proved that it has been used in past times by the ancestors of the claimant, which right must also have existed immemorially. According to ancient ecclesiastical law there ought to be no money matters regarding pews—in other words, no purchase or renting. The ordinary have most authority about pews; they can appropriate the seats to whom they think proper; but, where a faculty exists, the ordinaries have no authority (Sir John Fuller v. Lane, 2 Add Ecclesiastical Repertory 425). We see that by the general law, and of common right, the pews in a parish church are the common property of all the parish; they are for the use in common of the parishioners, who are all entitled to be seated, orderly and conveniently, so as best to provide for the accommodation of all, and besides, we find that "the churchwardens,"* who are the officers of the ordinary, are to place their parishioners according to their rank and station; but they are subject to control if any complaint be made against them.

J. H. S.

* "Penny Encyclopaedia."

In the very heart of France, extending over 111 miles between the Loire and the Yonne, one of the Seine's tributaries, is the picturesque Nivernais Canal. The summit level of the canal is to be found between the Baye and Port Brule, 28 miles as the bird flies, north of the junction of the Canal with the Loire. Such is the peculiar section of the canal, and so insufficient is the width of the towpath at its summit, that it has been impossible to utilise the ordinary tow horses, and it was therefore necessary to resort to towing by men. Since the canal at its summit lies partly in tunnel and partly in a deep cutting, it could not manifestly be readily widened. The plan was hence adopted of employing mechanically-driven barges. Mechanical haulage is accomplished by means of an immersed chain. The chain was laid last August, in which month the tow-boat was tested in actual service. The engine with which the boat is equipped is a four-cycle petroleum Foret motor of sufficient power to enable the boat to tow three barges over the 2½ miles of the summit level in one hour and four minutes. Every day the boat makes two journeys each way. For these four trips the consumption of fuel varies between 5 and 6 gallons, or about 10 pints per barge hauled. At the rate of 41 centimes per litre the cost of fuel per barge hauled over the 2½ miles is about 2 francs and 46 centimes. Empty boats are towed free of charge.

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS:
Compiled from Authentick Memoirs, Offices of Record, Manufcript Collections, and other Unexceptionable Vouchers,

By THE LATE WALTER HARRIS, ESQ.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

These high demands of the Irish monarch being reported to the council, they, by the advice of Miles de Cogan, resolved upon a sudden sally, hoping for success from the unexpectedness of the attempt. Miles de Cogan, at his own request, commanded the van-guard, consisting of 200 chosen men; Reymond le Gross put himself at the head of the battle, consisting of 200 also; and the earl advanced in the rere with the like number. They directed their march to Finglas, where Roderick lay encamped, and made such an unexpected and vigorous onset, that all fled before them. They slew 1,500 of the enemy, and took many prisoners, with the loss of only one English footman (Regan). The king himself escaped with some difficulty; for at the time of the first onset he was in a bath (Giral. Cambr. lib. I. cap. 25), on account of some bodily indisposition. This overthrow so discouraged the rest of the Irish, who had beleaguered the city in divers parts, that they abandoned the siege, and the town was relieved in its greatest extremity. For in the enemy's camp were found great store of baggage (Regan), and such quantities of corn, meal and pork as were sufficient to victual the city for a year.

The siege of Dublin being thus raised, the earl found himself at liberty to march a part of his forces to the relief of Fitz-Stephen, who had been closely besieged in his castle of Carrig, near Wexford. But all correspondence having been cut off between him and his friends in Dublin, he had surrendered before their arrival.

From Waterford earl Strongbow sailed to England, to appease the king; and he offered him all the acquisitions he had made in Ireland, either by the sword or marriage. It was agreed (Giral. Cambr. lib. I. cap. 29) that the earl should recognise the king as sovereign lord, and should surrender to him the city of Dublin, with the adjacent cantreds, the maritime towns of Leinster, the city of Waterford, and all castles, and should acknowledge to hold the remainder of the king and his heirs.

In the meantime, Asculph Mac-Torcall took advantage of the earl's absence, and arrived in the harbour of Dublin with a fleet of 60 sail and 10,000 soldiers (Regan ib.), levied in the isle of Man, the Orcades, and Norway, full of hopes to recover Dublin, and his former greatness. He was attended in this expedition by John le Dene (called John Wood, i.e., John the Mad by Cambrensis (cap. 21), a man of great estimation for military prowess; and with him came a good body of Norwegians. No time was lost in landing their men; for they hoped to surprise the city and carry it by a sudden assault. But the governor, Miles de Cogan, was not wanting in his preparations for a vigorous defence.

Near Dublin lived an Irish petty prince, named Gillemoholmock (Regan) who was at peace and good neighbourhood with the English, and his hostages were at that time with Cogan. This petty king came to offer his service in defence of the city. But Cogan insisted that he should stand aloof, as a neuter, in some quarter where he might see the action, and if the enemy fled, that he should cut off their retreat to their shipping, and help the English to kill them; but if the English gave ground, that he should fall upon them, and put as many of them to the sword as he could to prevent their dying by the hands of their enemies. Upon the performance of these conditions, which Gillemoholmock swore to, Cogan promised him to deliver up his hostages.

John le Dene made a furious assault on the east gate, then called the gate of St. Mary les Dames, from a nunnery of that name in the neighbourhood of it; but he was repulsed by Miles de Cogan, and 500 of the Norwegians fell in the action, and great numbers of them were drowned. It is reported by Maurice Regan that John le Dene was a man of such great strength, that with one blow of an axe he cut the thigh of an horseman asunder, and the leg fell to the ground. During the action at the east gate, Richard de Cogan, by direction of his brother, sallied out of the south gate (then called pole-gate, at the end of St. Werburgh street) with a body of 300 horse, and taking a circuit round that part of the city, fell with such resolution on the enemy in flank, that they were thrown into confusion; which Miles de Cogan perceiving, he sallied out of the east gate with the greatest strength of the garrison both horse and foot, and obtained a complete victory. As soon as the Norwegians were broken, Gillemoholmock, not unmindful of his engegements, pursued the chase with great eagerness, and slew many before they could reach their fleet.

The Norwegians slain in this engagement were numbered at 2,000, and only nine or ten Englishmen were lost. John le Dene fell by the hands of Miles de Cogan, and Asculph was taken prisoner by his brother; but boasting what mighty matters he would do when he obtained his liberty, Miles de Cogan commanded him to be beheaded in sight of the fleet. Those who had escaped the sword of the English were intercepted by Gillemoholmock, before they could reach their ships, and obliged to fly dispersed into the country, where, being odious to the natives on account of their former cruelties, they were slain in great numbers; so that of this army 2,000 did not escape, and most of their ships, homeward bound, afterwards perished by tempest.

Thus ended the power of the Ostmen in Dublin, who never after made any effort to recover their former possessions. Many of them had before incorporated with the Irish; and now upon this great revolution such as as remained in the city or neighbourhood became quiet subjects to the English, and by degrees one people with them.

This storm was soon followed by another (Cambrensis). For in the beginning of the year 1172, Tiernan O'Roirk, king of Brefiny (called by Cambrensis king of Meath), taking advantage of Strongbow's absence in England, and judging that the several assaults before mentioned had much weakened the garrison of Dublin, mustered up a considerable army, and marched to besiege it. But Miles de Cogan broke all his measures by a successful sally, in which his whole army was routed, and his son and other chieftains slain.

While these things were doing, king Henry II. was preparing for a voyage into Ireland, where he arrived (Regan. Cambrensis) near Waterford with a fleet of 240 ships on the 18th of October, 1172, attended by Earl Richard Strongbow, William Fitz-Aldelm, Humphrey de Bohum, Hugh de Lacy, Robert Fitz-Bernard, and many other lords, earls and barons, besides 400 knights or men-at-arms, and 4,000 soldiers well appointed. The first action he did upon his landing was to receive the investiture of the city of Waterford, and the homage of Earl Strongbow for the kingdom of Leinster, the inheritance of which was granted to him, and he placed Robert Fitz-Bernard in the government of Waterford, where he made but a short stay, and from thence marched to Dublin, which Strongbow, according to covenant, delivered up to him, and the king committed the government thereof to Hugh de Lacy, who is called in records and history, sometimes bailiff, sometimes seneschal, and sometimes guardian or custos of Dublin.

From Dublin, the king without any delay marched into Munster, and in this journey received the submission and homage of a great many petty princes in the south, particularly of Dermod Mac-Carthy, king of Cork, Donald O'Brien, king of Limerick, Donald Mac-Gilla-Phadruick, king of Ossory, O'Phelan, prince of Desies, and many others; and at Lismore his majesty held a synod of the clergy, and gave directions for the building of a castle there, which done he returned to Dublin. According to Giraldus Cambrensis, the king made but one journey to Dublin, and that after the time he had received the submissions of the princes of Munster. But we choose to follow Maurice Regan, who was an eye-witness of the

transactions of those times: and indeed it is more probable that the king should be in haste to proceed to Dublin (not only a town of the greatest importance in all Ireland, but also the metropolis of Leinster) in order to obtain the possession of it from Earl Strongbow, of whose growing power he was exceeding jealous.

Upon the king's return to Dublin on the 11th of November, many petty princes made their submission (Cambrensis), and swore allegiance to him in person, as Gillemoholmock, O'Chadesie, O'Carroll, king of Uriel, O'Melaghlin, king of Meath, O'Roirk, king of Brefiny, with many others. But Roderick O'Connor, king of Connaught and monarch of all Ireland, came no nearer to Dublin than the river Shannon, and there Hugh de Lacy and William Fitz-Aldelm repaired to him by commission from king Henry, to whom he made his submission, became tributary, swore allegiance, and gave hostages for his fidelity. Thus all Ireland made a voluntary submission to the king of England, except the princes of Ulster, and they also virtually did so in the submission of the supreme monarch, Roderick.

At this time the king granted the laws of England to the people of Ireland, which were joyfully received by them all, and confirmed by the king, having first received their oaths for the observation of them (Matth. Paris, ad. an. 1172). He seems also now to have established the courts of justice, and officers for the administration of the laws in Ireland, and to have held a parliament at Dublin: and though all the statutes at that time enacted are lost, yet the footsteps of one of them remain still in the Rolls-office, and is recited in a statute made in a parliament held at Trim, anno 2d Richard III. (Rot. Parl. 2d Rich. III. cap. 8), where it is enacted, "that the statute of Henry Fitz-Empress (i.e., Henry II.) made for the election of a governor of Ireland, when it shall happen to be void of any lawful governor, be by the authority of this parliament, ratified and confirmed, and that Thomas Fitz-Gerald, chancellor of Ireland, Sir Roland Fitz-Eustace, treasurer of Ireland, Philip Bermingham, chief justice of the king's bench of Ireland, Thomas Plunket, chief justice of the common pleas of Ireland, Oliver Eustace, chief baron of the exchequer of Ireland, or his deputy for the time being,, Thomas Dowdall, clerk and keeper of the rolls and records of the chancery of Ireland, John Estrete, the king's serjeant at law of Ireland, and every of them severally be adjudged to hold their several offices for their lives: and that it be lawful for you or the majority of them, as well as for all others, who shall severally hold any of the said offices, by reason of the death of any officer of the said offices, by gift under the teste of Gerald earl of Kildare, in any manner as governor of this land, according to the tenor, usage and execution of the said statute of Henry Fitz-Empress, with the assent of the nobles of this land, as is specified in the same statute, upon every such avoidance to choose a noble lord to be governor, and have the government as justice of Ireland, according to the ancient usage, used and executed from that time, and that it shall be lawful for such governor so chosen to hold parliaments and great councils, and what they shall do therein shall be good and effectual in law, as if done by any other governor in times passed. Provided that such election be made by the lords spiritual and temporal and nobles of the land." From hence it is apparent that king Henry II. made laws and statutes for Ireland, and by pointing out this statute concerning government in particular (which the statute of Richard III. was then about confirming) it is no way improbable that there were other statutes then made by that monarch for Ireland, which had no relation to the election of a governor, though they are now lost. It is manifest also from this statute, that Henry II. did first institute courts of justice in Ireland, and made his officers thereof. For the words, "that they (i.e., the chancellor, treasurer, &c.) do with the assent of the nobles of Ireland, and according to the tenor, usage, and execution of the statutes of Henry Fitz-Empress, as is specified in the same statute, elect a governor, who was to have the government as justice of Ireland, according to ancient usage, used and executed from that time," i.e., from the enacting the statute of Henry Fitz-Empress; or else how could it be said in this recited statute of Richard III. that the election must be made according to the "tenor of the said statute, and as it is therein specified" And if the tenor and ancient usage and execution of that statute of Henry II. was, that these great officers, with the nobles should make an election, the consequence is undeniable, and at the time of making the statute of Henry II. there were such officers for Ireland as chancellor, treasurer, judges, &c., and who, without all peradventure, did administer the laws of England to the subjects of Ireland then lately received and established there: and with this agrees the preamble of another statute (32 Hen. VIII. cap. 2), which says, "That ever since the conquest of the realm of Ireland, it has been used therein, that upon every avoidance of a governor, the council should elect a justice, &c.," and of the council have these great officers before-mentioned always been. To which may be added a resolution of the two houses of parliament of Ireland on the 11th of May, 1641, namely, "That in the reign of king Henry II. the common law and lawful customs of England were received, planted, and established in this his majesty's kingdom of Ireland." But this subject is more fully handled in another place (Antiq. of Irel. cap. 13). We only mention thus much here to obviate the common opinion of the historians who ascribe to king John the introduction of the English laws into this kingdom.

The king kept his Christmas (Cambr. ib. cap. 33) at Dublin in as great state as the place would then allow; for there was no house there capable of receiving his retinue; and therefore he was under the necessity of hastily erecting near St. Andrew's church a long pavilion, like a cabin, composed of smooth wattles after the fashion of the country (Tyr. Hist. v. 2 p. 374), which being well furnished with plate, household stuff and good cheer, made a better appearance than ever had been before seen in Ireland. Many of the Irish princes flocked thither to pay their duty to the king, not without admiration and applause of his magnificence. The greatest part of his charge was expended in royal entertainments to captivate the Irish, and his time in the five months he stayed there in endeavours so to settle matters as wholly for the time to come to frustrate France of the usual aid afforded by the Irish, when attacked by the arms of England. He had experienced the benefit of the crown received without charge by private adventurers, and therefore resolved by like methods to make the part he had gained defray the expense of subduing the whole. To this end he distributed large scopes of land and huge territories to the grandees who attended him. To Earl Strongbow (which, indeed, was his right by inheritance from king Dermod), all Leinster, to hold by homage only, the city of Dublin, and the adjoining cantreds, with a few maritime towns and castles excepted. To Hugh de Lacy, the kingdom of Meath, to hold by 50 knights. To John de Courcey, all Ulster, if he could conquer it; and to Robert Fitz-Stephen and Miles de Cogan, the kingdom of Cork (which formerly comprehended Desmond); and to Philip de Braos, the kingdom of Limerick. But these two latter grants were made after the king's return to England.

While the king remained at Dublin, he received intelligence from England that his son, the young king Henry (whom he had caused to be crowned), had rebelled against him, and that Normandy was in danger of revolting, into which the Pope had sent two legates to make an inquisition into the murder of archbishop Becket. To these distresses were added a plague and scarcity in Ireland, all which laid him under the necessity of hastening his return, though much against his inclination. For he was at first determined to stay the summer following in Ireland, to fortify it with some strongholds and castles, and settle it in a state of security.

He, therefore (according to Cambrensis) (cap. 38), left Hugh de Lacy with 20 gentlemen at arms, and Robert Fitz-Stephen and Maurice Fitz-Gerald with 20 other gentlemen at arms, to be wardens and constables of Dublin. He likewise committed to Humphrey de Bohun, Robert Fitz-Bernard, and Hugh de Gundeville, the government of Waterford, with 20 gentlemen at arms for their assistants; and he appointed William Fitz-Aldelm, Philip of Hastings, and Philip de Braos, with 20 gentlemen at arms, to govern Wexford. Maurice Regan differs from this account in the distribution of these governments. For, omitting Wexford, he places Robert Fitz-Bernard alone in the government of Waterford, and Hugh de Lacy alone in that of Dublin; but then he adds that Robert Fitz-Stephen, Meiler

Fitz-Henry, and Milo Fitz-David, were in a fort restrained, and obliged to remain at Dublin with Lacy, whether as assistants in the government, or as counsellors, is not said. However that may be, the king raised these and several other grandees to high power, and gave to them large portions of land, and great jurisdictions and privileges, in order to establish a counterbalance to Earl Strongbow, inheritor of all the rest of Leinster, who made his residence at Kildare (Regan), of whose reputation and interest both with the English adventurers and his new Irish subjects his majesty was past measure jealous. He also granted the city of Dublin to be inhabited by a colony from the city of Bristol, as will be more fully set forth hereafter.

Having thus settled the kingdom in as much security as the shortness of time would permit, he marched from Dublin to Wexford, where he embarked on Easter Monday (Cambrensis), 1173, about sunrise, and arrived at portfinan in Wales, half a league from St. David's, about noone the same day, having no man of note in his company but Miles de Cogan, whom he carried with him out of Ireland (Regan), and from St. David's he hastened with all imaginable expedition into Normandy.

Thus was completed the reduction of Dublin.

(To be continued.)

THE NOISY DRUM.

The drum is one of the most ancient of musical instruments—if it can be called a musical instrument, which some people will deny. All savage nations use drums of some kind, and it used to be considered indispensable in war, the sound being inspiring to the combatants. When the British troops went to America to quell the rebellion of the Colonists they brought drums with them, which some local poet describes thus:—

"They have got little barrels,
The heads be kivered wi' leather;
They beats upon 'em wi' little clubs,
To call their folk together."

Since that time the English drum-beaters have attained such precision in their art that it is stated that if all the drummers in the British army were collected together they would go through with all the beats in use (there are fifteen principal ones) in perfect time.

The Laplanders venerate their sacred drums. These are hollowed from a piece of pine or birch trunk, and covered at one end. A portion of the wood on the under side is left for a handle.

The ancient Romans used hand drums in their religious dances, and more than a thousand years ago other nations used them to give signals in war.

In Asia immense kettle drums are carried across the backs of camels in the trains of all crowned heads. The drums are adorned with gorgeous trappings, and a seat is prepared for the player upon the camel's back.

The musicians of Hindoostan play very dexterously on a very small pair of kettle drums, which are fastened before them by lengths of cloth wound several times around the body. They are beaten with the fingers. Single drums, beaten with two sticks of hard wood, are sometimes used to frighten away tigers.

Drums are used in Hindoo religious processions. They are made of baked earth, are sometimes a yard long, and are twice as large at the centre as at either end. Kettle drums are thin copper basins or bowls, covered with parchment or calfskin, which is held in place by an iron hoop.

A DARING INVESTIGATION OF MONT PELEE.

Prof. Angelo Heilprin, President of the Philadelphia Geographical Society, who has made two ascents of Mont Pelee, has just made known the results of his investigations. Several important discoveries have been made which throw light on the nature of the eruption, and which expose many of the wild exaggerations that always follow a terrible catastrophe. The first ascent of the mountain was made on May 31, and the second on June 1. On the first expedition, when the edge of the old crater was reached, the party was overtaken by a terrific thunderstorm. Clouds of rain and steam from the volcano so completely enveloped them that they were able to see only a few feet. Further progress was impossible, for on account of the electrical disturbances their compass refused to work, varying as much as 20 degrees to the eastward. With great difficulty they groped their way down the steep ridge, slipping at every step, for the rain-soaked ashes afforded a precarious footing, and threatened to hurl them down the yawning gulfs at each side. The terrific detonations heard were supposed to be of volcanic and not electrical origin, for when the River Fallaise was reached it was found to be filled with steam and mud indicating a fresh volcanic disturbance. The party reached Acier, caked with mud and much disappointed. However, on the next morning Prof. Heilprin was ready for another encounter with Mont Pelee. We cannot but admire the bravery and devotion of this man, who, with his followers, twice climbed the angry volcano, and who once, by a sudden dash during a lift in the clouds of vapour, reached the very lip of the crater, from which point stones could be dropped into the white-hot mass, 200 feet below. Standing on the very brink of the crater, he was witness of a most awful yet fascinating scene. As was to be expected, the principal output of the crater was steam, and but for a favourable shift in the vapour clouds the party could not have made the valuable observations that they did. So far as known, steam is always found in volcanoes, and seems to be the main cause of the eruption. Scientists divide volcanoes into two classes—the quiet, characterised by a flow of lava, and the explosve, characterised by the blowing out of fragments. Prof. Heilprin states positively that no lava has flowed from the crater of Mont Pelee. One of the main characteristics of the explosive volcano is what is called the "cinder-cone." This is formed of material which is cast out and which drops back around the orifice from which it was thrown, forming a cone Prof. Heilprin, however, states that no such cone was found in this volcano. What was taken to be a cinder-cone proved to be but a pile of ejected rocks with no central vent. Of course, in the present condition of Mont Pelee it is impossible to state absolutely that there is no cinder-cone, for it was possible to see down only about 200 feet, and it is believed that the crater is much deeper than this. In shape the new crater appears like a great gash in the mountain running north and south, and expanding into a bowl. The fissure runs transversely to the old crater, and appears to have nearly rifted the mountain. In the first reports of the eruption statements were made that the mountain had been reduced to one-third its original height. This is now shown to be utterly untrue, for from a number of observations taken with an aneroid barometer it was found that the height of the mountain had remained unaltered, and that no important topographical changes had taken place. The exaggerated reports may have had their origin in the fact that a dense cloud of steam normally covers the top of the mountain, which might lead to the supposition that the mountain was much reduced in height. From the investigations made, Prof. Heilprin considers violent eruptions improbable. Mont Pelee has freed itself of interior pressure, and while small disturbances may continue to occur, they will probably decrease in frequency and power. However, no one can prophesy with certainty on subjects of this sort. Volcanic action is very little understood; new and unexpected phenomena are continually occurring. The explosion of flaming gases is unprecedented, so far as is known, and was probably the main cause of the terrible loss of life. The electrical phenomena were also new, though they probably did not play an important part in the destruction of the city. Specimens collected by Prof. Heilprin show that the lightning bolts were small and very intense, penetrating the walls of the houses. No other volcano was ever so rapid in action, and never before has such a loss of life resulted directly from a volcanic eruption.

THE TOAD.

ITS HISTORY AND TRADITIONS.

Shakespeare speaks of the toad as wearing a precious jewel in his head. In the days of the poet, indeed from the Fifteenth to the Eighteenth Century, the toad was something of a power in the world—a malevolent power. It was believed to secrete a most poisonous venom, which it spat impartially at man and beast. The cattle plague, which occasionally ravaged Great Britain, and many mysterious human deaths were generally understood to be the malignant work of these animals.

There was one antagonist, however, which was able to meet the toad on its own ground, and triumph in single combat. The spider of those days was quite equal to him in venomous qualities.

Toads eat spiders, and think nothing of it. They are gifted with a patent, reversible tongue, firmly fixed in front, and with the gummy end free and pointing down the throat. Sitting immovable with an inscrutable countenance, the flies, gnats, and mosquitos, which presume on this aparent indifference to all earthly appetites and venture too near, are lost; flap goes the tongue, the insect is gone, and the toad looks as solemn as before.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, in his "Summer in a Garden," pays a tribute to the toad, in the character of the gardener's friend. "In a melon patch," he says, "nothing so disgusts the beetles and bugs of all sorts, which delight to make that spot their summer resort, as the presence of a stout and agile toad." American toads, by the way, are of a different branch of the family from those of Great Britain—larger, not so dark in colour, and much more agile.

Toads are regarded as so valuable in England that they are imported into Great Britain from Austria. They are carefully packed in moss, in wooden boxes, and are sold to gardeners at the rate of £3 or £4 per hundred. But the fact remains that their ancient value and prestige have departed. In days of old fortune-tellers were helpless without them; witches' incantations were incomplete. The witches in Macbeth began their wonderful mixture in the bubbling cauldron with the—

"Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Sweltered venom, sleeping, got."

They further augmented the charm with "toe of frog."

In the mediaeval "Physicke Bookes" toads and frogs furnish specifics for many and various ailments. "Take the right eye of a frogge: lap it in russet cloath and hang it about the necke, it will cure the right Eye if it be bleared, and if the left Eye be greved, do the like by the left Eye of the frogge."

A baked toad, in a bag of silk, worn about the nack, kept off the ague, and a toad, alive or dead, applied to the back of the neck, stopped bleeding at the nose. A dried and powdered toad swallowed in spoonfuls formed a love philter, irresistible to the most obdurate swain.

Alas! virtue has gone out of him. Toad powder would only make one ill now, and even that precious jewel in his head has been lost—no trace of it remains. A child of my acquaintance recently made a thorough scientific investigation of the subject, and reported as follows: "A toad's head is partly full of water and partly empty."

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Stopford Brooke, Mr. Edward Gosse, and Mr. William Canton have made their awards in the contest of Coronation odes which "Good Words" organised. 1,084 odes were submitted. The successful competitors were: First price of £50, Lauchlan MacLean Watt, minister, of Alloa, Scotland; second prize of £15, Rev. S. Cornish Watkins, Kingston, Herefordshire; third prize, divided, £5, to Lucy Eveline Smith, Springbank, Heriot Row, Dunedin, New Zealand, and £5 to F. H. Wood, M.A., Brabourne Cottage, Bromley Park, Kent.

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Although the late Lord Acton had been a peer for thirty-three years, I do not (writes an old Parliamentary hand) remember hearing him speak in the House of Lords. Indeed, he spent little time in that assembly, though he was respected and liked by both parties. The fact is that Lord Acton was too much of a student to be a very active politician, and it was only Mr. Gladstone's friendship for him that led to his being a Lord-in-Waiting from 1892 to 1895. Then he became Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, and in 1891 was appointed Romanes Lecturer at Oxford. Moreover, he was a Royal Commissioner on Historical Manuscripts and a trustee of the British Museum.

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HENRY RIDER HAGGARD
(June 22, 1856).

"This is my birthday."—Shakespeare.

A goodly Rider, well adventuring.—Spenser.
Tale followed tale like a merry-go round
Whereof sport turned the handle.—Browning.

If . . . .
Storm and adventure, heat and cold,
If schooners, islands, and maroons
And Buccaneers and buried gold,
And all the romances, retold
Exactly in the ancient way
Can please, as me they pleased of old,
The wiser youngsters of to-day:
So be it, and fall on.—R. L. Stevenson.

A book for the winter evening schoolroom, when the tasks are over and the hour for bed draws near.—R. R. Stevenson.
—"From the "Daily Chronicle."

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We have received the first number of the "Times of Egypt," a paper printed in Arabic and English, and addressed "to those who, in this maelstrom of cosmopolitanism, are slowly crystallising into a nation." It would seem that a great national spirit is developing in Egypt. The leaders of the movement anticipate the time when the country shall be free from the tutelage of John Bull and "Abdul Moneim shall be hailed ruler of Africa to the Equator—the day when Egypt shall be able to say to the Powers of the earth. "Thus far and no farther!" And as for Arabi Pacha, "who dreamed of National Independence and left to England the nightmare of Anarchy . . fifty years hence his statue will rise higher than the Pyramid." From which it appears that in Egypt John Bull has a promising pupil.

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Two writers, little known and widely-different in style, passed away last week. In one boys and girls have lost a benefactor, for it is Dr. James Macaulay's chief title to fame that he was the founder of the "Boys' Own Paper" and the "Girl's Own Paper." So universally have these publications influenced the lives of the young that it is difficult to imagine what the juvenile world was like before these harbingers of wholesome juvenile literature were evolved. Mr. Samuel Butler, whose death also took place last week, was, like his great namesake, a satirist. Much water has passed beneath the bridges, and many books from the press, since "Erewhon" was published in 1872. In all that time, however, its keen irony and engaging fantasy have not been equalled, without it be by its sequel of last year, "Erewhon Revisited."

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The style of certain American reviewers is still amazingly enraptured. Thus we are told of a lady named Hallie Erminie Rives that her "previous stories of sizzling, seething, white-hot passion will not have prepared her readers for the new book, 'Hearts Courageous,' to which her name is appended." The heroine is "all raptures—all sapphire and rose gold," with a "face fragrant with a white fragrance," and so on. This lady's name is Anne Tillotson, and she is "the friend of Jefferson and Patrick Henry." We need hardly add that so much "white fragrance" could only be bestowed upon a masquerading Frenchman, and that he was really a Marquis.

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A correspondent of the "Academy" asks the iconoclastic question, "Did Campbell write 'The Exile of Erin'?" He points out that the poem is often printed with a note explaining that the "exile" was Anthony McCann (exiled for being implicated in the '98 rebellion) whom Campbell met at Hamburg in 1806. He then draws our attention to the opening lines:—

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sighed when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion.
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean.

"I take it," says the correspondent, "from the context that the twilight is that of the morning. But at Hamburg the day-star does not rise over Ireland. It is not, however, to convict Campbell of an astronomical blunder that I trouble you—I once met with a statement that the authorship of the poem had been persistently claimed by an obscure Irish versifier. I regret that I cannot give the reference to that statement now—I dismissed it with contempt at the time—but as the above quotation points to America, where the morning star is seen to rise over Ireland, and which is the land where most Irish exiles are to be found, as the locale of the poem it seems possible (1) that the exile was not McCann, (2) that the poem may have been mistakenly ascribed to Campbell on the strength of his acquaintance with M'Cann." Perhaps a reader may have views on these points. Our own opinion is that the real inspiratioin of such a poem is seldom an exact event or rencontre, and that where the poet himself has left no definite statement investigation is of little profit.

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In his always interesting "Bystander" column in the "Graphic" Mr. J. Ashby-Sterry notes a point in that deterioration of manners of which we hear so much nowadays. When he was a boy the man who converted a gift into cash was regarded as a person who might be tempted to pocket your spoons. But all that is altered. "Otherwise how can you account for the frequency with which you see presentation volumes in the catalogues of second-hand booksellers? This, too, when the donors and donees are still living, and the latter, to all appearance, in flourishing circumstances. If the latter have no feeling on the matter you would think they might at least have the decency to remove the presentation inscription. But why should they? They are all aware that the aforesaid inscription adds to the value of the book, and to make an extra two or three shillings out of your friends when you can is quite in harmony with the manners of to-day. This kind of thing is, however, not entirely confined to books. You see most astonishing things in the same line with regard to presentation pictures and sketches at the various salerooms, and the more celebrated the artist is, the more determined his so-called friends seem to be to make money out of him. Fine-art dealers and second-hand booksellers could, I fancy, tell you some strange stories with regard to this matter, were they so minded."

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The "Microbe," which describes itself as a journalette, and hails from Laura street, New Brunswick, might be supposed to have died of its title. The editor, however, gives another explanation. After telling us that the publication of the "Microbe" is to be suspended for "a time," he says:—"Not that the promoters are difficient (sic.) in energy or enthusiasm, but that, in our limited circle, we find it impossible to get matter as good as we desire it to be." This hardly seems surprising, since the title page sets forth that "there is no danger of any contributor being paid." But the editor of the now moribund "Microbe" still has hope—"We will not be inactive in the interim, but shall use the time in canvassing for talent, for we are very far from despairing, and at any unexpected hour may again soar into being.' To make this possible, however, "we would want an advance list of at least 120 subs to make it feasible." This ambitious editor now proposes to "take a piece of chalk and scrawl upon the door of our busy sanctum Resurgam." He concludes, however, with this depressing parable:—

Somehow writing this announcement reminds us of a time when we buried a certain little guinea-pig, and again when we saw a little son of the household dog panting, with a white tongue, in the middle of a cruel road where carts go by.

But these did not arise again. Amen.

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Mr. Algernon Ashton, who has made himself a specialist in the troublesome art of looking after the tombs and local habitations of eminent men and women, calls attention in the "Pilot" to a trick which is being played on the sentimental traveller in search of historical associations. It will be remembered that Dryden's house in Gerrard street, Soho, was demolished in the middle of last year, amidst a chorus of regrets from those who are grieved

When even the shade
Of that which once was great is passed away.

The destruction was an act of Vandalism, for the house is said to have been a handsome and strongly built one, showing no signs of decay at all, and it might just as well have been used by many coming generations. However, it is no use shedding tears over buildings which have already gone to the limbo of the housebreaker. Mr. Aston's complaint relates to a different and more easily remedied matter. On the old house the Society of Arts—according to its useful custom—had affixed a tablet with the inscription—"John Dryden, poet, lived here." The builder who is responsible for the vanishing of Dryden's house evidently felt some small compunction, or perhaps a sense of economy told him that it was a pity to waste a good tablet. At any rate Mr. Ashton writes:—

A few days ago I happened to be passing down Gerrard street again, when to my utmost surprise and disgust, I noticed that on the site of Dryden's old dwelling-house not only was there erected a jerry-built monstrosity, but the same old memorial tablet affixed on to the brand-new wall! This is, unhappily, not the only instance of a house bearing a tablet stating that a certain great man lived here when he never did live there, as the fraudulent tablets to Hogarth in Leicester Square, to Turner in Queen Anne street, Marylebone, and to Byron in Holles street amply testify. It is an insane practice, and ought to be stopped forthwith, as it only tends to entirely mislead future generations, who will naturally believe these houses to be the actual historical ones.

It certainly seems as if there ought to be some modification in these useful tablets when they refer not to the actual house in which a famous man lived, but only to the site where it once stood—"poor, poor dumb mouths!"

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

The journey of a bottle from Central Illinois to the Pacific Ocean has just come to light through the receipt of a letter by Walter Roeder, of Bloomington, Ill., from Jesse Wilson, of Santa Monica, Cal., saying that he had found a bottle off the coast of California which contained a letter written by Roeder and asking the finder to inform him when and where it was found. The letter was written on January 27, 1900, and after being placed in the bottle the receptacle was cast into the water of the Mackinaw River, ten miles west of Bloomington. The bottle must have followed the river until the confluence with the Illinois was reached, and thence floated to the Mississippi and through the Gulf of Mexico to the Atlantic Ocean. The currents of the ocean are supposed to have carried the bottle around Cape Horn and thence up the Pacific coast. The journey exceeded 10,000 miles. The bottle and message betrayed little evidence of the long journey.

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A simple but effective device for preventing the freezing of gas pipes is described in the "Illustrirte Zeitung fur Blechindustrie," consisting merely in the insertion of a wider piece of pipe just where the conduit issues from the ground or wall. For a conduit of a diameter from ⅜ to ½ of an inch a length of from 20 centimetres to 30 centimetres of a pipe 1 inch in diameter suffices. The deposition of the water particles contained in the gas, which on leaving the works have a temperature of about 10 degs. C., naturally takes place just where the gas is subjected to the most abrupt change of temperature—ie., on its issue from the ground. If the external temperature is sufficiently low, the deposited water immediately congeals and clogs the circuit. As soon as the gas has acquired the temperature of the conduit the deposition of water and congealing cease, and this is said to be the case a short distance beyond the first cooling point. Therefore there should be no congealing beyond the inserted wider piece, and this piece is wide enough to accommodate a thick ice-crust and to still leave a free passage for the gas. As a matter of fact, the principle of this new method is already employed in street lamps, and with success.

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Professor Robert T. Hill, who is at the head of the expedition which was sent to Martinique by the United States National Geographical Society, succeeded in getting a near view of Mont Pelee just at the time when the last violent explosion occurred. He reached Morne Rouge, the summer resort of St. Pierre, where he obtained a series of valuable photographs. Professor Hill states that at seven o'clock on Monday evening he witnessed from a point near St. Pierre a frightful explosion of Mont Pelee, and was able to take note of the accompanying phenomena. He states that following the salvos of detonations from the mountain, gigantic mushroom-shaped columns of smoke and cinders ascended into the clear, scarlet sky, and then spread in a vast black sheet to the south and directly over his head. Through this sheet, which extended to a distance of ten miles from the crater, vivid and awful lightning-like bolts flashed with alarming frequency; they differed from lightning in that they were horizontal and not perpendicular. This Professor Hill considers to be indisputable evidence of the explosive oxidation of the gases after they left the crater—a most important observation and a phenomena which is entirely new in volcanic history and goes a long way to explain the awful character of the catastrophe.

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The landscape gardener of New York City, Mr. Samuel Parsons, has drawn a gloomy picture of the future of Central Park, New York's famous pleasure ground. According to Mr. Parsons, about two million dollars will be required to save the park from ruin. The magnificent elms which line the Mall are said to be slowly dying for lack of nutrition. The removal of dead leaves in the interest of cleanliness has done its share to expose to the parching rays of the sun a soil which is in itself not over-nutritious. Mr. Parsons naturally hesitates to demand two million dollars for the saving of the park. It is being seriously discussed whether it is not advisable to abandon the park altogether, and to seek another spot which might be converted into an open-air pleasure ground for the people. Property owners have for years complained that the peculiar situation of the park, splitting the city as it does in two long halves, necessitates detours and causes not a little inconvenience. That the park will sooner or later give place to the all-devouring business needs of the city is hardly to be questioned, lamentable though that fact may be. Mr. Parsons is against the selling of the park for building plots, because, in his opinion, it is the most beautifully laid out property of its kind.

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During the work of excavating for the foundations of the new building of the Opera Pia di San Paolo, the pawnbroking and loan establishment in the Via Monte di Pieta in Turin, a well-preserved bronze head of Emperor Tiberius of Roman days was discovered. It was found August 24, 1901. Although oxidised and covered with a faint green deposit, it shows manifest traces of gilding in the sockets of the eyes, in the ears, and in the hair. The metal of the head has a thickness of three millimetres. The head measures twenty-six centimetres from ear to ear, and twenty-nine from brow to chin. The features are excellently executed, and are of manly beauty, the nose slightly aquiline and the hair crisp and short. This valuable find lay at a depth of about six metres below the level of the street, in an ancient well which had to be removed to make way for the foundations. This, coupled with the fact that the head shows signs of breakage at the neck, led to the conclusion that it belonged to a complete statue and was stolen and thrown into the well. It is possible that the head belonged to an equestrian statue, since the foreleg of a horse and the right leg of the rider were found in 1559, when the Church of the Holy Martyrs was being built near this site. These two objects are now in the Museum of Antiquities in Turin.

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Of the two possible routes for the Isthmus Canal, Panama and Nicaragua, there can be no question (says the "Scientific American"), with the red ruin of Pelee before our eyes, that choice must be made of that route, which present physical conditions and local tradition and history prove to be the least threatened with volcanic convulsions. The situation at Panama may be summed up in the statement that the Isthmus has not been modified since ages before man appeared on the earth; that no trace of volcanic agency can be found there; and that there is within 180 miles of the canal no volcano even of the extinct variety. Nicaragua, on the other hand, has always been a centre of seismic disturbances; its route is lined with, or closely approximate to, volcanoes, some of which have shown evidence of tremendous latent energy. Only 64 years ago Cosquina, in the north-west of Nicaragua, belched forth for two whole days a mass of matter, that in every six minutes of the eruption, according to M. Buneau-Varilla, would have equalled the whole mass of material to be dug from the Nicaragua Canal. The roar was audible a thousand miles distant, and ashes fell 1,400 miles from the Isthmus. Seven years later what is known as "the great earthquake" completely destroyed the city of Rivas, which is only five miles from the Pacific terminus of the canal, and seriously damaged Greytown, the Atlantic terminus.

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It is well-known that high-voltage currents have been in use for years in the United States for long distance transmission of energy. Some of the plants, where the climate is very favourable, have adopted voltages up to 40,000 and even 50,000 volts. On the Continent, where water power in the immediate vicinity of industrial centres is becoming more and more scarce, long distance power transmission with high voltage is being frequently resorted to, as the following will show:—A 23-mile transmission at 20,000 volts has been constructed to supply Como with energy. In the vicinity of Zaragoza, in Spain, two plants, of 4,000 horse-power and 6,000 horse-power respectively, are being installed. The power obtained will be transmitted at 30,000 volts over distances of 28 and 50 miles. The Feurs and Morge installation, near Grenoble, in France, is a 7,000 horse-power plant, supplying current at 26,000 volts to a number of towns and villages, such as Voiron, Moirans, etc., the distance covered being 32 miles. This plant has been completed, and is now working. The Reznau plant near Waldshut provides 10,000 horse-power, and the current is sent over distances up to 37.5 miles at a voltage of 25,000. Lastly, an order has recently been placed for the machinery of a 13,000 horse-power plant to be erected on the Cellina River in Northern Italy, the energy being supplied, at a tension of 36,000 volts, to the towns of Venice, Udine, Pordenone, etc. Current in this installation is transmitted over distances up to 56 miles. In all the above plants the current is three-phase, and is generated at a comparatively low tension of a few thousand volts, and raised to the transmission voltage by means of stationary transformers.

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A bridge has recently been completed at Zanesville, Ohio, which is probably the only structure of a similar shape in the United States, if not in the world. It is popularly known as the "Y" bridge, from the fact that it consists of three arms, which join at the confluence of the Muskingum and Licking rivers. It takes the place of a wooden covered bridge of the same design which was torn down in 1901 because it had become so weakened as to be dangerous for traffic. The site of the former bridge was utilised, but larger piers were constructed of masonry. Upon those were placed timber centering to sustain the steel ribs which constitute the permanent framework. The ribs are groups of pairs of bars, fifteen to an arch. A concrete filling consisting of gravel, sand, and cement was placed upon the steel framework. Next to this was placed a layer of asphalt to prevent water from reaching the tops of the arches, and upon the asphalt was laid a mixture of gravel, sand, and cinders, topped with another layer of concrete six inches in thickness. The roadway of the bridge is paved with brick, and sustains the track for an electric railroad, the rails of which are bolted to steel channels embedded in the concrete. Conduits are also arranged under each sidewalk for electric and telephone wires as well as gas mains. The east arm of the bridge is the longest, consisting of three spans 122 feet in length. The west arm is composed of spans 120½ and 99 feet in length respectively, while the north arm is composed of three, each of which is 81 feet in length. The arch rings are elliptical, while the piers sustaining them are finished with half-round columns or buttresses intended to support poles for electric lamps. Only the exterior of the piers is composed of masonry, the space within being filled with concrete also.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

From the Dublin Newspapers of 1793.

PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.

DUBLIN, MARCH 25, 1794.

This day his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant went in State to the House of Peers, and sent a message to the Commons, desiring their immediate attendance. Accordingly the House went up, when Mr. Speaker addressed his Excellency with the following speech, on presenting the bills of supply for the Royal Address:—

"The Commons attend your Excellency with the bills, wherein they have cheerfully and unanimously granted supplies to the full amount which his Majesty's Ministers have desired for the public service, and the effectual defence of this kingdom.

"Their amount is great: but engaged, as the empire is, in a contest wherein the avowed objects of the enemy are the annihilation of all established Government, the subversion of all religion, and the extirpation of every principle on which civil society is founded, they are sincerely happy that the resources of the kingdom enable them, without laying much additional burden of new taxes, substantially to shew the zeal and ardour with which they are determined to support his Majesty in the necessary prosecution of so unprovoked a war.

"Knowing, from experience, your Excellency's attachment to the welfare of Ireland, they are sensible of the satisfaction that your Excellency must feel in the ample power which these bills entrust, for immediately putting and maintaining this kingdom in such a state of effectual and secure defence, as must shew to the enemies of its happiness the fruitless and desperate folly of any attempt to invade its shores, or disturb its tranquility; and they rely, with the most implicit confidence, on your Excellency's wisdom and vigour, in pursuing every necessary measure for that defence."

After his Excellency had given the Royal Assent to twenty-six public bills, he was pleased to make the following speech:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen—

"The important objects which engaged your attention being concluded, I am enabled to relieve you from further attendance in Parliament.

"I have his Majesty's commands to express his most entire satisfaction in the zeal and unanimity which has governed your proceedings during the present session, and the cheerfulness with which you have provided for the extraordinary emergencies of the State. This conduct, so honourable to yourselves, must essentially tend to preserve the internal tranquility of your country, to maintain that free constitution under which you enjoy such inestimable blessings, and is highly beneficial to the general interests of the empire, and to the common cause of Europe.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons—

"I am directed by his Majesty to return you his thanks for the very liberal supplies you have voted for the public service. You may rely on their faithful application to the purposes for which they were granted.

"My Lords and Gentlemen—

"His Majesty feels, with the most cordial pleasure, the loyalty of his people of Ireland, and the affectionate determination they have always shown to stand and fall with Great Britain. In the contest in which we are engaged by the unprovoked aggression of France, measures of the most vigorous nature continue to be requisite; and his Majesty will persevere in his exertions, in conjunction with his allies, against the common enemy. Under the Divine Providence, on the justice of his cause, on the disciplined valour of his fleets and armies, and the united efforts of all his subjects, his Majesty relies for a favourable issue to a war which, on the part of our enemies, is waged against the envied liberty of these kingdoms, and the established Government of every State in Europe.

"I applaud your wisdom in passing an Act for preserving the property within this kingdom, of persons resident in France, from becoming the plunder of those who have usurped the Government of that unhappy country. It is peculiarly our duty to support the security of private property, and to maintain the principles of justice, when doctrines have been advanced, and attempts endeavoured to be carried into execution, for the destruction of both.

"I am sorry to inform you, that in some parts of the county of Cork, the people, deluded by the artifices of wicked and designing men, have assembled in numerous bodies, and have compelled many to take unlawful oaths. The timely exertions of the magistrates, aided by the spirited conduct of his Majesty's regular and militia forces, have nearly suppressed those disturbances. No attention shall be wanting on my part to the protection of the peaceable and industrious, and to the punishment of offenders againstthe law; and especially of those who have instigated the ignorant to the commission of such dangerous crimes.

"The early conclusion of the session will enable you, in your respective counties, to enforce a due obedience to the laws, and to inculcate that spirit of loyalty to the King, and attachment to our happy constitution, which has so eminently distinguished your conduct.

"I am truly sensible of the repeated testimonies I have received of your confidence and support, for which I return you my most sincere thanks, and shall endeavour to ensure their continuance, by employing every power with which I am invested, for the maintenance of the public tranquillity, and the advantage of this kingdom; and by faithfully representing to his Majesty your unremitting attention to the welgare of Ireland, and your unanimous exertions for the general cause of the empire."

And then the Lord Chancellor declared, that it was his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant's pleasure, that this Parliament be prorogued to Tuesday, the 27th day of May next—and the Parliament was accordingly prorogued to that day.

WAR OFFICE, DUBLIN.

MARCH 25.

His Majesty has been pleased to make the following promotions in the army on this establishment, and the commissions are come over accordingly—viz:

HORSE.

8th Regiment of Dragoon Guards.

Captain James Hall, from the 9th Dragoons, to be major, vice Vandeleur, promoted in the 17th Dragoons.

9th Regiment.

Mr. James Kearney to be cornet, vice Armstrong, promoted.

14th Regiment.

Lieutenant the Honourable James Butler to be captain, vice Noble, promoted in the 38th Foot.

17th Regiment.

Major Thomas Pakenham Vandeleur, from the 8th Dragoons, to be lieutenant-colonel, vice Birch, resigned.

FOOT.

8th Regiment.

Ensign James Powell to be lieutenant, vice Bliss, resigned.

Mr. Joseph Day to be ensign.

12th Regiment.

Mr. Thomas Gray to be surgeon, vice M'Lamburgh, deceased.

22nd Regiment.

Mr. John Wetherelt to be ensign, vice Piers, promoted.

31st Regiment.

Rev. Wm. Clay to be chaplain, vice Wayet, resigned.

33rd Regiment.

Lieutenant Amos G. Norcott to be captain, vice Gore, promoted in lieutenant-colonel commandant Murray's regiment.

Ensign Peter Kington to be lieutenant.

Mr. John Young to be ensign, vice Eustace, promoted.

DUBLIN, MARCH 27.

Last Saturday sailed from the Cove of Cork, his Majesty's ships Swiftsure, Capt. Bayle; Beliqueux, Capt, Brien; the Alarm, Resource, Fly, and Scorpion frigates, 16 transports with troops, and 89 merchants' ships, under convoy for the West Indies.

Sunday his Majesty's ship St. Albans, Capt. Vashen, of 64 guns, and the Pearl, the Hon. Capt. De Courcey, arrived at Cork, with a number of merchantmen under convoy from England. The Pearl sailed soon after on a cruise.

Yesterday the high constable impressed a number of cars in the city for conveying the baggage of the 85th Regiment, now under marching orders.

So great was the alarm caused amongst the drivers, that all the coal cars drove o ffthe stands; and even those usually employed in carrying flour were afraid to appear.

Tuesday evening the Right Hon. Mr. Douglas, with his suite, sailed for Holyhead.

Yesterday morning the Hon. Baron Smith and Mr. Chatterton, Judges on the Leinster circuit, set off from town for Naas, where they opened their respective courts.

(To be continued.)

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HIGH STREET, KILKENNY,

AS IT WAS BEFORE 1770.



SHOWING THE ANCIENT MARKET CROSS NOW DEMOLISHED.

The above picture, made from an original drawing at the time, shows High-street, Kilkenny, about the year 1770. It is most interesting because it depicts the old houses of that date with the old solid-wheeled market cars, then and subsequently in use. Its chief feature, however, is that it shows standing in position the beautiful ancient market cross, which was barbarously removed in 1771, after it had stood for more than four centuries and a half. The date "MCCC" was inscribed on the fourth step. An engraving of the cross was given in the "Dublin Penny Journal" in 1832, but the structure does not look in it so imposing as in the engraving given above, the statues not being shown. It was, indeed, a pity that if it were found necessary to remove so venerable a monument, a site was not found upon which it might have been re-erected.

THE FENIAN TRADITIONS;

OR,

SLIABH-NA-M-BAN.

BY JOHN DUNNE.

III.

The sports of the Fenians, particularly the exercises of the chase, were calculated to create a good appetite, which was satisfied every evening with the choicest venison around the ꝼalaċa ꝼian, or cooking pits of the Fenians; and the gigantic Ossian, though well worn down with age in the days of St. Patrick, yet enjoyed his former keen appetite. The traditions relate that men, animals, plants, and fruit, were of far larger proportions in the days of the Fenian heroes, than those which met Ossian's eyes on his return from Tir-na-n-og; and whenever a huge skeleton of the Cervus Megaceros Hibernicus, or great Irish fossil deer, turns up in one of our bogs, it is triumphantly referred to by the peasantry as a proof of their favourite theory, that all animals have been gradually degenerating in size from the beginning of the world. The following proverbial saying is one in general use:—

"Ꝺaċ líne ṫiocꝼaꝺ aꝺ ꝺul a mine ꝼa mḃṙéaꝺ aiꝺe,
'S Ꝺaċ ꝼín a ṫiocꝼaꝺ aꝺ ꝺul a ḃṙiċe 'ꝼa n-ꝺéanuiꝺe,"

Smaller each succeeding race, and more to falsehood prone—
And wetter each season, while later its fruits are grown.

Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that the meal of an ordinary man should appear as a trifling repast in the eyes of the Fenian hero, and thus St. Patrick's kitchen had been daily the scene of loud and angry quarrels between Ossian and the saint's housekeeper, who, like many of her class, was rather pert and conceited, besides being of a niggardly disposition, never dispensing with a laiṫeaṁlaċ (open, generous) hand, the alms for the beggar, or refreshments for the stranger, which had been entrusted to her in her master's absence. Her largest quantum for a ꝺóṫain ꝺuine, or person's allowance, was no more than a lunch to the touch of the blind bard, whose thumb would in a moment measure the solid contents of the barley-cake laid before him, and discern the smallest increase or diminution in its size. One day, in particular, the scolding housekeeper declared, that what she had given on that occasion ought to be more than sufficient even for his enormous appetite, and that she would not give one morsel in addition; but her words were drowned in the wrathful voice of the enraged Fenian, as he indignantly retorted, "Ir minic ꝺo ċonnaiṁcaṙ ꝺuilleóg ꝼeiṁeáin có mór leo' ḃaiṫnín eórna, a'ṙ ceaṫṙaṁa lonꝺuiḃ có mór leo' ċeaṫṙaṁa ċaoṙaċ, ir ċaoṙ ċaoṙċainn có mór leo' ioṙgán ime." (I often saw an ivy leaf as large as your barley-cake; and a quarter of a blackbird as large as your quarter of mutton; and a berry of the quickbeam, or mountain ash, as large as your nuisgaun of butter). Three words in reply from the housekeeper's virulent tongue were worse to Ossian's proud heart than as many arrows from the quiver, viz.—"Ꝺuṡ ṫú ṫ-éiṫeaċ" (you lie). The motion of his hand was instantly understood by his faithful guide, a shrewd lad, who placed behind him his old oak chair, and Ossian, shocked at this crowning insult, sank back into it without uttering a word. (b) The boy selected by St. Patrick to be the guide and attendant of the blind hero is, in the traditions of the people, often compared to the young Ꝿobán Saoṙ, or Goban the Builder, for his penetration and ready wit. He was devotedly attached to Ossian, and listened with ecstacy to the tales of Fenian prowess recounted by him.

Vain were the boy's urgent entreaties on this occasion that Ossian would eat; the old man's feelings were wounded, and his thoughts seemed to be absorbed in some stretch of recollection, or in the meditation of some project. After the lapse of many minutes, however, his cogitations were brought to an end, and he devoured the repast, with an appetite that seemed to have been whetted by a consciousness of success in some contemplated scheme. Henceforth he received his meals without a murmur, to the astonishment of the shrewish housekeeper. He, however, bore her affront in recollection, and had planned his revenge. (c) Ossian had a favourite bitch in young of the first litter; he told the boy to watch her closely, and the moment she should have pups, to acquaint him of it. Many days had not elapsed ere the boy had it in his power to communicate the intelligence of this event, whereupon Ossian told him to procure a horse's hide fresh from the knife—or a sheep's skin, as another version of the legend has it—to nail it up, with the fleshy side out, to a board on the wall, and then facing the puppies towards it, to throw them against the hide, one after another, and tell him of the result. This being done, after some minutes a hearty laugh from the boy attracted the attention of Ossian, who inquired the cause. "The puppies have all tumbled back down again on the ground," responded the boy, "except one, who sticks firmly to the hide, with his teeth and nails." "Well," replied his master, "rear that one and drown all the rest." The boy complied with some reluctance, but, after a day or two, the chosen puppy possessed his undivided care and attention. At the end of thirteen months, during which time it was kept closely confined in a dark room, the dog was hardy enough for field sports, but strict care was taken all the time that he should not taste blood of any kind nor see the daylight. Ossian seemed so well pleased with the animal that he called it Bran Og, or Young Bran, after Fionn's famous hound, Bran. One summer evening Ossian announced to his guide his intention of going a journey on the morrow. The boy was up at dawn, and soon had made the necessary preparations for the journey; they were presently on the road, the Rock of Cashel was soon left far behind, and ere Sol had attained his meridian height the ceaṙca ꝼṙaoiċ, or grouse hens, on Sliabh-na-m-ban were frightened from their heather nests by the dog which they had brought along with them to perform an important feat—that for which he had been so carefully reared and trained.

Arriving at the foot of the mountain, they turned eastward into the long winding valley of Gleann-a-smoil (pronounced Glanasmole), and having traversed it for some distance, Ossian asked his guide whether he saw anything remarkable. The boy replied that he only saw a huge tree bearing fruit, which, but for its enormous size, he would suppose to be a berry of the cṙann caoṙṫainn (the quickbeam, or mountain ash). "You are right in your supposition, nevertheless," said Ossian, "pluck one of those berries, and bring it safely away." Turning towards the rocky side of the glen, the boy's attention was attracted by the ivy growing on the cliff, the leaves of which were so extremely large, that their shadow overspread and darkened the valley. By the hero's directions, one of these immense leaves was also taken, and they then retraced their steps towards the mountain of Sliabh-na-m-ban, which they immediately proceeded to ascend. Having reached the summit of Suiḋhe Finn, they sat on the cromleac to refresh themselves after their toilsome journey. When they had fully recovered breath, Ossian arose, and told his young guide to exert his strength, and lift off the covering stone of the cromleach. The boy was astonished at the command, but having essayed the task, was soon convinced of its impracticability, and declared that anything less than the strength of a giant must fail to raise so ponderous a block of stone. Ossian, himself, stooping, placed his hands upon the fragment of rock, and lifting it with ease in his sinewy arms, exposed to view, in the cavity beneath, three of the instruments of war and the chase which had been used in the days of the Fenians—the ḃaṙṙa ḃuaḃail, or great sounding trumpet, the liaṫṙóiṫo ṙṁáiṙ, or brazen ball, used as a missile, and the lann leaṫaṙṫa líomṫa, or keen-edged polished sword—which, as his direction, were taken out. The handling of those loved weapons once again deeply affected the aged warrior, who exclaimed—Mo mile ꝼlán leiṙ an lá ionaṙ cuiṙeaṫ annṙo ṙiḃ (my thousand farewells to the day on which ye were put here). Turning to the boy he said, "A mic mo ċṙoiṫe ꝸlan iaṫ

(b) The strictest adherence to truth was one of the great qualities of the Fenians, and to this day a liar is held in the strongest contempt amongst the peasantry. In the "Poem of the Chase," Ossian is represented as being highly indignant with St. Patrick for implying that he might possibly be induced to colour his narrative with fiction. The hero had asked the saint whether he ever heard the particulars of this chase; St. Patrick replied, "I have not heard, son of the king, wise Ossian of the strong deeds; tell us, and utter no lie, what happened to Fionn the day of the chase?" Ossian's indignant reply was:—

We, the Fians, would tell no lie,
Falsehood's cup is sour;
Truth and strength e'er brought us safe,
In peril's darkest hour.

(c) The Iverk version of this tradition omits all mention of the stingy housekeeper, and makes the entire dispute take place between the saint himself and his Fenian guest. Ossian thus made his complaint:—

I am Ossian, only son of Fionn,
And I am under a yoke, drawing stones;
They say that I get food,
But, God knows, I do not, nor drink.

St. Patrick overhearing this observation made, asked the Fenian did he not get enough to eat in a quarter of beef, a roll of butter, and a griddle of bread, for his daily allowance. Ossian replied, that he often saw a quarter of a blackbird as large as the saint's quarter of beef, a berry of the mountain ash as large as his roll of butter, and an ivy leaf as large as his griddle of bread. St. Patrick became so enraged at hearing what he considered such a barefaced lie, that in his passion he cast into the fire all the poems and traditions which he had taken down at the Fenian bard's dictation, and all were consumed except a few which the servant contrived to snatch from the flames without being observed. Ossian then adopted the plan of convincing the saint of his truth-worthiness related above, except that, according to another version, the hill to which they went to slay the bird was Sliaḃ cuaċ (the cuckoo's mountain). When the great bird was slain and quartered, the enormous berry of the mountain ash was found in its stomach, and the ivy leaf was plucked from amongst those growing on a cromleac which was upon the hill where they had taken their stand, and the covering stone of which they removed to obtain the implements that they used on the occasion.

ro so maiṫ anoiṛ" (son of my heart, clean these well now). This being done he told the lad to blow the trumpet, and the blast having been sounded, he asked whether anything strange was to be seen. The boy answered in the negative. "Blow it again, as loud as you can," said Ossian. "I have now blown it to my utmost strength," replied his guide, "and yet I cannot see anything strange." Ossian took the trumpet himself, and placing it to his lips, the reverberations were heard from a thousand hills and vales all around: again he blew a blast still louder; and once more a third more loud and far-echoing still. The result was marked by the boy with amazement. He observed a dense cloud overspread the horizon, and immediately the sky was darkened by a flight of birds gathering towards the mountain from the east, and lighting down in the valley beneath it. They came in three separate flights, each increasing in the size of the birds which composed it as the blast of the trumpet grew louder, the third flight consisting of enormous birds of the blackest plumage. The boy having broken into an exclamation that the valley was filled with the largest and blackest birds that the world ever saw, Ossian told him to unslip Young Bran, and let him down amongst them. This was done. "Now look sharp, my son," he said, "a moment of peril approaches; life or death—not only to us, but to all the inhabitants of the earth beside—depends upon your aim and the strength of your arm. When the dog is returning from the encounter to which he now rushes, you must deprive him of life by hurling this brazen ball down his throat." The lad became alarmed at the manner of the old man, and tremblingly informed him that Young Bran was fiercely engaged with the birds in the valley, and slaughtering them in myriads. Having laid them all dead in every direction, the dog's fierce gaze encountered one huge blackbird, larger than all the rest, which had hitherto sat perched on a rock overhanging the valley, her shadow falling upon it like a cloud. The huge bird and the hound were soon engaged in a furious contest, and the boy having stated to Ossian what was now going forward, was informed that this bird was the object of their search. After a long and fearful battle, Young Bran slew the great bird, and drank its life-blood, but in its death struggle it infused a quantity of virus into the dog's mouth, from which the most venemous madness immediately ensued, and the ferocious animal rushed back towards its master. "O! Ossian," exclaimed the boy with dismay. "the dog is now running back towards us with fire in his eyes, his open mouth exposing the bloody fangs, as if he would devour us, and I am afraid." "Courage, courage, now is the critical moment," rejoined Ossian, "the dog has tasted blood for the first time; if you miss your aim, he'll destroy us, and thousands beside." The boy trembled, and in the hurried accents of terror said he was afraid to venture. "Coward," cried Ossian, with phrenzied emphasis, "direct my hand towards his mouth"—the boy did so fortunately, and Ossian directly hurled the ball of brass into the animal's gaping mouth, when he rolled down the declivity writhing and foaming, and was soon choked. Ossian and the boy now proceeded to the vale of slaughtered blackbirds, and after surveying them with wonder, the latter, as directed, took the largest, and with the ṫann ṫeaṁáiṫe ṫíoṁṫa cut off one of its quarters, after which both returned to Lashel, and Ossian triumphantly laying down the proofs of his veracity on the kitchen table, called for St. Patrick, and summoning into his presence the housekeeper, narrated the whole affair, and concluded with an emphasis—"Now have I told a lie?" Ossian was about to give the niggardly woman a palm-stroke across the ear (buille baire ar feaṁ na cluaire amaċ), but the saint interposed, and soothed the acerbity of the Fenian's temper by requiring the woman to beg his pardon, and by expressing his wonder at the adventures of the day, and his admiration of the rarities before him, which afforded such unequivocal evidence of the strictness of Ossian's veracity. By the saint's directions—so says the tradition—from that day forth Ossian was never stinted in his meals.

(To be Continued.)

PATRICK HEALY'S WISHES.

(Translated by John D'Alton, Esq.)

Oh! could I acquire my fullest desire,
To mould my own life, were it given;
I would be like the sage, who in happy old age,
Disowns every link—but with heaven.

An acre or two, as my wants would be few,
Could supply quite enough for my welfare;
In that scope I would deem my power supreme,
And acknowledge no king but—myself there.

The soil of this spot, the best to be got,
Should furnish me fruit—and a choice store;
Be sheltered and warm from rain and from storm,
And favoured with sunshine and moisture.

My home should abound, and my table be crowned
With comfort but not ostentation:
The music of mirth should hum round my hearth,
And books be my night's recreation;

Delightful retreat, in simplicity sweet!
A wood and a streamlet should bound it;
And the birds when I wake, from each bower and brake,
Should pour their wild melodies round it.

This streamlet 'midst flowers and murmuring bowers,
In the shade of rich fruits should meander;
While the brisk finny race, o'er its sun-shiny face,
Should leap—flit—and sportively wander.

These joys—yet once more might enliven my store,
Redouble each comfort and pleasure;
A wife, of such truth, such virtue and youth,
That her smiles would be more than a treasure.

Let nineteen, and no more, to my twenty-four,
Be the scale of her years to a letter;
Then a babe every Easter, I think won't molest her,
No—I warrant she'll like me the better.

—Hardiman's Minstrelsy.

IN PALESTINE.

There is very little disorder in Palestine, very little crime, and none of the vices known to civilised countries. No man ever gets drunk unless he is a Christian, for the Mohammedans abstain from wine and all other intoxicating liquors. They do not steal from each other, except cattle and goats, and that is a capital offence, punishable by death on sight. Ordinary stealing is practically unknown. There are no locks on the doors of any of the houses, and the curtains of the tents are always loose, for several reasons, the chief of which is that the people haven't anything worth stealing. They never have money, and carry on their backs everything of value. Millions of dollars' worth of merchandise is carried over this trail by camel caravans every year, yet nothing is ever lost. The same is true in South America, where the transportation is done by mules and llamas over the mountains. Cargoes of bullion are carried regularly every day, yet guards are unnecessary and burglar proof safes could not be used. The mule drivers are perfectly trustworthy, and occasionally when some foreign adventurer organises a raid, like one of the train robberies in the United States, they will die in defence of their cargoes.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

HOW THE COW WAS SOLD.

A segment of the rising sun was still behind the ridge when Thomas Polly, with a basket of crisp, frost-rimmed galax leaves, leaped along the trail that led down to her cabin home.

Her feet were not cold, for they were clad in warm, home-knit stockings, but she had gathered her leaves in snowy gullies, and in her eagerness to select the prettiest and longest-stemmed, she had thrown her mittens into her basket, which she now kept shifting from hand to hand, as she tried to warm the alternately unencumbered members by pressing them close under her arms.

The door of the home stood wide open, but a great fire blazed in the chimney-place, and at a rude, uncovered table her father and mother were eating their breakfast. She dropped the basket on the door-step and ran and spread her hands before the flame. But the sudden exposure to heat made them ache terribly, and covering her eyes with her arm, she uttered a queer, whining cry.

Instantly came the clatter of suddenly dropped knives and forks. Her father went to her, a man without comeliness of face or form, unshaven, unshorn, unwashed—if the testimony of a leathery skin be credited—but he lifted her tenderly to his knee, cuddled her head against his breast, and chafed her hands.

"'Twa'n't fitten for Thomas Polly to go up thar this mornin'," he said. "She's plum beat out with the cold."

"I 'lowed it wa'n't," droned his wife, holding a cup of coffee to the child's plaintive lips, "but she'd have took on powerful if I'd have hindered her."

The man renewed his petting, smoothing the little girl's hair, patting her cheek, and calling her "daddy's namesake," "mammy's namesake," "daddy's pretty gal," and every endearing name that he could remember or invent. At last Thomas Polly drew her limbered hands out of his clasp, experimented with them, opening and shutting them faster and faster, and finally holding one of them close before his eyes and dancing its fingers ecstatically.

Then she slipped from his knee, drew the chairs up to the table again, and the breakfast proceeded. It was the mountaineer's repast—bacon, corn-cake, coffee, and contentment.

All this time the child had not spoken a word. When her mother, pointing to the galax, said, "She's plumb bent on gettin' money enough to buy herself a new, red store frock," the daughter eagerly watched her lips, and then brought a little hoard of dimes and half-dimes and pennies, and in pantomime insisted that her father count them. This he did while she capered about him, whirling upon her toes, twinkling her fingers, and finally clasping her hands upon his knees and gazing rapturously up into his eyes.

For poor little Thomas Polly was deaf and dumb. She could have written what she had to say—for she had been a pupil at a deaf and dumb asylum, and she always kept a pad and pencil for that purpose—or she could have spelled it in the manual alphabet; but neither her father nor her mother could spell or read or write.

Bringing her basket inside, Thomas Polly dumped the leaves upon the floor, and began to bunch them. Twelve years of continual effort to make her sentiments intelligible, had dispossessed her of whatever dulness or unde-

monstrativeness she may have inherited from her parents; and she seemed a waif that had blundered into their home rather than their true and dear and only child.

She was a very talkative little girl, and would practise her dactylology upon anything, human, beast or inanimate, with which she came into contact; the fact that most of them were none the wiser for what she had to say never seemed to detract in the least from her joy in her accomplishment.

When the leaves were all bunched and arranged in the bow basket, and she had tucked among her wares her pad and pencil, and had set upright among them a little placard bearing the inscription, "A Knickle a Bunch," she stood off and addressed them very earnestly. Then she jumped into a chair and rearranged a row of corn-cob dolls that stood on the mantelpiece, enjoining them to good behaviour with the impassioned eloquence of five flying fingers. All this time her father had been warming her mittens, and he himself drew them on her hands, tucking the wrists well up under her sleeves.

Then, with her basket on her arm, she started off, but turned at the door with a laughing, flirting courtesy, an exaggeration of something she had learned at school, and an uplifted hand that spoke under difficulties. But out of what it said Thomas Polly got just as much pleasure, and her parents just as much information, as if it had not been muffled.

She had gone half a mile when she saw "Ol' Mis' Caney," their nearest neighbour, come out of her roasting-ear patch, leading her cow by a rope tied about the horns. In the field last summer's stalks were still standing, but they were bare; not a shuck was left to rustle in the breeze, nor a leaf, nor even the sheathing stub of a leaf.

The child hurried along, and plucked the woman by the border of her rusty cape. But the eyes that met hers were full of trouble.

Thomas Polly pulled off her mittens and interrogated eagerly the cow, the corn-stalks, and the woman. One could spell no better than another, but the woman was the most responsive. She improved the opportunity to unburden her mind to a human being sure to keep her secret if she talked to the ear instead of the eye.

"Thomas Polly," she began, "there ain't no more meal for her or me, ary one. I turned her loose in the patch, and she's done devoured every last shuck, an' now I'm 'bliged to sell her!"

Thomas Polly had stepped off ahead, and walking backwards like a little drum-major, was reading her interlocutor's lips. When Mrs. Caney saw this she set her mouth firmly, and pulled her sun-bonnet far forward. Then the discouraged little sympathiser dropped abreast of her, and she went on.

"She ain't in good order to sell, she ain't. But without she can eat she's 'bliged to get sparer an' sparer. An' I'm gettin' sparer an' sparer, too, Thomas Polly," she gesticulated excitedly, and again her small companion stepped ahead to watch her face. The old woman held together the ruffles of her sun-bonnet, leaving herself only a peep-hole, and earnestly proceeded:

"I ain't tellin' ary soul but you, Thomas Polly. I've got to starve or sell my cow, ary one! It's come to that, Thomas Polly! I've got to—starve—to—death!"

In her excitement she released the ruffles, and so far forgot herself as to turn towards the child, who eagerly watched her face.

"There's a right smart little bit o' Jersey in Muley. I raised her myself, and it grinds me powerful to part with her, but she's 'bliged to go—if I don't get more'n seven dollars for her —she's 'bliged to go. Seven dollars'll keep me right comfortable till spring comes, seven dollars will."

And so she went on, now holding her ruffles with her free hand, and now forgetting herself and gesticulating with it; and Thomas Polly, subdued in spirit, plodded on beside her.

Although it was ten by the court-house clock when they entered Asheville, and the streets were thawed into a paste of mud, the wind was still cold and raw.

They led the animal round to the sunny side of the market-house, tied her to a telegraph-pole, and awaited a customer. Mrs. Caney was shy of strangers, but in desperation she made up her mind to be "right spunky."

"She's for sale," she said to a man who was hurrying past.

Giving only a glance at her and her merchandise, he said, "The bone market ain't noways brisk this morning, ma'am."

She had not the least idea of his meaning, but she felt encouraged by the blandness of his tone.

Two men, evidently father and son, and as evidently strangers and seekers of the picturesque, stopped and quizzically regarded the trio. In appearance they were Westerners, hearty, stalwart, and enterprising, used to the best of everything, and plenty of it.

"She's good stock," said Mrs. Caney. "Sell her right cheap."

The son laid a hand upon the cow's shoulder, and said, suavely:

"She's a magnificent creature, but we're not in the button business, madam, otherwise we wouldn't let this opportunity slip!"

His feint of enthusiastic admiration so encouraged the old woman that she resolved to raise the price of the cow, but Thomas Polly was shrewder, and her eyes gathered a better understanding of the strangers' sentiments than had her companion's ears. They spoke for her, too; those big, brown, astonished eyes spoke a volume of pitiful reproach.

"My son," said the older man, facetiously, but touched withal, for in his heart there was a big place for little girls, "I'm afraid you've jeopardised our good reputation in this town."

"Yes, dad, but see me re-establish it!" and he shot away into a store.

When he returned, followed by a darky carrying a steaming mash for the cow, he found his father bending over the basket of galax.

"Why, Howard, this little creature's deaf and dumb!"

"That's so, dad? Her eyes can speak, though."

"By George, her fingers don't ask any odds of her eyes! They've been spelling away here like—like—only I'm too stupid to read them. Why," he patted her shoulder in the kindliest, heartiest fashion, "she's a whole spelling-bee all by herself! My boy," feeling in his pocket, and finding nothing but a roll of bills, "you led this dance, now you pay the piper."

He pinned a bunch of galax to his lapel, and Howard tossed a couple of quarters into the basket.

"Now let's part as friends, Little Spelling-Bee." She put one tiny hand into the big one, and spelled away ecstatically with the other.

The men went on their way, the old woman gave her attention to the cow, whose value had kept on increasing in her estimation, and Thomas Polly went upon the street to market her wares.

"A Knickle a Bunch." The placard caught the eye of a group of young girls, who gathered quizzingly about her. But the oratory of that voluble little hand soon moderated their glee, and coins and galax began to change hands rapidly.

Meanwhile a crowd gathered and comment flew:

"A gay little mountaineer!"

"Look at those eyes!"

"Hush; she's a mute!"

"Less reason for repressing one's sentiments, then; can't hurt her feelings."

Nevertheless, the hush became general, although the demand for galax increased. Abashed, Thomas Polly shrank into a doorway, although all the while attending so strictly to business that her little blue yarn cash-bag grew heavy. Soon, her basket empty, her fingers twinkled "Thank you!" and "Good-by!" to the dispersing crowd.

Then there stood alone on the sidewalk, like a dainty shell left by a receding wave, a two-year-old girl, a little daughter of luxury, clad in white, downy coat and white paraphernalia of feathers, laces and ribbons, the only colour about her being her tinted baby face, a vapour of flaxen hair, and two little red knees left bare by the dictates of a cruel fad of fashion. She was a little bunch of snowy fluff that made Thomas Polly think of the cold, cold snow in the ravines.

Bewildered, the baby turned slowly, scanned a narrow, nurseless horizon, and began to cry.

On the opposite side of the street the brisk Westerner halted.

"By George, Howard, there's my little Marjory!"

"And away off down the street there's her new nurse in pursuit of a son of Ham."

"Forgotten all about my baby!" He dodged a passer-by and made a plunge for the other side, but his son held him back.

"Go slow, dad. There's that little deaf-mute gone to the rescue; let's see what she'll do."

They crossed, but kept out of sight.

With her bright little face one glow of pity, Thomas Polly knelt beside the baby, comforting her with a succession of cooing vocal efforts, while she chafed the little bare knees as her father had chafed her own hands that morning.

Evidently the richness of the child's apparel did not appeal to Thomas Polly's uncultivated sensibilities; it was "only just white," and Polly had an eye for colour.

All she took cognizance of was those cold, bare knees, and she rubbed them until the wondering baby stopped crying; and then Thomas Polly spelled out to her a whole vocabulary of endearment, until the little one laughed aloud at the dancing fingers.

The foot of a careless passer coming into contact with the basket seemed to remind the little mute of her whereabouts, for she got up, and as promptly as if going through with a daily programme, gave her hand to the waif and led her down the street.

"Good gracious, Howard! I wonder if that pretty little thing is in the kidnapping business!" The father strode after them, but again the son restrained him:

"Wait a bit, dad!"

Thomas Polly stopped where a display of haberdashery ornamented a window, entered the store, cornered her change while she wrote "stockings" on her pad, and laid a hand upon the red knees to indicate the size she wanted.

A clerk led the way to the farther end of the store, and spread out an assortment of lisle hose. Disgusted, the small customer harangued her with impatient fingers; then, failing a response,

"Warmer," she wrote, in big, emphatic hand.

With a smile for two spectators behind a

show-case, the clerk brought down some dark merino stockings.

Thomas Polly handled them rapidly, selected a bright red pair, and held out a handful of small coins. Then she lifted the baby to a stool, and pulled off the kid boots and silk socks.

She warmed each little foot and leg into a glow before she covered it, and all the while the baby chatted gleefully and clapped her tiny mittened hands. The little dumb girl laughed silently, and smoothed and patted and spelled "Little white pigeon," "Pretty girl," and a dozen pet names she had studied from her father's lips.

She had replaced the shoes, and was fitting the stockings well up over the knees, when—

"There's dada!" cried the baby, and held out her hands to the big Westerner.

He stooped to take her, but she shrugged away, slapping her knees, laughing up into his face, and wriggling in bewitching baby ecstacy.

He took her into his arms and sat down upon a stool, Thomas Polly a wide-eyed statue before him. For a moment her hand forgot its cunning, and he took it silently.

In perplexity she gazed at him, for his warm clothes and his well-cushioned bones told her one story, and the tears in his eyes and the scanty clothing of his baby told her quite another.

She began to spell at him, but suddenly remembering the limitations of his education, she took up her pad and wrote:

"You must be powerful poor, and I am just as sorry for you as I can be."

He deciphered it, and meanwhile she opened her blue-yarn bag, took out her largest coin, and put it into his hand.

"No, no, Little Spelling-Bee"—he dropped it back into her bag and selected a cent—"but give me this to remember you by. Here, Howard, I've only one free hand; take this pad and make her understand."

Howard had noticed her trick of lip-reading.

"See here, little girl," he said, speaking slowly, and exaggerating the action of the vocal organs, "he's 'powerful poor,' he is—but I'm rich—I've got piles of money at home—when I get him there, I'll give him some—if he's good, I will. You keep your money—only let him have his penny to remember you by. And see here, little girl—I'll give you something to remember us by. What'll you have? A new hat" He laid his hand upon a case containing the milliner's gorgeous exhibit.

She looked bewildered, so he wrote:

"I'll make you a present of anything you want," and, taking her hand, he led her about the store.

"A new frock?" He pulled at some gay red plaid, but she shook her head.

"A blue one?" "New shoes?" "A muff?" She shook her head at every suggestion. 'Why, dad, she's fastidious!"

"Aha!" cried the father. "I have it! Howard, you're a regular chump not to have thought of a doll. Young woman, please pand down that big one with the curls. Can she shut her eyes upon occasion?"

He laid the doll in Thomas Polly's arms, nd she gazed at it and hugged it in a very cstacy of tenderness.

"I told you so, Howard. That suits to a ."

But when Howard took out his pocket-book he lifted the doll, and with eyes swimming rith wistfulness laid it on the counter; then, anting, clasped her empty hands.

"What? Not a doll? Here, then." He ut her pad into her hand.

"A cow," she wrote.

"Oh, a cow, is it? Well, then, young woman, show us the liveliest beeves you have; one of those things that go by clockwork, and can switch its tail and 'toss the dog that worried the cat,' and so forth."

But not one step towards the toy counter would Thomas Polly take. Instead, she took the father by the hand and pulled him towards the door.

"Come along, Howard. She's got some bright idea in that little noddle of hers, and I'll discover it—if it costs us our dinner, I will."

Across the street she led them, round a corner, and across a plaza to where Mrs. Caney still waited for a customer.

"This is the cow I want." Her pantomime went straight to their understanding.

"Oho! It's the genuine article you want? How much, madam?"

Encouraged by their reappearance, the old woman made a bold advance.

"Fifty dollars," she said, nervously pleating the hem of her apron.

"By George, Howard, bones come high in North Carolina! But stick to your bargain, my son. Keep your promises; that's the way I made my pile. I'll help you out."

He set Marjory on her feet to get at his pocket-book, and while Howard counted the money into the shrivelled hand he untied the rope and gave it to Thomas Polly.

"She's your, Little Spelling-Bee."

She wound the rope around her wrist, and spelled at him in rapture.

He laughed softly, sitting on his heels with his arms round Marjory.

"Pardon my interruption, Little Spelling-Bee." He silenced her by shutting her supple little hand entirely within his own. "You understand, madam, that the cow belongs to this little girl? Howard, can you make the significance of this transaction clear to both parties" and while the son was explaining to the woman, the father sat there holding Thomas Polly's hand.

He kissed it before he released it. "Now kiss my little girl," he said, softly, and Thomas Polly understood, and touched her lips to the roseleaf cheek.

Then the men went to their dinner. "Queer she chose a cow, wasn't it, Howard But I tell you, what she wanted was that doll. Her eyes were shining like stars, and the tears in 'em, too, when she laid it on the counter."

Mrs. Caney, Thomas Polly, and the cow took the up-hill, homeward road. Muley, her appetite assuaged, was more tractable than before, and never did two people accomplish more conversation in a given time than did our heroines, for they could both talk at once without interrupting each other.

"Shucks, Thomas Polly!" said Mrs. Caney. "You ain't needin' that cow no more'n she's needin' another tail, you ain't. Your daddy's got more cattle now than he has pasture. But I'm powerful proud of this money, Thomas Polly. I ain't seen or heerd tell of so much since I sold the farm—nigh on to forty year ago."

When they reached Mrs. Caney's home, Thomas Polly let down the bars and turned the cow into the yard. The action was in accordance with what she had been telling the old woman all along, but still her companion stood wide-eyed and wide-mouthed with amazement.

That was great fun for the child, who ran on a few paces, then turned and courtesied and flirted her linsey-woolsey skirt, while her fingers fairly shouted.

Not till she had disappeared with a final caper round a bend in the road did Mrs. Caney recover herself.

"You ain't the least mite of a tattle-tale, she said. "I certainly do like you for that, Thomas Polly. No one but just you and me's goin' to know that Muley ever made a trip to Asheville." She turned at the clatter of horse's hoofs.

The big Westerner rode up. With only a nod of recognition, he swung himself to the ground and examined the footprints there.

"Is this your home, madam?"

She told him "Ya-as."

"I've followed your trail. The cow went in here and the little feet have gone on alone." His tone was severely interrogatory.

Mrs. Caney explained, quaveringly.

With some lack of agility, for as usual he had only one free arm—the other hugged a parcel—he mounted and followed the "little feet."

Thomas Polly could not sleep for joy that night. She kept waking to spell out endearments to a big, golden-haired doll that lay upon her left arm, but the row of corn-cobbies on the mantelpiece never suspected that their noses were out of joint.

TWILIGHT.

BY MARY E. BLAKE.

Out of the pearly gates and golden portals of sunset,
Crushing the amber light in the shade of her night black tresses,
Weaving with subtle hands the mystical web of darkness,
Comes through the quiet air the shadowy form of Twilight.
Wondrously fair is she as the star that gleams on her bosom,
Holding the splendid robe that airily floats around her;
Wondrously fair is she, with eyes that are as pure as heaven—
Eyes from whose quiet light the blessing of peace ascending
Falls on the cares of the day, hushing them all to silence.

Out of the pearly gates she leads to their old-time places
Feet that are silent now—forms that have passed forever;
Gently she draws them near, wooes them to sit beside us,
Holding our hands once more, speaking from soul to spirit.
Back to the white-haired sire she brings the days of his childhood,
Laughter and noisy games, and visions of boyish faces—
Days when his heart was light, and all his hopes and his longings
Hung like pictures of gold on the beautiful walls of the future.
Back to the mother's ears it brings the prattle of children
(Grown to be women and men), clinging again around her,
Fastens the broken links she lost in the quiet churchyard,
And shows her the golden chain completed and clasped in heaven.

But to the young man's eyes it shows in the dawn of promise
The beautiful days to come, the battles that lie before him;
Flashes of love and fire, victories worth the winning,
Honour and wealth and fame, the strife and the crown of glory.
So does she weave her spells, till on her sombre garments
Crushed and hidden away lie all the roses of sunset,
And a quick arrow, shot from the silver quiver of moonbeams,
Drops through the dim gray trees to tell us the night approaches;
Then in her shadowy wings folding the gifts she brought us—
Dreams of the beautiful past, hopes of the beautiful future—
Like to dream herself departs the mystical Twilight.

OENACH CULI MNA NECHTAIN.

ITS HISTORY AND TRADITIONS. BY REV. J. F. LYNCH.

Mr. William M. Hennessy ("Introduction to Mesca Ulad," p. xi.) has the following note:—

Old Oenach-Clochair—"The old 'fair-green' of Clochar"—a place much celebrated in the old Irish legends, and reasonably supposed to be represented by the name of the Parish of Monasteranenagh (the "Monastery of the Aenach," or fair-green), near Croom. In the curious tract entitled, "Senchas na relec" (a) ("History of the Cemeteries"), in "Lebor na h-Uidhre," p. 51,b., the men of Munster are stated to have been anciently interred in Oenach-Culi and in Oenach-Colmain. The Oenach-Colmain here referred to must be different from a place of the same name in Leinster, alluded to in the "Annals of Ulster," under A.D., 826, and by the Four Masters, under A.D., 940. But if any credit may be given to a statement in "Agallamh na Seanorach" ("Book of Lismore," 206 a), Oenach-Culi was the old name of "Old Oenach-Clochair." In a curious poem in the "Book of Leinster" (p. 206, b), the course run by horses, at the games of Oenach-Clochair, in which Find mac Cumaill is said to have assisted, is described as from the Oenach (or fair-green), to the "Rock over Lough-gair."

It is now many years since my old friend, the late Rev. Dr. Olden, asked me, as I was living not for from Lough Gur, to take down from the people any old fragments of tales which they possessed, in order that some light might be cast on the history of Lough Gur, of which, he said, so little was known. I got a great many important items from the late Edward Fitzgerald and some other old men living in the Lough Gur locality; and recently, when the Ordnance Surveyors were at work at the lake, I undertook for the Ordnance Survey Department the collection of the local names, and the identification, where possible, of the stone monuments. In this work I received most valuable assistance from Mr. Owen Bresnan, who, living beside Lough Gur, knew all the intelligent old people, and the present map of Lough Gur, when compared with the previous one, will show that we have been able to do something for Lough Gair. But since the work of the Ordnance Survey has been completed, Mr. Bresnan has made some additional discoveries, guided by the extracts which I forwarded him from the old Irish documents, and the particulars which have now accumulated concerning Lough Gur would fill a volume of fair size.

Mr. Brash, in his work on the Ogham Inscriptions, supposes that Oenach-Culi, also named Oenach-Clochair, was somewhere in West Cork; and Mr. Hennessy, as may be seen by present quotations from "Mesca Ulad," supposes that Oenach-Culi, and the Oenach near Croom, were the same; but the "Agallamh na Seanorach," and the poem in the "Book of Leinster," to which Hennessy refers, shows that he is mistaken. O'Curry ("Lectures," p. 305), was of the same opinion as Hennessy, who probably was influenced by O'Curry's statement; for O'Curry, referring to the poem ascribed to Oisin, thus writes: "He (Oisin) then gives a vivid account of a visit which, in his more youthful days, he had made, along with his father, Finn, and a small band of the Fenian warriors, to the Court of Fiacha Muilleathan, King of Munster, at Badamar, near the present town of Cahir, in Tipperary, and of the races of Oenach-Clochair (now Manister, near Croom, in the county of Limerick), which the King had celebrated on the occasion of Finn's visit. The winning horse at the course was a black steed belonging to Dill, the son of Daohreca, who was the King's tutor. The King purchased the steed from his old tutor on the spot, and made a present of it to Finn." In the coming time a great deal will be heard of this black horse, for the dissection of the tales will be undertaken as the knowledge of the Irish language increases, and the very outcry now made in Ireland about the revival of the Irish language shows that the Gaedhil are conquering all along the line. Some time ago I sent a few scraps of old tales which I had taken down from some old people in the county of Limerick, to one of the ablest authorities on Egypt and Chaldea, and he was much interested in them, and was able to discuss them, which is more than can be said for certain scholars in Dublin, over all of whom he towers head and shoulders. These scholars in Dublin have turned their backs on those who have long been trying to arouse the Irish people to take an interest in the old things of their native land; but the Gaedhil, as I have said, are now conquering, and the Iberians still remain.

In "Trans. Os. Soc.," vol. v., p. 219, Connellan also refers to the old Irish poem ascribed to Oisin: "He (Oisin) then relates an anecdote about Finn, who went one time into Munster to attend the fair and races of Clogher, in the present county of Limerick, which was ordered by Fiachu Muilleathan, King of Munster. It happened that a black race-horse, which was the property of Dil, the Druid, and grandfather to the King, won all the races, after which the Druid bestowed it on the King, who immediately presented it to Finn, the son of Cumhall. Finn prized this steed very much, and afterwards won many races by him. At the termination of the races, Finn, Oisin, and Cailte made a tour of the kingdom of Kerry, which is fully described."

Mr. Bresnan has recently informed me that the old people of Lough Gur have preserved a tradition of these races, which were held at the west side of Knock Finnell—that is, hill of Finne, Finnine, Findine, or Fininne. The letter l in Finnel represents the n of the form Finnen, which occurs in State Paper, dated 1200 A.D. O'Curry ("Lectures," p. 490), refers to the well-known tendency of the people to modify topographical names which end in er, air, and inn, to ail, ill, and so on; as Loch Aininn, in Westmeath, to Loch Ennill, and Loch Uair, in same county, to Loch Uail, or "Owel." O'Curry ("Lectures," p. 585), mentions that one of the lost tales of Ireland was named Tochmarc Finnine, or "Courtship of Finnine"; but Finnine is a genitive form of Finne, just as Danainne is a variant genitive form of Danu, usually written Danann from genitive, and much in same way as we may explain Manannan as extension of Manu. These names are old, and have various forms, and the genitive case is often utilised as nominative, which was often forgotten by Irish writers, for the false nominative, being a real genitive, was often regarded as true nominative, and from it was formed another genitive—that is, we have a genitive of a genitive. Duach, used as a nominative of Dia, or Dai, is a genitive case, but from Duach, as nominative, is sometimes the genitive Duaich. Grammatical changes like this often disguise names, and it does not seem to have occurred to O'Curry that the names Finnine or Findine, and Finne or Finn, were identical. In his "Supplement to O'Reilly," p. 642, O'Donovan mentions Findine, but he fails to identify the hill. We have, however, been able to identify Domhnach mor Maighe Aine—that is, "the great Church of the plain of Ane," about two miles north of Knockaine (hill of Ane), and besides St. Patrick's Well; and the identification of the hill of Finnine with Knock Finnel, would alone follow from this without any other evidence. Finnel represents the old name, Finne or Finn, and the identification is certain. In "Silva Gadelica," p. 140, we read: "A black horse Dil mac da creaca had; in all sports that they set on foot at the rock which dominates Loch Gair (on the Hill of Doon, over Loch Gur), he clean swept off the three prizes of the meeting." Here Mr. O'Grady's note ("on the Hill of Doon, over Loch Gur"), is not correct, for the hill over Loch Gur is Knock Finnel, and Knockadoon, or "Hill of Deon," is a large island containing about sixty acres, formerly surrounded by Loch Gur, and on the highest hill of which was Dun Gair, one of the royal forts of Munster ("Book of Rights," p. 90), and it was from this fort, not a stone of which is now left, that the island was named Knockadoon, or "hill of the fort," first applied to the hill on which was fort, and then to entire island. In Agallamh na Seanorach ("Silva Gadelica," p. 118), we have names of various remarkable places, which lay beside the old road leading from Kildare to Ardpatrick; and after leaving Cullen (not far from Limerick Junction), the old road passed beside Leim in fheinneda, or "the champion's leap," and skirted the assembly place of Nechtan's wife, Cuil (Oenach Culi mna Nechtain), called also the heifer-carrying fair-green of old Clochar (Oenach Sen-Chochair). The way to Loch Gur was along Gleann na muice duibhe, and this road passes at Ludden hill, beside Leim Dhomhnaill, and so it is highly probable that Leim in fheinneda is the same as Leim Dhomhnaill, and that Domhnall is the champion from whom the cliff was named. In the State Paper, dated 1200, which gives over one hundred Irish local names of Lough Gur, Bruff, and Mainister districts, the name Clochar is mentioned as a place-name at Lough Gur, and this is the Old Clochar. The people have also preserved some traditions of Cuil, now called "the White Lady of the Lake," and Beantighe, or "Housekeeper."

Dr. Joyce ("Irish Names," vol. i., p. 205), says that Mainister-an-aenaigh (the monastery of the fair, near Croom), is called Aenach-beag by Four Masters—i.e., little fair, "probably to distinguish it from the great fair of Nenagh," or an aenach Teite (the fair of Teite). The greatest fair in Munster was held beside Lough Gur, and this was the Aenach mor, in contrast to which the fair held near Croom was the Aenach-beag. In "Book of Rights," p. 91, O'Donovan says: "Aenach Cairpre—i.e., the fair of the territory of Cairbre. This is the place now called Mainister an Aenaigh, Anglice, Manisteranenagh—i.e., the Monastery of the Fair, from a great monastery erected by the Ui Bhriain (O'Briens), a short time previous to the English invasion."

In the poem by Gilla-Coemain, given in "Todd Lecture Series," vol. iii., p. 175, we read:—

> Noi m-bliadna, riaglom reil bla,
> Lugdach Iarndond, mac Enna;
> Dorochair in ruri ran
> Ir Raith Chlochair la Sirlam.
>
> "Nine years let us arrange the manifest fame
> (Reigned) Lugdach Iarrdond, son of Enna:
> Fell the great king noble
> In the rath of Clochar by Sirlam."

The Rev. Dr. MacCarthy says in note "Rath of Clochar"—"Not identified"—(O'Donovan, "F. M.," p. 64): In the Royal Irish Academy copy of the "Ogygia," "Co. Tyrone" has been placed on the margin (p. 249). In "L. L" p. 20 a) the reading is Rath Clochrain. The site of Raith-Chlochair is in the townland of Grange, at west side of Lough Gur, and at west side of the road to Limerick, and a short distance north of the house of Mrs. Fitzgerald, widow of the late Edward

(a) The following are the names of the chief cemeteries of pagan Ireland, according to Senchas na relec:—Cruachu, Brugh na Boinne, Tailtinn, Luachair Ailbe, Oenach Ailbe, Oenach Culi mna Nechtain, Oenach Colmain, Temair Erann. The list is also given in O'Curry's "Manners and Customs." I think, but am not quite certain, that Oenach Colmain was near Galbally, where some very valuable archæological discoveries have been recently made by Mr. J. J. Mahony, Superintendent of Ordnance Surveyors.

Fitzgerald, who was the first to show me the site of the rath, which we could not identify for a long time as Raith-Chlochair. At p. 181, poem of Gilla Coemain, we read:—

Eocho, mac Ailella Find,
Romarb Argatmar imgrind
Ri Carmuin, Clare is Cliach,
In-Ane na n-armsciath.

"Eocho, son of Ailill the Fair
Slew him, Argatmar, the very valorous,
The King of Carmon, Clar, and Cliu,
In Ane of the armour shields."

This slaughter of Eocho is mentioned by Four Masters, by O'Flaherty in "Ogygia," and in "Annals of Clonmacnoise," as having taken place at the Oenuch, or Fair of Knockaine. The Rev. Dr. MacCarthy quotes from "L. L," p. 20:—Eocho, mac Aililla Find, frisin re sin arrigi h-Erenn, co toracht Argatmar dar muir agus co n-derna Sid ri Duach Ladrach, co torchair leo Eochu i n-oenuch Ane. "Eocho, son of Ailill the Fair, was during that space in kingship of Erin, until arrived Argatmar over sea, and made peace with Duach Ladrach, so that there fell by them Eochu in the Fair of Ane."

Mr. Bresnan has traced the old road from Lough Gur to Cnoc Aine and Sliabh Belgadain, near Kilmallock, and he has told me that the track of the road may be seen along the brow of Cnoc Aine. Sliabh Belgadain is also the old name of Benlevi, near Cong.

Sir William Wilde ("Lough Corrib," p. 215), says:—"The Belgae having refused to divide the country with the invaders, the Dananns proceeded westward, and occupied the great plain of Nemedh, or Magh-Ith, which stretches for about 12 miles from the hill of Knockma, in the county of Galway, through the fertile barony of Kilmaine, in Mayo, to Slieve Belgadain, now called Benlevi, a short distance from the village of Cong, in the barony of Ross, and county of Galway, and forms the eastern barrier to the western highlands."

Cnoc Aine was also called Sidh Eogabail (Silva Gadelica, Wars of G. G.), and Druim Collchoille, or "ridge of the hazel-wood." which was also the old name of the hill of Dublin, and the ford beside Cnoc Aine was named Ath Cliath, as was the ford of Dublin.

BIRDS ARE CARELESS BUILDERS.

Nearly all sea birds are far more careless in their nesting than their cousins who live inland. The ferns, the skua, the puffins, the black-throated diver and the guillemot really make no nests at all. The puffins, however, usually borrow a rabbit burrow, and are not particular whether its original owners have done with it or not. If they interfere, or even try to pass, a peck from the puffin's great parrot-shaped bill is enough to warn them against trying to experiment the second time. The auks are birds of the northern seas, and are perhaps the finest divers of all the feathered tribes. Their short wings look in fact far more like fins than wings, and, unlike gulls, the auks catch their prey beneath the water. The auk's selection of a spot to lay her eggs is very strange. She chooses a bare, broken ledge of hard rock, overhanging the waves. It looks as though it were a feat to balance eggs in such a place, and the marvel is that the first gale does not send them rolling over the crags. But an auk's eggs are so shaped as to prevent such a calamity; they are much larger at one end than at the other, and so instead of rolling straight ahead like a ball they turn around in a circle when started, and so keep their places upon the rocks.

The Pennslyvania Railroad has had a run made from Pittsburg to New York, 438 miles, without a stop. This is the longest run of a passenger train on record. In order to accomplish this feat it was necessary for the locomotive to carry an extra supply of coal, and this was done by enlarging the locomotive tender.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

(From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.)

BALLYSHANNON.

BALLYSHANNON, a sea-port, market, and post-town (formerly a parliamentary borough), partly in the parish of Innismacsaint, but chiefly in that of Kilbarron, barony of Tyrhugh, county of Donegal, and province of Ulster, 35 miles (S.W.) from Lifford, and 102 miles (N.W.) from Dublin; containing 3,775 inhabitants, of which number, 1,390 are in the Purt. In remote ages this town was called "Athseanaigh," and the chieftains of Tyrconnell had a castle here, in which Hugh O'Donnell, prince of Tyrconnell, received his son, Hugh Roe, after his escape from the castle of Dublin, in 1592. In 1597 the neighbourhood was the scene of the most important military operations of that period. An English force, consisting of 22 regiments of infantry and 10 of cavalry, under the command of Sir Conyers Clifford, crossed the Erne by a ford, although vigorously opposed by O'Donnell's troops, and succeeded in establishing their headquarters at the monastery of Asharouagh. Here they received heavy ordnance from Galway by sea, and laid close siege to the castle of Ballyshannon, but met with an unexpectedly strong resistance, and many of their best officers and men were killed or wounded. After continuing the siege for five days, the English were compelled to make a precipitate retreat, closely pursued by O'Donnell and his allies, and being unable to cross the Erne at the ford by which they advanced, they tried another that was seldom attempted, where many were killed or drowned, and thus one of the first expeditions into this long independent territory terminated very disastrously. On the grant by Jas. I. of the earldom and territory of Tyrconnell to Rory O'Donnell, in 1603, he reserved the castle of Ballyshannon and 1,000 circumjacent acres. The castle was taken in 1652 by the Earl of Clanricarde.

This town is situated at the head of the harbour of the same name, at the mouth of the river Erne, which is here crossed by a bridge of fourteen arches, and divides the town into two parts; that on the south side, in the parish of Innismacsaint, being called the Purt of Ballyshannon. The town was incorporated by a charter of Jas. I., dated March 23rd, 1613; and the corporation was entitled "the Portreeve, Free Burgesses, and Commonalty of the Town of Ballyshannon." From the time of its incorporation till the Union, when it was disfranchised, it returned two members to the Irish parliament, and the £15,000 compensation was paid to the Earl of Belmore. A small portion of the ruins of the once celebrated castle of the O'Donnell's, Earls of Tyrconnell, is in the town; and near to it, on the road to Belleek, are a few vestiges of the ancient church of Smniver.

(To be continued.)

NOTES AND QUERIES.

A NOTE ON PAPER-MAKING IN IRELAND.

Referring to the query by "Lector" in your issue of the 28th ult., as to paper-making here in the 18th century, may I offer the following note as a partial reply, and hoping others may add to it:—

When paper was first made in Ireland, where, by whom, of what materials, and stamped by what water-mark, would make an interesting study or object of research. At present I doubt if any positive or extensive information is available on the subject. I was asked the question some two or three years ago, and had to confess my total ignorance, but the question has never been forgotten. Hence a few allusions to the fact of Irish paper-making in the 18th century have been since carefully noted by me, and may, by their publicity now and here, elicit more information.

In Marsh's Library I accidentally lit upon a broadside of the year 1733, at the foot of which appears in print the statement that the paper was Irish, "of Thomas Slator's making." No water-mark, however, can I trace on it. It is a single folio sheet. The printer was A. Rhames, of Dublin.

In the same year (1733) on the last page of a Play printed by S. Powell, in Dublin, is the statement that the paper on which the Play was printed was made in Ireland. I cannot, however, make out the water-mark.

In Lowndes' "Bibliographer's Manual" (under John Milton), will be found mention of an edition of his "Paradise Lost" printed in Dublin in 1748, on "Irish paper." This was Hawkey's edition.

On the title page of the edition of Biggs' "Military History of Europe," printed in Limerick in 1749 by Andrew Walsh, it is stated that the paper was made by Joseph Sexton. I cannot, however, make out the water-mark clearly.

If we open "Wilson's Dublin Directory" for the year 1768 (the first that gives a list of the Traders in Dublin), we will find the names and addresses of twelve paper-makers given in it, and amongst them two of the name of Thomas Slator, one in Cooke street, and the other in Engine lane. There must have been, therefore, a considerable business done here in the making of paper. Of course, paper was widely used for writing as well as for printing on.

E. R. McC. DIX.

In the diary of the Rev. G. Washington Phillips, written in 1817, is given an interesting description of a trip in the first American steamer, the Fulton:—"In the evening I proceded to the steamboat with the intention of taking a passage to New York. Seldom have I been more entertained than at the surprise and admiration expressed by the African servants we had brought over. They had heard of ships without sails, impelled by fire, but had always considered such reports as altogether fabulous. When, therefore, they beheld the steamboat, like a huge sea monster, floating on the surface of the water, advancing with inconceivable rapidity amid the foaming billows; heard the clatter of the water wheels, the hollow sound of the machinery working, and the sudden crash caused by the discharge of steam through the valves, they were completely aghast. Some persusion and encouragement were necessary to make them venture on board. The vessel, which was named the Fulton, was near 156 feet in length, with excellent accommodations of all sorts. At eight o'clock the following morning I found myself at New York, distant a hundred miles, without any of the fatigue, delay, or inconvenience of a land journey, or any of the uncertainty and risk of water carriage."

THE CROWNING OF AN IMPOSTOR.

AN EPISODE OF IRISH HISTORY.

By ELLA MacMAHON.

Since the Conquest there have been four pretenders to the throne of England. Of these, one actually succeeded in getting himself crowned.

On the 24th of May, 1487, a boy was solemnly crowned in the Cathedral of Christ Church, in the city of Dublin, as Edward the Sixth, King of England and France and Lord of Ireland. We know little of the life of this boy. History presents him to us as one Lambert Simnel, the pupil and protege of an English priest named Richard Simon, who put him forward as Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, born in 1475, sole surviving son of George, Duke of Clarence, and consequently last male heir of the House of York. From the Tudor historian, Polydore Veirgil, we learn all that we can ever really know of this child, and from Polydore Veirgil's account later writers have simply borrowed. Apart from Polydore Veirgil, the official documents of the period contain little mention of him. The Rolls of Parliament, 1487, merely declare him to be "oone Lambert Simnell, a child of ten yere, sonne to Thomas Simnell, late of Oxford, joynour," but his father has also been described as an organ-builder and a baker. There is no certainty as to which he was, nor can any subsequent members of the family, or even bearers of the name, be traced, with the single exception of Richard Symnell, whose name appears as a Canon of St. Osyth's, Essex, on its surrender in 1539. The popular tradition of the scullion is equally unsupported by proof; and history is really silent as to the child's ultimate fate. Neither do we know how he fell into Simon's hands in the first instance, nor how the daring project, so boldly put into execution, took shape in the priest's mind. But possibly ambition, which has been the mainspring of so many human inventions, may be held accountable for this also; and if Simon foresaw a crown for his pupil, his prevision included a mitre for himself. At all events, he determined to educate the boy at the University of Oxford for the part he was to play. Owing, however, to an unexpected opportunity for precipitating matters, he changed his plan of campaign, and withdrawing the boy from Oxford, boldly presented him to the leaders of the Yorkist party, and the members of the Royal House of York, as Clarence's son, escaped from the Tower, and the custody of Henry VII. The attempt succeeded, and foremost among his partisans, Simon could reckon the most important and powerful supporter among them all—viz., Margaret of York, Duchess of Burgundy, widow of Charles the Bold, and sister of Edward IV. This woman, then in the prime of life, rich, childless, ambitious, and popular, was the dea ex machina of every Yorkist conspiracy. Her Court was the refuge and the rendezvous of every Yorkist plotter, great and small, while her political influence, which was considerable, backed by her purse, which was no less substantial, was at the disposal of any and everyone who should seek to advance the cause she had at heart. Besides the Duchess of Burgundy, Simon had also succeeded in attaching to the boy-Pretender's side John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln (who had himself been named as the successor to the throne by Richard III), and Lord Lovell, one of the richest peers in England, and the most ardent of Yorkists. There is ground for suspicion, too, that Elizabeth Woodville, Queen-dowager and widow of Edward IV., espoused the child's cause; though the fact of her own daughter, Elizabeth of York, being actually Queen of England by virtue of her marriage with Henry VII., would seem to dispose of any such supposition. But we must remember that, from first to last, Elizabeth Woodville showed himself an intriguante, and Henry probably had good reason for keeping her under strict surveillance. Whether Lincoln, Lovell, Margaret of Burgundy, and Elizabeth Woodville were really deceived as to the identity of the child who was thus presented to them, we shall never know; but it is, to say the least of it, unlikely. Yet it is not unlikely that each and everyone of them fancied that by permitting his impersonation of the real prince, and striking through him a fatal blow at Henry VII., they would pave the way for a Yorkist restoration. It is, indeed, highly probable that the child and Simon were merely taken up as tools to be cast aside when their use was no longer required.

Meantime a promising arena disclosed itself for the staging of the play. That arena was Ireland. To be accurate, it was such portion of Ireland as then formed the Anglo-Hibernian kingdom. Now, what was that kingdom in the days of the first Tudor King?

The lordship of Ireland assumed by Henry II., or, rather, conferred upon him by a Papal Bull, consisted simply of the territory known as the English Pale. In the fifteenth century, the Pale comprised, for the most part, merely some portion of the present counties of Dublin, Kildare, Meath, and Louth, or little more, in fact, than the strip of country for thirty miles inland, lying along the east coast from Dublin to Drogheda. Within this territory there had been set up a miniature kingdom closely copied from the English constitution, and ruled by a Viceroy, styled the Lord Lieutenant, who was either a prince of the blood, or an English nobleman closely connected with, or related, to the reigning English Sovereign. But the Viceroy, whose appearances were apt to be few and far between, had a working deputy on the spot, who, under the title of Lord Deputy, really administered the Anglo-Irish colony. The Lord Deputy was chosen from some influential Anglo-Irish family—that is to say, from those families which, originally Norman or Anglo-Saxon, had been planted in by the various English Kings on the lands of outlawed native chieftains. Now it happened, as it has happened over and over again in the history of Ireland, that ere long the Norman and the Saxon became to a ludicrous degree, "more Irish than the Irish themselves"; and so, even in the days of Henry VII., "Ireland" held herself represented, not by the aboriginal Celtic tribes that covered nine-tenths of the island outside the Pale, but by the handful of Anglo-Irish families within it. Foremost among the latter was the great Anglo-Irish family of Fitzgerald, a family that gave more Deputies to Anglo-Ireland than any other, and one which, during eight hundred years of illustrious existence, has not seldom seen its scions arrayed on the "popular" side. In 1487 the head of the house Gerald, Earl of Kildare, was Lord Deputy of Ireland, while his brother, Thomas Fitzgerald, of Laccagh, was Chancellor. Kildare was a strong Yorkist, and it does not seem to have been difficult to stir him to action. He, too, saw and conversed with the youthful pretender, and he, too, professed himself entirely satisfied. With Kildare went the rest of Anglo-Ireland en masse. Except the south-eastern town of Waterford, and the important Anglo-Irish family of the Butlers—between whom and the Fitzgeralds there raged for centuries a feud parallel to the hereditary enmity of the Montagues and the Capulets—the nobility, gentry, and smaller folk of Anglo-Ireland, including the citizens of Dublin, were to a man for the White Rose. Holding firmly, as they unquestionably did, that the legitimate heir to the throne was the Yorkist prince, it did not take much to persuade them that the little pretender, now put forward, was that prince. In Ireland sentiment goes a long way, and sentiment ever leans to the side of the dispossessed. The intimation that the rightful heir had escaped from the Tower, and was hastening to cast himself upon the support of his Anglo-Irish subjects, was just the kind of announcement best calculated to fire the feelings, and the imagination, and the curious picturesque appreciation of the chivalric ideal that distinguished this strange complex Ireland, then, as now. Moreover, the young prince was the son of Clarence, who had been born in Dublin, born, too, during the Viceroyalty of his father, Richard, Duke of York, a Viceroy deeply-beloved of Anglo-Ireland; and there were plenty of men still alive who, for his grandfather's sake, as well as for his own, would gladly hold out a helping hand to the little heir. As to Henry VII., Anglo-Ireland held his claim to the English throne untenable. The bar sinister, indeed, stretched too obtrusively across Henry Tudor's pedigree to please Irish sentiment, and "the Welsh man," as they called him, was looked upon as an audacious usurper.

Altogether circumstances in Ireland seemed eminently propitious, the moment singularly opportune. Accordingly on the 5th of May, in this same year, 1487, Simon and his protege landed at Dublin. The boy was taken to Dublin Castle, and lodged in the house where his reputed father had been born, in a manner befitting his princely pretensions. A strong body of foreign troops accompanied the royal entourage, sent thither by the Duchess of Burgundy, who had obtained their services from her brother-in-law, Maximilian, King of the Romans. The Dublin people, nothing loth, we are told, "lovingly entertained" the German soldiers, while "the counterfeit Prince met with all the countenance he could desire." Anglo-Ireland, in short, including the capital, which had the benefit of beholding him in propria persona, went fairly mad over the supposed kingly visitor. It was useless for Henry VII. to try a counter-demonstration, and parade a lad through the streets of London, declaring him to be the true Earl of Warwick. Anglo-Ireland retorted that the true prince was in the streets of Dublin, while Dublin's reply to the exhibition in London was the Coronation ceremony in her own Cathedral. Nineteen days after he set foot on Irish soil, the boy was brought in state to the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, there to be anointed and crowned King.

With the scanty materials at our disposal, let us try to reconstruct that historic pageant. And first, as to the church which was chosen for this strange ceremonial. Albeit one of the

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BARRACK BRIDGE, DUBLIN, 1820.



FORMERLY KNOWN AS BLOODY BRIDGE, NOW VICTORIA BRIDGE.

FROM AN OLD STEEL ENGRAVING.

The above picture shows a very interesting portion of the Dublin quays as it was nearly a century ago. The nearer bridge was the predecessor of the structure now known as Victoria Bridge, and joined Barrack street on the north to Watling street on the south. Its history is given in the appended brief article from the Dublin Penny Journal of 27th June 1835:—

"Barrack Bridge (formerly Bloody Bridge) was originally built of wood in 1671, but afterwards constructed of stone. It consists of four plain semicircular arches. The erection, at the south end, of a grand gothic gateway leading to Kilmainham Hospital, and the scenery in the back ground, give to this bridge at present a very romantic appearance.

"The Queen's Bridge, seen beneath the other, consists of three arches of hewn stone, and though small, being but 140 feet in length, is neat and well-proportioned. It was erected in 1768. On the site of the present structure Arran Bridge formerly stood, which was built in 1683, and swept away by a flood in 1763.

"Relative to the original construction of the former bridge, we have been favoured by a correspondent with the following:

"'Passing over the bridge that leads from Watling street across the Liffey, I inquired its name, and found it was called Bloody Bridge, from a great battle that was fought there during the rebellion of 1641. I was told again, it derived its name from a number of apprentices who were hung on its battlements during "the affair of '98;" and some other causes are given for its sanguinary title. These contradictory reports induced me to consult history. Its origin is as follows:—A D. 1408, the Duke of Lancaster made extraordinary preparations for subduing the Irish of Leinster, who, under the command of King Art M'Murchad O'Cavanagh, were fearfully encroaching on the Pale. The consequence was, a most sanguinary conflict took place between the two armies at the western extremity of Dublin, where the Phœnix Park now stands. The English were defeated with dreadful slaughter, and hotly pursued to the gates of the city. Before they could enter the city, they had to cross the Liffey by a ford. Here the confusion became fearful—the Irish enemy were upon them, and before the half of the defeated army had crossed, the ford was completely choked up with the dead and dying, and the water continued red for three days, whence it got the name of Ath Cro, i.e., the Bloody Ford, which name was communicated to a bridge afterwards built over the ford. Whether the present bridge is the original one or not, I cannot say. The Duke of Lancaster, who commanded the English, was wounded near the walls of Dublin, and soon after breathed his last.'"

We may add that the Gothic gateway shown on right of picture was removed many years ago and re-erected at another entrance to the Royal Hospital (called above Kilmainham Hospital), and makes a conspicuous object on O'Connell road (Island-bridge). The shelving bank at right is now the jetty whence Messrs. Guinness and Co.'s fleet of steam lighters bear the products of their world-famous brewery for placing on board the large steamers at the North Wall.

THE CROWNING OF AN IMPOSTOR.

(Continued from page 232.)

smallest capital cities in Christendom, Dublin has been in possession of two Cathedrals for nearly a thousand years. The larger of the two, the Cathedral of St. Patrick, has, owing to the saintly fame of its founder, and later, in some degree to the lustre of Swift's genius, attained a wider celebrity than any other church in Ireland. Yet the sister church can, of the two, perhaps boast a larger number of historical associations of the first order, while it has been peculiarly connected with English rule in Ireland. Originally a Danish foundation, as its peculiar nomenclature attests:—"The Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, commonly called Christ Church—it was seized and burnt by Strongbow; then, rebuilt by him, was handed over to the Anglo-Hibernian Church in Ireland. When Lambert Simnel was crowned within its walls, it was, though small, yet as it now is, a singularly beautiful example of the Anglo-Norman ecclesiastical architecture of the 13th century. This beautiful church, with its monastery buildings attached, rose up in the midst of a city whose streets were few, indeed, in number, and little better than lanes and alleys, and whose houses were principally huts, built of clay and wattels. Situated within a stone's throw of Dublin Castle, then a strong fortress encompassed by a deep moat, both church and Castle stood at a considerable height above the river Liffey on its southern bank. Around these two buildings the ancient city clustered; and a very small city it was. For in those days St. Patrick's Cathedral, though now only a street or two away, was as yet "without the walls," while College Green was a village common. The proximity of Christ Church to the Castle was, no doubt, an element in its close connection with English rule. The burial place of the great warrior Earl, who laid the foundations of Anglo-Ireland, it was into this church that Henry II. came to receive in person the homage of those Irish chiefs who swore allegiance to the English King, and for centuries after that portentous moment in Ireland's history, the representatives of the English Sovereign and the chief officers of State took the oath of office within the walls.

Where, then, in Ireland could be found a more fitting temple in which to crown the heir of the House of York? Where a more hallowed setting for a sacred ceremonial? The 24th of May was the day appointed, and the 24th of May in that year was Whit-Sunday. We are not told if the sun shone on the head of the child who, for a few short days, was to bear the uneasy burden of an earthly crown. But may we not suppose that this Whit-Sunday in late May was as fair as that season generally is in the Isle of Saints, and that from a heaven of radiant blue, flecked perhaps with the white cloudlets seldom absent from an Irish sky, the warm sunshine glinted off the arms and accoutrements of the noblemen and knights, and streamed in slender arrow-like beams through the clerestory windows on the gorgeous vestments of the officiating ecclesiastics? We may have little doubt but that it was as brilliant a ceremonial as the fashion of the time and the somewhat limited resources at the disposal of the principal actors could devise; we can have no doubt whatever as to the importance of those actors. For this pseudo-prince, Edward VI., was not crowned by irresponsible hands. The Archbishop of Dublin, the Prior of the great religious house of Kilmainham, and the Bishop of Meath, who preached the sermon, and set forth in it the boy's titles, and solemnly defended the validity of his claim to the throne, were there to take their part in this unique coronation. There, too, were the officers of State, Kildare, Lord Deputy, the Chancellor, the Judges, the Privy Councillors, the heads of the Irish nobility, the chief citizens of the capital. With the exception of the Archbishop of Armagh, who was a Florentine, and the Bishop of Clogher, an Englishman newly imported, the clan of the Butlers and St. Laurence Lord Howth, the Anglo-Irish executive was absolutely unanimous.

The Coronation of the child was carried out with all due observance, and a pretty picture enough it must have made. For he was a beautiful child, even Henry's historians tell us, and bore himself as a very prince, indeed. "An honourable boy to boot, and one that did not shame his robes." There is no record of the order of service or what rubric was observed, but it is specifically stated that the "English use" was adhered to throughout. As Henry VII. had been crowned at Westminster some months before, it is fair to assume that the English use referred to was the ceremonial observed at his Coronation. In the official document called the "Little Device," the details of the Coronation of Henry VII. are given at great length. The list of the King's wardrobe for the occasion is a portentous one, and most minute directions follow regarding the clothing of the great officers of State and Court in attendance, the "Earl Marshall" in particular to be very "well apparelled." We do not know who were chosen to represent these ornamental and important functionaries at the ceremony in Dublin, but we may be sure that the Lord Deputy had little difficulty in finding eager candidates. As for the ecclesiastics, the "Little Device" gave them plenty to do. No doubt the Archbishop anointed the child as he was therein commanded, not only on the head, but on each breast, on each shoulder, on each elbow. And then, before the oath was administered, "the King was to lye grovelling before the High Aulter while the Archbishop sayeth upon him the 'Deus Humilium.'" And possibly they robed the child in the white dalmatic here ordered for the Sovereign, and in that priestly garment he sat in his chair before the high altar, or waited kneeling, while the crown was sprinkled with holy water before being set upon his head. They had taken a crown from the head of an image of the Virgin and Child, which adorned the high altar of St. Mary's Abbey, in Dublin, one of the most splendid Cistercian foundations in the kingdom, and with this silver Virgin's crown the Archbishop crowned the child. In form it was "a double-arched crown, such as appears on the coins of Henry VII., and on his only"; and after many vicissitudes, this crown was sold within living memory in the city of Dublin, and flung into the melting pot. Then, with the crown on his head, and the sword girt upon his loins, the "Little Device" declares that the ruby ring is to be put upon the King's finger, and all are then to hold up their hands in token of fidelity, to sustain, defend, and support the King!" We may be sure that at the Christ Church Coronation the hands went up, whether the ring in this case went on or not, and that the homage was enthusiastic. Certain it is that within the walls of Christ Church that day every man solemnly renounced his allegiance to Henry VII., and pledged himself to be the "true man" of Edward VI., King of England and France and Lord of Ireland; and, indeed, within a month that oath was bravely redeemed on the field of Stoke, and every chronicler of the time has borne witness to the "furious valour" of the mock-King's Anglo-Irish forces, and how then, as ever since, they fought to a finish, outnumbered, ill-armed, and ill-clothed as they were, against well-armed and well-clothed troops; how "though broken they disdained to fly," and every "leader perished on the field!"

But we are looking at the gay and not the grim side of Royal Coronations, and surely this was a pretty Coronation, this half-pathetic, half-humorous sham-ceremonial! With stern soldiers in mail, and grey-headed councillors, and grave ecclesiastics bending the knee and kissing the child's soft cheek! We may be sure that the cheers for Edward VI. within the Cathedral shook its grey walls, and were caught up by the populace without. No wonder that when the King was carried out into the open streets once more, borne high on the shoulders of the tallest man in the kingdom, so that all might see him, the Dublin populace should have shouted themselves almost into a frenzy over him. For the whole story, the attendant circumstances—above all, the extreme youth and beauty of the central figure in the pageant, combined to evoke a genius of occasion such as people in Ireland love. Here was a romance, a living romance, moving before their delighted eyes. The short distance between the Cathedral and the Castle was turned into a triumphal progress such, perhaps, as only the extraordinarily sensitised excitability of Ireland and Anglo-Ireland can achieve among the colder peoples of the North. We may be sure that Darcy of Platten, upon whose shoulder the "scenic princeling" was carried, was a proud man that day. And here again we see how completely Anglo-Ireland managed the affair, for Darcy of Platten was the representative of a notable family within the English Pale. D'Arcy or Darcy, of Anglo-Norman extraction, one of whose members, Sir John Darcy, had been Lord Deputy.

That was how England's Anglo-Irish subjects crowned a King for her. The triumphal progress ended at the Castle, where a great banquet was given—it has a modern sound all this to ears accustomed to Irish social affairs—and the newly-crowned King lived in the Castle of Dublin for four weeks. Kildare, who was Protector of the Kingdom and the child's guardian, did the thing thoroughly. In the name of Edward VI. he summoned the Irish Parliament, made enactments, and minted coin. None of these are extant; but "Poyning's Law," of 1494, repealed all the enactments of the pretender's government, and swept the laws of Lambert Simnel from the statute-book for ever.

Note.—Petrie casts some doubt upon the statement that the crown used was that which belonged to the image of the Virgin in St. Mary's Abbey.

Authorities: Cox's "Hibernia Anglicana," Leland's "Colectana," Gardiner's "Henry VII.," Busch's "England Under the Tudors," Ware's "Annals."

THE SEA.

BY FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

Ebb and flow! ebb and flow!
By basalt crags, by caverns low,
Through rifted rocks, o'er pebbly strand,
On windy beaches of naked strand!

To and fro! To and fro!
Chanting ever and chanting slow,
Thy harp is swept with liquid hands,
And thy voice is breathing of distant lands!

Sweet and low! Sweet and low!
Those golden echoes I surely know;
Thy lips are rich with the lazy south,
And the tuneful icebergs have touched thy mouth.

Come and go! Come and go!
The sun may shine and the winds may blow,
But thou wilt forever sing, O sea!
And I never, ah! never, shall sing like thee!

THE

ROUND TOWER OF KILBANNON.

BY RICHARD J. KELLY, B.L.,
Hon. Secretary of Galway Archæological and Historical Society.

The Round Tower of Kilbannon, some two miles from the historic town of Tuam, is one of the seventy-two of its kind yet remaining in Ireland, and is in size, structure, and situation one of the most interesting of that famous group. These curious works have been divided into four groups representing the different forms of architecture. The first style are of a rude sort, built of rough field stones untouched by hammer or chisel, not rounded, but fitted by their length to the curve of the wall, roughly coursed, wide jointed, with small stones fitted into the interstices. The mortar used was, of course, unsifted sand or gravel. The next class consists of stones roughly hammer-dressed, rounded to the curve of the wall, decidedly though somewhat irregularly coursed —often badly bonded together, and having mortar freely used. The third style has the stone laid on horizontal courses, well dressed and carefully worked to the round and batter, the whole cemented in strong plain mortar of lime and sand. The fourth class has strong rough, but excellent ashlar masonry rather open jointed, and, therefore, closely analagous to the English Norman masonry of the first half of the twelfth century, or in some instances finest possible examples of well-dressed ashlar sandstone in squared courses.

Kilbannon belongs to the second style, as does Meelick, Monsteraboice, and Cashel. Here the doorway which, as in all these towers, is placed some six feet from the ground, gives one the first idea of an arch, the curve being scooped out of three or four stones, the stones of the entrance being of the same material as the rest of the tower, but roughly worked to the round. The windows are of the same material as the rest of the building. About a fourth of the shaft and apex of the tower have disappeared, but in its present dimensions about some thirty feet high sufficiently remains to give one an idea of its ancient symmetry and beauty of design. It stands at the angle of what is now the present graveyard of Kilbannon, and was anciently the grounds of the Dominican Monastery which was erected there. A road separates the tower and graveyard from the Catholic Church—a neat building erected, as the inscription over its doorway tells us, by a former Parish Priest of Kinconly, with which Kilbannon has for centuries been incorporated—the Rev. Father Gibbons.

Kilbannon, as its name signifies, means the church of Benin or Benignus, who was one of our most famous saints. In the "Martyrology of Donegal," St. Benignus is thus referred to:—

"November 8th Benignus—i.e., Benen, son of Sescnen, disciple of St. Patrick and his successor—that is, primate of ard Macha. The Holy Benin, was benign, was devout." He died on the 9th of November, 468, and a short time before his death he resigned his primatial coadjutorship into the hands of St. Patrick, who was then living. As a boy he was present when St. Patrick preached, and became so attached to the apostle that nothing could separate them. He accompanied the Saint everywhere. His voice was sweet and pleasing, and he was remarkable for his knowledge of and proficiency in singing the psalms. Hence, as Dr. Healy says in his most interesting work, "Ireland's Ancient Schools and Scholars," he was psalmist to St. Patrick, and led the choir of priests and monks on all solemn occasions, and trained the "wild eyed Celtic youth to sing the praises of God like another Orpheus, softening them into Christian meekness by the charms of sweet melody—the melody of his voice, and the still sweeter melody of his gentle heart."

St. Benignus founded a famous school at Kilbannon, and his sister, Mathona, was one of the first nuns veiled in Erin, and settled down at Tawnagh, in the county of Sligo. Benignus preached the Gospel in Kerry, in Clare, and South Connaught. He blessed that province with a special blessing from Bundrowes, near Bundoran, to Limerick, and the natives paid to him and his successors a yearly tribute of milk and butter, calves and lambs, as well as the first fruits of their fields. Kilbannon was his principal church, and continued so for years. His most famous disciple was St. Jarlath, the founder of Tuam.

Curious their most famous foundations should be so situated close to each other. The schools of Kilbannon and Cloonfush, as it is now called, but Cluainfois, as it originally was known, are but a few miles apart, and from the classic retreat of the meadow can easily be seen the tower that stood beside the church of Benin.

Speaking of Kilbannon, that great antiquarian, John O'Donovan, says, in an unpublished manuscript:—

This well-known parish, situated near Tuam, and so familiar to our people, is so designated from the two Irish words, "Cill and Beanin," so called after St. Benin or Mionnan, the servant of St. Patrick, who was buried at the foot of the Reek, where his "leachta" is still visited by pious pilgrims. There is a holy well near the church of Kilbannon also called after the Saint, and, furthermore, near the old church building, which stands in the graveyard, is one of the ancient "cloghteaghs," called locally "cloghteagh cill meannan," or church towers, and said to have been built by or for St. Benin. The door of the tower is about fourteen feet from the ground, and the church beside it is of the Gothic style of architecture, and not many centuries old. Stations were up to O'Donovan's time (in 1838), when he wrote about it, and for some years subsequently, performed to the well of St. Benin on Donnach Chroin Duibh, or Garland Sunday. The Parish Priest of Kilbannon, in 1838, the Rev. Mr. Joyce, or, as O'Donovan calls him in his unpublished letters, "the present coarb of St. Benin," tried to stop these. "He," says the antiquarian, "is making every exertion to put a stop to these "toarasses," because he believed that the tower was a Pagan fire temple, that the well was of Druidical sanctity, and that St. Benin was obliged to transfer them to Christian purposes to please the superstitious natives, and I might easily argue with a cataract of the contrary as the present coarb of St. Benin." Thus is quaintly but expressively described by O'Donovan, the strong, obstinate views erroneously taken by the old Parish Priest, and the impossibility he felt of trying to convince him or of reasoning him out of his views to the contrary. It seems stupid of the clergyman, for in the minds and hearts of his parishioners the place was associated alone with the sainted memories of the Saint, and only the perverse ignorance of the pastor attempted to give a Pagan flavour and complexion to otherwise harmless and laudable pious practices. Whether through the exertion of the Rev. Mr. Joyce or not, the Stations have anyway died out, and become things of the past, as unfortunately have too many other good, pious practices and harmless customs.

KILCREEVANTY.

Near Kilbannon is the townland of Kilcreevanty, and situated in the same parish. Here stand the ruins of "the celebrated nunnery of Cill Craebhnata." Its exact location had not been known until 1838, when it was discovered by O'Donovan, who describes it as affording evidence of the extensiveness of the old buildings. The doorways and windows are destroyed, excepting one on the north transept, which is of round shape, and measures 8 feet 6 inches in height, and 4 feet 6 inches in breadth on the inside, but the outside portion has been demolished. From the observations made it would seem the nunnery was originally in the shape of the letter T, the nave and choir being 120 feet in length and 57 feet in breadth; the foundation can still be traced, but not much of the old structure is extant, as the east and west gables are gone, and only 72 feet of the south wall remains, some 20 feet in height. A shapeless hole now does service for the door, and another hole at the western extremity, under which is a large, well-cemented piece of the wall laid prostrate. The mortar used, as with all these old buildings, is of excellent material. Twenty-four feet of the northern wall are yet standing, and were 18 feet high. There were two chapels attached to this building, one at the south and the other at the north side of the choir—the first (21 feet in breadth) containing the windows already referred to, and the southern part level with the ground. By an inquisition taken on the 10th of April, in the 34th year of the reign of Henry VIII., we find that the Nunnery of Kilcreevanty contained a church and belfry, dormitory hall, three chambers, a kitchen, a garden and sundry closes. The Annals of Lough Key, as quoted by Archdall, tell us that this Nunnery, which was also called "of the chaste wood," was founded for Nuns of the Order of St. Benedict about the year 1200 by Charles, the Red-handed O'Connor. The Four Masters relate that Fynola, the daughter of Felim O'Connor, Abbess of "Cill Craobhnata," died in the year 1301. From Archdall we learn further that Dervail Ny Connor was the last Abbess of the Nunnery of Kilcreevanty.

On the top of the townland of Ballygaddy in this neighbourhood will be found a heap of stones called Leachta Phadrigg, or the monument of St. Patrick. O'Donovan is of opinion that from the name "Cill Croabh-nata-cellacroevatae," that there was a primitive little Irish church in that place, on the site of which the extensive establishment of "Cathael Crobhdhearg" was subsequently built in the thirteenth century.

The most learned and critical researches into the origin and purpose of these buildings establish the following conclusions: (I) That these towers were built after the Irish became acquainted with the use of cement and the hammer. (II) That the towers were built at or about the period of transition from the entablative style of the early Irish period to the round arched decorated Irish Romanesque style. (III) That the largest number of these towers were built before their transition had been established and while the Irish builders were feeling their way to the arch. (IV) That as this transition took place between the time of Cormac O'Killeen and Brian Borumna—that is, between 900 and 1000, the first groups of towers now standing belong to the first date.

Reference to the towers occurs in our histories very early. The Annals of Ulster in A.D. 448 speak of a terrible earthquake, and mentions that fifty-seven of the towers were then destroyed or injured by its ravages. The Annals of the Four Masters mention the existence, in the year 898, of the Turaghan-Angson, or fire-tower of the anchorite, at Inis Cailtre, in the Shannon; and the same authorities note the destruction, by lightning, in 995, of the hospital, cathedral, palace, and round tower of the town of Armagh. In the old annals also recur the names of such places as "Muighe Tuireth nabh Fomoroch," that is, the plain of the Fomorian tower; while in the West, still perpetuated, is Moytura—the plain of the tower; and Tor Inis—

the island of the tower. Etymologically considered, we can get but a very slight inkling at their origin. In some parts the towers are called "cileagh," which, as translated, means a fire-temple; yet I am sure an equally plausible explanation in another direction might be hazarded. Undoubtedly, structures very like the Irish round towers have been found in many parts of the East. Hanway, a famous traveller, mentions four, which he saw at Sari, round in form, built of the most durable material, about thirty feet in diameter, and running to a height of 130 feet, corresponding curiously with ours in these details.

Pennant, speaking of the Indian Polygars, says that they retain their old religion, and that their pagodas are "chiefly buildings of a cylindrical or round tower shape, and tops circle-pointed or truncated." Lord Valencia describes, in 1887, two round towers he saw at Bhangulpore, in India, and which, he says, "much resemble those buildings in Ireland. The door is elevated above the ground by some ten or twelve feet, they possess a stone roof, and four large openings at the summit." The Brahmins had their fire-temples, which they called "coil," from "chalana," to burn. These are generally the chief grounds of the theories of Pagan origin as far as I can gather.

It is also said that the towers were erected for and used as belfries in Christian times, and the theory rests on the fact of their always adjoining churches. Under the foundations of some towers, when excavated, have been found human remains, and I think it was at Kilnaclugh there was discovered, some years ago, a skeleton which, from its position and some pious ornaments found with it, might go to prove the theory of their being Christian burial places; but then if the tower had a basement story, as the Cork Tower had, it might be possible to inter the corpse from the inside, or, indeed, easy to bury one from the outside, deep down under the foundations, while, in any case, we know that either the appearance of the cross with the position of the corpse would of themselves conclusively establish a Christian origin for the burial.

Gerald Barry (Cambrensis), speak of the legend connected with Lough Neagh, where it is supposed the fisherman

> Sees the round towers of other days
> In the waves beneath him shining;

and he says that vast expanse of water was supposed to have been due to the overflow of an enchanted well, which submerged a large tract of country, "inhabited by a wicked race of men." This quaint old observer calls the buildings "ecclesiastical"; but his testimony, while going to prove their antiquity, may also be adduced as evidence that they were put to sacred use in his time. There they stand in all their simple grandeur, models of archaic architecture; monuments of constructive skill, in a country which can boast of a long, pure civilisation—a farther reaching record than any other in Europe.

About thirty million gallons of mixed paint were sold in the United States during 1901. The greater portion of this was not used in the large cities, but in the towns and villages, where structures are of wood. In no country is so much paint made as in the United States of America, and the bulk of that paint is composed of lead, zinc, and linseed oil, and only the darker shades are made of oxides of iron and other pigments. Many manufacturers use a small quantity of water in their mixtures, and when the quantity of water is not over 2 per cent., it cannot be regarded as an adulterant. The water used is usually slightly alkaline, and in the case of lime water it forms a calcium soap with linseed oil and thickens the paint, so that it never settles hard in the tin and is easily stirred.

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS:

Compiled from Authentick Memoirs, Offices of Record, Manufcript Collections, and other Unexceptionable Vouchers,

By THE LATE WALTER HARRIS, ESQ.

Chap. XI.

Fasti Dublinienses; or, a short chronicle of the remarkable actions done from time to time by the citizens of Dublin in defence of the state, intermixed with other accidents befalling the city, and the charters and grants made to it.

A.D. 1173. King Henry II. having received the submissions of the Irish, granted the city of Dublin to the people of Bristol to inhabit, as by the following charter:

"Henricus dei gratia, &c. Henry by the grace of God, king of England, lord of Ireland, duke of Normandy and Aquitain, and earl of Anjou, to the archbishops, bishops, abbots, earls, barons, justices, ministers, and sheriffs, and to all his faithful subjects, French English, and Irish, greeting. Know ye, that I have given, granted, and by my charter confirmed to my subjects of Bristol my city of Dublin to inhabit. Wherefore I will and firmly command that they do inhabit it, and hold it of me and of my heirs, well and in peace, freely and quietly, fully and amply, and honourably, with all the liberties and free customs, which the men of Bristol have at Bristol, and through my whole land. Witness William de Braosa, Reginald de Curtenay, Hugh de Gundeville, William Fitz-Aldelm, Reginald de Glanville, Hugh de Cressy, Reginald de Pavilly, at Dublin (See cap. I)."

A.D. 1175. Hervey of Mount-Maurice, being with earl Strongbow at Waterford, persuaded him to an expedition against the Irish in and about Cashell; and to strengthen themselves they sent orders to a body of the Ostmen citizens of Dublin, who had incorporated with the English, to march to their aid. But they were surprised by Donald, prince of Ossory (or of Limerick, as Cambrensis says), and defeated with the slaughter of four gentlemen at arms and 400 of the citizens, which elevated the Irish so much, that Roderick O'Connor, king of Connaught, passed the Shannon, and preyed the country even to the walls of Dublin

A.D. 1177. Earl Strongbow died in Dublin of a mortification in his foot, and was buried with great solemnity in Christ-church, in sight of the cross, where still remains a monument to his memory. The same year Vivian, the Pope's legate, held a synod in Dublin, and therein published king Henry's title to Ireland, and the Pope's ratification of it denouncing excommunication against all who should withdraw their allegiance from him. He also gave licence to the English to take provisions deposited in churches or monasteries upon paying the value thereof.

A.D. 1178. William Fitz-Aldelm, chief governor of Ireland, removed a relict called "Jesus's staff" from Armagh to Dublin, and deposited it in Christ-church there, which brought no small profit to the canons of that church.

A.D. 1185. Philip of Worcester, constable or chief governor of Ireland, in Lent this year marched a body of forces from Dublin to Armagh, which he rifled and plundered for six days togther, and then returned without loss to Dublin.

A.D. 1190. Great part of Dublin was consumed by an accidental fire.

A.D. 1195. The body of Hugh de Lacy (who had been murdered at Durrogh in 1186) was this year removed from among the Irish, and buried at Bectiff in the county of Meath, by Matthew, archbishop of Cashell, and John, archbishop of Dublin; but they deposited his head in the abbey of St. Thomas ,near Dublin.

A.D. 1204. Great numbers fell by the plague this year, in Dublin and the neighbouring parts.

A.D. 1205. Meyler Fitz-Henry, lord justice of Ireland, signified to king John that he had no secure place to deposit his treasure in, and that for that, as well as other necessary occasions, it would be requisite to erect a strong fortress at Dublin. In pursuance of which application, the king commanded him by writ to erect a castle in Dublin, in such place as he should think proper, in order to secure and defend the same, and to enclose it with strong walls; but first he commanded him to build a tower, unless a castle and palace might be more conveniently raised, for the building which work he assigned him 300 marks due to the king by Jeffrey Fitz-Robert. He also commanded him to oblige the citizens to fortify and strengthen the city, and granted them a fair to be held for eight days, to begin on the day of the invention of the holy cross, and that due proclamation be made thereof to invite merchants to resort thereto. This writ is the first notice we have of the original of the castle of Dublin; though it was not finished, nor perhaps begun, by this lord justice, the honour of that action being ascribed to Henry de Loundres, archbishop of Dublin, who was constituted lord justice in 1213.

A.D. 1210. King John, being this year in Ireland with a considerable army, set about the reformation of it with vigour; and for this end he anew divided such parts of it as were in his possession into counties, erected courts of judicature in Dublin, and appointed judges, circuits, and corporations as in England. He also caused an abstract of the English laws and customs to be drawn up in writing, and affixing his seal thereto, deposited them in his exchequer at Dublin. Upon his departure from Dublin, he left the government in the hands of John de Gray, bishop

of Norwich, who, by command of the king, caused pence and farthings to be coined of the same standard and fineness as those of England, which had an equal currency in both kingdoms. On this new coin was the king's head in a triangle, inscribed JOHANNES REX, and on the reverse a crescent and bright planet, with three lesser stars or starlings in the three points of another triangle, with the mint-master's name, ROBERD. ON. DIVE. for Divelin. i.e., Dublin, The triange on the Irish coins of this monarch, as well as those of his two next successors, have been supposed to represent a harp, the arms of Ireland, which was after more fully impressed on the coins of some of the succeeding kings. The ounce of silver at this time was divided into twenty sterling pence, and so it continued till the 9th of Edward III., at which time it was divided into twenty-six pence. This proportion remained till the 2nd of Henry VI., when it made thirty-two pence. The standard received another alteration an. 5th Edward IV. into forty pence to the ounce, and since has increased to sixty pence. But this by the way.

A.D. 1212. John Comyn, archbishop of Dublin, departed this life, and was buried in a marble tomb on the south side of the choir of Christ-church, which he had partly renewed and somewhat enlarged in 1190. He also built and endowed that spacious church, dedicated to St. Patrick, in the southern suburbs of the city, having demolished the old parish church that was there, and therein placed thirteen prebends, which number in after times increased to twenty-two. To him (a) Henry de Loundres succeeded. This Henry is the person supposed to have built the castle of Dublin, and was made lord justice of Ireland in 1213.

A.D. 1215. The King granted a licence to the citizens of Dublin to erect a bridge over the Liffey, where they pleased.

A.D. 1217. Kng Henry III. granted a fee-farm of the city of Dublin to the citizens at 200 marks rent. Henry de Loundres, archbishop of Dublin, held a synod of the clergy there, wherein he established many canons, profitable for the Irish church, which are extant in the ancient registry called Crede Mihi.

A.D. 1223. The power archbishop Loundres has as lord justice, and the Pope's legate, gave him the opportunity of encroaching on the rights of the crown and the liberties of the subject, by drawing temporal causes to the ecclesiastical courts, of which the citizens of Dublin complained to the king, who this year sent him an increpatory writ, prohibiting him from such practices for the future, with threats of severe treatment if he persisted. The king also sent him another writ about the same time, commanding him to redress a nuisance committed in the harbour of Dublin, according to the law of England.

A.D. 1224. The citizens of Dublin made a voluntary loan to king Henry III. of 366 marks (a sum considerable in those times), to forward an expedition against Hugh de Lacy (brother to Walter de Lacy), who thereby was so effectually pursued, that he was obliged to make his submission, and was pardoned; and the king reciting the service, repaid the same by privy-seal soon after. The same year the king granted to them 50 marks towards walling the city, to make up what was deficient in a grant made by him for the same purpose four years before of three pence for every sack of wool, six pence for every last of hides, and two pence out of every barrel of wine sold in the city.

A.D. 1228. About this time archbishop Loundres died, and was buried in Christ-church, over against Comyn, as is said, in a wooden tomb on the north side of the choir, and was succeeded by Luke Dean of St. Martin's, London.

A.D. 1251. King Henry III. caused a new coin to be stamped in Dublin, and called in the old. It bears the king's head with a triangle, or three-cornered harp, with this inscription, HENRICUS REX III., and on the reverse a cross, quartering a penny into four farthings, and the name of the mint-master and place of coinage. RICHARD ON DIVE. for Divelin. The cause of striking this coin was probably to answer the Pope's demands of Irish subsidies made for the holy land this year.

A.D. 1255. Luke, archbishop of Dublin, died, and was buried in the same tomb with archbishop Comyn in Christ-church, on the fabric whereof he was at some expense.

A.D. 1262. This year much contention arose between the prior and convent of Christ-church and the corporation of Dublin, about the tyth-fish of the river Liffey; but how the same was composed does not appear.

A.D. 1266. A great earthquake was felt in Ireland, which, being a thing very uncommon, struck more terror into the people than it did them mischief.

A.D. 1267. Great quarrels arose betwene Fulk de Saundford, archbishop of Dublin, and the mayor and citizens upon this occasion. The principal support of the churches of Dublin (as the archbishop alleged) consisted then of the offerings on Sundays and holy-days, at the benedictions of new-married people, and the purifications of child-bed women, which offerings people made in the churches, accompanied by a numerous train, who all made their oblations upon the occasion. The mayor and citizens endeavoured to correct the excesses to which this practice had grown; and for this purpose they this year issued a proclamation with a penalty annexed, "That citizens should not presume to make their offerings more than four times a year, and restrained the numbers attending new married people and child-bed women to two. They seized the wax candles carried in processions at funerals, which used to be given to the churches, and deposited them in their own halls, leaving only two to the church where the person was buried. They ordered that no prelate or ecclesiastical judge within the city should hold plea of usury, or of any crime or cause, except what were matrimonial or testamentary; and that they should have no cognizance of intestates goods, which they ordered to be paid into the exchequer; and further, that no citizen, even in causes ecclesiastical, should be obliged to appear in judgment out of the limits of the city." These encroachments on the ecclesiastical immunities were highly resented by the Archbishop. He often admonished the mayor and citizens to a forbearance, which having no effect, he by his ordinary authority promulged the sentence of excommunication against them, and put the city under an interdict, to strengthen which he had recourse to Cardinal Octobon, the Pope's legate then at London, who, on the 18th of February, sent a commission to the bishops of Lismore and Waterford, to denounce the mayor and citizens excommunicate by bell book and candle in all places within the city and province of Dublin. These disputes put the city into a great flame, and in summer, 1268, Sir Robert de Ufford, lord justice, and the privy council interposed in the quarrel, and a composition was made between the archbishop and the citizens in the mayoralty of Vincent Tabi, the terms of which, relating only to some of the particulars (the matters merely ecclesiastical being probably before given up), were these, viz., "If any citizen committed a publick sin, he should for the said offence commute for a sum of money. If he continued in his sin, and the same were enormous and public, and then, 'fustigetur,' &c., he should be cudgelled about the church. That for a third offence he should be publicly cudgelled before the processions made to Christ-church or St. Patrick's, and if after this penance he should persist in his sin that the official of the archbishop should give notice of it to the mayor and bailiffs, who should either turn him out of the city or cudgell him through it. It was further agreed, that a general inquisition should be made once a year through the city after all publick sins; but that no citizen should be drawn out of the jurisdiction of the city by any official of the archbishop, but should answer within the city before the ordinary jurisdiction." We thought this passage worth transcribing from the black-book of the archbishop of Dublin, and the crede mihe, to show the practises and penances of those early times, and how little remedy the citizens had by turning reformers.

(To be Continued.)

(a) His tenants nick-named him Scorch-bill or Scorche-villeyn upon the following occasion. He being peaceably installed in his bishoprick, summoned all his tenants and farmers at a certain day appointed to make their personal appearance before him, and to bring with them such evidence and writings as they enjoyed their holds by. the tenants at the day appointed appeared, showed their evidences to their landlord, mistrusting nothing; he had no sooner received them, but before their faces upon a sudden cast them all into fire, secretly made for that purpose; this fact amazed some that they became silent, moved others to rage, that they regarded neither place nor person, broke into irreverent speeches: "Thou an archbishop, nay, thou art a "Scorche-villeyn;" another drew his weapon and said, "As good for me to kill as be killed, for when my evidences are burned and my living taken away, I am killed." The bishop, seeing this tumult, and the imminent danger, went out at a back door: his chaplains, registers, and summoners were all beaten, and some of them left for dead. They threatened to fire the house over the bishop's head: some means was had to pacify them for the present, with promises that all hereafter should be to their own content: upon this they departed. See Camd. An of Ireland, 1212, black-book of the Archbishop of Dublin, fol. 437.

LITERARY NOTES.

A number of letters of Nathaniel Hawthorne, in addition to those of which mention has been made in certain American periodicals, have lately been discovered. They deal with the author of "The Scarlet Letter's" visit to this country, and gives his impressions of certain prominent personalities of his day.

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Mr. Charles Major's "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" is not alone. There now appears from the pen of another American writer a book entitled, "Mistress Dorothy of Haddon Hall, Being the True Love Story of Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." Mr. Major's publishers are "busy getting out injunctions."

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Mr. Augustine Birrell, in his study of "William Hazlitt" in Messrs. Macmillan's series of "English Men of Letters," does not attempt to palliate the many things which made Hazlitt disagreeable and reprehensible: he is no eulogist of the "Liber Amoris"; but the story of Hazlitt's life is handled in such a way as to bring out to the full the quality of his talents and personal charm.

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Fully 100,000 people were present at the unveiling recently of the statue, in bronze and granite, executed by Guiseppe Moretti, the celebrated New York sculptor, to the memory of Stephen C. Foster, composer of the "Old Folks at Home," "My Old Kentucky Home," and a score of other melodies that have sung their way the world over into human hearts. The statue stands in Highland Park, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Foster was the child of Irish parents.

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Of the new volumes of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.'s series, "English Men of Letters," which are to be issued by next autumn, Mr. Frederic Harrison's is the only one about which readers may feel most curious. Between the critic of art who turned preacher of ethics—ethics in everything, from political economy to the making of a bone button—and the positivist who is above all things a moralist, there is much in common; though there is also much wherein they are as wide as the poles asunder. Sir A. Lyall's subject (Tennyson) has been done to death by scores of people. Mr. H. W. Paul's (Matthew Arnold) has not. Whether a poet or writer of prose, but, of course, especially as poet, Matthew Arnold is, and always will be, the companion of the few.

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M. Le Gallienne has been writing in the "New York Journal Supplement" on "What should an unread man read" Mr. Le Gallienne's suggestions are neither very new nor very interesting. He says, in effect, let the unread man go his own way, and if he does not care for Homer let him frankly say so. This is precisely what the "unread man" has been saying all along. Mr. Le Gallienne thinks that his conjectural man should form the reading habit by a course of novels, and that if he wants philosophy he should read it in a boiled-down form. Then Mr Le Gallienne proceeds to history, and gives it first place as an object of study. With that no one is likely to disagree, but that "the best historians are the vividest" is a statement which can hardly be allowed without some qualification. It would be truer to say that the vividest historians are best—for the unread man.

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As we have stated, the "Academy" remarks, the mystery of the authorship of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters" is to be exploded in the autumn by the author, who will publish another book with his signature. The gap thus to be formed in the mystery market will be filled, we understand, by the publication in volume form of the "Confessions of a Wife," now running in the "Century Magazine." Already the question of the authorship is attracting considerable attention. The book will be issued without revelation of the true name of the author, who even to the publishers remains as much of a mystery as ever. In the circumstances, the following order issued to the clerks of the Century Company is not without interest: "All packages whatsoever for 'Mary Adams' are to be addressed on the outside to her lawyer, and on the inner envelope to 'Mary Adams.'"

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The centenary of the birth of three Scottish men of letters, Robert Chambers, Thomas Aird, and Hugh Miller, occurs this year, and while preparations are being made, in the case of the two latter names, to celebrate the event, it is somewhat surprising that the anniversary of the birth of Robert Chambers is likely to pass unnoticed. Born at Peebles on July 10, 1802, Chambers deserves grateful remembrance as one of the early disseminators of pure and informing literature. With his brother, William, he was the founder of the now world-famous house of W. and R. Chambers. It is interesting to recall that his much-discussed work, "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," one of the earliest speculative expositions of the evolution theory, was issued anonymously sixty-two years ago, and not till forty years later was its real authorship, long surmised, established on the death of Alexander Ireland, of Manchester, who was Chambers' fried and confidant. It had previously been attributed to various other writers.

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An interesting chapter in the history of Colonial journalism is recalled by the death of Mr. W. H. Traill, news of which is brought by the last Australian mail. He was to all intents and purposes the man who made the "Sydney Bulletin," although not its actual founder. That peculiar paper was born in the "Express" office, a Sydney Catholic weekly journal established by the late Archbishop R. B. Vaughan, brother of the present Cardinal of Westminster. But it did not become generally known until Mr. Traill wrote in its columns a startling exposure of certain orgies prevalent in the Sydney of the seventies, know as "Down-the-Harbour Picnics." The Zolæsque realism of the article led to a run upon the paper, and also to the incarceration of its conductors for a considerable period, during which Mr. Traill acted as editor. He was subsequently elected member for South Sydney. Latterly he had been editor of the "Queenslander," the leading weekly of the tropical State, and it was in the Queensland metropolis, Brisbane ,he passed away at the age of fifty-eight. He was one of the principal contributors to the "Picturesque Atlas of Australasia."

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Mr. Andrew Lang writes the introduction to Hugo's "Notre Dame of Paris" in Mr. Heinemann's "Century of French Romance" series. His concluding paragraph is an interesting and compact piece of criticism:—"To the English reader the sources of Hugo's faults appear to be two: the love of the excessive, as if Martin had written romances in the manner of his pictures; and the entire lack of the humour which restrains exaggeration. It is much to be doubted whether cosmic strifes and emotions find their true vehicle in romances; whether novels with forces and principles of human nature for protagonists are entirely possible. These things are the themes of historical science, or of history as understood by Carlyle and Michelet. Prose fiction has its limits; but limit was unknown to Hugo. He piled Pelion on Ossa to scale heaven: in his lyric poetry he is a man; he is a Titan, we must end by saying, as we began, in his romances. The characters of his creation who live are his mothers and children, and, now and again, his lovers, and his minor characters. Monsters, even monsters of virtue, cannot become more real than, though they are quite as impressive as, Quasimodo and the pieuvre. The chiefs of creative fiction live in their children, the children of Shakespeare, Moliere, Fielding, Jane Austen. Hugo's life is as the life of wind and waves: like Euripides, he is 'the meteoric poet.'"

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The "Sphere" has hit upon the ingenious idea of giving a pictorial view of English Literature since the King entered upon his public career. Upon the page we see reproductions of the backs of the volumes themselves, which make a most suggestive display. Here are the titles of the books represented:—1862. "Unto this Last"; 1863. George Eliot's "Romola"; 1865. "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland"; 1866. Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads"; 1867. Bagehot's "English Constitution"; 1868. Browning's "Ring and Book"; 1869. Blackmore's "Lorna Doone; 1870. D. G. Rossetti's "Poetical Works"; 1871. "The Descent of Man"; 1872. "Under the Greenwood Tree"; 1873. Mill's "Autobiography"; 1874. Green's "Short History of the English People"; 1875. Meredith's "Beauchamp's Career"; 1876. Froude's "Cæsar"; 1877. Mallock's "New Republic"; 1879. Arnold's "Light of Asia"; 1880. "Endymion"; 1881. "Virginibus Puerisque"; 1882. "All Sorts and Conditions of Men"; 1883. "Treasure Island"; 1884. Tennyson's "Becket"; 1885. Pater's "Marius the Epicurean"; 1886. Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll"; 1887. "Life and Letters of Charles Darwin"; 1888. Arnold's "Essays," second series; 1889. Bryce's "American Commonwealth."

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A striking instance of the difficulties which beset the path of the official biographer has just been given. It has long been whispered abroad that Lady Russell of Killowen was not altogether satisfied with the Life of the late Lord Chief Justice. But not till now have her views been given to the public. To the "Hackney Spectator" she sends the following letter:—

"I am not surprised that your reviewer finds it (the biography) 'incomplete, scrappy, and unsatisfactory.' It could hardly be otherwise, for it was written in a hurry, it was written to sell, and was rushed into print with unseemly haste, in order to catch the public in what was considered equally the right moment by the author and the publisher. This was done in spite of the most earnest entreaties and remonstrance on my part.

"These two gentlemen, both of whom pose as friends, knew very well the book needed revision. They were told that it was full of inaccuracies, that many points of interest in Lord Russell's life has been passed over altogether. They were bent, however, on making it a financial success, and nothing else seemed to them to matter. The memory of Lord Russell of Killowen was a secondary consideration, and the feelings of those who loved him counteed for nothing.

"Mr. O'Brien was not by any means the intimate friend that he would lead his readers to suppose. The man of whom he undertook to write he only knew in a very outside kind of way. He never was in our house, and he was entirely ignorant of a great deal about which he professes to know.

"The story to which your reviewer has referred, told about the fur coat, and considered good enough to be told twice, is a fair sample of the accuracy of the others which are so freely used as 'padding.' Lord Russell did 'frequently wear a fur-lined coat himself,' therefore it is clear it could not have been merely his objection to the coat in question which angered him, when he told the wearer to take it off. No doubt there was a more serious case for his displeasure, but this is the way in which history is written. The other stories are for the most part either silly nonsense or gross exaggerations, or are told in such an inaccurate manner as to be almost entirely untrue. They constitute a sort of 'playing to the gallery,' which, I suppose, it was thought would be popular. I very strongly feel that this is not the sort of book which might have been written as a record for posterity of my husband's life and career."

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

Oscar McClellan, a printer, inventor and bosom friend of Edgar Allan Poe, died at his home in Philadelphia, recently at the age of 82 years. He was an inventor of some note, and three times had placed himself in an independent position through his inventive genius. His last achievement in this line was an improvement on a machine for performing some of the operations of shoemaking, for which improvement he received 80,000 dollars in royalties.

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The captain of the steamship "Australia," which recently arrived at San Francisco from Tahiti, believes that he has rediscovered the outcroppings of an island very rich in phosphates. The existence of this island was reported by Dr. John de Graves, now of Honolulu, as far back as 1859, since which time it has been searched for by vessels of the Government and private persons. Stormy weather prevented the captain of the "Australia" from making as thorough an investigation as he desired. The United States Coast Survey vessel, "Albatross," has made several fruitless searches for this island. The captain of the "Australia" states that the approximate situation of the island is 18 deg. 56 min. north latitude, and 136 deg. 10 min. east longitude.

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Madison, Wis., is a university town, and like most university towns it has a campus upon which grow huge trees. In these trees squirrels have made their habitation, to the great delight of the students and townspeople. For a long time the telephone service of the town has been bad. No one knew why. Finally a curious official discovered that the squirrels had nibbled off the insulation of the telephone cables, cut into the wires, and wrought havoc in many other ways. Rather than exterminate the squirrels, the telephone company determined to keep the force of linemen busy repairing the ravages. But the squirrels have eaten away the insulator faster than the linemen could supply it. A crusade against the squirrels will probably be instituted, despite the protest of the university faculty.

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The first International Congress for Electricity in Medicine and Radiography, which was held in Paris, was a complete success. More than 150 scientists from all countries were assembled. At that time it was voted to hold an international congress at intervals of three years; but in order to avoid clashing with other conventions, it was resolved that the second congress should be held in 1902 at Berne. The congress will be opened September 1, 1902, at the Physiological Institute, Buehplatz, Berne, Switzerland. Papers will be read on the present state of electro-diagnosis, surgical electrolysis, radiography, and radioscopy of the internal organs, accidents caused by X-rays, and the danger of industrial electric currents. An international exhibition of all electrical instruments of physiological, electrotherapeutic, and radiographical interest will be held.

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At last one of the many quarrels between rival inventors of wireless telegraphic apparatus will soon be definitely settled. Siemens and Halske, the makers of Braun's apparatus, have taken the bull by the horns, and have begun a suit for infringement in Germany against the Allgemeine Elektrictaets Gesellschaft, who own the Slaby-Arco patents. It is rumoured that the Braun system, for which Siemens and Halske stand as sponsors, is nothing but a Germanised Marconi system, and will therefore fare rather badly in litigation. At all events it is certain that the German Government distinctly favours the Slaby-Arco system. The Marconi Company, whose stock organisation in America was recently announced, will probably soon have to test its rights in the United States Courts. But since the Marconi system has already passed through one patent suit unscathed, the chances are that it will come out of others with equal success in America.

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Sir William Arrol and Co, the famous bridge building firm of the Dalmarnock Iron Works, Glasgow, secured the contract for the construction of the huge railway viaduct to be erected over the river Barrow, in the face of strong American and European competition. The viaduct is to be 1,980 feet in length, consisting of thirteen fixed spans each of 140 feet, and two opening spans each of 80 feet, through which vessels will be able to pass at high tide. Owing to the peculiar nature of the soil of the bed of the river huge cast iron caissons will be sunk to a considerable depth—to 100 feet from the under side of the superstructure of the bridge to the bottom in some instances. The bridge is to be built of steel throughout. This company also recently secured the contract for the large bridge carrying the Caledonian Railway of Scotland across the Clyde from the central station at Glasgow.

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Volumes have been written about volcanoes and their causes, but in point of fact, very little is known about them beyond what we see. In the eighteenth century Humboldt tells us "225 volcanoes erupted," and this is known to be far below the actual number, and doubtless the "extinct" volcano is merely dormant. Etna, which towers 11,000 feet into the air and has a circumference of about 100 miles, has been active periodically for two thousands of years. For the past two thousand years it has had eruptions about four times a century, or every twenty-five years. Etna is a typical periodic volcano; while Stromboli is an example of continued mild eruptions. The photographs of the moon exhibit a remarkable state of ancient volcanic eruption, the face of the moon having the appearance of a pepper box, and doubtless from a great height the earth or certain sections would have a similar appearance, as volcanoes, ancient and modern, are more common than generally supposed. The Pacific Ocean, especially in the equatorial region, is dotted with them. The following groups are conspicuous volcanic centres: the Society group, Marquesas, Navigator, Feejees, Friendly Islands, New Hebrides and Ladrones. Many of these are active, as Tauna and Ambrym in the New Hebrides, Tafoa and Amargura in the Friendly Islands, Tinkora in the Santa Cruz Islands. Mona Loa, 13,760 feet high, is one of the splendid active volcanoes of the world, as well as Mt. Hualalai, 10,000 feet, while Mount Kea also, on the Hawaiian Islands, is now supposed to be extinct. At least ten of the islands, including Martinique, representing the West India group, are volcanic and bear volcanoes. In the Mediterranean country we have Vesuvius, the volcanoes of Sicily and others in Spain, France, Germany, etc., formerly more or less active. Near Greece there are five volcanic islands. Mt. Ararat, 16,950 feet, is an ancient volcano, and along the Red Sea are many volcanic cones. Passing on to Java we find fifty volcanoes, twenty-five of which are active, and the same is true more or less of Sumatra and Borneo. About the latter over one hundred make life strenuous among the small islands. Madagascar, Mauritius, the Isle of Bourbon, and Comoro Islands, all have volcanoes, and as we approach the South Pole the smoke of Erebus and Terror suggests volcanic activity. Africa is not particularly famous in this respect, but the Bight of Benin and the various islands are volcanic. St. Helena, the Canaries, the Cape Verde, Madeira, Iceland and the Azores are virtual volcanoes more or less ancient.

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In the Philippines there are fifteen or twenty volcanoes. Patagonia has its volcanoes; Chili can boast of thirty-two, Aconcagua being 23,000 feet in height, and there are a dozen in Peru and Bolivia. Quito is surrounded by nearly twenty volcanoes, none of which are under 12,000 feet, Cotopaxi (19,660 feet) being the centre of interest. Coming up the coast the volcano seeker will find nearly forty in Central America, and in Mexico a number, large and small. The volcanoes of America, or of the United States, are of especial interest and they are found in the Western country, as a rule west of the Rocky Mountains. One of the most beautiful of these is Mt. Shasta, 14,440 feet high, which rears its massive twin cones in Northern California. Mt. Helena in Oregon, 12,600 feet in height, is a majestic volcanic peak, and Mt. Hood, 11,225 feet, has a world-wide fame for its beauties, little thought being given to its activity in the early geological history of the continent. Other famous peaks are Mt. Jefferson, Mt. Adams, Mt. Rainier, Mt. Baker, and Mt. Lassen. In the Aleutian chain there are twenty-one islands with volcanoes. Kamtchatka has fifteen or twenty, the Kurile Islands thirteen, and the Japan group twenty-four. In a word, the world is fairly dotted with volcanoes more or less notable for their activity in ancient or modern times.

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The catastrophe of Mount Pelee calls to mind other famous eruptions. The extinct volcano of Maui, 10,217 feet high, not many centuries ago emitted a river of lava two miles wide. In 1779 Vesuvius tossed cinders 10,000 feet into the air. During the time of Christ Vesuvius was extinct; even its crater was covered with verdure and its slopes to the summit with vines and trees; then Pompeii was destroyed and one thousand years passed in silence until 1036, when an eruption occurred. In 1631 towns about the base were destroyed, and it is known that the outbreaks have increased in volume and violence in time; yet people still live on the slopes, inviting the fate which is almost certain to come in some later generation. In 1815 Tomboro on the island of Sumbawa erupted, causing a panic in the Japanese group. Herschel estimated that the ashes if collected would have made a solid mass three times the size of Mont Blanc. For days utter darkness hung over the island and explosions were heard in Ceylon, nearly one thousand miles distant. In 1783 Mount Reykjanes threw out a mass of lava equivalent to twenty-one cubic miles. Perhaps the most remarkable flow was that of Kilauea, which in 1840 ejected a river of lava forty miles long; if collected it was estimated that it would have covered a square mile eight hundred feet in depth. The roar of the volcano of Cosequina, Nicaragua, in 1835, was heard at Jamaica, eight hundred miles north-east. That of St. Vincent in 1812 was heard on the llanos of Carasas. The volcano of Souffriere at St. Vincent, now devastating the island, and supposed for years to be extinct, has many times wrecked portions of the island, the eruptions of 1718 and 1812 being particularly terrible. The latter has been remembered as "Black Sunday." The inhabitants of Barbadoes thought that the fleets of France and Germany were engaged, so loud was the continued roar, yet Barbadoes is eighty miles distant.

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Evidences of a buried village have recently been reported in Lassen County, California, in the line of what was known in 1848 as "Lassen's Cutoff." The discovery was made by a party of surveyors who camped one evening over the spot, and were led by certain indications to make a search for buried ruins. Digging down a short distance they were rewarded by finding numerous skeletons and a number of peculiarly shaped dishes, cooking utensils, weapons, etc. It is said an expedition will shortly set out to determine the nature and extent of the discoveries.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1793.)

APRIL 4.

This day the Andromache frigate, Capt. Jones, with the Sherness and City of Cork armed tenders, and a large fleet of merchantmen under their convoy, sailed out of the Bay for England.

Wednesday last the first division of the Antrim Militia, under the command of Lord O'Neil, marched from Carrickfergus on its route to Clonmel.

The Queen's County Militia are to be quartered in Derry.

GRAND BALLET.

ANTRIM HOUSE.

This day fortnight the Marchioness of Antrim gave a most superb route, ball, and supper, at her ladyship's house in Merrion square, to a most brilliant and extremely numerous assemblage of the first rank and fashion.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant and most of the nobility of the town were present.

The general Scots ballet, which has been of so much expectation in the circles of fashion, was on this occasion performed by the following ladies, with the universal and unbounded applause of the whole assembly:—

Countess of Antrim,
Lady Letitia Macdonald,
Lady Isabella Beresford,
Lady Anne Butler,
Lady Augusta Forbes,
Lady Theodosia Meade,
Both the Hon. Misses Gardiner,
Both the Misses Montgomery,
Lady Leitrim,
Both the Hon. Misses Clements,
Miss White,
Miss Latouche,
Miss Stewart, and
Miss Ponsonby.

The ladies who danced the ballet were in uniform dresses of white muslin, trimmed with blue ribbands; with sashes and petticoats trimmed with silver fringe; head dresses; white turbans, spangled with silver, and blue feathers.

The music, which was all in the Scots style, was compiled for the occasion. The ballet commenced with a Strathspey in slow time, and the figures of the dance varied with the tunes, which had a most admirable effect.

The ballet, on its commencement, excited so much admiration as to draw the whole company crowding to the ball-room, which scarcely left the charming performers room to move.

But by the polite and persuasive interference of the noble Marchioness, the room was tolerably well cleared, and the press of the company restrained by barriers of ribband, held by noblemen.

The curiosity of the company, however was afterwards gratified by the good-natured condescension of the charming dancers, who once more, in the course of the night, encored the whole of the performance of the ballet.

Dancing commenced at 11 o'clock, and at one the company were summoned to the supper-rooms, where elegance and plenty seemed to vie in the decoration of the festive board, while wit, beauty, and all the gaiety and splendour of fashion enlivened the enchanting scene.

Dancing was resumed after supper, and the company separated with reluctance at six o'clock in the morning.

This ballet, which has given the stamp of fashion to the nouvelle introduction of Scots Strathspeys, was got up under the direction of the celebrated Mrs. Parker, whose elegant taste and finished style of dancing, have justly attained so much eclat in the first circles in both kingdoms, and who has in reality proved an invaluable acquisition to this country in that elegant accomplishment.

WATERFORD, APRIL 8.

The second division of the Tyrone Militia marched into this city on Saturday; and the remainder of the regiment arrived yesterday.

The inhabitants of this city were in much consternation and alarm the whole of yesterday, in consequence of the appearance of riot and popular commotion.

On Saturday and Sunday a rumour prevailed, that a mob proposed to assemble, in order to prevent all outward-bound vessels, laden with grain, from prosecuting their voyages.

In consequence of a requisition from the civil magistrates to the commanding officer of the South Mayo Regiment of Militia, a strong detachment of that corps, and another of the Tyrone Regiment (which had only arrived in town the day before), were called out at twelve o'clock on Sunday evening, and lay on their arms the whole night.

The mob, however, did not show itself any way formidable, till eleven o'clock yesterday morning, when a considerable number boarded, in lighters and boats, three different vessels which had sailed, and were proceeding down the river, and stript two of them of their sails, which they carried off in triumph.

Thus far successful in their depredations, they next proceeded to the stores of Messrs. Cherry and Sykes, which they forced, and carried off, or wantonly destroyed, a considerable quantity of oatmeal, etc.

We are extremely sorry to have occasion to observe, that Mr. Sykes, in attempting to remonstrate with the infatuated people, against their violating his property, received several blows; one with a stone, in particular, has considerably contused his cheek.

No other damage, we understand, has resulted from this very dangerous commotion, which, it is hoped, is now altogether over; and a subscription will doubtless be immediately opened, and a liberal contribution made, to relieve the necessities of the indigent, and prevent them in future attempting to seek redress of alleged grievances by means so repugnant to the spirit of the law—so dangerous and unprofitable to themselves—so destructive of private property, and dreadful to the whole body of the citizens.

Our worthy Mayor, animated with a principle of humanity that does honour to his feelings as a man, while he showed himself extremely felicitous to protect persons and property, conducted himself with a degree of prudence and caution, that perhaps prevented more serious consequences.

9th.—A division consisting of 210 men of the 35th Foot, a new regiment raised in Buckinghamshire, by Colonel Nugent, marched into Kilkenny on Monday fortnight from Carlow; they were followed on Tuesday by another division of nearly the same number, and the remainder arrived here on Wednesday. The whole regiment is to be quartered there.

SLIGO, 15th APRIL.

On Friday last came on at our Assizes the trial of William Nicholson, Esq., for heading and abetting the insurgents in May last, and voluntarily taking unlawful oaths. The evidence produced against him was one Rusk, an approver, and who, in the course of his examination, was found to be a principal in the late disturbances in this county. This was corroborated by the evidence of a very respectable gentleman, who was in company with Mr. Nicholson on the day he was forced to join those deluded wretches. The jury, without quitting the box, gave their verdict—Not Guilty.

The Hon. Justice Boyd, who presided, then said, "Mr. Nicholson, you have been honourably acquitted, and the witness must be committed for perjury."

Saturday came on the trial of a number of those deluded wretches called defenders. The only person capitally convicted was one Kelly, who is to be executed at the fair-green, near this town, on Saturday, the 26th inst.

On Sunday morning their Lordships proceeded from hence for Carrick-on-Shannon.

MULLINGAR, APRIL 19.

On Wednesday last Connor and Walpole were executed at Kinnegad, pursuant to their sentence at last Assizes.

CURRAGH RACES, APRIL 21.

This day Mr. Dillon's Chanticleer, and Mr. Daly's Tickler, ran for the Gold Cup, and 200 guineas.—The former won with ease.

CORK ASSIZES.

The following persons were tried and found guilty:—

John Sack, for cow-stealing, and William Savage, for sheep-stealing: recommended as objects of mercy by the grand jury.

Tobias Crone, Cornelius Dyne, James M'Carthy, Cornelius Callaghan, and Daniel Coleman, for a riot and assault on Adam Newman, Esq., and the Rev. Richard Meade, magistrates, in the execution of their duty.

John Brian, for administering an unlawful oath.

Daniel Cockerane, for unlawfully assembling.

James Sullivan, for feloniously publishing a notice at Durmonway, for the assembling of the people at Ballybay Cross.

Timothy Hurley, for unlawfully assembling and uttering seditious expressions.

John Griffin, for felony in the house of Peter Sullivan.

LIMERICK, APRIL 21.

This morning, Thomas Cordon, John Cavanagh, and Edmond Connely, were escorted from our county gaol, by the Sheriff and a troop of the 14th Light Dragoons. The two former will be executed this day, one in Ballylander, the other at Ballinvreens Cross; and Connely to-morrow, at Hospital.

DROGHEDA ASSIZES.

Messrs. Horne, Cunningham, M'Cabe, and Hoare, were tried on an indictment for procuring the murder of Mr. Pentland, a revenue-officer, and acquitted.

BANKRUPTS—APRIL 1794.

John Frayne, of Skinner's-row, in the city of Dublin, woollen-draper, to surrender on the 21st and 23rd days of April inst., and 25th day of May next.

Arthur Warner, of Middleton, in the county of Cork, factor and dealer, to surrender on the 28th and 29th of April inst., and 24th of May next.

William Bate and John Bird, of the city of Dublin, jewellers and co-partners, to surrender on the 25th and 26th days of April inst., and 27th of May next.

Elizabeth Gibbons and Frances Graham, of the city of Dublin, merchants and co-partners, to surrender on the 10th and 12th days of May next, and on the 10th day of June following.

Henry Thwaites, of Lower Ormond quay, in the city of Dublin, grocer, to surrender on the 9th and 10th days of May next, and on the 10th day of June following.

(To be continued.)

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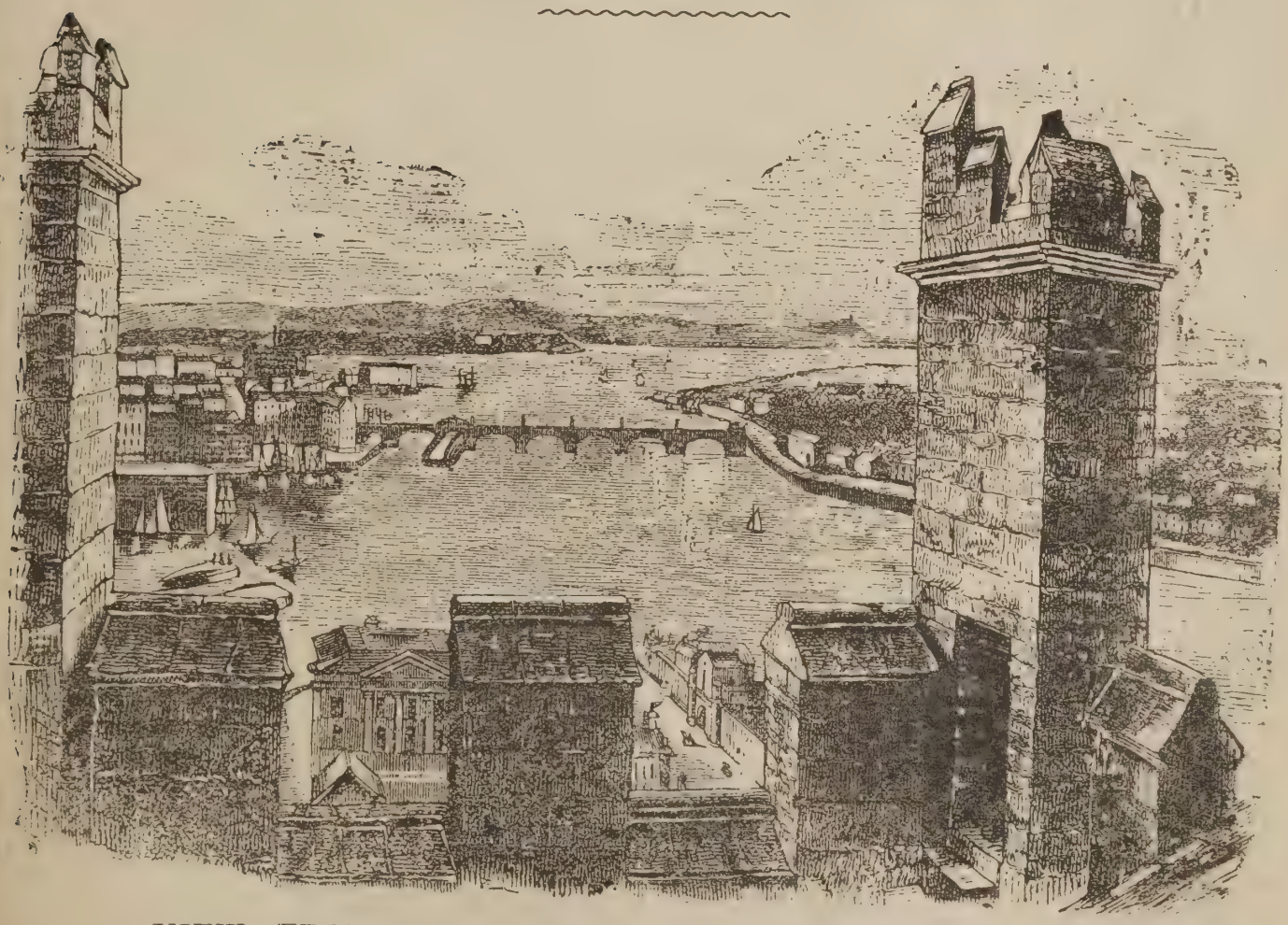
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THE RIVER SHANNON.



VIEW FROM THE TOWER OF LIMERICK CATHEDRAL,
(Taken About Fifty Years Ago).

(From a Pamphlet by C. W. Williams.)

The river Shannon, unequalled in the British empire, embraces 234 miles of continuous navigation; and from the circumstance of its running through the centre of the kingdom, may be compared, for the purposes of intercourse, to double that length of coast. The advantages of water conveyance are thus presented to an extent of country equal to the whole line of coast between Belfast and Cork; or to more than the entire eastern coast of England.

The great feature of this extraordinary river is its diversified character. For a distance of 60 miles from the sea to the city of Limerick, it presents a magnificent estuary and tide way, without bar or other impediment whatever, and with a flood equal to a height of twenty feet at the city quays. This part of the river possesses several deep bays or inlets, and receives the waters of several rivers, some of which enjoy the tide-way for a considerable distance up their channels.

The great estuary of the Fergus, extending 10 miles to the town of Clare, with the means of extension to Ennis, the capital of the county of Clare, here pushes the benefit of navigation into the centre of

a district unrivalled, perhaps, in Britain, for depth and fertility of soil.

Above Limerick to Killaloe the navigation is varied, being part still water and part river.

From Killaloe to the county of Clare, to its source in the county of Leitrim, the river assumes a great variety of character. In some places it stretches out into seas, or lakes, two of which, Lough Derg and Lough Rea, are above 20 British miles long each. In other parts the river assimilates itself more to that of the river navigations of England, with the combined advantages of sailing and tracking, as seen in the Thames, the Mersey, and the Severn; in other parts it forms a succession of small lakes; and, lastly, in many situations it approaches almost to still-water navigation. The falls and rapids, which on the whole river amount to an elevation of 146 feet 10 inches, are overcome by lateral canals and locks. Throughout its course, however, it possesses the rare quality of having a sufficient depth of water for all the purposes of internal intercourse.

The Shannon washes the shores of ten counties out of 32, viz., Leitrim, Roscommon, Longford, Westmeath, King's County, Galway, Tipperary, Clare, Limerick, and Kerry.

Taking, then, the double length of coast which the ten counties present to the navigation, at 500 miles, and which, considering the extent of the bays, inlets, and rivers, is under the fact, it leaves an average of 50 miles of coast to each county. This fact alone is sufficiently indicative of what may be done through the instrumentality of this one river.

IN AGES PAST.

On a Paper Knife of Irish Oak.

BY MARGARET F. SULLIVAN.

The fair young oak that gave thy blade
  To carver with a cunning hand,
Stood ages since within a glade
  Of that forever shadowed land
Where lies a slave did once command
The world of science, art, and craft:
The fair strong oak that made thy haft
  Leafed first in rapture near a strand
Where armoured Northmen once did wade
  From bristling galleys, fore and aft,
To meet oak spears with gleaming tips,
That drove them, reeling, to their ships,
  Like pallid fiends, with terror daft;
  Far, high above the silver sand,
Where spears and banners meet and mix,
They hear the chant of holy lips,
  They see a god-like figure stand,
  And hold against them, like a wand,
A simple oaken crucifix.

And deeper in the shadowed glade
  Where grew thy fair young parent tree;
Where spiced winds the cedars swayed,
The sun's last rays reluctant fade
On abbey tower overlaid
  With braided ivy, tress on tress:
  While sweetly from its dim recess
    Thro' cell and chapel floats a wave
Of undulating stringed chords:
    The abbess' voice, majestic, grave,
  Gliding thro' chancel, crypt, and nave,
Repeats in glorious Gaelic words
  A song of heavenly joy and hope,
That thrills the ancient gray grim dun,
    And rises o'er moated scarp,
  Whose warders' sightless eyelids ope,
When, with the setting of the sun,
    The abbess smites her oaken harp.

THE FENIAN TRADITIONS;

or,

SLIABH-NA-M-BAN.

BY JOHN DUNNE.

IV.

The foregoing legend represents Ossian as residing with St. Patrick at Cashel, and in confirmation of that circumstance, but that the matter would be irrelevant to the Sliabh-na-m-ban district, and would occupy too much space, I might here narrate two other curious legends, one having reference to Ossian's fight with an evil bull one night at Cashel, and the other, to a great day's thrashing performed by him at Clerihan, a place situate a short distance from "the Citie of the kings," the saint having being made a present of as much corn as one man would thrash in a day, the donor little calculating on the employment of a person of such prodigious strength as the Fenian hero. I may be permitted, however, to remark, that the very prevalent custom in this neighbourhood, and elsewhere too, for aught I know, of drowning the first litter of whelps in order to insure the destruction of the first one which has come into the world, is said to have been originated from the circumstances connected with Ossian's dog, Young Bran, and the first litter of puppies, as treated of in the tradition. It is thought that the bite of the first pup, when grown up, would be venemous to either man or beast—that the animal would be always ferocious, and would eventually run mad.

Another piece of folk-lore may be mentioned in connection with the mountain ash, for a berry of which tree we have seen that Ossian went to Gleann-a-smoil, a district which was long famous for that tree, known by the local peasantry as the crann caorthainn, which they pronounce crann cawrhinn. According to their traditions, this was a favourite tree with the ancient Druids, and with it are associated many popular superstitions. Withes were made of its branches on the May-eve, and tied around the cows' horns, and also temporary hoops of it put around the churns, on the same eve, as a preventive against the spells of witches, who are generally supposed to be very busily employed before sunrise on May morning, in taking away the summer produce of honest people's butter. This is alleged to have happened to a farmer near me, and still living, who, with his family, used to work at the churn-dash from morning till night, and from night till morning, but was obliged, notwithstanding, to give it up in despair; not a print of sweet butter could be had from May to All-hallow-eve, the fruit of all their labour during that period being only a churn full of froth and foam. But the next May-eve, the farmer, recollecting the old proverb—

"Ceanzail vo meadaṁ le zad maiṫ caoṁṫainn,
Ir ná léiz vo ċuid teine le duine ṫar ṫairseaċ—"

Bind round your churn with a good gad of mountain ash,
And let not your fire with a person across the threshold—

tied his maddher, (a) or churn, with a gad of the tree, and not only bound the churn, but every cow in the yard had her brows bedecked with a branch of the same, each having on it a good sprinkling of green leaves and red berries. The churn and cows' heads being thus secured, he himself watched the fire on the following morning, being concealed in a corner of the kitchen, where he lay not very long till an old crone entered for a spark. He sprang out from his hiding place and, handled a buailtean, or flail-stick, so threateningly, that she took to her heels, and he alleges that from henceforth his dairy was as well supplied as ever!

(a) Meadar, a churn. "The Irish meadar is square and hollowed with a chisel, the Scottish is round and hooped."—O'Reilly's Irish Dictionary. In my neighbourhood a churn is called zónecum; but I am informed the old Irish word maddher, is still used in the more southern counties, and even in parts of the county of Kilkenny.

However, to return to the Fenian traditions of Sliabh-na-m-ban. A notice of the legendary lore of the district would be far from complete, did it not contain more than a mere passing reference to the most famous of the Fenian deer-hunts—that of Gleann-a-smoil—though as it is contained amongst the written metrical romances of the country, being one of the dialogues of Ossian and St. Patrick, and has been more than once translated into English verse, it must be well known to most of the members of the Society; I shall, therefore, but briefly state its leading incidents. Ossian having been requested by St. Patrick to recount some of the adventures of the king of the Fenians, proceeds to state that early one foggy morning Fionn and a large number of his most distinguished followers went to hunt in Gleann-a-smoil. They soon roused a hornless hind peculiarly marked, as one side was jet black, whilst the other was as white as snow. Fionn slipped his dogs, Sgeolan and Bran, and twelve other hounds were also let loose upon her by his companions, and soon all were lost to sight, the Fenians pursuing all day till evening fell, without coming up with the chase. At length they found Bran lying in a state of exhaustion on the ground, and whilst lamenting the loss of the other dogs, a beautiful female appeared, and invited them to come and partake of refreshment at the palace of the Grecian Emperor's daughter, who, having arrived from Greece with a thousand ships, presented by her father, had been sojourning for three months in Erin, without Fionn's knowledge, at Oileán-na-hInnse (the Island of the Inch). The weary Fenians accepted the invitation, and having proceeded to the island, were entertained at a sumptuous repast; having despatched which, Fionn proposed to lie down to sleep; when immediately a singularly ugly woman, of gigantic proportions, and wearing a satin robe, of which one side was white and the other black, appeared before him, and stating herself to be the daughter of the Emperor of Greece, offered her hand to the hero in marriage. Fionn declined, and stated that she must be an enchantress, as he knew by her dress that she it was who, in the shape of a hornless hind, they had been all that day pursuing. He demanded what she had done with his gallant dogs. The "loathly ladie" replied that she had put the dogs to death, and would proceed to cut off all the Fenians' heads if their chief any longer refused to comply with her proposition. She then recited an incantation which had the effect of instantly depriving the Fenians of their strength, and in this state she ordered her numerous female attendants to bind them hand and foot, and then proceeded to cut off the heads of a hundred of

them, only leaving Fionn, Conan, Osgar, Diarmuid, and Ossian alive. Fionn was dismayed at the power of the enchantress, but pleaded that he could not possibly marry her, having already espoused the daughter of blind Goll, whose anger would be destructive to them all if a slight was put upon him by the repudiation of his child. Upon hearing this, the enchantress, leaving the Fenians bound at the island, proceeded with her train to attack Goll and his men, in order to teach them submission to her will. She encountered these champions and slew thousands of them, but engaging with Goll himself, they fought in single combat for three successive days. In the meantime, Diarmuid, by means of his famous "beauty spot,' 'contrived to insinuate himself into the affections of a lovely damsel of the enchantress' train, left at the island to guard the prisoners; and she, at his request, broke the spells and set the Fenians free. The first use which Conan made of his freedom was to cut off the head of the fair maiden who had released them, which so much incensed Diarmuid, that he would have slain him but for the interposition of Osgar, who reminded them that they had a common enemy to encounter in the enchantress. They then proceeded o where the battle was at its height between Goll and the Grecian princess, and Osgar, having relieved Goll, soon despatched his antagonist by thrusting his spear through her heart.

This tale, even setting aside the enchantments of the Grecian princess, will not bear criticism, as it would be quite impossible that the dramatis personæ could ever have been brought together—that is, if we are to place reliance on the other Fenian traditions which put Diarmuid to death before Oscar, the son of Ossian, could have been born, or that Fionn could have taken the daughter of Goll as his second wife. However, the poet's licence to arrange his romance according to his own fancy must not be too nicely questioned. Metrical translations of the poem which recounts the chase of Gleann-a-smoil, have been supplied by Miss Brooke and in the old Irish Penny Journal," but in these the names of the places which give locality to the story have been ommitted. I have given the foregoing outline of the tale from a very full and tolerably ancient copy of the original Irish poem in the possession of Mr. Pierce Hawe, of Coolhill, barony of Kells, and I find Ossian made to say, where the Fenians accept the invitation to the Island of Inch—"we followed her in haste to Oileán-na-hinse, till we reached Sliabh-na-mban." I note this circumstance, as with many persons the name of Gleann-a-smoil will not be considered sufficient to identify the exact locality of the chase in question.

The scenes of a great many of our Fenian tales may be ascertained by the Irish names of hills and other places which stand as imperishable landmarks to point them out. Different localities may often bear the same name, thereby tending to confuse the antiquarian investigator, but there is scarcely any valley respecting whose site there is such a diversity of opinion among our seanchaidhes as Gleann-a- smoil. In this portion of the South of Ireland the valley to which that name is declared to have anciently belonged, and by which it is still frequently designated amongst the Irish-speaking peasantry, is the glen, of considerable extent, commencing in Tipperary, under Sliabh-na-m-ban, running eastward at the foot of the Newtown hills, and thence taking a southerly direction along that portion of the county of Kilkenny modernly known as "the Slate Quarries," where it is washed by the river Lingawn, and extends to the vicinity of the river Suir, near Carrick. However, more southward still, the hononur of containing this famous valley is claimed for the county of Cork; whilst I find the title of the county of Dublin to its possession more generally admitted.

Dr. Petrie, in an article on the Old Bridge of Miltown, which he contributed to the thirty-sixth number of the old "Irish Penny Journal," designates the valley in which the river Dodder had its source, "Glan asmole, or the Valley of the Thrush," and remarks of it, that there are objects of great interest to the antiquary and naturalist to be seen there; amongst them "the three things for which, according to some of these old bardic poems, the glen was anciently remarkable, and which were peculiar to it: these were the large breed of thrushes from which the valley derived its name, the great size of the ivy leaves found on its rocks ,and the large berries of the rowan or mountain ash, which formerly adorned its sides." Reference is here evidently made to the Ossianic legend which I have already narrated, and it is attempted to substitute a thrush for our blackbird—an innovation which the Kilkenny and Tipperary seann-chaidhes would never be reconciled to or induced to tolerate; and I think they would be fully justified in this, for neither Gleann-a-smoil, which is the true name of the valley, nor Glanasmole, as Dr. Petrie writes it, could signify "the valley of the thrush." Smolach, a word of two syllables, is the Irish for "thrush;" it is the same both masculine and feminine; in the plural, is is smoil-cha, but in any cases, either singular or plural, it is not smoil. The latter word has its own peculiar meanings, none of which however, refer to a bird of any description, but, on the contrary, to inanimate things. A Kilkenny man will never consent to have smol taken to signify a thrush, till it can be shown that spar would stand for sparrow, or swal for swallow (b). In one respect the Dublin men have an apparent advantage over us of Kilkenny and Tipperary, for they have a seaboard within a few miles of their glen, and it may be fairly alleged against us, that there being no sea near Sliabh-na-m-ban, there could be no island, nor could the Grecian princess have there with her a thousand ships. This, however, is easily answered. As the lady dealt in enchantment, all these matters may be ascribed to the spells which she used; and many places are termed islands, in Ireland, which are situate on the banks of streams, though not surrounded with water. Upon making inquiry on the spot a short time since as to where the peasantry of the district considered the enchantress had raised her palace, a man named Kelly, residing at Rossenany, pointed to a place on the banks of the river Lingawn, which runs through the valley that is stated to have been the ancient Gleann-a-smoil. The present name of the place so pointed out is Oilean-insecioticnn, or, for shortness, Inse-coitionn. However, be this as it may, whether Kilkenny has a just claim to the valley of Gleann-a-smoil or not, that claim has been asserted from a very ancient period, as the old songs and proverbs of the district abundantly testify. The following is a well-known local proverb concerning the exclusive privileges conferred by nature on the valley, and the allusion to the river Lingawn which it contains shows the place to which it is referrable:—

Tá buaḋa ag Gleann-an-ṡmóil, nać bṫuil ag aon ġleann eile a néiṁinn ,i. ḟorġaḋ ó'n n-ġaoiṫ a n-ḋeaṙ, ó'n ngaoiṫ a ḋtuaiḋ, ó'n ngaoiṫ a n-iaṙ, agus ó'n ngaoiṫ a n-oiṙ. An ġṁaṫ maṫoin, an ġṁaṫ a meaḋon lae, agus taiṫneaṁ na gréine aṙ ḟeaḋ an tṙaṫnóna. An bṫeac 'ṙa bṫaḋán a gcoṁnaiġe ann ṙan loingeán agus an ḟiaḋ moṙḋa, go beóḋa, bioḋġáṁuil, aiṙ bṫuaćaiḃ glaṙa, cṙaoḃaća na haḃann.

Gleann-a-smoil hath privileges that no other valley in Erin has—shelter from the south wind, from the north wind, from the west wind, and from the east wind—from the sun in the morning, the sun at noon-day, and the mild refulgence of his rays during the evening; the trout and salmon always in the Lingawn, and the stately deer, all life and celerity, on its green arborous banks.

Again, one of the prophecies attributed to St. Columbkill ,in the mouth of almost every peasant in this district, and looked forward to as likely to be speedily fulfilled, clearly refers to this locality. Ireland is to be taken from British rule by a dreadful battle, in which a "six-fingered, red-haired man of Leinster" is to act a prominent part, the native Irish receiving aid from a foreign nation; the prophecy then goes on to say:—

"Beiḋ ṙġoḃaṙnaćc coille aiṙ ċnoc-na-caṙṙaiġe, noć ḋo beiḋ na áiṫ teaġmála aiġ ṙeaṁaiḃ ré ċonnṫae. Tuiṫṫiḋ buaćailiġe bṁeaġa Sleiḃ-Díle ag aṫ-a-ṙeaṙṙa. Beiḋ ḟiać ḋuḃ aiṙ Ḋṁuim-ṙean-bó, ag coṙġ a íoṫa a bṙuil ṁaonna, Léiṁṙġṁoṙṙaṙ Cill Chianniġ go talaṁ, ionṫoṙaiġ an coġa ṗa ḋeiṁeaḋ a gcionn Beaṙna na gaoiṫe, beiḋ campa aiġ aṫ-innṙe coiṫionn ag taoḃ na loináine, iṙ páil ḟuaṙ ḋ'ṙeaṙaiḃ ó'n tSiúiṙ go ḋi 'n tṙiaḃ."

There will be a wood on Cnock-na-carraige, and this will be the rendezvous of the men of six counties. The fine youths of Sliabh Dile (d) will fall at Ath-a-t-searra. (e)

(b) According to ancient Irish manuscripts consulted by Dr. O'Donovan, the scene of Fionn's hunt was in Cualann, which was a district comprising portions of the present counties of Wicklow and Dublin; but of course transcribers varied the names of the places mentioned in these poems to suit local feelings and prejudices. Dr. O'Donovan says: "According to the traditions in Meath and in the glens of the county of Dublin, where the people still speak Irish, Gleann-a-smoil means 'the valley of the thrush.' We of the south add another syllable to smol to express thrush (ṙmolać); but the Meath men will have their own form an ṙmoł, gen. an ṙmoíl) and interpretation to be correct; they insist that the Gleann-a-smoil of the Fenian story, is the place still so-called in the county of Dublin, and they hold us in great contempt for attempting to transfer this glen to the south." In the Dublin glen they point out a well called Tobar Oisin.

(c) I give this word "ṙġoḃaṙnać" as the local seannchaidhes pronounce it, but I do not find it in the Irish dictionaries. I am, however, of opinion that ṙġoḃaṙnać coille means brushwood, or the straggling remains of a felled wood.

(d) Sliabh Dile is the name locally applied to a considerable district bordering on Sliabh-na-mban. The name is found in ancient manuscripts, and, according to Dr. O'Donovan, there is every reason to suppose that it was originally applied to the mountain itself, before the latter received a new appellation from the "women of Feimheann." The Doctor remarks:—"You will find that ancient names are sometimes transferred, as well as forgotten. As, for example, Sliabh Cua, which was the name of a high mountain, is now transferred to the lands at the base, while the mountain itself goes by a different and wrong name, i.e., Knockmuldoon (Anglice, Muldowney's hill.").

(e) Ath-a-t-searra means "the ford of the filly." This place divides the counties of Tipperary and Kilkenny, a mile nearer to Callan than Garryricken gate. Tradition states that a wolf once came to this spot, and attempted to steal a young filly, whereupon the mare, which had fetters on her fore-feet, suddenly sprang up and brought the fetter directly on the wolf's neck, keeping the animal pressed down in that position, until it was either strangled or beaten to death by the farmers with pitchforks and billhooks. Perhaps this is the situation of the Gleann-searraigh, or glen of the foal, mentioned in a note, p. 14, of "Leaḃaṙ-na-gCeaṙt (the Book of Rights). One of the five prerogatives of the King of Leinster, was the deer of Gleann-searraigh, to be brought to his palace at Din-Riogh. Tradition states that this neighbourhood formerly abounded in red deer, and many skeletons of those animals are still found in the neighbouring bogs.

A raven perched on Drom-seann-bho (f) will slake her thirst in human blood. Kilkenny will be laid in ruins. The stream of battle in this quarter, will finally run in the direction of Windgap; there will be a camp at Ath-inse-coitionn, on the river Lingawn, and a cold pavement of [dead bodies of] men from the Suir to the mountain.

The "Ath-inse-coitionn" here referred to, is the same place as that which I have before alluded to, as pointed out to me for the island of Inch, in the poem of the chase.—Ath and oileann were, I am informed, indifferently applied formerly, but both are now generally omitted for the sake of conciseness, leaving the name as Inse-coitionn. That the prophecy which has been here quoted has been long current in this neighbourhood, (g) may be inferred from a stanza of an old Irish caoine, or dirge, handed down as having been chanted by a woman from the banks of the Lingawn, for some of her kindred or neighbours who fell in one of the skirmishes following the last civil war of Ireland. The following is the stanza in question:—

n mo ċpeaċ ḟaṽa! 'ṡ m'aṫuiṁṗe níṁneaċ—
"í h-é coṫaṁ Ċṗomuiṫ ıṗ ṽíċ Ɫıom.
ná coṫaṁ Rıġ Uılliam, ı n-aṁ ṁaṁḃaiṁ na milte
aċt a ṅṽoiṁṗeaṁ o'ḟuıl eıṁ Ċallainn ıṗ beaṁa-na-ġaoiṫe.
'ṡ nGleann-an-ṁóil, ṽo ċuiṁṗeaṁ cṁíċ aiṁ."

Ah! my long weary woe, from war and its train—
Yet it's not that of Cromwell, which gives me most pain;
Nor the war of King William, in which thousands were slain—
But oh! the red torrents that reeking will flow,
'Twixt Callan and Windgap, that fill me with woe!
Oh! Gleann-a-smoil, last stage of the scene,
No spring can restore, thy carpet of green!

I might quote many other local songs and proverbs which would bear on this subject, but I fear that I have already grown tedious, and shall, therefore, draw to a conclusion.

Sliabh-na-m-ban holds a prominent position in all the traditionary remains of the South of Ireland, whether recounted in poetry or prose, handed down orally or in manuscript. I have already mentioned that there are frequent references to it by name in the curious old poems known as the "Dialogues of Patrick and Ossian," but there is more frequent mention still amongst them of a Cnoc-ṗḃınaan-n, or "hill of the Fenians," which all our southern readers and speakers of the Irish language believe to mean Sliabh-na-m-ban. The names of several of the Fenian heroes are also found connected with differen places in this locality. Fionn himself has given title to the highest hill of the range, from him called Suidhe Finn (Fionn's seat), whilst the cromleac on its top is termed Bord-suidhe-Finn (the table of Fionn's resting-place). The eminence pointed out as the scene of the celebrated lady-race, which is of lesser altitude, is situate within the old barony of Compsey, now included within Slieveardagh. One of the valleys in the Sliabh-na-m-ban range is known as Ɠleann Ɠhoıll (the vale of Goll), blind Goll, Fionn's father-in-law, being traditionally said to have once, whilst engaged in the chase, leaped across it, from the eminence at one side, to that at the other; whilst in the same neighbourhood till lately was pointed out a small cromleac-shaped monument, the site of which still is called Ɫeaba Ḃṛıain (the bed or grave of Bran), from Fionn's favourite hound, said to have been interred there. (h) The account which the peasantry give of the destruction of this interesting monument is, that the stones were torn from their position and scattered about by a tithe-proctor and his bailiffs, in revenge for some resistance or affront offered to them by the neighbouring people. Of Diarmuid O'Duibhne, amongst other traditionary recollections of the district, is is affirmed, that once in hunting a deer through Compsey, he lost a white steed by its being precipitated into a pool near the bog of Poulacapple, which name is alleged to be derived from this particular incident, as it literally means horse-pool. Numerous skeletons of gigantic deer have been found in this bog, and whenever they turn up they are always confidently appealed to by the peasantry as conveying the most convincing proof of the truth of the legend which accounts for the name of the locality.

I ought not to omit mentioning also, before quitting the subject, that in a wild, ferny, and unfrequented spot among the Sliabh-na-m-ban hills, there is a rock called Carraiġ an tuṁa (the rock of the spinning-wheel), and the peasantry declare that on approaching near the place they often hear a humming noise, as if of a spinning-wheel, proceeding, they believe from a fairy chamber beneath the rock. Doubtless, this must be the abode of the mysterious females whose unwelcome visit to the house of Gortnapise forms one of the legends of the locality which I have related. (i)

(The End.)

(f) Drom-seann-bho, situate on the high road between Callan and Kilkenny. This means, "back of the old cow." I have often been told that a neighbouring nobleman (an Earl of Desart) blasted this rock, thereby reducing it to a level nearly with the road; and after the operation, he jokingly remarked to a seann chaidhe, who stood hard by, and whose favourite theme was prophecy—"Now can the raven drink of human blood from the top of Drom-seann-bho?" Whereupon the seannchaidhe at once replied—"Until now, my lord, I had thought it impossible; but no longer does the shadow of a doubt remain on my mind as regards the prophecy; your lordship has now made Drom-seann-bho low enough for the raven, whilst standing upon it, to dip his bill in human blood—all will come to pass in due time;" It is said to have been a detached fragment of rock about five feet in height, of a different kind of stone from that of the locality. It was very remarkable from having in the centre of its smooth face an indentation resembling the impression of a giant hand on the soft surface of stucco. It is traditionally said to have been cast by the hero Fionn, from the top of Sliabh-na-m-ban, and the indentation was looked upon as the impression made by his hand as he balanced it for the throw. As it lay by the road side it may have been considered an impediment to the traffic, or the object in removing it was, perhaps, to falsify the prophecy concerning which the peasantry were so credulous.

(g) It is a curious fact that the local seann-chaidhes throughout Ireland have all different versions of this prophecy, the names of places being changed in each to suit their own district.

(h) The Iverk peasantry have the following quatrain descriptive of the appearance of Bran:—

"Corr donn do bí ag Ḃṛan,
Dá ḟúıl ḋuḃ agus tárr ġeal;
Dá ċlúasaṛ ċoṁċra ḋeaṁġ,
Agus beal buıḋe."

Dark brown legs had Bran,
Two black eyes, and a white back;
Two red erect ears,
And a yelow muzzle.

This differs materially from the stanza given in the "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin," p. 215, describing the marks of Fionn Mac Cumhail's greyhound. It is as follows, but no authority is cited:—

"Corr buıḋe bí aıṁ Ḃṛan,
A dá ċaeḃ 'ṡa tárr ġeal;
Ḋṁuim ṡuaċnıḋe ór cenn ṡelġ,
Is dá ċluasaṛ ċoṁċra ċóṁ-ḋeaṁġ."

Yellow legs had Bran,
Both her sides black and her belly white;
A speckled back over her loins,
And two crimson ears, very red.

A place alleged to be the site of the grave of Bran is also pointed out by the Co. Dublin peasantry in the valley of the Dodder.

(i) Dr. O'Donovan conceives the version of the legend of the witches of Sliabh-na-m-ban, to be very much modernised; the spinning-wheel not being more than eight generations in use. A Kilkenny bard celebrates the superiority of the spinning-wheel over the distaff, in a poem beginning "Coiṁġeal ċas ní ṁıġṁıó ṡeaṛta ó ṫáinıġ a ḃṛaıṫıonn túṁ-ṫann" (the twirling distaff will spin no longer since the spinning-wheel has come into vogue). With regard to the same legend, it is further said by the peasantry, that a party who attempted to make their way to Tir-na-n-og through a cave in Sliabh-na-m-ban, were met by the witches, who cried out, "Roiṫean na ṗola agus cṁaċaṁ na ḃṗuṫoġ" (the riddle of blood, and the sieve of the puddings), whereat the adventurers, petrified with fear, instantly returned.

THE BANSHEE'S SUMMONS.

I am come, I am come from the land unknown,
For the earth I have quitted my airy throne,
I have left the heights of yon starry sphere,
To sing his dirge in a mortal's ear.
Ullilu, Ullilu! morn comes fast,
A soul will have sped ere the moonlight's past.

I am come, I am come, as I came before
To the sires of thy house in the days of yore;
Many a chieftain has heard my cry—
Many a dame of thy ancestry.
Ullilu, Ullilu! thou must go
To join them either in joy or woe.

Hast thou called up tears to the widow's eye?
Hast thou listen'd in vain to the orphan's cry?
Hast thou driven the hungry from thy door?
Or taken the roof from the starving poor?
Ullilu, Ullilu! take the cost!
Ye mourners weep, for a soul is lost!

Hast thou seen thy country sunk in woe,
And taken the side of the tyrant foe?
Or a traitorous part has thy bosom played,
Hast thou risen on the wreck of friends betrayed?
Ullilu, Ullilu! then weep on,
Ye mourners, weep, for a soul is gone!!

Or hast thou striven for the good of all
Did danger daunt not—nor death appal?
Didst thou urge thy way in virtue's path,
Fearing no vials of human wrath?
Ullilu, Ullilu! earth must wail,
But heaven's bright angels record the tale.

Tremble not, then, as thou hear'st my cry;
Why should a good man fear to die?
Mourners, let your mourning cease,
Such a death is the soul's release.
Away on the morn's first beam I soar,
A sleeper will waken on earth no more.

—Anonymous.

JAPANESE STREETS.

In Japan houses are not numbered according to their sequence, but according to the order of their erection. That is to say, No. 73 may adjoin No. 1, with No. 102 on the opposite side. No. 2 is probably a mile down the street. The city of Tokio is made up of 1,330 streets, in which are 318,320 houses. These houses are divided up into fifteen wards. If a street passes through more than one ward the houses are numbered according to the wards in which they are; that is, a street passing through six wards will possess six number ones. It would be like hunting for a needle in a haystack for a stranger to try to find a number in Tokio, but a jinriksha driver knows the position and number of almost every one of the houses in Tokio. He is able to do this by having made his business the one study of his life.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

TOO LATE.

BY ETHEL GODDARD.

AGATHA LAMBERT made a fair picture when one sweet spring morning she sat by the open lattice window of her bedroom, eagerly reading a letter which brought charming blushes and dimples into play upon the dainty little oval face, and caused the bright, blue eyes to sparkle with a happy light, and yet again to grow dim as if from some strong emotion. Agatha's blue eyes, black ringlets, soft, cherry lips, nay, even her white hand, had all been the subjects of toasts (and rumour said also of duels), for Agatha lived in the spacious gallant days of sixty years ago, when men had time for hearty courtesies, and when ladies were surrounded by a glamour, and crowned with a halo in the male imagination, which ensured them (or, at least, the beautiful ones), as happy times as gallantry and admiration could give them. Agatha was an Irish girl, too, and she had never found Erin's sons backward in the soft attentions which in those days made up the sum of a girl's joy. In her father's old grey country house, protected and indulged by her parents, admired, courted, and generally spoiled by the gay gentlemen for miles round, Agatha lived screened from all trouble until her nineteenth year; but then grief came to the light-hearted damsel, who had brought heart's sorrow to many, and her grief came so that at first it looked like joy. The letter which she read with the sunlight streaming in upon her on that bright spring morning, dealt with that trouble so as to make it still seem a joy.

"My sweetheart," it said, "the days since we last met seem years to me, the five miles which separate our homes are as continents since I may not go to you; your letters in our hollow tree are the one bright spot in a lonely life—lonely for want of you. I fear to say what is in my heart, Agatha, for you have been trained in all subjection to your good parents; but, sweetheart, this delay, with no prospect of a change in your father's sentiments towards me, is cruel to us both, and useless as well as cruel, for I think you will never marry anybody else to please him, and for me you are the one woman in the world. This is what I want to ask you, dearest, will you trust yourself with me,and come away with me to-morrow night? We can return to my old home when we are wed, and I think that then ,when all is concluded, your father will be appeased. If you love me as truly as you said in one last sweet stolen moment, trust me, come with me. To-morrow night at ten o'clock, beloved, I will be at your father's gate with a chaise and pair if you but say that it is to be so in your answer to this letter of mine. My darling, I think you will make me happy! This will be the last time, then, that we shall use the old hollow tree and the little silver box which has carried our words of love. When I take your next letter from its hiding place I will take the box, too, and keep it as an ever-dear memento of my wooing.—Your always devoted John O'Hagan."

Agatha smiled softly as she laid the letter down. "John, John," she whispered. Soon another letter lay upon the table in the midst of a feminine litter of needlework and dainty books.

"Dear," it said, "I will trust myself to you, though I transgress against those whom, next to you, I hold most dear on earth. At ten o'clock, then, I will meet you at the gate attended only by faithful Pat, the boy who has shared our secret all along. This is the last letter the hollow tree will hold for you.—From your, Agatha Lambert."

Carrying the small silver casket, Agatha walked stealthily down the stairs and out into the rose garden.

"Pat!" she called, "Pat!"

A shock of rough hair rose apparently from the ground, where Pat had been zealously weeding.

"Aye, Miss Agatha."

"Can you take this, Pat, and leave it in the hollow tree—it must go quickly, and I shall want you to-morrow night." Agatha advanced her lips near Pat's large ear, "I shall want you to-morrow night to come with me to the avenue gate to carry a small package, precisely at ten o'clock, mind, for Mr. O'Hagan, and I are going then; this is the end of our secret, Pat—at last."

"Miss Agatha, the masther!"

"No matter, Pat, you will help me, won't you, for it must be."

"Surely, Miss Agatha, surely I will help ye. an' now to take the last letter in the silver box."

At ten o'clock on the following night, Agatha and her henchman stood together at the avenue gate. The wind blew cold, dark clouds crossed the moon, an owl screeched dismally. Agatha shivered; she felt chill within as well as without, for no John, no chaise, no sign of comfort could be seen. All the night before Agatha had pictured John, tall, firmly knit, with his curling, fair hair and brave blue eyes, coming to meet her, waiting for her in his fever of impatience, and now—he was nowhere.

"Where can he be, Pat You put the box in the hollow tree, did you not There could be no mistake"

"No, Miss Agatha, there couldn't. Miss Agatha, will I bate him for you?"

Agatha turned towards the angry boy, smiling reproachfully.

"No, Pat, never touch him, never speak to him; what good could that do you, foolish boy?"

Pat shrugged his shoulders, and clenched the hands that itched to shower blows on Squire John O'Hagan. Agatha's point of view was not that of the faithful boy who longed to serve her.

That night Agatha Lambert cried and moaned herself to sleep; she felt keenly the agony of anger against a loved one.

Pat slept, too, having long staved off slumber by thoughts of fury against John O'Hagan, the handsome, beloved, and faithless gentleman.

Two days passed, and Agatha, in the tender fashion of her day, drooped and paled as she brooded on her disappointment and humiliation. Then she heard that John O'Hagan was bound for the war. The war, where he might be killed! What matter! he was to her as one dead. Yet to think of his fair hair clotted with blood, his noble frame riddled with bullets, his eyes contracted from pain!

Agatha's mind was a mass of contradictions in those days, her heart was cruelly torn about by conflicting love and anger.

"Miss Agatha, I hear tell he's goin' about laughin' extraordinary loud, and with a devil in his eyes." Honest Pat spoke, hoping for permission to chastise John O'Hagan according to his deserts.

But no, Agatha smiled gently again. "I do not understand him, Pat," she said, "but never speak to me of him any more."

She stood at her father's gate (pitifully imagining that he must think the ordinary business of life had brought her there), and she gazed her last at him as he rode away to sail for England on the morrow. Straight and bold he looked at her as he passed, with no trace of love or shame in his blue eyes. "Pat," she said bitterly, "why did you tell me when he would pass; why did I come to bear such a look from him. I think my heart is broken, Pat." Her eyes were dim as she gazed at the cloud of dust which hid John O'Hagan from her sight. Pat scowled fiercely.

"Never break yer heart for the like o' him, Miss Agatha. Look around ye an' take yer pick o' all the fine gentlemen; never think agen o' him, miss."

Agatha turned away.

"You have been a good' faithful boy, Pat,', she said.

"Faithful, miss! Ah, bad luck to the day I ever helped ye to be fooled by a blackguard like that."

. . . . . .

On a fresh autumn evening a group of men stood round a veteran tree. All was in train for the old giant's destruction, and its withered branches shivered in the air for the last time.

"'Tis time it went," said one of the group, "the crows stopped buildin' in it this three year."

"Aye," assented an old bent man, "it's an ould tree for sure; 'twas an ould tree when Miss Lambert an' I was young, an' that's not yesterday, an' ould, ould tree."

"Careful now, boys, careful," the steward who was overseeing the destruction of the old tree, called out, "and stand you clear, Pat, for you're none too active skippin' out o' the way since the rheumatics gripped ye."

"That I'm not," said Pat shortly, and across his heart flitted the thought of what he had been sixty years back.

Crash! The old tree fell at last. The people gathered round in wonder to gaze at the huge trunk of dead wood; there was a far-away look in old Pat's eyes as he stood among the young men, who could not guess at his thoughts.

"But look at here," a boy's voice rang out, "look at here"; he held out a small tarnished metal box; "'twas among the rotten wood there at the butt."

Old Pat made a quick step forward.

"Give it here," he said, imperatively, "give it here; 'tis Miss Lambert's; I know all about it."

The boy hesitated.

"Begor, then, maybe she'll give a reward.

"She will so, an' you'll get it, too, young chap, if you give that to me, an' let me take it."

Having gained his prize, old Pat set out to hobble over the field. "'Twas here," he muttered, when he came to the avenue gate; "'twas here we stud, an' the owls hoot-tootin', an' she shiverin', while he never kem. Vargin Mother, to think o' it havin' fell down, a bit o' the wood must have sloughed away, an' we took no notice. To think o' the fine young gentleman an' the sweet lady! An' all for a bit o' rotted wood. Tell Miss Lambert I'm wantin' to see her," he said peremptorily to the astonished servant, and soon he was shown into the large, gloomy library where Agatha Lambert sat reading by the fire. A stately old lady she was, her slim, straight figure instinct with dignity; her soft, white hair, and delicate, but worn and sad, old face, giving her the look of the dainty dames of long ago, who have been celebrated in miniatures which make us sigh for the days of such fairy-like beauty.

"Good evening, Pat," she said, "what can I do for you?"

Pat looked pityingly at the fragile old woman, cheated of her life's joy.

"'Tis this, Miss Agatha (he used the old name involuntarily), "'tis this"; he held the little box out upon his rough hand.

Agatha half rose from her chair.

"What is it, Pat? I do not understand."

"When we was cuttin' down the ould tree, Miss Agatha, a chap kem on this afther the tree fell. 'Twas in the rotten wood at the butt. Ye know it, Miss Agatha."

Agatha had it in her hands; she seemed to be caressing the tarnished thing. She looked piteously at the old man.

"It was a mistake, then; he was true."

"Aye, Miss Agatha, a true gentleman, an' his heart was broke when yours was."

"I doubted him; I've doubted him for sixty years." She seemed to be in a reverie.

Pat spoke again. "No blame to ye, miss, if ye did doubt him, how could ye tell?"

"Good night, Pat, good night; we've seen it through together. Good night."

"Miss, I promised the chap ye'd give him a reward. It's not that I want to trouble ye, but"——

"All right, Pat, all right; give him this sovereign. I would have given him a hundred had he found it sixty years ago. Good-bye, Pat."

"Not good-bye, miss; please God, we'll weather many a year yet."

"Good-bye, Pat."

The old man hobbled from the room, the old woman sank into her chair; to both the thoughts of youth's strength, of love, and youth's treasure, given too late, was very bitter; they had felt keenly the agony of living when all becomes weakness and weariness, as they stood looking at each other in the fitful light of the fire.

Left alone, Agatha shivered dismally; she lighted a candle on a small table by her side; then she sat apathetically, holding the little silver box, until suddenly tears filled her eyes, and fell in a soft believing gush, rousing her from the calmness of despair to a more active misery. "John," she groaned, "oh, John, and we might be together now." She opened the box; there lay the letter just as she had written it in the sunlight, just as John was to have read it. John, who had long ago closed his eyes on the battlefield, thinking hard things of Agatha in his heart. "Oh, John!" the hopeless whisper came again, "my love." Through scalding tears she gazed at the age-stained letter. The tears left her then, and a strong calm came. The hours went on; they seemed as minutes to Agatha, for in her sad heart she was planning out just how everything would have been but for this tragedy; then suddenly, but gently, she seemed to fall back in her chair and to sleep well, still clasping the silver box.

VOICES OF THE ICE.

The winter of the far North is not wholly silent, although so little life is manifest at that season. A paragraph from Captain Koldewey's account of his winter's stay on east coast of Greenland makes this fact very clear. All these movements of the ice—the gradual crowding and pressing, bending, and pushing, the breaking of the masses of snow lying at the "ice-foot"—do not go on noiselessly, but are generally accompanied by certain sounds which are called the "voices" of the ice. No we hear a low singing, splashing, or grumbling, alternating with various other noises, cracking and snapping; now it sounds irregularly from a great distance, like a confusion of human voices, the rushing din of a train or a sledging party; or you fancy you hear the steps and voices of all sorts of animals. There is a charm in listening to these sounds on a still night.

NOTES ON OLD DUBLIN.

By SEUMAS CORMAC.

I.

ST. MICHAN'S CHURCH.

In the old church of St. Michan we have one of the most interesting and ancient relics in the city of Dublin. It dates from a period immediately preceding the Anglo-Norman invasion. Towards the close of the 11th century the remnant of Danes who remained in Dublin after the Battle of Clontarf (1014) were settled in the district north of the river known as Ostmanstown (Now Oxmantown); and here a Bishop of Danish stock, one Micharus, built the first parish church north of the Liffey. He is mentioned as St. Michan, of Kill Michan, in Ath-Cliath, in the "Martyrology of Donegal." The church had a double dedication. Its south aisle was named after St. Sithe, virgin and martyr, who was of Osyth, near Colchester, and daughter of Redwald, King of East Anglia. This princess founded a church and nunnery at Osyth. These were plundered by the Danes, or Ostmen. They beheaded the foundress near an adjacent fountain, for which barbarity they endeavoured to make reparation by naming a portion of St. Michan's Church in her honour. St. Sithe was commemorated on the 13th of May. The church has been twice burned down since its dedication in 1095; but the tower is undoubtedly of great antiquity, and is probably a portion of the original building.

THE SUBURBS OF THE ANCIENT CITY.

"When Henry II. paid his famous visit to Dublin the Irish princes who thronged to Henry's Court encamped, after the Irish fashion, in huts of turf and branches, spreading themselves over the meadows and fields, and strand, which extended on every side of the Dublin of that day. I have mentioned that Dublin in 1172, and for hundreds of years after, was a very small place. Fields and gardens ran up to the Castle in Dame street, the last relic of which is the Viceroy's. Woods, intermingled with meadows, covered St. Stephen's Green, Ranelagh, and Cullinswood, the last name bearing witness to the ancient fact. The wild Celtic soldiery squatted down on every vacant spot, specially along the highlands of St. Stephen's Green, then called Colonia, or Cualan, where wood and water were abundant. The name Cualan is now represented by the Prebend of Cullen, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, always held by the Archbishop of Dublin, and still retained in Cullenswood avenue."—"Stokes's Ireland and the Anglo-Norman Church."

HOGGEN GREEN.

When Henry II. entered the little Danish city of Dublin there lay without its eastern walls a village caled "Hogges," a name, says Mr. Gilbert, apparently derived from the Teutonic word "Hoge," or "Hoga," used to designate small hills or sepulchral mounds, the existence of which in this locaity was evidenced by vestiges found here in Charles I.'s reign, and mentioned by Sir James Ware. The place is now known as College green. Here Dermod MacMurchard, King of Leinster, founded and endowed a convent for nuns of the rule of St. Augustine in the year 1146, and some twenty years afterwards the great priory of All Hallows. The former stood on a spot not far from the site of St. Andrew's Church, and the latter on the present site of Trinity College.

DUBLIN IN 1577.

Richard Stanihurst's description of Dublin in 1577 is reproduced as an appendix to Vol. II. of the "Calendar of Ancient Records of Dublin," published by the Corporation, and his opening paragraph has a reference to the Liffey, which reads oddly nowadays—"This citie (he says), as it is not in antiquitie inferior to anie citie in Ireland, so in pleasant situation, in gorgious buildings, in the multitude of people, in martiall chivalrie, in obedience and loialtie, in the abundance of wealth, in argenesse of hospitalite, in manners and civilitie is superior to all other cities and townes in that realme. And, therefore it is commonlie called the Irish or Young London. The seat of this citie is of all sides, comfortable and wholesome. If you would traverse hills, they are not far off. If champion ground, it lieth of all parts. If you be delited with fresh water, the famous river called the Liffie, named of Ptolome Lybnium, runneth fast by. If you will take the view of the sea, it is at hand. The onlie fault of the citie is, that it is lesse frequented of merchant estrangers bicause of the bare haven."

THE PRIORY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

On the site of the present-day beautiful Church of St. Augustine and St. John, Thomas street, there stood in ancient times the Priory of St. John the Baptist, founded by Alured de Palmer in 1188. It was intended as an hospital for the sick, and was the first of the kind erected in Dublin. At one time the infirmary contained no less than 50 beds, and in 1361 it appears to have supported 115 sick poor. So great was its usefulness that Edward III. granted it deodando for twenty years, and in 1284 the Mayor and commonality of the city granted to its inmates one-sixteenth of the salmon caught in the Liffey. In connection with the Priory was a home for nuns, who wrought and embroidered the vestments for the friars of Thomas Court, or the Abbey of St. Thomas; for the Franciscans of Francis street, and the University of St. Patrick, the precursor of Trinity College. These ladies received as compensation for their labour one-tenth of the wool and flax they spun, when the work was done. The various religious Orders for which they wrought used to visit the House on St. John's Day, when they presented their offerings before the image of the saint, which stood in the great hall of the Priory. On this annual gala day a great bonfire was made in the street before the hospital, as were many others throughout the city. The Priors of St. John's were persons of much importance. One of them, Prior William, held the high office of Lord Chancellor of Ireland. The steeple of the old Priory was standing in 1728. It is described in Brooking's map of that date as "John's Castle," and was taken down early in the last century.

THE DUBLIN MOUNTAINS.

It is to be remembered that these Mountains of ours, though now for the most part bare enough, were once thickly clothed with forests, through which roamed herds of wild deer and other large game, and possibly the wolf, which was not exterminated in Ireland until the reign of Charles II. Professor Oldham, in his time, unearthed a quantity of bones and antlers of great deer which he discovered in the clay of Kilternan, near the Scalp. The woods gave shelter likewise to the wild mountain men, the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes, who levied blackmail on the simple citizens who ventured into their domain, and forced them back to "embay" themselves under the walls of Dublin Castle. These forests were from time immemorial the cause of bitter contention between the Crown and the Archbishops of Dublin, both parties laying claim to them. The dispute was finally settled by the axe, which levelled most of them with the ground. It is a pity these beautiful mountains are now so bare and unclothed with their natural foliage—a foliage which lends such glory to the Scotch and Swiss mountains, and "Heaven's reflex—Killarney." The ten-

dency to strip them continues, and within the past few years a picturesque wood on the side of Kilmashogue has disappeared. Traces of former woods may still be seen in many places. Barnacullia, on the eastern front of the Three Rock Mountain ("Barr na-coille," the top of the wood), still retains some of the old timber, and venerable hollies and other trees are to be seen in the grounds of St. Columba's College. The title of the Archbishop of Dublin's stall in St. Patrick's Cathedral is Cullen ("Cullion," holly or hollyland).

ANCIENT DUBLIN.

The earlier mention of Dublin is to be found in a tract in the "Book of Leinster," called the Talland Etar, or the Siege of Howth. It is there called Ath Cliath. Ptolemy, the geographer, in the beginning of the second century, mentions Dublin as Eblana Polis. It was most likely one of the Irish ports that Tacitus mentions in general terms as having been better known to commerce than those of Britain. Nearly contemporary with the Egyptian geographer were Eoghan Mor, King of Munster, and Con Ced Cathach, King of All Ireland. The earliest notice of Dublin under its present designation occurs in the year 291—"Annals of the Four Masters":—"The battle of Dubhlinn was fought by Fiacha Sraibhtine, King of Ireland, son of Cairbri Lifficar, son of Cormac Ulfada, against the Leinstermen. The inhabitants of Dublin and the surrounding territory at that time were called Dercemosaig; they were descended from Deremesaih, one of the sons of Caithair Mor, King of Ireland, 177." The descendants of the Dercmosach held Dublin until the Hy Donchada and the Danes ousted them (Journal R.A.S., vol. xiii., p. 305).

ORIGIN OF THE NAME.

Under the clan system the people of Ireland led mainly a pastoral life, in the interior of the island, and it is a remarkable fact that, although surrounded by the sea, the Irish were never great navigators. In the course of ages towns sprang up on portions of the coasts where the commodities of foreign countries, chiefly England, France, Spain, and Phoenicia, were bartered for the products of Ireland. Dublin became the most important of these towns, being the nearest seaport to Wales, and the most accessible to the fertile and populous districts of Leinster and Meath, where were situated such centres as Tara, the seat of the Monarchy; Naas, Diuree, Allen, Dunlavin, and Mastera, residences of the Leinster chieftains; Talten, where annual fairs and athletic sports were held; Swords, Kildare, and Glendalough, large ecclesiastical establishments. Among the Gaels, or native Irish, Dublin, from ancient times, was known as Baile-atha-cliath, "the town of the ford of hurdles." This name, according to old native story, originated the hurdles constructed of small twigs (Cliath) by the men of Leinster to convey the sheep of an avoricious bard, Athairne, across a ford at Dun Edar, a fortress of Howth. The part of the river near which the town arose was styled in Gaelic Dubh-linn, or "the dark pool," whence the name of Dublin.

THE LIFFEY.

The bards relate that the Liffey received its name from a beautiful maiden named Lifea, who, eloping with the cup-bearer of the monarch, was so delighted in passing through the country watered by the river that she requested to have it styled Magh Life, or the plain of Life; and, the legend adds, that the cup-bearer declined to minister wine to the men of Erin at Tara till they consented that the district should be called by his bride's name. The name is, however, more likely one of Danish origin, as we find the names Amlavius, Amliffe, Aulaffe, and Analaffe, frequently in Danish records of the city. In a charter of Prince John, dated 1192, the river is styled Auenelith, and in the Inspeximus of an Inquisition (recited in Lib. Nig. Archb., Dub.) made in 1394, when Richard II. visited Dublin, confirming former grants as to the boundaries of the city, we find them defined in part thus: Usque ad aquam de Amliffy, also in a grant from Charles II. to Boyle, first Earl of Cork, by which a portion of the land outside the east wall of the city was conveyed, the name occurs in part of the description thus: "An from the river Aneliffe on the north unto the walls of the said city," so that it appears the present name means simply the river of Aneliffe or Amlaffe.

CULLENSWOOD.

The district comprising a portion of Ranelagh and Rathmines, and, till quite recently, known as Cullenswood, was anciently called "Boscus de Colonia." On Easter Monday, in the year 1209, a number of the citizens, who were colonists from Bristol, assembled here for amusement, when they were set upon by the O'Tooles of Wicklow, who lay in ambush in the neighbouring woods, and issuing forth, slaughtered 500 of them. The city was soon after replenished by a new colony from Bristol, and it was their custom on each Easter Monday to march out to this place well armed, and with a black flag, to bid defiance to their enemies. This custom was continued for many years, and the day was called Black Monday. In 1316 the citizens had their revenge, for David O'Toole and his sept having laid in ambush here in order to accomplish a similar enterprise and slaughter of the citizens, they were prepared for him, and under the leadership of Sir William Comyn, drove the O'Tooles back with heavy loss into their fastnesses in Wicklow.

(To be Continued.)

THE LONELY OAK.

By Fitz-James O'Brien.

Widely and high thy branches spread;
The winter of age is on thy head,
Thy sturdy comrades all have died,
For time hath swept them from thy side;
Yet, though howling storms have o'er thee broke,
Thou hast braved them all, old lonely oak!

The time has been, when young and fair,
Thy branches waved to the summer air,
And the red deer slept beneath thy shade,
And the birds in thy boughs sweet music made;
And the wind, through thy green leaves, softly spoke,
With a happy voice—Thou lonely oak!

Yes; thou hast seen, when our native land
Was fettered not by a stranger's hand—
When our youths were brave, and our chiefs were free,
And our maidens were bright as the sunlit sea;
When the gay bard, stretched by thy mossy side,
Chanted his tales of Erin's pride.

Dost thou not sigh for the wild bird's wing,
When by thee he cleaves in the budding spring?
Dost thou not sigh with him to stray
To some giant forest far away?
Here thou hast no companion near thee—
Not even one is left to cheer thee

Yet I would grieve to part with thee
Iwould miss thy form, old, friendly tree;
For on many a sultry summer's day,
In childhood's time, when faint with play,
I sought thy kindly sheltering shade,
And my weary form beneath thee laid!

And, in manhood's time, when I strove to store
My seeking mind with ancient lore,
Thy lone and silent foot I sought,
And turned my mind to a deeper thought;
While the light through thy thick leaves faintly broke,
And shone on my page, old kindly oak!

And when I have grown old, like thee,
And age has come on me silently,
Like a shadow upon the sea:
And when with a tottering foot I stand,
On the viewless bank of the unknown land,
I will wait for death's resistless stroke,
And sleep beneath thee, old lonely oak!

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

(From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland, 1837.)

BALLINAKILL.

BALLINAKILL, a market and post-town (formerly a parliamentary borough), in the parish of Dysartgallen, barony of Cullinagh, Queen's county, and province of Leinster, 10 miles (S.S.E.) from Maryborough, and 50 miles (S.W.) from Dublin; containing 1,927 inhabitants. This is a place of some antiquity, but was not made a market-town till the year 1606, when a grant of a market and fair was made to Sir T. Coatch, proprietor of the manor of Galline. In 1612 it was incorporated by James I., and was invested with considerable privileges, to foster the plantation made here by Sir T. Ridgway, Bart. The castle, of which there are still some remains, fell into the possession of the R. C. party during the insurrection of 1641, and when Cromwell's troops overran the island, being bravely defended by its garrison, it was cannonaded from the Warren-Hill adjoining Heywood demesne, by Gen. Fairfax, and the garrison was at length compelled to surrender. Under the charter of Jas. I., the corporation consisted of a sovereign, twelve burgesses, and an unlimited number of freemen, and returned two members to the Irish parliament until the Union.

(To be Continued.)

NOTES AND QUERIES.

HISTORY OF CO. KILDARE.

Could any reader of the "Dublin Penny Journal" inform me is there a History of County Kildare? or are there any local histories of any places in Kildare with the authors names? I remember seeing in the discussion in "Freeman" of Best Hundred Irish Books in 1886,-that there was a History of County Kildare, but the author's name was not given, and also having seen in some catalogue one of Athy, Castledermott, and Rathangan; or is there any work of the general Bibliography of the 32 counties? I may mention, to save time, I have Dr Comerford's collections, but it chiefly treats of ecclesiastical matters. Now the work I want would be more a historical account of old castles and other fortresses, as Kildare lay on the edge of the Pale, as where I write there were six castles inside ten miles, of some of which not a stone remains.

—G.A.H.

M. de Blowitz also describes for his French readers the system by which the publishers of the "E. B.." guarded themselves against undue loss, caused by the non-payment of subscribers who had already received their thirty volumes. It seems that they took their chance of dishonesty in the cheaper bound volumes, but, when a subscriber asked for a thirty months' credit for the full morocco binding, they made inquiries, and if these were not satisfactory, returned the first guinea with regrets. Their temerity was justified, says M. de Blowitz, for on the 44,000 subscriptions they have lost only one per cent., that is to say, a sum of about £11,000 on sales to the value of £1,100,000.

THE ANCIENT IRISH CHIEFS.

By F. R. Montgomery Hitchcock, M.A., B.D.

The Irish Chief was a very important personage. It was true that he did not own the land, but he had certain rights which prescriptive use had made his inheritance. Of these one was the privilege of coshering on his people, who were bound to support him and his followers with a certain number of meals or for a specified number of days when on marauding or hunting expeditions. What had originally been wrested from the clansmen by force became in the course of time a gracious concession. For the common people were glad to welcome their chief under their roof no matter whether he would eat them out of house and home or not. They rejoiced to spend and be spent in such a cause. So much so that the saying "Devour me, but defend me" passed into a proverb.

This national custom was greatly opposed by the Government, which perceived to what excesses and unlawful relations it might lead, and what obstructions it might offer to the peaceful settlement of the country. Indeed, it often happened that an outlawed chief could not be found or hunted to earth so long as he had a single follower to give him the shelter of his cabin and the security of his hearth. Archbishop King speaks of the number of Irish gentlemen who, though dispossessed of their lands, hovered about their ancient inheritance, receiving board and lodging from their former tenants, or joined the bands of Tories who roamed over the country, striking a blow wherever they could against the new settlers. This custom of coshering on their dependants created a mutual understanding and good-will between the follower and his chief, and, while it helped the former to respect himself and to carry himself with deference, but without servility, to his betters, it often paved the way for a deeper union between the tribesman and his lord, who very often married a daughter of a clansman. Hence it was that when the English came to Ireland they were principally struck by the independent, though courteous, air of the tribesmen in the presence of their chiefs, at a time when the Englishmen of the same position in life were regarded by their masters as dogs and churls. But this difference of manner between the peasants of England and the peasants of Ireland in the olden days has an explanation which it is only fair to our English cousins to give. While the Irish Prince and his native followers—not speaking of the mercenaries—were of the same blood and race, the Saxon thane was completely different in nationality and religion from the poor Briton he had crushed by his cruelty and debased by his tyranny. Driven out of his country and forced to flee into the mountains of Wales, the Christian Briton determined that he would not spread the truths of his religion among his oppressors, for why should he lead the souls of those who had ruined him to salvation? So he reasoned. It was, therefore, left to the Irish to convert the Saxons to Christianity.

Another custom of the Irish which helped to consolidate the forces of the tribe was fosterage. The sons of the chief were settled among the families of the tribe, given out to be trained and fostered by them. Thus the young chief would grow up in the bosom of his people, who loved their foster children as dearly as they loved their own, and bequeathed to them a child's portion. For this privilege of wardship they were not paid in the case of the son of a chief, but they had to pay. Campion tells us that commonly 500 kine and better were given to win a nobleman's child to foster. In the records of the Earls of Kildare we read long lists of the gifts of the Irishry to foster with that family. We cannot estimate too highly the advantage of this custom to the tribe and the chief. The clansmen got to know and love him whom they had taught to be swift and fearless in the chase, and they followed him with confidence to battle, while the chief had formed many an attachment among the ranks of those whom he was called upon to lead and govern. Many and many a time did his foster-brethren form a bodyguard for their chief through which the enemy could not break through save over their dead bodies. Many and many a time did the chieftain's brand hew out a path of safety for a wounded foster-brother in the madness of the contest.

But it is not to be imagined that this custom of fosterage was confined to the sons of the chief. It was the general method of education and training for the young. Suppose we allow our imaginations to travel back to the sixth century and ask what system of discipline was then in vogue for the young. The reliable histories of the nation and books on its national life answers that there was, considering the times, a very elaborate and judicious method of education in use. The father and mother of the child would first settle in their minds what friend of theirs would take the best care of the boy and teach him all he required to know, and at the same time not allow him to forget his parents. Then one fine morning they, with some of their relations, would go to the house of this friend and solemnly make over the boy to his care, giving him all responsibility over the child and permission to deal with him as he thought fit. And then they would retire, leaving their son with his new guardian. On that day, or the following, the lad of tender years would be introduced to life and labour. In the company of his foster parent he would be brought to the fields and shown the ground which he would have to learn to till. The cattle which he would have to herd would be pointed out to the boy "all tears." Then he would see the wild colts he would have to break in; the kilns in which he would have to work, and the forests he would have to clear. The foster parent would then bring him back to the house and point out the domestic duties he would be required to perform, the wool he would learn to dress, and the weapons he would be taught to wield. And, as soon as would be convenient, the lad would be brought to the bard of the neighbourhood, who would be engaged to teach him the poetry, history, and music of his people. As the bard was a very important person, one who was associated by his office with the loftiest traditions and highest circles of the land, a brief digression on this subject will be permitted.

The bard was one of the privileged members of the community. His office was hereditary, and he had not merely to sing the history of his tribe and nation, but he had to teach it. In those early days, when writing was almost unknown or a difficult accomplishment, the memories of men retained the folk-lore of the land which the bards were the means of handing down from father to son. It was in this way that the great poems or collections of poems, which have been attributed to Homer, were preserved, As the Homeridae, or school of poets, collected and revised the stories of their race enshrined in matchless verse, so the bards of Erin passed along the line of generations the poetical traditions of their people.

The Irish were a musical race, and their national bards kept alive the ancient spirit of their forefathers by their stirring melodies of the great and glorious past, when the Scots went forth from the Northern shores to conquer Scotia and to stay the Roman advance beyond the Tweed, when the virtue and piety of the race were a sufficient pledge for the safety of woman and child, and when the harp never vibrated to any but strains of valorous deeds and suffering nobly borne. It was the invincible inspiration of these martial and manly airs the invaders sought, and vainly sought, to suppress by their edicts against the bards, who represented the spirit of the nation, as they gave utterance to its mighty strivings and emotions. The same cruel policy was carried out in Wales, and the voice of the national bard was choked lest it should continue to fire the spirit of the vanquished race. But the harp of Tara was still voiceful as of yore. The spell of silence had not yet fallen upon its tuneful strings, and Giraldus, the Welshman, who had often heard the slow and measured strains of the same instrument on the Cambrian hills around Brecknock, records his astonishment at the wondrous skill of the Irish harper, and the wild gaiety of his tunes. But the Irish bard was a warrior as well as a singer. He buckled on his shield and led the way to perish or conquer in the front of the battle, as Moore describes in his well-known lines:—

> The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
> In the ranks of death you'll find him,
> His father's sword he has girded on
> And his wild harp slung behind him.

Such was the man to whom the literary education of the lad was entrusted, and we may rest assured that it was in safe keeping. Judged by its tendency to produce the end required—namely, a fine-spirited and industrious, a useful and chivalrous man, the education of that day can compare not unfavourably with that of our National Board.

After some years the parents would return for their son, and if they found that the foster parent had faithfully fulfilled his duties, they gave him a handsome present according to their means, from three to sixteen cows. But if they did not consider, after examination, that his education had been sufficiently looked after, they brought him straight to the Brehon, the judge, who put the boy through his facings, and if he found that he had not been instructed properly, inflicted a fine upon the foster parent, which was immediately handed over by the Brehon to the lad, because on him the injury of want of learning had been inflicted. The sons of the wealthier classes were not taught manual labour, but riding, swimming, hunting, and chess playing, accomplishments which tended to make them sociable as well as dexterous, courteous as well as courageous. Their training in military exercises was somewhat elaborate, and they "were allowed a horse to ride in the time of races." But in later years they were instructed in Latin, Greek, and Celtic literature.

There was the very same arrangement for the girls as for the boys. They were handed over to foster-parents when very young, and left to the really tender mercies of the matron of the establishment, who looked after them and fitted them to fulfil their social functions and domestic duties with appropriate grace. And this she was capable of doing, as she was selected from among the members of the same social class to which the parents of the girl belonged, while the poorer maidens were taught to churn and knead—in fact, to be useful housekeepers; those belonging to a higher station in life were instructed in embroidery and the loom, and so were fitted to adorn the homes of the proud chieftains, in the management of which they had an equal voice. This method of education strikes us as being simple and effective. Children as a rule are more easily trained by kind strangers than by indulgent parents. And this tie between the children and their guardians became very strong, and so had a great influence in binding the members of the clan together by the very closest bonds of friendship.

(Continued on page 250.)

BALLYSADARE ABBEY, CO. SLIGO.



AS IT WAS IN 1793.

HISTORY OF BALLYSADARE.

From the "Anthologia Hibernica" of March, 1794.

BALLYSADARE, formerly called Assadara, or Esdara, is situate on the river Unicon, in the barony of Tirerril, county of Sligo, and about four miles south of the town of that name. It was anciently a place of some note, when this wild and barren country was but thinly inhabited, and the towns were consequently but few. The badness of its harbour, however, and its contiguity to Sligo, prevented it from ever rising latterly to a place of much consequence. In the year 1179 it was burned by the men of Moylisha and Moyltenary; it also met with the same fate in the year 1188.

At present it is an inconsiderable village, but being on the great road from Dublin, it has the advantage of a good inn, which is the best house in it.

The abbey was erected about the year 645, for Canons Regular, by St. Fechin, who was also the founder of Fore-abbey, in the county of Westmeath, and of the monasteries of Bile, Drumrat, and Kilnemanagh, in the county of Sligo. It was endowed with a noble and beautiful estate called Tearman Fechin.

A.D. 1158. O'Duilman, who was dean of this abbey, died here He was a skilful antiquary, and a chieftain of the country.

In the year 1230 died Giolla Coindheadh O'Duilman, abbot of Assadra.

In 1444 the son of Melachlin Fitz-Cormac Mc. Donogho was abbot of this monastery, and accompanied William O'Etagan, bishop of Elphin, with many others of the clergy, from Connaught to Rome, where the most of them died, among whom were the bishop and abbot of Ballysadare.

1450 died the abbot Edmund.

Conat O'Shiagal, who was abbot in the year 1544, also a prior of Akerras, in the barony of Tyreragh, and chaplain to Magnus O'Donnell, was advanced to the bishoprick of Elphin, by Henry the 8th, on the 23rd of March, in the same year.

By an inquisition taken the 29th of Elizabeth the abbot was seized of a church, partly thatched, a dormitory, and the ruins of two other buildings, 3 cottages with their gardens; and a cemetery, in a state of ruin and of little value; 3 small quarters of land, with their tithes, &c., situate in the town lands of Assadara; 40 acres of arable and pasture, and 60 of stony mountain, value 20s.; the townland of Trinebally, value 6s. 8d.; the rectory and vicarage of the parish of Ballysadara, annual value besides the curate's stipend, 13s. 4d.; the vicarage of Enagh, in the barony of Tirerril; the vicarage of Drumrat, in the barony of Carran; the vicarage of Kilnegarvan, in Mc. Jordan's country: all which, besides the stipend of the curates, was of no value.

26th August, 30th Elizabeth, a lease of it was granted to Bryan Fitz-William for 21 years, at the annual rent of 53s. 4d.

The abbey is at present in the same situation as when it was seized by Elizabeth, excepting its being unroofed. The grounds around it are barren, hilly, and unpleasing. Its situation is much more elevated and bold than houses of this kind usually were, fitter, one would have imagined, for a castle intended for defence and warfare than a peaceful abbey built only for meditation and solitude. It takes its station only a few yards from the edge of a perpendicular rock of about 60 feet, that forms one of the sides of a deep basin, into which the Unicon precipitates itself over a ledge of rocks, perhaps one hundred feet broad; the fall is not more than twenty feet, and much broken by the different projecting fragments of rock that impede the water in its descent, dashes it into foam, and raises a prodigious spray to a great height above the surrounding banks.

From the abbey there is a very pleasant though not an extended view; on the east, about a quarter of a mile distant, is the village with the purple, craggy mountains that bound Lough Gill, thrown in perspective behind it; the river, falling over the

different ledges of rock that form its bed, makes an irregular succession of smaller waterfalls till it forms a grand one at the precipice below. On the other side it commands the mouth of the Unicon, with a view of the sea, out of which the mountain of Knockmaree seems to rise; near its summit is one of those remarkable heaps of stones, called Cairns, supposed by some to have been the places where, in times of inauguration, the chieftain elect stood to show himself with more advantage to the people, or to have been erected in memory of some solemn compact, or the spot on which it was ratified. Others, however, imagine these must have been for sepulchral monuments, raised over the places where their ancient chiefs were buried, and that the size of the cairns was usually in proportion to the celebrity or popularity of the deceased.

The views around the abbey would be much more picturesque were there a few trees to hide some of the barren, rocky knolls that hurt the eye; but the scantiness of the soil, which is scattered in patches among the rocks, will hardly permit some straggling shrubs to vegetate, which scarcely afforded nourishment for a few goats that I saw browzing about the abbey wall.

This sketch was taken the 1st May, 1797.

THE OLD MILL.

Don'ts you remember, Lily dear,
The mill by the old hill-side,
Where we used to go in the summer time
And watch the foamy tide;
And toss the leaves of the fragrant beach
On its breast so smooth and bright,
Where they floated away like emeralds,
In a flood of golden light?
Lily, dear!

And the miller, love, with his slouchy cap,
And eyes of mildest gray,
Plodding about his dusty work,
Singing the live-long day?
And the coat that hung on the rusty nail,
With many a motley patch,
And the rude old door, with its broken sill,
And the string, and the wooden latch?
Lily, dear!

And the water-wheel, with its giant arms,
Dashing the beaded spray,
And the weeds it pulled from the sand below,
And tossed in scorn away;
And the sleeper, Lily, with moss o'ergrown,
Like sentinels stood in pride,
Breasting the waves, where the chinks of time
Were made in the old mill's side.
Lily, dear!

Lily, the mill is torn away
And a factory, dark and high,
Looms like a tower, and puffs its smoke
Over the clear blue sky;
And the stream is turned away above,
And the bed of the river bare,
And the beech is withered, bough and trunk,
And stands like a spectre there—
Lily, dear.

And the miller, Lily, is dead and gone!
He sleeps in the vale below:
I saw his stone in the winter time
Under a drift of snow:
But now the willow is green again,
And the wind is soft and still:
I send you a sprig to remind you, love,
Of him and the dear old mill,
Lily, dear!

THE ANCIENT IRISH CHIEFS.

(Continued from page 248.)

It is interesting to note that the education question was always paramount in Irish circles. As early as 574 A.D. we find the King of Ireland presiding over a council of chiefs and noblemen which was convened to arrange a course of studies for the different schools, a primitive form, no doubt, of the present National Board, which has done so much good for the children of our country.

The Irish chief was not only an educated gentleman, at a time when the commonest Irishman, as Prendergast well said, had something in him of the gentleman—he was a hospitable and courteous host. He rejoiced in dispensing hospitality. To refuse it were in his eyes a breach of honour, to be punished in another. Kincora, the residence of Brian Boroihme, was proverbial for the lavish entertainment offered to the passing stranger. "Go over to the great feast in the dun," they would say to him who approached, "the head of the weir." A characteristically Irish record of the ceade mille failth there extended is preserved in the Munster welcome. "Were mine the boire of the Dane or the wine of Kincora, it would be poured out for you." Richard Stanihurst, in his account of his doings in Ireland, relates that he used to see the crowds assembled to hear the judgment of the Brehons delivered under some ancient tree or from some historic stone, and as they dispersed, they followed the chiefs who had invited them to supper, in long lines, down the hill and says that he was the proudest chieftain who brought home the greatest number of guests. This lavish hospitality has been carried down to our own day by the county families of Connaught, whose improvident generosity has in many cases brought their property into the Encumbered Estates Court. Indeed, it was the principal duty of the chief to keep up his position by doing the honours of the tribe. Debarred from every menial or plebeian office such as gardening or working in the fields, his life must have been a very monotonous one, when not engaged in fighting or plundering his neighbours, but for the social functions he had to perform, as the Brehons relieved him of the judgment of the people. Some of these were not unpleasant. In the Crith Gablach, Ancient Laws of Ireland, we read—"There are seven occupations in the 'Corus' law of a king, viz.—Sunday, for drinking ale, for he is not a lawful chief who does not distribute ale every Sunday; Monday for judgment, for the adjustment of the people; Tuesday, at chess; Wednesday, seeing greyhounds coursing; Thursday, at marriage duties; Friday, at horse racing; Saturday, at giving judgments."

We still find the Irish as keen as ever on the drinking and dispensing of ale and stronger stuff, which might be used with more moderation, and on the coursing of greyhounds, horse-racing, and litigation, but we regret to find the game of chess is not pursued with the same enthusiasm as of old, when it was considered part of a gentleman's education. It is not often found that Irishmen quarrel over a game of chess, except in local tournaments. But if it was a woman who fanned the flames of the terrible invasion that found its catastrophe on the level sands of Clontarf, the match was held to it by a game of chess. Maelmordha, King of Leinster, of Glen Inama fame, was bringing three masts of pine to Cenn Coradh, or Kincora, as tribute to Brian, but in the effort to get them over the hills Maelmordha's tunic burst. When he arrived at the head of the weir he gave it to his sister, who was Brian's wife at the time, but instead of mending it she threw it into the fire, saying that he ought to be ashamed of being a vassal of Brian. The chieftain was naturally roused by his sister's words, and as he stood next day in the famous dún at Kildalua, or Killaloe, he watched Murchadh, the man who had found him in a yew tree and dragged him a prisoner to his father Brian, playing a game of chess with his cousin Conaing. Interested in the contest, Maelmordha advised Conaing to make a move which checkmated his adversary, who turned savagely upon him saying, "It was thou gavest advice to the foreigners when they were defeated." "I will give them advice again," said the other, "and they shall not be defeated." "Have a yew tree ready," cried Murchadh, and Maelmordha fled never to return to Kincora (Wars of the Gaedhill and the Gaill).

It is time now to say a few words about the rights and status of the chief among his clansmen. First and foremost, he was in virtue of his office entitled to a portion of the tribe land and to the largest share in the plunder. Of course, the ruling family from which the chief was duly elected, although not necessarily the eldest son, would have acquired, in addition to its portion, large estates of the unoccupied land. For while the land, as a general principle, was common property, in reality the rights of pasturage possessed by the poorer people who could not afford to stock their fields and had to hire cattle from the wealthier classes, used to pass into the hands of the rich, "the flaith" class, when the borrowers could not pay. And in many cases when the debtor had received his honour price, which was equivalent to his legal value as a free man of the tribe, he became the vassal and often the retainer of his Chief. In this way the latter had become a wealthy potentate, being in a position to hire out more cattle, and to keep more servants and feini, or followers, than other members of his class.

The principal foundation of his power in the tribe he represented rather than ruled, for he could be deposed if he displeased the community lay in the possession of this land, upon which he had quartered his followers, who were most frequently fugitives from other tribes or foreigners who had no political status or voice in the Government. These men helped him to overawe the truculent members of his tribe and to force from them the necessary supplies. While in appearance the chief was a popular ruler, the representative of the will of his people, he became in process of time a petty tyrant from living in constant dread of assassination. A passage in Crith Gablach throws a light on the arrangement of his house, which was generally a strongly fortified but clumsy dwelling. We learn from it how true it was of the Irish Chief that

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Around the king, on either hand, in front and behind, stood four guards, men without kith and kin, who owed their life and freedom to the chief, and whose fidelity was thought to be secured by some act of crowning mercy, and to be proof against treason. But the guards who had been saved from punishment, and who had not been taken in battle, lest "they might lay hands on the King or slay him out of devotion to their own tribe chief," were not completely trusted. They were watched by some prominent hostage whose property was a security for his good behaviour, while at the north-east of the room were posted the unredeemed hostages in chains—whose lives would be instantly taken if any treachery became apparent. On the right of the King sat his wife, his brehon, and his guests, and harpers, while on the other side stood his jugglers, flute-players, and horn-blowers. More guards are stationed at the door, and there is also the champion and a "man of deeds," armed to keep order, or, as it is written, "against the confusion of the ale-house." But, in spite of this protection, the chief was often assassinated even in his own hall by a rival, or a member of a hostile tribe.

The conclusion of our study of the life and manners of the Irish gentleman of byegone centuries must be after this sort, that, while we cannot but admire his many virtues and qualities of heart, head, and physique, we are thankful that our lot has been cast under a quieter and less warlike rule.

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS:

Compiled from Authentick Memoirs, Offices of Record, Manufcript Collections, and other Unexceptionable Vouchers,

By THE LATE WALTER HARRIS, ESQ.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

A.D. 1271. Fulk de Saundford, archbishop of Dublin, died, and was buried in St. Patrick's church, in St. Mary's chapel; and in the same monument his brother, John de Saundford, also archbishop of Dublin, who died in 1294, was deposited.

A.D. 1279. Stephen de Fulburn, bishop of Waterford, lord deputy, by the command of king Edward I. made an alteration in the coin. This monarch to his everlasting honour fixed a certain standard in England for money, both as to weight and fineness, according to which rule the mints in Ireland were regulated, as appears from the accounts of Donat and Andrew Sperdsholt, masters of the exchange in Dublin. The money at this time struck presented the king's face within a triangle, or three-cornered harp, in the same manner as those of the two former reigns, inscribed EDW. R. ANGL. DNS. HIB. on the reverse a cross, as in his father's, inscribed, CIVITAS DUBLINIE. In this king's reign there were four mints in Dublin, and a great deal of money coined there, so also at Waterford and Drogheda.

A.D. 1282. High street was burned.

A.D. 1285. On the 2nd of January the greatest part of the city of Dublin was burned down by an accidental fire, which did not spare the steeple, chapter-house, dormitory, and cloisters of Christ-church; but such was the devotion of the citizens, that they first set about a collection for the repair of the church before they thought of re-edifying their own houses.

A.D. 1289. The following grant was renewed to the citizens of Dublin, 18 Edw. I. The king to the bailiffs and honest men of Dublin, greeting. Since in aid of walling your town we lately by our letters patents granted that you should take some customs to a certain day, of every thing to be sold coming to that town; and our beloved and faithful subject Nicholas de Clerc, treasurer of Ireland, has certified us, that you at the command of the said Nicholas have employed great part of the money arising by those customs to the enclosing or repairing the exchequer at Dublin, therefore we continue the said tax for three years longer than our first grant, &c. (Atwood, p. 130).

A.D. 1300. Two species of base money called "pollards" and "crocards" were forbidden by proclamation. Hollingshed explains these coins to be a white money, artificially composed by a mixture of silver, copper, and sulphur, and that a penny of them were worth no more than a half sterling, i.e., a halfpenny. The "crocard" might have been perhaps of such a composition; but the "pollard" seems to have been a legal money clipped, and reduced by that means to less than the value. As a pollard-tree is a tree that has been often topped, and a pollard-stag is a stag that has cast his horns, in the same sense the pollard seems to be "pecunia detonsa." The proclamation for crying down this money is extant in the red-book of the exchequer in Dublin.

A.D. 1301. A great part of the city of Dublin, together with St. Werburgh's church, was accidentally burned down on St. Columb's-eve. The manner of building here then was of wattles and thatch, as is observed before; so that it will be no extraordinary thing to hear often of such accidents. At this time the common-pleas and the pleas of the crown were not held before judges appointed in the courts for that purpose, but before the chief governor of Ireland, and sometimes, when he was otherwise employed, by commissioners appointed by him.

A.D. 1304. A great part of the city of Dublin was again burned down on the 13th of June, and among other places Bridge-street, the quay, the church of the Dominicans, and one quarter of St. Mary's-abbey were consumed, in the latter of which, being at that time the repository of the records in chancery, many of them were destroyed. The same year the first stone of the new choir of the Dominicans was laid by Sir Eustace le Power on the festival of St. Agatha the virgin.

A.D. 1305. The mayor of Dublin having made some complaints to the Irish parliament against the treasurer and barons of the exchequer, the cause was this year transmitted to England to be heard, and the mayor was fined, and committed a prisoner to the tower of London, in regard he could not make out his accusation.

A.D. 1306. The lord chancellor, Thomas Cantock, was consecrated bishop of Emly in Christ-church, Dublin, and upon the occasion feasted the nobility and gentry, and afterwards the poor, with a magnificence unheard of in those times.

A.D. 1308. William Mc. Balthor, or Mc. Walter, a great robber and incendiary, was condemned by the lord justice Wogan in the king's courts, Dublin, and was drawn at a horse's tail to the gallows, and there executed. John Decer, mayor of Dublin, at his own charge made a marble cistern in the public street to receive water from the conduit in Dublin for the benefit of the inhabitants (such as was never before seen there). He also a little before built a bridge over the Liffey, near the priory of St. Wolstan, and a chapel dedicated to the B. V. Mary in the Franciscan monastery, wherein he was afterwards buried himself: he also erected another chapel to the B. V. Mary in St. John's hospital. His bounty to the Dominicans is also celebrated; for he erected a large and elegant stone pillar in their church, and presented to the friars a large stone altar with all the appurtenant ornaments, and entertained them at his own table every Friday out of charity. It is also recorded in the registry of the Dominicans of Dublin that this generous magistrate in a time of great scarcity raised a vast sum of money, and furnished out three ships to France, which returned in two months laden with corn, and that he bestowed one of the ships loading on the lord justice and militia, another on the Dominican and Augustin seminaries, and reserved a third for the exercise of his own hospitality and bounty. At the same time the prior of Christ- church, being destitute of corn, and having no money to buy it, sent to this worthy mayor a pledge of plate to the value of £40, but he returned the plate and sent the prior a present of twenty barrels of corn. These beneficent actions moved the Dominicans to insert the following prayer in their litany, viz.: "Orate pro salute majoris, ballivorum, et communitatis de omni civitate Dubliniensi, optimorum benefactorum huic ordini tuo, nunc et in hora mortis."

A.D. 1310. The bakers of Dublin were drawn on hurdles at horses' tails through the streets, as a punishment for using false weights and other evil practices. This happened in a year of great scarcity, when a cronoge of wheat sold for 20s. and upwards.

A.D. 1312. The septs of the O'Birnes and O'Tools invaded Tassagard and Rathcool, and were powerful enough to strike a terror into the citizens of Dublin, as well by their numbers as their policies, in laying ambushes up and down the woods of Glendolory on the south side of the city of Dublin. The citizens had not at this time power sufficient to suppress them, and the state were otherwise employed in opposing a riot raised by Robert de Verdon in that part of Urgile, called the county of Louth. But upon the submission of Verdon, the O'Birnes and O'Tools were quelled.

A.D. 1313. John Decer, at this time a private citizen, but formerly mayor of Dublin, built a bridge extending from the town of Ballyboght to the causeway of the mill-pool of Clontarf, which before was a very dangerous passage. But after great charges the bridge was carried away by an inundation.

A.D. 1315. Edward Bruce, brother to the king of Scotland, having this year landed 6,000 men at Carrickfergus, overran a good part of the north, and possessed himself of Green-Castle. But the citizens of Dublin sent out a strong party by sea, and soon recovered it for the king. They took therein the governor, Sir Robert de Coulragh, whom they brought with them to Dublin, and cast him in prison; where being stinted to a hard diet, he died for want. On account of these troubles raised by the Scots, the term was by special proclamation pursuant to the king's order adjourned from Hillary to the quindene of Easter.

A.D. 1316. David O'Tool, and four others of the same sept, laid an ambush of a considerable party in the wood of Cullen, near Dublin, in order to surprise the citizens unawares, as they had formerly done in the year 1209. But they had not forgot their losses upon that occasion, and therefore issued out prepared with their black standard before them, headed by Sir William Comyn, and had the execution on the O'Tools for six leagues, of whom they slew seventeen, and wounded many desperately. On the 15th of November this year happened so great a tempest that much mischief was done by it both by sea and land; it threw down many houses in Dublin, and demolished the steeple of Christ-church. The same year, information being given that Richard, earl of Ulster (surnamed Bourgh or de Burgo), was instrumental in bringing Bruce and his Scots into Ireland, Robert de Nottingham, then mayor of Dublin (he was seven times mayor of Dublin), and a strong band of the commons, marched to St. Mary's-abbey (where the earl lay in a state of quietness, notwithstanding Bruce was encamped at Castle-Knock), and arrested and imprisoned him in the castle of Dublin. He made resistance, and seven of his men were slain in the fray, and the abbey spoiled on suspicion that the monks favoured the enemy. The earl lay a considerable time in confinement; and though the lord justice and several of the king's council sent a mandate to the mayor to discharge him on bail, yet the mayor disobeyed the orders, and he was kept in close custody till Whitsuntide, 1317, when the lord justice repaired to Dublin, and assembled a parliament at Kilmainham, by which he was set at liberty, having first taken an oath on the sacrament that he would neither by himself, his friends, or followers offer any mischief to the citizens for his imprisonment. He also gave pledges for the performance of his oath, yet he was left at liberty to pursue any remedy by law. During the imprisonment of the earl of Ulster, Bruce marched to Dublin at the head of his army, and made a show as if he would besiege it. The citizens to prevent any danger from his approach, by common consent set fire to Thomas-street, the flames whereof unfortunately laid hold of St. John's church, without Newgate, and burned it down to the ground, together with Magdalen chapel and all the suburbs. St. Mary's-abbey was destroyed, and St. Patrick's church rifled by the enemy. The church of the Dominicans was also razed, and the stones of it employed in building and repairing the city walls, which were enlarged on the north part, and extended to the quays. For before this time the walls were carried by St. Owen's church near 400 feet from the river, and the Merchant's-quay was then reputed as part of the suburbs of the city. But in the time of this danger the citizens built a new wall along the river to the Old-bridge, and so to Newgate. The damages done to the Dominican abbey were afterwards repaired by the citizens, who nevertheless sued out the king's pardon to prevent any future reckonings (a); and the king afterwards, upon their petition, in consideration of their sufferings from the Scots at the time of this burning, remitted to them half their fee-farm rent, the whole amounting to 200 marks. Bruce, finding that the city was well fortified, and the inhabitants prepared for a vigorous defence, turned aside to Naas, and made no further attempts on Dublin.

A.D. 1320. An university was erected in St. Patrick's church, Dublin.

A.D. 1327. Adam Duffe O'Toole was convicted of blasphemy in Dublin, viz., for denying the incarnation of Christ, the Trinity in unity, for affirming that the Blessed Virgin was an harlot, that there was no resurrection, that the scriptures were a mere fable, and that the apostolic see was an imposture and usurpation, and the next year, pursuant to his sentence, was burned on Hoggin-green (now College-green), near Dublin.

A.D. 1328. The mayor of Dublin was by commission appointed one of the judges for the trial of Roger Outlaw, prior of Kilmainham, who was accused of heresy by the bishop of Ossory.

A.D. 1331. A great famine afflicted all Ireland in this and the foregoing year, and the city of Dublin suffered miserably. But the people in their distress met with an unexpected and providential relief. For about the 24th of June a prodigious number of large sea fish, called Turlehydes, were brought into the bay of Dublin, and cast on shore at the mouth of the river Dodder (b). They were from 30 to 40 feet long, and so bulky, that two tall men placed one on each side of the fish could not see one another. The lord justice, Sir Anthony Lucy, with his servants, and many of the citizens of Dublin, killed above 200 of them, and gave leave to the poor to carry them away at their pleasure.

A.D. 1332. Sir Anthony Lucy marched out of Dublin into the county of Wicklow, attended by a strong band of citizens, and took the castle of Arklow from the Irish, and repaired the same and left a good garrison in it. This year John Decer, a great benefactor to the city, died, and was buried in the Franciscan convent.

A.D. 1333. The scarcity that had affiicted Dublin and the whole kingdom for some years past, was this year relieved, and the harvest came in so early that wheat was sold in the markets of the city on the 29th of June at sixpence a bushel. A parliament was assembled this summer in a convent of the Carmelites in Dublin, during which, as they were going out of the court of the friars, one Murrough Mc. Nichol O'Tool was suddenly murdered in the crowd by some person unknown; upon which the nobility, upon a supposition of treason, were greatly terrified; but the murderer made his escape in the crowd undiscovered.

A.D. 1337. An odd accident happened, which, though of no consequence, affrighted the citizens. Seven partridges forsaking the fields, took their flight directly to Dublin, and flying swiftly over the market-place, settled on the top of an inn which belonged to the canons of Christ-church. The boys of the town found means to catch two of them, and killed a third, which inhospitable usage frightening the rest, they took a swift flight and escaped into the neighbouring fields.

A.D. 1338. So great a frost was this year from the 2nd of December to the 10th of February, that the river Liffey was frozen over so hard as to bear dancing, running, playing foot-ball, and making fires to broil herrings on. The depth of the snow that fell during this frost is almost incredible; yet it is agreed that such a season was never before known in Ireland; however, we do not find that it was followed by any scarcity.

A.D. 1342. It is reported that on the 11th of October this year, and the eleventh day of the moon, two moons were seen by many about Dublin, in the morning before daybreak. The one was bright, and, according to its natural course, in the west, the other in the east with very little light.

A.D. 1343. St. Thomas street was burned down by an accidental fire on the 13th of February.

(To be Continued.)

(a) See Prins Animad, p. 60. A writ that the citizens should not be molested for burning houses and seizing cattle on this occasion; and another for a pardon.

(b) This is now called Donebrook river, and falls into the Liffey at Ringsend.

BY A DAISY-BROWED STRAME.

BY HENRY M. FLETCHER.

Oh, she dwells by a daisy-browed strame,
In one of the purtiest valleys—
The girl I'm not goin' to name,
For she's none of your Jennys or Sallys.
So there shan't be a slur or a slight
On Derry's wee blossomin' daughter,
That's as pure in my heart, and as bright
As the sun on the breast of Foyle water.

Wee birds on the bushes all round,
So merrily whistlin' and singin';
Wee calves skippin' over the ground,
Where the shamrock and daisy are springin'—
Your time appears almost as fine
As your forbearers friskin' through Aiden;
But your pleasures are nothin' to mine,
By the side of my innocent maiden.

Her cheeks colours red and then white,
When up the green loanin' I'm comin',
For she drapped a wee saicret one night
By the star that shines first in the gloamin'.
Iver since it by night and by day,
I'm beside myself fairly with gladness!
And faith, I heerd somebody say,
That love's but a beautiful madness.

Not a blot on her brightness I see,
She's the goold of perfection all over;
But her faults would be beauties to me,
If a fault I had eyes to discover.
This evenin' down by the spring,
Where the moon at her shadow is gazin',
We'll meet when the bat's on the wing,
And the craiks clamour over the grazin'.

FRENCH CREAMERIES.

There are now more than 100 co-operative creameries in France in the province of Poiton and the departments of Deux-Seves, Vendee, Charente, and Lower Charente, with 50,000 persons owning 125,000 cows and producing annually about 17,000,000 pounds of butter. Most of these establishments are less than eight years old and they have organised in a strong association.

JOHN MEADE MAYOR OF CORK AND THE SEVENTEENTH EARL OF DESMOND.

In an article on the Secret History of James, the Seventeenth Earl of Desmond, by the late Mr Daniel M'Carthy, which appeared in the "Dublin Review" for February, 1862, occurs the curious letter (here modernised), that John Meade, Mayor of Cork, wrote to the Privy Council on the 14th January, 1600 (whose orignal is preserved among the State papers), on being charged with having slighted the Earl of Desmond on his recent arrival in the City of Cork.

"I received another letter from your Honour, directed to me and the Aldermen, which letter did contain that your Honour was informed that the young Earl of Desmond, who lately came hither, was, with his company, very badly entertained here, and not well accommodated with lodgings or other necessaries. The truth is, Right Honourable, that upon his repair hither, it did not appear unto me by sight of his patent, or in any other manner, what authority he received from Her Most Excellent Majesty (albeit, I hold the favours bestowed by her Majesty upon him a most rare precedent of Her Highness's wonted gracious clemency), and while he hath landed at Youghal, he did not repair to the Lord President, being then at Mallow, but came hither first, and therefore it may please your good Honour to be advertised that I did fear it might be offensive to entertain him or any other not put into authority by Her Majesty, with any public welcome at the gates of the city, or otherwise, which is only used to the Lord Deputy, Lord President, or such as are authorised by Her Highness. And if I had known it were Her Majesty's pleasure, my good will should never want to countenance any work or measure Her Highness would expect, were it signified unto me by line, letter, or otherwise from my Lord President, or any in authority. But, Right Honourable, although I hope well of the disposition of the young Earl, yet I did fear those of some of his ancestors who have challenged courtesies for duties, and so might entangle this Corporation with new Customs, which only depends of God and of Her Most Excellent Majesty, and of no other peer or person whatsover. Yet for private kindness there wanted none, for I assure your Good Honour that the young Earl's officers did send to speak one Mr Skeddy's house for some private affection betwixt them, whereby I expected the same should have been ready for his Lordship; and by means of certain provancy and for provision of the garrisons which was kept in said house, the same was not so soon ready as his Lordship came hither, whereupon I entertained him at my poor house, while his lodging were a making ready, and when he had remained an hour or two in my house, his officers would not accept of the former lodging, and thereupon I was fain to lodge him at one Philip Martell's house (being an Alderman of this city), being the usual lodging of the Earl of Ormond, and where Sir Warham St Leger, here lately in Commission, did lie, and the Lord Chief Justice of England, at his being here, and being of the principalest houses of the place; and notwithstanding that the self night of his Lordship's repair hither, there came also 400 of the Welsh soldiers, sent hither for supplies, with the lodging of which the officers were much troubled, yet all of his company which came to the Bailies of the city to demand lodging were harboured sufficiently, and lodged without making of any payment for the same, neither would any of them repair unto the usual inns, and if any were unlodged, it was for want of demanding the same of the officers appointed here for those causes And concerning his supper, the truth is, I expected his steward and others had provided for him the first night of his repair hither, and meant to have entertained him to dinner the next day; and that his Lordship came of himself with his train, who had the best of provision I could afford. And his Lordship, being at supper, complained of the want of horses, and he would not believe but that the city could afford sufficient horses for him and his troop, which I truly answered that all the horses of the town, except a few garrons for wood, were stolen away this last rebellion, and out of use; for that the citizens durst not travel abroad, and with it I gave him the best advice I could, to send to the lords and gentlemen adjoining for horses, and his Lordship called for pen and ink to write unto my Lord President; and I, thinking that he meant to write by way of complaint for not furnishing him with horses, prayed his Lordship, of God's will, to acquaint me with his meaning, and that I would endeavour to see him provided to my power; and he said his letters were for Her Majesty's service and required haste, whereupon I promptly despatched them away at midnight by a messenger of the city's, and collected the keys being divided among the Aldermen, by custom used here since King John's time, and I received next morning an answer, the contents of which I have diligently endeavoured to observe (at which conference Captain Price was not present), and that was all that passed between the Earl and me touching any letter, protesting before God that he never wrote letters to your Honour in my house, but we did pass the time in merriment, and in no such matters of weight, which were to be used with gravity and secrecy, only he wrote those few lines to the Lord President sitting at the table accompanied with me and divers others after supper. And I marvel greatly that of such small and public conference, these matters were informed against me, as rather because mere indiscretion and childishness in me if I were faulty, than any wit or sense beseems the place I now carry on my profession of lawyer, and, albeit, I cannot make ostentation of discretion or other sufficiency fit for the place I now bear, which was involuntarily cast upon me, being a burden of great care and charge. Yet there is no want of my love and zeal to serve Her Majesty, according my most bounden duty, and to extend my poor power to entertain such as were in Her Majesty's favour, whom God Almighty long may bless and prosper against all her enemies whatsover. And so not doubting but the Lord President hath and shall have occasion to make like report of my willingness in Her Majesty's service, as occasion shall be here ministered, I must humbly take leave.

From Cork, the 14th of January, 1600.

Your Hon. Lordship most humbly to command
John Meade, Mayor of Cork.

Apparently, in punishment of his failing to provide a supper for the Earl of Desmond, Mayor John Meade had two of the latter's sisters billeted on him for nine months, very much, seemingly, against his grain, as shown by the following letter which he wrote to Cecil, when they had only been two months located with him:—Right Honorable, I have thought fit to advertise your Honour that since the last of January I have been charged by direction of Lord President, with the Lady Jane, sister to the Earl Desmond, who, together with her sister, Ellen, and others of her retinue, have been harboured and dieted in my house. I have been a suitor to my Lord President to be eased of her whose Lordship doth answer me that he had written to the Lords, and expects their answers, and in the meantime must rest contented. I have no allowance for her and her dependants, with which I rest willingly contented if it be their Lordships' pleasure. I am a suitor to your Honour that it will please you to resolve upon some course for the said lady, etc.

March 23, 1600. J. MEADE.
S.N.

ROYAL

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF IRELAND.

VISIT TO DERRY AND DISTRICT.

The Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland are to have a session in Derry next week. By permission of Sir F H Miller, Mayor, and the Corporation of Derry, the Guildhall has been placed at the disposal of the members for the opening of the proceedings.

The executive secretaries are the Rev Joseph M'Keefry, C C, M R I A, Waterside; Mr W J Browne, M A, M R I A, Templemore Park; and Mr S F Milligan.

Several papers will be submitted at the coming session. Among them the following may be mentioned:—"Ancient ecclesiastical bronze bells in Ulster," by Mr Seaton F Milligan; "On Broighter, Limavady, and on the Gold Ornaments found there in 1896," by Mr Robert Cochrane, F S A; Extracts from the Memorial Book of St Michan's Church, Dublin, May, 1725," by Mrs T Long; "Rosginal and the old Kingdom of Fanad," by Mr Robert Welch; "Notes on the History and Antiquities of Maghera, County Londonderry," by Mr S F Milligan, M R I A.

At the meeting in the Guildhall, the City Charters will be submitted for examination of the members by Sir Newman Chambers, as also the City Swords.

It is learned that the first excursion of the antiquaries will start from the Guildhall under the guidance of the Rev Joseph M'Keefry, the city secretary, for Clooney old Church, and after investigation there the party will drive to Enagh to see the remains of a Franciscan Monastery and Church.

Next the visitors will be shown Derry Cathedral, exterior and interior, also the tower and graveyard. After a walk round the city walls, the antiquaries will proceed to St Columb's College, there to see the museum and library. Subsequently the Long Tower Church and graveyard (the site of the Teampul Mor and Dubh Regles of Saint Columba), will be visited.

For later days a number of more extended excursions have been arranged. For instance, one entire day will be set apart for a visit to Inishowen and Lough Foyle. The party will start from Derry to Carndonagh to examine the ancient crosses there, and the ancient tombstones in the churchyard, while in the adjoining townland of Glack the ancient bell of St Buadon will be shown to the visitors by its hereditary custodian, Mr Charles Doherty. The ruined Church of Clonca and ancient crosses will also be examined.

The following day the famous Greenan of Ailech, O'Doherty's Castle at Buncrana, and the ruins of the Carmelite Abbey at Rathmullan will be inspected.

Another excursion day arranged is that to examine Dungiven Abbey and Banacher Church, likewise the ruins of Drumachose Church, the Leim-an-mhadaigh, or Dog's Leap, Limavady; O'Cahan's Castle and Rock, and finally the Mullagh, or Mound, at Roe Park (by kind permission of Mrs Ritter), where, according to O'Donovan, the convention of Drumcette was held. The field at Broighter, where the ancient gold ornaments (now a subject of litigation with the British Museum authorities) were discovered, will also probably be visited.

For Maghera district excursion another day has been set apart. On this occasion the Fort of Dunglady, three miles from Maghera, will be visited. The Cromlech of Tirnoney will next be viewed, and the Sweat-house, in the townland of Tyr-kane, after which the party will proceed to St Lowry's Church and grave.

After the Maghera district visit the summer meeting proceedings of the society will terminate.

A CURIOUS INDUSTRY.

A curious industry in China is the manufacture of mock money for offering to the dead. The pieces are only half the size of the real coins, but the dead are supposed not to know the difference. The dummy coins are made out of tin hammered to the thinness of paper, and stamped out to the size required.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Life of Mr. Herbert Spencer will be published in America this autumn. It is from the pen of Dr. Charles H. Rieber, of Stanford University, and will be called "Herbert Spencer, the Man, the Scientist, and the Philosopher."

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A well-written story of Irish Presbyterian life is "The Shadow of the Cross," by Robert Cromie (London: Ward, Lock, and Company). The people are very like those whom we know in the pages of Mr. Barrie, and yet unlike. The accent of these Donegal people, touching at a few points the soft brogue of the southern Irish, and at others the hardness of the Scottish dialect, is very well rendered by Mr. Cromie. The characters, too, are well drawn, and though the story has an unnecessarily gloomy finish, it is cleverly written.

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It is both interesting and instructive to notice how the popularity of Dickens shows not the slightest signs of decline. This fact is proved by the reports of our public librarians all over the country, who state almost unanimously that the demand for this novelist's books is not only steady, but continually increasing. It has recently been demonstrated in Bristol that Dickens is as popular as ever by the formation of a society, bearing the name of the Bristol and Clifton Dickens Society. This Society, although it has only been in existence a very short time, already boasts close upon 50 members. Mr. Norris Mathews, City Librarian of Bristol, is the president, and Mr. J. W. T. Ley, of 26 Hillgrove street, Stoke Croft, Bristol, is the hon. secretary. The Duke of Beaufort and the Right Hon. Lewis Fry are hon. members. The secretary has received letters wishing the movement success from Lord Rosebery, Sir Henry Irving, Sir Frank C. Burnand, Mr. H. F. Dickens, K. C., Mr. Frank T. Marzials, Mr. George Gissing, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, Mr. John L. Toole, Mr. George Manville Fenn, and others. The objects of the Society are as follows:—

1. To form a bond of union among lovers of Dickens, of both sexes, and to encourage a more general study of his works.

2. To hold meetings of a literary and social character periodically.

3. To arrange from time to time excursions to places immortalised in the works of Charles Dickens.

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Though the world may not be aware that it has lost the true power of speech, Mr. W. B. Yeats is leading a little band of crusaders to restore it. In a lecture at Clifford's Inn Hall, on "Speaking to the Psaltery," Mr. Yeats pleaded the cause of rhythm and the value of sustained tones, and told little stories of the traditional singing of Irish peasants and of a friend of his own who always writes his poems to little tunes, which on being transferred to musical notation proved to be curiously Arabic in character. Speech as we know it appears to be in its dotage, and the glory of its manhood was the day when poets spoke their verses to regular musical tones, and Mr. Yeats would make us young again. "Since the Garden of Eden," he said, "the world has been labouring to bring forth the photographic camera, and now that the monstrous birth is accomplished, we may be left in peace to recover beautiful arts." Miss Florence Farr gave some illustrations after the lecture on a psaltery made by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, whose tentative English and sudden smiles gave a very engaging air to his little explanations. Shelley's "Skylark" had certainly a melodious sound, and "The Hymn of Pan" was done to what was described as "a lilt after the manner of the troubadours." But a perilous word suggests itself for some of the illustrations. In writing "sing-song" one prays that Mr. Yeats may never see it, for one of the uses of the psaltery is to give a proper deep-toned power to curses, cursing being, in the lecturer's opinion, a much-neglected form of speech, of which, again, the world may not be quite aware. But at least we saw a psaltery, a kind of flat, oblong harp, held along the arm. It is tuned to semitones, not because that is a sufficiently close interval for the sound of the human voice, but because in the West we have no such subtle scale as the Orientals have.

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Canada has done more than erect an arch in Whitehall in honour of the King. It has produced an Ode of considerable merit from the hand of Mr. Bliss Carman, who is head and shoulders above all other Canadian poets of to-day. Mr. Carman has produced twenty-eight stanzas, which are published as a one-page-one-stanza book by the Page Company, of Boston. Mr. Carman's verses have all the keen open-air ring of much of his best work:—

By prairie, swale, and barren, by jungle and lagoon,
Where endless palm-trees rustle and the creamy breakers croon.
By canyon, ford, and pass,
By desert and morass,
In snows like stinging lashes, on seas like burning glass,
By every land and water beneath the great lone moon

Our fathers died for England at the outposts of the world;
Our mothers toiled for England where the settler's smoke upcurled;
By packet, steam, and rail,
By portage, trek, and trail.
They bore a thing called honour in hearts that did not quail,
Till the great twelve winds of heaven saw their scarlet sign unfurled.

And here is the penultimate verse:—

O, Sir, no empty rumour comes up the earth to-day
From the kindred and the peoples and the tribes a world away;
And be equal as of old,
For they know the Law will hold
With conscience never questioned and justice never sold,
And beneath the form and letter the spirit will have play.

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On a recent date the first itinerary was held, Bath being the place selected. Mr. T. Sturge Cotterell, who is engaged in writing a book on Dickens's associations with Bath, took charge of the party, and he was assisted by several other Bath gentlemen. It was curious that on the very day of this visit, a Charles Pickwick should have been fined at the Bath Police-court for assault, and that a woman named Louisa Pickwick should have given evidence at an inquest, also on the same day. The party visited the Assembly Rooms, where Mr. Pickwick's unfortunate performances at whist with the Dowager Lady Snuphanuph, Mrs. Colonel Wugsby, and Miss Bolo, led to the last-named "going home in a flood of tears and a sedan chair." Then the Pump Room was visited, and the waters which Mr. Pickwick took so assiduously were tasted, and most of the visitors discovered the "very strong flavour of warm flat-irons." A place of special interest was No. 35 St. James's square, the birthplace of Little Nell. This was Landor's house, and Forster tells us that it was while on a visit to Landor here that Dickens first conceived the character of Little Nell. At the Saracen's Head, where Dickens once stayed, the party were shown the two-handled mug, the four-poster bedstead, and the chair which the master used. The Royal Crescent, where the Pickwickians and Mr. and Mrs. Dowler lodged, and where the famous sedan chair episode took place, was visited, as well as No. 12 Queen square, where Angelo Cyrus Bantam, Esquire,, M.C., lived, and where Sam Weller first made the acquaintance of Mr. John Smauker. The Beaufort Arms, where it is believed the memorable "swarry" took place, was also inspected, whilst the party had a look at Park street, which the Pickwickians unanimously concluded "was very much like the perpendicular streets a man sees in a dream, which he cannot get up for the life of him." Objects of interest were the screen which stood in the office of the old White Hart; the two lamps and the original sign of that hostlery; a house in which lived a man named Snodgrass, etc. The trip was a delightful one.

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The firm which has revived and supplemented the "Encyclopædia Britannica" has a genius for advertisement, and has rarely failed to utilise any references to their great enterprise by public men. We do not know, however, what they will make of the unexpected testimonial which they have received from a Parisian subscriber, whose case is described by M. de Blowitz in the "Matin." This subscriber, who disappeared after paying his first instalment and receiving his complete edition, and was eventually found in prison, begged the "Times" people not to take his encyclopædia away from him. "I am," he said, "a begging letter writer by profession, and at present, though I owe you £12. I only have £7 in the world. I'll give you six of them, and pay up the rest of the amount as quickly as I can. But I must keep the volumes, which are invaluable to me." He then went on to explain that, having written a letter in which he stated that he was a potter who had been chemically poisoned, and unfit to work, he used the encyclopædia for details of the pottery trade of which he himself was entirely ignorant. The one word kaolin, which he used in his letter, and his explanation of the use of the material, made everyone believe in the genuineness of his appeal (he said), and brought him in a perfect harvest of bank notes and postal orders. This ingenious gentleman (M. de Blowitz adds) has since paid up his full subscription, and is probably one of the subscribers to the supplement.

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M. Rostand has met the American attack on his originality in a very proper spirit. It will be remembered that he was recently convicted, in a Chicago court, of having plagiarised practically the whole of "Cyrano de Bergerac"—except the poetry, which was not claimed—from a gentleman of that city. He now writes to the "Temps" to make plenary confession, as follows:—

I ask but one thing, and that is that I may some day have a translation of the Chicago work in my hands. Meanwhile, I am ready to admit that I took Bergerac, his name, the Hotel de Bourgogne, Montfleury, the Ragueneau cook-shop, the precious soul Roxane kissing Cyrano's words on the lips of Christian, the cadets of Gascogne—in short, all our seventeenth century history, from Mr. Gross, of Chicago. And, to make an end, I confess that I stole 'Les Romanesques' from J. H. C. Smithson, of Jefferson City, Missouri; 'La Princesse Lointaine' from Mr. T. Giles Trumbull, of Columbus, Ohio; 'L'Aiglon' from Tom Sambro, minstrel, of Springfield, Illinois. The idea of 'La Samaritaine' was derived from an apocryphal Gospel by the Honourable and Reverend G. H. Augustus Wonnacott, of Hartford, Connecticut. I may add that at the present moment I am in negotiation with a Virginia planter for the purpose of a manuscript, and I have caused to be stolen from a Louisiana shipbroker a grand play on Joan of Arc, the maid of New Orleans.

This should be eminently satisfactory to the admirers of the American drama. Meanwhile the American correspondent of the "Daily News" reminds us that the Chicago case, burlesque, as it seems, was an extremely practical affair. Mr. Gross, and not M. Rostand, will in future receive royalties on all productions of "Cyrano de Bergerac" in the States. As a rule the author who alleges plagiarism against a rival is not so fortunate—especially if his own work was only printed "for private circulation." Chicago is really going ahead. We suppose the next discovery will be that Bacon, before he wrote Shakespeare, was really a Chicago man—at least, his name sounds like it.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

The U.S. torpedo boat Wilkes completed her trial trip off Newport, R.I., on June 6, and over the measured mile course made a speed of over 26 knots.

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Professor Willis L. Moore, chief of the United States Weather Bureau, has invented a cooling machine which is intended to reduce the temperature of buildings in hot weather. The machine is said to have a capacity for cooling about 20,000 cubic feet of space during the hottest weather. The fact that foreign patents are still to be obtained renders it difficult to obtain full particulars of the invention.

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By the narrow margin of 0.02 of a knot the hourly speed record for the Atlantic Ocean, held by the Hamburg-American liner Deutschland, was broken by the Kronprinz Wilhelm. On this record-breaking trip the Kronprinz Wilhelm covered the distance of 3,095 miles from New York to Plymouth in 5 days 11 hours and 32 minutes, at an average hourly speed of 25.53 Knots. Her daily runs were 434, 550, 535, 534, 552, and 490 miles. This is the best eastward record for speed thus far made across the Atlantic.

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As the construction of the Nile reservoir at Assouan involves the unavoidable submersion of a portion of the temple of Philae, situated upon the island of Philae, the Egyptian Government has decided to take all possible steps to preserve a record of these monuments as they existed prior to the rise in the water levels, and also to lessen any danger which might arise from the annual inundation. The record of these historic monuments has been completed, and now to insure the stability of the structures the foundations of the temples are being underpinned. As the foundations of the temple of Isis were found to descend everywhere to the solid rock, it was decided to limit the operations to the consolidation of the other structures. It is expected that the work will be entirely completed in the course of a few weeks.

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During the course of some excavations on a mound in the neighbourhood of Greenwich Observatory, some Roman remains of great value and interest have been unearthed. About two feet below the surface the floor of a Roman room with a great portion of the tesselated pavement intact was revealed. Under careful treatment the beautiful work in cubes of red tile was disclosed, and the space has now been railed off, in order that the public may view the remains. A fine collection of coins of the period of Hadrian and Constantine was also discovered, together with several pieces of beautifully figured pottery and ornamental wall plaster. The coins were in a state of remarkable preservation, the figures and inscriptions being in some instances almost as clear and distinct as those at present in use. The discoveries are regarded as important, for the reason that they prove that the Roman road from London to Dover led through what is now Greenwich Park.

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It is probable that very few photographers are familiar with the name of Dr. Maddox, who died a few weeks ago in Southampton, at the age of 85. He was, however, regarded as the inventor of the gelatino-bromide process now so universally used. The process was improved after him by Kennett, Burgess, and Bennett. Dr. Maddox, prior to the seventies, was particularly interested in photo-micrography, and found the work of drawing the enlarged images so vexatious that he looked about to see what could be done in the line of photography. He learned the practice of the collodion wet-plate process, and worked with that for a while. But the small darkroom he used soon became so saturated with ether evaporating from the collodion that it seriously affected his head and health. He then determined to try and ascertain a substitute for the collodion, and made an emulsion of isinglass, gelatine, and other materials. His experiments resulted successfully, for in 1871 he prepared a gelatino-bromide of silver emulsion and coated it upon glass plates, exposed them in a camera, securing very good negatives. These original negatives were placed on exhibition at the Inventions Exhibition in London in 1885, and he was awarded a gold medal therefor.

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In 1889 he was awarded the Scott medal of the Franklin Institute at Philadelphia, and in 1901 he was awarded the Progress medal of the Royal Photographic Society of London, in each case in honour of his early work in the production of a practical gelatino-bromide process.

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In 1892 a special fund was raised for his benefit of about £400, through the efforts of Sir William Abney and others, "in recognition of his services to photography, and especially of his investigations in connection wth gelatine emulsion." Like a true amateur and investigator, he pursued his experiments for the pure love of them, without any desire of pecuniary reward or with a thought of keeping the process secret, and for this his memory will be held in high esteem by succeeding generations of photographers.

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According to Professor R. T. Hill, of the American National Geographical Society, the area within the zone of the catastrophe caused by Mount Pelee forms an elongated oval, covering eight miles of land, in which there are several well-marked zones; the first or centre zone, in which all animal and vegetable life is utterly destroyed; the second, in which a blistering flame killed animal life and burned the leaves on the trees, but did not entirely destroy the leaves themselves; and the third a zone of ashes which did slight damage to vegetation only. The northern portion of St. Pierre was in the first zone, and here all animal and vegetable life was instantly annihilated. The terrible explosion of gasses must have had tremendous force, for guns in a battery on a hill south of the city were dismounted and carried for yards. A new crater midway between the peak of Mont Pelee and the sea was the cause of the destruction of St. Pierre, and is still vomiting forth black mud, while sympathetic and synchronous eruptions are taking place in the old crater.

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Messrs. Lumiere and Perrigot have been studying the question of obtaining the maximum of sharpness in photographic images. When examined by the microscope, the optical image given by a good objective is found to be incomparably sharper than that of the negative which is obtained under the same conditions. In fact, the photographic plate registers an image which seems sufficiently sharp when viewed by the eye alone, but cannot support an enlargement by the microscope. In examining the causes of this lack of sharpness, the experimenters were led to find a method for obtaining negatives under the best conditions. One of the principal causes is the influence of grain in the sensitive film. It is well known that the bromide of silver in the emulsion is in the form of small grains whose dimension varies with the sensitiveness of the emulsion. They made a series of exposures, using plates which were prepared by a series of emulsions of very different sensitiveness from the extra-rapid, corresponding to the grains of silver bromide of the maximum dimensions, to the limit of slowness, which is found in the special emulsion used in the Lippmann process of colour photography, and in which no grains are visible under the microscope, even with the greatest magnifying power. They thus find that it is the granulation of the sensitive layer which is the main cause of the want of precision in the images; the particles of bromide diffuse the light which falls upon them, spreading out the image and diminishing its sharpness in greater proportion as the particles are larger.

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Another cause lies in the errors of focussing, even though these may be small. In an ordinary apparatus only an approximate focus is obtained. The use of a simple hand-glass to examine the image, the noncoincidence of the ground glass and the plate, also the want of flatness in the latter, are causes which influence the focus. The experimenters fix the limit of movement for obtaining a clear image, and find it to be 1-100th of an inch. The influence of chromatic aberration may be found in the case of inferior objectives which have not been sufficiently corrected, but for the best lenses this is practically nil. Another cause lies in the use of the diaphragm. While in astronomical work and for the opposite extreme, miscroscopical work, it is desired to increase the opening of the objective, in photography, on the contrary, it is generally admitted that greater precision is obtained by the use of the diaphragm. The experimenters show that this is not always the case. The diaphragm increases, in fact, the general sharpness of the images by correcting certain aberrations, and especially by increasing the depth of the focus, but if the central portion of the image is considered, and admitting that the objective is already sufficiently corrected for aberrations, it is found upon enlarging the image considerably that its precision is greater as the opening of the objective is larger. The experiments show, in general, that when it is desired to obtain an image of great precision, which may be considerably enlarged, it becomes necessary to use plates which have no appreciable grain, such as those of the Lippmann process, to use the best possible arrangement for obtaining the focus, also to be assured of the value of the objective, especially as to the corrections of aberrations, and when a chemical focus is found, to allow for this. If the aberrations are sufficiently corrected in the lens, the maximum opening should be used.

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Metal is about the last thing one would regard as a substitute for rubber, and particularly where great flexibility is a quality which was absolutely essential; but this has been done recently, and a hose has been manufactured out of a steel tape which has all the flexibility of a tube made of rubber, and also several advantages which the rubber does not possess, such as great durability in all classes of service and the power to resist the action of heat and corrosion as well as that of acids and other chemicals. It is therefore adapted to the conveying of steam, compressed air, water, oils, acids, alkalies, gases, benzine, naphtha and gasoline. No rubber whatever enters into the manufacture of this hose. It is constructed entirely of a metal tape which is rolled up in the form of a spiral, so that the edges overlap and fit into each other without in the least interfering with its flexibility. As the tape is rolled up it forms a groove for the reception of a packing which is completely inclosed in the metal as it rolls, where it remains fully protected from external or internal wear and tear. The packing causes the tubing to be perfectly tight, while the jointing induces a flexibility superior to that of a rubber hose of equal dimensions. As this house will not kink, crust, or blister, it can always be relied on to deliver its full capacity, which is greater than that of a rubber hose of the same dimensions. From the fact that the connections are all made on the outside, leaving the full internal diameter of the hose always available. The single hose is recommended for all ordinary purposes; but where it is designed to convey air or steam under pressure, a double hose is made which will, it is claimed, resist a pressure of three thousand pounds to the square inch. This is constructed by placing one metallic hose within another, the coils of each running in opposite directions. This combination enables it to withstand the hardest usage successfully.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1793.)

DUBLIN, APRIL 29.

Yesterday a clergyman, of the name of William Jackson, was committed to Newgate on a charge of sedition, under a warrant from the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

He was apprehended by Oliver Carleton, Esq, High Constable, and John Atkinson, Esq., Chief Constable of Police, who at the same time seized his writings, etc.

On Wednesday last the Rev. James Verschoyle, LLB., was, at a very full chapter, unanimously elected Dean of the Cathedral Church of St. Patrick, Dublin, on the resignation of the Rev. Robert Fowler, M.A., who is collated to the Archdeaconry of Dublin, by his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin.

May 1.—Monday last the Association for Promoting the Practice of Religion and Virtue held their annual examination of the candidates for premiums belonging to the several parochial schools of this city, at St. Werburgh's Church. The candidates were in number between seventy and eighty; the whole of the children present about five hundred; the psalms, as usual, accompanied by a full organ, had a most pleasing effect.

RIOT IN THE COUNTY OF CAVAN.

On Tuesday, the 12th of May, a most desperate affray happened at the fair of Kilnelack, near Cavan, the circumstances of which are thus stated in letters from that quarter:—

A number of persons, calling themselves defenders, having come to the fair, declared "they would destroy every Scotchman, or Presbyterian, they should find." They met a Mr. Biggers, who had upon all occasions been forward in suppressing such lawless depredators, and having cut and abused him in a shocking manner, some humane people got him from the crowd, and concealed him from their fury. Word was immediately sent to Ballyjamesduff and the neighbourhood, when a Mr. Blakely assembled about forty of his neighbours, Protestants and Dissenters, and proceeded on their way to Kilnaleck. They were met by the banditti within one mile of the town, who made a show of opposition. Mr. Blakely, acompanied by some others, went to them, and stated that they did not come with any hostile intent, but hearing of the treatment that Mr. Biggers had received, they were determined to bring him home, dead or alive; upon which one of the leaders of the party made a stroke of a sword at Mr. Blakeley's head, which he defended with a blunderbuss, and had one of his fingers struck off, whereupon the fellow was shot dead. The insurgents immediately called upon each other to surround Mr. B.'s party, which they attempted to do, but received so smart a reception, that after a short engagement they fled, leaving thirty-two of their companions dead on the spot.

But this defeat, far from reducing the Defenders to obedience, seems only to have inflamed their fury; for on the morning of Thursday, the 15th, several thousands of them assembled in the neighbourhood of Ballinaugh; the Protestant inhabitants of which place, about a dozen families, immediately fled for refuge towards Ballyjamesduff, leaving their houses and property to the Defenders, who instantly took possession of them, and pursued the fugitives. They had not advanced far before they heard that several detachments from the royal regiment of Dublin militia were marching against them; upon which they changed their route, and falling back upon the estate of the Bishop of Meath, plundered and destroyed the houses of his tenantry without distinction, burning whatever they could carry off, and in particular committing to the flames the poor people's leases by which they held their lands.

They now returned to Ballinaugh, posting strong parties, well armed, on the hills, to annoy any who might pursue them.

By this time the men of Ballyjamesduff, the fugitives from Ballinaugh, and the Bishop's tenants, being rallied by Mr. Henry Maxwell, of Crover, put themselves under his command, and marched towards Ballinaugh, notwithstanding an incessant fire from the parties on the hills. On his march, Mr. Maxwell was joined by another party of Protestants, under the command of Mr. Nixon; they arrived near Ballinaugh, and there demanded of the Defenders the surrender of their arms and ammunition (which they had in abundance), and that they should quietly disperse themselves: they were answered by a heavy fire. In vain those spirited gentlemen and their brave followers attempted repeatedly to make some impression on the multitude of Defenders that opposed them; they must have relinquished the combat, had not at the very moment that their ammunition was all spent, two parties of the royal regiment of Dublin militia appeared to support them: they were the grenadier and light infantry companies, commanded by Captain Medlicott, having with him Capt. O'Meara, Lieut. Thwaites, and Lieut. Richard Sankey. Their courage, steadiness, and excellent discipline, soon turned the scale of battle. The Defenders retired without much disorder, into the town of Ballinaugh, and from the houses kept up a continued fire upon the soldiers: with such a handful of troops there was but one way to dislodge the Defenders, and that way the magistrates directed to be taken—it was by burning the town to ashes; which was accomplished about two o'clock on Friday morning.

By this time a third party of the royal Dublin militia, under the command of Ensign Hudson, had arrived from Bailieborough, more than 20 miles; though they had exerted their utmost powers, they had not been able to participate in the honour of the engagement, but they had the good fortune to fall in with a party of the runaway Defenders, and, after a short conflict, took their leader and several others prisoners. On their leader they found some papers, containing the Defenders' oath, list of his associates, and other matters not unimportant.

Colonel Alexander also, with a fourth party of the royal Dublin militia, arrived at Ballinaugh just as the business was finished. He had received an express at Cavan, that the parties he had sent out were likely to be overpowered; upon which he collected every remaining man, and putting himself at their head, hasted to Captain Medlicott's support.

It would be vain for us to attempt extolling the courage and conduct of the officers and men concerned in this affair—the applause and gratitude of their country, and the exultation of their fellow-citizens of Dublin, form their best eulogium.

Great praise is due to Mr. Cole, who, throughout this difficult and dangerous day's business, gave the best advice, and set the most honourable example to those concerned in quelling the insurrection.

We must not omit a little anecdote, which proves that true courage and humanity are ever found together:—

After the Defenders were completely subdued at Ballinaugh, four of them crept out of one of the burning houses, throwing down their arms and crouching into a corner, begged for mercy; the enraged soldiers, smarting from their wounds, rushed upon them with the bayonet; Capt. Medlicott commanded them to desist, but without effect—"If," says he, "you will kill them, you must kill me too." He was too much the object of the soldiers' love and admiration to be longer disobeyed.

DEATHS.

In Cork, at an advanced age, Ignatius Trant, Esq., merchant. His probity and industry had for a number of years been so uniform, as to enable him to leave to his successors a handsome fortune, with a most respectable character; of him it may be truly said, that he possessed many friends, and never had an enemy.

At Ranelagh, Alexander English, Esq., formerly known by the apellation of Buck English, a gentleman whose vicissitudes of fortune have been extremely eccentric. He languished for many years previous to his death in extreme poverty, and died at the crisis of a law-suit terminating in his favour, by which an estate of near £2,000 per annum would have been restored to him.

In Dublin, Mrs. Trulock, wife of Alderman Trulock, gun-maker.

At Tralee Castle, Co. of Kerry, Sir Barry Denny, Bart., representative in Parliament for the said county. He was collaterally descended from the famous Sir Anthony Denny, one of King Henry the Eight's executors. His estate and title devolve to his eldest son, now Sir Barry Denny, who will shortly be created a Peer, by the style and title of Baron Dunmore.

In Duke street, on Friday, the 23rd inst., Sir William Mayne, Lord Baron Newhaven. His lordship was youngest son of the late William Mayne, of Powis Logie, in the county of Clackmannon, and shire of Perth, where that family has been settled since the middle of the 14th century, and are descended from the ancient house of Mayne, of Lockwood, as appears by the registry of the Lyon's Office. At the accession of his present Majesty he represented the borough of Carysfort in the Parliament of this kingdom; and ... the 22nd of April, 1763, was created a Baronet of Great Britain. In March, 1766 he was appointed a Privy Councillor in Ireland; and in the first octennial Parliament was again representative for Carysfort. On the 27th of October, 1794, he was returned representative for the city of Canterbury in the British Parliament, and afterwards represented the borough of Gatton, in Surrey. By Privy Seal at St. James's, the 18th of June, and by P tent the 26th of July, 1776, he was advanced to a Peerage, by the title of Baron Newhaven, of Carrickmayne, in the county of Dublin, and had his introduction in the House of Peers the 9th of October, 1781. His lordship married the 15th of July, 1758, Frances, daughter and co-heir to Joshua Viscount Allen, and by her had a son who died young. The title is extinct.

(To be continued.)

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SHANE'S CASTLE.



FROM THE "DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL," 1832.

Situated on the north-east shore of Lough Neagh, in the vicinity of the town of Antrim, are the magnificent ruins of Shane's Castle, the princely residence of Earl O'Neill, we believe the only remaining descendant of that noble and once powerful family (1). It was for centuries the residence of that noble house, but was burned to the ground by an accidental fire, in the year 1816. An extensive library and many valuable paintings were wholly consumed in this awful conflagration; the green-house, or grand conservatory of rare and foreign plants being the only thing that escaped. From the ruins which remain, it is evident that it was a fine, spacious building: the vaults, which are still entire, and extend to the very verge of the lake, merit the particular notice of the curious traveller, both from their spaciousness and rather extraordinary construction. Several turrets and towers are still standing, and from their tops a fine view of the interesting scenery, amid which the ruins lie, may be obtained. A number of cannon are still mounted on the fort, which is boldly situated. Some of the buildings which formed a part of the out-offices have been fitted up by the noble proprietor as a temporary residence. We have heard with pleasure that it is his Lordship's intention to erect a castle, if not on the ruins of the old one, on some spot in the immediate vicinity (2). The following lively representation of the feelings which this romantic scene is calculated to awaken is taken from a very interesting and able paper, read before the Natural History Society of Belfast, in 1824, by Robert Patterson, Esq.:—

"It fills one with melancholy ideas of departed grandeur—where the stately pile

has gradually crumbled beneath the touch of time—where the fox-glove, the moss, the lichen, the thistle, the long, luxuriant grass, and the ever-verdant ivy,

> Group their wild hulls with every stain
> The weather-beaten walls retain,

the moralist may find a pleasing object of contemplation—the painter a glowing subject for his pencil; but here where the ruin is not sufficiently old for this,—where time has not wrought the fall—where the white walls, stained occasionally by the dark smoke-wreaths, alone meet the eye—one cannot but deplore the untimely fall of the noble and venerable palace. Some slips of ivy have been planted about it, but, as yet, the cultivated spots around render only more striking the ruined mass in the centre."

It is rather extraordinary that at the moment the fire broke out, there was a very large party on a visit with the noble proprietor; but every exertion to extinguish the flames proved unavailing.

It may at present appear matter of surprise that such a battery of cannon as was erected here should be placed in a situation of the kind. The following interesting particulars relative to an engagement which took place on the lake, in the year 1642, will serve to show that in former times such a parade of strength was not a more ornamental appendage to the castle of a chieftain, but was actually necessary to the maintenance of his rights and privileges:

"A spirited and adventurous garrison of Irish troops occupied Charlemont. These men, not satisfied with carrying on a merely defensive war, built a little fleet of boats, with which they sailed down the Blackwater, into Lough Neagh, and plundered the adjacent country. Their predatory excursions were observed by Sir John Clotworthy's regiment, which had erected a fort at Toome. Immediately they built a boat of twenty tons burden, and furnished it with six brass guns. This was accompanied by seven smaller boats, and the whole flotilla was manned with three hundred men, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Connolly and Captain Longford. Thus prepared, these officers sailed over the lake, landed at the mouth of the Blackwater, raised and manned two small forts, and then returned. The Irish, however, contrived to pass the forts in dark nights, and plunder the country. Nay, they rapidly erected a fort at Clanbrassil, to protect their fleet in any sudden emergency. To counteract these measures, Connolly and Longford manned their little navy, and met the Irish flotilla near the shore of Clanbrassil. A naval battle ensued. The Irish were routed, driven on the shore, and there compelled to surrender. Sixty of them were slain, sixty more taken prisoners, and their fleet itself was captured and brought by the victors in triumph to Antrim. The family of O'Neill are of Gothic descent, having sprung from Belus, a Gothic king of the Orkneys. They came into Ireland in the latter part of the ninth century, and were then called Nial, O'Nial, or Hy Nial, which signifies a chief or prince. Having married into the family of some Irish prince, they soon became paramount chiefs of Ulster, and the most powerful opposers of the invaders of the country. In 1165 they defeated the Danes, and for several centuries they bravely opposed the ambitious encroachments of the English, with various success."

Not far from the castle, in a small burying-ground, is the cemetery or vault of a branch of the O'Neill family. On a stone in the gable end, the following inscription is rudely engraved:—

> This vault was
> built by Shane Mac
> Brien Mac Phelim Mac
> Shane Mac Brien Mac
> Phelim O'Neill, Esquire,
> in the year
> 1722, for a burial-place
> to himself and family
> of Clanboy.

There is no other monument of the family in the demesne. A neat village once stood close to this, called also Shane's Castle, or more anciently Edenduff Carrick. It was removed by the late and present lord, and the inhabitants accommodated with houses on other parts of the demesne; not a vestige of it now remains.

1. It should be understood that the writer meant in the male line.

2. This intention was subsequently carried into effect, and the building restored.

TO A CAPTIVE SEAGULL.

By F. J. O'Brien.

Bird of the wild far-sweeping wing
  Why art thou here?
Who chained thee thus, thou Ocean-King,
  To earth so dark and drear?
Thy home is where the free winds sing,
And the thunder tones of billows ring
  Through caverns rocked with fear!

Did not thy proud heart burst—
  Thou reckless rider of the stormy main—
When o'er thy unsullied plumage first
  Was flung man's chain?
Oh! thou whose infancy was nurs'd
  'Mid all the freedom of the skies,
How could thy spirit prize
    Life e'er again?

Tempests were at thy birth, and the white waves
  Sprang up rejoicing round thy rugged home;
And as a lullaby, from deep-mouthed caves,
  Wild ocean-songs would come.
  Bathed in the breakers' foam,
Rocked into slumber on the swelling sea,
Never was wild bird's infancy
More bright or free!

No more—sad prophecy!—ah! never more
  Will joys like these unbind thy frozen heart;
The unreposing ocean and dark shore,
The giant cliff, the cavern's hollow roar,
  Now of thy narrow life can form no part,
  All prisoned, pining, wretched as thou art!
    Existence is a waste, thy soul lies dead,
The snows upon thy wing have melted there—
    Droop'd is thy glorious head,
Stain'd is that bosom once so purely fair;
  Dimn'd is the broad bright eye
  That look'd but from the billow to the sky!

Better, far better had thy life-blood dyed
  The heaving sea;
Better thy last breath had been sighed
  Where all was free:
Better had heedless waves triumphantly
  Swept o'er thy pride,—
Than to a lone existence thus to cling,
And hear the wild winds mock at thy unlifted
    wing

EARTHQUAKE RECORDERS IN AMERICA.

In connection with the recent volcanic eruptions in the West Indies and the disastrous earthquake in Guatemala, it is interesting to know that several instruments for observing and recording earthquakes are in service in various parts of North America. One is located in Baltimore, one at Toronto, three at Bayonne, New Jersey, and one at Victoria, British Columbia. Although the seismograph at Baltimore has been in operation only since April, 1901, it has noted a number of disturbances of the earth, the last being that which so seriously effected Central America. The instrument is of the form designed by Professor John Milne, the noted geologist, and consists of a so-called horizontal pendulum; that is, a beam supported by a vertical column as a door is hung by its two hinges. The line between the two points of support of the beam is nearly, but not exactly, vertical; the more nearly vertical it is the more sensitive is the beam to slight tremors. A small tilting of the column at right angles to the beam will cause the latter to swing in that direction. The adjustment is usually made so that a tilting of the column of ½ sec. of arc (i.e., a movement of the top of the column, which is about one foot high, of 1-35,000th of an inch beyond the base) will cause the end of the beam to swing a distance of 1-25th inch. The beam is 37 inches long, and on its end is fastened a plate of thin brass in which is a narrow slit parallel to the length of the beam; this plate moves over a fixed brass plate with a similar slit, but at right angles to the former. A ray of light is reflected through the two slits, which simply serve to narrow it, and moves to and fro as the beam swings. The light falls on a strip of bromide paper which is steadily moved by clock work under the slits at the rate of 1-25th of an inch a minute. When the beam is at rest the movement of the paper causes the light to trace a straight line upon it, but when the beam swings back and forth the straight line is changed into a sinuous curve. The period of vibration of the beam is about fifteen seconds, during which time the paper has only moved about 1-100th of an inch, consequently the curved line is very much compressed, and its back and forth tracing on the paper appears like the widening and paling of an original straight line. The instrument is mounted on a solid brick pier, built about twenty-five years ago, and consequently rests upon a very solid foundation, as the pier stands on the clays and gravels of the Potomac Formation, which rest on chystalline rocks seventy or eighty feet below the surface. The beam points about S. 30 deg. W. This direction was chosen so that the beam might be parallel to the Appalachian mountain system and to the coast line, and thus be most sensitive to disturbances propagated at right angles to these continental features. It is in charge of Professor Harry Fielding Reid, of the faculty of the Johns Hopkins University, and by a strange coincidence made its first record on the same day it was completed and placed in operation. This was an earthquake which was very perceptibly felt upon the Pacific Coast as well as at various points on the Pacific Ocean, and the record of the instrument shows more or less movement of the earth for a period of nearly four hours. Reproductions of this disturbance upon the photographic paper correspond almost exactly to that noted when the disaster in Guatemala occurred, although the Central American fluctuations were somewhat more violent, as indicated by the wave lines indicating the vibration of the instrument. Although many trains pass through the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad tunnel within 150 feet of the instrument, the vibrations caused by the service are so rapid that the seismograph is not affected. Scientists who have confidence in the construction of the instrument believe that the eruptions at Martinique and St. Vincent have been confined to a small area, as the record at Baltimore has given no trace whatever of disturbance since these eruptions.

ORIGIN AND MEANINGS OF IRISH FAMILY NAMES.

By JOHN O'DONOVAN.

[The following papers were contributed by the celebrated Irish Antiquary and Scholar to the Irish Penny Journal," 1841.]

I.

It has for a long time appeared to me a desirable object, as regards the history of Ireland and the information of the Irish people, to communicate to the public a correct account of the origin and signification of the proper names, tribe names, and surnames of the people of Ireland; more especially as some of the popular writers of the last century have misled them generally into the most erroneous notions with regard to these classes of names. The errors of these writers have not only been adopted by the usually shallow compilers of county surveys, county histories, and other topographical works down to the present time, but also to some extent by writers of a higher order and greater learning and research, as Lanigan and Moore. Indeed, strange as the fact may seem, it is nevertheless unquestionable that there are very few in the country whose ideas upon this subject are consonant with the truth; and hence, upon most occasions on which an Irishman adopts an anglised form of his Christian name and surname, the effect of the alteration is such as completely to conceal, veil, and not unfrequently to misrepresent, their original orthography and meaning. On this account it becomes unavoidably necessary for me, before I enter upon the series of articles which I propose furnishing on this subject, to exhibit and expose the ignorance of those writers to whom I have alluded, and whose theories have produced so erroneous an impression upon the minds of the Irish people; and to this object I purpose to devote the present introductory paper.

The fallacies which I have to expose were unknown to the Irish people until towards the close of the last century, the writers of an earlier period having been too well informed to lead their readers into error. But their works being for the most part in a dead language, and very rarely to be met with, they ceased to have an influence on the public mind, and left the way open for a new race of writers, very ignorant of the ancient language and history of Ireland, to impose their crude theories upon the uninstructed reader. A society of rich persons, of whom General Vallancey, Mr. Beauford, (a) and Dr. Ledwich, were the most active, was formed for the purpose of giving to the public a series of essays on the antiquities, ancient literature, and topography of Ireland; and the result of their joint labours made its appearance in a work published periodically under the title of "Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis," and since popularly called "Vallancey's Collectanea." These gentlemen, however, after a time found that their systems had nothing in common, each considering the other as insufficiently informed in the subject treated of, and, I think, with justice; for, as I trust I shall be able to show on a future occasion, all were alike ignorant of the matters they professed perfectly to understand. But though the labours of these gentlemen contributed generally to the propagation of erroneous theories on the subject, it was a work of Mr. Beauford's, published in No. 11 of the "Collectanea," which, treating more immediately of this subject, has had the greatest influence on the popular mind; an influence less owing to any celebrity attached to its own name than to that of Vallancey, whose sanction and approbation this work is generally supposed to have received. With this writer originated the novel theory that the names of tribes and families in Ireland, as usual among the Saxons and Normans, were derived from earlier appellations of the territories and localities which they occupied. To establish this hypothesis he adopts a process of etymological investigation unparalleled in the annals of antiquarian research. In the first place, he takes the liberty of dividing the words into as many parts as he thinks proper; secondly, he makes such changes in the vocables thus obtained as he finds convenient to his purpose; thirdly, he gives these words new meanings of his own; and, lastly, he places the tribes whose names he thus explains in localities which many of them never occupied.

As the errors of this writer, though so long before the public, have never been sufficiently exposed, I shall here undertake the task, by the exhibition of a few examples of his process of investigation, taken without selection, and given as a fair specimen of the whole. It will be necessary for me, however, in fairness, to quote in the first instance the author's own account of the theory, which he has put forward to account in this novel manner for the origin of the names of men and tribes in Ireland.

"On the increase of population and the introduction of agriculture, these wandering tribes were under the necessity of confining themselves to certain permanent districts; which districts were generally denominated either from their situation or quality of the soil, and from which also the inhabitants obtained their collective appellation; whence, in the most ancient Irish poems and histories, we frequently find 'clan' and 'slioght' added to the 'name of the country,' to signify the inhabitants; 'clan Cuilean, slioght Breoghain, and "slioght Gae,' wherefore 'the children and race of any division' were the invariable names by which the ancient Hibernian septs were distinguished from the remotest antiquity, and not, as frequently asserted, the children and descendants of their respective leaders."

Again, "The chiefs of every district were elected from the elder branch of the dynasts, and the kings of the principalities from the senior chief of the subordinate districts, who on their advancement to the dignity obtained the name of the district or clan over which they presided; it being an universal custom amongst all the Celtic tribes to dominate the noblesse, with their other appellations, from the place of their residence; a custom in some measure yet retained in the Highlands of Scotland. The variety of names used by the ancient Irish have occasioned great confusion in their history; for before the tenth century surnames were not hereditary, and prior to the establishment of the Christian religion in this country no person was distinguished by one permanent nomination. It is true, during their Pagan state, every child at its birth received a name generally from some imaginary divinity, 'under whose protection he was supposed to be; but this name' was seldom retained longer than the state of infancy, from which period it was generally changed for others arising from some perfection or imperfection of the body, the disposition and qualities of the mind, achievements in war or the chase, the place of birth, residence, etc., so that it frequently happened that the same person was distinguished by several appellations. Our ancient historians, not properly attending to this, have committed great errors in relating the transactions of early periods, by asserting the same action to be performed by several different people, which in reality was performed by one only, thereby throwing their history and antiquities into too distant a period. A similar error has also been committed by not considering the dignitary names of the chiefs, who on their election to the government constantly obtained the name appertaining to the clan over whom they presided, or rather that of the district. These dignitary names becoming in the tenth century hereditary and family distinctions, created new difficulties to genealogists of latter ages."—"Collectanea," vol. iii., p. 257.

Now, it will be very easy to prove that these assertions are wholly erroneous, and are merely conjectures, unsupported either by history or etymology. In the first place, the three instances above given to show that the words "clan" and "slioght" were prefixed to the names of territories among the Irish, instead of supporting the author's assumption, go to prove the very contrary, for in the first two instances the names adduced are not names of territories, but of men; and with regard to the third instance, there was no such name among the ancient Irish, and it is a pure fabrication of Beauford's own imagination! As for his assertion that in the time of Paganism every child at its birth received a name generally from some imaginary divinity, under whose protection he was supposed to be, it is another pure fabrication; there is no authority in any of our ancient documents that men were called after their Pagan deities, except in three instances, in the darkest period of Irish history; and even from these it does not appear that such names were given immediately after the birth of the individuals referred to, but they assumed them after having arrived at the age of maturity. These instances are to be met with in ancient Irish MSS. concerning the history of the Tuatha De Dananns, a colony said to have preceded the Scoti in Ireland, at a period now generally believed to be beyond the reach of authentic history; but granting what has been handed down to us concerning this colony is authentic, it does not follow from any thing stated that even among them every child at its birth received a name from a divinity under whose protection he was placed; for the sum of what has been handed down to us on this subject is, that on the arrival of the Scotic or Milesian colony in Ireland, the Tuatha De Dananns were governed by three kings, who were distinguished by surnames derived from the names of the gods whom they worshipped. Thus, one of those kings, whose real name was "Eochy," was, it is said, usually styled "Mac Greine," because he worshipped the sun; the second, whose proper name was "Eathur," was called "Mac Cuill," because he worshipped the hazel tree, for I suppose men generally lived on nuts in his time; and the third, whose proper name was "Teathur,"

(a) Let not the reader confound this Beauford with the author of the ecclesiastical map of Ireland, for the latter was Dr. Beaufort, and his works are distinguished for their accuracy.

was called "Mac Ceachta," i.e., son of the plough, for he worshipped that useful instrument as his god! We have no instance of men having been named after Pagan deities but these three, and I venture to say that they are not sufficient to establish Beauford's hypothesis. But a stronger argument than this can be urged against this theory—namely, that among all the Pagan names of men which have been preserved by our authentic annalists, not one appears to be called after a Pagan deity; and if it had been a general custom to call children after such deities, it might be expected that at least a few of them would have been transmitted. Since, then, they have not been transmitted, how, I would ask, did Mr. Beauford discover that such a custom had ever existed? It is true that after the establishment of Christianity in the fifth century, the descendants of the Pagan Irish who entered into holy orders, or into the monastic state, had their Pagan names sometimes changed, as we learn from the lives of the saints of the primitive Irish Church, but no documents now remain to prove, or even suggest, that such a change had been made previous to the introduction of Christianity. It is undeniable that cognomens, epithets, or sobriquets, were frequently added to the first name from some warlike exploit, or from some perfection or imperfection of body, colour of hair, or disposition of mind; but this continued to be the custom in Christian times, and still continues so; but no authority has been discovered even to suggest that any change of the original Pagan name had occurred previous to the introduction of Christianity; and we find that, even long after that period, many distinguished Irish Bishops, abbots, and other ecclesiastics, bore the names of their Pagan ancestors.

It is also a groundless assumption that the chief changed his name for that of the territory after his election to the government, or that the names of either the clan or district became surnames or family names in the tenth century. Can any one believe that Brian was the name of the territory of the O'Briens before the establishment of the name O'Brien. Was Donnell the name of the territory of the O'Donnells previous to the tenth century. Was Niall the name of the principality of the O'Neills

So much then for Mr. Beauford's general theory as put forward in the introduction to his work. I shall now proceed to show the equal fallacy of the etymological processes by which he attempts to sustain his theoretical assumptions in the work itself—namely, that the names of Irish tribes and families were derived from the situations and natural features of the territories they inhabited.

1. "Clann Cuilean, or the race of the children of the corner of the water; called also 'Hy na mor,' or the district of the sea; the chiefs of which were denominated 'Mac na mor aois,' the sons of the eldens of the sea, by contraction Macnamara," etc.

Now, what will be thought of this etymological induction, when it can be proved from history that "clann Cuileain" signifies the race of "Cullen?"

The "Cuilean" or Cullen, from whom this tribe took their name, is found in the pedigree of Mac Namara, within the authentic period of Irish history, for he flourished in the eighth century, a period to which our authentic annals reach with the perfect historical certainty. Let us then see how this meaning, "children of the corner of the water," is obtained from the compound "clann Cuileain." Apparently by a very simple process—thus: "clann" means descendants, "cuil" means "corner," and "ean" water; but regular as this process appears, it is nevertheless utterly fallacious, for the word "clann' means children or descendants relatively to an ancestor, not to a "locality"; and though the name "Cuilean" (now Anglicised Cullen or Collins) when cut in two, would apparently make the words "cuil" and "ean," still the word is not compounded of "cuil," a corner, and "ean," water, for the first syllable is short, and the last syllable is a diminutive termination of the same power with the Latin "ulus," as in the compounds "campulus, colliculus, catulus"; and the word "cuilean," whether taken as a common noun substantive or as a proper name, is synonymous with the Latin "catulus," or "Catullus."

The next assertion above made, that "clann Cuileain" was also called "Hy na mor," is untrue, for the name "Hy na mor" had never any existence except in Mr. Beauford's fancy; and even if it had, the meaning given for it would not be correct, for "hy" does not properly mean district, nor does "mor" mean sea. The assertion that the chiefs of "clann Cuileain" were called "Mac na mor aois," is also untrue, for the name was never so written by any one except Mr. Beauford. They were uniformly called "Mic Conmara," as being the descendants of "Cu-mara," who was chief of the "clann Cuileain" in the tenth century; and the name "Cumara," signifying "hero of the sea," was first given to a chief of this family, from his being an expert seaman, not from his dwelling on the sea, for the "clann Cuileain" or Mac Namaras were not located on the sea, or near the sea, but in an inland territory in the south-east of the county of Clare.

2. "Cineal Eoghean, or 'Cean all Eoghain,' from 'cean thuath oll Eogh-an,' pronounced Connal Owen, or the principal division of the northern county of the Oll or Bolgæ, an ancient district in the province of Ulster, comprehending originally the present counties of Tyrone, Armagh, Donegal, and part of the county of Derry, being the ancient divisions of Eirgal or Orgall," etc.

Here the name "Cineal Eoghain," i.e., race or progeny of "Eogham," which had been translated by all the early Irish writers, is made to signify the principal division of the northern county of the Oll or Bolgæ. Let us examine how this interpretation has been wrested from "Cineal Eoghain." In the first place, he spells the name incorrectly, though we cannot see that he gains any point by doing so; next he takes asunder what he conceives to be its component parts, first metamorphosing the word "Cineal," which is cognate with the Latin "genus" and the English "kind, kindred," into "Cean all," which he made to signify "principal division," and resolving "Eoghan," a man's name, into "Eogh-an," to make it signify I know not what; but as the four vocables thus obtained would not answer his purpose, he took the liberty of adding one more of his own coining, thus making five distinct words of the two original ones. But even allowing that these five vocables are legitimately obtained from the two original ones, I have still a further objection to them, for they do not grammatically coalesce, or bear the meaning he affixes to them, as there is no word among the five to express "principal division" or "county." And granting further that the five words thus formed could really bear the signification he gives them, it would not follow that the name "Cineal Eoghain" is so compounded, while in opposition to the testimony of all authentic history; and we have the testimony of all the authentic Irish annals, the lives of the Irish apostle, and of the most ancient genealogical books, to prove that the great northern race called "Cineal Eoghain," took that apellation from their great ancestor "Eoghan" (the son of Niall of the Nine Hostages), who was contemporary with St. Patrick, as did a neighbouring race that of "Cineal Conaill," from Eoghan's brother, Conall Gulban.

But the supporters of Mr. Beauford's system may say that although it may be true that the "Cineal Eoghain" took their appellation from their ancestor Eoghan, still that this Eoghan may have taken his name from the territory over which he ruled. I answer, that this does not bear even the semblance of probability, for we have the authority of Cormac's Glossary for asserting that the proper name "Eoghan" (still used as a man's name in every part of Ireland, and Anglicised Owen and Eugene), was understood by the ancient Irish literati to signify the "good offspring," or the "goodly born," and this looks much more probable than the signification which Mr. Beauford wrings from it, for the Irish had many other names similarly compounded, as "Finghin" (now Florence), thereby meaning the fair offspring; "Coemhghin" (now Kevin), the beautiful offspring, etc. Thus it appears that Beauford's derivation of the tribe name of "Cineal Eoghain" is a mere etymological phantasy, unsupported by history or etymology. I have also to mention that the extent he gives to the territory of this tribe is too great, for it never comprised the one-fourth part of the present county of Donegal, or any part of Armagh.

(To be Continued.)

GENIUS AND ITS ECCENTRICITIES.

The well-known eccentricity of many writers, composers, and artists has suggested to Dr. Regnault, of France, a very interesting article on the "Mania of Authors." By "mania" Dr. Regnault does not mean insanity, but an ungovernable desire to do certain foolish things when accomplishing their work as authors. He writes:—

"For strong men like Victor Hugo, Mistral, Ampere, Catulle Mendes, walking is often sufficient to stimulate the production of ideas, which they can jot on paper while passing near their desks. Weak men like Descartes and Leibnitz, on the contrary, can produce only when they lie down. Cujas wrote lying on his stomach; Rossini found inspiration only in his bed; so did Ambroise Thomas, but not so regularly.

"Chateaubriand, while dictating to his secretary, was in the habit of walking in his bare feet; Schiller and Gretry could not write unless their feet were on ice; Gluck had his piano brought into the sun in the open air; Bossuet covered his head with hot cloths. The shirt-frills and ruffles of Buffon have demonstrated to us long since how great is the influence of the costume upon the writer."

To emphasise his idea concerning this influence of costume, Dr. Regnault gives a list of persons addicted to eccentric dress who were well known for their literary achievements:—

"A monk's hood was necessary to Balzac. Theophile Gautier had to wear a red gown, and Milton a woollen cloak. Mendes only writes in his shirt sleeves; Victorien Sardou would not think of handling a pen if he had not previously put his black skull-cap on his head; without his scarlet vest, Francois Coppee could write nothing, not even the Pater."

There is also, according to the writer, a close relation between the senses of taste and smell, and the faculty of thought:—

"Lord Derby always filled his mouth with brandy-cherries; Fenimore Cooper used to chew gum-drops; Byron filled his pockets with truffles; Theophile Gautier burned incense; Pierre Loti gets 'intoxicated with perfumes.'"

Other varieties of mania are as follows:—Zola needs only light; he writes, even in daytime (in which case his blinds are closed) surrounded with numerous lighted candles. For Cimarosa, Verlaine and John Stuart Mill nothing but noise would do to stimulate their brains. Those who require absolute silence are, however, more numerous. Carolus Duran never begins to paint until he has played the violin; Morot plays the organ; Darwin always practised on his old fiddle before writing. Finally the author mentions a composer who can not arouse musical inspiration without walking in his bare feet on broken glass. He often fills his shoes with broken glass and then walks for hours until he is ready to write his compositions. "When they have come to that," gently comments Dr. Blanche, the insanity expert, "it is better not to disagree with them."

OUR WEEKLY STORY

WHAT I FOUND IN THE HOLD.

BY ALBERT W. TOLMAN.

About fifteen years ago I was deputy collector of customs in one of the shore districts of Maine. Four shipyards lay in my territory, and as acting surveyor I was obliged to measure any vessels that might be built there. This might seem to be a very brief and simple task; there is, however, a great deal of detail in the work, for Uncle Sam is extremely particular about the dimensions and tonnage of the vessels that fly his flag.

One of these shipyards was in the town adjoining that in which I lived, and at the end of a long point fully a mile from my house. In the month of September, six weeks after my appointment, it fell to me to measure a four-masted schooner, fast nearing completion in this yard.

I arrived in the town by stage at eight o'clock one cool evening, and spent the night at the single small hotel. The next morning I engaged the owner of a horse and waggon to take me down to the vessel, and hold one end of the measuring tape while I got the various dimensions.

It was a long day's work for two men. I returned to the hotel for dinner, and then rode down again with my assistant to finish the job. Our hardest and longest task was in the hold. This we were obliged to divide into sections, and each section had to be measured several times. We did not get through below until half an hour after the men working on the houses and rigging had "knocked off" for the night.

It would have taken, perhaps, an hour to finish, and I wanted to bring the matter to a close then and there. But my helper, whose zeal had evidently been flagging the latter part of the afternoon, absolutely refused to remain longer. There was to be a political rally in the town hall that evening, and he wanted to get through his work at home in time to attend it.

Had it not been growing dark so rapidly I would have waited and completed the work alone, but I saw that before the last measurements could be taken a lantern would be needed. So it seemed best to me to go back to the hotel for supper, and come down again later. I could not wait until the next morning, as I should then be obliged to take the early stage for home.

After supper I tried to engage a man or boy to go back with me to the vessel, but not one could I get; everybody was going to the rally. At last I borrowed a lantern of the landlord, and started off alone. He told me that the night watch-man at the yard was an old, half-crazy fisherman, and advised me to make myself known to him before going on board the schooner, as he always carried a double-barrelled shot gun when on guard.

My walk to the yard, although a lonely one, was not at all unpleasant. For the last half-mile the road wound through a heavy growth of maple and birch, but the full moon, which had just risen, gave me plenty of light. On reaching the schooner I looked about for the watchman, but he was nowhere in sight. Far out on the water a small boat was slowly moving in along the moon-path, and I judged that it probably contained the missing man. I did not wait for him, but set to work at once.

Soon all the measurements were taken except those of the after deck. Lighting my lantern carefully to avoid danger of fire, I went down into the lazaretto, and then into the cabin. A few minutes sufficed for these, and only the poop forward on the cabin was left.

As I came out of the after companionway and went forward over the house with my lantern, I heard a shout from the water, and saw the boat coming rapidly in only a few hundred feet away. I was so nearly through that I felt it better to finish first, and afterwards explain why I was there; so, without paying any attention to the man's angry hail, I dropped down through the hatch and began to use my tape.

The poop-deck, which I was now measuring, was a space about thirty feet wide, fourteen feet from bulkhead to cabin, and three feet ten inches high. The iron water-tanks were placed, one on each side of the cabin, cutting off all communication with the lazaretto. Hence the only exit was through the hatch. In the corner near by was a pile of chips and blocks, reaching almost to the deck-beams.

I was glad when the last measurement was taken, for the cramped space between decks made it necessary for me to move about bent almost double.

Kneeling in the corner farthest from the hatch, I recorded the figure in my note-book, slipped it into my pocket, took my lantern, and turned to make my way out.

Then, without the slightest warning, I got the fright of my life. Piercing the darkness like a knife-blade, making my hair bristle and raising the goose-flesh, came a long-drawn wailing "miau," and the flash of two yellow eyes from the chip-pile.

Forgetting how low the deck was, I leaped erect, struck my head against a beam, and, half-stunned, fell back on my lantern, smashing it to fragments and putting it out. For a moment I lay without the power of thought. Then I raised myself on my hands and knees, and looked in the direction of the chips. About twenty feet away four yellow eyes glared into mine!

Canada lynxes! I knew that one was occasionally shot in the woods of the county, but the hold of a vessel was the last place in which to look for animals. They had probably come out of the neighbouring forest the first of the evening, and wandered aboard in search of food.

What was I to do? My courage came back a little as I realised that, unless cornered, the beasts probably would not attack me. Still they were very unpleasant companions in such narrow quarters, and I did not care to approach the hatch while they were in their present position.

One of my hands touched an iron wedge. I raised this, balanced it for a moment, and launched it at the eyes. The pandemonium that followed nearly frightened me out of my wits. The place seemed alive with snarling, screeching, spitting devils. When matters calmed down a bit, the two pairs of yellow eyes glared steadily through the darkness between me and the hatch!

There the two lynxes crouched, side by side, with the breath hissing between their teeth.

The only weapon I had was a pocket-knife with a four inch blade. Although this would have been practically useless in a scrimmage, I opened it and held it in my hand, mechanically feeling the edge to comfort myself a little.

The two cats now began to promenade up and down, fifteen feet away, turning in their beat with the regularity of sentinels, and all the while keeping their eyes fastened on me. At the same time they miaued together; and the way they ran up and down the scale from low to high, and from high to low, would have been interesting under any other conditions. They varied from a thin, wailing soprano to a grum, angry bass, that sent my heart up into my throat more than once during the performance.

Then the promenade and music stopped, and they did a thing that made my scalp tingle and my teeth strike together in spite of myself. Each cat, first one and then the other, deliberately reared itself against an upright and sharpened its claws. I could hear the hard pine splinter under their muscular forearms. The animals did not lose sight of me during this process, for I could see the twin yellow eyes shining malignantly.

Suddenly the beasts became quiet. I heard footsteps on the gangplank, and then on the deck; it was the watchman. As soon as I heard him come up on the poop I shouted. The footsteps stopped near the hatch.

"Who are ye? What d'ye want here?" growled the old man, in a very threatening tone. I explained as well as I could. But he did not believe me.

"You're a thief!" he muttered. "You're tryin' to rob the vessel. But ye didn't reckon on old Sile. He got ye where the wool's short; ye's goin' to keep ye here till mornin', and then he'll hand ye over to the law, dead or alive. You stay down there. If you lift your head above the combin's I'll blow it off!"

I argued, coaxed, threatened, but it did no good. I enlarged upon the subject of the lynxes, but he only cackled querulously and disdainfully. He seated himself on a carpenter's chest beside the combings. The gun-butt rang on the deck, and I heard him cock both barrels.

Then he began to complain to himself about his rheumatism and the trouble I was making by keeping him on deck all night instead of in the comfortable cabin. But he showed no signs of weakening. I can recommend him for a faithful watchman.

But it was the lynxes themselves that finally solved my problem. During my colloquy with the old man they had been very silent and attentive. Probably they thought that we were both planning a scheme to attack them. They kept very close together, and I could tell by the position of their eyes that one was resting his head on the back of the other's neck, as he stared at me.

The moon was now well up in the eastern sky. As it rose over the end of the cabin it flung an oblong patch of light on the deck beneath the hatch. One of the cats slunk across the corner of this bright spot, and the watchman saw him also.

Then, on the edge of the patch of moonlight, I saw one of the lynxes crouching for a spring outside. His mate was close to him. The watchman must have looked down the hatchway just at that moment, for, as the animal sprang, one barrel of the gun roared. He missed and the charge buried itself in the deck. The second cat followed the first through the smoke, and the old fellow lost his head, and fired the other barrel.

Now was my chance, before he had time to reload. I ran stooping to the hatch, popped my head through, and made a grab with both hands for the combings to swing myself up. In my hurry my left hand missed its hold, and I fell back. This literally saved my neck.

Something sliced through the air and struck the combings; the watchman had thrown a broadax! Luckily for me it passed over my head; luckily also he lost his balance, and came tumbling headlong into the hatch.

Without waiting to see whether or not he had broken his neck, I swung myself up and dashed for the gangplank. I leaped the rail

without touching it, barely missing a fall of thirty feet, rushed down the plank to the ground, and made up through the yard for the road. A few hundred feet before me I saw the two lynxes scampering for the woods, evidently as badly frightened as I was, and as much relieved to get away from the vessel. On the edge of the clearing I looked back at the schooner, and caught a glimpse of a figure climbing slowly out of the hatch. So I knew that the watchman could not have been badly hurt.

I hurried through the woods back to the hotel, and gained my room without being seen, as the rally was not yet over. I was not sorry to escape notice, for the front of my coat and waistcoat was filled with broken glass where I had fallen on the lantern; my hands were cut and bleeding, and I had a big bump on the right temple, where my head had struck the deck-beam.

I made myself as presentable as I could, settled with the landlord for his lantern, and left town on the early stage the next morning. Afterwards I heard that the old watchman reported that he had driven off a thief with two bloodhounds, who was trying to rob the vessel.

A SEASIDE MUSING.

By R. K. P.

I would I were a Wave, and yet I know not why,
Save 'twere to dance, a wild and wayward thing;
Or calmly resting, woo the rosy evening sky;
Or wake the caves with a sweet murmuring.
I love the sigh the blue wave utters to the shore—
Its deep and mellow tone instructs my heart,
Seeming a whisper from the dead, who now no more,
Tell me I am of earth's great plan a part!
A Wave in life's vast sea: now flashing in the sun,
Now in the wide expanse of ocean lost;
Of countless myriads a single nameless one,
By Fate's capricious breath for ever tost.
And yet a simple Wave hath a high part ordain'd—
From earth to heaven its dewy drops exhale,
And when their aerial throne its wings have gain'd,
They ride in cooling showers before the gale.
And every tree and flower they kiss looks bright and green;
And living things drink of the crystal stream;
And that which to the exalted gate of heaven hath been,
Comes back again, upon the ocean's breast to gleam,
And riding there, it bears upon its swelling form,
The loves for which true hearts in silence beat—
For which fond eyes pierce outward through the murky storm,
And longing arms fondly stretch forth to greet,
And thus I muse, whene'er I gaze upon the sea,
Hoping my life as true unto its end may be.

THE LEGAL COIF.

Judicial wigs are not uniform. Some are all white, and in others the white is relieved by a circular recess constructed just over the organ of benevolence. This black patch is the coif, and it shows that the judge who wears it holds the degree of sergeant-at-law. Once it was a skull-cap worn by a knight upon a helmet. That was, however, many centuries ago. In modern times—a little before 1300 A.D.—renegade clergymen used to do barristers' work and take barristers' fees. A canon, it is true, forbade them to act as advocates in secular courts; but even then clergymen were contumacious. They pleaded for their clients in the teeth of canonical prohibition and they used the coif to hide the tonsure. One old annalist, writing about the year 1400, describes how a certain advocate, who was a serjeant, having been proved guilty of the grossest malversation, was sentenced to death. He pleaded his benefit of clergy, and, untying the threads of his coif, disclosed the tonsure. The plea, however, was no bar to the action of the executioner, and he was hurried off from the judgment seat to the gallows. For six centuries the serjeants remained in undisturbed possession of that little black patch. But legislation has latterly been very cruel to them. The Judicature Act has extinguished the order, and the forensic wigmaker has sold off all his coifs.

NOTES ON OLD DUBLIN.

By SEUMAS CORMAC.

II.

THE CITY CHARTERS AND INSIGNIA.

During the administration of Strongbow, in 1172, Henry II. granted to Dublin the first charter, with the same privileges that the city of Bristol then enjoyed. This charter is beautifully illuminated, and is one of the treasures still preserved in the City Hall. John, Lord of Ireland, son of Henry II., granted a second charter in 1192, and a third in 1207, after he ascended the English Throne. The Magna Charta was granted to Dublin and to Ireland generally by Henry III in 1216, and the following year fee-farm of the city was granted to the citizens, and the charter of King John was futrher confirmed in 1227. A charter was granted by Edward I. in 1287, and permission given in 1407 to the Mayor to have a gilt sword carried before him as before the Lord Mayor of London. A confirmation of the former charter was granted in 1607, and in 1660 King Charles II. presented to the Mayor a collar of S.S., who was also granted a foot company as an escort. In 1665 the Chief Magistrate of the city was honoured with the title of Lord Mayor, as in London, and £500 was granted in lieu of the foot company. Sir Daniel Bellingham was the first Lord Mayor. In 1687 James II. renewed the charter on a quo warranto. The collar of S.S. was lost or stolen during the revolution of 1688. The handsome collar at present worn by the Lord Mayor was presented by King William III. in 1697, and attached to it is a miniature of the King. The charters above-mentioned are in the custody of the Town Clerk, and are carefully preserved in the City Hall.

AN HISTORICAL DOOR.

Visitors to St. Patrick's will observe leaning against the left-hand wall of the nave a very plain old door, with a square hole cut through its centre. This door dates from the 15th century, and was the door of the ancient chapter room. In 1492 the Cathedral was the scene of a stormy conflict between the Earls of Kildare and Ormonde, representatives of the rival Houses of York and Lancaster, as well as of the noble families of Fitzgerald and Butler. They met at the church for the purpose of arranging their differences, but a quarrel ensued, and a body of the Geraldine archers rushed into the nave to kill Ormonde. He took refuge in the Chapter House, and the soldiers showered their arrows into the rood-loft and chancel, and wherever they thought they might hit an enemy. Ormonde thought he had been betrayed, "but Kildare, the Lord Deputie, followed him," says Stanihurst in his quaint style, "to the doore of the Chapiter House, and undertook on his honor that he should receive no villanie. Whereupon the recluse, craving his lordship's hand to assure him his lyfe, there was a clift in the Chapiter House doore pearsed at a trice to the end that both the Earls should shake hands and be reconciled."

THE STEIN (OR STAINE).

The flat land extending southwards from the strand of the Liffy to "the lands of the Rath," and eastward from near the city walls to the River Dodder, was for many centuries known as the Stein, or Staine. It derived its name from a pillor-stone erected by the Danes to mark one of their landing places, which stood near the site of the Crampton Memorial, at the head of Townsend street, for it is shown as between the College and "Lowzy-hill" (Lazer's) in the Down Survey Map of 1654. There were numerous tumuli on the district. Austin Cooper, F.S.A., in his MS. "Journal of Antiquarian Rambles," writes—"Stayon Stone, 28th March, 1811. I observed that all the houses on the south side of Townsend street, next to College street, as far as Carter's alley, are taken down for the purpose of running a new street (Great Buckingham (sic) in a direct line by St. Mark's Church, on to the draw-bridge at the docks. The old stone of the Stayne, as I have always supposed it, has also been removed"—(Journal R.S.A.I., pt. 2, vol. vi., fifth series). It would thus appear that the Staine was removed about the beginning of the last century. Before 1607 all that space north of Townsend street, now covered by quays and streets, was strand, on which the tides ebbed and flowed. The new street described by Cooper as great Buckingham is evidently intended for Great Brunswick street, formed in 1795.

CORPORATION RECORDS.

In the Muniment Room of the City Hall are several manuscripts of rare archaeological value. They have been described by the late Rev. W. G. Carroll, M.A., Rector of St. Bride's, and historian of the parish, as follows:—

"The White Book" (Liber Albus), 145 pp.—It is a very ancient record, and Mr. Gilbert has found its name on an endorsement on a grant as early as A.D. 1402, and in a "City Act" of sixty years later. The volume preserves some monuments of its own biography—e.g., that in 1563 it was in the custody of John Dyllon, Clerk of the Tholsal. It cites Edward, "Lord of Dublin," in the 44th year of his reign in England, and the 38th year of his reign in France. It exhibits the regulations concerning the dues that were to be paid by vessels traversing foreign seas, and arriving at "Howthe," "Baldovil" (Baldoyle), Malahide, "Portraven" (Portrane), "Rogerstown," "Rush," and Skerry." It gives the accounts of some of the city guilds in 1566. It relates a perambulation of the Franchise in Sir John Carroll's Mayoralty in 1603, when "300 horse and above, of the citizens of Dublin, took their way out at ye Dame's Gate, betwixte ye Dame's Mills and ye Citie Mills, and soe to ye river syde of Avon Liffey," etc. It recites an Order in Council, 1618, headed "Oliver St. John," and signed "William Usher, Clerk of the Council," concerning Lord Brabazon's contention about St. Thomas's Court; and it bears a memorandum, in 1626, touching the said Lord Brabazon's riot in the Coombe, when riding the Franchises in 1621. The latest memorandum, 1637, is desiring Richard Ryves, Recorder, to surrender the book itself to his successor, Barnewall. The book then disappeared for 142 years. It was sold by auction at a book sale in the city in 1829, to Sir William Beatham, Ulster King-at-Arms, for the sum of £64 1s, and he sold it to the Corporation (as the inside of its cover relates) for £150.

"The Chain Book" (Liber Niger) is a smaller volume. It commences, apparently, about the fourteenth century, and its entries are continued down to the beginning of the eighteenth. It is bound in oak boards, covered with black leather, hence one of its names. It is said that there are three perforations in its oak sides, through which passed the chains that secured it into the Guild Hall, and hence comes its other name, "The Chained Book." These perforations, however, are not now discernible. The volume contains, besides sundry of the laws and regulations of the city of Dublin, a beautifully printed and illuminated calendar for the year. The calendar is printed in fine Gothic, and the illuminated letters are in rich red and blue colours. Its entries are not consecutive, and several of them seem to have been inserted regardless of contemporiety, in the vacant spaces of pages of long earlier dates. Thus, for instance, fronting 1573, we are told how, in 1674, Sir John Tottie and Mr. Philip Croft were sworn Clerks of the Tholsel; in another early page, how the Franchises were

perambulated in 1710; and how in 1693 the freedom of the city was presented in a gold box to King William III.'s favourite, Lord Deputy Sidney. Several of the folios seem to have been misplaced in the binding, the latest in date coming first in the volume. The book contains many very interesting and important records, such as the "Consuetudines capiendae," or the "Custumme to beene take" at the different markets and "ffeires" of Dublin; and the several oaths to be taken by all the municipal officers, from the Mayor down to the Constable. Many of the pages are sadly defaced, apparently by the application of acids.

"The Recorder's Book" is quite inferior in age and value to the two foregoing. It was not commenced until 1667. It purports to be a transcript of city documents, but it has been found to be both imperfect and inaccurate. It is a large folio manuscript entitled "A Booke of the Enrollment of all the Charters and other Muniments and Records belonging to the Cittie of Dublin, made in the Tyme of Mark Quine, Esqre., Lord Mayor; Matthew French and Giles Mee, Sheriffs, Anno Domini 1667."

"The Charters" have in every point of view a value and an interest which can scarcely be overstated. There are in all 102 Royal Charters, dating from Henry II., A.D. 1171-2, down to King George II., in 1727. They contain among them the account of the origin and creation of the municipal and civic life of Dublin, together with the foundations of the liberties, privileges, and immunities of the city. Some are beautifully illuminated, and are embellished with portraits of the monarchs who presented them.

"The Assembly Rolls."—These valuable parchments commence in the year 1448, and are continued in the roll form to 1841, nearly four hundred years. Thence on to the present time the Corporation Minutes are entered in books.

THE LIBERTIES.

The Liberty of Thomas Court and Donore, generally called the Earl of Meath's Liberty, included the entire parish of St. Luke, and three-fourths of St. Catherine's. It was divided into four wards, viz.—Upper Coombe, Lower Coombe, Thomas Court, and Pimlico, including forty streets and lanes, thickly populated. The Court of this Manor was erected under charter of King John. The officers were a Seneschal, Registrar, and Marshal, all appointed by the Earl of Meath, to whose ancestor the ancient Monastery of Thomas Court, with "a carncate of land called Denower," was granted by Henry VIII. The Court House was in Great Thomas Court, and the Liberty Marshalsea in Marrowbone lane. The Seneschal's authority within the Liberty was nearly equal to that of the Lord Mayor within the city.

The Liberty and Manor of St. Sepulchre included the parish of St. Nicholas Without, and part of those of St. Peter and St. Kevin. This was one of the eight Manors in the counties of Dublin, Kildare, and Wicklow belonging to the Archbishop of Dublin, granted by Charters dating from the reign of King John. There was a common jail in this Liberty for all these, and their magistrates, called Portrieves, were appointed by the Seneschal of St. Sepulchre's. The Lord of the Manor held Courts Leet, Courts Baron, and a Court of Record, wherein pleas arising within the jurisdiction could be tried to any amount. He also, up to comparatively recent times, exercised a criminal jurisdiction, and had a gallows for the execution of criminals at Haroldscross. The authority of the Seneschal was similar to that of the Lord Mayor within the city, and no officer of the city or county was privileged to execute anything belonging to his office within its limits, unless in case of default of its own officers. The last Courthouse and Marshalsea stood near the site of the old city basin, near the Grand Canal. The Deans of St. Patrick's executed jurisdiction over a few streets in the vicinity of the Cathedral, and appointed a Seneschal and other officers. This was a "sanctuary" for debtors, who could not be arrested so long as they resided there.—[THE END.]

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

(From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.)

BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, a village and sea-port (formerly an incorporated and parliamentary borough), in the parish of Tullagh, Eastern Division of the barony of West Carbery, county of Cork, and province of Munster, 7 miles (S.W.) from Skibbereen; containing 459 inhabitants. This place is situated on a fine harbour to which it gives name in St. George's channel, and was anciently called "Dunashad." It is supposed to have been a sanctuary of the Druids and one of the principal seats of the idolatrous worship of Baal, whence its present name, "Beal-ti-mor," signifying in the Irish language, "The Great Habitation of Beal," is probably derived. In 1537, the men of Waterford, in revenge for an attack made by Fineen O'Driscoll and his son on some merchant vessels consigned to that port, fitted out three armed ships with 400 men on board, which arriving in the harbour anchored under the castle: the garrison fled on their approach, and this force, after having laid waste the adjacent island of Innisherkin, landed here and set fire to the castle and town of Baltimore. So great was the resort of foreign fishermen to this coast, that, in 1552, Edw. VI. was advised by his parliament to erect a fort on the harbour, and compel them to pay a tribute; but the proposal was not carried into effect. In 1602, Sir Fineen O'Driscoll surrendered the castle to the Spaniards, and supplies of artillery and ammunition were conveyed into it for its defence by the Spanish commander, Don Jean D'Aquila, on whose capitulation soon after at Kinsale, it was delivered up according to the terms of the treaty. The town was, in 1629, reduced to great distress by Sir Walter Coppinger, who claimed and took possession of the castle, with the manor and town of Baltimore, upon which last the English inhabitants had expended more than £2,000. Sir Walter was summoned before the Lords-Justices, but in the meantime sold the property to Mr. Becher, who dispossessed the English colonists, and they never afterwards recovered their property. About two years after, the Algerines made a descent upon this coast, attacked the castle, plundered the town, and carried away with them more than 200 prisoners to Algiers, most of whom were English settlers. After these two calamities the town never regained its former prosperity, and in a short time dwindled into an insignificant village; and in 1645 the castle, which was well fortified, and amply supplied with ordnance and ammunition, was taken by Captain Bennet and held for the parliament.

The inhabitants received a charter of incorporation from Jas. I. dated March 25th, 1613, by which the government was vested in a sovereign, twelve burgesses, and a commonalty: the sovereign was empowered to hold a court of record in personal actions not exceeding five marks, and the privilege of returning members to parliament was granted. In 1689, Jas. II. granted another charter, dated subsequently to the accession of Wm. III., which recites that the provost, free burgesses, and commonalty had enjoyed many privileges which had been seized into the King's hands by a judgment of the Exchequer. From the time of its first incorporation, the borough continued to return two members to the Irish parliament till the legislative union, when it was disfranchised, and the £15,000 awarded as compensation for the abolition of the franchise was paid to Sir John Evans Freke, Bart., who in 1807 succeeded to the title of Lord Carbery. The ruins of the castle, on the summit of a lofty rock over the pier, and commanding every part of the harbour, are extensive and beautifully picturesque.

(To be Continued.)

NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE NAME OF ATHLONE.

To the Editor "Dublin Penny Journal."

Sally Mills, Rathangan,
July 9th, 1902.

Dear Sir—I find in Bardan's Folk Lore of Westmeath, in the Legend of the Black Pig, the following extract, which means the Ford of Luan:

"Just as he (the Black Pig) entered the ford a Firbolg Chief named Luan, who held sway in that part of the country happened to be conversing with his druid on an eskar that jutted into the Shannon on the opposite side. He was the first to notice the Black Pig advancing through the turbid waters. He turned sharply to his druid and directing his attention to the strange object inquired what it was. One moment sufficed the clear-seeing druid to ascertain who it was, and the object of its visit. "It is one O Chief," he replied, "who, if he succeeds in reaching this grassy mound (whereon an herb grows that will render him stronger than all the giants in Erin) will, not only accomplish the destruction of the great Druidic order, and of the valiant chiefs whom they have served; but even the very elements of Nature will be subservent to his influence."

When the Druid pronounced these words the mighty Luan unslung his battle axe, and as the disguised Muchdu reached terra firma its sharp edge smote him on the one fatal spot between the ears (as he was invulnerable while in a pig's shape everywhere else) and he fell back stone dead.

Luan was so proud of his exploit that he built a bridge over the Shannon and had the effigy of the pig carved in stone.

It is thus described by Weld—"A small stone sculptured in relievo, appears inserted in the outer wall of one of the nulls on the bridge towards the Leinster side, representing a boar, to which a tradition is attached that it marks the place where a wild boar was killed after a long chase and a desperate conflict. This tablet was taken down when re-building Athlone Old Bridge and presented with other sculptured stones to the Royal Irish Academy, where, I suppose, they still lie. Most of the latter information I have obtained from Rev. J. Joly's 'Old Bridge of Athlone,' published by Herbert, Dublin, 1831, a copy of which is in my possession.

G.A.H.

One of the latest men of prominence to testify to the usefulness of the automobile to a business man in the time saved going to and from his business, is Mr. H. C. Frick, the well-known steel magnate of Pittsburg. Mr. Frick uses a powerful machine to cover the fourteen miles from his home to his office twice daily, and the time consumed in the journey is but twenty-one minutes. The millionaire is reported to have said the time saved him by the new means of locomotion amounts to at least half a million dollars yearly.

KNOCKAINE.

A ROYAL FORT OF MUNSTER.

ITS ASSOCIATIONS WITH THE OLD IRISH KINGS.

By J. F. LYNCH.

I send copy of a letter in which Mr. Owen Bresnan gives a very interesting description of Knockaine and identification of the Ruadh Suidhe of Lough Gur. This is the third stone chair (1) at Lough Gur which has been discovered by Mr. Bresnan. There are stone chairs in many islands of the Ægean Sea, and on the celebrated mountain of Ida, near the City of Troy, in Phrygia, there is a stone chair. Dillmann (Genesis, vol. I., p. 327) says:—"It is true that already Sargon ii., B.C. 722-705, conducted a victorious campaign as far as Melid and Chammanu in Cappadocia, but it is not proved that the country was so early named after the Gimirrai. It is rendered probable on many grounds that these Gimirrai who appear in the seventh century (B.C.) were just the Cimmerians who crossed the Bosphorus from Thrace into Asia Minor, and that the naming of Cappadocia as Gamir dates first from them. Moreover, according to the statements of the ancients, the Asiatic Thracians also, the Bithynians, Maryandynians, Paphlagonians, Phrygians, and younger (Phrygian) Armenians, were offshoots of the European Thracians and Trererians, who were themselves Cimmerians." It appears to me that we shall be able to connect the Cimmerians with the ancient inhabitants of Ireland, and as the Trojans or Phrygians were Cimmerians we may be able to sit upon our stone chairs beside our Iberian lake, and discourse without being in any danger of being sat upon.

Mr. Bresnan, in his letter, refers to the tale of the Gilla Decair. This tale is given in Silva Gadelica, and it is stated in the tale that the Gilla Decair was Abartach, son of Allchad, the Irish god of music, in disguise. In Silva Gadelica is also the tale of O'Donnell's Kern, which gives another presentation of the Gilla Decair. O'Donnell's Kern appears "at Knockany, twelve miles forth of Limerick City, where Shane Mac an iarla (x) is, in Desmond. . . . . Just at this very time it was that on the green in front of his dwelling and good town Shane Mac an iarla of Desmond held gathering and convention." In the tale of the Gilla Decair it is stated that when Finn sat on the seat-mound on the side of Knockaine, with certain of his warriors assembled round him, that Finn Bane, son of Baeiscne's grandson Bresal, watched and warded the hill. In several old Irish documents it is stated that Eochu, son of Ailill Find, King of Ireland, was slain on the fair-green of Knockaine, by Argatmar, who was aided by Lugaidh, son of Eochu Fiadmuine, and Duach Ladrach. The date given for this slaughter is 787 B.C.

Mr. Bresnan writes as follows:—

"After a good deal of local inquiry I succeeded in locating the Ruadh Suidhe, or "red seat" of Knockroe (Lough Gur). It is situated a couple of hundred yards N.E. of Knocksentry, on the shoulder of the hill, and about four yards north of the boundary fence which separates the Croker and de Salis estates. It is about forty feet high at the northern side, and only about four and a half feet at the south. Its sides, almost to the summit, are clothed with furze, and within a few feet of the top and at the western side is a peculiar little well, apparently carved out of the rock, which must be of great antiquity. The mouth of the well is small and circular, and in formation the well resembles a wren's nest. It contains several gallons of water, and in the driest seasons was never known to go entirely dry. Many in the locality call it 'The Fairy Well,' and others Tubber Cunneen, as there is a rabbit warren in the adjoining fence, and those timid little tenants of the lonely hillside seem to enjoy the luxury of fresh water at that curious well, as narrow little paths lead up to its very mouth, which some attribute to the fairy-dwellers of Cahircorney Stone-fort, locally called Elliot's Moat. There was a stone chair on the side of the mound within about three feet of the mouth of the well, but the greater portion of the seat was broken away by some mischievous person, who left it at the foot of the mound, probably through dread of the resentment of its fairy protectors.

I paid a visit to the historic hill of Knockaine a short time ago, and was fortunate in discovering the Leabadh an triuir ("Grave of the Three"), which was pointed out to me by Mr. Daniel Quinlan, and must be the grave of the three Eochaidhs, to whom you referred. Knockaine hill forms a beautiful crescent at its southern side. In the centre, and about half-way up the hill, is a remarkable well, called Tubber Caoch (2), probably so called because the water oozes almost imperceptibly from the cliff to an oblong stone basin underneath. About one hundred yards west of the well is Leabadh an triuir, which is a small stone circle without a cairn, which may have been taken away by fence-markers. The Leabadh is only a few yards south of the public pathway which leads from Cringer to the fair green. Below the Leabadh are traces of several monuments, square and circular, though not very distinct, but convenient to the residence of Mr. Daniel Quinlan is a very large stone circle in a fair state of preservation. This must be the spot where Fionn and his warriors were when Finn Bane saw the Gilla Deacair approaching the hill of Knockaine from the east.

On the south-western slope of the hill was the historic cave of Ane, which has entirely disappeared through the recklessness of local quarry men. Overhead the cave and on the western pinnacle of the hill is a large earthen rath, and north of the rath and on the side of the disused old road are still pointed out the pillars of the gateway which led to the old fair field of centuries ago. On the eastern pinnacle of the hill is a magnificent mound, composed of earth and stones, about ten times larger than the one at Ballynagallagh (4), and excavated into the centre at the northern side exactly like Dun Fhir Aen Cholga, as you have called it. It has no circumvallation, but one hundred yards north of it are the remains of another mound, surrounded by an earthen rampart, portion of which has been taken away.

The ancient village of Knockaine, now called "The Commons," is still a freehold, and stands on the south-eastern shoulder of the hill. The surviving cabins of this very ancient village are irregularly and rudely built on the sides of lanes and bohreens, and the village is indeed an interesting specimen of what an Irish village was many centuries ago. The cabins of the Common's village are all built a few yards apart from one another, exactly similar to the foundations we found at Caherguillamore.

Dr. O'Donovan (Supplement to O'Reilly) says that he stood on Cnoc Aine on the 5th August, 1840, and found the description of the view (3) from Knockaine, credited to "Cu Chulaind," to be remarkably correct. In the Book of Rights, p. 88, one of the Royal forts of Munster is named Ane, and in Silve Gadelica, p. 575, there is account of the seizure of Knockaine by Tuatha de Danann.

Eogabal and Uaindhe are stated to be sons of Usmech's lofty Donn, and Ane and Fer Fi are the daughter and son of Eogabal. Cacht is the wife of Uainidhe, Eter the wife of Fer Fi, while Ane lived in spinsterhood. The north side of Knockaine was occupied by Uainidhe, the south side by Fer Fi, the west side by Eogabal, and the east side by Ane. In the tale of "Battle of Magh Mucramha" Olioll, we are informed, became Olom, or "docked-of-an-ear," or Knockaine, having incurred the wrath of Ane, and Eogabal suffered severely from the spear cast by Ferches, Olioll's druid. The name Ferches appears to mean "man of the cast," and he dwelt, we are told, in the land called Marg in Leinster, and Marg was also a caster. In order to get at the root of these old Irish tales, we must compare tale with tale, and name with name, and stone with stone. Fer Fi is depicted as being the cause of the battle of Mucramha, and he is stated to have played on his timpan the three tunes named Goltraighe, or "wail-strain," Gentraighe, or "laugh-strain," and Suantraighe, or "sleep-strain." These three tunes represented the three seasons of the Celtic year, as stated by O'Curry (Manners and Customs). In the tale of Labraid and Moriath's harper, given by Dr. Whitley Stokes (Revue Celtique, vol. xx., p. 429), we read—"Or is it a harp without a glee ('tuning') of the three tunings which used to serve the harper Craiftine, to wit, sleep-strain and wail-strain, and laugh-strain, these three are their names. And this Craiftine himself was the harper that Moriath had, the daughter of Scoriath, King of the Fir Morca, who are in the South of Ireland, in Munster. And 'tis this Moriath that gave love in absence to Maen ('dumb'), who is now called Labraid Loingsech ('exile')."

In Tain Bo Fraich, quoted by O'Curry

(Continued on page 266.)

(1) There is a stone chair on Knockdere, about a mile south of Lough Gur, and a stone chair on a rock a little to the west of Knockfinnil. The name of this rock is not now known at Lough Gur, but we think that it is Carrigcrimear, given by Mr. Lenihan in an article on Lough Gur in "Tipperary Vindicator." The particulars given by Mr. Lenihan were chiefly supplied by John Fitzgerald. In the townland of Grange, or Nova Grangia, at west side of Lough Gur, there was also a stone chair, but not a trace of it is left.

(x) John, son of the Earl, is mentioned in Annals of Loch Ce, A.D. 1515—"The Castle of Ane was captured from John, son of the Earl of Desmond, by James, son of the Earl, and he then sits down before the Castle of Lough Gur (Caislean dubh or "Black Castle"), which was in great straits by him, until the Sil-Brian and the Sil-Cerbhaill and the Cenel-Aedha sent him away from it." Shane's wife was More, daughter of Murrough MacBrian Duff O'Brien.

(2) Dr. Joyce (the "Irish Names," vol. ii., p. 89) says:—"Sometimes these wells are called Toberkeagh, blind well (caech 'blind'); but this terms is often applied to a well which sometimes dries up, without any reference to eye cure; it is blind when there is no water in it. There is a place called Blindwell in the parish of Kilcoola in Galway, six miles north-west of Tuam."

(4) Baile na gCaillech means place of the nuns. Lewis (Knockaney) mentions that this Convent, Monaster-ni-Caillaigh Juxta Aney, was founded in 941. Mr. W. C. Borlase (Dolmens of Ireland) queries the explanation which I gave of Baile na gCaillech, but the site of the nunnery is in townland.

(3) "Say, my Master Loeg, knowest thou in what territory we are?" "I know not, indeed," said Loeg. "But I know," said Cu Chulaind: "this to the south is Cenn Abhrat of Sliabh-Cain. The Mountains of Eblin are these to the north-east. That bright linn which thou seest is the linn of Luimnech (Limerick). This is Druim-Collchailli in which we are, which is called Ane-Cliach, in the territory of the Deise-bec. Before us, to the south, is the host, in Olin-Mail-Mic-Ugaine, in the land of Cu Roi, son of Daire, son of Deadh" (Mesca Ulad, p. 17).

GALWAY CITY.



VIEW FROM THE BAY, TAKEN NEARLY HALF A CENTURY AGO.

Galway is situate on the west coast of Ireland, and on the north side of Galway Bay, one of the finest in Europe, at the mouth of the Corrib, issuing from Lough Corrib. The Bay is 18 miles broad at its seaward extremity, diminishing to about 8 miles inland, and being about 20 miles long East to West. It is protected from the swell of the Atlantic by the Arran Isles.

The trade and commerce at one time carried on between this place and Spain was of the most extensive character; hence it will at once be seen that the style of architecture used in the erection of the old houses in Galway is of the Spanish quadrangular fashion. Indeed, the old race seem to have intermarried extensively with their Spanish customers, as to this day the Spanish cast of countenance can be traced in the features of large numbers of the Galwagians.

The population of Galway was remarkable for great urbanity and elegance of manners, which the extensive commercial intercourse with the chivalric and polite traders of the Peninsula doubtless tended to promote. John Lynch, the bishop of Killala, in his Life of Kirwan, his predecessor, says that "the city of Galway was adorned with green marble walls, flanked by numerous towers, and that within the precincts of these walls were edifices of the same material; its noble squares and fair proportions, elegant and symmetrical, gladdened the vision, and that it appeared to him, as Jerusalem did to the prophet Jeremiah, 'a city of most perfect beauty.'"

In addition to its beauty, Galway has been equally famed for its piety. Rinuccini, the nuncio extraordinary from the Court of Rome, said it appeared to him to be nearest his ideal of a Christian church.

Hardiman, in his History of Galway, thus speaks of the piety and splendour of that city:

"Rome boasts seven hills, the Nile its seven fold stream;
Around the pole seven radiant planets gleam:
Galway, Conacian Rome, twice equals these,
She boasts twice seven illustrious families.
Twice seven high towers defend her lofty walls,
And polished marble decks her splendid halls;
Twice seven her massive gates o'er which arise,
Twice seven strong castles, towering to the skies.
Twice seven her bridges, through whose arches flow
The silver tides majestically slow.
Her ample church with twice seven altars flames—
An heavenly patron every altar claims;
While twice seven convents pious anthems raise.
Seven for each sex, to sound Jehovah's praise."

The accompanying picture was taken from the deck of the Indian Empire, one of that fleet of vessels created by James Orrell Lever, from the establishment of which such high hopes were once entertained that Galway was to become the chief port in the Three Kingdoms for communication with New York—hopes that were, alas! doomed to disappointment. Nor were these high hopes entertained in Ireland only. The expectations of the Irish in America may be gauged from the following extract from the "Irish Miscellany," Boston, Sept. 18, 1858, in which the arrival of the second vessel of the line is chronicled:—

The "Propeller," of the new Galway line, has just reached our shores. This vessel is the second thus far sent to us, and, as it is the first step that costs in such things, and as that step has been taken with as great a degree of success as the more thoughtful friends of the scheme were prepared to look for, we hope that Mr. Lever, who seems to be the backbone of the whole thing—that is, the lever that started the machine—may turn out to be the very man destined by Providence to carry it out to a thoroughly successful termination. That he may cause stock in Irish-American steamships to pay, and to pay well—that the new line may swell the purse, not of England only, but of Ireland, too—that if it do not directly help all Ireland, in a money point of view, it may turn out to be a permanent and safe investment for Galway. If she wake up, even at this eleventh hour, and insist upon having her fair share of the cost, the responsibility, the profits, and the glory of the new enterprise, she may become rich once more; and not only all Ireland, but England and America, will find that a new element has been added to the commercial world, which should make it more united, stronger, richer, and perhaps better than it was before. The man who may do all this will assuredly be the man for Galway. Perhaps he may be the man for whom Ireland has looked so long. Who knows? . . . . If this Galway line become a permanent Irish institution, the ambassadors of the commercial powers—the merchants—will bethink themselves of hastening to give Ireland "assurances of their most distinguished consideration." How long since Ireland heard that music, think you?

KNOCKAINE.

(Continued from page 254.)

(Manners and Customs), Goltraighe, Gentraighe, and Suantraighe are said to be the sons of Uaithne, the Dagda's harper, and born of Boand, which I take to be Bofhind, or "white cow," the form from which the name of the river Boyne, written Bouovinda by Ptolemy, is derived.

In the tale of Magh Tuireadh North, Lugh, King of the Tuatha De Danann, and the Dagda and Oghma, followed the Fomorians, because they had carried off Uaithne, the harper of the Dagda, and when they reached the banqueting house in which were Bres, son spell-bound, so that it would not answer found the harp hanging upon the wall, and this was the harp in which the music was spell-bound so that it would not answer when called forth until the Dagda evoked it, and the harp came forth from the wall and killed nine persons, and came to the Dagda, and he played the three feats which give distinction to a harper, namely, the Suantraighe, the Gentraighe, and the Goltraighe, and just as Fer Fi escaped from Olioll Olom, by playing the Suantraighe, when all fell asleep, so also did Lug, Dagda, and Oghma escape from the Fomorians (O'Curry's Manners and Customs).

I am unable to accept the explanation which Professor Rhys (Hibbert Lectures) has given of the name Oghma mentioned in this extract from O'Curry. Oghma is regarded as the inventor of Ogham by the Irish, just as the Greeks regarded Cadmus as the one who introduced letters into Greece. O'Donovan, "Irish Grammar," quotes from Book of Ballymote:—

"What is the place and time and person and cause of inventing the Ogum? Not difficult. The place of it, Hibernia Insula quam nos Scoti habitamus; in the time of Bres, son of Elatham, King of Ireland. Its inventor, Ogma, son of Elathan."

Eogabal of Knockaine appears to me to mean "Great Oc." For Corca Oice or "race of Oc" of Ui Chonail Ghabhra, now Conillo baronies, see O'Hanlon's "Lives of the Irish Saints," vol. iii., p. 340. Near Tara there was a place named from Oc, which became Ochain nemed from Oc, which became Ochain (O'Curry's Lectures, p. 488; Silva Gadelica, p. 407), and just as Oc became Oche, Ocha, Ochain, so also did it become Ochaim, of which Ogma, that is Ocma is genitive form utilised as nominative instead of Ocaim, just as Dagda was preferred to Dagaid.

So far as I am aware, only two Ogham inscribed stones have been found in the county of Limerick, one of these was found near Rathkeale, and the other was found at Knockfierna.

In State paper dated 1288 there is a valuable description of the extent of the Manor of Any, in which are given the names of the Anglo-Norman settlers, and the names of the lands held by them, and the services and payments rendered therefor. It is stated that the burgesses of Any hold four carucates in their burgages, and yearly render therefor £6 7s 3d., and do suit at their hundred. They also render at Michaelmas 6d for a ploughshare, 12 horseshoes or 9d; the same hold 20 acres beyond the water, and render therefor 12 hens or 12d; they also hold in their burgages 1 [illegible] of land and render therefor 10 hens or 10d.

In this paper Herbertstown district is named Cathyr Hussoc, and was held by Henry Fitz-John. Oweniston was held by John Fitz-Adam, who rendered therefor 15s a year and suit. Oweniston is translation of Baile Eogain, or place of Eoghan, and it is now named Kilballyowen, from an old church, the site of which was discovered by Mr. Bresnan. Nicholas de Pierpoint held two carucates in Loychgyr (Lough Gur), by the service of 16d with suit, and one carucate in Bolger (Knockbolg), rendering to the Bishop of Emly 5 marks a year without suit. The garden and curtilage of the burgesses of Any are yearly worth as well in herbage as in fruit two shillings, two warrens two shillings, a water mill with a fishery, 30s a year. They extend the water called Loychyir (Lough Gur) with a fishery at 2s., the perquisites at fairs at 10 marks, tolls of the vill at 2s. The pleas and perquisites of the hundred there are yearly worth 6s 8d; perquisites of court, 6s. 8d.

State Paper, A.D. 1253. The King wills and grants that the Manor of Any, Ireland, which is in the King's hand shall remain to the Crown, and that after the King's decease, Alienor, Queen Consort of England, if she survive the King, shall have it in dower with the other lands assigned to her in Ireland. A.D. 1254. Grant to Godfrey de Lezignan, the King's brother, of 500 librates in the weste lands of Ireland with the Manor of Anny, in Munster, which belonged to Geoffrey de Marisco, to hold of the King in fee by the service of the three Knights, A.D. 1254. Edward, the King's eldest son, to John FitzGeoffrey, the King's Justiciary, in Ireland, and Richard de la Rochelle, or their lieutenant, in that country. The King, shortly before he gave to Edward the land of Ireland, had granted to Godfrey de Lezignan 500 librates of land in that country, the manor of Any being comprised therein. . . . Godfrey, having subsequently learned that the Manor of Any was of the King's demesne, and had been assigned in dower to Edward's mother, the Queen, surrendered it into the King's hand.

A.D. 1278. Charter of the King. Notifying that Edmund de Bassingburne having surrendered into the King's hand to the use of Thomas de Clare the Manor of Any, in Ireland, the King gives the grants that manor in tail to the said Thomas, in exchange for the Manor of Bleburgh, whereof Thomas had, by his charter, enfeoffed Edmund to hold the said Manor of Any of the King, and to render therefor to the latter the due and customary services with reversion to the King, A.D. 1584. Sir H. Wallop writes to Burghley and prays for fee-farm of Anye and Lough Gierrye (L. Gur), A.D. 1585. Petition of Thomas Spring Gent, late lieut. to Captain Zouche, to the Privy Council. Sixteen years' service. His brother slain in her Majesty's quarrels. Prays for the reversion of the commandery of Anne, which he holds in right of his wife, relict of William Apley, or Apsley.

Whatever may be thought of the King of Munster, Olioll Olom, going to Knockaine to pasture his horses on the hill, we may be certain that Knockaine was held by the Kings of Munster from the most remote period, and whatever may be thought of Olioll Olom himself, we may be certain that there were Irish Kings at Knockaine long before the period assigned to Olioll Olom. The oldest and most important Iberian settlement in Ireland must have been beside Lough Gur and Knockaine, and here was one of the ancient capitals of Ireland, and consequently I have repeatedly referred to the fact that this ancient capital and the present capital of Ireland include hills of same name, and dedicated to the same deity, for Drom Collchoille of Dublin was dedicated to Ochainne, an extended form of Oc, and Drom Collchoille of Ara was dedicated to Eogabal, which I have taken to mean Great Oc, and we have been able to cast some light, by comparison of tales and names, upon the old Iberian settlement beside the Liffey, and this working by the comparative method will, it seems to me, be most fruitful in results. The comparison of the old things of Ireland with the old things of other lands must sooner or later be undertaken, but the mess that Vallancey made by the comparative method ought to serve as a warning to us that we ought to be extremely careful.

Mr. Bresnan in his letter refers to the foundations in Caherguillamore, and these are stated by the people to be the site of the "city." There is no reference to this "city" in any Irish document, and I have thought that the city might have been in nubibus before being located in the Caherguillamore Park; still, I may be mistaken, for there are numerous monuments in the vicinity of Lough Gur to which no reference is made in the Irish documents. Several old people have informed me that there was a city in Caherguillamore Park, and there certainly are in the Park traces of some large settlement, and the sites to which Mr. Bresnan refers tend to show that there is some foundation other than Tirna-n-Og for the city of Caherguillamore. A city such as that described by the people could not have been founded by the Irish, but I have proved that the Norse held Lough Gur, and a friend has tried to persuade me to believe that the Norse were the founders of the city. In the State Paper, dated 1200 A.D., the name Caherguillamore does not occur, but Caherguillamore is mentioned in one of Queen Elizabeth's State Papers. In Wars G.G., p. 103, we read:—"Then Donnabhan invited Aralt the son of Imar unto him, after his father had been killed, and the foreigners of Mumhain made him King. He (Brian) went afterwards on a foray into Ui Fidhgenti, and they took cattle innumerable, and they plundered Cathair Cuan, and they killed its people; and they killed Donnabhan, son of Cathal, the ripe culprit, the King of Ui Fidhgenti; and they killed Aralt, son of Imar, King of the Foreigners, and they made a prodigious slaughter of the foreigners, and they carried away with them cattle innumerable." Todd supposes that Cathair Cuan was one of the forts of Bruree, and John Collins thought that Cathair Cuan was at Croom. In the Book of Rights, p. 67, O'Donovan states that the Ui Fidhgenti possessed that portion of the County of Limerick lying to the west of the River Maigue, besides the barony of Coshma in the same county. It appears from Wars G. G., p. 67, that the Dal g Cais held Lough Gur previous to the occupation by the foreigners, and a little north of Cahirconlish Rectory there is a rock named from the Ui Foircheallaigh, a tribe of the Dal g Cais. In Wars G. G., p. 59, it is stated that Mahon and Brian carried off their people and all their chattels over the Shannon westwards, in other words, sooner than submit to the foreigners, the Dal g Cais retired from the fertile Limerick district to the forests and woods of the Clare district. In Wars G. G., p. 87, we read that the Ui Cairpre, or Ui Fidhgenti, were in occupation of the territory of the race of Cormac or Dal g Cais, so it appears that the Ui Fidhgenti crossed the Maigue, and seized the lands vacated by the Dal g Cais, last of the Maigue. The Ui Fidhgenti were in close alliance with the foreigners, and the wife of Cathal, King of the Ui Fidhgenti, and father of Donovan, was a Danish lady, and a daughter of Donovan was married to Ivar, King of the Danes of Waterford. It is possible then that Cathair Cuan, though in the territory of Ui Fidhgente, could be east of the River Maigue. In State Paper, dated 1200 A.D., mention is made of "Ceallconill with its appurtenance in length and breadth to Tulachbracci, Brug, Cathircuain, and Chilloconill aforesaid." Tulach-bracci is Tullybracky, close to Lough Gur, and Brug is Bruff, and Cathircuain is Cathair Cuan, and this must be the Cathair Cuan which was captured by Brian Boroimhe in the year 978. Perhaps Cathair Cuan is the city of Caherguillamore.

In the recent speed trials organised by the Automobile Club over a kilometer course at Gunton Park, the highest average speed for four runs was attained by a 50-horse power Napier carriage, which covered the distance at the rate of 44 miles per hour. A 24-horse power Mors car gave an average speed of 41 miles per hour. The road surface was heavy, and two runs were down hill and two up hill.

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS:

Compiled from Authentick Memoirs, Offices of Record, Manufcript Collections, and other Unexceptionable Vouchers,

By THE LATE WALTER HARRIS, ESQ.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

A.D. 1348. This year a great pestilence raged through the greatest part of the world, and among other places destroyed vast numbers in the city of Dublin. It was called from the greatness of it the first pestilence, as having spread more mortally than any other that had before happened, and in respect of others that happened a few years after. John Clyn, a Franciscan of Kilkenny, who lived at that time, gives a particular account of it in his annals, which therefore I choose to translate. "This year, and chiefly in the months of September and October, great numbers of bishops and prelates, ecclesiastical and religious, peers, and others, and in general people of both sexes flocked together by troops, in pilgrimage to the water of Tachmoling, insomuch that many thousands of souls might be seen there together for many days. Some came on the score of devotion, but the greatest part for fear of the pestilence which raged at that time with great violence. It first broke out near Dublin, at Howth and Dalky; it almost destroyed and laid waste the cities of Dublin and Drogheda; insomuch that in Dublin alone from the beginning of August to Christmas, 14,000 souls perished. This pestilence had its first beginning (as it is said) in the east, and passing through the Saracens and Infidels, slew 8,000 legions of them: it seized the city of Avignon, where the Roman court then was: the January before it came among us, where the churches and cemeteries were not sufficient to receive the dead; and the Pope ordered a new cemetery to be consecrated for depositing the bodies of those who died of the pestilence; insomuch, that from the month of May to the translation of St. Thomas, 50,000 bodies and upwards were buried in the same cemetery. This distemper prevailed in full force in Lent; for on the 6th day of March, eight Dominican friars died. Scarce a single person died in one house; but it commonly swept away husband, wife, children, and servants altogether." The author seems to have died of this plague, and to have had a foresight of his approaching fate. For he closes his annals in 1348 thus: "But I (says he), frier John Clyn, of the franciscan order of the convent of Kilkenny, have in this book written the memorable things happening in my time, of which I was either an eye-witness, or learned them from the relation of such as were worthy of credit, and that these notable actions might not perish by time, and vanish out of the memory of our successors, seeing the many evils that encompass us, and every symptom placed as it were under a malevolent influence, expecting death among the dead until it comes, such things as I have heard delivered with veracity, and have strictly examined, I have reduced into writing. And lest the writing should perish with the writer, and the work fail with the workman, I leave behind me parchment for continuing it, if any man should have the good fortune to survive this calamity, or any one of the race of Adam should escape this pestilence, to continue what I have begun."

A. D. 1350. The septs of the Harold's, the O'Birnes, and the Archbolds, in the presence of the lord justice, Sir Thomas Rooksby, elected for themselves separately chieftanes their several tribes, and submitted to the Government, swearing to continue faithful subjects; and their chieftanes engaged that if any of their clans or adherents should for the time to come commit any felony or robbery on the king's subjects, that they would upon notice bring such in to abide their trials, according to the course of law. This for a considerable time gave great quiet to the citizens of Dublin, who were often molested by these bordering enemies.

A.D. 1351. Kenelbreck Sherman, formerly mayor of Dublin, died on the 6th of March, and was buried under the belfry of the Dominicans, which he himself had built. He likewise glazed the great window at the upper end of the choir, roofed the church, and did many other pious works. His munificence at his death was approximated at 3,000 marks, besides what he had expended in his lifetime on charities.

A.D. 1359. 'Till this time there was only one judge to despatch the business of the court of king's-bench, namely, John Redeness, who was at this time called plainly only justice. But now, the business being found to be too much for one man, the king, upon the application of the subject, appointed William Petit a second justice, under the name of an associate to Redeness, and allotted him an annual fee of £40, and he had liberty to practise as a lawyer, notwithstanding his being appointed a judge.

A.D. 1361. Morris Doncrese, a citizen of Dublin, died on the 6th of January, perhaps of a pestilence that raged this year, and was buried in the church-yard of the Dominicans, having given £40 towards glazing the church of that convent, besides other benefactions. He had been twice sheriff of the city, but never mayor. This year the city had a great loss by the removal of the exchequer to Carlow; and the steeple of the Dominicans was thrown down by a tempest.

A.D. 1362. On the 6th of April St. Patrick's church, Dublin, was burned down by the negligence of John, the sexton. A few years after it was re-built, and the present steeple added to it by archbishop Minot.

A.D. 1370. The third pestilence raged, and destroyed many of the nobility, gentry, and citizens. This was reckoned more violent than either of the two former.

A.D. 1376. It was this year found by inquisition that the citizens of Dublin had exceeded their powers by holding pleas of trespass in the tenement of Clonliffe, being without the bounds of the city franchises, against the king's charter granted to the abbot and convent of St. Mary's, Dublin; and that Nicholas Serjant, mayor, and Roger Folliogh and Robert Piers, bailiffs of Dublin, usurped a prætorian jurisdiction without the city liberties, upon John Stoad at Ballybough in the tenement of Clonliffe.

A.D. 1383. A great pestilence, called the fourth pestilence, raged and destroyed abundance of people.

A.D. 1394. King Richard II. made his first voyage to Ireland, and landed at Waterford, about Michaelmas, with an army of 30,000 foot and 4,000 horse, and having received the submission of most of the Irish of Leinster, he marched to Dublin, where he continued till the beginning of summer. During this time he granted to the city of Dublin a penny to be received yearly out of every house to repair the bridge and streets. Probably this is the original of the "landgable-pence." He also confirmed by patent dated the 4th of June this year, all former grants made to the city. It is said also that he held a parliament this winter in Dublin, and redressed many grievances complained of. But it is more certain that on the the 25th of March he knighted four petty princes of Ireland, who in robes agreeable to their state, sat that day with the king at table; and having supplied the courts of justice with able lawyers, he returned to England.

A.D. 1399. The citizens of Dublin made an inroad into the O'Birne's country, cut off thirty-three of the Irish in battle, and took eighty prisoners. King Richard II. having on the 13th of May this year landed at Waterford, made his entry into Dublin on the 28th of June with a puissant army and a large train, and was nobly entertained by the mayor, and by many of the citizens. Notwithstanding the great resort to the city upon this occasion, yet the price of provisions did not much increase. He received here the news that Henry, Duke of Lancaster, had invaded England, upon which he hastened over, and was soon after deposed and murdered.

A.D. 1402. (a) John Drake, mayor of Dublin, with a strong body of citizens well armed, marched out of Dublin against the O'Birnes and other Irish rebels, of whom on the 11th of July they slew (as Campion says), near Bray, 4,000, but Henry of Marleburg reduces the number to 493, all being men of war, for the merit of which action the citizens elected Drake mayor for the succeeding year. The consequence of this success was the submission

(a) According to Ware's list of mayors, John Drake did not fill the office until 1403.

of Daniel O'Birne, for himself and his sept, and his voluntary surrender of the castle of Mackenigan to the king. The same day that this victory was obtained, the new church of the Dominicans in Dublin was consecrated by the archbishop of that city.

A.D. 1405. The citizens of Dublin fitted out a fleet of barks, and going on board in June, invaded Scotland at St. Ninian's, where they behaved themselves valiantly, and did much mischief. After this they sailed along the channel, and made a descent into Wales, and having ravaged the coasts, brought from thence the shrine of St. Cubie, which on their return was deposited in Christ-church among other relics there. Both these actions were in aid of king Henry IV., against whom the Scots marched an army into England, and the Welsh under the conduct of Owen Glendower, had rebelled.

A.D. 1406. The citizens of Dublin marched out their forces on Corpus Christi day, and being joined by a body of the country people in the neighbourhood of the town, they advanced against the Irish, whom they routed, slew many of them, took two standards, and as a token of their victory brought home the heads of those they had slain, and fixed them on the city gates.

A.D. 1407. In consequence of the several great services done to the crown of England at divers times by the citizens of Dublin, king Henry IV. on the 5th of March this year granted a licence that the mayor for the time being, and his successors for ever should bear before them a gilded sword, for the honour of the king and his heirs, and of his faithful subjects of the said city, in the same manner as the mayors of London had borne before them.

A.D. 1410. Thomas Butler, prior of Kilmainham, being then lord deputy to the duke of Lancaster, lord lieutenant, marched out of Dublin with 1,500 kerns into the country of the O'Birnes, and was strengthened by a band of citizens under the command of Robert Gallen, then mayor of Dublin. Upon their approach to the enemy, 800 of the kerns deserted to the Irish; so that if the powers of Dublin had not been at hand, it might have proved fatal to the lord deputy, who by that means made an orderly retreat, with the loss only of John Derpatrick.

A.D. 1419. The mayor of Dublin marched out with the lord lieutenant into the county of Wicklow, where they razed Castle-Keivin.

A.D. 1423. On the 28th of July a writ was sent to the mayor, bailiffs, and citizens of Dublin, to raise and march out all the sensible men of the city to resist O'Connor and O'Reily, who with their clans were committing great depredations on the king's subjects, and they (the mayor, &c.) were commanded to meet the archbishop of Dublin, lord justice, at Trim, on the Sunday following. The like writs were sent to the magistrates of Drogheda and other corporations.

On the 25th of October the same year, it was debated in council before Edward, bishop of Meath, lord deputy, that whereas Donald O'Neill Garrow and Mc. Mahon, gathering together a great multitude of Irish enemies and English rebels, had risen up in war, and burned, pillaged, and destroyed the land, and especially the county of Louth, and had slain Sir Thomas Stynt, the king's captain, and many others, and that upon this the said lord deputy and council had appointed the mayor, bailiffs, and commons of Dublin to march out with a great force into Louth, but that the rebels upon the hearing of their coming, had marched off, and the liege subjects of the said parts were relieved. And, as the charge of the citizens in the said expedition amounted to £19 7s. 4d., it was ordered that the said deputy should re-imburse them out of the income of the revenue.

A.D. 1424. On the 9th of June, upon the application of James Butler, earl of Ormond, then lord deputy, it was ordered in council that the mayor and citizens of Dublin should have in prest the sum of £40 to enable them to aid the lord deputy in an expedition against the Mc. Mahons, Magenis's, O'Donnells, and other Irish enemies then in rebellion.

A.D. 1426. It does not appear what services the mayor and citizens did in the two preceding expeditions; but whatever they were, the state took them into consideration, and besides the two sums before paid them, the king on the 6th of February this year granted to them £20 as a reward.

A.D. 1434. The annals of Mary's-abbey relate, that on the 4th of March this year, the mayor and citizens of Dublin humbled themselves and did penance by walking bare-footed through the streets, first to Christ-church, next to St. Patrick's, and at last to Mary's-abbey, humbly begging pardon for the offences they had committed, in the said churches. The crime alleged against them were for committing manslaughter in taking the earl of Ormond prisoner in an hostile manner, and for breaking open the doors of St. Mary's-abbey, dragging out the abbot, and carrying him forth like a corpse, some bearing him by the feet, and others by the arms and shoulders.

(To be Continued.)

An ingenious sparkling plug for motor cars, called the "Seer," has been devised, in which the usual porcelain core has been replaced by a glass thimble. The metal portion of the plug is of the standard pattern, and the glass can be adapted to existing plugs. As a means of viewing the spark while the plug is in place it has obvious advantages, for it is not always certain that a plug needs attention when one unscrews it to see. If the plug is so dirty that the spark cannot be seen through the glass, there is certainly occasion for cleaning, but the advantage of being able to view it from outside is emphasised by the fact that an external spark, when the plug is dislodged, does not occur under the same conditions as in actual use. The heat and the pressure are disturbing factors, and it is, therefore, a decided convenience to see that the plug is doing its work correctly. Tough glass, which is less fragile than porcelain, is used, and experiments have shown that the glass is less likely to get dirty than porcelain, probably owing to its higher degree of polish.

SALE OF MAGNIFICENT JEWELS.

£22,200 FOR A PEARL NECKLACE.

The sale at Christie's of a casket of magnificent jewels "collected during a long course of years by a deceased nobleman, acknowledged to have been one of the greatest connoisseurs of his day," is unique even in the surprising annals of the history of Christie's. In about an hour thirty-one lots were knocked down, the total result being no less than £89,526. The jewels were of regal magnificence, and the quality of the highest. Neither the name of the nobleman who formed the collection nor that of the present owner was made public, although both are perfectly well known. The more important lots included:—

A magnificent pearl necklace, composed of 47 slightly graduated round pearls, of large size and brilliant orient; gross weight, 1,090gns	£22,200
A rope composed of 222 finely graduated round pearls of the highest quality and orient, gross weight, 2,320gns.	16,700
A matchless pear-shaped pearl of rare size and the finest orient, mounted with diamond cap as a pendant, weight about 209gns. net	13,500
A beautiful pearl and brilliant tiara, of coronet form, composed of fifteen large graduated round pearl drops, suspended in brilliant wreaths, each surmounted by a fine pear-shaped pearl and a collet brilliant	10,300
A magnificent brilliant tiara, of classical design, composed of fourteen graduated open cones, each with a large brilliant of rare purity and blue colour	4,500
An emerald and brilliant cluster centre bracelet, with flexible brilliant band of graduated scroll design, a square emerald of fine colour and purity in the centre	2,900
A brilliant collet necklace composed of forty-three large graduated brilliants of the highest purity	2,500
A turquoise and brilliant tour de corsage, composed of a band of eleven oval graduated clusters, with pear-shaped drops	2,450

OSSIAN.

BY JAMES KEEGAN.

Ossian, son of the King, thy name to me
Comes like a burst of magic music, blown
By some stray wand'ring wind from o'er the sea,
That over perfumed woods and vales hath flown,
Gath'ring bright memories of those olden days
When higher rose than all the clash of war,
Or roar of winds and waters, thy proud lays;
Till, as we listen, all the direful jar
Of those wild times sinks hushed before thy strain,
That filled green Erin's land from main to sounding main.

O prince, and bard and knight of high emprise,
Thou wert a ray of glory through the gloom,
A golden morning star in thund'rous skies,
A strong enchanter at whose touch the tomb
Opes wide its gates and renders back its dead,
Whose deeds shall never die while song has power
To spread its halo round the hero's head
(Such is of song supreme the priceless dower);
Who dared and did for virtue, love, and fame,
In those heroic days when life was living flame.

O royal bard, whose deeds were as thy song,
A light sublime to guide the souls of men;
O stainless knight, whose war was waged on wrong,
On throned king and bandit in his den;
O sweet, strong voice! too oft a voice of dole,
No singer e'er had sorrow great as thine;
Ten thousand swords did pierce thy heart, thy soul
Was one dark sea of sadness, one deep mine
Of woe no tongue, or pen, or song could tell—
Wherefore thy strain endures—whence thou didst sing so well,

THE PACKING INDUSTRY OF CHICAGO.

The industry of killing and packing beef, pork, and mutton has reached such proportions at Chicago—the greatest centre of this industry in the world—that the most modern processes have been introduced for the purpose of economising both time and labour, as well as utilising all of the products of the carcase. The Union Stock Yards, where are located some of the largest packing plants, are the most extensive in the world, having accommodations for nearly 125,000 hogs, 20,000 cattle, and 15,000 sheep. Yearly 3,000,000 cattle and 5,000,000 hogs are slaughtered and converted into packing-house products in what is known as "Packing Town," which really forms a section of the yards. A further estimate of the extent of the industry can be gained when it is stated that the space devoted to pens alone comprises 20 acres, while the yards are traversed by 150 miles of railroad track and 20 miles of streets, and the troughs from which the live stock are fed and watered aggregate 75 miles in length. As far as possible, machinery has been employed, with the result that one of the large companies treats 7,000 hogs in a day, where by hand less than 10 per cent of this number can be disposed of. While the killing itself is still done by manual labour, the butcher has every appliance to further his work. The drove of hogs, for example, is passed from the yards into specially-shaped pens, thence forced, single file ,into a compartment where a large metal wheel revolves slowly, but continuously. An attendant seizes each of the animals by one of the hind feet and fastens it to the wheel by a short chain. As it is lifted into the air, the butcher with a thrust of the knife opens the throat; the work occupies but a second. The blood from the carcase flows into a trough, which passes it on to vats, where it is kept until utilised in the manufacture of fertiliser. The carcase revolves on the wheel until it reaches a point where it is automatically removed and fastened to a trolly system, which conveys it into the scraping room. Here it passes through a machine, provided with revolving blades, which removes most of the bristles, preserving them so that they can be later made into brushes. The carcase is then passed into a vat or tank of boiling water, which softens the balance of the bristles so that they can be easily removed by hand. From this apartment it is conveyed by machinery into the chill-room, where it remains for 24 hours before being cut into sections. The carcase, freed from blood and bristles, is now ready for the cleaver, who separates it into the hams and sides for bacon, and removes the fat, which is to be converted into lard and other products. The cutting is done so dexterously that a few minutes suffice for one man to separate the hog into the several portions. Then the hams and bacon are placed in reservoirs filled with a pickling composition, of which each company has its own formula. The other portions for provisions are placed in the salt-room, where they remain from forty to sixty days. The same length of time is required also for the hams and bacon. Following the pickling and salting processes comes the smoking, which is done in compartments where thousands of pieces can be cured at the same time. The lard is extracted, or tried, in immense kettles heated by steam, and while in the liquid state it is forced through pipes into the packing room, the pails and other receptacles being filled by merely opening valves connected with the pipes. It is then allowed to cool, and is ready for shipment. The pork sausage is also largely a machine product, the meat being chopped into fine particles by rapidly revolving blades, and then forced into skins made of the intestines of the hog, these intestinal skins being, of course first thoroughly cleaned by machinery. A part of this machinery which is operated by compressed air, will fill several feet of sausage skin in a few seconds. The links are made by merely tying the skin with strings in sections a few inches in length. Before it is sent to market, sausage is usually hung in the storehouse for a few days to "season."

Except for fastening the hog to the wheel, the killing process, the cutting into pieces, and fastening the packages, the animal passes through the packinghouse with scarcely a touch of the hand. Sheep are treated in a somewhat similar manner, except that the carcases are not made into so many products. When slaughtered they are slung from the floor by chains fastened to the hind feet. The throat is opened by the single thrust of the knife, and the body is conveyed mechanically into the chill room. It is usually kept in this department forty-eight hours, when the hide is removed, and it is cut into halves or quarters as desired. Formerly the skins were sold with the wool on, but the packers have invented a process by which the wool can be easily stripped from the hide. The wool is then cleaned thoroughly in hot water, dried, and packed in bales to be shipped direct to the cloth manufacturer, the hide being sold to the tanner. The mutton intended for shipment is usually placed in the refrigerating department, which may contain 10,000 pieces at one time. Here it can be kept for an indefinite period, as the air is maintained at an even temperature by a refrigeration system which extends to all portions of the department. When the time arrives for shipment, the refrigerator cars can be run into the refrigerator compartments and the meat transferred without exposing it to the warm air. In the modern method of killing cattle the stunning process is still retained. As the beeves are driven into the gangways in single file, men upon elevated platforms knock them senseless by a blow between the horns with a heavy hammer quite similar in shape to the implement used in spiking railroad ties. As the animal falls a door in the side of the gangway is opened, allowing the carcase to slide to the floor below, where it is slaughtered. Here the transferring machine is attached to the body, and as fast as an animal is killed it starts on its journey through the several departments. First comes the chill room, then the compartment where it is skinned. While one man is removing the hide, another cuts off the head and removes the tongue, and another the feet. Next it is halved or quartered in the cleaving room, and is cleaved ready for shipment to the centres of consumption, either in this country or abroad. The carcases are usually left in halves, being transferred to the cold storage department, where, like the sheep, they may be kept for an indefinite period.

The beef affords a much greater variety of products than either the sheep or the hog, although, as already stated, every portion of the animals is put to some use in the modern process. The fat, boiled in large kettles, is resolved into oleo and stearine, oleo, or oil of the beef, forming the basis of butterine and oleomargarine. This and stearine are utilised in some of the soaps which are now manufactured. The blood is converted into fertiliser, and also into buttons of a cheap grade, which are now manufactured in Packing Town, within a short distance of the slaughterhouses. The hoofs, of course, are converted into glue. In the fertiliser compound, practically all of the offal of the beef can now be utilised. Within three or four years the manufacture of soaps and liquid foods has been undertaken on a very large scale in connection with the Chicago packing industry. Scores of products which have beef for the basis are distilled, refined, and placed in bottles and jars in plants adjacent to the packing houses. The principal concerns of Chicago manufacture their own cans for liquid and solid products, and own the factories for making boxes and barrels, while one company operates a mill for making bagging for hams. As 100,000 packages may be filled in a week with liquid and solid food, the economy of this plan is apparent. Even in the preparing of what is known as canned corned beef the tins are filled with the cooked meat by machinery, the contents of each package being moulded so that they fit to a nicety. After filling and soldering, the package is placed in boiling water, then a hole is made in the top to allow the gas to escape, and it is resoldered, keeping the contents in good condition for a period of years in any climate.

The trolley system is being used not only in the abattoirs for transferring the carcases, but for the general transfer of packages and cars from one point to another. The electric motor hauls everything from a truck to a railroad car. The method used for transferring the carcasses usually consists of an overhead bar or rail, along which the trolley is moved, taking its current from wiring or a feed bar. To the trolley are attached short chains ending in hooks, so that the animals can be easily fastened to it. The "hog-killing wheel," as it is termed, also revolves by electric power.

MALACHY II AT CLONTARF.

(The Editor of the "Dublin Penny Journal.")

Sir.—In your issue of June 21st, "History of City of Dublin," it is painful to see the last Ard Righ shamefully maligned, even now at the opening of the twentieth century. One would expect that the researches and writings of O'Donovan, Moore, and Haverty, should have rendered such impossible, but here we have the story of the "Munster fabricators of history" again trotted out, i.e., that Malachy II drew off his force from Clontarf and "was only a spectator of the battle at a distance." The Southern chroniclers added that it was Malachy who informed the enemy of the departure of Donough O'Brien's detachment to ravage Leinster. Harris has it also, from his "unexceptionable vouchers," we may suppose, that Malachy was "for his indolence and inactivity obliged to abdicate in favour of Brian." To any one knowing the history preceding Clontarf, this is not only inconsistent but utterly absurd. Just fourteen years before Clontarf, Brian invaded the Royal Province with a force of Danish Calvary in his van, who were cut off to a man by Malachy in person, and the Southern troops then thought well of retreating. Brian had previously burned Dun Fna Sciath, Malachy's residence in Westmeath, whilst the monarch was absent in Connaught; but he, justly it would seem, on his return, carried fire and sword into the Dalcassian territory.

The truthful southerns also asserted that, at Clontarf, Malachy made overtures to O'Kelly, and the commanders of the Connaught forces to abandon Brian. Even were these statements true, Malachy could well be excused, when we consider his position, and the treatment he had received. There is, perhaps, in our island story, no braver, grander, or more unselfish character than Malachy II; and, as is usual in such cases, none more maligned. If the force of the Ard Righ remained inactive in the early part of the fray, which seems very doubtful, we have the authority of the "Four Masters" (their compilation is said to have largely been from Clonmacnoise annals, some of which were translated by Connell MacGeoghegan, of Westmeath, to whom one at least of the Masters paid a visit during the progress of their work), for quite a different story at its close. There is no use making quotations in proof. Readers interested had better see for themselves, and also Dr O'Donovan's remarks, and those of Haverty and Moore, on this subject.

It seems not a little strange to find upwards of 9,000 Leinster men fighting on the Danish side at Clontarf (the Clonmacnoise annals say that the O'Mores and O'Nolans were not amongst the force; the O'Connors Fahy were, it seems), whilst on Brian's side we find a force of Danes, Dano-Irish, we may conclude. This latter will seem less strange when we remember that Brian Boru's daughter was married to Sitric, Danish King of Dublin; and that Brian himself—he who had in the Book of Armagh signed himself "Imperatoris Scotorum"—was married (his second wife), to the mother of Sitric, widow of Amlaff.—Yours,

TOLKA.

["Tolka" should bear in mind that we are reproducing textually the History as written by Walter Harris; and that therefore the results of later investigations cannot be embodied in it.—Ed., D. P. J.]

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Andrew Melrose will shortly publish a new sixpenny illustrated weekly, entitled "Russia." This paper has been established for the purpose of opening and developing commercial relations between Russia and Great Britain. It will also seek by articles on Russian literature, drama, and the arts generally, to make the people of England better acquainted with the Russian people. The editor, Mr. Nicolas Notovitch, is of a journalistic stock, his brother being the founder and proprietor of the well-known Russian paper "Novosti" in St. Petersburg. The size and get-up of "Russia" will be uniform with the "Tatler."

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Mr. W. T. Stead, editor of the "Review of Reviews," publisher of "Books for the Bairns," and the centre of a hundred other literary activities, was born at Embleton, in Northumberland, on July 5th, 1849. He is the son of a Congregational minister and left school at Wakefield in his fourteenth year to enter a mercantile office as office boy. At the age of twenty-two he became editor of the "Northern Echo," a half-penny daily published at Darlington, and nine years later was discovered by Mr. John Morley, and made assistant editor of "The Pall Mall Gazette," to the editorship of which paper he went in 1883.

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In 1885 his publication of "The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon" won for him three months' imprisonment, and for us the Criminal Law Amendment Act of that year. Ireland was visited in 1886, and a "No Reduction, No Rent, a Plea for the Plan of Campaign" published. In 1888 he went to Russia, and published "Truth About Russia." In 1889 the Pope was interviewed on his attitude towards the new era, and the result published in 1890. That year saw his resignation of the editorship of "The Pall Mall Gazette" and the production of the "Review of Reviews." He published the first number of "Borderland," a magazine for spiritualists, in 1893, which ceased to appear in 1897. He has not since let a year go by without publishing something of sensational interest.

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A new edition of Poe is soon to appear under the editorship of Professor C. F. Richardson. The edition will be issued by Messrs G. P. Putnam's, Sons, the original publishers of Poe's "The Raven and Other Poems," in 1845; "Tales," in the same year, and 'Eureka," in 1848. Poe's writings will for the first time be arranged in chronological order, under the heads of Poems, Tales, Criticisms, and Miscellaneous. Although Poe has undoubtedly suffered by the unwise perpetuation of merely perfunctory and ephemeral writing, which it is now too late to exclude from his collected works, it has seemed proper to give in this edition all the poems of the 1827 volume—"The Journal of Julius Rodman," and some hitherto uncollected passages from the article on "The Rationale of Verse" as it originally appeared.

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Signs are not wanting that the American craze for historical novels is going the way of other crazes. The "New York Journal" cits the words of a prominent bookseller," who reports the demand of his patrons among the novel-reading public to be expressed in substance thus: "Give me an old-fashioned, simple love story. I am tired of the historical romance of European life, and American colonial and revolutionary times, and of the swashbuckling heroes." Another American paper recently published a symposium to which several publishers contributed their opinions on the trend of fiction, and some of the best known prophesied that the tale of American domestic life would supplant the historical novel in public favour. A glance at the announcement of forthcoming fiction seems to support their position. The American public has never wearied of the tales of New England life which have appeared periodically ever since American fiction began.

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The authorities of the Bodleian Library have begun to prepare photographs of many of their treasures for issue to libraries and private buyers. Special attention is drawn to the Palaeographical Collotypes, and it is hoped that these will be taken largely by other libraries, it being admitted that there is no chance of their being bought by the general public in numbers sufficient to cover the cost of a negative and even twenty copies. The following photographs of Shelley relics can now be obtained:—

1s 6d—Miniature of Shelley as a boy, from the copy by Reginald Easton.
1s 6d—Portrait of Shelley, reduced from a crayon drawing.
1s 6d—Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, from a portrait by Reginald Easton.
1s—Shelley's Sophocles, which he had with him when drowned. (The edges are supposed to show the mark of his thumb, incrusted in brine).
1s—Shelley's watch and seals.
1s—The guitar given by Shelley to Mrs. Jane Williams.

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The humours of American publisher's advertisements have already been noticed in our columns. One firm prefaces a list of its books with the following:—

Perhaps you are going away soon. In that case you will want to take some reading with you.
Light reading, probably; the kind for a swaying hammock or a drifting boat.
Here are some suggestions that may help you.

But the show of disinterested and friendly advice is sacrificed at the end of the list:—

P.S.—These books are just as well worth reading if you're going to stay in town.

Another firm displays the following:—

"Their cause I plead—plead it in heart and mind,
A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind."

When old David Garrick uttered these words he consciously or unconsciously struck the keynote of all human sympathy. And it is this sympathy that, in ——'s new novel, "——," touches a responsive chord in every heart—a fellow feeling induced by the memory of some inward battle fought and won—or lost. The enthusiastic reception accorded this book is reflected below:—

"A classic."—"Philadelphia Item."
"Exceptionally good."—"New York Tribune."
"This novel is quite the crown of the author's art."—"Glasgow Herald."

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Few adjectives are so abused in criticism as "great." Writers speak of a great book, a great author, forgetting that the word implies a scale of merit—implies it often to destroy it. Prof. William P. Trent, of Columbia University, has been endeavouring to make a scale which rash writers might keep in mind, and his remarks are not uninteresting. From this article in the "International Monthly" we construct the following table:—

Great writers—Homer, Sophocles, Virgil, Goethe, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Moliere, Cervantes, etc. To this class Prof. Trent is inclined to add Balzac and Hugo.

Writers of great power, but not universal in their genius—Pindar, Lucretius, Petrarch, Tasso, Ariosto, Montaigne, Chaucer, Spenser, Schiller, Heine, Babelais, Gibbon, etc.

Writers whom one cannot call supreme, although one would as little think of calling them minor—Catullus, Horace, Leopardi, Marlowe, Ben Johnson, Keats, Browning, Byron, Lamb, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Burns, Coleridge, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Shelley, Landor, Hawthorne, etc.

Prof. Trent adds that if his classification has been made on correct lines, it needs filling out, and requires many qualifications. "And we must always remember that any scheme of classification is bad if it tends to make our judgments hard and fast, if it induces us to think that we can stick a pin through a writer, and ticket him as an entomologist does an insect. But if we use such a scheme intelligently, it may prove useful, if only by stimulating us to candid objections, for candid objections imply honest thought, and honest thought on such a noble subject as literature can not but be beneficial."

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In an article on Bibliomania in the July "Cornhill" Mr. Andrew Lang gives the following advice on the subject of book-collecting in general:—"The lowly collector desires to acquire books of value. He has, I think, three courses open to him. First, he can collect what people do not desire to-day, but will desire to-morrow. . . . Let him 'get in on the ground floor.' Let him collect the juvenilia of Mr. Stephen Phillips—if there are any—or the manuscripts of novels which fail to-day, but will be esteemed by posterity. I can let him have one or two of my own, at a low figure, being anxious to realise. American collectors may apply. By such artful prescience of a future demand the humble collector may amass things that will not disappoint him at his sale. But it needs heaven-sent moments for this power of forecast. The second plan for the impoverished bibliophile is to make a collection valuable in the mass, though not very expensive in detail. This may be done by cleaving to a single subject. . . The third way is to consider how much you can afford to spend yearly on books—not modern things, but books—and then, avoiding waste on dubious trifles, to purchase only one really good thing every year or half-year, or as your finances may permit. This is the most satisfactory plan of all, and the last which I could practise."

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The little controversy which recently took place in the pages of the "Academy" between Mr. W. B. Yeats and Mr. Arthur Symons on the question of the delivery of verse in the singing voice has been made the subject of an able article in the New York "Nation." The writer supports Mr. Symons in his doubts concerning Mr. Yeats's advocacy of the psaltery:—

There was a time, probably, when all poetry was sung to tunes as simple as those which are still heard in "traditional Irish singing." In fact, the recitation of poetry without music presupposes almost as advanced a civilisation as does the reading of poetry. But it should be remembered that this is a very different matter from the reform proposed by Mr. Yeats. The ancients and the Irish peasantry had quite distinctly in mind either song or speech—never a third mode which lay between the two and was used for the rendering of poetry. If the traditional ballad tunes are of the simplest kind, it is not to favour a theory of Mr. Yeats's, but merely because the composers of these tunes knew no more elaborate music. It cannot be too strongly urged that the real successors of the singing poets are Schubert and Mozart and Wagner—the great song writers and opera composers. Whenever poetry needs the enhancement of music, the composers will claim it for their own. The example of Richard Strauss's elaborate recitative compositions will hardly encourage them to revive among us "the traditional Irish singing."

Like many other well-intentioned movements, this revival of "speaking to music" is merely an amusing bit of archaism, which cavalierly disregards the reasons for things as they are. When poetry filled a large social function, was recited before audiences, and was practically never read, it naturally required the aid of music. Now that poetry has become an individual enjoyment—a matter chiefly for the closet—it has largely dispensed with melody. Meanwhile long generations of refined social intercourse have probably greatly improved the speaking voice; and in our time, in the case of Booth at least, and in Bernhardt before her mannerisms overtook her, we have heard a declamation so varied, so subtle and harmonious, that beside it any form of intonation—any thing, in fact, but the most perfect melody—must have seemed crude and inartistic. We are no longer a singing people, and the fact is to be deplored; but our regeneration lies along the lines of perfected music and of intelligent declamation, not along those of an archaistic return to outworn musical modes. Cantilation, at least, will not win us back from prose to poetry.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

The American Museum of Natural History recently acquired a group of five caribou, which hail from the Barren Islands of Alaska, and are of an entirely new species. These rare animals were brought home by the Andrew J. Stone expedition.

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Lord Kelvin is busily engaged in compiling the specifications of two new patents. The completion and patenting of these devices will bring the number of patents controlled by the Kelvin syndicate to forty-nine, a large number of which deal with appliances which are now regarded as indispensable to the equipment of ships in every country of the world. The success with which the veteran physicist has exploited the commercial side of his inventions is shown by the circumstance that upon the latest warship added to the Japanese navy there are no less than fourteen Kelvin appliances.

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Professor Charles Whitney Carmen, who has been connected with a number of educational institutions in the Western States of the Union, is the inventor of a new electrical apparatus for the projection of pictures impressed on an opaque substance, on to a screen to be viewed by a number of persons simultaneously. This dispenses with the necessity of the special preparation of the lantern slide, as pictures of all kinds, and objects themselves, coming within the required dimensions, can be placed in the machine and shown in enlarged form on the sheet. This machine was recently shown before the members of the Chicago Electrical Association for the first time, and its work was regarded as entirely satisfactory.

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Professor J. C. Bose read a paper at a meeting of the Linnean Society, on electric response in ordinary plants under mechanical stimulus, and performed a series of experiments showing electric response for certain portions of the plant organism, which proved that as regards fatigue, behaviour at high and low temperatures, the effects produced by poisons and anaesthetics, the responses are identical with those hitherto held to be characteristic of muscle and nerve and of the sensitive plants. He drew the final conclusion that the underlying phenomena of life are the same in both animals and plants, and that the electrical responses which he had demonstrated are but the common physiological expression of these.

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The numerous accidents to workmen in establishments where belts are used has recently brought about the stringent application of a French law, forbidding the removing or replacing of a strap by hand while the machinery is in motion. In order to obviate the waste of time consequent upon the stopping of the machinery, an association of French manufacturers has announced an open international competition for the best fixed belt mounter. The invention should be designed for simple and not for conical pulleys, and must comply with the following conditions—1, It must be simple, strong, and occupy little space, easy to fix and use; 2, not dangerous in working; 3, convenient for any speed, width, or position of belt; 4, able to throw the belt off or on; 5, sufficiently low in price to allow of its wide use. Competitors are invited to send a full description of their invention, accompanied, if possible, by a model, or at least by satisfactory illustrations, to the President de l'Association des Industries de France contre les Accidents du Travail, No. 3 rue Lutece, Paris, prior to October 1, 1902.

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Bologna has been having a sensation in the rumour that its great leaning tower, the pride of the city, is weakening, and may fall, says the "New York Tribune." This has caused so large an influx of visitors that it is said that the hotel keepers may not be wholly guiltless in regard to the rumour. The city has two of these square towers, the Asinelli, which is 315 feet high, and was erected in 1109, and its rival, the Garisenda, which was built one year later, and was originally much higher, and is rendered peculiar by its decided inclination to one side. It is now only 153 feet high, the width of one side is 23 feet, the walls at the base are 6 feet 6 inches thick, while higher up they are 4 feet 9 inches. Its origin is somewhat obscure, but it was certainly intended to outdo the Asinelli, and both were for retreat in troublous times. Some say the original intention was to make it lean, but others contend that either the ground has settled or there was a defect in the engineering. This unique relic was so little thought of by one of its late possessors that it was sold for 220 lire, something less than 44 dollars.

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When we consider the wonderful adaptation of means to an end, the prevision and the ingenious methods employed by many sorts of insects in carrying out the purposes and objects of their lives, we are indeed inclined to credit them with intelligence of a high order. It is only after we are forced to recognise the extreme limitations of this so-called intelligence, its inflexible nature, and its inability to adapt itself to other conditions than those under which it is habitually, or ordinarily exercised, that we recognise how much is wanting in the behaviour of insects to furnish conclusive evidence of their possession of any intellectual capacity whatever. Light, for example, attracts insects in general, as it does also plants, but it does not necessarily follow that vision, in the human sense of the word, belongs either to plants or to insects. The attraction of light governs the growth, the inclination of stems and the position of leaves; the plant reaches, so to express it, out toward the light with all the power it has—yet it does not see. The insect has eyes or organs of vision (quite different from ours), but all we absolutely know about insects is that they are influenced by light, and to aver, without more definite knowledge on the subject, that they do anything so highly physical as seeing (as human beings see) is not only unscientific, but not at all consistent with well ascertained facts. How unintelligent is the impulse the insect shares with the plant in seeking the light, is shown by the inane manner in which moths or beetles will flutter about a white ceiling, or plunge into a flame.

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Intelligence does, indeed, direct the actions of the bee in building her comb and filling it with honey, and the ant in her wonderful domestic economy; but it is an intelligence quite as much above the plane of consciousness of the bee and of the ant, as it is above that of the orchid, for instance, in the admirably ingenious manner in which the flower enlists the aid of the insect in conveying the pollen. Reflex actions of this kind mimic intelligence on the part of the actor, something perhaps as do the movements of the boat, said to have been invented by Tesla, which, worked by etheric waves, proceeds in any given direction, turns or dives beneath the surface of the water upon which it floats, not in obedience to any directing power on board, but at the will of a person operating a battery on the shore. The stimuli of whatever nature, light, heat, some form of electric action, magnetism, or even more subtle, occult forces which move insects, seem to have the unvarying and unthinking nature of those supplied to mere machinery: the result is much the same as in an automation, blind perseverance in a certain limited number of actions it is designed to prform.

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Take from the cell excavated by a digger wasp, the grasshopper she has placed there, and upon which she has laid her egg, and the wasp, after entering and exploring the cell, will, instead of restocking it and laying another egg, calmly close it up, just as she would have done had it not been robbed. Cut off the antennae by which the wasp (Sphex maxillosus) drags a cricket to her burrow, and Sphex, unable to get her accustomed grip, leaves her quarry, and goes off in search of crickets which have not lost their antennae. It does not occur to her that the creature has legs as well as antennae. The sand wasp (Bembex) can unerringly return to the entrance to her cell from the distance of a mile or more, over a featureless sandbank, and although her burrow is covered over with sand, and to human eyes entirely indistinguishable from the parts surrounding it, the wasp can alight upon the exact spot, scratch away the sand and enter the nest; but remove the surface, exposing the cell and the larvae, and Bembex is entirely at a loss, unable to recognise either her own nest or her own offspring. Nothing can more perfectly show how an interaction of forces, without a conscious, directing intelligence, can, in a certain particular way, achieve a marvellous result, while in every other it results in confusion and failure. The unusual happens, and an organism constituted as is the Bembex, is thrown out of gear, much as would be a machine in which a cog-wheel has failed to engage the answering cogs of another wheel.

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Many plants shift the position of their leaves as the direction of the light changes. This power is possessed to a considerable degree by some of our common house plants. If an oxalis shrub, for instance, is exposed for a time to the light in a window, and then turned half way round, an observer can by watching, see the leaves readjust themselves to their new position in relation to the light. Certain movements of plants seem to testify to the possession by the plants of something answering to the tactile sense in animals. A number of plants besides the common sensitive plant, exhibit apparent sensibility to external impressions and manifest also the power of transmitting the perception of these impressions from one part of the plant to another. In addition to this power, there are plants which possess a power of discrimination that certainly seems to have as just a claim to being called intelligent as are the actions of some insects.

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The Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railroad crosses the Alleghany River at Pittsburg on a bridge of the old-style lattice-work construction. The company has decided to replace it with a structure of the "double-deck" pattern, which will be used for a railway and highway. It is to be erected on the original piers of masonry. To prevent interruption of train service, it was decided to construct wooden piers and move the present bridge upon these. Although the mass of metal weighed over 2,000 tons, the actual time of removal occupied less than half a day. The Pittsburg section had to be changed twenty-three feet, and the Alleghany section forty-eight feet. The bridge was moved in a manner somewhat similar to that used in moving a house, a system of rollers being used. There was a set of these rollers at each end and at each pier. Beneath the rollers were placed a number of pieces of rail, and between the bottom of the bridge and the rollers, rail was also used. Three hoisting engines and rope and pulley blocks pulled the bridge to its new position, and had not extraordinary precaution been used, it could have been moved in much less time. The bridge was moved about five feet at a time, and then given a thorough examination before being moved again. This operation was repeated until the bridge reached its new bed. Structural ironworkers to the number of 100, and 150 carpenters, were used on the work, and after the removal had been accomplished, about 125 men changed the network of the tracks and switches at each end of the bridge by shifting them with crowbars. This part of the work took more time than the moving of the bridge.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1793.)

DUBLIN, MAY 28, 1794.

Yesterday the case in which Michael Daly Esq., of Mount Pleasant, in the county of Galway, was plaintiff, and Arthur Henry Daly, Esq., his son, defendant, was decided in the Court of King's Bench in favour of the defendant, ofter a laborious hearing of twelve days.

On an information filed ex offiicio by his Majesty's Attorney-General, the proprietors of a Belfast newspaper, called the "Northern Star," were tried this day for publishing a seditious libel on the 15th of December, 1792. Wm. M'Cabe, Wm. Trennant, Wm. Magee, R. Caldwell, John Boyle, John Haslet, Sam. Nelson, Robert Sims, Wm. Sims, Gilbert Macleveene, and John Tisdall, having been proved to be sleeping proprietors, were acquitted; but John Rhabb, the printer and publisher, was found guilty. They were tried by a special jury of the county of Antrim.

Same day the Attorney-General filed an ex-officio information against Dr. Drennan.

30.—John M'Dermott was brought up to receive sentence. Messrs. Simon Butler, M'Nally, Geoghegan, M'Dermott, and Costello severally offered points in arrest of judgment, which were over-ruled by the Court. Sentence of death was then passed on the prisoner by Mr. Justice Boyd, and he was thereupon remanded to prison.

The Attorney-General applied to make a rule for an attachment absolute, against the printer of the "Morning Post," for having reflected on the trial of Rowan while pending before the Court. The rule was made absolute.

ELECTION OF RECORDER.

MAY 30.

This day a post-assembly was held at the Exhibition-house, William street, for the purpose of electing a Recorder of this city, in the room of Baron George, who had resigned on his promotion to the Exchequer Bench.

The first candidate sent down by the Board of Alderman, as a fit and proper person to fill the office of Recorder, for the approbation of the Common Council, was Mr. Ormsby, a young barrister of considerable ability. On the question being put, a ballot was demanded—

Black Beans	67
White	57

Mr. Day, the chairman of Kilmainham (who had never publicly declared his intention of becoming a candidate till the morning of election), was next sent down. Another ballot took place—

Black Beans	76
White	47

Mr. Whitestone was then put in nomination by the board. In counting the beans there appeared—

Black Beans	81
White	40

Mr. Worthington followed—

Black Beans	59
White	57

At length Mr. Walker was sent down, when the numbers were—

White Beans	63
Black	57

Whereupon Mr. Walker was declared duly elected.

It is but justice to mention that Mr. Walker is a gentleman who has never intermeddled in politics, and so far from connecting himself with parties, has always avoided them. He is without attachment either to opposition or to administration, and, of course, possesses that neutrality which should always be the principle, as it is always the possession, of a judge.

JUNE 5.

Yesterday, being the anniversary of the birth of his Most Gracious Majesty, was observed as a holiday in all the public offices, and a day of rejoicing among all the citizens.

The Royal flags were displayed, the great guns in the Park were fired, and the garrison was drawn out, and answered the rounds from the battery by as many vollies.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant held a Levee at the Castle, which commenced at three o'clock, when an ode was performed.

In the evening he gave a State dinner, at which were present the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Commander-in-Chief., etc., etc. The Castle was most brilliantly illuminated.

The Duke of Leinster has accepted the command of the Kildare militia, which are to be embodied immediately.

A few days since twenty-seven defenders were apprehended in the county of Longford, eight of whom were admitted to bail, and nineteen remain in prison.

7.—This day the unfortunate M'Dermott was executed at the commons of Kilmainham, pursuant to his sentence, for a riot and burglary at Castle Tenison, in the county of Roscommon, in June, 1793.

Same day the new Recorder, Mr. Walker, presided, for the first time, at an adjournment of the Quarter Sessions, in the Tholsel Court.

One M'Dermott, a near relation to the above unhappy man, has been lately committed to prison, on a charge of being a leader of the defenders.

14.—Last night the guns at the Park were fired in consequence of Lord Howe's complete victory over the French fleet. The battery was answered by three feu-de-joyes from the regiments in garrison, which were drawn out on the quays, and the night was concluded by a general and most brilliant illumination.

A number of unthinking youths attacked the police watch-house in St. Andrew's street, with stones for more than half an hour, during which time the policemen who were in it fired upon them several shots, from of which a person, then passing, was wounded in the shoulder; the ball was shortly after extracted, and the young man is in a fair way of recovery. The arrival of one of the Sheriffs prevented further mischief, as the assailants immediately dispersed.

Wednesday last being election day for master and wardens of the Corporation of Taylors, Mr. Alexander Bell, of Mary's abbey, was chosen master, and Messrs. Sweeny and Hautenville wardens.

16.—The examination for the vacant Fellowship in Trinity College closed on Saturday last; and yesterday Mr. Usher was declared the successful candidate.

DUBLIN, JUNE 23.

ADDRESS TO THE KING.

At a general assembly of the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Commons, and Citizens of the city of Dublin, held on the 23rd of June, 1794, it was unanimously resolved that the following address be presented:—

To the KING'S Most Excellent MAJESTY.

The humble Address of the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Commons, and Citizens of the city of Dublin, in Common Council assembled.

Most Gracious Sovereign—

Permit your most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Commons, and Citizens of the city of Dublin, in common council assembled, to take part in the universal congratulations of your people upon the signal victory obtained on the 1st day of June instant, by your Majesty's fleet, under the command of Earl Howe.

The manifold advantages, too conspicuous to require illustration, and too important to be forgotten, so gloriously won by the unexampled bravery and alacrity of your Majesty's forces, in executing your wise counsels, demand the grateful acknowledgments of the whole kingdom, and particularly of this city, and have made it manifest through the different parts of the world, where your Majesty's arms have been resplendent, how dear your just and mild administration hath rendered you to a free and grateful people, whom, animated by a zeal for your service, no dangers can terrify, no difficulties dishearten.

And we doubt not, that under the protection of Divine Providence, the utmost efforts of an infatuated and desponding enemy, will be baffled and frustrated, by your Majesty's known wisdom and experience, through the abilities and activity of your Ministers, the courage and conduct of your commanders, and the intrepidity of your forces.

We cannot sufficiently express our most dutiful acknowledgments for your Majesty's peculiar favour towards us, in having, at a juncture just as the present, been pleased to be represented here by a Chief Governor, who, every way formed to engage our confidence, does, in the most ample means, possess it.

And we trust that, in a day of trial, we shall show ourselves steadfast in that loyalty, for which our city hath been distinguished, and be as ready to make proof of it, as we have been at all times to cherish it.

In testimony whereof, we have caused the common seal of the said city to be here affixed, the day and year first above written.

Which address having been transmitted to his Majesty by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, the following most gracious answer was returned:—

GEORGE R.

I have seen with satisfaction the assurances of loyalty and attachment contained in the dutiful and affectionate address of my faithful city of Dublin. Their cordial congratulations on the late glorious victory obtained by my fleet, under Earl Howe, and their zeal for the vigorous prosecution of the just and necessary war in which we are engaged, prove how sensible they are of the blessings derived under our excellent constitution, for the preservation of which we are now contending.

G. R.

MARRIAGES.

June, 1794.—At Athlone, Anthony Pine, late of the city of Cork, Esq., to Miss Mary SEproule, daughter of William S., of Athlone, Esq., both of the people called Quakers.

In London, the Hon. Mr. Steward, eldest son of Lord Londonderry, to Lady Amelia Hobart, youngest daughter to the Earl of Buckinghamshire.

At Whigsborough, King's County, Robert James Enraght, Esq., High Sheriff of said county, to Miss Drought, eldest daughter of John D., of said place, Esq.

(To be continued.)

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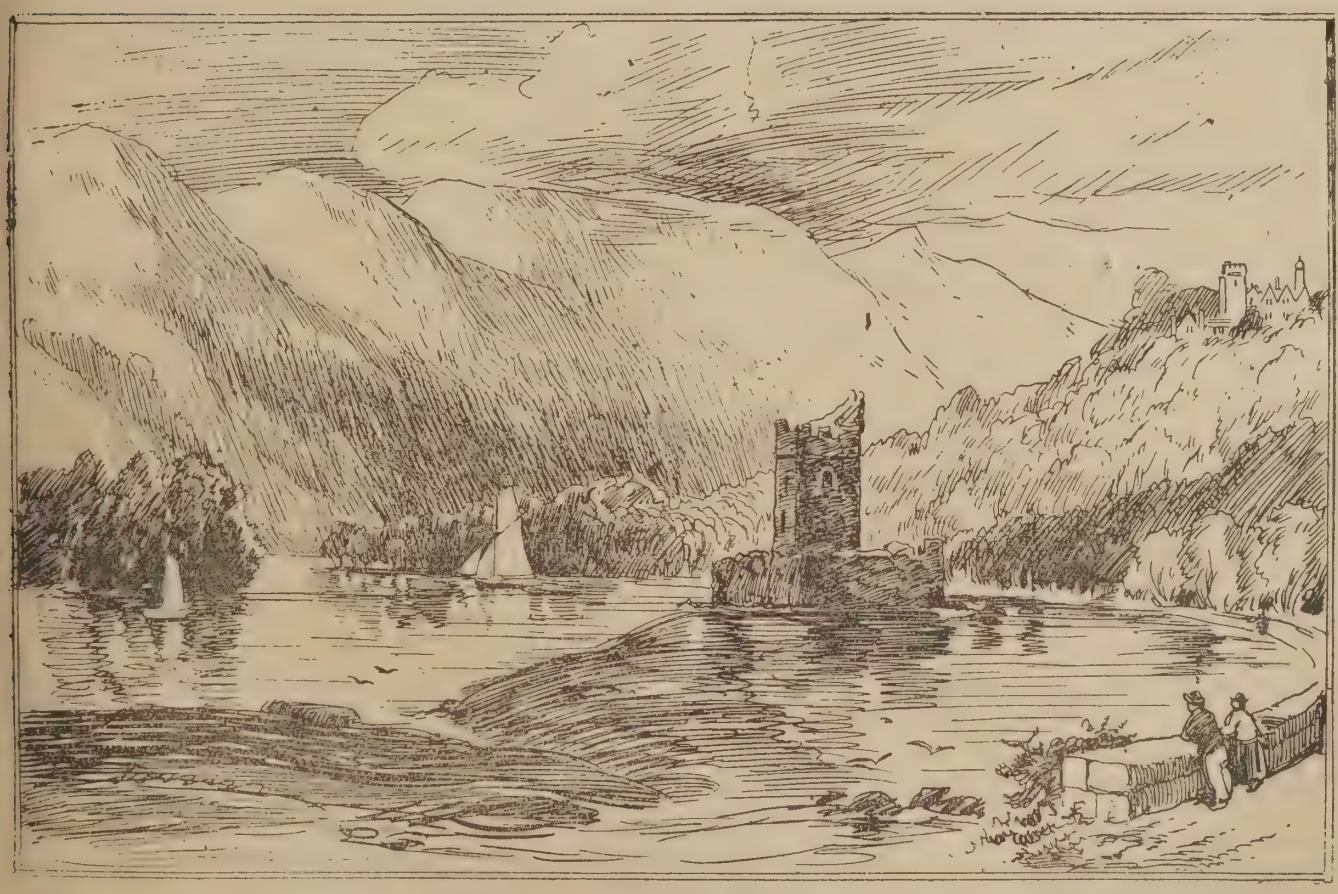
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NARROW WATER CASTLE



ON THE RIVER NEWRY.

Narrow Water Castle, the ruins of which s they stood fifty years ago are shown ı the above picture, and which stand ıuch the same to-day, is situate on the anks of the Narrow Water river, a mile nd a half north-west of Warrenpoint. he castle, which overhangs the river on point where the stream is contracted by projecting rock, is supposed to have been built in the fifteenth century by the Duke of Ormond. It consists principally of a square battlemented tower; and though converted to the inglorious uses of being successively a salt works and a dog-kennel, it forms a picturesque feature in the vale of the river, and commands a noble view of the gorgeous basin of Lough Carlingford, overhung by the mountains of Carlingford and Mourne. The Narrow Water river is about 5¼ miles in length, and consists of the lower portion of the Newry river, running from Newry to the head of Carlingford Lough at Warrenpoint, and dividing Down from Armagh and Louth. It is all tidal, comprises a considerable area of tideway, and connects the Newry Canal navigation with the Irish Sea.

ORIGIN AND MEANINGS OF IRISH FAMILY NAMES.

BY JOHN O'DONOVAN.

II.

In returning to the subject of the origin of Irish family names, I feel it necessary to adduce two or three additional instances of the erroneous statements put forward by Mr. Beauford, as they have had such an injurious influence with subsequent Irish writers on this subject:—

3. "Osragii, derived from Uys raigagh, or the kingdom between the waters, the present Ossory, called also Hy Paudruig, or the district of the country between the rivers, etc., the hereditary chiefs of which were denominated Giolla Paudruig, or the chief of the country between the rivers, called also Mac Giolla Padruic," etc.

This seems an exquisite specimen of etymological induction, and I have often heard it praised as beautiful and ingenious; but it happens that every assertion made in it is untrue! Osragii is not the Irish name of this territory, but the Latinized form of the name of the inhabitants. Again, Osragii is not compounded of Uys and raigagh; and even if it were, these two vocables are not Irish words, and could not mean what is above asserted, the kingdom between the waters. Again, Ossory was never called Hy Pau-druic, and even if it were, Hy Pau-druic would not mean "district of the country between the rivers." Next, the hereditary chiefs were not denominated Giolla Paudruic, but Mic Giolla Paudruic (a name afterwards anglicized Fitzpatrick), from an ancestor called Giolla Paudruic, who was chief of Ossory in the tenth century, and who is mentioned in all the authentic Irish annals as having been killed by Donovan, the son of Imar, king of the Danes of Waterford, in the year 975. Moreover, Giolla-Phadruic, the name of this chieftain, does not mean "chief of the country between the rivers," as Mr. Beauford would have us believe, but servant of Saint Patrick, which, as a man's name, became very common in Ireland shortly after the introduction of Christianity, for at this time the Irish were accustomed to give their children names not only after the Irish apostle, but also after other distinguished saints of the primitive Irish church; and the names of these saints were not at this period adopted as the names of the children, but the word Giolla, or Maol, servant, was generally prefixed to the names of the saints to form those of the children: thus, Giolla Padruic, the servant of Saint Patrick; Giolla Ciarain, the servant of St. Kieran; Giolla Caoimhghin, the servant of St. Kevin; Giolla Coluim, the servant of St. Columb, etc.

4. "Conmaicne Mara, or the chief tribe on the great sea, comprehending the western parts of the county of Galway on the sea coast; it was also called Conmaicne ira, or the chief tribe in the west, and Iar Connaught, that is, west Connaught; likewise Hy Iartagh, or the western country; the chiefs of which were denominated Hy Flaherty or O'Flaherty, that is, the chief of the nobles of the western country, and containing the present baronies of Morogh, Moycullen, and Ballinahinch."

This is also full of bold assertions, unsupported by history or etymology. Conmaicne does not mean the chief tribe, but the race of a chieftain called Conmac; Conmaicne mara, which is now anglicised Connamara, was never called Conmaicne ira, and Conmaicne mara and Iar Connaught are not now coextensive, nor were they considered to be so at any period of Irish history. Conmaicne mara was never called Hy Iartagh, and O'Flaherty was not the ancient chief of Conmaicne mara, for O'Flaherty was located in the plains of Moy Seola, lying eastwards of Lough Corrib, until he was driven across that lake into the wilds of Connamara by the De Burgos in the 13th century. Again, the surname O'Flaherty does not mean "the chief of the nobles of the western district," but is derived from Flaithbheartach, who was chief of Hy Briuin Seola, not of Conmaicne mara, in the tenth century; and this chief was not the first who received the name, for it was the name of hundreds of far more distinguished chieftains who flourished in other parts of Ireland many centuries before him, and O'Flaherty became the name of a far more powerful family located in the north of Ireland; which shows that the name has no reference to north or west, but must look for its origin to some other source. Now, to anyone acquainted with the manner in which compound words are formed in the Irish language, it will be obvious that the name Flaithbheartach is not derived from a locality or territory, but that it is formed from flaith, a chief, and beart, a deed or exploit, in the following manner: flaith, a lord or chief; flaithbheart, a lordly deed or exploit; and by adding the adjective and personal termination ach (which has nearly the same power with the Latin ax), we have flaithbheartach, meaning the lordly-deeded, or a man of lordly or chieftain-like exploits. According to the same mechanism, which is simple and regular, are formed several other compound words in this language, as oirbheart, a noble deed; oirbheartach, noble-deeded, etc.

Finally, Mr. Beauford is wrong in the extent which he gives to Conmaicne mara. He is wrong in giving Morogh as the name of a modern barony, for there is none such in existence; and we have the most indisputable evidence to prove that the territory of Conmaicne mara, now called Connamara, never since the dawn of authentic history comprised more than one barony. It is to be regretted that these etymological phantasies of Mr. Beauford about the country of O'Flaherty are received as true history by the O'Flahertys themselves, and repeated in modern topographical and literary productions of great merit.

I shall give one specimen more of this writer's erroneous mode of explaining topographical names, and I shall then have done with him.

5. "Cairbre Aobhdha, or the district on the water, from cairbre, a district, and aobhdha, waters; the present barony of Kenry, in the county of Limerick. This country was also denominated Hy dun na bhan, or the hilly district on the river: the ancient chiefs whereof were called Hy Dun Navan or O'Donovan, that is, the chiefs of the hilly country on the river."

Here every single assertion comprises a separate error. Cairbre does not mean a district, and aobhdha does not mean waters. This territory was not otherwise called Hy Dunnavan; and even if it were, that name would not mean "the hilly district on the river." Again, the territory of Cairbre Aobhdha is not the barony of Kenry, neither is it a hilly district, but one of the most level plains in all Ireland; and lastly, the name O'Donovan does not mean "chiefs of the hilly district on the river," for this family name was called after Donovan, the son of Cathal, chief of the Hy Figeinte, a people whose country extended from the river Shannon to the summit of Slieve Logher, in the county of Kerry, and from Bruree and the river Maigue westwards to the verge of the present county of Kerry. He flourished in the tenth century, and was killed by the famous Brian Boru in a pitched battle, fought in the year 977; and his name was derived, not from his "hilly country on the river" Maigue, as Mr. Beauford would have us believe (though it must be acknowledged that he resided at Bruree, which is a dun-abhann, or dun of the river), but from the colour of his hair: for the name is written by Mac Firbis and others Dondubhan, which signifies brown-haired chief.

I trust I have now clearly proved the fallacy of Mr. Beauford's mode of investigating the origin and meaning of the names of Irish families and territories. It is by processes similar to the five specimens above given that he has attempted to demonstrate his theory, that the names of Irish tribes and families were derived from the territories and localities in which they dwelt, a theory never heard of before his time; for up to the time of the writers of the "Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis," all were agreed that the Irish tribes took their surnames from certain distinguished ancestors, while the Saxons and Anglo-Normans took theirs generally from their territories and places of residence. For further information on this subject I refer the reader to Verstegan's work, entitled "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence" and Camden's "Remains." The learned Roderic O'Flaherty, in his Ogygia Vindicated, p. 170, speaks on this subject in terms which Mr. Beauford could not have mistaken. "The custom of our ancestors was not to take names and creations from places and countries, as it was with other nations, but to give the name of the family to the seigniory by them occupied."

To prove that I am not alone in the estimate that I have thus formed of the speculations of Mr. Beauford, I shall here cite the opinions of a gentleman, the best acquainted of all modern writers with this subject, the venerable Charles O'Conor, of Belanagare, who in a letter to the Chevalier Thomas O'Gorman, dated May 31, 1783, speaking of two tracts which he had published, to refute some errors of Dr. Ledwich and Mr. Beauford says:—

"Both were drawn from me to refute very injurious as well as very false representations published in the 9th number of the same Collectanea by Mr. Ledwich, minister of Achaboe and Mr. Beauford, a schoolmaster in Athy. Little moved by anything I have written against these gentlemen, the latter published his Topography of Ireland in the 11th number, the most flagrant imposition that I believe ever appeared in our own or in any age. This impelled me to resume the subject of our antiquities, and add the topography of Ireland as divided into districts and tribes in the second century; a most curious record, preserved in the Lecan and Glendalough collections, as well as in your Book of Ballymote. I have shown that Beauford, a stranger to our old language, had but very slight material for our ancient topography, and distorted such as he had to a degree which has n

parallel, except perhaps in the dreams of a sick man in a phrensy." *

Again, the same gentleman, writing to his friend J. C. Walker on the same subject, expresses himself as follows:—

"Mr. Beauford has given me satisfaction in his tract on our ancient literature, published in the Collectanea, and yet, in his ancient topography of Ireland, a book as large as his own must be written to detect his mistakes."

It is quite obvious from the whole testimony of authentic Irish history that the names of tribes in Ireland were not derived from the territories and localities in which they dwelt, but from distinguished ancestors; for nine-tenths of the names of territories, and of the names of the tribes inhabiting them, are identical. The tribe names were formed from those of the progenitors, by prefixing the following words:—

1. Corc, Corca, race, progeny, as Corc-Modhruadh, now Corcomroe in Clare, Corca Duibhne, now Corcaguinny in Kerry.
2. Cineal, race, descendants; cineal Eoghain, the race of Eoghan; cineal Conaill, the race of Conall. This word is translated Genus throughout the Annals of Ulster.
3. Clann, children, descendants; as clann Colmain, the tribe name of a great branch of the southern Hy-Niall.
4. Dal, tribe, descendants, as Dal-Riada, Dal-Araidhe Dal-g-cais, Dal Mesincorb, etc. This word has been explained by the venerable Bede, and from him by Cormac Mac Cullenan, Archbishop of Cashel, as signifying part or portion in the Scottic language; but from the manner in which it is used in Irish genealogies, this would appear to be but a secondary and figurative meaning. O'Flaherty seems to doubt that this word could be properly translated part; but Charles O'Conor, who gave much consideration to the subject, writes in a note to Ogygia Vindicated, p. 175, "that dal properly signifies posterity, or descent by blood; but in an enlarged and figurative sense it signifies a district, that is, the division or part allotted to such posterity: that of this double sense we have numberless instances, and that in this second sense Bede's interpretation is doubtlessly admissible."
5. Muintir, family, people; as Muintir Murchadha, the tribe name which the O'Flahertys bore before the establishment of surnames.
6. Siol, seed, progeny; as Siol Aodha, seed of Hugh, the tribe name of a branch of the Mac Namaras in Thomond; Siol Maoluidhir, the progeny of Maeleer, a great tribe in Leinster, who gave name to the territory of Shelmalier, in the county of Wexford.
7. Tealach, family; as Telach Eathach, the family of Eochy, the tribe name of the Magaurans in Breffney.
8. Sliocht, posterity; as Sliocht Aodha Slaine, the progeny of King Hugh Slany in Meath.
9. Ua, grandson, descendant: nominative plural, ui; dative or ablative, uibh. This prefix in its upright uninflected form appears in the names of Irish tribes oftener than any of the other seven. Some ignorant Irish scribes have supposed that it signifies a region or country, and some of the modern transcribers of Keating's History of Ireland have taken the liberty to corrupt it to aoibh, a form not to be found in any ancient or correct MS. In support of the meaning above given may be adduced the high authority of Adamnan, abbot of Iona in the 7th century, who, in his life of his predecessor St. Columbkille, invariably renders ua, ui, uibh, nepos, nepotes, nepotibus, in conformity with his habitual substitution of Latin equivalents for Irish tribe names, as often as he found it practicable. Thus, in the 16th chapter of the second book, he renders Ua Briuin, nepos Briuni; in the 5th chapter of the third book he translates Ua Ainmirech, nepos Ainmirech; in the 17th chapter of the same book he translates Ua Liathain, nepos Liathain; in the 49th chapter of the first book he renders Ui Neill, nepotes Nelli, i.e., the race of Niall; and in the 22nd chapter of the same book he translates Ui Tuirtre, nepotes Tuitre.

We have also for the same interpretation the authority of the annalist Tigernach, who, in his Annals of Ireland at the year 714, translates Ui Eachach (now Iveagh, in the County Down), nepotes Eochaidh.

On this subject it may not be uninteresting to the reader to hear the opinion of the learned Roderic O'Flaherty. Treating of the Hy Cormaic, a tribe located near Lough Foyle, in the present county of Londonderry, he says—

"Hy or I (which calls for an explanation) is the plural number from Hua or O, a grandson, and is frequently prefixed to the names of progenitors of families, as well to particularise the families as the lands they possess, as Dal, Siol, Clann, Kinel, Mac, Muintir, Teallach, or any such name, pursuant to the adoptive power of custom."—Ogygia, Part III. chapter 76.

Besides the words above enumerated, after which the names of progenitors are placed, there are others to be met with after which the names of territories are placed, as Aes, people; Fir or Feara, men; Aicme, tribe; and Pobul, people; as Aes Greine, i.e., the people of Grian, a tribe located in the present county of Limerick; Aes tri Magh, the people of the three plains, in the same county; Feara Muighe Feine, the men of Moy Feine, now Fermoy, in the county of Cork; Fir Rois, the men of Ross, the name of a tribe in the present county of Monaghan; Feara Arda, i.e., the men of Ard, a tribe in the present county of Louth; Pobul Droma, in Tipperary.

Many other names were formed by a mode not unlike the Latin and Greek method, that is, by adding certain terminations to the name or cognomen of the ancestors of the tribes. These terminations are generally raighe, aighe, ne, and acht, as Caenraighe, Muscraighe, Dartraighe, Calraighe, Ciarraighe, Tradraighe, Greagraighe, Ernaidhe, Mairtine, Conmaicne, Olnegmacht, Connacht, Cianacht, Eoghanacht, etc., etc. This is the usual form of the tribe names among the descendants of the Belgic families enumerated in the Books of Lecan and Glendalough, as existing in Ireland in the first century, and it is not improbable that the tribe names given on Ptolemy's Map of Ireland are partly fanciful translations, and partly modifications of them.

It appears from the authentic Irish annals, and the whole tenor of Irish history, that the Irish people were distinguished by tribe names only up to the period of the monarch Brian Boru, who published an edict that the descendants of the heads of tribes and families then in power should take name from them, either from the fathers or grandfathers, and that these names should become hereditary and remain fixed for ever. To this period we must refer the origin of family names or surnames.

Previously to this reign the Irish people were divided into various great tribes commanded by powerful chieftains, usually called kings, and these great tribes were further subdivided into several minor ones, each commanded by a petty chieftain, but who was subject to the control of the Righ, or head of the great tribe. Thus, in Thomond the name of the great tribe was Dal Cais, from Cormac Cas, the progenitor of the regal family, and of all the sub-tribes into which this great race was divided. Immediately before the establishment of surnames, Brian Boru, whose descendants took the name of O'Brien, was the leader and supposed senior representative of this great race; but there were various other tribes under him, known by various appellations, as the Hy-Caisin, otherwise clann Cuileain, who, after the reign of Brian, took the name of Mac Namara; the Kinel-Fearmaic, who took the name of O'Dea; Muintir Iffernain, who took the name of O'Quin; the Kinel Donghaile, who took the name of O'Grady; the Sliocht Dunchuain, who took the name of O'Kennedy; the Hy-Ronghaile, who took the name of O'Shanaghan; the Hy-Kearney, who took the name of O'Ahern, etc.

The chiefs of these tribes had generally the names of their fathers postfixed to their own, and sometimes, but not often, those of their grandfathers; but previous to the reign of Brian in the tenth century, these appellations changed in every generation.

The next article shall treat of surnames.

* Original in possession of Messrs. Hodges and Smith, College Green, Dublin.

THE LAST LINES OF CHENIER.

(From the French.)

As the last beams of light, and the peace-wooing gales,
In summer's fair evenings a moment delay,
To struggle with night-shades e're darkness prevails,
At the foot of the scaffold my lyre I essay.

Perhaps the dread moment approaches me now,
While the finger of time round its circle has gone;
Perhaps sixty pulses its dial may show,
Then pause; oh, too, like it my course may be run!

Perhaps while these numbers still wait on my tongue,
The dark pall of death o'er the poet may hang;
The verse still unfinished remain, and the song
Unsung and unheard, as the poet that sang.

Alas e're the half of this line is complete,
I hear in the corridor, waiting without,
The dull measured tread of the murderous feet
Recruiting for death. 'Tis my name that they shout.

And the echoes repeating shall sing through the gloom,
A long-murmured requiem over my tomb.

To guard the interests of consumers, Massachusetts has for many years required that all meters through which gas is to be supplied to customers of public systems, be tested and sealed by the State Inspector of Gas before they are put into use. Moreover, any consumer of gas from the public supply may apply to the State Inspector to test the meter through which the gas passes. A meter is considered correct under the law if it registers within two per cent. of the actual number of cubic feet of gas passing through it. Meters are owned by the gas companies, and they are subject to fine if they supply any meter for the use of consumers that does not have the seal of the State Inspector. Meters are liable to get out of order, however, though once correct, and any company is at liberty to reinspect its meters as often as it thinks proper. If a meter tested by the State Inspector at the request of a consumer proves to be correct within two per cent., the cost of inspection, amounting to about one dollar, exclusive of transportation charges, is collected from the consumer. If the meter is not correct, the gas company owning it must pay all charges.

JOTTINGS OF OLD DUBLIN.

Extracted from the Diaries of the late Austin Cooper, Esq., F.S.A., of 4 Merrion square, Dublin, a learned Antiquary of the last century.

I.

12 May, 1782—

Walked to see the Volunteers manœuvre at Clondalkin.

22 May, 1782—

Out looking at the Illuminations for Rodney's great victory over the French, etc.

3 June, 1782—

At the Review of the Volunteers.

18 June, 1782—

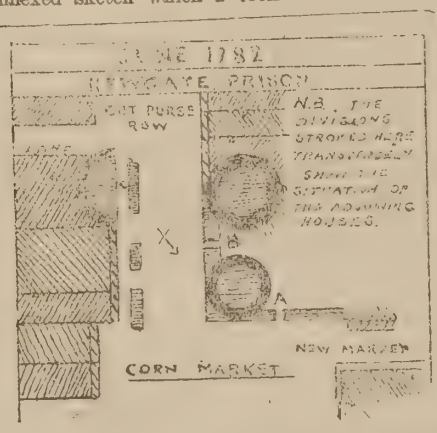
Saw Sir George Yonge, Lord Robert Spencer, our Vice-Treasurer, and General Burgoyne, Commander-inChief, sworn in.

8 August, 1782—

Passing under Newgate, I observed that they had just begun to pull it down. I paid it many visits since, which has enabled me to make the following observations:—

Mr. Harris's History tells us that it consisted of four towers, and upon being repaired at the time of the usurpation, the two towers next the city were thrown down.

In this particular I must differ, as by the annexed sketch which I took when it was



pulling down, it plainly appears; there was but one taken down, which was that at the E corner, and by making a regular front on that side, and carrying the wall in a direct line before the opposite tower, a small apartment was gained at A, which formerly was the guard-room, and the only entrance to the prison.

A few years ago the Governor's room was between the two towers at B.

About the year —— a footway was opened on the E side, and carried through the south tower at C, which caused the ground floor of it to be let for a shop (being on a line with the adjoining houses), as it was cut off from the other parts, but immediately over this shop the cell for condemned felons was kept.

I was much surprised to find that the walls of so old and durable a building, which undoubtedly would ever resist the efforts of time, were only four feet thick—a proof of its antiquity and good workmanship.

On the 16th October, 1780, they began to pull it down, but dropped it, and for some time after it was used as a prison for female nocturnal strollers, who were taken up by the Parish Associations, then newly formed. But as soon as they (like most things of the kind) had got a sufficiency of this work to allay their ardour, those harbingers of infamy were permitted to parade again.

7 October, 1782—

Passing through Thomas street I found they had, in the course of the former week, pulled down the range of old wooden houses at the corner of Moss lane, generally called the Pest Houses—there were five of them, and of but two storeys high. They have been in a very ruinous, tottering state for some time past, so much so that the Paving Committee last winter had them under their consideration, and at the same time a plan was in agitation for widening the street by not building on the site of them, but on the rear in a line with all the other houses.

This scheme was dropped owing to some differences between the owners of the ground (the City and Lord Carhampton), and they are now building on the old site.

Having had leisure to examine into the remaining wooden houses in the city, I made the following list:—

In Cornmarket	2
,, Back lane	1
,, Patrick street	1
,, Werburgh st. and Castle st.	2
,, Coal quay	1
,, Dame street (corner of Trinity street	1
,, Old Crane	1
,, Boot lane	1

9 September, 1782—

Passed the patent for Lord Shannon and Lord Charles Spencer, Vice-Treasurer.

9 December, 1782—

This day they began to pull down the old brick house in Dame street, opposite Eustace street. The front was most uncommonly ornamented with regular pilasters between the windows, from the capitals of which an arch was carried over each window, and in the void space formed by the turn of the arch, were oval stones, the only ones to be seen in the building.

Half the front was several feet further back than the line of the street, which made it appear as if it was a wing—if so, there must have been a similar one on the other side.

This house, I am informed, was built about 100 hundred years ago by the Eustaces as a city mansion, and the ground whereon Eustace street now stands was all laid out in gardens before this house, and from hence that street got its name.

It is likewise said to have been inhabited by the Kildare family, but at what time I cannot learn.

It is the first house taken down, in consequence of the late Act of Parliament, for widening Dame street.

4 November, 1782—

The anniversary of the birthday of our glorious deliverer, William the Third, the several corps of cavalry and infantry of the county and city of Dublin met at ten o'clock on Stephen's Green, where they paraded under the inspection of their revered General, the Right Hon. the Earl of Charlemont; and from thence they marched in grand divisions through York street, Aungier street, Bishop street, Kevin street, the Coombe, Meath street, Thomas street, Dirty lane, Queen's Bridge, Arran, Inn's, and Ormond Quays, Essex Bridge, Parliament street, and Dame street, to College Green, where they formed a square round the statue of King Wiliam, and fired three vollies, that would have been applauded by the hoary veteran, Frederick the Third of Prussia, though the greatest disciplinarian in the world; after which the different corps dined together, and spent the remainder of the day with that harmony and hilarity, which did honour to independent citizens and loyal subjects, to the most amiable and best of Princes.

The regulars likewise fired three excellent volleys in honour of the day.

On the pedestal of William the Third's statue appeared the following inscription:—

(On the west side was)

The Volunteers of Ireland by persevering, will

(On the south side)

Overthrow the Fencible scheme,

(On the east side)

Procure an unequivocal Bill of Rights; and

(On the north side)

Effectually establish the Freedom of their Country.

The following is an accurate account of the numbers of each corps, having reckoned them twice:—

Dublin Volunteers	190
Lawyers	50
Liberty Rangers	100
Donore	36
Dublin Independents	81
Attornies	53
Builders	57
Irish Brigade	143
Dublin County	137
Merchants	110
Goldsmiths	127
	1,084
Artillery	73
	1,157
Horse	114
Total	1,271

November, 1782—Phœnix Park—

I saw with Mr. Clements a plan of improvements proposed to be made in the Phœnix Park by James Donnell.

He therein proposes to plant it in many places, to remove some of the clumps of trees planted by Lord Chesterfield in order to abolish regularity; to drain in, make new roads, to build a masked bridge across the pond next Dublin Gate; to build a triangular tower or observatory, with round towers at each corner; but where this should be erected he does not mention.

This man lately lived with Lady Massareene at Leixlip as gardener, etc., but from his map, he must have some knowledge of surveying, as well as that of gardening and improvement.

He was last year employed by Mr. Eden, Secretary to Lord Carlisle, to drain the S side of the 15 acres, and level all the small ditches about it; also to make several additional plantations, as at the wall behind Chapelizod, the Ring, etc., etc.

(To be continued.)

According to the Railway and Locomotive Engineer, the first charter ever granted in America, or probably any other, for the building of a railroad, bears date 1819. The Pennsylvania Legislature granted the charter in question to Henry Drinker, for a railroad from Delaware Valley to the headwaters of the Lehigh River—practically the route now controlled by the D. L. and W. Railway from the Water Gap to Scranton. That was before the days of steam, and the "waggons" that were to be run on the road were simply horse vehicles. The old charter, and the rights it conveyed were purchased by the original Delaware and Lackawanna Company for 1,000 dollars.

The Louisiana Purchase Exposition authorities have offered a prize of two thousand dollars for the best design for an emblem. It may be either in relief or colour, but if colour is used symbolically, red, yellow, blue, and white should be selected, as these are the colours involved in the national flags of the countries in which ownership of this territory at various times has been invested. The design must be one which will be available for letterheads, medals, posters, or far any purpose in connection with the dignified exploitation of the Exposition.

THE YEAR OF ASHES.

A MEMORABLE 17th CENTURY VOLCANIC OUTBREAK.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE AZORES.

A PARALLEL TO THE ST. PIERRE CATASTROPHE.

BY REV. W. R. HARRIS.

The Rev. W. R. Harris, a distinguished Canadian historian and profound scholar, wrote the following letter from the Azores, where he had been sojourning for health, a few months before the recent terrible volcanic outbreaks in the West Indies:—

Ponta Delgada, San Miguel, Azores.

Early one morning I left Ponta Delgada for the famous valley of La Furnas, thirty miles across the mountains. At about 2 p.m. we reached a part of the road where it descends abruptly, known as "Pedros do Gallego." Hundreds of feet below us lay the "Cintra Michaelense," the Arorean Vale of Tempe—the boast and pride of all the island—the valley of the Furnas.

Straight across on the opposite edge of the crater—for this beautiful depression, like Rome, lies in the very bosom of a once fierce volcano—we saw the rising stream of the ever-boiling geysers, whose sulphurous and noxious fumes kill all vegetation in their immediate vicinity. Here in 1630 occurred one of the most stupendous volcanic phenomena of modern times. The upheaval was preceded by submarine earthquakes when the sea swallowed islands and gave birth to others, some of which remain to this day. Mountains were hurled into valleys and valleys rose to mountains. An oceanic eruption broke over the waters and formed an island ten miles in circumference and 200 feet high, which, in one night, disappeared as mysteriously as it came. A thick mantle of ashes, pumice and lava from sub-aerial and submarine volcanoes covered the whole island of San Miguel. At Villa Francha, twelve miles from here, a high mountain was lifted from its foundations and falling on the town, buried the inhabitants, 5,000 in number. This was followed by a tidal wave that swallowed every living thing for miles around. When the sea receded, and the people of Ponta Delgada began excavations they came upon the skeleton of a mounted horseman, booted, spurred, and with lance poised, as he was rushing from the doomed city. Villa Francha rose again upon its ruins and to-day, except for its pumice, ashes and its menaceous trap around it, there is no trace of the awful visitation.

Furnas was the theatre and focus of igneous activity in the island. The day preceding the eruption was of exceptional calmness. The air was heavy and oppressive and a drowsy stillness brooded over the land. Pasturing cattle tried to hide, sheep bunched closer and the dog of the shepherd crouched at his master's feet and looked up inquiringly into his face. The silence continued to deepen, till a sense of loneliness entered into the habitations of man, followed by a melancholy and foreboding. No stars shone in the firmament that night, the moon shining blood red over the distant hills.

Suddenly at 2 a.m. the earth trembled and swayed like a ship in the billowy ocean, when with a roar, heard far out to sea, the crest of a mountain rose high in air and was hurled into a neighbouring lake, known to this day as Lagoa Suca (dry lake). And now above the loftiest peaks of the highest mountain was seen a huge column of fire and from the tomb of the volcanic monster came thick pillars of smoke and flame. Fearful detonations of escaping gas and bursting lava booms followed in rapid succession. Lurid flames and weird lights appeared in the heavens and a fierce heat scorched all vegetation for miles about. Rocks of blackest lava, many tons in weight, sailed high in air and, falling, broke into fragments a neighbouring village. The vomited ashes enveloped all things in murky darkness and covered the land with from six to seventeen inches of cinders and powdered pumice.

That memorable year is called to this day "Oauno dos Cinza"—the year of ashes. The darkness beyond the focus of disturbance, the rumbling of noises, like unto a thousand waggons on a rough road, the mysterious sounds below the earth's surface, the poisonous exhalations from decomposing sulphates, escaping carbonic acids and chlorides, alternating with blackest clouds of cinders, ashes and stones, portended the dissolution of the world, and the dawning of eternity. People died with fright, some were beside themselves with terror for a time, others lost their reason and ever after were raving maniacs or shrivelling idiots.

The flowing lava caught the fleeing cattle and sheep as they rushed down the sloping mountain, swept them into a grove of cypress trees and engulfed them for all time. Under twelve feet of aranaceous trap, powdered pumice stone and lava they lie buried, and no eye may look upon the ruins of the holocaust.

Ashes fell in Portugal, 800 miles away, while thick layers of cinders mixed with pumice floated 200 miles out to sea and forced inward bound ships to change their course. For three days and nights no sun, moon, or stars shone in the murky firmament, and the island was shrouded in a mantle of murky blackness. That Furnas was a very focus and theatre of igneous activity is manifest from the truncated cones of all sizes, with immense concarites, tell of the tyrant power which gave them birth.

Since this appalling catastrophe the lava furrows have been deepened by erosion, and are now stupendous ravines whose sides are robed with a marvellous growth of ferns and giant cryptomerla.

To-day the village of the Furnas is a dream of joy. A clean and pleasant village of 700 industrious people, surrounded by fig trees, orange groves, and fruitful vineyards, calm and peaceful as the sea when the storm has died away. All that remains to remind the present and future generations that this valley was once the stage of as grand and spectacular a vision as was ever given to man to look upon are the geysers and boiling wells which night and day throw up their columns of hot water, stream, and blue mud.

The government has built here a very fine bathing house. The mineral waters are piped to the bannaria, where the bather may select, on the advice of the doctor, a warm, thermal, or cold bath. The waters are officially classified as sulphurous, chalybeate, or carbonated, saline, acidulous, or carbonated.

THE SPINNER.

BY MARY AINGE DE VERE.

The spinner twisted her slender thread
As she sat and spun:
"The earth and the heavens are mine," she said,
"And the moon and sun;
Into my web the sunlight goes,
And the breath of May—
And the crimson life of a new-blown rose,
That was born to-day."

The spinner sang in that hush of noon,
And her song was low:—
"Oh morning, you pass away too soon,
You are swift to go;
My heart o'erflows like a brimming cup
With its hopes and fears.—
Love, come and drink its sweetness up
Ere it turn to tears!"

The spinner looked at the falling sun:
"Is it time to rest?
My hands are weary, my work is done,
I have wrought my best:—
I have spun and woven with patient eyes,
And with fingers fleet;
Lo! where the toil of a lifetime lies,
In a winding sheet!"

The Emperor William is doing his best to to promote the alcohol industry. He has induced the North-German Lloyd and Hamburg-American lines to adopt, experimentally, spirit motors on their small harbour craft. It is said that the Krupps are about to order an eight horse power spirit motor for their station at Meppen. The Alcohol Association will supply the spirit for these experiments gratis. What the outcome of these experiments will be is hard to say. That alcohol ought to prove an admirable fuel is evident enough from the recent trials made in Paris and Berlin, but up to the present time no satisfactory alcohol motor has been invented. There is here a chance for inventors.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

THE

HOME-COMING OF O'GRADY.

What poor O'Grady had not outgrown, he had outlived; what he had not outlived, he had outloved. He had outgrown his youthful Irish beauty and his desire to be a policeman; he had outlived his Aldermanic ambitions and his love of Irish whiskey (these last by painfully actual experiences). At last he had outloved—loved out—his boisterous wife and his dear city, "New Yorruk"; "my native Shtate," he was wont to say, "next afther Tipperary."

Once had laughed and lilted, whished and whistled, with the best of them; now he was strangely silent. To this rule of things outlived and outloved, there were two exceptions. He seemed likely not to outlive a racking cough, that had come down upon him with an oppression and a coldness like to the harbour mists; he had not outloved Molly, his only daughter, a red-cheeked, awkward girl in her early teens.

So it was without hope or desire that he took Molly and his cough out to the great West. Without regret he had taken his share of the long-hoarded silver. Without complaint he paid down the price of his physician's advice; perhaps he paid extra for the smooth-tongued eulogy upon the Hills to which he fled.

"There," it ran, "the air rises white and hot from the furnace of the Plains, and falls cold, rare, and keen in the mountain hollows." O'Grady devoutedly hoped that it would be "keen"—the city air cut like dull knives at every breath. So Tim O'Grady bid his wife and the boys a listless good-by and went away.

Through all the hurried stages of his journey, he did not wake from his apathy. He did not know what a ridiculously pathetic little figure he was in the hustling crowds, nor would he have cared had he known. His face was triangular, sharp, and stubbly bearded, below his long upper lip; his shoulders were bent and his eyes dull.

He let the Plains pulse and throb away from under him, giving no thought to their awful monotony. When Molly saw and exclaimed, and called to him to look, he glanced and smiled, but never past her face. In the waving, glimmering plain, blue mirage lakes spread out and were drawn in again. Here sod-shanties were circumstances, trees were events, windmill towns were epochs.

"See, Daddy," the girl would call, "it's a-comin'—now we're opposite—now we're more opposite—now it's gone." But Daddy did not seem to mind missing the wonderful sights.

Thus, they came to the mountain town, and to their place in it, one of the innumerable cheap boarding-houses. The situation was good—it could not be otherwise in a land where every house had its own hilltop; the house was indifferent, and it must be admitted that the landlady was bad, for she was grasping, hawk-nosed, and tyrannical.

But there was the beautiful out-of-doors to live in, and in that wide, new world there were a thousand sights and pleasures for the girl, one great pleasure for the man—that breathing was no more a pain. She took out her joy in laughter and incessant talk; he was still speechless. Molly in her cheap and oddly fashioned gowns was a quaint figure as she went in and out with the gay tourist crowds. She explored with whilom friends the narrow canyons and the steep red slopes. Daddy would hardly look up at the marvellous panorama from his seat on the porch.

Sometimes she dragged him to where, through interstices in the shifting hills, he could see the stolid, dun-coloured peak that overtopped them all. Now it was capped with roseate snow, now with angry, black puffs of cloud, and again it stood bare and sharp against the blue. For once man was more un-

changing than mountain. O'Grady was stolid, too, and his mood did not change; his clouds did not roll away.

Sometimes Molly coaxed him to the shops, but Mexican blankets nor arrows, nor prairie-dogs, nor uncut gems had power to charm; O'Grady was indifferent still. On Sunday afternoons the man and the girl went to the pavilion at one or another of the mineral springs. In the surging crowds there, strange things met; exuberant life and exultant death, luxury and joy, squalor and woe. Men dragged slowly there or rolled up in cushioned carriages for their last drink. Numbers made these doomed ones brave. Seeing that they were not alone they were no more afraid. They made appointments for "over there" as gayly as for a dinner, dance, or drive. Only O'Grady was sordid and unfeeling.

Molly, to rouse him, tried quarreling with the hard-mouthed landlady, whose tender mercies were cruel indeed. Daddy would not be angry. She wanted to move to the house of the dear French Madame, up the canyon, where lived one of her new friends, a prim little old maid. But Daddy did not care for friends. She tried being home-sick, wanted the mists and dull colours and noises of the city, wanted her mother and the boys. But Daddy had evidently forgotten that he had ever had a home.

So the flaming autumn and the crystal winter passed, with only a whirl now and then of dry snow or red sand to blur their brilliance. The spring came and the summer again, and yet O'Grady lingered, better, it seemed, but he said with gentle whimsicality he would be better still, "betther dead." Many died who held to life, desperately, lovingly. Many went back to their homes, impotent and unheeding, who had thought to go with bounding hearts and open arms. And O'Grady, who wished neither to go nor stay, stayed on.

At the end of the first week, in a homesick burst Molly had cried that a year would never go. But a week is the fourth of a month, and a month is the twelfth of a year, and by weeks and months the year went. At the year's end, now they were going home. He had yielded to the appeals of Molly, to the silent but forceful entreaty of his almost empty purse, and to the letters from his wife. O'Grady still wondered at himself when he put these letters by but partly read.

They were to go on the last excursion rates of the late summer. Molly's delight increased as the time drew near. Not even Mrs. Pinchem's tyrannies could quell her now. She loaded her trunk with specimens of everything —from mica-dust to blocks of gypsum that were almost boulders. She had yucca, cacti, and pine-cones, dried together in a prickly mass. She invaded the shops and bought Indian toys for brothers, till, remembering her own increased inches, she desisted, saying, "W'y, Pathrick an' Hinnery must be grown min, now."

She grew very daring at the end, and did not tell Mrs. Pinchem of their going, but ordered their trunks taken away early in the afternoon. Then she confided in her father her last great scheme; they must have a "burro picture." What tourist did not? He yielded, and they stopped for little Miss Prim on their way to one of the many stands. There the proprietor brought out the shaggy, lop-eared burros and perched each patron on a tiny beast. Then he set some huge straw hats jauntily on their heads and called the effect perfect. Miss Prim was frightened at her precarious position, her hands shook and her hat slipped crooked; "Misther" O'Grady was bent, and his eyes looked out tragic and terrible, but Molly was flushed and straight and happy. She knew someone at home who should have the picture and be glad.

If you have ever waited for a train a year, you know how Molly waited that night. Her intense eyes were fixed on the shining rails that ran toward home, and she had not a thought for the darkening hills behind. As for O'Grady, he looked neither forward nor backward.

There remained but a few moments of this happy tension. Then the man stepped up to O'Grady; he had a heavy hand and a harsh voice. O'Grady heard some cruel words: "Warrant—arrest—Mrs. Pinchem," and he suddenly understood it all. The merciless woman had followed them even to the end with her persecutions. He seemed to hear her sneering laugh behind him yet. He thought fast, and acted as actively as such a passive man could act. His last money had gone for his ticket; that would be worthless after to-night. He went with Molly to where the panting train stood, and pushed her up on to the steps. Then he kissed her, and told her not to cry, and then went away with the men.

O'Grady spent a bad night at the station; even he felt keenly its discomfort. The benches were hard and the room cold. He was more bent than ever in the morning, and his voice was weak and husky. The trial was mere form, after all, though terrifying to the timid man, who was now thoroughly awake to every sense and sensation. The woman accused him of theft and of unpaid bills, and of much indefinite fraud; but her blunders and her reputation were against her.

O'Grady had some papers and a slight acquaintance at the local bank, which served his purpose fully. So once again right came uppermost, and by noon he was a free man once more, and not only free, but changed. When the benevolent banker, knowing his story, advanced him his fare home, he took it gratefully, with something very like his old happiness in his eyes. He walked out of the court-room with his shoulders quite straight, and looked about him as one waking from a long dream.

As he walked on he chuckled aloud and talked garrulously to those that he met. He grew confidential with Yong Wa and Sam Fat, whom he had ignored heretofore. He told them that he was going home; over and over again, that he was going home. He patted indiscriminately the burros and the burro-boys, and told them that he was going home.

He remembered more vividly each minute the dear old city, the wharf, the mists, his own street, his own doorstep. He felt a tear on his cheek, and wondered why he wept when he was so happy.

He thought of his boys, and was proud; he thought of his wife, and was tender; he thought of the future, and was young, strong, and alive once more.

O'Grady decided to go to the Frenchwoman's up the canyon for his mid-day meal. He was a little shamefaced at appearing there again, but the good woman whispered the cause of it all about among the boarders, and they made him welcome.

In the afternoon he sat with the roomers in the bare storeroom that was their co-operative kitchen. It was raining torrents outside, and the mist-covered windows made the room gloomy indeed. In their desperation the shut-in people talked of anything, everything. They discussed mathematics with the children; O'Grady solemnly announced that the sum of happiness was home. They spent an hour in excited debate over "capitals and principal cities;" O'Grady declared that "New Yorruk" was the capital of the universe, and he did not see how his feeble jokes wore out by repetition. He grew very hilarious; a dozen times he would have sent to the candy stand across the way for "a treat all 'round," had he not remembered just in time his empty purse.

Night came on, and the rain ceased its roar; only heavy drops, now and then, fell through the mist. The lights glared out on the wide pools in the long, red street, and the wind shrieked down it, like spirits of the departed Utes. Madame and the others gathered in the door to bid O'Grady good-bye; they urged their good wishes and their umbrellas upon him, but the latter he steadily refused. How could a man be wet or cold with so high-beating a heart within him?

The bent figure, that had crept for months, skipped now like a boy from shelter to shelter. He hurried the trolley cars by which he made his last mile to the station. He found himself pushing on the seat in front of him to help along. He talked to himself, saying, "Musha —acree—sweet colleen," and other soft words that Irishmen use when they are mouthful and heartful of happiness.

He sat in the dim station, where the same—no, another—O'Grady had sat the night before. He was transfigured, for he had more of youth, more of yearning, more of desire, than little Molly had ever known. Five minutes more! Could he wait? Would that ecstatic five minutes ever end? Oh, wife; oh, babies; oh, home! How could he wait? He put his hand over his glowing face and laughed aloud.

"Santa Fe, going east, going east!" the harsh alarm rang out in the almost deserted station. O'Grady did not heed the call. Some loungers, who had watched the solitary man, went to him and shook him roughly; "Santa Fe, going east!" they said.

Their touch was tender before they released him—for O'Grady had not waited for the train. He was already so far on his way that disappointment could never reach him, that his hope could know no chill and his new-found joy no dying out.

And so the "Santa Fe fast mail, going east," failed to make connection with the swift, glad soul of Tim O'Grady, who went home.

FAIRY'S SONG.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

The fairy, lovely child, am I;
Around those distant shores I reign,
Where the bright sun, with deepening dye,
Sinks glorious down to the mighty main.
And mine is the homage of all the west—
And mine are the heavenly vapours, drest
In the golden tints of a summer's sky,
When I touch its clouds as I hover by.
And I am queen of the sleepy shades,
When reveries rise and the daylight fades;
And magic palaces, many a one,
I build in the clouds of the setting sun.

My light, transparent wing is blue,
And on my back, to the sylphid's gaze,
As I hover round, in the dazzling hue
Of two soft, tremulous silver rays.
And my hand shines clear of the tint of the rose,
And my breath is the odorous breeze that goes
At the vesper hour, thro' the meads along;
And my radiant hair flows fair and free,
And my musical mouth, unceasingly,
Is mingling its smiles with its sweetest song.

And I have grottoes of shining shells,
And beautiful tents of the boughs of trees;
And I stir the leaves, and I raise the swells
Of the gentle waves on the sparkling seas.
Then fly with me, and I'll show thee where
The rolling clouds in the fields of air
Depart on their far and fleecy wings,
And the gushing rivers have their springs,
And I'll teach thee, baby sprite, the words
Of the mystic language of the birds.

The word "Christian" is as much misapplied as any of the more limited religious terms over which we dispute; and the new governess who asked her little pupil for his Christian name could not imagine what he meant by replying that he had not got one. "Nonsense, dear!" she remonstrated; "everyone has a Christian name." "I haven't then," was the reply "'cos I'm a Jew." The laugh was on the other side, though, in the case of the little Jewish girl, who, having thoroughly enjoyed the turkey and plum-pudding in which so many Jewish families indulge on December 25, leaned back in her chair with a pitying sigh and remarked —"Poor Christians. No turkey; no plum-pudding; no Christmas—no nothink!"

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

(From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.)

BANNOW.

BANNOW, a parish, formerly a corporate town and parliamentary borough, in the barony of Bargy, county of Wexford, and province of Leinster, 1½ mile (N.E. by E.) from Fethard; containing 2,185 inhabitants. The parish is of a peninsular form, being bounded on the south-east by Ballyteigue bay, in St. George's Channel, and on the west by the bay or harbour of Bannow, which forms the estuary of the Scar river; and is situated near the new line of road along the east side of the mountain of Forth to Wexford. It formed part of the territory originally granted to Dermod Mac Murrough, last king of Leinster, to Hervey, who accompanied Robert Fitz-Stephen in his expedition, which landed at Bag-and-bun bay, within sight of this place. From the early period after the English settlement here was a town of some note, it being mentioned in the earliest charter of New Ross, by which, in the reign of Edw. I., Robert Bigod granted to the burgesses of that town "as extensive privileges as were enjoyed by the men of Bannow, Kilkenny, or any other town in Leinster." The old town has long since disappeared: part of its site is covered with sand drifted from the sea, in some places to the depth of many feet; and the inequalities of the surface immediately adjoining the churchyard are supposed by some to be occasioned by the ruins of the town lying at a considerable, from which circumstance it has obtained the appellation of the Irish Herculaneum. It does not appear that there is any charter of the borough on record; but there are extant numerous inquisitions, post mortem, of the reigns of Jas. I. and Chas. I., finding the seisin of certain parties in premises and rents in the town and burgage, which appear to have been held in burgage tenure, but they make no mention of a corporation. Notwithstanding the decay, if not the total annihilation of the town, it continued to send two representatives to the Irish parliament until the Union, when the £15,000 awarded in compensation for the abolition of the franchise was paid to Charles, Marquess of Ely, and Charles Tottenham, Esq., of Ballycurry, in the county of Wicklow. The names of St. Mary's, St. Tullock's, and St. Benedict's streets are retained in the quitrent books of the Crown, but their sites are merely conjectural. The only perceptible remains of antiquity are the ruins of its venerable church, situated within a walled enclosure at a short distance from the shore, and at an elevation of about 30 feet from the level of the sea: they are of considerable extent, and consist of the walls of the nave and chancel, surmounted by embattled parapets, and having two small chapels attached, the whole being unroofed; the east window of the chancel appears to have been in the decorated English style, and still retains some fragments of flowing tracery; the ancient font was removed some years since to the R.C. chapel at Danescastle, where it is preserved with great care. There are many ancient tombstones in the churchyard, one of which records the death of a person named French at the advanced age of 140.

Bannow bay produces an abundance of various kinds of fish. The harbour is navigable for vessels of 120 tons' burden: one side of the entrance to it is called the Isle of Bannow, it being connected with the mainland only by an isthmus of sand; from this there is a ferry to the barony of Shelburne, and between it and the little port of Fethard, or Feathard, is Bag-and-bun bay, where Robert Fitz-Stephen landed his troops for the conquest of Ireland.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

HISTORY OF COUNTY KILDARE.

In reply to G. A. H., I wish to say that there is no county history of Kildare, as far as I know, but the following may prove useful.—Journal of the Kildare Archæological Society.—"The early landholders in the County Kildare," by Canon Sherlock, and read before the above Society in 1900 or 1901—Hall's "Ireland" refers to the castles of Maynooth and Carbery at p. 276, vol. ii.—Harris's edition of Ware—History of the Wolstans in Irish Builder for 1899. I give the following additional authorities, as quoted by C. L. Adams, in the article, "The Castle of Leixlip," in "Weekly Irish Times," of 8th June, 1901. Leixlip Castle, by Lord Frederick Fitzgerald, in the Kildare Archæological Society's Journal: "The Town and Castle of Leixlip, by "P," in "Irish Penny Journal; Parliamentary Gazeteer; Book of Survey and Distributions; Calender of Patent Rolls, Ire.; Fiants of Elizabeth; Book of Inquisitions of Province of Leinster; M S Ordnance Survey of Ireland; A Book of Postings and Sale of the Forfeited and other Estates (Nat. Library); Proceedings of the Roy. Society of Antiquaries.

I may mention that I do not know of any Bibliography of the 32 counties, as inquired for by G A H, except the rough MS. one that I have compiled for my own use. It comprises about 600 items, taken entirely from book dealers' catalogues (English, Irish, and Scotch), and from references which I have chanced on in my reading (except "Dublin"), so that it may contain some works not in the National Library. As I know that many people interested in Irish topography, genealogy, and antiquities feel the want of such a list (compare how the counties of Scotland and England are supplied in this respect), perhaps the editor would print this very tentative collection, in want of a better—three counties each week, say? In any case, I should be very grateful for any items sent to me, to the address below, re the counties Mayo, Tyrone, Leitrim, Monaghan, King's County, Queen's County, Carlow, Fermanagh, Tipperary, or indeed any county.

T. P. STUART.

22 Garville avenue, Rathgar.

Dr. David T. Day, Chief of the Division of Mineral Resources of the U.S. Geological Survey returns from a trip to Porto Rico with accounts of the iron resources of the island. His superficial inspection rendered it difficult for him to ascertain how productive the ore beds might prove to be. But it seems certain that there is enough to warrant the growth of a fair-sized industry. Gold is not found in sufficient quantities to warrant a repetition of the Klondike excitement. At present about four hundred families are engaged in gold-mining. The product of their labour is carried to the stores, where it is weighed, and given in exchange for food, clothing, and cattle.

FAMOUS DUNCES.

One of the noblest utterances of the late William E. Gladstone is his observation that "in some sense and in some effectual degree there is in every man the material for good work; not only in those who are brilliant, not only in those who are quick, but in those who are stolid, and even in those who are dull." These are golden words that should be taken to heart by every young man who is despondent on account of his mediocre or mean ability. All experience shows that there is nothing in this fact which should dishearten any beginner in a calling. It is not brilliant ability, but resolution and persistence that as a rule win the prizes of life. It is proverbial that "slow but sure wins the race." A tortoise on the right road will beat a racehorse on the wrong road. Slowness is far less a foe to success than sloth. Quickness of parts often proves a disadvantage, since a boy who acquires knowledge quickly will often forget it as quickly, and again, because he sees no necessity for that strenuous application and dogged perseverance which a dull, slow youth is compelled to manifest and which are the surest means of success in every career.

It is a notorious fact that worldly success depends far less upon the general superiority of one's intellectual forces than on special adaptation to the work in hand. Moderate talent, steadily applied, will achieve more useful results and in the end win higher respect than ability of a high order whose temper is too fine for the drudgery and mechanical parts of a profession. The astonishing variety of talents which some men display is often acquired at the dear price of comparative feebleness in every part.

In reading biographies of eminent men one is surprised to learn what great things have been achieved by men who in youth were pronounced dunces. Histories of their careers are full of encouragement to timid, self-distrustful beginners in life. Among the illustrious dunces—dull and even stupid boys, but most successful men—were Justus von Liebeg, called "Booby Liebeg," by his schoolmates, who, when he replied to a question by his teacher, said that he intended to be a chemist, and provoked a burst of derision from the whole school, yet lived to become one of the greatest chemists of the nineteenth century; Tommaso Guidi, the great painter—the precursor of Raphael—whose works were studied by the latter and by Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci, yet who was known as "Heavy Tom" when a boy; Thomas Chatterton, who was sent home from school as "a fool, of whom nothing can be made"; Isaac Barrow, a quick-tempered, pugnacious and idle boy at school, but in manhood a celebrated mathematician and preacher; Dean Swift, "plucked" at Dublin University; Richard B. B. Sheridan, the brilliant wit, playwriter, and orator, but an incorrigible dunce" at school; Thomas Chalmers, one of Great Britain's most noted pulpit orators; John Howard, the noted philanthropist, and even William Jones, who, besides writing various legal and other solid works, distinguished himself as a judge in India and at his death, at the early age of 48 years, had mastered 28 languages.

Not less illustrious than this roll of dunces were Robert Burns, a dull learner at school; Adam Clarke, "a grievous dunce," as his father said, in his boyhood; the "dull scholar," Napoleon; and Wellington, characterised by his mother as a dunce, who was only "food for powder"; "useless" Grant, as Ulysses was termed by his mother; and Robert Clive, "the heaven-born general," as Lord Chatham styled him, who, a dunce at school, was sent, to get rid of him, as a clerk to India, proud, poor, and irritable, but who entered the British army, rose to high command, and laid the foundations of that mighty Oriental empire which has been the source of such enormous wealth to Great Britain. Last, but not least—perhaps the most marvellous blockhead of all in the long roll—was Walter Scott, of whom his teacher, Professor Andrew Dalzell, said that "dunce he is and dunce he will remain," and who visiting the school when at the zenith of his fame, asked to see its dunce, and, when taken to him, gave him a half sovereign, saying, "There, take that for keeping my seat warm"

THE FAIR SEX OF ANCIENT ERIN.

By REV. F. R. MONTGOMERY HITCHCOCK, B.D.

It is our pleasing duty now to describe the fair ladies of Erin, whose bright eyes rained influence upon the social gatherings and brave deeds of the sterner sex. It were a stupid platitude to say that then, as ever, Ireland had much cause to be proud of her lovely representatives. Indeed it is a well-known fact that the English invaders would have never gained a footing in the land had they not been smitten by the dark eyes of Erin's daughters. If Greece took captive her fierce conqueror—the unflinching Roman, by the magic of her art and song, it is doubly true that captive Ireland subdued the hardy Normans and Flemings by the grace and charm of her freeborn damsels. For we here notice a difference in the manner in which the new-comers approached the Irish women from the customary arrogance of invaders. It was in honourable marriage they sought their brides, and it was only in honourable marriage that the Irish maids were given by their fathers and brothers to the so-called "Saxons," who lost both country and character through their relations with the Northmen from France. Strongbow was induced to invade Ireland by the promise of being married to the beautiful Eva, the famous Princess of Leinster. Richard de Burgho, the MacWilliam Eighter of Galway, was wedded to the attractive Nora, daughter of Murrough O'Madden, of Portumna, and the Geraldines of Kildare were intermarried with the ladies of the O'Connor sept. No wonder that the Irish were always proud of their women, whom they allowed to have an equal voice with themselves in the controlling of their households, and who, instead of being kept in seclusion, like their contemporaries the daughters of the English nobles, enjoyed a great amount of freedom and power. And, the consequence of this was, that the Irishman became gallant and courteous, from constant association with the ladies of the land.

At a time when women were sentenced to be publicly stripped and flogged by judges in England, an insult to an Irish woman, not to speak of such an indignity to her person, were mortal crimes. This fact has been immortalized in Moore's sweet song—"Rich and Rare Were the Gems She Wore."

A warrior queen has been no novelty in our land. Scota, Queen of the Firbolgs, like an ancient Joan of Arc or Boadicea, arose to rally her defeated clansmen against the advancing Celt. She led her people to battle, and terribly did she fight. Though she failed to stay the career of the Milesian host, she gave her name to the land, for our island was called Scotia long before it was known as Hibernia. In the eleventh century we resumed the name of Eire, which sometimes appears as Erin, and more generally as Ireland.

The celebrated palace of Emania, known to the Irish as Eamhian (Aven), and, by the addition of the Irish article "an," contracted to "n," converted into Navan, owed its foundation to a princess, Macha of the golden hair. The circumstances are given in the Book of Leinster. It appears that three kings agreed to reign in succession for a period of seven years. But after the death of the first, Aedhruadh, his daughter insisted to reign in his turn, but was opposed by the second king, Dihorba, whom she defeated in many battles, and, after this death, she married the sole survivor, Kimbay. There were still five of Dihorba's sons living, but captives. These Macha was advised to kill. "Not so" answered she of the golden locks, "because it would be the defilement of the righteousness of a sovereign in me; but they shall be condemned to slavery, and shall raise a rath around me, and it shall be the chief city of Ulster for ever." "And she marked for them the dun with her brooch of gold from her neck," and the place was called Eomuin, from eo (a brooch), and muin (the neck). This derivation may not be correct, but who can deny that it is ingenious? It was not an infrequent occurrence for two rival queens to lead their armies against each other. In Kilquane, portion of the Lambert estate near Craughwell, is found an ancient burial place, where is a stone which is supposed to be raised to the memory of Norah, queen of Connaught, who had been slain in battle with the queen of Munster.

As we skip the centuries we come to one whose name is a household word in Ireland. Who has not heard of and admired the romantic Grace O'Malley, Granuaile, the great queen of the West? The life and fortunes of "Grace of the heroes" have been described in verse by Dr. Panter, who has done ample justice to the fair virgin who dominated the land by force of character in his epic poem. She was, as he says, "notable for her powerful frame, her ardent love of rule, and for success in such naval and military exploits as the piratical and tribal wars in her neighbourhood afforded." It is said that the Galway chieftainess visited the Court of Elizabeth and interviewed her great rival in England. And the Irish Amazon was rebuked by "Gloriana's self." On the return voyage the Irish princess is wrecked, and her ship is cast upon Ben Edar's shore, attracting at once a host of wreckers, who were, however, dispersed by Grace's warlike arm. Then the hospitality of Howth Castle was sought by the shipwrecked mariners, but was flatly refused. Some days pass, and the sails of Grace's scattered fleet are seen above the horizon, and enter the haven. Then the fierce soldiers are landed, and proceed to revenge the insult to their queen. The youthful heir of St. Lawrence—who was found on the shore—is carried off by the enraged princess, and is only returned by Grace on the condition that the gates of the castle be opened at midday, and an extra plate be laid for any chance guest at the dinner hour.

Another century of storm and sunshine has passed over the grave of the heroic Grace, and Lady Offaly is besieged in her castle at Geashill by the insurgents of 1641. Henry Dempsey, her own kinsman, summoned her to surrender, but "with the rebels she could make no common cause, and with the defection of the Lords of the Pale she could have no sympathy." With smart repartee she defeated the arguments, and by vigorous measures the widow of sixty years foiled the enemy's attacks on her stronghold. The climax was reached when a piece of cannon which had been constructed with great labour by the besiegers burst in pieces, and, instead of demolishing the walls of the castle, scattered and dismayed their own troops. When her son was taken prisoner and a threat was sent to his mother that he would be instantly beheaded in front of the castle walls unless she surrendered, she promptly replied that she would have a notable prisoner of hers hurled from the ramparts if they dared touch a hair of her son's head. It is gratifying to learn that this brave lady was at last relieved by Philip Sidney from the distressful siege she had endured with heroic fortitude and strength of will. But it is not alone her high-spirited daughters who have shed lustre on Irish annals, for in her saintly women the land has been greatly blessed. Of these, St. Brigid of Kildare is perhaps the best known. She it was who became the foundress of the "Church of the Oaks," and the monastery where monks and nuns lived under the same roof. And so the Irish princess became a Christian saint. Another holy woman was St. Ite, the Brigid of Munster, whose name is suffered to survive in Killeady. The great work of the Christian Evangelists was thus ably seconded by their fair and noble sisters.

The Irish maidens of high degree were taught music, embroidery, and weaving, and their education received careful attention; but, above all things, they were trained up to be good mothers and devoted wives. On many an occasion a clan was saved and a chieftain reformed by the good offices of a woman. It was due to the piety of Lady Mary O'Connor, wife of Brian, who was involved in the rebellion of "Silken Thomas," that the last scion of the house of Kildare, the ancestor of the present Duke of Leinster, was brought up safely in the wilds of Offaley. As wife and mother, the Irish women would compare very favourably, then as now, with the women of any other country. Although it would seem that marriages might be dissolved by personal arrangement, the fact that there were no laws for divorce testifies to the comparatively high morality of the Irish wife. It is true that the Irish chieftain often formed attachments of a loose nature, but such were not countenanced by the law of the land. On two occasions a woman was the cause of foreign invasion of Ireland. Kormlada, once the mistress of Brian Boroihme, and the mother of Sigtrygg king of Dublin, was "so grim against King Brian after their parting that she would fain have him dead," and she gave Sigtrygg—who had married a daughter of Brian—no peace until he summoned his allies from Norway to help him to make war on Brian. But nothing could shake the loyalty of Brian's daughter to her father's cause. For it is recorded in the words of the Gaedhill with the Gaill that as King Sigtrygg watched the battle from his tower, he exclaimed, when he saw Brian's men yield before Sigurd's Orkney men: "Well do the foreigners reap the field. Many a sheaf they cast from them." But she replied: "The result will be seen at the end of the day." But when the shadows of evening were stretching over the sands of Clontarf the Danes began to retire to their ships, and Brian's daughter observed: "It seems to me that the foreigners have gained their patrimony." "What meanest thou, woman?" retorted the irate Dane. "Are they not rushing into the sea, which is their natural inheritance?" said she. "I wonder are they in heat, like cattle. If so, they tarry not to be milked," and the king smote her on the face.

A century rolls away, and Dermot MacMorrough, the truculent king of Leinster, steals the heart and person of Dervorgil, and arrays all Ireland and most of his own people, who had been estranged by his cruelty and licentiousness, against himself. In his desperation the wretched man went to the English Court and offered to hold his kingdom as the subject of the king of England if he would help him to recover his dominions. At the time the suppliant came to him Henry II. had his hands full of foreign affairs, but he gave Dermot a letter to bring round the country, and the letter succeeded in winning to his side some of the Norman barons who resided in Britain and in Wales and were out of favour at Court—a desperate and a fearless band.

The lady who had been the guilty cause of this war, after her husband and her lover

ANOTHER SIRR CARICATURE.



(From Watty Cox's "Irish Magazine and Asylum for Neglected Biography, 1811.)

We give this week another of the caricatures with which Watty Cox assailed his particular "bete noir," Major Sirr, to lampooning whom, in picture, prose, and verse a large portion of space in the "Irish Magazine" was devoted.

As a sample of the verse of which that functionary was the theme, we quote here "A Major's Epitaph" (in imitation of Burns), published in April, 1811:—

Is there some Major prone to blood,
A foe to hapless Erin's good,
But, when the adverse storm blows rude,
A cringing Cur,
O'er this spot pour the briny flood,
For here lies——.

Is there some jobbing Castle hack,
Than Belzebub, with soul so black,
Whose cursed footsteps, blood doth track,
Oh, look ye here,
Here rots the friend of yellow jack,
So shed a tear.

Is there some holy, swaddling chief,
Who lives, by selling oaths,—in brief,
Whose heart is steel'd 'gainst human grief,
Weep o'er the grave
Which doth contain a preaching thief—
A brother knave.

The reptile, who defiles this sod,
Nor e'er lov'd Man, nor e'er fear'd God,
No sacred Laws beneath him trod,
Like any hag,
Till Jove decreed his vengeful rod,
The "Irish Mag."

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been reconciled by death, retired from the pleasures of the world to the seclusion of the abbey at Mellifont, where she spent the remainder of her days in penitence and prayer. At Cluan-mic-Nois (Clonmacnois) is an ancient building called the "Church of the Nuns." It is recorded that in 1167 "the Church of the Nuns" at Cluain-mic-noise was finished by Dearvorgail, daughter of O'Mclaghlin. "Such" remarks the historian Gerald of Wales "is the variable and fickle nature of women, by whom all the mischief in the world is caused, as may be seen in the ruin of Marcus Antonius (Mark Antony) and the destruction of Troy." For, "Like another Helen, she fired another Troy."

There seems to have been a remarkable princess in Offaly called Ettagh, who has bequeathed her name to that place and her head to Kinnity (Ettagh's head). She, no doubt, was conspicuous for something in her life. After her husband had been duly selected in a hurling match, or by some other method, the marriage of the Irish girl of humble station was celebrated with much festivity. The first of August was a favourite day for weddings in Meath. Then was held a great fair at Tellstown, between Navan and Kells, called Tailiten by its founder, Lewy of the long hand, one of the Tuatha De Danaan kings, after his foster-mother, Taillte. And there is the particular place, still called Laganeany, or the hollow of the fair, where the marriages were duly celebrated.

Dancing—which has ever been one of the favourite amusements of the people—was then the principal recreation for the young people of both sexes on all occasions of rejoicing. Under a bush or on a stone sat the musician, while around before him flitted the merry people, to the rhythmical measures of his inspiriting airs.

There is only space now to speak of one custom which distinguished the Irish mothers from those of other nations. They never bound their children in swaddling-clothes, but preferred, in this as in most things, to follow nature. Giraldus, the Welsh historian of Ireland, remarks that the Irish nurses never raised the baby's nose, pulled his face, or swathed his tiny limbs. And he declares that the result justified the wisdom of the Irish, for their sons and daughters grew up all the more tall and handsome because the unnatural custom of binding the babes in swaddling clothes was unknown in the land. This testimony of the Welshman of a thousand years ago to the fine physique and good appearance of the sons and daughters of Erin was confirmed in the writer's hearing by a German American who had travelled far and wide, and who declared that he had never laid his eyes on a finer body of men than the members of the Royal Irish, or on a more charming race of women than the Irish. Many natural causes have, no doubt, helped to bring about this good result, among them heredity, climate, the survival of the fittest, and the mixture of the best; but not the least is the principle referred to by Giraldus, and which rules the Irish woman's manners and regulates her dress and appearance, namely this —that "Nature unadorned is adorned the most."

IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.

THEIR HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL CONNECTION.

By THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

[The following is portion of a lecture delivered in Montreal in 1858 by the brilliant poet and historian, Thomas DArcy M'Gee.]

Nowadays, if we speak of Scotsmen, we have no confusion of ideas as to the country of which he is a native; it was, however, very different formerly. A few centuries ago, whoever, in the universities or exchanges of Europe—at Oxford, or Paris, or Antwerp, or Venice, or Rome—mentioned a Scot, invariably added, as a distinction, "of Ireland" or "of Caledonia." It is not necessary to quote the long array of ancient authors who so speak of the people of both countries; but a very few—and those of most familiar note—may be mentioned. St. Prosper, of Aquitaine, a chronicler of the 5th century, speaks of Palladius preaching to the Scots of both countries; the venerable Bede, in the 8th century, speaks habitually of Hibernia as "the island of the Scots," and "the fatherland of the Scoti"; Eginhard, the secretary and biographer, the Bourrienne of Charlemagne, writing in the ninth century, denominates Ireland "Hibernia, Scotorum insula." These authorities, French and English, will suffice for the notoriety of the fact abroad—that Ireland was known abroad as Scotia, at least from the 5th to the 9th century. Of Irish authorities on this point, I shall cite none, and of modern Scots but one—the learned George Buchanan, the preceptor of James I. of England and Ireland, and VI. of Scotland. "All the inhabitants of Hibernia," says Buchanan, "were originally called Scoti, as Orosius points out; and our own annals tells us that there was more than one migration of the Scots from Hibernia into Albania." And every recent research has gone to confirm the fact that it was not till the 11th century that Eri ceased to be called Scotia, or that Alba came into exclusive possession of that name. Occasionally, in poetical and other compositions, the old title was applied to the mother country, as we still hear England called Albion, and as America is sometimes poetically spoken of as Columbia.

The word Scotia is itself the name of a woman; some Gaelic scholars derived it from Scytha, a Scythian woman; others from Scoth, a flower or blossom, a name like Rosa and Flora and Laura, naturally suggestive of female beauty. All agree that this generic title of our race is derived from some first mother of the tribe, some hero's helpmate, who braved with him the perils of migration and of war, whose dusky eastern brow shines for us out of the dim traditions, and th the foliage of deep-wooded Inisfail, "rich with barbaric pearl and gold." The profound reverence of the Celtic tribes for their women is attested by all the Roman writers. In Gaul they neither made peace nor war without consulting them, and in Britain the veterans of Caractacus did not refuse their homage to Boadicea. In this respect the Celts followed the example of Asia, rather than of Rome; they, too, had their Cleopatras, Berenices, and Zenobias, whom posterity might have equally admired had they been equally fortunate in their historians.

As the name Scotia is feminine, so that of Gael (Gaedhal) is masculine. His genealogy like that of the lady, is the subject of much debate among the antiquaries; but all are agreed that from this ancestor the language of the Scots takes its name. In this respect, that race differed in their first customs from the Saxons and other northern nations, who still speak of their language as mother-tongue, and their country as fatherland. Originally, these terms had an accurate sense; conquerors, intermarrying with the daughters of the vanquished, transmitted the land won by the sword to descendants nursed and bred in the speech of their mothers. With the Scotic family their speech is the speech of the father, their land bears the name of the mother of the race—a singular contrast, and full of matter for reflection.

Of some of the migrations of which Buchanan speaks, from Hibernia into Albania, we have no very precise records. No passages in human history have been less carefully kept than the records of emigration. The movements of rude masses of men, the first foundations of states and cities, are generally lost in obscurity, or misrepresented by patriotic ingenuity. The successive settlements of the Scots in Caledonia can be faintly traced from the middle of the third century till the beginning of the sixth. About the year 503, they had succeeded in establishing a principality among the cliffs and rocks of Argyle. The limits of their first territory cannot now be accurately traced; but it seems certain it spread north into Rosshire, and east into the present county of Perth. It was a land of stormy friths and fessured headlands, of deep defile, and snowy summits. "'Tis a far cry to Loughe Awe," is still a lowland proverb, and Lough Awe was in the heart of that old Scotic colony. By the middle of the 9th century (A.D. 843) Kenneth, the eleventh in descent from Fergus, the founder of the Argyle settlement, became King of all Caledonia, if we except the coast of Caithness occupied by Norwegians. His dynasty was extinguished in the male branch with Alexander III., in 1286; but through the Bruces and Stuarts, and from the latter to the present Sovereign of Great Britain, the collateral issue may be traced, devious and adulterated in its descent, but unbroken even till our own day.

In the extension of their political power, the Scots advanced by slow degrees southward. Kenneth removed "the seat of governments"—if I may use such an expression in this case—from Inverlochy to Abernethy; Malcolm Ceanmore, two centuries later, brought it still further southward to Dunfermline; in the reign of Alexander III., Edinburgh began to be looked upon as a permanent capital. The old coronation chair of the Argyle chiefs was in like manner transferred from Dunstaffnage to Scone (near Perth), and beneath it lay "the stone of destiny," on the preservation of which depended, according to Milesian belief, the continuance of the Scotic line. If we are to credit a recent learned writer—Dr. Petrie—this was but a suppositious stone, the original still remaining unnoticed and unknown on the grass-grown mound of Tara; while its high placed counterfeit is now exhibited to visitors in Edward the Confessor's Chapel, in Westminster Abbey. True or false, upon this corner-stone of Scottish loyalty the M'Alpin line, the Bruces and the Stuarts, were crowned, and the tradition that connects them with it connects them also with the paternal isle from which it was obtained, to add an additional solemnity to the coronation of their first Kings.

It is hardly necessary to observe here that the Argyle Scots were not, in those early ages, the only inhabitants of Caledonia. There were at least three other groups of men—the Picts of the German Ocean, and the Lothians, a German tribe; the Britons of Strathclyde, expelled by their Saxon conquerors, a Welsh tribe; and the Norwegians of Caithness, Sunderland, and the Orkneys. These three races taken together, no doubt, largely outnumnumbered,* even in the reign of Malcolm Ceanmore, the descendants of the Scoto-Irish. Yet the religion, the laws, and the nationality, and the sovereignty of Scotland, were all established by the children of the settlers of Argyle. They were the aggressive and prevailing race from the 6th to the 13th century, and if the Saxon element has been since steadily gaining in the lowlands and the cities—if the Anglo-Norman nobility, introduced by James I., have begun to outnumber the titled heads of great clans—still, in peace and in war, in action and in acquirement, the off spring of the Gael need not, even in the 19th century, veil their bonnets before any proud southerns plume. That they gave Scotland her style, her crown, her native kings, and the religion in which she worshipped for a thousand years, is proof enough that they were not inferior in energy or in civilisation to the men of Germany, of Briton, or of the North, with whom they were brought in contact in those ages, and over whom, peaceably or forcibly, they, in the lapse of time, extended their dominion.

What we have said of the Scots in Caledonia may also be said, with some difference, of their kindred in Ireland. They were not the sole, nor were they the earliest, inhabitants. The Belgæ were before them—were the people before the arrival of the Milesian settlers. Of those still earlier pioneers, the "Tautha de Danans," we can get no certain sight. They move about in the distance and the darkness, huge and uncertain figures, performing all sorts of wonderful things. Such men there were no doubt, with princes, warriors, a society, and a culture, above barbarism. But they, as well as the Belgæ, had to succumb to the conquering Gael, called by their best writers "Scoto-Milesians." One desperate revolt the vanquished made in the first Christian century, cutting off their oppressors by a well-planned conspiracy; but it was of no avail. After revolution had followed restoration, and Tuathal "the acceptable" returned from honourable duress in Agricola's tent, to re-establish the legitimate dynasty on the throne of Tara. From thenceforth till the Plantagenets came, the sceptre of Eri did not pass from the hands of the Scotic line. During all the long centuries, while the Argyle colony was growing into the Scottish monarchy, the parent island remained the populous home of the race, cherishing for their kinsmen in Alba an affection strengthened by all the ties of common creed, common speech, a common literature, a common ancestry.

The great unionist between the separate but kindred populations—the man who, in his own person, best presents the religious, the political, and the intellectual identity of the two nations—is St. Columbcille, the Apostle of the Picts, and the founder of Iona. He was not at the planting of the Argyle colony, nor is his name the first name invoked in the old Scottish liturgy. St. Kieran, the ruins of whose churches still, or lately did, exist in Campbelltown and other parts of Argyle, was the patron of the pioneers; but Columbcille was the finisher of the work. Born in the Province, from which most of the emigrants had gone out, nearly allied by blood to the house of Fergus, it is not wonderful that his natural affections should have suggested the missionary field. And nature had well fitted him to the great task of adding another realm to the empire of Christendom. His princely birth gave him power over his own proud kindred; his golden eloquence and glowing verse—the fragments of which still move and delight the Gaelic scholar—gave him fame and weight in the Christian schools which had suddenly sprung up in every glen and island. As prince, he stood on equal terms with princes; as poet, he was affiliated to that all-powerful Bardic order, before whose awful anger kings trembled and warriors succumbed in superstitious dread. A spotless soul, a disciplined body, an indomitable energy, an industry that never wearied, a courage that never blanched, a

sweetness and courtesy that won all hearts, a tenderness for others that contrasted wonderfully with his rigour towards himself, these were some of the qualities which adorned the character of this eminent missionary.

According to Bede, Columba arrived in Caledonia in the year 565. He was then in the prime of his life—his 44th year. Twelve companions, the apostolic number, accompanied him out of Ireland. For thirty-four years he was the legislator and captain of Christianity in those northern regions. The Kings of the Picts received baptism at his hands; the Kings of the Scottish colony, his kinsmen, received the crown from him on their accession. The islet of I., or Iona, ever afterwards so famous, was presented to him by one of these princes. Here he founded his parent-house, and from the Hebridean rock he shaped the destinies, spiritual and temporal, of many tribes and kingdoms

Formed by his teaching and example, there went out from Iona apostles to Ireland, to the Orkneys, to Northumbria, to Man, and to South Britain. A hundred monasteries in Ireland looked to that exiled saint as their patriarch. Twenty British or Scottish Bishops accompanied him from Iona to the assembly at Dromketh. His rule of life, adopted from the Far East, from the recluses of Thebaid and of Palestina, was sought for by chiefs, Bards, and converted Druids. Clients, seeking direction from his wisdom, or protection through his power, were constantly arriving and departing from his sacred isle. His days were given to labour, his nights to study and the transcribing of the Scriptures. Death found him at the ripe age of almost four score, "stylus" in hand, toiling cheerfully over vellum page. It was the last day of the week when the presentiment of his end came strongly upon him.

"This day," he said, to his disciple Diermitius, "is called for the day of rest, and such it will be for me, for it will finish my labours." Laying down the manuscript, he added, "Let Baithen finish the rest. Just after Alatius, on the Sunday morning, he peacefully passed away from the scene of his extraordinary labours.

Of his gentleness, as well as energy of character, tradition and his biographers have recorded many instances. Among them I may recall his habit of ascending an eminence every evening at sunset, to look over towards the coast of his native land. The spot is called by the islanders to this day, "the place of the back turned upon Ireland." The fishermen of the Hebrides long believed they could see their saint flitting over the scene after every fresh storm, counting the islands to see if any of them had foundered.

There is a beautiful legend of his finding a quail fluttering upon the strand with broken pinions, having been blown across from the Ulster shore by a western wind; of his nursing the bird until it had recovered, and then letting it loose, "that it might fly back again to its own country." Such are the relations which fond tradition, in no irreverent spirit, has carefully preserved of that great saint, and his must have been a loving and a lovely character of which such tender tales could be told, and such beautiful fiction could be universally believed.

As a statesman, he carried for our ancestors three great measures, of the last of which we are not, even at this moment, beyond the reach. He obtained the peaceful recognition by Ireland of the independence of her colony in Scotland, at the famous convention of Dromketh; he effected the reformation of the Bardic order, and he established the first western monastic institute. Of the two former, as political and social events of the first importance in Gaelic life, I shall speak a little more in detail.

The great convention of the Scotic race, and the last one in which the Argyle colony was represented in the mother country, was held at Dromketh, in the present county of Derry, in the year A.D. 590. Hugh, King of Ireland, presided, and there were present all the princes, chiefs, and prelates of both countries. The great questions to be settled were three: 1. The proposed suppression of the Bardic order, which, with their attendants, had reached the enormous number of 30,000 men, nearly one-third of the male adult population. 2. The taxation of the colonists in Argyle, by the mother country. 3. The case of the Prince of Ossory, then held close prisoner by the monarch. Aidan, Prince of Argyle, attended this convention, and thither, also, Columbcille came with a numerous train, set down in an ancient poem at 150, mainly ecclesiastics.

Of the incidents of the journey, we need not repeat the marvels that are told. He pleaded the cause of the Bard so effectually that the order was spared. The doctors, or master-singers among them, were prohibited from wandering from place to place; they were assigned residence with the chiefs and princes; their losel attendants were turned over to other pursuits, and thus a great danger was averted, and one of the most essential of the Scotic institutions being reformed and regulated, was preserved. Scotland and Ireland have good reason to be grateful to the founder of Iona, for the interposition which preserved to us the music, which became, in the lapse of ages, the inspiration of two modern Bards well worthy of their inheritance—Robert Burns and Thomas Moore.

The proposed taxation of Argyle by the mother country, Columbcille strenuously and successfully resisted. Up to this time the colonists had been bound only to furnish a contingent force, by land and sea, when the King of Ireland went to war, and to make an annual present called "chief-rent." If the noble King of Ardghal, enumerated in the "Lebhar n'g'ceart, as tributary to Tara, the Argyle Princes, he meant, they at the time of the compilation of that palimpsest, or of the more ancient one it follows, paid the stipend "out of Alba" of seven shields, seven steeds, seven bondswomen, seven bondsmen, and seven hounds all of the same breed. But the "chief-rent," or "eric for kindly blood," as it is variously phrased, did not suffice in the year 590 to satisfy King Hugh. The colony had grown great, and like some modern monarchs, he proposed to tax it for its success. Columbcille, though a native of Ireland, and a prince of its reigning house, was by choice a denizen of Caledonia, and he stood true to his colonial neighbours. The Irish king refused to continue the connection on the old conditions, and declared his intention to visit Alba himself; Columbcille, rising in the convention, declared the Albanians "forever free from the yoke," and this, adds Geoffrey Keating, "turned out to be the fact." From this statement we may conclude that Scotland never paid political tribute to Ireland; that their relation was rather that of allies than of sovereign and vassal; that it resembled more the homage Carthage paid to Tyre, and Syracuse to Corinth, than any modern form of colonial dependence; that a federal connection existed by which, in time of war, the Scots of Argyle, and those of Hibernia, were mutually bound to aid, assist, and defend each other.

This perpetual alliance, founded in the blood of both nations, sanctioned by their early saints, confirmed intermarriage, by a common language and literature, and by hostility to common enemies, the Saxons, Danes, and Normans, grew into a political bond of uncommon strength and power. Before I mention the most remarkable proofs of its continued efficiency for ten centuries, let me call your attention to the general fact, that Scotland and Ireland never had a national quarrel. There were Scottish exepditions against Man against the Orkneys; there were constant wars between Scotland and England; but Ireland never invaded Scotland, nor Scotland Ireland.

During the successive Danish invasion of both countries, we constantly find the two nations combatting side by side. These invasions were almost uninterrupted from the close of the 8th till the beginning of the 11th century. At first they may have been more predatory incursions under independent chiefs—these terrible Vikings, who issued with their long ships out of the Baltic, chanting battle songs to their God, and marked with the runes of death. One conspicuous fact will show how the Scots of both sides the Irish Sea assisted each other against them.

The most disastrous battle which the Danes ever fought in the West was unquestionably that of Clontarf, fought on Good Friday, 10[illegible]. Of the invaders, Bruder, the Danish leader, and Sitrick, Earl of the Orkneys, a deadly enemy of both Scotias, fell; of the Scots, Brian, King of Ireland, his son, grandson, and several of his nobles, and the Maormars (High-Stewards) of Man and Levin in Alba. In the chronicles of Denmark, Brian's battle is mentioned as the most memorable of its age. In Adelmais chronicle, and the chronicle of the Merianus; in the Scandinavian collections of Forfaeus and Johnstone, as well as in Gray's translation of "The Memory of Brian," is amply honoured. His own poet, McLeig, who survived him less than two years, in his pathetic address to Kinkora, the palace of Brian, asks where is "the faith-keeping prince of the Scots," who of old sat with the chiefs at the feast in thy halls, and drank the red wine. Where! oh, Kinkora."

It is remarkable that the year 1014 is given by all the Scotch writers as that in which the Danes finally abandoned their country also. So reasonable is it to conclude that, when the brave Maormars of Levin and Man fell at Clontarf, they were fighting the battle of Alba as well as of Erin.

In the Plantagenet invasions of Scotland they sometimes summoned the Irish chiefs to accompany them at the head of their clans; but I do not know an instance in which any Scoto-Milesian prince answered to the call. The Hiberno-Norman peers, the Butlers and De Burghs, whose kindred ties were with the invader, often obeyed his requisitions; but though before the campaign of Bannockburn every notable Irish chief was invited to join Edward II., we do not find one of them named as among either the prisoners or the slain. I know Sir Walter Scott has sung how—

> "Connoght poured from waste and wood
> Her hundred tribes, whose sceptre rude
> Dark Eth O'Connor sway'd."

But there is no mention of Scoto-Milesians on the English side in the battle; while there is the evidence both of "Blind Harry," and of Barbour, for reckoning Irish Scots among the adherents both of Wallace and Bruce. The second Henry's invasion of Ireland, in the 12th century, had given the two kingdoms a common enemy in the third. They had previously, in the Danish wars, assisted each other on both sides of the Irish sea. And now that the family of Bruce had enhanced the glory of Scottish name, it was to him the Irish looked as their natural alley, offering to his brother Edward their crown, on condition of his helping them to repeat on Irish ground the victory of Bannockburn.

The family of Bruce were bound by genealogical bonds, then kept bright and strong, to both the Scottish monarchies. The first Robert Bruce- Baliol's competitor—was grand nephew to William, King of Scotland. He stood, also, maternally in close relation to Dermid, King of Leinster, whose daughter Eva, the prize-bride of Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, left a daughter, who by William, Earl of Mashal, left again four or five other daughters—co-heiresses, from whom the Bruces in Scotland, the Mortimers in England, and other noble families, were maternally derived. The second Robert Bruce, grandson of the first, was, in 1306, but 32 years of age when he stabbed his rival, the red Comyn, in the Dominican Church of Dumfries. He was one of several brothers of whom four are known to us by name: Edward, Thomas, Alexander, and Nigel. The commencement of his reign is known to have been disastrous, and it was not until the day of Bannockburn—eight years after his coronation, that he could be said to wear the crown with any degree of security. This justly celebrated event is the best known of his

life; but other passages which connect the name of Bruce, inseparably with the history of Ireland, are not less certain and authentic.

It will sound strange to some of this day, to hear that Edward Bruce, brother of Robert, reigned three whole years in Ireland, from May, 1316, to May, 1319, surrounded by a court and army, and in possession of a great part of the Kingdom. This possession he undoubtedly owed to the fame of his illustrious brother, who had passed the first winter of his reign a fugitive in the island of Rathlin, and who had returned to reclaim his crown, backed by Irish volunteers. An intimacy had then been established, which continued throughout life; for Robert Bruce was as remarkable for generosity in friendship as for his deadly hatred. Some of his Irish allies had shared the fate of their captain brothers, Thomas and Alexander, in 1307, and had died for the Scottish cause on the scaffold at Carlisle. Other Irishmen were in his army at Bannockburn, and the name of a very considerable territory. Kincardine O'Neil still attests his generosity to one of his Irish allies—'When intelligence arrived' (in Ireland) says Dr. Lingard, 'of the victory at Bannockburn, it was received with enthusiasm, and the conviction that the English were not invincible, awakened a hope that Ireland might recover her independence. Edward discovered that an active correspondence was carried on between the men of Ulster and the Court of Bruce. In the month of May, 1315,, Edward Bruce, with 6,000 men, landed at Carrickfergus, and was immediately joined by Donald O'Neil, Prince of Ulster, and other northern chiefs.* The following year, O'Neil formally resigned his claims to the sovereignty in his favour, and he was crowned at Dundalk, with all possible solemnity. Of his brief reign, I have not time to speak in detail; he was slain in battle, in his third year, in consequence of his own rash haste, or, as an old writer expresses it, 'his own wilfulness, that would not tarry for his full company, that were about at hand.'

At another point of great political interest, we find the traditions of ancient policy still influential at the Scottish Court. This was in 1541, when Henry VIII. of England, after many years of negotiation, at last obtained the crown and title of "King of Ireland," when the Irish arms were first quartered with the great seal of England, and the English heralds proclaimed the king's new title at Paul's Cross, London, and from Le Dame's gate in Dublin. In the "State papers of Henry VIII.," there are two volumes dedicated to his Irish policy, and two others to his Scottish intrigues and negotiations. We there find his agent at the Court of Scotland, informing him how in 1539, "eight Irish gentlemen" had arrived in Stirling, to offer their country's crown to James V.—the vanquished of Flodden Field, and the father of the ill-fated Queen Mary. Among the last to recognise the new title of Henry was the same king, who naturally did not wish to see the pretensions of his own house extinguished, though he was, at the moment, in no condition to maintain them by arms. But that which he desired did indeed come to pass, though not in any manner he could have foreseen; when on the death of Elizabeth, his grandson, James VI. of Scotland, attained the sovereignty of the three kingdoms, under the title of James I. Thus the crown of Ireland did in half a century pass from Henry's descendants to his own.

(In the subsequent passages of the lecture, Mr. McGee pointed out the Hiberno-Scottish alliance illustrated by the union of McDonald of Antrim with Montrose, of Colonel O'Kane with Dundee, and the fealty of Stapleton, O'Sullivan, and O'Neil to the unfortunate Charles Edward. But those are comparatively modern events, which any reader may master for himself.)

*Pinkerton surmises the original colony to have been 40 to 50,000 strong, but on what ground he does not state. I cannot forbear expressing some surprise at the importance attached to some of the dicta of this passionate and partial debater of historic doubts, rather than writers of history.

An Australian millionaire, named Darcy, is said to have obtained a concession to work the oil belt in south-west Persia. Surveying has begun for a pipe line, 360 miles long, from the Kerkah Valley to Mohammerah. The oil is believed to be purer than the Russian, and to be abundant.

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS:

Compiled from Authentick Memoirs, Offices of Record, Manufcript Collections, and other Unexceptionable Vouchers,

By THE LATE WALTER HARRIS, ESQ.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

A.D. 1447. Vast multitudes died in Dublin of a plague and famine this year, which afflicted all parts of the kingdom.

A.D. 1452. The river Liffey at Dublin was entirely dry for the space of two minutes.

A.D. 1459. A mint was opened in the castle of Dublin, where not only silver but brass money was coined.

A.D. 1461. A great tempest threw down the large east window of Christ-church, and the stones of it broke to pieces many chests and coffers in which the jewels, reliques, ornaments, and vestments of the altar, as also the deeds, writings, and muniments of the church were deposited, and the damages done upon this accident to the prior and convent were very great. Many foundation charters of the church were so lacerated and destroyed, that they were scarce left legible, or the impressions of the seals to be discerned, and particularly a foundation charter of Henry Fitz-Empress, which by no means could be read. The prior and convent, by the advice of lawyers, went to the barons of the exchequer, and moved them to enroll such of their deeds as could be distinctly read; which was done accordingly. The compilers of the black-book of Christ-church, Dublin (from whence this account is taken), adds a miracle upon this occasion. For they say that the chest in which the staff of Jesus and other relics lay, was entirely broken to pieces, and that the staff was found lying without the least damage on the top of the rubbish, but that the other relics were entirely buried under it.

A.D. 1462. A mint was established in Dublin for coining groats, two-pences, pence, half-pence, and farthings; and soon after it was ordered that English money should advance a fourth part in Ireland.

A.D. 1466. Another plague wasted Dublin, Meath, and the adjacent countries.

A.D. 1472. A fraternity of arms of St. George was established by act of parliament, to consist of thirteen of the most honourable and most faithfully disposed persons of the four counties of Kildare, Dublin, Meath, and Louth; and a poundage was laid on all merchandise imported or exported for their support. Among these, the mayor of Dublin for the time being was nominated to be one for the county of Dublin, together with the Lord Howth and Sir Robert Dowdall.

A.D. 1477. The plague again wasted Dublin this year.

A.D. 1480. The mayor and bailiffs of Dublin, with certain bands of the commons, went out a hosting into the O'Mores' country in company with the lord deputy.

A.D. 1484. The plague raged greatly this year in Dublin.

A.D. 1486. Lambert Simnel, an impostor, was crowned king in Christ-church, by the name of Edward VI.; the mayor and citizens, by the influence and example of Girald, Earl of Kildare, lord deputy, the lords of the council, and other men of great quality, assisting.

A.D. 1487. Jenico Marks, mayor of Dublin, and the citizens, made a submission and apology to the king for their misbehaviour in the affair of Lambert Simnel, in these words: "We were daunted to see not only your chief governor, whom your highness made ruler over us, to bend or bow to that idol, whom they made us obey; but also our father of Dublin, and most of the clergy of the nation, except the rev. father, his grace Octavian, archbishop of Armagh. We therefore humbly crave your highness's clemency towards your poor subjects of Dublin, the metropolis of your highness's realm of Ireland, which we hope your gracious highness will remit with some sparks of favour towards us. Your highness's loving and faithful subjects of Dublin, Jenico Marks, mayor of Dublin, John Serjant, John West, Thomas Mulighan, John Fian, aldermen of the same, &c." Several of the citizens at this time could not write, but put their marks to the letter.

A.D. 1488. Sir Richard Edgecombe being sent to Ireland to take the homage and oaths of the nobility, and to grant them the king's pardon, landed at Kinsale the 27th of June, and came to Dublin on the 5th of July, and on the 21st took the homage and oaths of fealty from the earl of Kildare, lord deputy, and the rest of the nobility, and on the 23rd from the mayor, bailiffs, and commonalty of the city, assembled at guild-hall, and delivered to them the king's letters of pardon. On the 27th he dined with the recorder, and on the 30th he embarked at Dalkey.

A.D. 1489. This year the first muskets or fire-arms that (perhaps) were ever seen in Ireland, were brought to Dublin from Germany, and six of them, as a great rarity, were presented to Gerald, earl of Kildare, then lord deputy, which he put into the hands of his guards, as they stood sentinels before his house in Thomas-court.

A.D. 1493. By means of a riot on Oxmantown-green, several eminent citizens were slain this year, and the mayor of Dublin, John Serjant, was committed to ward in the castle, and Richard Arland elected mayor till the Michaelmas following. The cause of his committal is not mentioned; but probably it was for abet-

ting, or not taking due care in quelling the riot, or perhaps for engaging himself in Perkin Warbeck's imposture.

A.D. 1496. Jenico Marks (who had been mayor of Dublin ten years before) was this year slain in Keysar's-lane, endeavouring to compose a riot of the citizens.

A.D. 1497. There was a great dearth this year through most of Ireland .but especially in Ulster. At and about Dublin it was not so great; for a peck of wheat, being almost four English bushels, sold for 10s., and malt for 8s.

A.D. 1504. Some of the degenerate English colonies, and particularly Ulick Burke, chieftane of Clanricard, commonly called Mc. William Burke, and Turlogh O'Brien, chieftane of Thomond, Melrony O'Carrol, and many other old Irish lords, finding the power of the earl of Kildare, then lord deputy, too great to be opposed separately, confederated together and drew into a body the greatest army that had been seen in Ireland since the first English invasion. To oppose this confederacy, the earl raised not only the whole power of the pale, but had the aid of several Irish lords, as O'Neal, O'Reily, O'Connor-Faly, and others; and John Blake, mayor of Dublin, and the two bailiffs, marched out to the earl's assistance with a gallant body of well-armed citizens. They fought the enemy on the 19th of August at Knocktuogh, or Knock-to, i.e., the hill of axes (so called from this battle), about five miles from Galway, not far from Aghrim, a place famous for a battle of much greater consequence in subsequent times. The event was doubtful for a long while; but at length victory declared for the earl. There fell over 4,000 of the enemy (the book of Howth says 9,000), and a great number were taken prisoners. The earl returned to Dublin with little loss. and distributed 120 hogsheads of wine among his army.

A.D. 1505. Thomas Newman, mayor of Dublin, Walter Pippard and Maurice Colton, bailiffs, marched out with the commons of the city in aid of the earl of Kildare, to Ballaghaspord, against O'Carroll, whom they harassed and destroyed, and then returned to Dublin.

A.D. 1506. The prior of Kilmainham attempted forcibly to take some loads of hay from the Dominicans of Dublin. But the mayor and commons assembling together in favour of the friars, rescued the hay and drove the prior into Kilmainham.

A.D. 1512. Hollingshed relates that this year there were great factions between Gerald, earl of Kildare, lord deputy, and James Butler, earl of Ormond, and that the latter marched to Dublin with a strong body of forces, under pretence of composing matters with Kildare, but in reality to lure him. They had a meeting in St. Patrick's-church, and the citizens guarded Kildare. But a quarrel happening between them and a part of Ormond's army, they discharged a volley of arrows at them, and, shooting at random, some of their arrows stuck in the images in the rood left. The matter being appeased, a complaint was after made to the Pope of this profanation, and a legate sent to make inquiry into it. The citizens were at length absolved; but a punishment laid on them, "that in detestation of the fact, and to keep up the memory of it for ever, the mayor of Dublin should walk bare-foot through the city in open procession before the sacrament on Corpus Christi day yearly," which was ever after duly accomplished, until the reformation put an end to such practices. Some ascribe this quarrel, not to the earl of Ormond, but to Sir James Ormond, who had been treasurer of Ireland.

A.D. 1513. The mayor of Dublin, with a well-armed company of citizens, attended the earl of Kildare this year in an expedition against O'Carroll. But the earl dying in the way, put an end to the design, and the citizens returned home.

A.D. 1516. The earl of Kildare (a), lord deputy, assisted by the citizens, invaded the O'Tools, and slew Shane O'Tool, their chieftane, and sent his head as a present to John Rochford, mayor of Dublin, by Robert Hoth, who received a crocard from the mayor for his trouble.

A.D. 1517. A band of light-armed citizens, under the command of Christopher Usher, mayor of Dublin, marched out against O'Tool; but returned home without their usual success, the enemy being much superior to them in number. However, their loss was little.

A.D. 1520. The Earl of Surrey having just entered on his government of Ireland, was alarmed on Whitsunday with the news that Con O'Neil had invaded Meath. Upon this report he sent immediate orders to the mayor, sheriffs, and citizens of Dublin to march out against O'Neil, and he himself followed with a good body of forces the day following. O'Neil was frightened with these preparations, and immediately retired, and soon after submitted.

A.D. 1521. The O'Mores of Leix confederating with the O'Connors, O'Carrols, and other Irish, invaded the borders of the Pale. To repel them, the Earl of Surrey, accompanied by Thomas Tue, mayor of Dublin, and a choice band of citizens, invaded Leix. In this expedition one Patrick Fitzsimons, a citizen, had the opportunity of signalising his valour. For the Irish divided their forces into several parties, and, having intelligence that the carriages and baggage of the army were slenderly guarded, they took the opportunity of attacking that quarter, and made such an impression that several of the lord lieutenant's soldiers fled, and laid the default on Fitzsimons, who, to justify himself, produced two heads of the enemy, which he had cut off in the action, and retorted the cowardice upon his accusers, and by that means obtained both reward and knighthood. The carriages being recovered, the army marched forward into the woods and fastnesses of Leix, where the lord lieutenant escaped an imminent danger. For a sturdy rebel shot at him, and struck the vizor off his helmet, without further damage. The fellow was seized and hewed to pieces, refusing to take quarter. The lord lieutenant having wasted Leix, and humbled O'More, immediately turned his arms into Offaly, nnd in a day or two took the strong monastery of (b) Monasterpheoris, and burned the county till the 23rd of July. O'Connor, hoping to preserve his country by making a diversion, marched into Meath, where he was pursued by the lord lieutenant, who obtained a victory almost without blows, and made great slaughter in the pursuit. Having finished this royal progress with advantage and honour, the citizens returned to Dublin with his lordship, loaded with spoils.

A.D. 1523. The Earl of Kildare obtained leave from the Earl of Ormond, who was then lord deputy, to invade the country of Leix; and marching out with John Fitzsimons, then mayor of Dublin, and a small body of citizens, he entered that territory and burned a few villages; but he was intercepted by a party who lay in ambush, lost many of his men, and with difficulty made his retreat.

A.D. 1524. Commissioners were sent over from England to compose the differences between the Earl of Ormond, lord lieutenant, and the Earl of Kildare, and to adjust other smaller matters. The mayor and citizens of Dublin complained to them of some injuries done the city by Sir Peter Talbot, as the taking of custom and breaking bulk at Malahide, contrary to the king's grants made to the city; and the commissioners ordered Sir Peter to pay a fine to the citizens in recompense of the wrong, and for the future never to intrude in like manner on the franchises of the city. A difference between the abbot of Thomas-court and the mayor of Dublin, concerning the toll-boul, was determined by the same commissioners.

A.D. 1525. A very hot summer this year ,and a wet autumn of the preceding one, produced a plague through the kingdom, which raged about Dublin with more violence than in other parts, and destroyed numbers of the inhabitants.

A.D. 1528. A pestilential sickness, called the "English sweat," which first appeared in Ireland in 1491, now again raged with great violence, and at Dublin swept away Archbishop Inge, lord chancellor, William Talbot, Richard Elyot, Richard Fitz-Williams, Walter Fian, and two canons Luett, with Stanihurst, and great numbers of other citizens.

(To be Continued.)

(a) Son to the former, who succeeded his father in the government.

(b) In the King's County founded by John de Bermingham, Earl of Louth, A.D., 1325, for conventional Franciscans.

A working model of a new type of steamship, the invention of Herr J. Brohan, an engineer of Hamburg, has been on view in the Hall of Civil Engineers, Rue Blanche Paris., The principal feature of this craft is that it is equipped with four propellors, one forward, another just before the rudder, and two at the stern. The vessel is flat-bottomed, but there is a short keel in the centre and two false keels forward, to keep the hull off the bottom in case of grounding, and between which the forward screw revolves. The inventor estimates that with a steamer 300 feet long, built according to his design, he could make the passage from Havre to New York in four days.

LITERARY NOTES.

Two new volumes are about to be added to Messrs. J. M. Dent's "Temple Primers." The first relates to "The Venetian Republic," written by Dr. Horatio Brown, and the second is by Dr. Otto Jiriczeh, who, in "Northern Hero Legends," gives a summary of the more important sagas underlying our older literature.

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The family of the late Marquis of Dufferin and Ava have requested Sir Alfred Lyall to write a biography of that great diplomatist, but the work may not be expected until the middle of next year, for the reason that Sir Alfred will not commence putting together his materials until late this autumn, when he resigns the seat he has occupied on the India Council since 1888.

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The difficulty of rhyming to "girl" is mainly due to the varieties of its pronounciation. It is never pronounced, as it is so often conventionally written, "gal"; but one often hears "gell" with a hard "g." Moreover, in Scotland, though it is as well not to mention the fact to a Scotchman, it consists of two syllables—"gurrel." The other day it was pointed out to a Scotsman that the name of his national poet was a dissyllable in Ayrshire. "Hoot awa'!" he said, or words to that effect, "Burruns two syllables! Absurrud!"

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Sir Alfred Lyall is well qualified for the task he has undertaken, for he was an intimate friend of Lord Dufferin, and both held appointments in India in the late eighties, the deceased being Governor-General, while the biographer was Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces. Nor must it be forgotten that Sir Alfred is the author of "British Dominion in India," and of an admirable life of Warren Hastings. An additional tie between the two men was that they were both educated at Eton.

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Probably the oldest dining club in the kingdom is that at Dulwich, whose toast, "The Hamlet of Dulwich and the Ladies thereof," has been honoured for a hundred and thirty years. Notwithstanding the gallantry of the club's sentiments, ladies have never been admitted to the dinners until this year, when an exception was made in honour of the Coronation. The Ship at Greenwich was the scene of the festivity; the menu was headed "Samedi Le 12th Julliet," a combination almost rivalling "the complicated horrors" of Pinkerton's "Americo-Parisienne" lecturer in Stevenson's "Wreckers."

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Talking of resignations, the "St. James's" tells a good story of Lord Rosebery. The speech of Lord Rosebery at Edinburgh, in which he resigned the leadership of the Liberal party, come in very slowly to the newspaper offices, and a weary sub-editor in the Midlands was moved to write, "Thank God!" on the last slip instead of the orthodox "Finis," which is the usual way of informing the compositor that the speech is ended. The compositor knows no more sacred thing under heaven than his rule to "follow copy," and the Midland paper wound up its report of Lord Rosebery's speech the next day by saying—"Lord Rosebery then left for the South. Thank God!"

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The lady students of the University of Melbourne have a "union" of their own, and they have been debating the proposition, "That the friendships of men are truer and more lasting than those of women." An eloquent daughter of one of the Professors championed the affirmative, and the logical daughter of a local Presbyterian divine no less ably upheld the negative. The latter proved the more convincing leader. Speaker after speaker rose to argue that man was incapable of self-sacrifice, and therefore of true friendship, merely utilising his so-called "friends" for the promotion of his own business interests or to banish the demon of boredom. One debater rejoiced that the practice of women kissing in public was fast dying out. Ultimately the proposition was rejected by an overwhelming majority.

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Lord Acton has arranged to publish with Messrs. Macmillan his father's lectures delivered as Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. The late Lord Acton delivered two courses of lectures as Professor, one on "The French Revolution," and the other on "General Modern History." These lectures will be published in two volumes, together with a reprint of Lord Acton's inaugural lecture. It is hoped also later on to publish one or more volumes of essays. Lord Acton has entrusted the work of editing and seeing the lectures through the press to Mr. R. Vere Laurence, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

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The "Scottish tutor famous for his knowledge of Greek" under whose care the late Lord Acton was placed for a time when a young man, as related by Sir M. E. Grant Duff in his appreciation of his old friend in the "Spectator," was William Veitch, author of the well-known treatise on "Greek Verbs: Irregular and Defective," an enlarged and amended edition of which, on the recommendation of the late James Hannay, was published by the Clarendon Press in 1866. In one of their walks round Arthur's Seat in the early sixties Veitch, pointing to a solitary chateau at the west end of Duddingstone Loch, to the south-east of Edinburgh, said to Hannay, "I once taught Greek there to Sir John Acton. He was a fine, intelligent young man, and I could have made him a better scholar if I had had the 'grounding' of him, and if he had been longer in my hands. We read Plato, and J. G. Lockhart, who was on a visit at the house, used to take part in the reading, as he was much interested in my pupil. I was pleased to find how good a Greek scholar Lockhart proved himself to be."

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From the "Meditations of an Autograph Collector," a book enjoying considerable popularity in America, a reviewer quotes the following as a "delicious exposure of soul" from a present-day essayist:—

Dear Sir,—In reply to your questions—

1. My work being multiform and very pressing, I have no choice between the day and the night. I must use both—the physical clock-work seems to run down about 4 p.m.

2. I make no written skeleton or first draft—I round off my sentences in my head before committing them to paper.

3. I take no stimulants at work. I take wine twice a day, but after dinner I neither eat nor drink—I generally sleep soundly as soon as my head touches the pillow.

4. I can work anywhere if I am not disturbed. . . .

5. I cannot do literary or other brain work for more than three hours on a stretch.

6. I am utterly unable to write to order, that is to say on every occasion—I can generally write, but there are occasions when for weeks I am conscious of an invisible disinclination, and this I never force. . . .

7. In the above notes I have been speaking entirely of prose composition. Verse, of course, cannot be submitted to rule. My experience is that the habit of regular application is beneficial.

Yours faithfully,
EDMUND GOSSE.

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There is historical as well as political interest in the fact that next year will be the centenary of "Hansard," the authoritative though not official record of the proceedings of Parliament. The present editor, Mr. George Walpole, proposes to publish early next year a booklet dealing with the origin, the proprietors, and the not unchequered career of the work. That there is at least room for this sort of history is proved by the fact that different and contradictory accounts of the "Hansard" publication appear in the various encyclopaedias. Mr. Walpole will certainly have no lack of material for his book. By the close of this year "Hansard" will muster nearly 500 volumes. According to one depressing estimate, the mere text alone—the actual reports of speeches—contains three hundred and sixty million words. This is without reckoning some odd millions of words and figures represented by tables of contents, indices, and appendices. "Hansard" was first issued in 1803 by Cobbett, who lost money on the venture. The work derives its title from the name of Cobbett's first printer, Thomas Curzon Hansard. It remained the property of Cobbett until 1809, when the "Debates," with the unfinished "Parliamentary History," were taken over by the printer himself. It was a private undertaking until 1855, when the Treasury came to its aid.

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The "Cambridge Modern History," the great work projected by Lord Acton, will be completed on the lines laid down by him. Turning to an advance copy of this preface we find an interesting statement of the aim and scope of of this great work of scholarship. Its aim, we are told, is to record, in the way most useful to the greatest numbers of readers, the fulness of knowledge in the field of modern history which the nineteenth century has bequeathed to its successor. The idea of a universal modern history is not in itself new; it has already been successfully carried into execution both in France and Germany. But it is believed that the present work may, without presumption, aim higher than its predecessors, and may seek to be something more than a useful compilation or than a standard work of reference. This universal modern history proposes something distinct from the combined history of all countries—in other words, a narrative which is not a mere string of episodes, but displays a continuous development. It moves in a succession to which the nations are subsidiary. The following list indicates the topics of the twelve volumes:—Volume 1, The Renaissance; ditto 2, The Reformation; ditto 3, Wars of Religion; ditto 4, The Thirty Years' War; ditto 5, Bourbons and Stuarts; ditto 6, The Eighteenth Century; ditto. 7, The United States; ditto 8, The French Revolution; ditto 9, Napoleon; 10, Restoration and Reaction; 11, The Growth of Nationalities; 12, The Latest Age.

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Under the title of "The Service," Mr. Godspeed, the Boston publisher, has issued a hitherto unpublished essay by Thoreau. This essay, we are informed by the New York "Journal," was written about 1846 and sent to Margaret Fuller, then editor of "The Dial," who, after a second reading, rejected it. In refusing this essay Miss Fuller wrote Thoreau that the paper was rich in thought, but "The thoughts seem to me so out of their natural order that I cannot read it through without pain. I never once feel myself in a stream of thought, but seem to hear the grating of tools on the mosaic." The subject of "The Service" is human life. In it Thoreau dwells upon the qualifications of the good recruit, describing the brave man, the elder son of creation; and contrasting his qualifications and abilities with those of the cowardly man. He thinks there is no ill which may not be swept away like darkness by letting in a stronger light. Nature does not sympathise with our sorrows. The following extracts from the essay will interest:—"The brave man is the elder son of creation, who had stepped buoyantly into his inheritance, while the coward, who is the younger, waiteth patiently till he decease. He rides as wide of this earth's gravity as a star, and by yielding incessantly to all the impulses of the soul is constantly drawn upward and becomes a fixed star. His bravery deals not so much in resolute action as healthy and assured rest; its palmy state is a staying at home and compelling alliance in all directions. So stands his life to heaven, as some fair sunlit tree against the western horizon, and by sunrise is planted on some eastern hill to glisten in the first rays of the dawn."

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

Professor J. H. Sears, Curator of Mineralogy and Geology at the Peabody Academy of Science, in Salem, Mass., has unearthed in newly opened claybanks in Danvers fossils of the mollusk Portlandia lucina.

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Texas oil is to be used by the great Minneapolis flour mills instead of coal. From the experiments made it would seem that the use of oil is entirely practicable. A street railway company of Minneapolis and St. Paul is also conducting tests with Beaumont oil.

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A sample of snow gathered ten days after it had fallen in the outskirts of Manchester was analysed. After melting the snow a residue was obtained which was equivalent to over 10 pounds to the acre, and which consisted of 48.6 per cent. carbon, 8.9 per cent. grease, and 44.5 per cent. ash. Another sample, taken from the heart of the city, contained nearly three times this amount of residue, or in other words, about a ton of soot per square mile a day.

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The Andrew Carnegie gold medal for 1902, of the Iron and Steel Institute, has been awarded to Dr. J. A. Mathews, of New York, for research carried out by him as the holder of an Andrew Carnegie Research Scholarship during the past year. The medal has been designed by Mr. G. W. de Saulles, of the Royal Mint. Dr. Mathews previously received a Fellowship for the encouragement of scientific research from Columbia University, where he has been working under the guidance of Prof. H. M. Howe.

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A marine engineer of Rochester has patented a new system for steering twin-screw steamships. His device consists of a special trottle valve attached to each set of engines, the valves being connected by means of bell cranks and linkwork to a tiller. When the tiller is resting centrally an equal supply of steam enters each engine, but directy the tiller is deviated from its central position in either direction, the throttle vale fitted to one set of engines reduces the supply of steam, so that the propeller actuated by that particular engine revolves more slowly, the rotatory motion of the screw diminishing according to the degree to which the tiller is moved over.

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Mechanical stokers combined with special types of firebox have been found completely to solve the smoke problem for stationary plants. Some similar arrangement has long been needed for locomotives. What is wanted is a mechanical stoker, simple in construction and practical in operation, which can be applied to a locomotive without necessitating any great alterations. Such a stoker was invented a short time ago by a former engineer of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. In this appliance the coal is scattered in a thin layer over the fire, thereby avoiding the constant opening of the firebox, and the consequent admission of cold air. Not only is it claimed that fuel is saved, but that nine-tenths of the thick, black smoke usually produced by hand-firing with soft coal is done away with.

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The German Association of Alcohol Manufacturers and the Association of Agriculturists have jointly offered a prize of 30.000 marks (about £1,500) for the best method of drying potatoes for feed for cattle, etc. German agriculture has been increasing its potato crop very largely. The technical progress made in cultivating potatoes and the choice of certain kinds yielding a larger crop have made it apparent that Germany will continue to have a surplus of this vegetable. Already 40 per cent. of the total crop is used as fodder; but as potatoes deteriorate after six or seven months, they must be fed within that time. Transportation, also, is expensive, on account of the large percentage of water they contain. Three and one-half tons of fresh potatoes yield a ton of dried ones. It is predicted that a good method of drying potatoes will greatly benefit German agriculture, and it is intended to use the process on a large scale. Particulars for this prize contest can be had by applying to the "Institut fur Gahrungsgewerbe," Berlin, N. 65 Seestrasse.

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The Telephone Exchange at Hamburg, one of the largest in Germany, is equipped with a horizontal switchboard, which is said to have many advantages over the ordinary upright type. The principal advantage claimed for it is an economy in the number of jacks required and the length of board, and consequently in the space occupied. As the sections are horizontal instead of vertical, operators can work from both sides of the board, and, theoretically at least, each section can carry twice the number of answering jacks that a vertical board can. It follows, therefore, that for a given number of lines a horizontal board is only half as long as a vertical board, although it must occupy more ground space breadthways. These horizontal boards are made by a German firm, who have supplied a large number for the Imperial German Telephone Department. It will be remembered that the Glasgow municipal board is of this horizontal type.

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The Russian Etat-Major is continuing its tests upon automobiles for army service. During the manoeuvres of the Russian army in 1901, a 6½ horse-power machine was used in the operations which took place in the neighbourhood of Siedlitz, in the Warsaw district. The ground was in very bad condition. According to the report which was made on this vehicle, it was only able to circulate over a single route. It was used for transmitting orders from the rear of the column to the advance-guard, or for the transport of the chief of the detachment in order to reconnoitre his own positions or those of the enemy. The average speed over the road was 12 or 16 miles an hour. During the ten days of the manoeuvres the automobile covered a total distance of 640 miles, running day and night. It had to stop for repairs 28 times. According to the report, the army will make a more extensive series of tests during the present year.

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A few years ago the Russian Prince Abemalak Lazareff, during his visit to the ruins of ancient Palmyra, discovered a large block of stone, about 12 feet long and 8 feet wide, containing a well-preserved bi-lingual inscription, i.e., Greek and Palmyrene, which is supposed to date from the third century of our era. The inscription is said to contain the tariffs of custom duties and taxes levied during that period, divided into three tables. Last year the authorities of the Imperial Russian Museum at St. Petersburg sent Professor Uspensky, of the Russian Archaeological Institute, who resides at Constantinople, to Palmyra, with other experts, to report on the inscription and to ascertain whether it was possible to cut it out from the huge block. The professor having reported on the feasibility of the undertaking, the Russian Government obtained the Sultan's sanction to remove it to Russia. Accordingly, an expedition was sent to the spot last summer, composed of workmen under the superintendence of a Russian consular official, and after cutting the block of stone into three parts, separated the inscription from each, and it is now on its way to the Russian capital. Palmyra, or Tadmor, as it is now called, is famous for the ruins of the Great Temple of the Sun. It was an important commercial place, being a depot for silk and other Asiatic and Indian products; and, on account of its copious spring, it must always have been a halting place for caravans passing through the Syrian Desert. It attained the height of its glory and prosperity in the third century, under Queen Zenobia, wife of the Emperor Odenathus.

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A road locomotive for military use is to be made the subject of a concourse organised for next year by the Minister of War and Minister of Agriculture of Germany. The tractor, which is to utilise alcohol, is to be constructed on the lines of the now existing steam tractors, and is designed for the transport of cannon or other military supplies. The conditions under which it has to operate are particularly hard, as will be seen from the following requirements. The tractor is to carry a load of 7½ tons on one axle and 5 on the other, and must be able to draw a gross weight of 15 tons up a 10 per cent. grade at the rate of 3 miles an hour. On a level it must make 5 miles an hour, and be able to cover 42 miles in a day's journey, carrying all the supplies necessary for the trip. The tractor must be able to mount alone a 20 per cent. grade, and be provided with a hoist by which it can drawn up the trailers after it; its own weight is to suffice for this operation without requiring an anchorage. The tractor must be able to run upon bushy or ploughed ground, snow, ice, etc., and sink in the ground no farther than will allow the mechanical parts to clear the soil. It must also cross streams having 16 inches depth. The motor is to use pure alcohol, but a small amount of gasoline is allowed for the starting. It must be adapted for other liquid combustible by a change in the carbureter. This competition is not international, as one of the stipulations is that the tractor must be of German make. It will be submitted to a three weeks' test under the direction of competent authorities. The tractor, besides, must fulfil in general all the requirements of military service. As will be remarked, the conditions are unusually difficult.

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Salt mining constitutes one of the staple industries of Roumania. There are four mines in all. The most peculiar feature in connection with this industry is that the mineral is mined in three of the principal mines by convicts condemned to life and lengthy sentences of penal servitude. The reason for this is that crime in Roumania is practically unknown, and there is no death penalty. Under these circumstances the compulsory mining of the convicts is beneficial both to the Government and the labourers. In the case of the mine in which convict labour is not employed, the quarrying is performed by peasants, the work being assisted as far as possible by the most up-to-date mechanical time and labour-saving appliances for the employment of which skilled labour is essential. In all there are about one thousand convicts at work in the three mines. The labourers are not provided with any mechanical apparatus whatever, the whole of the work being performed by hand, each convict having to quarry a specific quantity of salt daily. The mines are controlled by a State official, whose position is similar to that of a governor of a prison. The mines are thoroughly well ventilated and illumined with electric light, so that the lot of the convicts is somewhat alleviated, though to those who are serving life sentences it represents a living grave. The mines are worked in galleries, and the pure white crystal presents a weird and peculiar aspect, especially in reflecting the fitful electric light. The main shaft terminates at the bottom in a huge apartment with a dome-shaped roof, and from which all the working galleries radiate. The mine contains a chapel and numerous other apartments, all cut out of the salt by the prisoners. The director keeps a record of the name of each convict who enters the mines, his conduct, and the efficiency and quantity of his work. Periodically the King of Roumania visits the mines and examines the official record, and in those instances where the results warrant such action, he extends a free pardon to the prisoner, or, at any rate, reduces the length of his sentence, so that good conduct and efficient work is an incentive to a royal pardon.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1793.)

June 24.—By a letter from Guadaloupe, we are informed that a most violent fever rages in that island, which has carried off, in the course of a few days, 150 privates and 22 British officers.

Various reports of country farmers who have been induced last spring to try the late discovery of planting potatoes by the shoots, concur in the most flattering accounts of their success.

June 26.—A misunderstanding of a very serious nature has subsisted for some days past among the privates of the 79th Regiment, owing to the intended embarkation of the regiment for Bristol. An idea is said to prevail with them that they are to go on some disagreeable service in the East Indies, unaccompanied by their Colonel (Cameron), to whom they express a warm attachment, and without they avow a determination not to embark for foreign service.

The favourite Adventurer, Barret, arrived in this harbour on Monday last from Yarmouth, laden with wheat.

Sunday last the Amphitrite, of Liverpool, Captain Hill, arrived in our bay from Newcastle on Delaware, with a cargo of wheat and flour. She had a remarkable quick passage, being but twenty days, from Cape Hatteras, which lies at the mouth of the Delaware, to the river Liffey.

JUNE 30.

REV. WILLIAM JACKSON,

Was yesterday brought up to the Court of King's Bench, in order for arraingment on the charge of high treason exhibited against him.

Being put to the bar, the indictment was read, and was of considerable length.

It charged to the following effect: That the prisoner, knowing of the war carried on against his Majesty and these realms, by the persons exercising the government of France, did, on the 3rd day of April last, land in this country, with a traitorous intent to make himself acquainted with the state and strength of this country, in order to communicate the same to the persons exercising the government of France, now carrying on war against his Majesty and these realms.

That he did afterwards, on the 21st of April, and at several times before and since, hold conference with several persons for the purpose of inducing them to conspire against his Majesty's government in this kingdom, and to send a messenger to France, for the purpose of treating with the persons exercising the government of that country, to invade this nation by an armed force.

That he did, on the 23rd of April, write certain letters addressed to a person named Stone, and another person named Benjamin Beresford, and put the same in his Majesty's post-office, in order to be conveyed to those persons beyond the seas; wherein he declared —that the Dissenters of this country were staunch Republicans to a man; that in no country was the spirit of aristocracy kept up with a more oppressive hand by the nobility, gentry, and clergy, from the highest to the lowest of them—nor was the people at large ever so much disposed to resist it as at that time; that the peasantry of the country were ripe for insurrection, and great numbers of them actually in arms, instancing the defenders; that there was scarcely any military force in the country to resist an invasion, except the newly-raised regiments of militia, who would never be brought to act against their countrymen; that if an army from France could effect a landing in this country, they would be immediately joined by the great majority of the people, to whom the connection between this country with Great Britain was become highly obnoxious; and directing those persons to communicate these particulars to the French government, in order to induce them to send an armed force to invade this country.

This was nearly, as we could collect, the purport of the indictment—the reading of which at length occupied above an hour and a half.

The prisoner pleaded, Not Guilty: Being asked was he now ready for his trial?

Mr. Curran, on behalf of the prisoner, stated, that from the shortness of the time since his client was made acquainted with the nature of the charges against him, by seeing the indictment, it had been impossible for him to be prepared with the necessary evidence for his defence; he trusted, therefore, that as it was a case wherein the life of his client was at stake, he would not be pressed to take his trial, when the want of evidence would expose him to fatality.

Lord Chief Justice observed that his object was to preserve the forms of the Court of King's Bench; the officers of the Crown who were to conduct this prosecution had certain privileges, of which they would not be deprived, and which it was at their own option to waive or not. Consistent with these considerations, his lordship should have no objection to grant the prisoner every reasonable indulgence.

The Attorney-General said, it was by no means his wish to press the prisoner to trial if he was not prepared; he should therefore consent to postpone the trial until the first sitting day of the next term, which will be on the 6th of November.

Lord Chief Justice then observed, it was his wish that the prisoner should see he was in a country where the laws were administered with temperance and humanity, and that whatever were the charges against him, no advantage whatever would be taken by his prosecutors, but every reasonable indulgence would be allowed him in preparing for his trial that the nature of his situation might admit.

The trial was therefore postponed till the day above mentioned, and the prisoner remanded to Newgate, whither he was carried in a coach, strongly guarded, and attended by the gaoler, and Mr. Shee, inspector of police.

Mr. Jackson was dressed in black, and appeared to be much weakened by illness, and much agitated. On entering the court he took his place in the dock, where, by order of the court, he was indulged with a chair.

His counsel were Mr. G. Ponsonby and Mr. Curran.—His agent, Mr. M'Keane.

The counsel for the Crown were the Attorney-General, Prime Serjeant, Solicitor-General. —Agent, the solicitor for the Crown.

The court was extremely crowded.

JULY 1.

The 79th regiment, commanded by Colonel Alan Cameron, embarked at Chichester quay, in the north, for Bristol, on Friday.

The Wilmington, bound from Belfast to Philadelphia, sailed from thence on Wednesday last with upwards of 200 passengers, and a valuable cargo of linen cloth.

The regiments embarked under Lord Moira are the 19th, 27th, 28th, 40th, 42nd, 54th, 57th, 87th and 89th.

The lords of the Admiralty have appointed a convoy to proceed from the Downs on the first of July, direct for Belfast.

The Bishop of Cork and Ross was consecrated in St. Anne's church on Sunday last, by his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin (in the absence of the Archbishop of Cashel) assisted by the Bishops of Ossory and Killala. The consecration sermon was preached by the Reverend William Stopford, rector of Donaghmore, in the diocese of Clogher.

JULY 5.

A general court-martial has been sitting since Tuesdy last at the Barracks, on Captain Browne, of the South Mayo Regiment of militia, on a charge of having absented himself from quarters without leave. The Earl of Westmeath presided, and several other officers of the militia were members. Joseph Atkinson, Esq., Judge Advocate.

This is the first general court-martial which has been assembled on the trial of any person belonging to the militia since the institution.

The court was dissolved yesterday, but the event of the trial is not as yet known.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 16.

Yesterday the general quarter-sessions of the peace for the county of the city of Dublin was opened at the Tholsel, before the Right Hon. William James, Lord Mayor, William Walker, Esq., Recorder, and the Aldermen Reid and Fleming, when the several presentments of the last sessions grand jury were laid before the court, and new grand and market juries sworn.

On the grand jury being sworn, the Recorder delivered a most excellent charge from the Bench, in which he pointed out, with great legal accuracy, the nature and extent of the powers with which, by the constitution and privileges of the city, the jurors were invested; as also the duties which by their oath they were bound to perform. He made several judicious observations on the most prevailing abuses which at present exist within the jurisdiction of the city, the removal of which by the grand jury would, he said, best tend to prevent the commission of crimes, and concluded with a panegyric on the established constitution of these realms, under which every class and description of subjects are maintained in the enjoyment of equal laws, equal liberty, and equal protection.

The following gentlemen were sworn on the grand jury:—John Norton, Esq. (foreman); William Stamer, George Perrin, Geoffry Foote, William Henry Archer, Thomas White, John Langston, John Oldham, Joseph Maddock, William Galway, John Campbell, Mark Bloxham, William Evans, William Keene, Daniel Finn, William Pell, William Castlehollister, Luke Franklin, William Beane, Pool Taylor, William Edmiston, George Payne, and Richard Wilson.

The court was adjourned until Saturday, the 2nd of August next.

LIMERICK, JUNE 23.

A riot happened here yesterday between the Waterford militia and the 85th regiment, which proceeded from a difference between Mr. Matthew and some of the officers of the 85th. Many on both sides, as well as of the mob (who joined the militia) were wounded, though none killed; but by the spirited exertions of the magistracy and the inhabitants, peace was at length restored, with much difficulty.

BELFAST, JUNE 26.

The discontent that prevailed with the soldiers of the 79th regiment was yesterday entirely done away with on the arrival of Colonel Cameron, to whom they seem much attached; in the evening, they marched down street in a body, with their colonel at their head, and every grievance seemed at an end.

MARRIAGES.

G. Fitzgerald, of Merrion square, Esq., to Miss Isabella Staples, daughter of Sir Robert Staples, Bart., and niece to Lord Viscount D'Vesci.

Thomas Peen Gaskell, of Shanagarry, in the county of Cork, Esq., to Miss Ward, daughter of the late Dowager Countess of Glandore, and sister of the Rev. Ag. Vesey Ward, F.T.C.D.

Alexander Marsden, Esq., of Baggot street, to Miss Cooper, daughter of John Cooper, of Cooper-hill, in the county of Meath, Esq.

Charles Montague Ormsby, Esq., member of Parliament for the Borough of Duleek, to Miss Kingsbury, daughter of Thomas Kingsbury, of Molesworth street, Esq.

(To be continued.)

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BLACKROCK (CO. DUBLIN)



And Its Neighbourhood in 1744.

FROM AN ENGRAVING OF A DRAWING BY WILLIAM JONES.

KEY.

1. The Salt House. 2. The Black Rocks. 3. Bathing Places. 4. Houses of Entertainment. 5. Lime-Kiln. 6. Newtown-Castle-Byrne 7. Rocks in front of Dunleary. 8. "Dunleary rocks in the Sea." 9. Lord Allen's Park at Stillorgan. 10. Mount Mapas. 11. Mapas' Obelisk. 12. Sugar Loaf Mountain. 13. Bray Head. 14. Ships. 15. "The Three Sugar Loaves."

Mr. Elrington Ball, in his most interesting and valuable "History of the County Dublin" (Part I.—Alexander Thom & Co., Dublin) gives the following description of the chief places shown in the picture given above:—

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, the neighbourhood attained its zenith as a fashionable resort. Each summer the Irish Court migrated thither from Dublin Castle, and the Viceroy of the day took up his abode in the residence known as Blackrock House. This great mansion, with its noble sea front and suite of magnificent reception rooms, "with just agreement framed in every part," was erected by John Lees, then Secretary of the Irish Post Office, and afterwards created a baronet. His idea in building it was, possibly, a speculative one, and it proved a very remunerative investment. To its occupation in 1778 by some distinguished person, reference is doubtless made in an ironical announcement that "the poor of Blackrock were hopeful of obtaining garden produce at moderate terms on a great personage accepting a house near the town." At its landing-place, the Earl of Northington, on his arrival in June, 1783, as Lord Lieutenant, stepped ashore, and there he dined

before proceeding to Dublin. In its large rooms his successor, the Duke of Rutland, in July, 1785, received and entertained at breakfast an aeronaut, called Crosbie, who had made an ascent from the Duke of Leinster's lawn in Dublin the previous day, and had been rescued out at sea, where his balloon had descended. There Rutland's Secretary, Thomas Orde, afterwards Baron Bolton, in the spring of 1786, recruited his health, and there, in July, 1788, Lord Charles Fitz-Gerald, a most popular nobleman, met with a severe accident while landing from his barge. From there the Marquis of Buckingham made sea excursions to Dalkey Island and every part of the bay, and there stayed his successors, the Earls of Westmoreland and Camden; the famous Lord Castlereagh, attended by his secretaries, Cooke and Elliott; and the great Earl of Clare, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, for whose protection at the time of the Rebellion a detachment of the King's County Militia was stationed at Blackrock.

About the same time as Blackrock House, Maretimo, which also still adorns the neighbourhood, was built. It was erected by Sir Nicholas Lawless, Bart., M.P. for Lifford, who was afterwards created Baron Cloncurry, and has since remained in the possession of the successive holders of that title. Lawless was the leading merchant of his day, and attained to some distinction as a member of the House of Commons. In spite of an unattractive presence and faults of delivery, he was not unsuccessful as a speaker, and displayed in committee a knowledge of the principles of commerce and of political economy. His elevation to his baronetcy and peerage was due to unswerving support of the Government.

A diarist of the period gives an interesting account of an entertainment at Maretimo, at which he was present, in the first Lord Cloncurry's time. It lasted for the round of the clock, and truly was deserving of the name of a rout. It was summer, and tables were spread in large tents on the lawn, and in the open air. The company was great, and many who were unable to find room at the tables outside were reduced to dining in the house. The grounds of Blackrock House were thrown open, and after dinner the guests strolled about until dancing began, to the music of the band of the Kildare Militia. A year later a similar entertainment, only more splendid, was given by the Earl of Clonmell at Neptune. The diarist describes the numerous assemblage sitting down to luncheon, after which, the day being showery, the guests sought amusement in crowding the rooms and listening to dance music, to which their host's entreaties could not induce them to respond. At 5 o'clock the Lord Lieutenant joined the party, and dinner began. It could not be served in the open air, as had been intended, on account of the rain, and "the squeeze was immense." Some of the tables had to be laid in the bedrooms, and others in the hall. After dinner, which was most sumptuous, dancing began, and lasted till midnight.

Another resident at Newtown at the same time as the first Lord Cloncurry was Mr. Robert Jephson, a dramatist and poet of some note, and a member of the Irish Parliament. He had come to Ireland with Lord Halifax, on his appointment as Lord Lieutenant. It is said that Lord Halifax was requested by Garrick, with kindly intention, to take the play-going youth to Ireland or anywhere else out of his way, as he left him no peace behind the scenes. Prospect, now St. Joseph's College, was then a boarding school, where the sons of many of the nobility and gentry of Ireland were educated. It was first kept by the Rev. John Burrowes, and afterwards by the Rev. Charles Meares. Amongst Burrowes' pupils was the second Lord Cloncurry, who says that Burrowes had good qualities, but had mistaken his vocation.

A boarding-house, with a spacious ballroom, was erected at Seapoint by a Mr. William Jones towards the close of the eighteenth century. It stood near the edge of the sea, close to a well, known as Tobernea, and its site is now occupied by the terrace called by that name. During the summer, subscription dances were held in the ballroom, and our diarist, on going down in July, 1800, found a full room, a good set, and a tolerable supper, but execrable wine. At the time of his rebellion, some of Robert Emmet's friends were staying there, and Emmet is said to have been a visitor at the house. It was subsequently proposed to purchase the house as a recruiting depot for the army, but the negotiations fell through, and Beggars' Bush Barracks were built instead. The strand at Seapoint continued to be a favourite bathing-place, and while bathing there in September, 1797, two young women were carried out of their depth. One of them was drowned; the other was rescued, but on learning the fate of her companion, she became unconscious and, died in a few hours.

The neighbourhood of Seapoint was, in November, 1807, the scene of perhaps the greatest tragedy that ever took place in or near Dublin. On a dark winter's day, two vessels, "The Princess of Wales" and "The Rochdale," set sail from the mouth of the Liffey, laden with nearly 500 soldiers and officers belonging to various regiments. In the night a storm arose, and the next morning the two vessels were discovered complete wrecks on the rocks near Blackrock House. Every person on board had perished, with the exception of the captain and some of the crew of "The Princess of Wales," who had escaped in the only boat, leaving the passengers to their fate. The shore long presented a sight too horrible for description.

The principal residents during the first half of the last century were the second Lord Cloncurry and the Rev. Sir Harcourt Lees, Bart., men who, in their political opinions, exhibited the opposite extremes. The former, who resided constantly at Maretimo, was a man of the most liberal views, who had been suspected in early life of revolutionary sentiments. The latter, who dwelt in his father's home, the gates of which he had sheeted with iron, was a man of the strictest type of Conservatism, and has been described as "the renowned, the dreaded, and the dreadless Sir Harcourt."

EXPEDITION to the SAHARA.

Mr. Edward Dodson has succeeded in traversing the Hinterland of Tripoli, which has hitherto been forbidden country. His expedition was sent out by the Natural History Museum of Edinburgh. Although little enough was gathered that was of interest from the standpoint of the natural scientist, Mr. Dodson nevertheless succeeded in gaining valuable knowledge of this unknown land, and in mapping out parts that have been hitherto but ill-defined on our charts. The journey was accomplished not without hardship. Eight camels, three horses, and nine Arab servants entered the great desert eight days after leaving the city of Tripoli. Heat and blinding sandstorms, as well as a lack of water, were but a few of the troubles experienced. Water could be obtained only at intervals of from ten to twelve hours. Two weeks after leaving Tripoli the town of Sofejin was reached, about 120 miles to the south-east. A detour was made in order to reach an old Roman reservoir where it was expected that a supply of water might be found. Mr. Dodson found this reservoir a most wonderful piece of masonry. The cement had not been in the least impaired, and the reservoir was still perfectly water-tight. On the journey to the reservoir dried beds of torrential streams containing great beds of brilliantly-coloured flowers were discovered. An examination of these flowery patches showed that the plants were of the "everlasting flower" kind. They had been completely dried by the heat and drought. After their water bottles had been replenished from the old Roman reservoir, the men struck out for the Bonjem oasis, on the desert road to Sokna. Mr. Dodson had hoped to acquife fresh supplies of food at the oasis. He was disappointed. Those who lived in the oasis were almost starving, and were compelled to depend on snails and date-palm juice for their sustenance. The miserable huts built by modern Arabs stood out in strong contrast to the splendid buildings erected during the Roman occupation. Like the old reservoir, these Roman buildings were in an excellent state of preservation. One of them covered an area of 3,600 square yards, and had a gateway 12 feet thick. After four days' intense suffering, the party reached Sokna. For a day and a night they had travelled through an uninhabited desert without water. From Sokna the journey was continued to Murzuk, about 300 miles from the Sahara. On this part of the journey the Jibil Soda, or Black Mountains, were crossed, and the great petrified forest traversed. The Black Mountains were found to consist of large slabs of perfectly black stone. In traversing the petrified forest ten hours were consumed. The fallen trees varied in circumference from 2 inches to 7 feet. That the region was at one time submerged by the sea was proven by the finding of marine shells. Returning from Murzuk the expedition again passed through Sokna, and finally returned to the coast.

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE'S STORY.

Mr Rider Haggard occupied the chair at the dinner given by the Authors' Club recently to those of its members who have been the recipients of Coronation honours. These gentlemen were Sir Henry Bergne, K.C.M.G., Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., and Sir A. Conan

The latter, in responding to the toast of his health, related the following story. Almost the first intimation, he said, he received that "this thing (his knighthood) had occurred" was in a bill from his gunsmith, which was addressed to Sir Sherlock Holmes. In reply to a letter a representative of the firm called upon him and said that he had made out the bill in that way. He thought he was right, as he had always been informed that when a gentleman received a title he changed his name, and he had seen it in a paper that the name chosen by Sir Arthur was Sir Sherlock Holmes.

He (the speaker) thought that the pamphlet which he had written on the war was the chief cause of the honour that had come to him.

IRISH TOPOGRAPHICAL POEMS AND BALLADS.

PART I.—COUNTY CORK.

(First Selection.)

"There is scarcely a city, town, village, seat, grove, river, lake, or glen in Ireland," wrote the pioneer of Irish folklorists, Crofton Croker, some sixty years ago, "the charms of which, or some fair damsel connected therewith, do not, as Pope says of the Groves of Eden:

"Live in description and look green in song,"

Of Irish topographical poems and ballads, Goldsmith's "Sweet Auburn," Prout's "Bells of Shandon," Callanan's "Gougane Barra," Davis's "Sack of Baltimore," D F MacCarthy's "Pillar Towers of Ireland," Gerald Griffin's "Adare," and Allingham's "Ballyshannon," are well known, doubtless, to most Irishmen of the present day; but there is a considerable number of poems of a smimilar character hidden away in old collections, and being gradually forgotten, some specimens of which are here reproduced not so much on account of their poetical merits as of their more or less historical character, their quaint or odd composition, or their abiding local interest. The compiler has prefixed to each poem a brief note giving particulars of the author's life, or information concerning the circumstances of its composition or publication, which he hopes will be found of interest and value.

DEAR MALLOW, ADIEU.

(Author Unknown.)

The following verses, entitled "The Farewell, a Pastoral Ballad in Imitation of Shenstone," appeared originally in the "Shamrock or Hibernian Cresses," (Dublin, 1772), a collection of poems, etc, by Samuel Whyte. Whyte was Moore, the national poet's, schoolmaster, whose memory he has embalmed in a sonnet. The subjoined lines were written evidently whilst Mallow was a fashionable inland watering place, i.e., about the middle of the eighteenth century, when two other poems on the Hot Wells of Mallow (Croker tells us), were published in the "Ulster Miscellany," for 1753.

Oh, Mallow! dear Mallow, adieu!
How oft have I walked by thy spring,
While the trees were yet dropping with dew,
Ere the lark his shrill matin did sing.
How oft at noon have I strayed,
By the streamlet that winds through the vale;
How oft at still eve, on thy mead,
The soft breeze I have joyed to inhale.

O'er thy green hills, high bosomed in wood,
O'er thy sweetly diversified ground,
How oft, as my walk I pursued,
Have I gazed in wild transport around!
Invoking the powers that preside
O'er the stream, o'er the grove, o'er the hill,
With their presence my fancy to guide,
With their fire my rapt bosom to fill.

On a rock hanging over the flood,
Through the wild glen meandering slow,
Half-frighted, how oft have I stood,
To pore on the mirror below.
To see in the heart of the wave
The glen and the rock and the sky,
How bright the reflection it gave,
How pleased, how delighted was I.

At the foot of an elm, or a lime
How oft have I stretched me along,
Enchanted with Collins's rhyme,
Or Akenside's rapture of song?
How oft, too, an accident led
Through the churchyard path's fear-stirring ground,
Busy fancy has called up the dead,
To glide in dread visions around.

These sweet walks, this soft quiet, and all
Those blameless, those rational joys
Must I quit for the buzz of the hall,
For dissonance, wrangling, and noise:
For the city's dull uniform scene,
Where jobbing, and party, and strife,
Dissipation and languor and pain
Fill up the whole circle of life.

. . . .

Yet oft shall fond memory anew
Present each loved scene to my eye,
And with painful enjoyment review
The delights that too hastily fly;
Through all the sweet landscape around
Not a stream, not a nook, not a tree,
Not a field flower, not a shrub shall be found
Unmarked or unhonoured by me.

And ye my companions so dear,
What words my deep anguish can tell,
Receive from a witness this tear,
How it pains me to bid you farewell.
Ye, too, for I read in your eyes,
The emotions that swell at your hearts,
Ye have not yet learned to disguise,
Ye are sorry to see me depart.

Sweet seat of contentment and ease,
Where Rest her still Sabbath may keep,
Where all may have just what they please,
Eat, drink, read, laugh, saunter, or sleep.
The next spring may new brighten thy scene,
And thy leaves and thy blossoms restore;
But bring the loved circle again,
Or the landscape will charm me no more.

Sweet commerce of unison minds,
A treasure how rarely possessed,
How seldom through life the heart finds
The joy that gives worth to the rest.
But, hark! 'tis the chaise at the door,
My mare is already in view!
Alas! I have time for no more,
Oh! Mallow, dear Mallow, adieu."

GLANDORE.

The following lines, written at Glandore, Co. Cork, in July, 1843, had for their author, the Rev Dr Murray, of Maynooth. Dr Murray, who was a Monaghan man, was a voluminous writer. The lines first appeared in his Irish Miscellany, of which he published four volumes, now become very scarce.

Though I have forsaken long
Fairy land of tuneful song,
Though my lips forget to tell
Thoughts they once could utter well,
How can I with my heart and tongue
See unloved, or love unsung,
Scenes like those that rise before
The enchanted eye in sweet Glandore.

Though a high and holy call
Claims my soul and senses all,
Saints might sing a type like this
Of their own bright Realms of bliss;
Man may tell in strains of love,
Of how fair the Heaven above,
When such beauty beameth o'er
The heaven below of sweet Glandore.

Cloudless sky and sparkling sea,
Cliff and shore and forest tree,
Glen and stream and mountain blue,
Burst at once upon the view;
The gay, the beautiful, the grand,
Blending over wave and land,
Till the eye can ask no more
Than it hath in sweet Glandore.

But the sunshine on the sea,
And the emerald of the lea,
And the ever-smiling skies,
Claim not heart, or soul, or eyes,
Like the grasp of friendship's hand,
Like the welcome warm and bland
As the sunlight gleaming o'er
The happy homes of sweet Glandore.

For the loveliest scenes that e'er
Smiled of heaven the image fair,
Like the beautiful in death,
Have not soul, nor voice, nor breath!
O, 'tis but the kindly heart
Can to them true life impart,
Tree or flower, and sea and shore
Thus live and breathe in sweet Glandore.

Time may chill and bow and bind
Glowing heart and chainless mind,
They droop—the flowers of fancy, youth,
Round the ripening fruits of truth;
Yet I feel while here I stray,
Dawn again youth's sunny day;
Fancy with her radiant store,
Comes again in sweet Glandore.

Lovely region of Glandore,
Friends beloved for evermore!
'Mid the tranquil bliss I feel
One sad thought begins to steal—
Soon must come the parting day,
And my steps no more will stray,
And my voice is heard no more
Among the scenes of sweet Glandore.

LOUGH HYNE.

Fitz James O'Brien, the reputed author of the following lines on Lough Hyne, one of the loveliest spots in the county Cork, not far from Baltimore, was a Limerick man, who, having run through a fortune, turned journalist, went to America, where he became connected with the Press, and finally joined the American army. He died in 1862 from the effects of a wound (O'Donoghue's Dictionary of Irish Poets). Fitz James O'Brien was author of a novel called "The Diamond Lens."

I know a lake where the wild waves break,
And softly fall on the silver sand,
And no steps intrude on that solitude,
And no voice save mine disturbs the strand.

And a mountain old, like a giant of old,
Turned to stone, by some magic spell,
Uprears in might his misty height,
And his craggy sides are wooded well.

In the midst doth smile a little isle,
And its verdure shares the emerald's green,
On its grassy side in ruined pride,
A castle of old is darkening seen.

On its lofty crest the wild crane's nest,
In its halls the sheep good shelter find;
And the ivy shades where a hundred blades
Were hung when the owners in sleep reclined.

That chieftain of old could he now behold
His lordling tower a shepherd's pen;
His corse long dead, from its narrow bed,
With sorrow and shame would rise again.

'Tis sweet to gaze when the sun's bright rays
Are cooling themselves in the trembling wave,
But 'tis sweeter far when the evening star
Shines like a tear at Friendship's grave.

There the hollow shells through their wreathed cells
Make music on the lonely shore,
And the summer breeze through the distant trees
Murmurs in fragrant breathings o'er.

And the seaweed shines like the hidden mines,
In the fairy cities beneath the sea,
And the wave-washed stones are bright as the thrones
Of the ancient kings of Araby.

If it were my lot in that fairy spot
To live for ever and dream 'twere mine,
Courts might woo, and kings pursue,
Ere I would leave thee, loved Lough Hyne."

SWEET CASTLE HYDE.

This curious specimen of rhyme, of a class formerly rather common throughout Ireland, was once very popular in the county Cork, where it formed a sort of rival to Millikin's Groves of Blarney. In Dr Kenealy's Poetical Works (London, 1879), appears a Greek version, written by him, of "Sweet Castle Hyde." The now all but forgotten Dr Kenealy was a Cork man, who became notorious for his defence of the Titchbourne Claimant.

As I roved out on a summer's morning,
Down by the banks of Blackwater side,
To view the groves and meadows charming,
And pleasant gardens of Castle Hyde.
It is there you will hear the thrushes warbling,
The dove and the partridge I now describe,
The lambkins sporting each night and morning,
All to adorn sweet Castle Hyde.

If noble princes from foreign places
Should chance to sail to this Irish shore,
It is in this valley they could be feasted,
As often heroes had done before.
The wholesome air of this habitation
Would recreate your heart with pride:
There is no valley throughout this nation
With beauty equal to Castle Hyde.

There is a church for service in this fine harbour,
Where nobles oft in their coaches ride,
To view the streams and pleasant gardens
That do adorn sweet Castle Hyde.
There is fine horses and stall-fed oxen,
And a den for foxes to play and hide,
Fine mares for breeding, and foreign sheep in,
And snowy fleeces in Castle Hyde.

The richest groves in this Irish nation,
In fine plantation you'll find them there,
The rose and tulip, and fine carnation,
All one with the lily fair.
The buck, the doe, the fin, the eagle,
Do skip and play by the river side;
The trout and salmon they play backgammon
In those clear streams of Castle Hyde.

I rode from Blarney to Ballykenealy,
To Thomastown and sweet Doneraile,
To sweet Kilshannig and gay Rathcormac,
Besides Killarney and Abbeyfaile,
The river Shannon and pleasant Boyne,
The flowing Barrow and rapid Bride,
But in all my ranging and serenading,
I saw no equal to Castle Hyde.

CASTLE O'KENEALY.

The following are the first five stanzas of "Castle O'Kenealy," written by the late Dr Kenealy, and published in Volume I of his "Poetical Works," London, 1875.

"Gray old Castle! throned above the river,
Ivy-mantled ruin, stark and lone,
From thy cells and cloisters murmur ever
The deep accents of the Past and Gone.
Beauteously and slow the shining wave
Glides beneath thy towers dusk with time,
Time, that crushed and brought thee to the grave,
Still hath clothed thee with a spell sublime,
Gleams of other days, bestow glory,
Knightly daring, forth heroic, glow
Through thy fallen arches, famed in story,
O'er thy once proud ramparts, now laid low.

In thy primeval youth thou wert a monarch,
Firmly seated on thine iron rock,
Still defying rebel, traitor, anarch,
Hurling down on them thine arrowy shock.
Armies marched to quell thee o'er the plain;
Horse and horseman's catapult and ram
Strove and raged against thee but in vain:
Never made thy haughty towers salaam;
Who that knew thee in thy puissant splendour,
Could forsee thy present drear decay?
Could forsee that thou wouldst thus surrender,
And from grandeur rot into decay?

Centuries have rolled since thou, all glorious
In the strength and pride of youth, didst rise
Bristling bravely, and with arm victorious,
Flaunting out thy banner to the skies.
The White Hart upon his scarlet field*
Fixed at gaze, and with night's royal mien.
Borne by kings on corselet, asque, and shield,
Still foe-facing wheresoever seen,
Now it waves not, beats the breeze no longer
Flagstaff, ensign bearer, all are past;
Time hath been thy foe, and proved the stronger;
Time hath felled thee, not the battle-blast.

Could I summon from their dark recesses,
Soldier, statesman, minstrel, priest, or sage,
Blooming virgin, with her flowerlike tresses,
Plumed knight, with arch and saucy page,
Could I call to life each gallant band,
Who within thy walls exulting dwelled;
Eye of fire, and brow of thought, and hand
Which the harp or falchion deftly held.
Stately were the visions that before me
From thy portals would descend in pride;
But the wish were vain, and never o'er me,
Shall they gleam whose bones thy vistas hide.

Blackened are thy dark and solemn pillars;
Lichen, ivy, weeds, thy robes are now;
O'er thy spacious courtyards pass the tillers
With the labouring horse and snouted plough.
Sad and soft the melancholy breeze
Breathes its dying dirge above the clay;
From yon aged chunk amid the trees
Pours the owl her unauspicious lay:
And upon the Sabbath, when the singing
Choirs awake the echoes o'er the green,
Seems the song as if some spirit wringing
O'er thee, with its sad funeral keene.

*The banner of the Clan Kencaly.

(To be Continued)

ORIGIN AND MEANINGS OF IRISH FAMILY NAMES.

By JOHN O'DONOVAN.

III.

SURNAMES AND FAMILY NAMES.

Dr. Keating and his contemporary Gratianus Lucius have asserted, on the authority of the ancient Irish MSS., that family names or surnames first became hereditary in Ireland in the reign of Brian Boru, in the beginning of the eleventh century. "He (King Brian) was the first who ordained that a certain surname should be imposed on every tribe, in order that it might be the more easily known from what stock each family was descended; for previous to his time surnames were unfixed, and were discoverable only by tracing a long line of ancestors." *

This assertion has been repeated by all the subsequent Irish writers, but none of them have attempted either to question or prove it. It seems, however, generally true, and also that in the formation of surnames at this period, the several families adopted the names of their fathers or grandfathers. It would appear, however, from some pedigrees of acknowledged authenticity, that in a few instances the surnames were assumed from remoter ancestors, as in the families of the O'Dowds and O'Kevans in Tireragh, in which the chiefs from whom the names were taken were cotemporary with St. Gerald of Mayo, who flourished in the seventh century, and in the family of O'Neill, who took their surname from Niall Glunduv, monarch of Ireland, who was killed by the Danes in the year 919. It is obvious also from the authentic Irish annals, that there are many Irish surnames now in use which were called after ancestors who flourished long subsequent to the reign of Brian. But it is a fact that the greater number of the more distinguished Irish family names were assumed from ancestors who were cotemporary with this monarch; and though we have as yet discovered no older authority than Dr. Keating for showing that surnames were first established in Ireland in his time, I am satisfied that authorities which would prove it, existed in the time of Keating, for that writer, though a very injudicious critic, was nevertheless a faithful compiler. Until, however, we discover a genuine copy of the edict published by the monarch Brian, commanding that the surnames to be borne should be taken from the chieftains who flourished in his own time—if such edict were ever promulgated—we must be content to relinquish the prospect of a final decision of this question. At the same time it must be conceded that the evidences furnished by the authentic annals and pedigrees in behalf of it are very strong, and may in themselves be regarded as almost sufficient to settle the question.

It appears, then from the most authentic annals and pedigrees, that the O'Briens of Thomond took their name from the monarch Brian Boru himself, who was killed in the battle of Clontarf in the year 1014, and that family names were formed either from the names of the chieftains who fought in that battle, or from those of their sons or fathers:—thus, the O'Mahonys of Desmond are named from Mahon, the son of Kian, King of Desmond, who fought in this battle; the O'Donohoes from Donogh, whose father O'Donnell was the second in command over the Eugenian forces in the same battle; the O'Donovans from Donovan, whose son Cathal commanded the Hy-Cairbre in the same battle; the O'Dugans of Fermoy from Dugan, whose son Gevenagh commanded the race of the Druid Mogh Roth in the same battle; the O'Faelans or Phelans of the Desies from Faolan, whose son Mothla commanded the Desii of Munster in the same memorable battle, as were the Mac Murroghs of Leinster from Murrogh, whose son Maelmordha, King of Leinster, assisted the Danes against the Irish monarch.

The Mac Carthys of Desmond are named from Carrthach (the son of Saerbhreathach), who is mentioned in the Irish annals as having fought the battle of Maelkenny, on the river Suir, in the year 1043; the O'Conors of Connaught from Conor or Concovar, who died in the year 971; the O'Melaghlins of Meath, the chiefs of the southern Hy-Niall race, from Maelseachlainn or Malachy II, monarch of Ireland, who died in the year 1022; the Magillapatricks or Fitzpatricks of Ossory from Gillapatricks, chief of Ossory, who was killed in the year 995, etc., etc.

From these and other evidences furnished by the Irish annals, it appears certain then that the most distinguished surnames in Ireland were taken from the names of progenitors who flourished in the tenth or beginning of the eleventh century. But there are instances to be met with of surnames which had been established in the tenth century having been changed to others which were called after progenitors who flourished at a later period, as O'Malroni of Moylurg, to Mac Dermot, and O'Laughlin, head of the northern Hy-Niall, to Mac Laughlin. There are also instances of minor branches of great families having changed the original prefix O to Mac and Mac O, or Mac I, when they had acquired new territories and become independent families, as O'Brien to Mac I-Brien, and Mac Brien in the instances of Mac I-Brien Arra, Mac Brien Coonagh, and Mac Brien Aharlagh, all off-shoots from the great family of Thomond; and O'Neill to Mac I-Neill Boy, in the instance of the branch of the great Tyrone family who settled in the fourteenth century eastward of the river Bann, in the counties of Down and Antrim.

This is all we know of the origin of Irish surnames. Sir James Ware agrees with Keating and Gratianus Lucius that surnames became hereditary in Ireland in the tenth or beginning of the eleventh century; and adds, that they became hereditary in England and France about the same period.

Irish family names or surnames then are formed from the genitive case of names of ancestors who flourished in the tenth century, and at later periods, by prefixing O, or Mac as O'Neill, Mac Carthy, etc. O literally signifies grandson, in which sense it is still spoken in the province of Ulster; and in a more enlarged sense any male descendant like the Latin nepos: and Mac literally signifies son, and in a more extended sense any male descendant. The former word is translated nepos by all the writers of Irish history in the Latin language, from Adamnan to D. O'Conor, and the latter, filius; from which it is clear that it is synonymous with th

*Translation from original Latin MS.

Welsh prefix Map (abbreviated to Ap), and with the Anglo-Norman Fitz, which Horne Tooke has proved to be a corruption of the Latin filius. Giraldus Cambrensis latinizes the name of the King of Leinster, Dermot Mac Murchadh, Dermitius Murchardides, from which it may be clearly perceived that he regarded the prefix Mac as equivalent to the Greek patronymic termination ides. The only difference therefore to be observed between O and Mac in surnames is, that the family who took the prefix of Mac called themselves after their father, and those who took the prefix O formed their surname from the name of their grandfather. Ni, meaning daughter, was always prefixed to names of women, as O and Mac meant male descendants; but this usage is now obsolete.

It is not perhaps an unlikely conjecture that at the period when surnames were first ordered to be made hereditary, some families went back several generations to select an illustrious ancestor on whom to build themselves a name. A most extraordinary instance of this mode of forming names occurred in our own time in Connaught, where John Mageoghegan, Esq., of Bunowen Castle, in the west of the county of Galway, applied to his Majesty King George IV. for licence to reject the name which his ancestors had borne for eight hundred years from their ancestor Eochagan, chief of Kinel Fiacha, in the now county of Westmeath, in the tenth century, and to take a new name from his more ancient and more illustrious ancestor Niall of the Nine Hostages, monarch of Ireland in the fourth century. His Majesty granted this licence, and the son of John Mageoghegan is now called John Augustus O'Neill, that is, John Augustus, descendant of Niall of the Nine Hostages. The other branches of the family of Mageoghegan, however, still retain the surname which was established in the reign of Brian Boru as the distinguishing appellative of the race of Fiacha, the son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, and the ancestor from whom the Mageoghegans had taken their tribe name.

From the similarity and almost complete identity of the meanings affixed to the words O and Mac in surnames, it might be expected that they should be popularly considered as conferring each the same respectability on the bearer; yet this is far from being the case, for it is popularly believed in every part of Ireland that the prefix O was a kind of title among the Irish, while Mac is a mark of no distinction whatever, and that any common Irishman may bear the prefix Mac, while he must have some claims to gentility of birth before he can presume to prefix O to his name. This is universally the feeling in the province of Connaught, where the gentry of Milesian descent are called O'Conor, O'Flaherty, O'Malley, etc; and the peasantry, their collateral relatives, Connor, Flaherty, Mailey. All this, however, is a popular error, for the prefix O is in no wise whatever more respectable than Mac, nor is either the one or the other an index to any respectability whatever, inasmuch as every single family of Firbolgic, Milesian, or Danish origin in Ireland is entitled to bear either O or Mac as the first part of their surname. It is popularly known that O'Neill was King of Ulster, and O'Conor King of Connaught, and hence it is assumed that the prefix O is a title of great distinction; but it is never taken into consideration that O'Hallion was the name of the Irish Geocach or beggar who murdered O'Mulloy of Feara-Keall in the year 1110, or that Mac Carthy was King of Desmond or Mac Murrough was King of Leinster! It is therefore a positive fact that the prefixes O and Mac are of equal import, both meaning male descendant, and that neither is an indication of any respectability whatever, except where the pedigree is proved and the history of the family known. To illustrate this by an example: The O prefixed to my own name is an index of my descent from Donovan, the son of Cathal, chief of the Hy-Figeinte, who was killed by Brian Boru in the year 977; but the Mac prefixed in the surname Mac Carthy is an indication of higher descent, namely, from Carrthach, the great-grandson of Callaghan Cashel, King of Munster, whose descendants held the highest rank in Desmond till the civil wars of 1641.

It would be now difficult to show how this popular error originated, as the meanings of the two prefixes O and Mac are so nearly alike. It may, however, have originated in a custom which prevailed among the ancient Irish, namely, that, for some reason which we cannot now discover, the O was never prefixed in any surname derived from art, trade, or science, O'Gowan only excepted, the prefix Mac having been always used in such instances, for we never met O'Saoir, O'Baird; and surnames thus formed, of course never ranked as high among the Irish as those which were formed from the names of chieftains.

It may be here also remarked, that the O was never prefixed to names beginning with the word Giolla. I see no reason for this either, but I am positive that it is a fact, for throughout the Annals of the Four Masters only one O'Giolla, namely, O'Giolla Phadruig, occurs, and that only in one instance, and I have no doubt that this is a mere error of transcription.

Another strange error prevails in the north of Ireland respecting O and Mac, viz.: that every man in the north of Ireland of which Mac forms the first part, is of Scotch origin, while those to which the O is prefixed are of Irish origin; for example, that O'Neill and O'Kane are of Irish origin, but Mac Loughlin and Mac Closkey of Scotch origin. But it happens in these instances that Mac-Loughlin is the senior branch of the family of O'Neill, and Mac Closkey a most distinguished offshoot from that of O'Kane. This error had its origin in the fact that the Scotch families very rarely prefixed the O (there being only three instances of their having used it at all on record), while the Irish used O tenfold more than the Mac. This appears from an index to the genealogical books of Lecan, and of Duald Mac Firbis, in the MS. library of the Royal Irish Academy, in which mention is made of only three Scotch surnames beginning with O, while there are upwards of two thousand distinct Irish surnames beginning with O, and only two hundred beginning with Mac.

Another strange error is popular among the Irish, and those not of the lowest class, namely, that only five Irish families are entitled to have the O prefixed; but what names these five are is by no means agreed upon, some asserting that they are O'Neill, O'Donnell, O'Conor, O'Brien, and O'Flaherty; others that they are O'Neill, O'Donnell, O'Kane, O'Dowd, and O'Kelly; a third party insisting that they are O'Brien, O'Sullivan, O'Connell, O'Mahony, and O'Driscoll; while others make up the list in quite a different manner from all these, and this according to the part of Ireland in which they are located; and each party is positive that no family but the five of their own list has any title to the O. None of them would acknowledge that even the O'Melaghlins, the heads of the southern Hy Niall race, have any claims to this prefix, nor other very distinguished families, who invariably bore it down to a comparatively late period. On the other hand, it is universally admitted that any Irish family from Mac Carthy and Mac Murrough, down to Mac Gucken and Mac Phaudeen, has full title to the prefix Mac; and for no other reason than because it is believed to have been a mark of no distinction whatever among the ancient Irish. This error originated in the fact that five families of Irish blood were excepted by the English laws from being held as mere Irishmen. But of this hereafter.

There is another error prevalent among the Irish gentry of Milesian blood in Ireland (which is the less to be excused, as they have ample opportunities of correcting it), namely, that the chief or head of the family only was entitled to have the O prefixed to his name. This is the grossest error of all, for there is not a single passage in the authentic annals or genealogical books which even suggests that such a custom ever existed amongst the ancient Irish chieftain families, for it is an indubitable fact that every member of the family had the O prefixed to his surname, as well as the chief himself. But a distinction was made between the chief and the members of his family, in the following manner:—In all official documents the chief used the surname only, as O'Neill, O'Donnell, etc. In conversation also the surname only was used, but the definite article was frequently prefixed, as the O'Neill, the O'Brien, etc., while in annals and other historical documents in which it was found necessary to distinguish a chief from his predecessors or successors, the chief of a family was designated by giving him the family name first, and the christian or baptism name after it in parenthesis. But the different members of the chief's family had their christian names always prefixed as at the present day.

I have thus dwelt upon the errors respecting surnames in Ireland, from an anxious wish that they should be removed, and I trust that it will be believed henceforward that the Mac in Irish surnames is fully as respectable as the O, and that, instead of five, there are at least two thousand Irish families who have full title to have the O prefixed to their surnames.

(To be Continued.)

THE CITY INCORRUPTIBLE.

Hark! 'Tis the roar of labour,
A ceaseless, deafening sound,
Now from the trembling scaffolds,
Now from the yawning ground;
Not the red fires of Vulcan,
Nor Cyclops' pristine powers,
Could match their feats of magic
Who shape this world of ours!

With myriad panting engines,
With countless picks and drills,
They arch the threatening rivers,
They pierce the hostile hills;
In steam and smoke and lightning
Earth's captive forces play,
To weld with Titan torches
The city of to-day.

Still from their sunken footholds
Those cobweb buildings rise;
Whose panes ray back the morning,
Whose forehead touch the skies;
While many a crowded workshop,
And toiling mill and mine,
Yields up its costly treasures
To make them fair and fine.

Yet, void of civic honour,
Of justice, light and law,
What were the proudest structures
That e'er the round world saw?
Rome was a queenly empire,
But power and wealth and state
And fame and triumphs failed her,
With sons no longer great.

Firm stands the nation's bulwarks,
Her fortunes wax apace,
While Virtue guards here hearth-stones.
And Truth, her market-place;
Lo, theirs are streets and temples
That dwarf the courts of kings—
A free and glorious city
Of incorporeal things!

OUR WEEKLY STORY

THE OTHER SIDE.

(By K. F. PURDON.)

"Gettin' married," said the Honourable Reggie Langholme, with that air of unutterable wisdom that only youth and complete ignorance can impart, "gettin' married is like goin' at a big fence in a country you don't know. You keep askin' yourself what's at the other side."

As will be seen, even by so casual an acquaintance as the reader, the Hon. Reggie had "no use for" g's in his conversation. And people who knew him much better than the reader aforesaid is likely to do, said that he made very little more use of his gees in what he called the "huntin' field;" but that may have been jealousy, not of Reggie as a rider, but of the means to that end, which an inscrutable fate had placed at his disposal.

"A big jump that you don't know?" said his companion, on their way to a meet of foxhounds, Phil Offlahertie, and he spoke in a rather uninterested way, as if he was thinking of something else. But then he pulled himself together, and added: "Harden your heart and mutter your prayers, and go like—go for all you're worth, whatever meets you; that's what I think is the cheapest in the end, when you're riding to hounds. But of course I don't know how that would answer if you wanted to start in double harness!"

As he spoke, Phil was gazing abstractedly at the elegant Reggie, who was on a little in front, in faultless get-up—scarlet coat, silk hat, immaculate tops, and that air of important severity which is usually assumed therewith. Phil was gazing, lost in silent wonder "how the mischief a chap with such a horse under him could crane at his fences." The Hon. Reggie was credited with the habit inculcated by the old saw "Look before you leap." Caution is, no doubt, commendable; but this particular form of it is out of place after hounds, and is held in hearty scorn by your thoroughgoing fox-hunter. Phil was only a hard-riding young farmer, who declared he couldn't afford to hunt, except that it helped him to sell his horses, if he put manners on them by riding them to hounds himself. His present mount was a big, raking chestnut, evidently new to the work, for he had fretted himself into a lather already, and the covert was only just in sight. It stretched up the side of a grassy hill, almost covered in places by furze and bracken. The dogs were working busily through this home-grown jungle, their quivering tails just visible as they nosed their eager way about, called to order now and then by a sharp word from one of the whips, or the huntsman, who were posted at various coigns of vantage about the cover.

When they reached this centre of grave interest, "I'll get on top, where I belong," said Reggie, with a laugh, pointing with his hunting-crop to a group of riders on the crest of the hill, silhouetted against the sky, "you can see nothin' of what's goin' on as long as you keep potterin' about down here on the road!"

"I'd go, too, only I don't know how this brute of mine will behave among other horses" said Phil, "and I don't want to draw the master's tongue on me if I can help it. He'd turn the air blue with language if this fellow took to kicking among the dogs, and small blame to him either! And he's as uncertain in the temper—this colt I mean—as most chestnuts. Well, so long," as Reggie departed: "Stand still, you brute, till they find anyway! Ah!" with a sudden change of tone as his eye, following Reggie pacing up the hill, fell on a certain little figure he had been anxiously looking out for. So had Reggie, for that matter.

It was a figure not easily passed over, though it was only a girl of seventeen, and she was mounted on a pony as ugly as sin is said to be, though perhaps that is a point on which two opinions are admissible. The pony looked like going, and that is the main thing if you mean business at a meet. The girl was conspicuous among the half-dozen or so well-habited women who were out, by reason of her dress, a faded tweed skirt, evidently home-made, and a brilliant red coat a world too wide for her slender little person. She might be said to be conspicuously badly dressed, if you liked; but I don't know. A dress that makes a pretty girl conspicuous—that helps you to see so pleasant an object—can't be a bad dress. The red coat that was so remarkable was really good of its kind, only unfortunately, like its original owner, Eileen's aunt, a trifle out of date. She had had it to wear twenty years before, when it had been the fashion. She and it had hunted then many times, in company with a certain beautiful foreign Royalty. Then it (the coat) had descended to Eileen, when a sudden storm of misfortune had flung the girl into auntie's sole charge. Eileen heartily hated the red coat, but she had to wear it or stop at home. And she would not for the world wound auntie's feelings by seeming dissatisfied. Auntie, who was now watching her with that second-hand happiness that is so satisfying, from the rath that crowned the top of the hill. However, it wasn't so bad for Eileen. She couldn't help knowing that the colour became her "down to the ground." Very few pretty girls are so stupid as not to perceive these things—a providential circumstance that adds considerably to their happiness, and, therefore, to the happiness of the world—a commodity of which there will probably never be too much.

"Mornin', Miss M'Carthy," said the Hon. Reggie, saluting Eileen with some impressement; "glad to see you out. How's the pony. Pretty fit?" he added, with what Eileen fancied to be a touch of patronage.

"Quite well," she replied, somewhat curtly.

"I'll be glad to give you a lead," he went on, very kindly. He meant well, did Reggie.

"Oh, thanks very much" replied Eileen, with polite outer decorum, because auntie was listening now, and auntie belonged to an older school, which not only knew what was what, but acted on the knowledge. But Eileen added to herself: "Give me a lead, indeed! I like that cheek!" Eileen was a trifle slangy. "If you manage to be in the same field with myself and Leprechaun you'll be luckier than you deserve; that's all!"

Ungrateful—nay, stupid Eileen! Could you not guess even the drift of Reggie's reflections—that he was saying to himself: "If only that girl was decently turned out, in a properly-built habit, wouldn't she just make the other women sit up; that's all!"

But Eileen never even knew he was staring so hard at the big loose coil of black hair and thinking how well it contrasted with the milky-white throat, and trying to think of something to say that would make her look at him long enough to give him a chance of deciding whether her eyes were really blue or black. And Reggie kept wondering why on earth the said eyes should turn so often on the horsemen on the road below, and was that flourish of her whip a signal.

Suddenly there was a change in the music of the dogs; their short, sharp yelping swelled to a fuller tone. A shout was raised: "Gone away! Gone away!" and instantly, as if suddenly set free, everyone was on the alert, and eager to be in motion.

"There he is! There he is!" cried Eileen, as a long, tawny creature came gliding from the furze into view, and racing swiftly away. There was an agonized "Keep back, gentlemen, for the love of heaven, and let the dogs get to work!" from the master; there was the usual scrimmage to be off in the first flight, the usual feverish flurry among the people on wheels and on foot to rush to the next point of vantage—generally in the wrong direction, and then the gallant cavalcade had streamed off and disappeared, and

"Silence settled deep and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill."

"This is something like going" thought Eileen, exulting in the consciousness of being well to the front. "I wonder where Phil is. Struggling with that mad brute of his, I suppose, and, very likely, losing the cream of the run. As for that tiresome Reggie Langholme—Hurrah! Lep! The fox is over the big double! Now you and I have our chance to show them a thing or two! Ugly he called you! Said you had a head like a portmanteau, did he? He won't be within shouts of us after this! Now, pony, steady, and you can manage your own way. Goodness knows you ought to know best. Creep up one side of the bank; worry through the bushes; that's it; and now for a drop into this big field the other side. Well done, old boy!"

Leprechaun was an animal of vast experience, and Eileen was wise enough to give him a good deal of his own way. As they were gathering themselves together after the jump, a voice from the field they had just left—Mr. Langholme's voice—called out: "What's at the other side?" and, moved by an irresistible spirit of mischief, "I am!" cried Eileen.

But her voice was drowned by a roar from Phil: "Why don't you go see?" as he came thundering up on the big chestnut. "Clear the way, will you. Do you want to sleep the night here; for I don't!" and over the two rushed in safety.

"Where were you till now?" asked Eileen, as they raced off together, the gallant little Leprechaun straining every nerve and muscle to keep abreast of the long-striding chestnut. And, from this question, and Eileen's contented look and tone, it might be inferred that she and Phil were on, at least, friendly terms. "I was holding in this brute" said Phil, "and watching a chance to cut out Reggie Langholme. Confound him! What business has an ass like that with such horses as he rides!"

"It's just pearls before swine," said Eileen, a hard saying to apply to the elegant Reggie. Then an ugly obstacle intervened, in the shape of a wide water-jump with a bad take-off, and, after that, more hard riding to the finish, where, to her inexpressible joy, Eileen obtained the brush.

As they were jogging quietly home, through the dusk of a January afternoon, "I cut Reggie out at the big double to-day" said Phil, and the remark, coming after some minutes of silence, was not at all what Eileen expected. Besides, Phil was not given to that musical exercise known as "blowing his own trumpet." There was something unusual in Phil's tone, too.

"Yes; he got badly left," said Eileen. "I wonder if he's there still."

But Phil treated this foolish surmise with the indifference it deserved.

"I want" he said slowly and persistently "I want to cut him out in more than that, and you know that very well, Eileen. Tell me you don't really care for him?"

"Care for him! Who? That ass!" cried Eileen. Of course she should have resented such a question; but you see she knew no bet

ter, and besides, it was Phil that asked it. "Why, surely you know Phil—"

Eileen, as may have been observed, was nothing if not frank. Still, even she stopped short here, and at a most interesting point. But Phil managed to glean all the answer he wanted to his many questions.

"We'll stable our horses together some day, and before long, Eileen, please God!" he said earnestly, as he helped her to dismount at her aunt's door. "And you can always have the pick of the bunch to ride, when we're married and have set up on the other side."

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

(From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.)

CASTLEMARTYR.

CASTLEMARTYR, a post-town (formerly a parliamentary borough), partly in the parishes of Itermorrough, Ballyoughtera, and Mogeely, barony of Imokilly, county of Cork, and province of Munster, 19 miles (E. by N.) from Cork, and 127 (S. W. by S.) from Dublin; containing 830 inhabitants. This place is situated on the road from Youghal to Midleton, and on the mail coach road from Dublin, by Waterford to Cork; it appears to risen into importance at a very early period. At the time of the English invasion, the castle, then called the castle of Imokilly, was resolutely defended by one of the Geraldines; but the English at length reduced it and kept in it a powerful garrison, till 1196, when Donald M'Carthy besieged and destroyed it by fire, burying the garrison in its ruins, and putting to death all who escaped from the flames. The castle was afterwards rebuilt and became a very important fortress, commanding the pass betwen Cork and Youghal, and was strongly fortified and garrisoned by the English. In 1575, this castle, then called the castle of Ballymartyr, was garrisoned by Fitzgerald, seneschal of Imokilly, but was attacked by the Lord-Deputy Sidney and his forces, aided by 2,000 of the citizens of Cork, who, after a protracted and vigorous defence, compelled the garrison to surrender, and Fitzgerald narrowly escaped by flight. In 1645 it was besieged by Lord Inchiquin, to whom it was given up on honourable terms; and during the whole period of the parliamentary war, the town was the scene of violence and depredation, and was frequently plundered and partially destroyed. In 1688 it was plundered by Lieut.-Gen. M'Carthy and the Irish forces, on the retreat from Cork; and in 1690, after the battle of the Boyne, and the surrender of Youghal, a detachment of 36 dragoons and 42 infantry of King William's forces charged a body of 300 Irish at this place; the cavalry pursued them to the castle, in which they took refuge, and being joined by the infantry, they compelled the fortress to surrender and the garrison to march out without either horses or arms; in this skirmish the Irish lost 60 men killed and 16 prisoners. In 1691, after the surrender of Limerick, the Irish under Gen. M'Carthy obtained possession of the town by stratagem, but were shortly after driven out by a party of the garrison from Youghal, since which time the castle has been in ruins.

The town consists of one wide street, at one end of which is the demesne of the Earl of Shannon, and at the other a bridge, beyond which a cross road leads on the right to the villages on the sea coast, and on the left to Imogeely, Fermoy, and Tallow. On the right side of this cross road, which is lined with fine ash trees, some neat houses have been recently built, forming a suburb to the town. The total number of houses is 129, most of which are large and well built, and the whole being whitewashed gives the town a very cheerful appearance. The approach from Midleton is by a magnificent avenue of lofty elms, one mile in length, and terminating at the eastern gate of Lord Shannon's demesne.

The inhabitants were incorporated by charter of Chas. II., dated July 28th, 1675, granted to Roger, Earl of Orrery, by which the castle and lands forming his estate were erected into a lordship, called the manor of Castlemartyr, with courts leet and baron, and a court of record with jurisdiction extending to £200, under a seneschal to be appointed by his lordship. The charter also granted that the castle, town, and lands of "Ballymartyr," part of the said manor, should be a free borough, under the designation of the "Borough and Town of Castlemartyr," and should extend into the county of Cork in every direction from the centre of the town, so as to comprise in the whole an area of 100 acres. The corporation was styled "The Portreeve, Bailiffs, and Burgesses," and consisted of a portreeve, two bailiffs, and twelve burgesses, who had power to admit freemen at their discretion, and to send two members to the Irish parliament; the former privilege was never exercised, nor have the limits of the borough been defined. The corporation continued to return two members to the Irish parliament till the Union, when the borough was disfranchised, and the £15,000 awarded as compensation was paid to Richard, Earl of Shannon.

Immediately adjoining the town is Castlemartyr, the seat of the Earl of Shannon, a spacious mansion erected by the Right Hon. Henry Boyle, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. It is a substantial structure, consisting of a centre with a handsome portico and two extensive wings, and is situated in a demesne of 1,000 acres tastefully laid out in lawns and shrubberies, embellished with woods of stately growth, diversified with some beautiful sheets of water, and intersected with numerous walks and rides, commanding fine views of the richly varied and highly picturesque scenery with which the demesne abounds. Near the house is a large and beautiful lake, and there are two of smaller dimensions within the grounds; also two canals, over one of which is an elegant bridge. The shrubberies are exceedingly luxuriant, and the flower garden contains a great number of rare and hardy exotics, which, from the mildness of the climate, attain an extraordinary size. The ruins of the old castle of Imokilly, or Castlemartyr, the ancient seat of the Fitzgeralds, mantled with ivy to the very summit, and surrounded at the base with trees of stately growth, form a strikingly interesting feature in the landscape; and within the demesne are also the ruins of the ancient parish churches of Ballyoughtera and Cahirultan. The deer park is about two miles distant; it contains some of the finest timber in the country. The ruins of the ancient castle show it to have been a place of great strength, and from the variety of its architecture it appears to have been built at different times. Richard Alfred Milikin, a gentleman distinguished for his talents and benevolence, author of a poem called "The River Side," and other productions, including the well-known song of the "Groves of Blarney," was born here in 1767.

(To be Continued.)

THE BARDS OF OLD.

BY JAMES KEEGAN.

Those olden bards, those glorious bards, who sang
in the distant times—
They stir me like a trumpet blast—their wild
melodious rhymes:
In those old strains, o'er Erin's plains the Fenian
legions march,
And still their living deeds are blazed on song's
triumphal march.
I see the stern unconquered Fionn, that thunderbolt in fight,
Pursue from Tara's princely bowers young
Grainne's love-lit flight;
The milk-white stag on Lene's clear strand her
northward swift career;
Deep-mouthed Bran, the matchless hound, and
Osgar's magic spear;
The chase, the strife, the free, gay life—witch,
dragon, men, and beast;
The games they played, the works they made, the
rich and joyful feast:
That was the life—'twas life indeed; those were
the glorious times,
When men wrought deeds well worthy song, and
bards sang deathless rhymes.

Those olden bards, those glorious bards, who
reigned when earth was young—
When Love and Beauty fired their muse, how
sweet the songs they sung!
They're living still, shall live for aye, those queens
and ladies bright,
Who sat enthroned in the world of song, like stars
in summer's night.
There Niav, the maid of golden curls, still curbs
her snow-white steed—
She whose soft eyes and jewelled hand are warrior minstrels' meed;
O'er Muma's sea in twilight bower swan-bosomed
Cliona reigns,
And Deirdre's fate still wakes the tear in Uiad's
lonely plains;
To the moaning wind on Moyle's cold wave Lir's
daughters yet are wailing,
And still in the low moon's waning light the cygnets sad are sailing.
Sublime were the lays of the olden bards, and
sweet the songs they sung:
And though the world grows old and hoar, their
strains are ever young.

Those olden bards, those glorious bards, they sang
of land and sea,
The stars that roll through changeless paths, the
winds that rove so free;
A pæan of joy to Sol they poured, to Luna a gladsome hymn—
An ode to the light of day so bright, a rann to the
dark night dim.
They looked to the sky with raptured eye, they
dreamed of the restless main,
And evermore to the flowery earth they chanted
the mystic strain.
By the winding streams they loved to stray, or
far among forests green,
And oft at gloaming's tranquil hour in lonesome
raths were seen.
Their words were of hope to the sons of men, of
praise to God on high—
Their songs were of beauty that ne'er grows cold,
of virtue that ne'er shall die.
O honour those olden, glorious bards—honour their
deathless songs!—
But for them, mayhap, e'en hope had despaired in
the night of our darksome wrongs!

JOTTINGS OF OLD DUBLIN.

Extracted from the Diaries of the late Austin Cooper, Esq., F.S.A., of 4 Merrion square, Dublin, a learned Antiquary of the last century.

II.

1 April, 1795—

This morning I observed the workmen beginning to pull down the houses on the west side of Fleet alley, on Aston's quay, towards opening the avenue from Carlisle Bridge to College Green.

Mr. Gandon was often attacked in the public prints, and by private persons, about his great delay in building Carlisle Bridge, but he often told me, as well as the Commissioners of Wide Streets: "Let them look to opening their avenues, and not mind my work, for I will have it done long before any approach is made." In this he has been right, as the public can now verify.

2 November, 1784—

John Lees was the son of a boatman a Greenock.

He served his time as an attorney or solicitor, as they are there called—afterwards became clerk to Mr. Cathcart, in Guernsey, who was an army contractor.

Here Lord Townsend, then Colonel Townsend, first met with J. Lees, who, whenever an opportunity offered, took great pains to serve the Colonel, and attract his notice.

In this he was not disappointed. J. Lees some time after, married Miss Cathcart, the daughter of his employer, privately, and in consequence the father dismissed him.

How he disposed of himself afterwards I do not know, until Lord Townsend was coming to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, at which time J. Lees went to him—told a sad tale of his poverty, etc., upon which Lord T. said: "Damn it, man, come over to Ireland and write Lady Townsend's cards."

From an inferior domestic in the Castle, he warmed himself into the good graces of his lord, that he acted as private secretary, or, I may say, absolute secretary—for he was so clever and ready in making up despatches, that my lord and he constantly made them up without the knowledge of the principal secretary.

This caused a jealousy in Sir G. Macartney, who held that office, and was the cause of his resigning.

On his departure, Mr. Waite, who succeeded, gave up entirely to Mr. Lees, and let him act in his usual confidential capacity.

When Lord Harcourt came over, he got into the same employment, but not so much as before—I mean with regard to the Chief Secretary.

Under this Government, J. Lees got the Secretaryship of the Post Office.

On Lord Buckinghamshire's arrival he lost all favour, so much so, that he has himself declared it was sacrilege to put his foot in the Castle Yard.

When Lord Carlisle came over he again got into favour, and got the place of Secretary at War, on Captain Hamilton's death—this he held until the Duke of Rutland came over, and then was dismissed, as well as his nephew, J. Averit, from the Post Office.

Soon after he went to England, and by the junction of North and Portland, settled all differences—got the Court employment, and on the establishment of the Irish Post Office, was re-instated in his old employment.

12 May, 1796—

This day I witnessed Sir John Parnell's will with Mr. Crofton. (a)

21 June, 1796—

This night some person got in at the stairs window—stole all my clothes, a few spoons—and got clear off.

(a) He was Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer.

8 November, 1784—

They began to pull down the inside of the old Church of St. Nicholas Without, part of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

It was in a very tottering and ruinous state, and to repair, or, rather, rebuild it (to follow the words of the grant), the Parliament last session gave them £500.

17 April, 1784—

The workmen began to pull down the houses in College Green, joining the House of Lords, in order to clear the ground for building the new intended front for that noble edifice.

9 March, 1796—

Being appointed as a general fast, I went to Christ Church with the State.

The Bishop of Cork, Dr. Stopford, preached the sermon, which was nothing very extraordinary either in composition or delivery.

23 July, 1803—

Several friends dined here, but all went away before supper, on account of the disturbances in the city.

24 July, 1803—

The whole city in arms; the same as during the last Rebellion.

26 July, 1803—

The city quite on the alert this evening, owing to a false alarm of the rebels approaching at Thomas street.

20 August, 1803—

Cornet Cole, of the 12th Dragoons, piked by the rebels in Thomas street.

27 August, 1803—

Sworn a Peace Officer this day as one of the Committee in the Section—Trinity College, 33.

1 September, 1803—

Edward Kearney hanged and quartered this day in Thomas street, for being in arms there on the night of 23rd July. He was tried yesterday.

2 September, 1803—

Thomas M. Roche hanged and quartered in Thomas street for same offence as Kearney.

3 September, 1803—

Owen Kirwan hanged and quartered in Thomas street for same offence as the former Rebellion.

5 September, 1803—

James Byrne hanged, etc., this day in Townsend street for rebellion.

20 September, 1803—

Robert Emmet hanged this day in Thomas street for high treason, after a trial of 13 hours.

3 October, 1803—

J. McIntosh hanged this day.

4 October, 1803—

Thos. Keenan hanged, etc., this day.

6 October—

D. L. Redmond hanged, etc., this day on the Coal quay.

8 October, 1803—

Sworn a second time a Peace Officer, or, rather, Conservator.

9 October, 1803—

Went at night on duty as Conservator for my first time.

19 October, 1803—

Went to Christ Church as one of the Conservators in procession from the Exchange.

4 November, 1803—

Went to Mr. Villiers' lodgings, in College Green, to see the Army and Yeomanry fire round King William.

17 December, 1803—

Lord Conyngham left town for his command at Cahir as Brigadier-General.

30 September, 1804—

In the course of my early ride this morning, I observed a Martello Tower building at the butt of the pier at Dunleary (the first I have seen); they were about to turn the arch of the first storey, but how much higher it is to be I could not learn.

A few days after, I observed another Tower building on the strand near the old brick fields below Sandymount, and just opposite the works at the Pigeon House; it is not yet quite clear of the foundation, and must be a very expensive piece of work, as the walls are 12 feet 6 inches thick, and for the want of a firm foundation, being nothing but sand, has been laid on very solid planks.

16 June, 1804—

This day the statue of St. Andrew, by Smith, in Portland stone, was erected at the front of St. Andrew's Church.

6 July, 1804—

Went to the play to see Kemble in "Richard the Third."

3 August, 1804—

Sir Henry Cavendish died this day, at 4 o'clock.

NAPOLEON AND THE SMUGGLER.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that a vessel was engaged to be built at Battersea, by the renowned Johnson the smuggler, for the purpose of liberating Buonaparte from the Island of St Helena. The vessel was about 90 feet long, and of the burden of 100 tons. It was built of half-inch plank; the grain of two of such planks was placed in a vertical, and the other two in a horizontal position. These planks were so well caulked and cemented together that the thickness of the sides did not exceed that of an ordinary washing tub. The masts were so contrived that they could be lowered to a level with the deck, and the whole vessel might be sunk in shoal water, with the crew on board, without danger. Ample means were provided for supplying the vessel with fresh air. The plan was, to sail up at night, within a short distance of St Helena, and sink the vessel until the next or some subsequent night, when the emperor would be enabled to make his escape to the beach, at which time the vessel was to be raised, Buonaparte to get on board, and sail away in the dark. It happened, however, that Buonaparte died before the vessel was quite finished; and it is a curious coincidence that she was to be coppered the very day the news of his death arrived. Johnson was to have received £40,000 as soon as the vessel had got into blue water, exclusive of the reward to be given in case the enterprise succeeded. This Johnson had previously offered his services to the Admiralty, and affirmed that he could blow up any ship without being hurt. Accordingly a trial was given him in the Thames, accompanied by a boatswain to one of his Majesty's ships, who had been married only a week before, in a boat of a similar construction to the one before described, to a barge moored in the middle of the stream. They sunk their boat, made fast their torpedo to the bottom of the barge, and lighted the match. Johnson then perceived that his vessel remained fast, having got (as the sailors express it) his cable athwart hawse of the barge. Upon which he pulled out his watch, and having looked at it attentively, told the boatswain that he had only two and a half minutes to live. Upon this the boatswain began to make grievous lamentations—"Oh, my poor, dear Nancy!" said the boatswain, "what will she say?" "Avast blubbering," said Johnson; "doff your jacket, and be ready to stuff it in the hawse-hole while I cut the cable." Upon saying this, Johnson seized an axe, and cut the cable. The boatswain stuffed his jacket into the hole, and they got out of the reach of the torpedo, which blew up the barge.

KILDARE.



North View of the Town in 1794.

(FROM THE "ANTHOLOGICA HIBERNICA.")

(From the "Anthologica Hibernica," April, 1794.)

KILDARE, or Chille-darruigh, which signifies the church or cell under the oak, is said to have been founded by St. Conlæth in the beginning of the 6th century. It seems to have been one of the primitive churches of Ireland, and what is termed a mother church, numbers of which were deemed, in subsequent periods, bishopricks, though few prior to the 10th century were other than convents of regular canons, who resided in or near their churches, with their families and pupils or disciples, where they instructed youth in the principles of learning and religion. Under this circumstance, Kildare was one of the ancient schools or academies of Ireland during the middle ages. Of the original church and city of Kildare, there are at present no remains, both the church and other buildings being frequently plundered and destroyed by the Danes. The round tower and cathedral, whose ruins still remain, owe their origin to periods much subsequent to the times we are now speaking of.

If we believe the legendary chronicle, St. Brigid, an illegitimate daughter of an Irish chieftain, was the original founder of the church and convent of Kildare, for regular canons of St. Augustin, about the year 484, and was succeeded by St. Naithfraich, her coachman. But such tales deserve little notice; the regular order of St. Augustin was not founded before 1139, by Pope Innocent II., nor was St. Brigid and her nuns known before the year 1360. This lady was not Irish, as the fable relates but of Nerica in Sweden; their rule was nearly the same as that of St. Augustin, and both nuns and monks resided in the same monastery; that is, in one part the women, and in the other the men, and both under the government of the abbess. and her suffragan the abbot. So that all early account of Brigidines in Ireland is unfounded.

The church, however, of Kildare, and its school, flourished for some years, which occasioned much comfort of students, but unfortunately about the year 770 the town and abbey were destroyed by fire.

It was, however, soon rebuilt, and nearly regained its pristine splendour, when, in 830, Ceallach Mc. Brann, an Irish chieftain of the eastern parts of the county of Kildare, plundered both the town and abbey, during which a number of the clergy were slain. About five years after, Farannan, abbot of Armagh, attended by a number of his clergy, visited this place, probably to to repair and re-establish the monastery, but was seized by Fethlemid, son of Crinthan, and carried into captivity; and in the year following, 836, the Danes burnt the town and monastery of Kildare, and are said to have carried away the shrine of St. Conlæth. In 843 the Danes made another attack on Kildare, and slew Cudinasgh, the prior, with several others. So attached were the clergy or monks to their ancient dwellings, that they constantly repaired them, and suffered the same depredations from these plunderers in 882, when Mc. Duff Davorean, with his family, and 280 of the clergy and students, were carried into captivity. In 887, 889, 895, and 920, the Danes also plundered this town. In 907, Cormac, the king and archbishop of Cashel, gave his horse, one ounce of gold, and an embroidered vestment to this abbey. But which, with other rich articles, were taken by the Danes of Dublin and Waterford, in 924, 926, and 927.

In 962 the town was almost entirely destroyed by the Danes, and the greater part of the inhabitants carried into captivity. Notwithstanding these frequent losses, the collegiate school of Kildare still continued, and professors constantly resided here. The number of people who frequented this seat of learning made it constantly an object to the Danish plunderers, for in 965 992, 998, and 1012 they plundered this town, and in the last mentioned year destroyed it by fire. And in 1016 the Danes of Dublin, under the command of Sitric Mc. Amhlaif, laid waste the town. The buildings which, after the frequent depredations, were rebuilt, consisted of wattled cottages, and were therefore easily destroyed either by premeditated or accidental fire. Whence in 1018 the whole town was, except one house, destroyed by lightning; it was

also destroyed by fire in 1038, 1040, and 1071; also in 1098 and 1099 suffered the same calamity. During these periods flourished the professors or teachers, Cosgrach, Diermit O'Lachan, Mc. Donngal, and several others.

In 1096 a council was held in Ireland by Moriertach O'Brien, amongst other subjects, to consider of the repair of churches, when it is probable the church of Kildare was erected of stone; at least, the round tower is of that age ,and also the tower and cathedral now in ruins do not seem much later. These were probably the only buildings at that time of lime and stone, as we find in 1143 and 1135 the town and all its edifices destroyed by fire.

In 1152, Finan Mc. Tiarcain O'Gorman was abbot of Kildare, and assisted at the synod of Kells, when the distribution of palls was made by Cardinal Paparo, and was the first abbot of Kildare who acknowledged the church of Rome, and consequently the first Roman bishop, or rather any bishop; for the heads of the Irish churches prior to this period, though commonly styled bishops, were rather abbots, governing a convent of their clergy, who resided in community with their families.

In 1220, Loundres, archbishop of Dublin, extinguished the perpetual fire which were kept here and in various parts of Ireland for superstitious purposes. That at Kildare was kept in a small cell or house near the church, 20 feet square, some ruins of which are still visible, and called the fire-house. This fire, by which divinations were performed, was kept by virgins, called in Irish "Breochuidh," "Breoghidh," or "Brighid," that is, fire-keepers, from whence originated the story of St. Brigid and her nuns. They were, indeed, a species of nuns, but not the Brigidines who followed the rule of St. Augustin, as before observed, though in subsequent ages confounded with them. It doth not appear that any convent of Brigidines were in Ireland, and but one in England.

The Irish "Breoghidh," or "inghean an Dagha," that is, daughters of fire, as they were frequently called, were often women of the first quality, daughters of chieftains. One of these, Dermod Mc. Murrogh, king of Leinster, in 1135, stole out of her cloister, and forced to marry one of his own people. During which act of violence, 170 of the inhabitants of the town and abbey were slain. This fire, probably derived from pagan superstition, was in a few years re-lighted, and continued to burn till the total suppression of monasteries.

Soon after the arrival of the English, the town and church came into their possession, and a castle was erected for the security thereof by the de Vescies, to whom the town and district were granted. In 1229, the cathedral, if not rebuilt, was repaired and beautified at great expense by the bishop, Ralph de Bristoll. In 1260, William de Vescy, then earl of Kildare, began a monastery for friars of the Franciscan order, on the south side of the town; but afterwards completed by Gerald Fitz-Maurice, lord Offaly, in 1271, the ruins of which are still visible, but in nothing remarkable. About the year 1291 John Fitz-Thomas, lord Offaly, having a quarrel with William de Vescy, earl of Kildare, and L. J. of Ireland, when de Vescy refusing to decide the contest by single combat, according to the custom of the times, the king granted the town and manor of Kildare, with most of his other property, to the said lord Offaly, who became the first earl of Kildare of the Geraldines in 1316.

In 1294, Calbhach O'Connor having taken arms against the English, took the castle of Kildare, and burnt the rolls and tallies belonging to the manor, and wasted the adjacent country; but was defeated in 1307 by lord Offaly, and obliged to return to his own district, Hy Faly, in the King's county. In 1309 a parliament was held in this town, but we have no account of the business transacted by it.

About the year 1486, bishop Lane founded a college in the county of Kildare, in which the dean and chapter might live in a collegiate manner, but of which there are now no remains.

Among the number of students who were in different periods educated by the monks of Kildare, several were of distinguished parts, in particular O'Buge, who flourished about the year 1320, called generally in the language of the times, the burning light, the mirror and ornament of his country; he was well skilled in divinity, philosophy, rhetoric, and the canon and civil law, and was buried in the Carmelite monastery founded by William de Vescy in 1290. Which monastery was situated within the then town, and confounded with the ancient convent of regular canons, of which there doth not appear to have been any particular building; the cathedral was their church, and the members dwelt round it, in separate houses, constituting the ancient city. The ruins of the Carmelite monastery, or White friars, are seen a little to the west of the present town, but of no great extent, and was granted at the dissolution to Anthony Deeringe, in 1585. During the wars in the reign of queen Elizabeth, this town suffered severely; bishop Daly was three times turned out of his house almost naked and plundered by the rebels; so that in 1600 all the houses were in ruins, and without a single inhabitant. This, with the almost total alienation of the church lands by the bishops, Craik and Pilsworth, from the year 1560 to 1604, prevented the town of Kildare from rising again to distinction. In 1643 a garrison was established in the castle by the earl of Castlehaven, which in some measure re-assembled the inhabitants, but the cathedral, which had gone much to decay in the time of Henry the 7th, and repaired by bishop Lane, was nearly destroyed in 1641, and the steeple beat down by cannon, in which ruinous state, with the greater part of the church, it still remains, and the monuments, mentioned by Harris, no more; part of one, indeed, lies in the churchyard, but broke. The choir is repaired, and the present parish church, but there are neither bishop, dean, or chapter resident, the bishoprick being held in commendam by the dean of Christchurch.

In 1647, colonel Jones took the town upon quarter, but it was soon after retaken by the Irish, who held it till the beginning of June, 1649, when it was repossessed by the lord lieutenant.

The present town, which seems to be situated somewhat eastward of the ancient, stands boldly on a rising ground, and consists of the church, part of the castle still inhabited, the county infirmary, a good building on the east end, the parish school adjoining the church, a Roman Catholic chapel, a market house, and about 180 houses, most of which, however, are wretched cabins. It has 4 annual fairs, obtained from its ancient barons and earls, held on 12th February, 26th April, 12th May, and 19th September. In the reign of James 1st, it was instituted a borough, governed by a soveregn, recorder, and two portreeves, and sends two members to parliament under the patronage of the duke of Leinster. Here are no manufactures, except a small one of felt hats, and the general scarcity of water must in a great measure prevent any being established. The races of the Curragh contributed some years since to the business and riches of the town, but at present it is not much frequented by them. Being situated on the road from Dublin to Limerick, it is a post town, and the mail coach passes through it to the last-mentioned city, which, with other travellers, for some years have been the principal trade of the place, and even this has been greatly diminished by completing of the grand canal to Monasterevan and Athy.

SHOOTING THE CLOUDS.

It does not look as if the conference of meteorological experts, which has been meeting at Graz to investigate the value of firing charges of gunpowder for the purpose of preventing hailstorms, is likely to have any practical issue. The Hyrian burgomaster who first conceived the idea of protecting his vines in this way claims to have thus spared himself large sums, but the data brought forward at the conference were not of a kind to bring general conviction among the delegates, though many incline strongly to the belief that much may be accomplished in this way. However, the experiments are to be continued on the lines adopted by Herr Stiger, the author of the system. Small mortars are employed for the purpose, funnels being fixed on the muzzles in such a way that on the charge being fired a column of air is projected to a great height. It is believed that the formation of hailstones can take place only when the air is perfectly still, and that it is prevented by the violent agitation thus set up. The charge recommended by the conference is half-a-pound of gunpowder, and it is thought that experiments should be made with a number of the special mortars, distributed over an area of not less than 7,500 acres.

THE MEMORY OF HAZLITT.

It is suggested that a tablet should be placed on the house in which Hazlitt died, No. 6 Frith street, Soho, now a French boarding-house. That might well be done, says the "Era." The fact that Charles Lamb was in the room when Hazlitt died lends an additional interest to the house. At Winterslow Hut, where he lived for so long, the essayist, it seems, is without honour. We learn that the Hut, which is really the Pheasant Inn, standing on the old coaching road across Salisbury Plain, is in a somewhat ruinous condition. Hazlitt's room, however, can be readily surmised. As late as 1895 the old signboard was in an out-house, and not a soul at Winterslow had heard of the man to whom the village owes its fame.

IRISH FAIRIES,

BY EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Though the ordinary superstitions of the Irish peasantry may occasionally possess a decidedly gruesome and grisly nature, that portion which pertains to the fairy mythology of Ireland is full of revelation of belief in the almost universally comforting and friendly agency of every form of fairy elf, gnome, or imp. They are, of course, possessed of supernatural powers, but no one ever heard of an Irish fairy or imp harming anybody of right motive and life. Indeed, however wide and deep may be one's study of or acquaintance with these intangible folk of Erinn, no instance can be found of printed record from among the countless tales of the peasantry regarding their well-established doings, which could bring discredit upon their conduct, or make of the entire "wee folk" race aught but a benignant allied force of other good influences and people. Tracing their exact origin is a very difficult matter. The word sidh or sith, pronounced and Anglicised into shees, was always applied to the oldest known Celtic writings to the residences, palaces, and haunts of these immortals of the remotest Gaedhelic or Erse mythology. In this mythology was found the "man of the Sidhs," or the "farshee," and also "the woman of the Sidhs," or the "banshee." In the Gaedhelic mythology, however, were two classes of these immortals. One of these consisted of imps or demons having the power of taking upon themselves the body of man or woman, at will, and by wooing human men and women, and particularly in holding out ravishing promises of immortality, thus leading them into fatal unions through which the souls of the mortals so deluded were endlessly banished from heaven. The second class were semi-immortals and magicians, wholly devoted to Druidism and the black art. These beings are the mystic folks who originally possessed Erinn, and who gradually emerge from the realm of phantoms and legends, giving place to the forms and activities of men, where the hand of history begins to draw aside the veil from the silences. By many researches into ancient Irish lore they are interchangeable with the mythical Tuatha-de-Dananns. Those who believe Ireland to have been peopled before the coming of the Milesian colony, regard the Tuatha de Dananns as the aboriginal race, and their gradual and mysterious fading out of existence is largely the groundwork of ancient and present Irish mythology. Those who hold to the belief that the Milesians were the first human occupants of Erinn are willing to regard the Tuatha de Dananns as those imaginable beings easily created in the fanciful thought of the incoming wanderers, who naturally enough could not comprehend, from their eastern origin and associations, any land unpeopled and unknown of men. Whether the mythical race had existece, or whether its people were creatures of the imagination only so soon as the records of the doings of men came to be kept in ancient Erinn there were already centuries behind in which people of some sort existed, whose wonderful skill in the erection of sepulchral mounds, and in the making of metal ornaments and slender and delicately-formed spear heads, was such as to compel on the part of a less skilful and more warlike people the gradual deification of this mysterious race, and their eventful identification with the local phantoms and gods of the earliest historically known people of Ireland. True it is that in the oldest Irish authorities the fairies are often called the Tuatha de Dananns, and the latter are in turn given the virtues and powers of immortals and fairies. Their final dispersion after the two disastrous battles of Tailteann and Druim Ligheim was fairy-like enough. They "held a meeting at Brugh, on the Boyne, under the presidency of Manannan, and by his advice they distributed and quartered themselves on the pleasant hills (sidhs) of Erinn." Hence an easy transformation to "men and women of the hills" can be traced. Many of these sídhs are known to-day from local tradition and nomenclature. The learned Joyce states that the names of no less than seventy Irish townlands contain shee and its modifications; while anyone who will tramp about Ireland for a little, or, for that matter, even glance over its map for half an hour, will find names of vales, streams, glens, mountains, and hills, in countless numbers, which, in their Celtic form, have from 1,000 to 2,000 years been known as this or that "of or from the fairies." Sheetrim (Sidh-dhruim) or "fairy-ridge," and the old name of the Rock of Cashel, and also of six townlands of county Armagh, Knocknasheega (Cnoc-na-sige), near Cappoquin, in county Waterford, is the "hill of the fairies." Cuilsheegary is the name of two townlands in county Sligo, and its Celtic meaning is "the fairies forest." Ballysakeery, in Mayo, means the "town of the fairy hills." The Sheehys, a townland in Tipperary, means "the fairy mountains." The Shee hills, in county Meath, are "the fairy hills." Cloonshee, in county Roscommon, is "a fairy meadow." Mullagshee, at Ballyshannon, Donegal, "the hill of the fairy palace." These illustrations could be multiplied indefinitely, and there will be found names whose original and only present meaning comprehend every imaginable form of "rath or fort of the fairies," "the mill of the fairies," "the place of the fairies' dance," "fairy spring," "the glen of the wee folk," "the burn where the fairies sing," "the fairies' pool," "the church of the fairy hill," "the fairies' blacksmith shop," "storehouse of the fairies," "peeble heap of the fairies," "the fairies' cavern," "the mines of the fairies," and I even found, up among the misty heights of the Twelve Pins of Bunnebeola in Connemara, a lovely basin-like hollow near the top of wild Bengower, which the peasants of 2,000 years have called by no other name than "the place where the fairies wed." In the gradual evolution of the fairies of Ireland, that portion of demonology providing malevolent magicians of an impish nature has been wholly extirpated. The "farshee," or "man of the hills," in ancient times was a very wicked fellow, indeed, up to all manner of wizard harm, and making no distinction whatever between good and bad people in his depredations. So, too, the "banshee," or "woman of the hills," or "woman of the fairy mansions," as she is more pleasantly known to-day, was looked upon in olden times as a most vindictive and hurtful female demon. The former has been replaced by a throng of pleasant-mannered imps, possessed of much humour, with an occasional turn for practical joking, while not one in a score could be hardly accused of downright meanness. The latter has also, while retaining her original personality to a degree, been what might be called the fairy mother of an endless brood of lightsome fairies, who under no circumstances annoy other humans than those of evil heart and sordid nature and who are full of rewards to the generous, the sacrificial, and the good. The banshee itself, as everybody knows, is that sad-voiced one which, in the nature of a guardian spirit, comes to certain Irish families of long, unbroken line and gives notice by pitiful lamentation, often accompanied by the wringing and clapping of hands, of approaching death. By those who believe in her in Ireland to-day she is sometimes regarded as a spirit from purgatorial realms, released from penance when this pathetic mission is accomplished; by some she is thought to be a direct envoy from the spirit world; but by all she is believed to be the temporary persecution of some deceased member of the family to which her grievous message is brought. She is never trifled with, startled or vexed; for if this should happen the banshee would never again honour the same family, at least for a generation of time, with its tenderly plaintive presence. All Irish fairies are capable of conferring sure benefits, and their powers for punishing evil is regarded as boundless. Consequently they are a folk commanding more than ordinary respect, and they are universally spoken of either in the tender and friendly manner of "our neighbours" or with that delicate deference easily recognisable in the appellation of "the good people." Ghosts, phantoms, and demons form a goodly part of the fairy phantasmagoria of Ireland. One of the most hideous of these, and yet a fellow of infinite drollery, is the dullaghan. He is generally found with his head under his arm, in his pocket, or where a number of them are together, flinging it merrily at some other dullaghan, or again engaged with it in games of football; and I fancy Washington Irving had got an inkling of dullaghans before he penned his inimitable tales of "Ichabod Crane" and "Rip Van Winkle." I found them curiously occupied in the South-West of Ireland. The Kerry fishermen claim that once each year, at a certain time of the tide, a ship manned with a nameless crew sails thrice around Valentia Island, in search of a former pirate captain, who lost his head and ship in that channel in an engagement with Queen Anne's forces. Ballindullaghan, in county Roscommon, was a noted haunt of these odd creatures, and was so named in their honour. Drumarraghi, in county Fermanagh, is "the place of the spectres," arraght being Irish for an apparition. Then there are shirtless goblins for Lough Gillaganleny, the name of several tiny lakes in Ireland, means nothing more nor less than "the lakes of the shirtless fellows." Tobertasha is a coffin-shaped well, near Kilnamona, in Clare; and the signification of its Celtic name, Tobar-a'-taise, is the "well of the ghost." Killeennagallive (Irish, Cillin-na-ndealbh) in Tipperary, is "the little church of the phantoms." Again there are fairies who do nothing but play at coman, or hurley, and the fairy fort of Lisfarbegnagonmaun, near Corofin, in Clare, is simply "the fort of the little hurlers." The dancing fairies give Lissarinka its name—the fort of the dancing. Certain old forts or raths in the South of Ireland called Lissakeole, means "the fort of fairy music." While Lisnafeedy, from fead, a whistle, is "the fort of the whistling fairies." The Pooka is a wonderful spirit of merriment and cunning. In fact, he is the Irish (puca) Puck. He whisks through countless legendary tales, a ripple of laughter and a gleam of light, and scores of places in Ireland whose names bear his own, or some of its many modifications, attest his universal popularity. But of all Irish fairies the most exasperatingly impish practical joker is the leprechaun. He has many names in Celtic, such as luprachaun(luricane, lurrigadane, cluricane, lupperdane, loughryman, and the correct designation from which all these corruptions have come, luchorpan, from lu "everything very small," and corpan, diminutive of corp, a body. Leprechaun is the name now universally bestowed in Ireland upon this merry little sprite. He is still more familiarly known among the peasantry as "the little imp in green." To a hair's breadth he is just twelve inches in height. He is dressed in a little green coat with long, dainty tails, a bright scarlet vest, the prettiest knee breeches of puce velvet you ever beheld, with green silk hose, and low pumps with buckles studded with either diamonds or sparkling drops of dew. There is a jaunty barrhad or cap on his head, with the daintiest of dudheens stuck under the band at one side, and a jewel of emeralds, in the form of a shamrock, at the other. A film of lace made from rarest cobweb is gathered at his throat, another foamy rift of the same rolls over the edges of his little vest, and he wears a wonderful fob of wrought and blazing gold. His eyes are no bigger than doll's beads, but they are the merriest eyes that ever glistened; his mouth

is very large from continual laughter and his paunch is something wonderful to behold, developed into outrageous proportion from the shaking of his sides from uncontrollable merriment, all the result of his "jokes, deceptions, and diversions" upon those who endeavour to use him for gain. Indeed the little fellow seems to embody the idea of an endless torment and scourge to those who permit themselves to become possessed of an unholy greed and avarice. Patient plodding, hard labour, and a cheery spirit under deprivation and suffering, are all worthy of the characteristics of the lowly of Ireland. These are surely more or less rewarded in various ways by the leprechaun; but woe to the sordid spirit who endeavours to amass riches through the agency of this "little imp in green." His is the power to give sudden and great wealth. He has mills and mines and store houses of treasure innumerable. He is to every Irish man, woman, and child as the end of the seductive rainbow and kettle of gold to our own childhood's fancy, with this important difference. The leprechaun is an entity, an actuality. No one dare deny his possession of all the treasures necessary to instantly lift one from poverty to power and riches. Thousands of aching Irish eyes have feasted upon his gorgeous person and tantalizing face. Besides, you have the evidence of scores of places in Ireland being named from his known haunts. Near the old city of Cong, in Mayo, there is the Mullenlupraghaun cave, or "the leprechaun's mill." Here in former times good people left their caskeens of corn at nightfall, and came the next morning to find them full of meal, ground by the obliging leprechauns during the night. Only the other day I ascended Knocknatooricaun, near Lismore Castle, in county Waterford. It is the "hill of the looricauns," or "leprechauns." Poulaluppercadaun is a "pool of the leprechauns,' which I looked into at the edge of the Killorglin bog. And then, have not I myself seen many a score of peasant folk, who have told me, as I sat on the "stranger's seat" by the hobs of their cabins, from Malin Head to Dingle Bay, of the times when their brother, or father, or mother, or grandfather, or grandmother, had not only seen the leprechaun with their own eyes, but had actually caught the little imp; and but for their great excitement at the critical moment, "sweet bad luck to them!" would have gained the great treasure? There is no doubt about this little imp in green. But the conditions of securing his treasure trove are such that he almost invariably succeeds in defeating your greed and making you the laughing stock of a whole county and half another, more power to him for his cunning. If you can catch him and hold him until he is compelled to yield, you will gain all. Or, if you once catch his eyes and never move your own, you will succeed. But he has a gently-swung back door out of every difficulty. Get both your hands about his big paunch and squeeze him until he is black in the face, and he will whimper "Faith, an' it's yours, if I can be after tastin' me own breath?" You loose your grip a little, and in a twinkling he has popped out of your hands, "an' is givin' yez the five fingers at his beautiful pug nose." Follow him over bog and mountain, through fen and glen, and corner him quite at the peak of cloud-capped Carrantuohill, the highest mountain in Ireland, and he is more than your match still. "Well, here we are thin'!" he will exclaim, in a tone of praise for your great pluck. "Where is that treasure?" you will sternly reply, never taking your eyes from his own. "There, behind yer fut, ye gossoon!" You are startled and suddenly look behind you. The spell is broken. Away speeds the leprechaun with a maddening laugh that crazes you into shying great boulders after him down the mountain side; and you return to your every-day labours shamed into contentment with patient effort and slower gains. And thus the little Irish imp in green ever reproves avarice and discontent into honest effort and lives.

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS:

Compiled from Authentick Memoirs, Offices of Record, Manufcript Collections, and other Unexceptionable Vouchers,

By THE LATE WALTER HARRIS, ESQ.

IX.—Continued.

A.D. 1530. Sir William Skeffington was appointed lord deputy, and having landed near Dublin in August this year, together with the bishop of Meath, and the earl of Kildare, lately released from the persecutions of Cardinal Wolsey, the mayor and citizens of Dublin met them in solemn procession on the green of St. Mary's abbey, and the recorder, Thomas Fitzsimons, congratulated the arrival of the lord deputy, and the earl (who was very dear to the citizens), in a pithy oration; to which the lord deputy made answer in these words: "Mr. Mayor, and Mr. Recorder, you have at length, this nobleman here present, for whom you sore longed whilst he was absent, and after many storms by him sustained, he hath now to the comfort of his friends, to the confusion of his foes, subdued violence with patience, injuries with sufferance, and malice with obedience; and such butchers as of hatred thirsted after his blood, are now taken for outcast mastives, littered in currish blood. How well the king hath been of his gracious inclination affected to the earl of Kildare (his back friend being by his just desert from his majesty weeded) the credit wherein this nobleman at this present abideth, manifestly declareth. Wherefore it resteth, that you thank God and the king for his safe arrival. As for his welcome, Mr. Recorder's courteous discourse, your great assemblies, your chearful countenances, your willing meetings, your solemn processions do so far shew it, as you minister me occasion on his lordship's behalf, rather to thank you for your courtesy, than to exhort you to any further ceremony."

Kildare was no sooner arrived than he determined to punish the O'Tools for spoiling his tenants while he was in England, and was assisted therein by two hundred archers drawn out of the city bands; but with what success is not related.

A.D. 1531. A great riot and uproar happened between the soldiers and city apprentices, occasioned by a drunken servant, who, pitching hay in High street, threw some of it on a soldier's bonnet. The soldier, resenting the usage, cast his dagger at the servant, which not taking place, stuck in a post behind him. The servant thrust the soldier through the shoulder with his pitch-fork, upon which he was joined by several of his companions, as the servant was by the apprentices, and the fray became general, many being wounded on both sides, though none slain. Thomas Barbie, who was then mayor, issued out of his house with the king's sword drawn, and with great difficulty at length appeased the riot, and the lord deputy having come up by that time as far as the pillory, the mayor presented the author of all the mischief to him, who, in regard no death ensued, pardoned him.

A.D. 1534. Thomas Fitz-Gerald, eldest son to the earl of Kildare, being left lord deputy in his father's absence, a rumour was spread abroad that his father was imprisoned and beheaded in London; upon which he surrendered the sword to the council, and flew out into open rebellion. The council sent secretly to the mayor and citizens to apprehend Fitz-Gerald and his accomplices. But either the favour of the citizens to that house, or the strength of the confederacy, or the weakness of the city, which was much dispeopled by a plague then reigning in town and country, prevented any attempt at that time; however, the citizens afterwards behaved themselves with zeal and resolution against him. Fingal was the granary which usually supplied the city with corn; but was now exposed to the depredations of the O'Tools, and other Irish of the mountains, assisted by John Burnell of Ballgriffin, a gentleman of a good estate in Fingal, who favoured the rebellion. The citizens having received advice that the O'Tools were busied in conducting a prey from Fingal to the mountains, sallied out to intercept them at Kilmainham-bridge. They met the enemy near the wood of Salacock; but being overpowered with numbers, they were routed, and four score of them slain.

This misfortune threw the city into a consternation, which Fitz-Gerald laying hold of, demanded liberty to march his army through it, and lay siege to the castle, promising that no citizen should be injured in his property by his soldiers. The citizens took time to advise on this matter before they gave their consent; and immediately despatched one of their aldermen, Francis Herbert, to the king to know his pleasure, who, for his discreet demeanour upon the occasion, received the honour of knighthood, and was made a member of the privy council. They also consulted the constable of the castle, who regarding the security of the city, gave his consent to the demand, provided he were sufficiently furnished with men and provisions to withstand a siege. The citizens sent by night into the castle a good store of provisions, and alderman John Fitzsimons, upon his own account, furnished the constable with 20 tun of wine, and 24 tun of beer, 2,000 dried ling, 16 hogsheads of powdered beef, 20 chambers for mines, and an iron chain for the drawbridge that he had procured to be forged in his own house, to avoid suspicion.

The castle being abundantly supplied, the citizens consented to Fitz-Gerald's demands, and he accordingly sent in 600 men

under the command of six captains, viz., Field, Teeling, Wafer, Broad, Rouks, and Purcell, who planted two or three pieces of artillery near Preston's inn, opposite to the castle gate, and intrenched their party with strong ramparts sufficient to defend them from the shot of the castle; and to frighten the constable from annoying them with his ordinance, they threatened to place the youth of the city on the tops of their trenches, as marks at which they would be loth to aim.

The citizens considered this behaviour as a perfidious breach of treaty, and Sir Francis Herbert, returning at this juncture with an encouraging message from the king to stand manfully on their defence, and promising them sudden aid, they ordered the gates to be shut, as well to prevent the arrival of further supplies to the besiegers as to secure the rebels then in the city: they let down their portcullis, placed flags of defiance on the walls, proclaimed an open breach of the truce, and set about apprehending the traitors within the walls.

The besiegers, having notice of these preparations, thought it full time to shift for themselves, and some had the good luck to escape by fording the river; but most of them were taken prisoners. Fitz-Gerald at this time was ravaging the county of Kilkenny; but having speedy notice of his ill-fortune in Dublin, he immediately marched thither, and summoned all the powers of the Pale to join him near the city. In his way he seized upon several children of the citizens, who were at school in the country to avoid the inconveniences of the plague; particularly he got into his hands three sons of Walter Fitzsimons, who was mayor of Dublin the foregoing year, and James Stanihurst, who was afterwards an eminent lawyer, recorder of Dublin, and speaker in several parliaments. By means of these and other young gentlemen of rank, whom he seized, he hoped to oblige the citizens to a composition, and accordingly despatched messengers unto them to expostulate the breach of league, and require that it might be renewed, or at least the prisoners enlarged. But receiving a flat denial, he attempted to distress the citizens by cutting off the pipes of the conduits, and diverting the springs and rivulets that supplied the town with fresh water; and shorty after laid a formal siege to the castle in Sheep-street. But he was soon driven from thence, partly by the ordnance from the castle, and partly by an artificial fire prepared by one White, which burned down the thatched houses, and took from him all advantages of shelter.

From thence he removed to Thomas-street, and attempted to enter the city by Newgate, having for that purpose demolished the partitions of the houses on both sides, and thereby made a covered gallery, by which both his horse and foot were defended from any gun-shot from the walls. He then set fire to New-street, and planted a piece of artillery against Newgate, which pierced the gate and killed an apprentice of alderman Stephens, who was endeavouring to get water at the high-pipe in the middle of Corn-market. The valour of Richard Stanton, gaoler of New-gate, was memorable upon this occasion. He was an excellent marksman, and did much mischief to the rebels, whenever they had occasion to appear from under shelter. He perceived one of the enemy levelling his piece at the loop-hole where he stood; but preventing his design, he shot him in the forehead, and had the hardiness in the midst of fire to issue out of the wicket, and strip him of his gun and clothes, which he brought safe into the garrison.

However, the boldness of this action not only displeased the citizens, but excited the rebels to revenge; and therefore they immediately brought fire and faggot to the gate in hopes to burn it, and procure an entrance that way. The townsmen wisely considered that if the gate was burned, the expectation of plunder would animate the rebels to fight with greater alacrity within than without the walls; and they were persuaded that many of Fitz-Gerald's army, being inhabitants of the Pale, and forced to the camp, were in their hearts loyal; of which the citizens were convinced, because most of the arrows shot over the wall were unheaded, and many of them conveyed letters giving an account of all their leader's stratagems. These considerations induced them to resolve upon a sally, and reporting from the walls that new succours were arrived from England, they rushed out through fire and flame. The vigour of the sally gave a reputation to what they had proclaimed, and the enemy, not thinking the citizens durst adventure so briskly, unless they were supported, immediately fled, leaving one hundred gallowglasses slain, and their falcon a prey to the defendants. Fitz-Gerald fled to the friary in Francis-street, where he lurked that night, and in the morning got to the remainder of his shattered army.

Cooled by this defeat, and standing in great need of artillery and ammunition, he desired to treat with the citizens on these articles: I. That his men who were in prison should be enlarged. II. That the city should pay him £1,000 in money and £500 in wares. III. That they should furnish him with ammunition and artillery. IV. That they should intercede with the king for the pardon of him and his followers.

The mayor and aldermen debated these articles, and by the recorder answered to the I. That they would enlarge the prisoners, if he would deliver their children. To the II. That his wars had so impoverished them, that they could spare neither money nor wares. To the III. That if he intended to submit, he had no need of ammunition or artillery; if he did not, that they would not furnish him with implements to punish themselves. That instead of artillery to withstand his prince, they expected he should have requested parchment to engross his pardon; which IV. They promised to interecede for with the king by word or letter. In the end he accepted these terms, and hostages for the performance being mutually delivered, he drew off from the siege.

The great services and sufferings of the citizens upon this occasion were afterwards gratefully remembered to them and rewarded by the king; who by letters patent dated the 4th of February, 1538, reciting "the siege, the famine, miseries,, wounds, and loss of blood suffered by the citizens," granted to them and their successors for ever the site, precincts, ambit, and all the estate lately belonging to the dissolved monastery of All-hallows, near Dublin, lying in the counties of Dublin, Meath, Louth, Kildare, Tipperary, Kilkenny, and elsewhere in Ireland, at the rent of £4 4s. $0\frac{3}{4}$d. in the name of the twentieth part of the annual value. And further, in consideration of the debility and ruinous condition of the great forts and towers of the city, and in order to repair, support, and fortify the walls, he confirmed to them and their successors a grant made to them for sixty years by King Richard III. in the second year of his reign, of a rent of £49 6s. 8d. issuing out of the fee farm of 200 marks payable by the city to the crown; and as a further token of his bounty and gratitude, the king by the same patent granted and released to the city for ever an annual rent of £20 out of the said fee farm, which he had before in the second year of his reign granted to them only for forty years. Sir William Skeffington, lord deputy, landed the 4th of October following, and brought with him his majesty's gracious letters to the city of Dublin. An earthquake this year was felt in Dublin.

(To be Continued.)

The reason for the abandonment of the Sandy Hook battery of pneumatic guns is not to be found in any structural defects, but simply in the improvement of modern ordnance. The pneumatic gun is the invention of Captain Zalinski, who devoted his entire energy to the invention of a gun which would surpass in destructiveness anything that had previously been devised. The range of the pneumatic gun is about two miles; the modern 12-inch and 8-inch army guns, on the other hand, have ranges that vary from 5 to 10 miles, and are, moreover, much cheaper. That, in a nutshell, is the reason for the change. The only advantage which the pneumatic gun now has over the powder gun is its ability to throw masses of nitroglycerine or high explosives of equal power and sensitiveness without danger. It may be safely said that powder guns have so far not proven successful throwers of aerial torpedoes. But their cheapness and general efficiency fully compensate for this defect.

Mrs. Mayne Reid, who was granted a £50 pension from the Civil List the other day, is often to be met in London, and is not by any means so old-looking as one would expect to find the widow of the popular romancist who died at Maida hill nineteen years ago. It was in 1853, on his return to London from the wars in Mexico, that Mayne Reid—then thirty-five—fell in love with the thirteen-year-old daughter of George Hyde, of Quorn House, Leicestershire, a lineal descendant of the first Earl of Clarendon. A couple of years later they were married, and on many occasions the roving Captain's "child wife" was taken for his daughter. It was when they lived in Woburn place that Mayne Reid brought in from the streets one night the wild outcast, "attired in a rough blanket, with his head passed through a hole in the middle," who afterwards became known to fame as "Cannibal Charlie." The Captain fed him up, and he afterwards wrote "Lost Lenore; or, The Adventures of a Rolling Stone," a three-volume romance that would have choked off De Rougemont in time—if he had ever come across it.

LITERARY NOTES.

The late Lord Acton published so little in his lifetime that the reader might fairly expect a considerable crop of posthumous work from his pen. It is in vain, probably, to hope that any manuscript of the long-desired "magnum opus" will be discovered amongst his papers. Extreme delicacy of literary conscience—which made him feel that nothing could be written well enough to be given to the world, the obstruction of the mind by vast masses of material, and perhaps the absence of "that eternal want of pence" which has been responsible for so many a great book, combined to restrain Lord Acton from "rushing into print."

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The charge against Dickens, that in drawing Harold Skimpole, in "Bleak House," he perpetrated a libellous caricature of his friend Leigh Hunt, has been repudiated by Mr. Swinburne in his recent criticism of the novelist. Mr. Swinburne maintains that Skimpole was so unlike Leigh Hunt that the charge was absurd; but he blames Dickens for not having taken this high line, and denied the similarity outright. "The Westminster Gazette" lately recalled Dickens's semi-apology for Skimpole, which was to the effect that he made Skimpole talk like Leigh Hunt, but that in all other respects the character was imaginary.

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Mr. Swinburne now writes to our contemporary the following letter:—

I wish I could think I had always been wrong in thinking or feeling that Dickens's rejoinder to the charge of libel on the character of Leigh Hunt was singularly incomplete, ineffective, and awkward. I am old enough to remember its appearance, and the fact that I never met anybody at the time who did not think it more and worse than inadequate as an apology. "God forgive him," by all means; but mere men, I fancy, will, as a rule, agree with me that the due reply should have been the shorter and more straightforward one, which would at once have indicated and established the outrageous absurdity of the libellous imputation.

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Three years ago an excellent copy of Sir Walter Scott's first romance, published at 31s. 6d. in 1814, realised £150. The other day a long series of Waverley Novels, in the first edition, original boards, uncut, came under the hammer in Wellington street, many of them from the collection of the late Dr. Joly, of Dublin. Unfortunately, the "Waverley," although complete, could not be described as desirable in so far as exterior is concerned; moreover, the three much-used volumes, $7\frac{3}{8}$ by $4\frac{1}{4}$in., lack the white paper backs. Despite these drawbacks, Messrs. Quaritch paid £162 for the novel—a record price which compares with £150 for the finer set in 1899. Even more remarkable, perhaps, was "Guy Mannering," in similar state, but with the labels. On the other hand, Vol. I. lacked the imprint. Messrs. Quaritch were again the buyers at £86, against £70 for the perfect Harris example, one leaf torn, last year. In all, £306 15s. 6d. was paid for 20 lots of Scott's works in first edition, all from the Joly library.

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Mr. Fergus Hume, author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" and many other sensational stories, is the son of the late James Hume, of Dunedin, New Zealand. He was, however, born in London, on the 24th July, 1862. He was educated at Dunedin High School and at the University of Otago. He was then called to the Bar of New Zealand, and went to live in Melbourne until 1888. A year previously he had published his first and best-known book. It created here and in Australia an amount of interest that none of his succeeding books have quite achieved. "Madame Midas," "The Indian Bangle," and "The Crime of the Crystal" are some of Mr. Hume's other novels, and a year seldom passes without the addition of one to the list.

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On July 26, 1796, a quaint notice of the death of Robert Burns appeared in the "Edinburgh Advertiser." The subjoined extracts are not without interest just now: "The public, to whose amusement Robert Burns has so largely contributed, will learn with regret that his extraordinary endowments were accompanied with frailties which rendered them useless to himself and his family. . . . It is proposed to publish some time hence a posthumous volume of the poetical remains of Robert Burns, for the benefit of the author's family. . . . It is hoped that, in the meantime, none of his original productions will be communicated to the public through the channel of newspapers or magazines, so as to injure the sale of the intended publications."

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Mr. Barrett Browning has bought a new property in Italy. It lies near to Florence, the city of his birth. That event gets to be distant—it was fifty-three years ago. The young child was "so like Robert," but was "so fat and rosy and strong" that his mother said she was "sceptical' of his being her child. "I suppose he is, after all," she writes to her sister-in-law, Miss Browning, who is now the companion of her nephew on his new estate. Before he was six months old his mother was able to say of him: "He is afraid of nothing in the world, and was in fits of ecstacy at the tossing of the horse's head" when he rode on his nurse's knee for five or six miles to a villa in the mountains—screaming for joy. The child was father to the man so far as a love for horses is concerned; and, with his new "stake in the country," the son of two great English poets may be said to be almost a fixture in the country where he was born, and where both his father and his mother breathed out their last sigh.

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The most important of the celebrations at Dieppe in honour of the birth of Alexandre Dumas was a performance of "Antony" the five-act drama which was produced at the Theatre de la Porte St. Martin, on May 3, 1831. The representation attracted a crowded audience to the pretty little theatre opposite the Casino, and, thanks to the satisfactory embodiment of the principal characters, the interest of the spectators was maintained until the close of the lurid story. "Antony" has become a classic—in the sense that it is very seldom performed either in Paris or elsewhere. It is a powerful but unpleasant drama. M. Albert Lambert fils passionately represented the impulsive, love-sick Antony, and Madame Raphaele Sisos impersonated the unfortunate Adele, who is prevented from forgetting the past, much as she desires to do so. The prologue was effectively delivered by M. le Marchand, and at the termination of the play, an ode by M. Dorchain was recited in honour of the occasion by M. Lambert fils, the company meanwhile surrounding a bust of Dumas placed in the centre of the stage, and waving gilt palm leaves in front of the huge plaster cast.

In the fifteenth century, Venice, who has just lost her campanile, and must rely on world-wide subscription to rebuild it, was wealthy enough to spend much money merely on advertising her splendour. She paid to Jacopo Sannazaro what is regarded as the highest price on record for a short poem. The six lines for which Sannazaro received six thousand golden crowns were thus translated by John Evelyn, the author of "Sylva":

Neptune saw Venice on the Adria stand,
Firm as a rock, and all the sea command.
"Think'st thou, O Jove!" said he, "Rome's walls excel?
Or that proud cliff, whence False Tarpeia fell?
Grant Tyber best, view both; and thou will say,
That men did those, gods these foundations lay."

Howel, when he came to write on the "stupendous site and structure of London Bridge," opened thus, without acknowledgment to the £1,000-a-line poet:

When Neptune from his billows London spied.

It scarcely need be said that he did not repeat the financial success of Sannazaro.

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An Edinburgh correspondent of the "Academy" raises the following Scott mystery: Sir Walter Scott's first public avowal of the authorship of the "Waverley Novels" was made at a theatrical fund dinner in Edinburgh, 23rd February, 1827. He said that upwards of twenty persons had previously been in the secret of the "Great Unknown," and that they had kept their secret very well. In gossiping memoirs dealing with this period one finds shrewd enough guesses, indeed guesses that are true. But how can one account for the biographical preface to a dainty German edition of Scott's Works, published at Twickenham, by the brothers Schumann in 1819, which is signed J. M. P.? This writer, whoever he was, who prefaced Volume I., "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," is quite certain as to the authorship, for he says that Scott "enjoys at present the same high character as an historic novelist as that he has acquired as a poet. Since Fielding and Smollett, no one has succeeded so well in this branch of literature; the characters in "Waverley," "Rob Roy," "Guy Mannering," the "Antiquary," and "Tales of My Landlord" are masterpieces of descriptive life, and at a future period, when the historian may be at a loss to describe the state of politics, manners, and society that existed in the first half of last century, he will find in these productions resources to aid his researches, which he will seek in vain for in the works of writers who then lived. . . . . These works have appeared without his name to them." Who was this prophetical J. M. P. who was so sure of the authorship? Certainly no such distinct statement was made in print at this date in England. This little volume I. of a German edition of Scott's works is the property of Dr. Alexander Buchan, Secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society, Edinburgh."

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On this information, says the "Academy," and the spur of the moment, we can suggest only two possible explanations. One is that the date 1819, derived we presume from the title-page alone, is a misprint for 1829. The other is that a Twickenham publisher, living comparatively remote from the literary arena, thought well to deliver as certainty what he had received only as rumour, that the dogmatic character of his statement was due to irresponsibility rather than knowledge. Our first suggestion is, of course, weakened by the fact that J. M. P. does not mention any Waverley novel published after the professed date of his edition, 1819. But this might be coincidence.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

Lake Titicaca is the highest known sheet of water in the world, being 13,000 feet above sea level. This inland lake measures 120 miles in length, and varies from 25 to 40 miles in width. After enormous difficulties had been overcome, a steamer built by Messrs. Denny Brothers, of Dumbarton, was launched on the lake, and it now plies between Puno, in Peru, and Chiliaya, in Bolivia, on the opposite shore of the lake, about 100 miles away. These places are the termini respectively of Peruvian and Bolivian lines of railway.

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Recently a large wild goose was killed not far from Spokane City, Wash., which had evidently winged its way from the remote Eskimo lands. When the hunter picked up the bird he was surprised to observe a slender piece of ivory protruding from its breast just below one of its wings. With much difficulty he succeeded in pulling out the piece, for the flesh had grown tightly around it. It proved to be an arrowhead, about eight inches long, which had some queer carvings on the stem where it had been fastened to the shaft. The carvings were delicate, though quite distinct. On a careful inspection by some Klondyke miners the carvings were pronounced to be of Eskimo origin. No arrowpoint of that kind was ever known to have been used by the Indians of Washington or British Columbia. The head was of fine ivory, no doubt carved from a walrus tusk. Evidently the goose had been shot by an Eskimo hunter in the Arctic regions, the wound had healed, the flesh had grown around the weapon, and in its long flight the bird had no doubt broken off the arrowshaft.

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Many devices have been proposed to prolong the life of electric arc lamps. The most effective arrangement consists of a chamber or cylindrical body around the pencil ends, which prevents access of air and thus secures longer life. But the use of such a chamber is objectionable by reason of the fact that it decreases the light ignition While it raises the temperature of a luminous arc, no means are provided by which this increase of temperature is utilised. A German inventor believes that he has devised an improvement in such arc lamps by providing them with pencils containing an addition of metallic salts or substances having a higher temperature of combustion than the carbon itself. Such carbon pencils, it is claimed, will produce a highly luminous arc. The temperature of incandescence and the power of emission of light possessed by the metallic salts used will be intensified in proportion to the heat generated by the combustion of the carbon. With pure carbon pencils the reflectors are disadvantageous as regards the yield of light, by reason of the higher temperature for reduced luminosity of the arc. With the use of this especial carbon, it is claimed that the very cause of this disadvantage is utilised in realising a distinct improvement.

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In connection with the disastrous eruptions in the West Indies, it was hoped by the planters, as a partial recompense for the terrible destruction of their property, that the volcanic dust might contain soil-enriching phosphates. Tradition says that after the dust-shower which accompanied the eruption of 1812 the sugar cane flourished in the West Indies as never before. The remarkable crops harvested in the years immediately following 1812 were attributed to the presence of phosphate and potash salts in the dust. An analysis of the dust, however, reveals the fact that the soil of the Barbadoes will profit little by these most recent eruptions. In a hundred parts of the dust that fell on May 7, only 0.675 part of potash and 0.141 part of phosphoric anhydride were found. Other constituents of the dust (alumina, titanium oxide, iron oxide, lime, magnesia, soda, etc.) are already contained in abundance in West Indian soils. The planters have merely reason to congratulate themselves that the sand contains no injurious substances and that the texture of the soil may be somewhat improved by the incorporation of the dust with the surface layers. That the eruption of 1812 was less violent than that of 1902 is indicated by the fact that the dust of the former is composed of much finer particles than that of the latter. The dust of 1902 is almost entirely volcanic glass.

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One of the most powerful engines ever built for driving a dynamo has been completed by an engineering firm of Leeds, and is to be utilised in connection with the municipal electric lighting plant of that city. It is of the vertical double-acting triple-expansion type, and every part is inclosed. The three cylinders are at the top of the structure, and have respectively diameters of 23 inches (high pressure), 35 inches (intermediate), and 55 inches (low pressure). The length of the stroke is 30 inches, the shaft on which the cranks are set at 120 deg. is 12 inches in diameter, while the total height from bed-plate to top is 22 feet, and it is designed to make from 200 to 250 revolutions of the crankshaft per minute. Some fine castings have been employed in its construction, notably the bedplate, which measures 21 feet by 8 feet and weighs 16 tons. The casing is cast in two pieces, and weighs 22 tons, while the low-pressure cylinder weighs 9¼ tons. The total weight of the complete engine is 105 tons. The cylinders are fitted with slide valves, and are self-draining. The forced system of lubrication is employed. The oil is supplied to all the working parts by a pump without valves or packing, driven from the crankshaft, which discharges the oil at a pressure of 10 pounds to 25 pounds per square inch through specially designed oil channels. The oil that escapes from the bearings drains into the crankpit, and is used again. The engine is coupled direct to a dynamo with a normal output of 1,400 kilowatts, but capable of generating 1,540 kilowatts. The steam pressure of the engine is 200 pounds maximum per square inch, developing 2,500 indicated horsepower.

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The Norwegian Government has voted a sum of £18,000 to provide a submarine boat for the Norwegian navy. Captain Geelmuyden, of the Norwegian navy, was commissioned to visit the United States to examine the various types of this class of craft, and has recommended the Holland submarine, the construction of which will be commenced immediately. The British Government has also notified the company controlling the Holland patents of its acceptance of this type of boat for the British navy, the experiments with the first of the vessels built by the Vickers-Maxim Company of Barrow, upon the Holland designs, having proved highly satisfactory.

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From the rate at which the timber of the United States is now being used, says the Railway Age, it is apparent that within a few years a question of some weight will be that of securing a suitable supply for those industries using this material in large quantities. Railroads will be affected because of the large demands made by them for timber for tie purposes. It is true that great tracts of timber yet remain, but these for the most part are located in such remote districts that the necessary freight charges practically prohibit their use. The most natural remedy to propose is that of so treating the tie as to lengthen its life. Various successful methods of treatment are now being used, but in practically all cases the tie with treatment is just about as expensive in the end as the untreated tie. Among the other speculations that have arisen since the discovery of oil in Texas is that of determining its preservative properties in the treatment of ties. To this end extensive experiments are now being made by the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe. A tank has been built by that company at its creosoting plant at Summerville, Tex., where ties are being soaked with crude oil. These will be placed in the track together with others treated by various creosoting processes, and the comparative value of the treatments determined. Different localities have been chosen for the tests where the ties will be subjected to extreme conditions of weather and climate.

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Astronomers expect the appearance of two periodic comets during the present year. The first of these was discovered by Temple at Marseilles on the 27th of November, 1869, and returns every 5.5 years. Its period was only known, however, after the rediscovery of the comet on the 11th of August, 1880, by L. Swift, for in 1875 it was not favourably placed for observation, and the same on its return in 1886 and 1897. In 1891 it was but feeble, and was observed for the first time on its return by Barnard on the 27th of September, with the Lick telescope. It will be in a better position for observation in the first part of December next, when it is expected. The second of the periodic comets has an interesting history. It was discovered by Swift on the 20th of August, 1895, and calculation assigns it a period of about seven years. It is remarkable that this comet seems to be identical with the one discovered on the 14th of June, 1770, at Paris, by Messier, who was called the "ferret of comets," because he had observed a greater number than any astronomer of his time. Lexell had calculated its orbit, and supposed that as its period was 5.5 years, it would come back at the end of 1775; but he did not find it, in spite of all his searches. Schulhof is of the opinion that the comet is passing near the planet Jupiter, whose mass is considerable, has undergone great modifications in its movement, and that the comet described by Swift is the same as the so-called "lost comet" of Lexell. Its return is expected in November, when it will be near the sun and in a good position for observation.

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Mr. Asaph Hall, this year's President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, was born in Goshen, Conn., on October 15, 1829, and received a common school education in his native town. For a time he worked on a farm, but when he was sixteen years old he took up carpentry, and followed that trade for many years. Meanwhile a thirst for knowledge that would not down came to him, and in his twenty-fifth year he began the study of geometry and algebra in the Norfolk Academy. Later he went to Wisconsin, and still later to Ohio, in both of which States he taught school, from the earnings of which he was able for a single term to study at the University of Michigan. In 1857 he entered the Observatory at Harvard as a student, but his abilities were so manifest that he was almost immediately assigned to the working staff with the rank of assistant, remaining in that capacity until August, 1862, when he was appointed an aid in the United States Naval Observatory in Washington. A year later he was made Professor of Mathematics in the United States Navy, and remained as such until 1891, when he was retired with the relative rank of captain. It is with the United States Naval Observatory that his name will be associated always for the brilliant discoveries that were made by him and which have gained for him such eminence among the astronomers of the world. In addition to the usual routine work required at the Naval Observatory, he was from time to time assigned to important astronomical expeditions. These have included the parties sent to observe the solar eclipse from Bering Sea, and from Sicily, Italy, in 1870. He had charge of the American party sent to Vladivostok, Siberia, to observe the transit of Venus in 1874, and was chief astronomer of the expedition stationed at San Antonio, Texas, at the later transit in 1882.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1793.)

MONDAY, AUGUST 4.

On Saturday last Frederick Fleming, late marshal and bailiff of the Liberty of St. Sepulchre, was exposed one hour in the pillory, pursuant to his sentence at the last Commission, for committing wilful and corrupt perjury, in an examination sworn before Mr. Alderman Fleming, against Patrick Griffin. He is to be pilloried once more for the same offence, and to be imprisoned six months.

On Friday night Inspector Shee proceeded to the county of Wicklow, and apprehended John Gravil and John Gavan, for robbing the Wicklow mail on Wednesday morning last, and on Saturday night lodged them in Newgate. The postboy fully identified them both as two of the party, and recognised Gavan as the person who cut the cord of the bag.

A few days ago a fine boy, eight years old, was drowned in an attempt to swim near the point of the North wall. He was picked up by a ship's boat, then sailing down the harbour, but every means to recover him proved ineffectual.

Parents are extremely remiss in suffering helpless children of that age to roam at large and venture into the river to swim, when so many dangers of drowning surround them, and when they are incapable of assisting themselves in the slightest accident that may endanger their lives.

Horse stealing promises to become prevalent in the environs of this city. Two or three horses have been carried off in the neighbourhood of Ranelagh, and attempts have been made upon others. In England persons put steel collars with their names upon them on their horses when in the fields, to secure them from being stolen, it being impregnable to a file, at least for some hours. A similar precaution here would certainly have as good an effect, and is not so dangerous a one as that now in use, of locking the four feet together with fetters.

LEIXLIP SPA.

A gentleman confined to his room undertook, on Sunday last, for his amusement, to make an estimate of the number of persons who on that day passed through Leixlip, on their way to the new spa; for which purpose he placed himself in his window at 6 o'clock in the morning, with pen, ink, and paper, and between that hour and five in the afternoon he reckoned,

55 coaches, 29 post-chaises, 25 noddies, 82 jaunting cars, 20 gigs, 6 open landaus, 221 common cars (with company), and 450 horsemen, which, at the lowest computation, must have carried upwards of 3,000 persons, to which, if 1,000 be added from the adjacent parts of the country, and at least double the number of pedestrians, we will find that upwards of 12,000 persons visited the well on that day, attracted by the wonderful account published of the cures effected by these famous waters.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23.

As there has been something mysterious attendant on the circumstances of the inhuman murder of the Rev. Mr. Butler in the county of Meath—and as a knowledge of the chief agents concerned in that deed has been hitherto sought after without effect, we feel ourselves happy in laying before the public the following particulars, the authenticity of which may be depended upon.

REV. MR. BUTLER'S MURDER.

On Saturday last, at Trim, the execution of Thomas Shieran, who at the last assizes was convicted of a robbery in that neighbourhood, was attended by some of the most respectable magistrates and gentlemen in the vicinity. The culprit, a few moments before being launched into eternity, declared with all the contrite solemnity becoming a dying penitent, that he and three men of the name of Lawless, all of whom lived contiguous to the Bishop of Meath's demesne, had concerted and conspired the death of Mr. Butler—then they lay in wait for him some nights, previous to the fatal one, that one of the Lawlesses was the person who fired the shot which killed Mr. B.—and that no other person whatever was concerned in the plot.

On a former day he voluntarily came forward and made this discovery to one of the Bishop of Meath's servants—after which, he and the Lawlesses were lodged in the same prison, where it is feared an intercourse with some dark villain occasioned his afterwards denying his first attestation, and accusing men innocent of the fact; this of course invalidated his evidence against the Lawlesses, who were enlarged.

At present it may be thought needless to comment on the severity with which some innocent persons in that county were persecuted without any grounds except from the perjured attestation of the basest miscreant. But when we have seen with what rancorous avidity some men in that county thirsted for the blood of innocent individuals, we cannot with too pointed severity reprobate such proceedings.

Personal security is the most striking feature of the subject's liberty, without which the State and the community must ever be at war. Hence we cannot refrain from saying that the man, be he who he may, whether placed on one of the eminences of the State or elevated as a mitred dignitary of the church, should be considered as an enemy to mankind and to his country, who, to gratify a bigoted prejudice against any body of people, or to effect purposes selfish and disinterested, could drag from the bosom of their friends and society, men whose unblemished reputation and amiable qualifications endeared them to the circle in which they moved. But Providence watches over the just, and innocence seldom wants its protector, else Mr. Fay, Mr. Gibney, Mr. Byrne, and some others, might have been long since sacrificed to the heinous demon of malice and malevolence.

As a good deal has been lately mentioned of crimping and enlisting men, the Act of Parliament on the subject may set many right; from that it appears clearly, if any enlisted person change his mind before he is sworn, there is nothing more necessary than to pay twenty shillings and return the bounty money. The following is an extract of the Act alluded to:—"When any person is enlisted, he shall in four days, but not sooner than twenty-four hours, be carried before the next justice or magistrate of a town corporate (not being an officer of the army) and before him shall be at liberty to declare his dissent to such enlisting; and on such declaration, and returning the enlisting money, and paying 20s. for the charges expended on him, he shall be forthwith discharged."

Monday, a recruiting sergeant went into a publichouse in Thomas street, and enlisted a hulking recruit, apparently six feet high, who sat in the next seat to him.

The fellow declared himself ready to serve his Majesty—but insisted on not stirring from the spot until he got half the bounty of six guineas offered by the sergeant.

The money was given instantly, and the reckoning paid;—but what was the astonishment of the sergeant, on finding his recruit without feet, hobbling after him on a pair of wooden stumps.

The sergeant demanded, and insisted on having his money—the recruit as positively refused, alleging he was ready to be attested, and to do the best he could for the King's service.

Their high mightinesses the mob entered into the spirit of the trick, took the part of the cripple, and hooted the sergeant, so much out of patience, and into shame, that he was very glad to retreat without beat of drum, leaving his recruit to triumph in his disgrace.

The dreadful state of the new road leading from the first Park-gate to Island-bridge has long remained a most alarming and mischievous nuisance.

There is no sort of barrier between the carriages and passengers travelling that way, and the steep and dangerous precipice down to the level of the long meadows.

No less than three carriages have tumbled over it within the last fortnight, by which means several limbs were fractured, and several dangerous, if not mortal, contusions and dislocations received.

By one of these accidents, a Mrs. Noble, an elderly lady, had her horses killed, her own leg broke, and her shoulder dislocated.

By another, a young lady had her thigh broken and her arm desperately bruised.

And by a third, Mr. Wemys, an elderly gentleman had his arm broke, his ankle strained, and was otherwise severely wounded.

Four years has this road been under repair at the expense of the citizens of Dublin.

DEATHS.

Hon. Captain Howard, late of the 8th Regiment of Light Dragoons, of the wounds he received in the action before Menin, on the 18th of May. He was brother to Lord Viscount Wicklow.

At his Lordship's house in Stephen's Green, the Right Hon. John Lord Baron Kilmaine.

At her Ladyship's house in Piccadilly, London, the Right Hon. Lady Viscountess Mayo, of Castle-Bourk, county Mayo.

In the West Indies, Lieutenant Robert Tew, of the 49th Regiment of Foot, eldest son to the late Alderman John T., of the city of Dublin, a young gentleman who promised to be an honour to his family and country. At St. Domingo, in the late engagements there, he was particularly distinguished for the gallantry and spirit which marked his conduct; and, had not an untimely and early death terminated his military career, we need not doubt, but that additional laurels and increased fame would have accompanied his progress through life, when at an early age he gave promises so becoming the soldier and man.

At Ellore, in India Captain Thomas Higginbotham, of the company's service.

At Enniskillen, Mrs Hall, wife of Mr. James H., merchant.

At Limerick, by a fall from his horse, James Hassett, Esq., M.D.

At Barkapore, Bengal, Captain George Heard, in the honourable East India Company's service.

Died at Somerset street, London, the Right Hon. Viscountess Dillon, mother to Lord Viscount Dillon of this kingdom, and to Lady Jerningham.

At Mallow, Anthony Jephson, Esq., formerly member of Parliament for that borough, and brother of Anthony Jephson, Esq., the present member.

In the 48th year of his age, Sir Vesey Colclough, Bart., representative in four successive Parliaments for the county of Wexford, and for the Borough of Enniscorthy in the present one.

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CARIGAHOOLEY CASTLE.



The Dwelling-Place of Grana Uile,

THE FAMOUS CONNAUGHT PRINCESS.

FROM THE ANTHOLOGIA HIBERNICA, 1793.

This castle stands at Carrick a Cwly, at the end of a nook, or inlet, in the bay of Newport, in the county of Mayo. The proper name is "Carrick a Uile," or the rock in the elbow, alluding to the impending mountain, or the strength of the castle, and the recess in which it is situated. The castle is a strong, square tower, of about 50 feet in height, divided into four stories. At the north and south angles are two small projecting turrets, and the roof was raised considerably above the parapet wall that surrounds it, as may be perceived by the gable ends, in one of which was a window. This served as a banqueting-room, as it has a chimney, the only remains of one to be seen. On the south-west angle is a low, round tower, which served for a guard room. This has two stones and loop-holes for the discharge of musketry.

In this castle lived Grace O'Maly, known among the Irish by the name of Grana Uile; she was daughter of Owen O'Maly, and widow of O'Flaherty, two Irish chiefs in those parts. After the death of the last, she married Sir Richard Bourke, styled Mac William Eighter, who died in 1585, after having by her three sons and one daughter. Lord deputy Sidney writ to the council in England, in 1576, that O'Maly was powerful in gallies and seamen. Grana, who was a high-spirited lady, became fond, at an early age, of the watery element, and accompanied her father and his sept in many naval expeditions. The coast was plundered of cattle and other property, and many people were murdered in these excursions. Grana was ever foremost in danger: courage and con-

duct secured her success, and the affrighted natives trembled at her name along the north-west shore of this isle. Her fame attracted many desperate and hardy mariners from distant parts. Her larger vessels were moored in Clare island, where she had a strong castle; and her smaller craft she kept at Carrick a Owly. A hole in the castle wall is now shown, through which a cable was run from a vessel, and fastened to her bed, that she might be the easier alarmed and prevent surprise.

Tradition says that her piracies became so notorious, and her power so dangerous, that she was proclaimed, and five hundred pounds offered as a reward for apprehending her. This she disregarded for some time; but the English power growing strong in Connaught, she resolved to make her peace with Queen Elizabeth, and went to her court. The queen, surrounded by her ladies, received her in great state. Grana was introduced in the dress of her country: a long mantle covered her head and body; her hair was gathered on her crown, and fastened with a bodkin; her breast was bare, and she had a yellow bodice and petticoat.

After having made her peace, she returned to Ireland, and landed in a little creek near Hoath. She walked up to the castle, and found the gates shut, for the family were at dinner. After some inquiries, she discovered that Lord Hoath had a child nursing not far off; it was a boy, and heir to the title: him she carried on board ship, and immediately set sail, and arrived safe at Carrick a Owly; nor did she return him until paid a large ransom, as a punishment for his inhospitality. For many years after, whenever the family of Hoath went to dinner, the gates and doors were thrown open.

WHERE PEOPLE GO ON STILTS.

Most expert of stilt walkers in the world are those to be found in La Teste, in France. The rural postmen of this region, the shepherds and farmers go about on tall stilts with perfect ease. The stilts worn by these people in their ordinary work frequently measure six feet or more in height. Years of constant practice has made everyone remarkably expert in managing these artificial legs, and such a thing as a fall is unknown. A person who can add six feet to the length of his legs naturally has a great advantage over those who must walk with limbs of ordinary length. The French farmers mounted in this way are almost a match in point of speed for a horse, and a shepherd can outrun a dog in rounding up his sheep. The stilt walkers can even run at surprising speed over very rough country or through underbrush several feet in height. A race was recently run near Bordeaux between three picked horses, three stilt walkers, and three pedestrians. Only one of the horses finished. It arrived first, but only twenty minutes ahead of the first stilt walker. The last of the stilt walkers completed the course twelve hours ahead of the first of the pedestrians. The stilts used by the French peasants are entirely different from those sometimes used by the children in the United States. The stilts which serve as toys in America, as a rule, reach up to the armpits, or at least to within reach of the hands. The French stilts do not reach even to the knee. The French stilts have, besides, a much broader rest for the foot. The Frenchman never touches the stilts with his hands. They are strapped rigidly to his foot and leg, thus leaving both hands free to carry his long staff or any other burden. All the stilt-walkers worthy of the name are able to mount their stilts without assistance. The children learn to walk on great stilts almost as soon as they can walk, and men over eighty years old still retain their curious artificial legs.

THE TRISTAN AND ESSYLLT LEGEND.

THE RED BOOK AND THE BOOK OF ANEIRIN.

The latest report of the Historical MSS. Commission deals with documents in the Welsh language in the libraries of Jesus College, Oxford, and of the town of Cardiff, as well as nearly the whole of the quondam Havod collection, and a few stray manuscripts at Llanwrin Rectory, Merthyr Tydvil and Aberdar. The collection at Jesus College is the result of gifts from some of its alumni, of whom the Rev. Thomas Wilkins of Llanblethian, in the county of Glamorgan, is the worthiest in this respect. According to the introduction to the report to him belongs the credit of having rescued from the vicissitudes of private libraries the Red Book of Hergest, the largest vellum manuscript and one of the best known in the Welsh language. This Red Book, though incomplete, forms in itself a fairly good mediaeval Welsh library, theology and the laws excluded, it may be said to contain a representative collection of the best literature current in Wales at the close of the fourteenth and the opening of the fifteenth centuries. And though work done for this Commission has made it clear that most of its prose contents are to be found in earlier documents, still, says Mr. J. G. Evans, if we exclude the Black Book of Carmarthen, the Book of Aneirin, and the Book of Taliessin, it remains practically our oldest and most reliable source for a very large part of the works of the poets of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. The purely historical value of these metrical productions is too readily overlooked. Indeed, it seems necessary to reiterate again and again, with emphasis the impossibility of writing the social history of the Welsh peoples without an attentive and exhaustive study of mead-song and elegy, the trumpet call to battle, and the pæn of victory and peace. When all that remains of the "poetry" produced in Wales between the rise and the fall of the monasteries has been properly edited, the historian will find a wealth of unsuspected material, often stamped with the hall-mark of the eye-witness and fresh as the morning dew.

The Welsh portion of the manuscripts brought together at Middle Hill by the late Sir Thomas Philips, Bart., was removed to Cardiff Free Library in the year 1896. In this collection the one manuscript of first rate importance is the Book of Aneirin, which was borrowed or pilfered from the collection at Hengwrit some time in the eighteenth century. The subject of this work is the battle of Cattraeth, which has been argued to have taken place at various dates ranging from 540 to 603. The present transcript of the poem belongs to the middle of the thirteenth century. Its language, however, retains ancient forms of words, which by comparison with the glosses carry us back to the ninth century. But whether the poem as a whole is a mediaeval version of a really old composition, or partly old, partly altered, and partly added to, is a subject too debatable and too full of pitfalls to be pursued here. All that can be said with safety is, that the composition is decidedly older than the MS., and that the meaning is often uncertain, not to say elusive. There are also at Cardiff autograph manuscripts by Ellis Griffith and William Llyn. In the former are certain particulars about the writer himself, which are matters of inference when the introduction to the Mostyn Hall MSS. was written; and in the latter the greater half the poet's own composition, a fact which should encourage some student to edit and publish the collected works of the author. The fifteenth century manuscript which gives the Estreats of parts of Denbighshire, should be examined, by students of economics; it also contains interesting miscellaneous memoranda.

Two other manuscripts at Cardiff give a portion of the Tristan and Essyllt story, which we have discovered nowhere in what must have been its original form. The plot simply survives with a few fragments of verse. Tristan carries Essyllt with him into the Kyldon wood, accompanied by her maid, Summerday Aspect, and a diminutive dwarf as page. The husband, Mark, complains to fall and others of his knights to help Mark. Whosoever sheds Tristan's blood is fated to die, and whosoever's blood he sheds likewise dies. This is the reason, doubtless, why the knights agree with unseemly unanimity to Mark's proposal to engage Tristan himself. Tristan "passes through three encounters unscathed," while Kai the Tall passes on eagerly to Summerday Aspect, the object of his devotion. Mark goes a second time to Arthur and laments that he can win neither blood nor money out of Tristan. Arthur advises Mark to send stringed musicians to soothe the spirit of Tristan "from a distance," and afterwards to send bards, who should approach him with his praise in their mouths. Tristan acts generously towards these, and engages in metrical converse with Gwalchmei, who succeeds as usual, with his golden tongue, where the joust has failed. He carries Tristan to Arthur, who salutes him in verse, even a second and a third time. At last Tristan speaks, offers to consider his ways, and to abide by the counsels of Arthur. When Mark is pacified, King Arthur addresses both husband and lover, but neither is willing to give up Essyllt. He therefore adjudges that she shall divide the year between them, staying with the one while the trees are in leaf, and with the other while the trees are bare. The husband, who is allowed to choose his half of the year, elects to have Essyllt in the winter, when the leaves are off the trees. Arthur announces his judgment and Mark's decision to Essyllt, who, after blessing the judge, bursts out singing:—

> There are three trees of constant hue,
> The ivy, the holly, and the yew,—
> That bear leaves summer and winter:
> Tristan! I am thine for ever.

HISTORIC MSS. IN THE PRESS.

Those who had an opportunity at the garden party on Saturday last of inspecting the many historic treasures contained in Hatfield House will be interested to learn that the ninth volume dealing with the manuscripts of the Marquess of Salisbury is now in the Press, and will shortly be issued by the Historical Manuscripts Commission, of which the ex-Premier is a member. Since 1883 no fewer than eight volumes descriptive of the famous manuscripts of the house of Cecil have been issued, one of which—the first published—was reprinted some years ago. There are also passing through the Press at the present time a volume relating to the Stuart manuscripts at Windsor Castle, belonging to the King, the second volumes of the manuscripts of the Duke of Buccleuch and of Sir George Wombwell, the Duke of Norfolk, and his brother, Lord Edmund Talbot, Lady Buxton, and others, and the first volume of the papers of the Marquess of Ormonde.

MADAME MELBA.

Madame Melba has fixed upon August 2 as the date of her departure from England for Australia. Great preparations are being made for her reception in Melbourne (from which city Miss Nellie Mitchell derived her professional name) after an absence of fifteen years. It was early in 1887 that this successful vocalist, then nearly twenty-one years of age, by the advice of musical friends, went to Paris to study under Madame Marchesi, through whose hands so many prime donne have passed, and a few months later she made her debut at the Theatre de la Monnaie, Brussels, in "Rigoletto." The following season she was engaged by Sir Augustus Harris at Covent Garden. Her progress in public favour was so rapid that soon afterwards, for the Grand Opera in Paris, she studied Ophelie under Ambroise Thomas and Juliette under Gounod. Madame Melba left Melbourne a pleasing ballad singer; she returns one of the four most famous light sopranos of the day.

IRISH TOPOGRAPHICAL POEMS AND BALLADS.

PART I.—COUNTY CORK.

(Second Selection).

IN PRAISE OF KINSALE.

This satirical song, Crofton Croker states, appeared originally as a broadside, published, it would seem, by Haly, Hanover street, Cork, of whom he bought a copy in 1831. Its title was "Paddy Farrell of Kinsale to his Friend at Mallow," and both it, and a reply to it, named "Answer of Thady Mullowney of Mallow to Paddy Farrell, Kinsale," were ascribed to Mr John Lanigan, a one time eminent Cork solicitor:—

As shepherds and ploughmen in verses so clever,
Have sung of their heath-covered mountain or vale;
Why not a poor fisherman try his endeavour
To sing of his own native town of Kinsale?

By folks esteemed learned, I'm reckoned amphibious,
Because half the time on the water I sail;
And each morning arise from the ocean with Phoebus,
When we both spread our rays on the strand of Kinsale.

To do the theme justice exceeds my poor powers,
Then expect but a round and unvarnished tale;
To hook, in the aid of poetical flowers,
Is not in my line, while I sing of Kinsale.

For bathers of all sorts, we've hot baths and cold ones,
And boxes for ladies their charms to conceal;
We've races and quadrilles for young and for old ones,
And billiards and cards at the Rooms in Kinsale.

We've a Royal Hotel fit for kings to repose in,
Built and furnished in style by a brewer of ale;
Where are soft armchairs after dinner to dose in,
While fanned by the zephyrs that breathe in Kinsale.

We've a choice set of books for the student who wise is,
The eel of true science to seize by the tail,
all seasons a skate you can have where no ice is,
Or a sinecure plaice you may get at Kinsale.

Would you seek for that solace of life, a true friend, sir,
In this mart of true friendship you never can fail;
Not a man but would travel e'en the World's End, sir,
To serve any friend that he has in Kinsale.

If your partial to perfumes, cross over to Scilly,
Where scents odoriferous float on the gale,
Where you've cold baths if warm, and warm ones if chilly,
And much higher fragrance than is in Kinsale.

Cold bathing, 'tis said, gives additional tention
To muscle, and renders the fibres more hale;
Would you weigh this opinion with rigid attention,
You'd not want for scales on the strand of Kinsale.

Then take my advice, if you've got gout, boil, or cholic,
Only try what our baths and pure air will avail;
Or if you're in health, just come here for a frolic,
And abundant amusement you'll find in Kinsale.

A part of Kinsale is still known as World's End, and another portion of it is called Scilly. The reply to the above, which is of a much coarser character is to be found in Crofton Croker's "Irish Popular Songs."

KILCOLMAN.

Lines written by J Bernard Trotter, after his visit to Kilcolman Castle in August, 1817, and published in his "Walks Through Ireland" (1819). Trotter, who was for a time secretary to Pitt's great rival, Fox, died at Cork on the 29th of September, 1818, in his 43rd year.

Here wander'd the poet, when morning's grey dawn
Stole o'er the dark masses of mountain around,
And the far-speeding hare scarce touch'd the moist lawn,
Aroused by the fresh breeze's short rustling sound.

He mused on the scene for philosophy made!
And pensively wander'd the wild fields alone,
Then striking his lyre in the leaf-covered shades,
Sung far from his country, in Erin unknown.

He sought not her love, nor that poesy traced,
Which, enchantingly rich as his own sweetest lays,
The warrior has raptured—the palace has graced,
And gained from a nation the garland of praise.

He saw but a desert, and heard not the song
The bard of the mountain just murmur'd above,
He trembled at Erin's wild, wandering throng,
And felt not the pleasures of neighbourly love.

The gold rays of morning in vain dressed the hill,
In vain flowed his Mulla—suspicion destroyed
The rural enjoyment, that trembled at ill,
And feared the fierce Hand that it sought to avoid.

For the bard had not taught his own heart to impart
The lesson of lovely compassion to all!
The poet assumed the hard warrior's part,
And smil'd at a generous, lost nation's fall!

Oh, had he but wept the kind drops had been
The balm that charm'd, as they saddened his soul;
With unchequered rapture had viewed the fair scene,
And heard still delighted his Mulla's soft roll!

DEAR CARRIGALINE.

By Michael Joseph Barry, B L, one time a '48 man, but subsequently a police magistrate. He was Editor of "Songs of Ireland," and author of "Waterloo," "The Kishogue Papers," and some other volumes of poetry.

Dear Carrigaline, with what rapture I've trod,
In bright days of childhood, thy emerald sod,
Or, wearied with play, have reposed in the shade,
Which the hawthorn and beech in thy dear waters made,
While joy on my soul seemed as calmly to shine,
As the sun on thy waters, loved Carrigaline.

And later in boyhood, when passion's young thrill,
Made thy soft look of loveliness lovelier still;
How oft by the margin of shady Coolmore,
I've whispered soft views of idolatry o'er,
While the hand of the lov'd one, clasped warmly in mine,
Made thy shores seem an Eden, dear Carrigaline.

Now years have passed over, our lov'd ones are lost,
And o'er life's calm waters the tempest hath crossed;
And I visit thy shores after dark days of ill,
And I find them all peaceful and beautiful still;
Ah! I would that life's wave could flow tranquil as thine,
When the storm has passed o'er it, loved Carrigaline!

But that wave looks dreariest after the storm,
When the wrecks of young hope, its dark bosom deform,
And the heart, like a lone barque, floats mournfully on,
While the comrades it sailed with are scattered and gone!
Yet even in my sorrow, 'tis sweet to recline
Once more on thy green sward, loved Carrigaline!

Still, calm be thy water and bright be thy shore,
And young hearts be blessed there as mine was of yore,
For surely if Nature has painted a scene,
Where the dream of existence may still be serene,
And joy in the soul may unfadingly shine,
That scene is thy margin, dear Carrigaline.

GLENFINISHK.

BY JOSEPH O'LEARY.

Genfinishk! Where thy waters mix with Araglen's wild tide,
'Tis sweet at hush of evening to wander by thy side;
'Tis sweet to hear the night winds sigh along Macrona's wood,
And mingle their wild music with the murmur of thy flood!

'Tis sweet, when in the deep blue vault the morn is shining bright,
To watch where thy clear waters are breaking into light;
To mark the starry sparks that o'er thy smoother surface gleam,
As if some fairy hand were flinging diamonds on thy stream.

Oh, if departed spirits e'er to this dark world return,
'Tis in some lonely, lovely spot like this they would sojourn,
Whatever their mystic rites may be, no human eye is here
Save mine to mark their mystery—no human voice is near!

At such an hour, in such a scene, I could forget my birth,
I could forget I e'er have been, or am, a thing of earth;
Shake off the fleshly bonds that hold my soul in thrall, and be
Even like themselves, a spirit, as boundless and as free!

Ye shadowy race, if we believe the tales of legends old,
Ye sometimes hold high converse with those of mortal mould;
Oh, come, whilst now my soul is free, and bear me in your train,
Ne'er to return to misery, and this dark world again!

CARRIGDHOUN.

(Or The Irish Maiden's Lament, by the late Denny Lane, of Cork, of which city Michael Joseph Barry and Joseph O'Leary were likewise natives.)

On Carrigdhoun the heath is brown,
The clouds are dark o'er Ardnalea;
And many a stream comes rushing down
To swell the silvery Ownabwee;
The morning blast is sweeping fast,
Thro' many a leafless tree,
And I'm alone, for he is gone,
My hawk has flown, ochone machree.

The heath was green on Carrigdhoun,
Bright shone the sun on Ardnalea;
The dark, green trees bent trembling down
To kiss the slumbering Ownabwee!
That happy day, 'twas but last May,
'Tis like a dream to me,
When Domnall swore, aye, o'er and o'er,
We'd part no more, oh stor machree.

Soft April showers and bright May flowers
Will bring the summer back again;
But will they bring me back the hours,
I spent with my brave Domnall then?
'Tis but a chance, for he's gone to France,
To wear the fleur de lis.
But I'll follow you, my Domnall Dhu, for
still I'm true to you, machree.

THE SILVERY LEE.

This anonymous effusion of a juvenile Cork poet, as Crofton Croker designates its writer, was copied by Croker from a broadside, printed at Cork in 1818.

Rivers are there great and small,
Romantic, too, the course of many,
With castled crag and foamy fall,
But never, never saw I any
Half so fair or dear to me,
As my own, the Silvery Lee.

Much I have heard about the Rhine,
With vineyards gay and castles stately;
But those who think I care for wine
Or lofty towers mistake me greatly;
A thousand times more dear to me
Is whiskey by the silvery Lee,

The Tagus and its golden sand,
The Tiber full of ancient glory,
The Danube though a river grand,
The Seine and Elbe renowned in story.
Can never be so dear to me
As the pure and silvery Lee.

'Tis not the voice that tongues the stream,
In winter hoarse, or springtime clearer,
That makes my own dear river seem
Above all other rivers dearer;
But 'tis her voice who whispers me,
"How lovely is the silvery Lee."

DUHALLOW.

This poem is said to be a translation from the Irish by J C Mangan, and was published in Hercules Ellis's Songs of Ireland, the original writer being now unknown. It seems too modern to be attributed to one of the many natives of the county Cork transplanted thence by Cromwell into Connaught, as an alternative to a still more objectionable region.

Far away from my friends
On the chill hills of Galway,
My heart droops and bends,
And my spirit pines alway—
'Tis not as when I roved
With the wild rakes of Mallow;
All here is unbeloved,
And I sigh for Duhallow.

My sweetheart is cold,
Or, in sooth, I'd have wept her,
Ah! that love should grow old,
And decline from his sceptre;
While the heart's feelings yet
Seem so tender and callow;
But I deeplier regret
My lost home in Duhallow.

My steed is no more,
And my hounds roam unyelling,
Grass waves at the door
Of my dark-windowed dwelling;
Through sunshine and storm,
Corrach's acres lie fallow;
Would Heaven I were warm
Once again in Duhallow.

In the blackness of night,
In the depth of disaster,
My heart were more light,
Could I call myself master
Of Corrach once more
Than if here I might wallow
In gold thick as gore,
Far away from Duhallow.

I lov'd Italy's show,
In the years of my greenness,
Till I saw the deep woe,
The debasement, the meanness,
That rot that bright land!
I have since grown less shallow,
And would now rather stand
In a bog in Duhallow.

This place I'm in here,
On the grey hills of Galway,
I like for its deer,
Well enough in a small way;
But the men are all short,
And the women are sallow,
Give McQuillan his quart
Of brown ale in Duhallow.

My sporting days o'er,
And my love days gone after,
Not earth could restore
Me my old life and laughter.
Burns now my breast's flame,
Like a dim wick of tallow;
Yet I like thee the same
As at twenty, Duhallow.

But my hopes, like my rhymes,
Are expelled and expended,
What's the use of old tunes,
When our time is now ended?
Drop the talk! Death will come.
For the debt that we all owe!
And the grave is a home
Quite as old as Duhallow!

End of Part 1.

ORIGIN AND MEANINGS
OF
IRISH FAMILY NAMES.

By JOHN O'DONOVAN.

IV.

EPITHETS, SOUBRIQUETS, &c.

Having in the last article spoken of the origin of surnames in Ireland, and of the popular errors now prevailing respecting them, I shall next proceed to notice certain epithets, sobriquets, etc., by which the Irish chieftains and others of inferior rank were distinguished.

Besides the surnames, or hereditary family names, which the Irish people assumed from their ancestors, it appears from the authentic annals that most, if not all, of their chieftains had attached to their Christian names, and sometimes to their surnames, certain cognomens by which they were distinguished from each other. These cognomens, or, as they may in many instances be called, sobriquets, were given them from some perfection or imperfection of the body, or some disposition or quality of the mind, from the place of birth, or the place of fosterage, and very frequently from the place of their deaths. Of the greater number of these cognomens, the pedigree of the regal family of O'Neill furnishes examples, as Niall Roe, i.e., Niall the Red, who flourished about the year 1225, so called from his having red hair; Hugh Toinleasc (a name which requires no explanation), who died in 1230; Niall More, i.e., Niall the Great, who died in 1397; Con Bacach, i.e., Con the Lame, who was created Earl of Tyrone in 1542. Among the same family we meet Henry Avrey, i.e., Henry the Contentious; Shane an Dimais, i.e., John the Proud. Of the cognomens derived from the places in which, and the families by whom they were fostered, the pedigree of the same family affords several instances, as Turlough Luineach, so called from his having been fostered by O'Luney, chief of Munterluney in Tyrone; Niall Conallach, so called from his having been fostered by O'Donnell, chief of Tirconnell; Shane Donellach, so called from his having been fostered by O'Donnelly (An Four Masters, 1531 and 1567); and Felim Dovlinach, so called from his foster-father O'Devlin, chief of Munter-Devlin, near Lough Neagh, in the present county of Londonderry. Various examples of cognomens given to chieftains from the place or territory in which they were fostered are to be met with in other families, as in that of O'Brien, Donogh Cairbreach, who was so called from his having been fostered by O'Donovan, chief of Carbery Aeva, the ancient name of the plains of the county of Limerick. In the regal family of Mac Murrough of Leinster, Donnell Cavanagh was so called from having been fostered by the Coarb of St. Cavan, at Kilcavan, near Gorey, in Hy-Dea, in the present county of Wexford. This cognomen of Donnell has been adopted for the last two centuries as a surname by his descendants, a thing very unusual among Irish families. In the family of Mac Donnell of Scotland, John Cahanach was so called from his having been fostered by O'Cahan or O'Kane, in the present county of Londonderry.

In the pedigrees of other families various instances are on record of cognomens having been applied by posterity to chieftains from the place of their deaths; in the family of O'Neill, for example, Brian Chatha an Duin, or "of the battle of Down," was so called by posterity from his having been killed in a battle fought at Downpatrick in the year 1260; in the family of O'Brien, Conor na Siudaine, from the wood of Siudain in Burren, in which he was killed in the year 1267; and in the family of Mac Carthy, the celebrated Finoen Reanna Roin, from his having been killed at the castle of Rinn Roin in the year 1261, after a brilliant career of victory over the English.

On this subject of cognomens and sobriquets among the Irish, Sir Henry Piers wrote as follows in the year 1682, in a description of the county of Westmeath, written in the form of a letter to Anthony Lord Bishop of Meath, and published in the first volume of Vallancey's Collectanea:—

"Every Irish surname or family name hath either O or Mac prefixed, concerning which I have found some make this observation, but I dare not undertake that it shall hold universally true, that such as have O prefixed were of old superior lords or princes, as O'Neal, O'Donnell, O'Melaghlin, etc., and such as have Mac were only great men, viz.: lords, thanes, as Mac Gennis, Mac Loghlin, Mac Doncho, etc. But however this observation [may] hold, it is certain they take much liberty, and seem to do it with delight, in giving nicknames; and if a man have any imperfection or evil habit, he shall be sure to hear of it in the nickname. Thus, if he be blind, lame, squint-eyed, grey-eyed, be a stammerer in speech, be left-handed, to be sure he shall have one of these added to his name: so also from his colour of hair, as black, red, yellow, brown, etc.; and from his age, as young, old; or from what he addicts himself to, or much delights in, as in draining, building, fencing, or the like; so that no man whatever can escape a nickname who lives among them, or converseth with them, and sometimes so libidinous are they in this kind of raillery, they will give nicknames "per antiphraism," or contrariety of speech. Thus a man of excellent parts, and beloved of all men, shall be called grana, that is, naughty, or fit to be complained of; if a man have a beautiful countenance or lovely eyes, they will call him Cueegh, that is, squint-eyed; if a great housekeeper, he shall be called Ackerisagh, that is, greedy." (Collectanea, vol. 1, p. 113).

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when the Irish families increased, and their territories were divided into two and three parts among rival chieftains of the same family, each of the chieftains adopted some addition to the family surname for the sake of distinction. Thus, among the O'Conors of Connaught we find O'Conor Don, i.e., O'Conor the brown-haired, and O'Conor Roe, or the red-haired. This distinction was first made in the year 1384, when Torlogh Don and Torlogh Roe, who had been for some time in emulation for the chieftainship of the territory of Shilmurry, agreed to have it divided equally between them; on which occasion the former was to be called O'Conor Don, and the latter O'Conor Roe. (See Memoirs of Life and Writings of Charles O'Conor). It is now supposed by many of the Irish that the epi-

that Don postfixed to the name of the chief of the O'Conors is a Spanish title! while those who are acquainted with the history of the name think that he should reject it as being a useless sobriquet, and more particularly now, as there is no O'Conor Roe from whom he needs to be distinguished. It is true that the O'Conor Don might now very lawfully be called the O'Conor, as there is no O'Conor Roe or O'Conor Sligo, at least none who take the name; but as he had borne it before O'Conor Roe disappeared, we would not advise it to be rejected for another generation, as we think that an O'Conor Roe will in the meantime make his appearance, for we are acquainted with an individual of that name who knows his pedigree well, but is not sufficiently wealthy to put himself forward as an Irish chieftain.

In the same province we find the Mac Dermots of Moylurg divided into three distinct families, the head of whom was, par excellence, styled the Mac Dermot, and the other two who were tributary to him called, the one MacDermot Roe, i.e., the Red, and the other Mac Dermot Gall, or the Anglicised. In Thomond we find the Mac Namaras split into two distinct families, distinguished by the names of Mac Namara Fin, i.e., the Fair, and Mac Namara Reagh, or the Swarthy. In Desmond the family of M'Carthy split into three powerful branches, known by the names of Mac Carthy More or the Great, Mac Carthy Reagh or the Swarthy, and Mac Carthy Muscryagh, i.e., of Muskerry. Beauford asserts with his usual confidence that Mac Carthy Reagh signifies Mac Carthy the King; but this is utterly fallacious, for the epithet, which is anglicised Reagh, is written riach and riabhach, in the original annals of Innisfallen and of the Four Masters, and translated fuscus by Philip O'Sullivan Beare (who knew the import of it far better than Beauford) in his History of the Irish Catholics published at Lisbon in 1621. The O'Sullivans split into the families of O'Sullivan More and O'Sullivan Beare; the O'Donovans into those of O'Donovan More, O'Donovan Locha Crot, and O'Hea O'Donovan; the O'Kennedys of Ormond into those of O'Kennedy Finn, O'Kennedy Roe, and O'Kennedy Don; the O'Farrels of Annally into those of O'Farrell Bane, i.e., the White, and O'Farrell Boy, or the Yellow, etc., etc.

The foregoing notices are sufficient to show the nature of the surnames in use among the ancient Scotic or Milesian Irish families. It will be now expected that I should say a few words on the effect which the Anglo-Norman invasion and the introduction of English laws, language, and names, have had in changing or modifying them, and on the other hand the influence which the Irish may have had in changing or modifying the English names.

After the murder, in 1333, of William de Burgo, third Earl of Ulster of that name, and the lessening of the English power which resulted from it, many, if not all, of the distinguished Anglo-Norman families located in Connaught and Munster became Hibernicised —Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores—spoke the Irish language, and assumed surnames in imitation of the Irish by prefixing Mac (but never O in any instance) to the Christian names of their ancestors. Thus the De Burgos in Connaught took the name of Mac William from their ancestor William de Burgo, and were divided into two great branches, called Mac William Oughter and Mac William Eighter, i.e., Mac William Upper and Mac William Lower, the former located in the county of Galway, and the latter in that of Mayo; and from these sprang many off-shoots who took their surnames from their respective ancestors, as the Mac Davids of Glinsk, the Mac Phillbins of Dun Mugdord in Mayo, the Mac Shoneens, now Jennings, and the Mac Gibbons, now Fitzgibbons. The Berminghams of Dunmore and Athenry in Connaught, and of Offaly in Leinster, took the name of Mac Feoiris, from Pierce, the son of Meyler Bermingham, who was one of the principal heads of that family in Ireland. The head of the Stauntons in Carra took the name of Mac Aveely. The chief of the Barretts of Tirawley took the name of Mac Wattin, and a minor branch of the same family, located in the territory of the Two Backs, lying between Lough Con and the River Moy, assumed that of Mac Andrew, while the Barretts of Munster took the now very plebeian name of Mac Phaudeen, from an ancestor called Paudeen, or little Patrick. The De Exeters of Gallen, in Connaught, assumed the surname of Mac Jordan from Jordan De Exeter, the founder of that family; and the Nangles of the same neighbourhood took that of Mac Costello. Of the Kildare and Desmond branches of the Fitzgeralds there were two Mac Thomases, one in Leinster, and the other in Desies, in the now county of Waterford, in Munster. A branch of the Butlers took the name of Mac Pierce, and the Poers, or Powers, that of Mac Shere. The Freynes of Ossory took the name of Mac Rinki, and the Barrys that of Mac Adam. In the present county of Kilkenny were located two families, originally of great distinction, who took the strange name of Gaul, which then signified Englishman, though at an earlier period it had been a term applied by the Irish to all foreigners; the one was Stapleton, who was located at Gaulstown, in the parish of Kilcolumb, barony of Ida, and county of Kilkenny; the other a branch of the Burkes, who obtained extensive estates in that part of Ireland, and dwelt at Gaulstown, in the barony of Igrine. The writer, who is the sixth in descent from the last head of this family, has many of his family deeds, in which he styles himself sometimes Galle and sometimes Galle alias Borke; on his tomb, however, in his family chapel at Gaulskill, he is called Walterus De Burgo without the addition of Galle, and is there said to be descended from the Red Earl of Ulster. His descendants now all retain the name of Gaul, as do those of his neighbour Stapleton. The Fitzsimons, in Westmeath, took the name of Mac Ruddery, and the Wesleys that of Mac Falrene, etc., etc.

(To be Continued.)

STORY OF A PONY.

This story of the devotion of a pony found a place in the "Spectator" recently.

Captain R. T. Barrett, of Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, who was killed in a fight in South Africa, was riding at the time a favourite pony.

"We brought Barrett back to our camp, and buried him on a little knoll just outside the camp, and put a rough cross up over the grave," wrote a brother officer to a member of the deceased officer's family. "Another of our officers took his pony."

"About a week or so ago he was out with a patrol near the place where the fight of September 20th took place; he got off his pony to look through his glasses, leaving the pony to stand, which all these well-broken coloured ponies will do.

"Suddenly the pony looked up, pricked up his ears, sniffed, and then started off, galloping straight for the little knoll where Barrett was buried, which could be seen four or five miles off; he jumped two wire fences in the way, and finally reached the knoll, where our chaps could see him quite plainly with their glasses, standing quite still beside the little cross over his old master's grave.

"The patrol had to push on fast in the opposite direction, and so the pony was never recovered."

OUR WEEKLY STORY

THE

INN OF THE THREE KINGS.

"Aye, my good landlord, I'll wager there's a goodly story in it. Let's have it. Out with the tale," came from the lips of the merry company seated within the Inn of the Three Kings.

"Right you are," returned the pot-bellied host. "It's taken three kings to make mine inn what it is, and thereby came its name. First, you'll recollect it was the King's Inn; then the Inn of the Two Kings; and now, my good sirs, its name need not be told you. And should a fourth time a royal head choose to warm my pillows, who knows that my sign might not read: The Inn of the Four Kings? Aye, but those were great days when I'd stand behind his royal highness with a soup tureen in my hands, and bow as courtly a bow as any dandy or favourite could possibly do."

"Well, well, my good landlord, let us have the story with another bit o' sack around."

"The sack will be forthcoming, the story I'm in doubts about, for there never was a knight of Arthur's court who told a bolder one. But, my fair sirs, is this not three tales, 'stead of one, for does not the sign read three kings? Well, might it not be that each royal head, gentlemen, is worth a story? And then, my honourable guests, there is in it all the story of how I was dubbed sir knight."

"Ho, ho, ho, fat, mutton-headed landlord Bowles dubbed a knight! Ha, ha, ha, he! Let us hear my lord Bowles, the innkeeper!"

"I'll have none of it, gentlemen. Ye are not worthy to hear the tale."

"We beg pardon, good host, and pray that you tell the story."

"Faith, merry gentlemen, here goes, but none must interrupt or doubt my tale. Mine inn was then all but newly built, and I had yet bethought me of a name to adorn yon sign. Perhaps it was because of this newness that the royal party choose to remain over night within these walls. It was hardly four o'clock of an autumn afternoon when a royal messenger rode up post-haste to my door and called out: 'Good landlord, pray prepare thine inn, for his majesty the king will rest therein this night.'

"And when the royal party drove up I found myself in my best bib and tucker bowing before the carriage. It was then that his highness was scarcely five years of age, and was always accompanied by his mother, the queen. The party, my fair sirs, was not large, and all went happily as a marriage bell.

"At midnight all the house was quiet and the last servant had gone to bed. I sat here by the back-logs smoking, and drinking a last mug o' ale. I was staring into the fire that scarcely burned brighter than this, thinking how as now the name of mine inn was made, and that I'd live the rest o' my days in mine ease. Then, all at once, I heard the stair-door open slowly and some one step on the floor and walk toward the mantel. The door was beside the great chimney, and I could not see who had entered, but before I had time to place my mug down and look around, I saw a mischievous child peering around the side of this chimney. Then it stepped forth, dressed only in a nightgown that reached down to the bare feet. Its hair hung in yellow curls to the shoulders, and the blue eyes were very wide open. Before I could say a word he—for it was a boy, though girlish in size—stepped to the hearth, raised his head scornfully, and said:

"'Knowest thou not that thou must stand in the presence of the king?'

"I arose, my merry friends, straightway,

but said: 'Your majesty, I'm afraid, should be in bed at this late hour. I know'——

"'Who art thou that shouldst say to the king that he should be a-bed' he interrupted.

"'I'll ring for my servant,' I said as I started for the cord, when I heard the small voice command, with a stamp of the tiny foot:

"'Stop! I command thee to be seated as thou wast.'

"Thinking of a time when I might lay in a donjon tower, did I refuse then, I dropped into my chair. Then the king walked up, and, leaning on my knee, looked into my face and said:

"'Please to tell me a tale, good landlord, and to take my on your knee.'

"Why, bless your souls, merry guests, I gathered the boy into my arms and hugged him until his majesty the king, mind you, commanded me to desist. Then I placed the bit of a boy on my knee and told him the best tales that old host Bowles had within his head. When I had fairly given out, the lad slipped down and said:

"'Now we'll have court. Place your great chair in yon corner for my throne.'

"I obeyed in silence, and his majesty walked slowly across the room and climbed upon his throne. And there, gentlemen, sat his majesty, the king of the greatest country in all Christendom, upon his mighty throne, and I alone beside him.

"'You have a sword,' he said.

"'Yes, sire,' I replied.

"'Bring it!'

"So, my friends, I took from the chimney yon weapon, that has remained there untouched since those days, and presented it to his majesty.

"'Kneel before me,' came the command.

"I dropped upon one knee and bowed my head. And as his highness struck me across the back with the broadside of the sword, he said:

"'Landlord, I dub thee sir knight!'

"When I arose he slipped down from the chair, gave me back the sword, and whispered:

"'I must be going, and don't you ever tell anybody.' Then the gown disappeared, the stair-door creaked again, and I was alone.

"Next morning when the carriage of his royal highness rolled away he waived his tiny hand in farewell, and I pointed to yon sign without, which you would have read: The Sign of the King's Inn."

"Aye, a merry tale and a likely one, too, mine host, and I'll venture there's not in this good company one who will not pay for a mug around to hear the tales to follow."

"Well, well, my good friends, so shall it be—so shall it be. And here's how my sign again changed its kingly appearance.

"The night was fairly cold without, and 'round my humble fire a goodly company lingered late. My glasses of sack found their way to portly stomachs, and merry songs made the rafters ring with good cheer. It was near half after the hour of ten when two strangers entered yonder door. They were muffled deeply in wraps and coats, and their appearance bespoke gentlemen. They asked for wine, and sat at yon corner table, withdrawing themselves as if they did not wish to be disturbed. And thus they sat talking and watching the merry crowd out here. All was going well, and I felt justly proud of the gold that was rattling in the pouch hung from my belt. Then one of the gentlemen ordered drinks, as they might choose, for all that sat in the company. Some would have wine, and others only sack or ale.

"Then it was that some one of the company proposed a toast to the fair stranger whose bounty they did drink. 'And,' said the stranger, bowing his thanks, 'never let one toast be drunk without another to his majesty the king.'

"'Aye,' shouted the company.

"'Never!' came from the lips of a drunken youth, 'and never will I drink to him who would toast his majesty, the queen'—intimating the power of his spouse over his royal highness.

"'Thou shalt rue those words, coward!' cried the other stranger, who had heretofore remained silent, and he sprang to his feet, drew his sword, and would have rushed on the youth had not the first speaker, in a tone scarcely audible to me, said:

"'Sire, it is unworthy of thy sword. Let me run the impudent brawler through for his words.'

"'Nay, my lord,' answered the first, turning slowly, 'he's only a lad after all; and did not all the others drink? The ratio is too great to kill a thoughtless boy drunk with wine.' Then to me: 'Prepare us our beds, mine host, and we will bide our rest.'

"So, my merry friends," continued the landlord, "I had my room here empty by midnight, and was myself dozing in night-shirt and cap in yon room, when I swear to you I heard the stair-door open stealthily as I had heard it only once before in my life. 'The villian may be stealing to the strangers' apartment,' was my first thought. So I stole from my bed and peeped through yon keyhole into this very room. And what did I see?

"There, right there, in the great chair that had remained yonder since his majesty the king had called it his throne years ago, sat one of the bearded strangers. He was in a long flowing night-shirt, gentlemen, that reached his ankles. It was very evident to me that he had walked in his sleep and was still in that condition, so I stepped forth, thinking to awaken him and send him to his bed. When I reached the fireplace he said, as if in a dream:

"'Have you a sword?'

"I replied by handing him the same one over yon mantel.

"'Kneel,' came the command.

"I dropped upon one knee and bowed my head.

"He struck me across the back with the broadside of the weapon and said: 'Landlord, I dub thee sir knight!'

"The sword fell from his hand and clanked upon the floor. He started and was wide awake. Then, hurriedly arising from the chair, he said:

"'For heaven's sake don't tell anybody!' and bounded up the stairs.

"The following day, gentlemen, when his majesty the king bade farewell he winked knowingly, and I replied by pointing at yonder sign, which read: The Inn of the Two Kings."

"Ho, ho, our good host, thou art twice a sir knight—once by a baby king, once by a sleeping one; thou wilt surely be knighted next by a crazy one."

"Nay, nay, friends, for thou shalt see, or at least hear, that he who next caused my sign to be changed was neither a simpering child, drivelling idiot, nor fiend incarnate. Aye, merry gentlemen, listen:

"It was a time of wars and conspiracies. Roving bands made the country desolate. The king's hand was against every man, every man's hand against his majesty. The king himself had left the palace—not from fear or by force, but rather because it was then policy that his royal presence be withdrawn from the traitorous company of his court. Where his majesty had chosen to go no one was aware save the queen, and she would have died ere she gave the news. At least it was known that he had a gallant company of strong and goodly knights within reach of his royal voice.

"One night near the 3rd of April, if I'm not wrong, mine inn here was filled with a company of roving gentlemen. Whether they might be of the royal party or rebels I could not tell, only that I felt that something might be wrong, as they numbered thirteen. Yet they drank much wine and more sack, and did pay for it in sound coin on which shone the face of his majesty, for neither rebel nor royalist could buy meat or drink save by the king's countenance.

"Well, methinks it was not more than nine o'clock when a muffled stranger swaggered in, his sword a-clanking, and took yonder very table. When I approached for his order, he said beneath his breath: 'Sir knight,' and then did order in a louder voice, calling me 'good landlord.' And thus I knew him to be his majesty the king, or at least some messenger whom he had instructed to address me in that manner.

"Once as I passed the men seated at the other table, one did call me, and giving me a slip of paper, bade me bear it to the stranger. I bore it with a mug of ale, and as I passed under the light I saw that the only words written thereon were: 'It is dangerous for his majesty to be here to-night.' The stranger read the paper, tore it to fragments, and drank his ale as unconcerned as if it had been a lighter with which to start his pipe. At the table, however, in the meantime, a villainous-looking gallant, with a leering face, had risen, and with drunken hiccoughs, held aloft a glass and said: ''Ere's success to the rebels an' d—d— death to the—the king!'

"Before the words were fairly out of his mouth a dozen men were on their feet; a dozen swords clanked from their scabbards; a dozen steel points were pressed around the traitor, each pointing towards his blackened heart; and a dozen voices cried together:

"'Swallow the words, coward, or thy heart shall be the scabbard of the goodliest steel that ever drew blood in his majesty's service.'

"But ere the villain's lips could frame reply the unknown cried: 'Stop!' and stood proudly with drawn sword.

"'And who art thou?' cried twelve manly voices, 'that thou shouldest dare to command when the name of his royal highness is being avenged by knightly swords?'

"'I, the king, command,' came the reply from the stranger, as he threw aside his cloak and disclosed his royal person. 'And you,' he continued, 'will bind the prisoner, hand and foot, that he may bear no news with his traitorous lips. Then, if ye would favour me, withdraw from me, that I may remain alone to rest and think.'

"In five minutes we were alone. But the royalists, my merry friends, had hardly gotten out of hearing distance when, through the very door from which they departed, entered another band of revellers. They took their seats amid much swearing and loud laughter, and thence ordered eight mugs o' ale. They sung songs that were merry and more that were unclean, then told tales of ribald women until one monster-like man arose with a toast:

"'Ere's to the king,' he said.

"'Aye, aye!' roared the company.

"'Soon may he die,' he continued.

"'Aye, right thou art,' yelled the followers.

"'And 'ere's to the queen!'

"'Aye, aye!' they shouted.

"'Stop!' roared the king as he sprang into the middle of the floor. 'Whatever thou hadst intended to say was a lie! All of ye are liars, and unfit to mention the queen's name!'

"Instantly every sword in the room was drawn, as also was the king's. And it was then that I sprang in between them and shouted: 'Fools, all of ye! Know ye not that it is the king himself upon whom ye draw. Sheathe your swords, cowards!'

"'So much the better,' they shouted, 'if

it is the king.'

"'Stand aside, landlord,' kindly said his majesty. 'Ye are gentlemen?' he cried, addressing the company.

"'Aye,' they replied.

"'Then I will fight ye here, one by one, on this floor, until all ye, or I, do perish. All I ask is that I may pick my man as I choose.'

"'It is fair,' said the leader.

"Then the king himself cleared the floor, and, pointing to the giant leader, said: 'Thou first.'

"Ah, my merry friends, well ye may sit here at your ease, but such fighting as I saw that night I may never hope to see again. Their swords clanked and rattled most ominously, and once did I think the king was gone, for the great leader did thrust him until his royal blood flowed upon this floor. But ere his sword was well withdrawn the giant rebel fell without a groan, for the king's steel turned within his throbbing heart.

"'Thou next,' shouted the king, pointing to the strongest of the remaining men; and thus I noted that, throughout, his majesty chose always the greatest first. And how he did fight! But, gentlemen, one man cannot hold out for ever, and when five men lay dead upon the floor, each with a heart pierced by the king's good sword, I noticed that his royal breath did come in gasps, and that his blood was mingling freely with that of the rebels as they flowed together on the floor.

"And then did come the time when the staggering king did point to the last man, a mere weakling in strength, whispering: 'Thou next!'

"Then his majesty made one terrific lunge at his adversary, and did thrust him through and through, so that the blade stuck some six inches without the rebel's back.

"I helped his majesty to a chair—yon throne in yonder corner. There he whispered:

"'Hast a sword'

"'Yes, sire,' I replied, handing him this weapon for the third time in his life.

"'Kneel,' he faltered.

"This I did, dropping upon one knee and bowing my head. He then let the sword drop across my back and whispered:

"'Noble landlord, I dub thee sir knight!'

"When I arose I rushed and lifted his fallen head, but his eyes gave back no response. His majesty, the king, had died of his wounds!

"Next day, my fair company, when they did remove his royal body, it did pass directly under yon sign, which read, as it does to-day: The Inn of the Three Kings."

MR. LABOUCHERE'S LITTLE JOKE.

In the course of the debate that arose over the attempt of Mr. Chamberlain to prove that his friend the Earl of Selborne was entitled to continue sitting for West Edinburgh after succeeding to the peerage, Mr. Labouchere amused the House with the observation that there were some "dormant monarchs" sitting on the Irish benches behind him. They are also, apparently, to be found in the Parliaments of Greater Britain. Last week's mail brought an account of a disorderly scene in the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales. One of the leading actors in it was the Hon. Daniel O'Connor, one of the members for Sydney. Replying to a ribald remark from a Labour member, M. O'Connor assumed his most dignified manner, and said: "Pardon me, sir, I am descended from a Royal line." In the general hilarity that ensued the Speaker succeeded in restoring law and order.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

(From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.)

CAVAN.

CAVAN, an incorporated market and post-town (formerly a parliamentary borough) in the parish of Urney, barony of Upper Loughtee, county of Cavan (of which it is the chief town), and province of Ulster, 25½ miles (S.E. by S.) from Enniskillen, and 55 (N.W. by W.) from Dublin, containing 2,931 inhabitants. This town was, from a period of remote antiquity, the seat of the O'Reilly's, tanists of the district now forming the county to which it gives name, and who had a castle here, of which there are no other remains than some vaults and part of the foundation. A monastery for friars of the order of St. Dominick was founded here in 1300, and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, by Giolla-Jisoa-Ruadh O'Reilly, dynast of Breffny; but about the year 1393, the monks were expelled by the same septs, and others of the Franciscan order substituted in their place. In 1468 the monastery, and Bally-Reilly, the castle above noticed, were burnt by the English under the Lord-Deputy Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester; but the former appears to have been restored previously to the year 1499, and to have been occupied by friars of the order of the Strict Observance. It was again reformed by John, son of Cahal O'Reilly, in 1502, and provincial chapters of the order were held in it in 1521, 1539, and 1556. Owen O'Nial, the celebrated general of the Irish army, who died by poison, as is supposed, at Cloughoughter, was buried in this abbey, in 1649. There are no remains of the establishment, which was commonly called Keadue; the tithes now belong to the Dean of Kilmore, and in his title are described as "the rectory of Keadue." In the early part of the reign of James I., the lord-deputy pitched his tent to the south of the town, which is described as being a very unimportant place, for the purpose of reducing this part of the country to the observance of English laws and customs. Under the partition of lands made pursuant to an inquisition as stated in the article on the county, ten poles were allotted to the town of Cavan, which the king proposed to incorporate; ten poles to the castle, and 14 to the maintenance of a free school to be erected in the town. In 1610 James I. granted the inhabitants a charter of incorporation, in the preamble of which it is stated that the town was the only place of trade in the county, and the only town where the justices could conveniently meet for their assize and gaol delivery, and that the inhabitants during the late insurrection had supplied the garrison and performed good and acceptable service to Queen Elizabeth, from time to time, according to their best abilities. The commissioners for the plantation of Ulster reserved and set out eight poles of land, adjoining the town, to be granted to the new corporation; and the charter constituted the town and all lands within the compass of one mile from the stone house or castle in which Walter Bradie then dwelt, with the exception of the castle of "the Cavan," or O'Reilly's castle, and the two poles of land called Rosgolyan, the Borough of Cavan. This place was the scene of some skirmishing in the time of Cromwell, and till very lately a house was standing in the principal street, in which he is said to have resided for several weeks. In 1690, some of the forces of James II., having assembled here for the purpose of attacking Belturbet, the Enniskilleners, under their victorious leader Wolsey, marched hither with a view to take them by surprise; but the Duke of Berwick having arrived with a considerable reinforcement, they had, with a force of only 1,000 men, to contend with 4,000 of the enemy. Wolsey, however, attacking them with spirit, the native forces of James fled at the first onset, when the Enniskilleners burst into the town and began to plunder it; those who fled to the fort now sallied out to renew the engagement. Wolsey, as the only means of recalling his men, set fire to the town, and having rallied his forces, completed the victory with great slaughter. Human bones have been found in great numbers on the side of the hill overhanging the town, where the battle took place.

The charter of Jas. I. conferred the privilege of returning two members to the Irish parliament, which was exercised till the period of the Union, when £15,000 awarded as compensation for the abolition of the franchise was paid in moities to Theophilus Clements and T. Nesbitt, Esqrs.

In Swellan lake, about a quarter of a mile from the town, have been found, at different times, some of the largest horns of the elk that have been discovered in Ireland. The celebrated Dr. Sheridan, the friend and correspondent of Dean Swift, was for many years master of the royal school of this place, and was frequently honoured with visits from the Dean; a bower in the garden, called Swift's bower, is still in existence.

(To be Continued.)

THE RAILWAYS OF FRANCE.

The Administration of Public Works in France has issued a report dealing with the history of French railways during the past 10 years. During the great drop in French trade from 1883 to 1894, the railways suffered severely, and large demands were made on the French Treasury to make good the interest guaranteed to the shareholders by the State. In 1889, 29,000,000 francs were required to make good this guarantee, but in 1892 the amount required was 60,000,000, and in 1894, 62,000,000 francs. The falling off in net receipts leading to this state of affairs caused the companies to cut down, so far as possible, the working expenses. In 1894 these amounted to 688,000,000 francs per year, but in 1896 they were but 686,000,000 francs, although the amount of traffic handled had considerably increased. Since then the exigencies of the growing traffic have rendered necessary considerable increases in the working expenses, but these have been only about one-fourth the increase in the receipts. It has, however, to be observed that during the period of rigid economy inaugurated in the early nineties, the expenditure on new plant and works was kept down as much as possible, so that the railways were not fully prepared to meet the boom of the closing years of the century, and much heavy work is now desirable. During the period from 1890 to 1894 the number of passengers per year averaged 288,000,000, while between 1895 and 1899 it was 375,000,000. Similarly the goods traffic over the lines in question averaged 962,000,000 tons per year for the period 1890-4, and 1,095,000,000 tons for the years 1895-9.

FORTS AND FAIRIES.

A COMPILATION.

BY E. J. RYAN.

PART I.—FORTS.

1.—MEANING OF TERMS.

Fort is a generic name indicating those ancient artificial works of earth or stone, erected throughout Ireland, but most of all in the South and West. It is an Anglo-Saxon term derived through the French from the Latin "fortis," strong.

The Celtic language supplies other words of allied meaning:—

Aileach(1), a circular stone fortress.

Brugh(2), a palace or distinguished residence, an earthen fort.

Bruighean, the diminutive of Brugh.

Caisiol(3), Cathair(4), a fortified rampart, usually of uncemented masses of stone, called also aileach.

Caislean(5), Clough(6), a stone castle, a stone.

Daingean, meaning as an adjective, strong, and as a noun, a stronghold or fort; a modern castle.

Dun(7), a fort, a fortified residence, the fortification being of earth or stone.

Grianan(8), generally the same kind of structure as brugh and cathair; a residence in a sunny spot; a sunny spot itself; a bower; a balcony; a royal palace.

Lathair, a site.

Lathrach, the site of some sort of dwelling.

Leara(9), a floor.

Lios(10), an earthen mound; a rampart surrounded by an earthen bank and a trench; a circular mound of earth thrown up as a shelter to a house.

Longphort, a fortress; an encampment; a camp; a garrison.

Mothar, the ruin of any building, its proper signification being a cluster of bushes or trees.

Palas(11), a royal seat; generally the same as brugh.

Rath(12), the same as lios; a circular intrenchment around a house.

Teamhair, mostly the same as grianan; a royal court; balcony; a hill commanding a wide view.

Telach, Tulach(13), a hill; a gentle eminence easy of access, of fair soil, and with a good view; a mound.

(1) Also, Ailech.

(2) Brugh, a fairy castle; also, bru.

(3) Also, caiseal, caishel, cashel, and chaiseal, a castle.

(4) Sometimes, caer, caher, cahir, car, a city.

(5) Caislean, old castle.

(6) Also, Clogh.

(7) Also, dune and doon.

(8) Also, grainin and granan, diminutive of grian, the sun.

(9) Half-rath; m'urlar (murlaur)my floor.

(10) Often contracted to lis; sometimes liss, genitive of loss.

(11) Or, pallis.

(12) Rath, pronounced rah. The word is of the same class as ar or ard (elevated), and by metathesis of the letters ra or rah or rat (t aspirated sounds like h alone), is formed ar in Armenia, which means a hilly country.

(13) Also, tullach.

Other terms referring to forts are Brinen, Cahircumdach, Crishioll, Shun, and Tor. The commonest terms are: Caisoil, Cathair, Dun, Lios, and Rath, but all the terms imply the idea of defence and protection.

At the time of the first Ordnance Survey of Ireland, begun in 1826, there were in Munster alone, about ten thousand forts, but some of them have since been removed.

2.—OBJECT AND DATE OF THE FORTS.

The object of the ancient forts was to serve as places for habitation, assembly, defence, and public worship, also as pens for cattle, and probably as receptacles for the dead—purposes served either separately or in combination.

The original forts were built mainly in Pagan times by colonists said to have come as invaders, directly or indirectly from the East: the Partholanians(14); the Nemedians(15); the Firbolgs, a small, dark-haired, long-headed race, devoted to tillage and pastoral pursuits; the scientific Tuatha De Danaans(16), large, light-haired, artists, builders, and handy men; and the Milesians—a military people, who, it is said, after wandering through Egypt and parts of Europe,

> Set sail in their good ships gallantly
> From the sunny land of Spain.

The Milesians were called also Phoenicians or Scythians from their settlement in Phoenicia; and the Scottish nation, as well as the Milesian nation, from Scuta, the word whence Scotti or Scoti as they were also called, and Scythae are derived, meaning restless wanderer (17).

These various groups of colonists succeeded a colonisation under the lady Ceasair(18), who came forty days before the Deluge, and their arrival is assigned to periods ranging after the Deluge from A.M. 2520, to A.M. 3500, or equivalently from 2680 B.C. to 1700 B.C., according to a calculation assigning the birth of our Lord to A.M. 5200(19).

Circular duns or raths, after the Pagan fashion, continued to be erected down to the twelfth or thirteenth century.

3.—ANCIENT SOCIAL CONDITIONS.

The people were of various classes, living under different social conditions, and in the system of those rude and primitive times there was involved the type not of a national army, but of the family. There were small independent societies, each repelling rather than attracting all similar societies, and there existed frequent quarrels instead of any extensive or combined method of general defence. As occasion arose each section of the community protected itself and its possessions against hostilities by building forts, which afforded also protection against the incursions of wild beasts.

Sedna Innaraighe(20), a Pagan Milesian king, who began his reign in A.M. 4721 (479 B.C.), was the first who established a regular standing army, and put in force a fixed system of military discipline, maintained for many centuries afterwards.

4.—FORMATION OF EARTHEN FORTS.

Forts are principally of earthwork, but where stone is abundant, or could be easily procured without quarrying, and the soil shallow, stone material has been employed. In some cases appearances seem to indicate that material for the earthen forts must have been brought from a distance; in others, there are signs that it was found at hand. Advantage seems to have sometimes been taken of the natural form of the ground.

In the South of Ireland earthen forts were generally built in the form of an irregular circle, appearing to have been laid out rather by the eye than by actual measurement. They vary as much as from 30 to 300 feet or more in diameter, and from a few perches to an acre or more in extent. In the Queen's County there is a rath only four yards in di mer(21).

(14) From Partholan, their leader. The name is found also as: Parolan, Parthalon, and Partholon, and his followers are called Partholonians.

(15) The Nemedians or Nemedhians were so called from their chief Nemedh or Nemid. They were succeeded by the Fomorians, or Formorians, of unknown origin, coming before the Firbolgs.

(16) This name is found in twenty different forms: Tuatha De Danaan; Tuatha de Danaan; Tuath de Danaan; Tuath-de-Danaan; Tuath da Tuath de Danaan; Tuath-de-Danaan; Tuath da Tuatha-de-Danan; Tuath-de-Danan Tuatha De Danan; Tuatha de Danann; Tuatha-De-Danann; Tuatha De Denan; Tuatha De Danann; Tuatha Dedannan; Tuatha De Denann; Tuatha De Denions; Tooaha De Danahn; Tuatha de Danannain; and—what may be a misprint—Tuatha De Danamus. The original meaning of tuath is tribe, people, or territory. The Tuatha De Danaans are supposed to be of the Teutonic race. Antiquarian research points to the early original inhabitants as being of Turanian origin, who gave way to parties of immigrant Celts from Western Europe, including the shores of Spain, in the population of which there was a considerable Phoenician element. The Tuatha De Danaans were famous for their breed of horses. The Druids were the learned men among the Tuatha De Danaans.

(17) Clan Milly is named from Millya or Milesius, King of Spain; also Miledh or Miletius.

(18) Also Casirh, Keasair, Cassir, h-Erui, or Berba, or Cesar, and lady Banbha, or Cesair (pronounced Kesar). She is said to be Pharoah's daughter. It is stated also that there were eleven main classes of colonists or invaders: The Partholanians; the Nemedians; the Formorians, supposed to be African pirates, these three having arrived from 1600 to 1500 B.C.; the Firbolgs or Belgians 1300 before the Christian era; the Tuatha De Danaans, 1200 B.C.; the Milesians or Gael, 100 B.C.; the Cruthneans or Picts, about 100 B.C., but they were prevented by the Milesians from remaining; the Danes and Norwegians, or Scandinavians, in the ninth and tenth centuries; the Anglo-Normans, in the twelfth century; and the Scots, chiefly Celts, from the tenth to the sixteenth century. Others again say that the Formorians, Nemodians, and other minor invaders came direct from Noah's ark; and the arrival of the Tuatha De Danaans is stated to be from one thousand to fourteen hundred and ninety-nine years before the birth of Christ.

> Here came the brown Phoenician,
> The man of trade and toil—
> Here came the proud Milesian,
> A hungering for spoil;
> And the Firbolg and the Cymry,
> And the hard enduring Dane,
> And the iron Lords of Normandy,
> With the Saxons in their train.

There is a false theory of a pre-Adamic creation, an inferior humanity gradually disappearing before the advance of the higher Adamic race. It is said that in Ireland the inferior primitive tribes became the bond slaves for the higher humanity—the Tuatha De Danaans and the Milesians. Scripture and the Church disprove the pre-Adamic theory. There are seven distinct nations in modern Ireland:—The descendants of the Anglo-Norman in the counties of the East and the Pale; the Scottish race in the North-east, in Antrim and Armagh; an English population in Derry since the early part of the seventeenth century; the descendants of Cromwell's soldiers in Cavan and Fermanagh; the accurate type of the Celtic population in Sligo and Mayo; the Spanish element in Galway; the Germans of the Palatinate in Central Ireland, extending over a large proportion of the Queen's and King's Counties, and some of the counties of Munster.

(19) Other dates calculated as the time of Our Lord's birth are: A.M. 5411 and 4004. We are told that Our Lord became man about four thousand years after the fall of our first parents—Julian Period, 4713.

(20) Innaraighe, the rewarder.

(21) Possibly mistaken for a haystand.

A POLITICAL CARICATURE.



DANIEL O'CONNELL AND RICHARD LALOR SHIEL.

A HOUSE OF COMMONS PICTURE BY ALFRED CROQUILL.

(From Fraser's Magazine, 1834).

Oval and also polygonal forts are sometimes found, and in central and southern parts of Munster rectilineal works of nearly the same superficial area as the others are distributed in belts over the most fertile parts of the country. The Rath Righ(22) upon the hill of Tara is of an oval form, and measures in length from north to south about 853 feet. Navan fort, two miles to the west of Armagh, covers eleven acres of land.

5.—CONSTRUCTION OF EARTHEN FORTS.

In the construction of an earthen fort a circular trench was dug, and a plot prepared within it. The interior space was usually ocupied by a set of chambers called "pol fa tolla"(23). Narow openings communicate between them. When the nature of the ground admits of it they are often excavated in the natural earth, and domed over without any artificial support. Others are lined with undressed and uncemented stones. The chambers vary in shape and size. In some cases they are galleries made of dry stone, the sides converging towards the top. The top is usually flagged over with large heavy slabs of stone, serving at the same time to prevent the sides from collapsing. At other times, though rarely, they are formed by upright jambs and lintels of unhewn stone. The average size is about 9 feet in length, by 3 to 4 in breadth and in height. Sometimes excavations of beehive appearance, called clocans(24), lined with uncemented stones, and connected by passages large enough to admit a man, are found. A chamber discovered near the Navan Fort is of an oval form, measuring in length 11 feet, in breadth 9 feet, and in height 6 feet, with a passage or gallery 15 feet in length, having a niche let into each side. Both chamber and gallery are lined with uncemented stones laid pretty regularly. The quadrangular form is very rare in clocans.

Some stones bearing Ogham(25) characters, the writing of the ancient Irish, have been found in forts. It is supposed that the Oghams are of older date than at least some of the forts, and that the stones were used for convenience of building the crypts, either at a considerable period after the time of their original purpose, or else employed by an intruding race having no regard for the memorials of their predecessors.

Over the crypts was raised the inner part of the fort. Very often the flat middle space is raised to a higher level than the surrounding surface, but in some cases the centre is lower than the surrounding verge.

In many forts no passage to the interior is visible, but in various parts of Ireland several of them are open, each having in the centre of the inner space a door or inlet like a small arch, most of them having also stone steps descending to the bottom. In some, the opening, instead of having been the original entrance, may have been caused by the falling in of the crypt. The main entrance is frequently in the trench of the fort, and is not unusually the smallest.

The chambers, which are more usual in the southern and western parts of Ireland, are supposed to have been stores or granaries, or places of security for valuables, or refuges, whither the young and the weak might resort in case of attack, and possibly prisons. But as the ventilation was deficient, they could hardly have been suitable for prolonged periods of existence. In some forts they may have been used for burial purposes.

The rectilineal forts are devoid of underground chambers.

6.—HOUSES.

On the summit of the interior plot, houses partly of the shape of a beehive, were erected. This was the general shape of buildings in ancient Ireland, and ceased only in the thirteenth or fourteenth century. The material was generally wood—planks or hurdles or wattles—sometimes wickerwork between

(22) Rath Righ, or Rath na Riogh, the king's rath. It was called also Cathair Crofinn.

(23) A hole of a house, or a hole under a mound or hill.

(24) Also clochann, clochan, and cloughawn, a stone cell. The word means also a row of stepping stones across a river. In Scotland a clachan is a hamlet or small village. Cleachaun, an Irish word, means a half-knocked ditch or bank.

(25) Also Ogham craove, ogam, ogum, and oghum. The ogham alphabet is called beth-luisnion (or, beth-luis-non), from the name of its two first letters, which signifies a birch tree, and luis, the mountain ash.

strong posts, the interstices being filled with sods or mud, and all plastered with tempered clay. The doorway was sometimes conical, but generally in the shape of a plane four-sided figure, called a trapezoid, narrowing towards the top(26). When there were windows, they were mere slits. The house was thatched on top with rushes, sedge, or straw. Stone, with or without mud, was sometimes used in the buildings on the forts, and in such cases the house was generally completed with one stone on top. In these primitive times the arch was not used, either because the principle was unknown, or because the lintel was found to be more ready and convenient for all purposes, and for the buildings then in use, equally solid(27). Planks and beams, and rough blocks of wood or stone, were most likely reserved for the residences of kings and chieftains, and the other materials employed for the dwellings of the lower orders. The houses were usually whitened or artistically coloured on the exterior, and those of important personages may have been more ornate than the other dwellings. The mound of the fort on which the local king fixed his residence was generally occupied by his dwelling, and the fort was called an riogh rath(28).

7.—CIRCUMVALLATIONS.

Concentric circumvallations, ramparts or breastworks, formed of earth, from 6 to 16 feet in thickness, were generally erected around the forts. The intervening trenches were in some cases 30 feet in width, and 12 in depth, and sometimes a trench surrounded the earthwork. Both circumvallations and trenches served for purposes of defence and security. The more important the fort the more circumvallations and trenches it had. The habitations of kings and chiefs and other important persons, and forts situated in places exposed to hostile incursions, had generally not less than three. Some circular forts consist of a single trench with a bank on each side—a method of intrenchment which appears ill adapted for a defending party. Very large circular forts have often two or three or more banks and trenches surrounding the interior space. When required for protection stockades were erected on top. Probably the ancient indigenous thorns that still decorate their slopes or summits, are the veritable descendants of quickset hedges that helped to form the breastworks or staked defences on their summits. In favourable circumstances water was conveyed into the trenches both for domestic uses and to strengthen the defences. Traces of the water courses are still discernible. The trenches may also have been roofed over if required.

The larger size forts afforded ample room for groups of dwellings, and accommodation for property. The extended works or intrenchments enclosed a space of ground within which stood other dwellings, forming, practically, intrenched villages. In some forts remains of hut circles are found, and traces of very large buildings are still discernible on the hill of Tara.

Entrance to the forts was provided through the circumvallations, there being in some instances more than one entrance even through the same bank.

It is said that between some of the forts there are secret passages and chambers. The underground hollow noise observable in some places may be due to such communications.

(To be Continued.)

(26) The sides of a geometrical trapezoid may slant unequally.

(27) In the wilds of Dartmoor and Exmoor, England, there are Druidical or Celtic bridges older than the Roman bridges in that country.

(28) The king's rath.

THE MORO MEN.

TRAITS OF THE ARAB ISLANDERS OF MINDANAO.

Who are the Moros? If you examine a large map of the Philippine archipelago you will notice in the south-western corner a group of small islands extending from Mindanao toward Borneo. These islands are the stepping-stones by which the ancestors of the present Moros entered the archipelago, somewhat before the ships of Magellan sighted the north-eastern coast of Mindanao. They established themselves throughout these islands and on the shore of Mindanao, the second largest island of the whole Philippine group, so firmly that for three full centuries they laid waste the coasts not only on the Philippines, but even of more distant islands.

The Moro, or Moor, as the Spanish call him, builds his village over the water of a small cove, protected on the water side by reefs and shallows, with which he only is familiar, and on the shore side by a fort or cotta. Their houses, raised on piles until they are just out of reach of the little waves that find their way past the surrounding reefs and smaller islands, shelter in each case an entire family—the lord of the manor, his wives, concubines and slaves, all jumbled together, so travellers tell us, in a direct and patriarchial manner. The slaves of the Moro women spin and weave, producing stuffs of cotton and abaca, which they colour with native dyes. The men slaves tend the horses, cattle, goats and poultry, which the Moros possess in great abundance, and work on the plantations of rice, maize, and coffee. But they also accompany their masters on raids, either against an obnoxious Mussulman neighbour or against the weaker, partly Christianised or wholly heathen tribes of Mindanao. Their boats are always tied near the entrance of their houses, separated from the shore by rude bridges of bamboo that can be raised at an instant's notice. But their boats no longer go on distant voyages, and the activity of these expirates par excellence of the Philippine archipelago is now confined to their own immediate neighbourhood. Malaria is a further protection to them, for they are liable to live where even native regiments from the other islands cannot withstand the fevers of the swamp and flooded lowlands.

Guarding each village on the shore side there is often a stronghold constructed of tree trunks, the space between them filled with tightly packed masses of rocks, stones, and earth; the walls sometimes consisting of a double stockade, twenty feet or more in thickness and from twenty to thirty feet in height. Brass and iron guns and "latankas," the long guns that you sometimes see in museums, which the Moros bore by hand, and often decorate right skilfully, constitute the armament, reinforced by the long spears and peculiarly shaped swords and knives that are the personal equipment of every adult tribesman; for the Moro, like the proverbial American cowboy, is always armed, and not at all slow about using his weapons.

Some Moros, however, are less visibly armed than others. In 1891 Professor Dean C. Worcester, visiting a village in which the inhabitants were supposed to be especially peaceable and entirely without arms, tried the experiment of offering to purchase weapons; and an amazing quantity of arms became immediately visible. These weapons are an interesting illustration of the tastes of the people, whose most artistic industry lies in their manufacture. There is the "barong," an implement for close combat, fashioned somewhat like a butcher's cleaver, thick at the back and almost as sharp as a razor at the edge; with it a skilful warrior prides himself on being able to halve an enemy. There is the straight "kris," narrow and double-edged, for ordinary cutting and thrusting; the serpent "kris," with a wavy blade that serves the same purpose in a much more murderous fashion; the "campilan," a straight, two-handed sword used only for cutting; the kris dagger, a smaller serpentine blade for thrusting at close quarters; and finally there is a special kind of knife for executioners. Ordinarily the Moro carries barong, kris, or campilan thrust into his sash. When he has added a shield of light wood and a keen, broad-headed lance he is really ready to meet any enemy. He is ready to meet him anywhere and under any conditions, for the personal courage of the Moro is not questioned.

The men are of about medium height, with excellent physical development, and in their veins, still, perhaps, a distinctive although distant touch of the Arab.

They are anything but unclad savages. Their garments, bright in colour and often embroidered or otherwise ornamented, embrace pantaloons—somewhat like modern knickerbockers—which are loose to the knee and then follow the leg closely; waistcoat, sash, jacket and turban. The rank of the man, and there are many degrees of rank in a system of government not unlike the feudal system of the Middle Ages, is indicated by the way he ties his turban.

When a Moro grows weary of his present existence he argues somewhat in this manner. For a fellow to kill himself is suicide; ergo, to be killed by somebody else is not suicide. Moreover, a good Mohammedan who dies killing Christians indefinitely improves his future lot in paradise. Therefore, he bathes in a scarlet spring, shaves his eyebrows, dresses in white and takes a solemn oath before the nearest priest or "pandita" to die killing Christians. He is now a "juramentados (sometimes several "juramentados" start out together), and he seeks the nearest town in order to find the necessary Christians. Reaching the town, he runs amuck. Nothing but death can stop him, and every living thing in his path he attempts to kill. His relations celebrate his death, and at twilight claim that they see his spirit, mounted on a white horse, as it rides by them on its way to future happiness.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

(To the Editor "Dublin Penny Journal.")

Dear Sir.—I take the liberty of trespassing on your space for the purpose of ascertaining from you, or from any of your readers, some information in reference to the obelisk in James's street, commonly called the Big Fountain, when it was built, and by whom, and for what object.

PATRICK HAYES.

(To the Editor "Dublin Penny Journal.")

London, W., August 2nd.

Sir.—In the last issue of your interesting paper, there appears an extract from an old journal mentioning the marriage of a daughter of John Cooper, of Cooper-hill, county Meath. I should be glad if any of your readers could inform me when, approximately, the Coopers first settled in Ireland; and also whether I am right in thinking that the Coopers in county Cork are a sub-division of the Killenure, county Tipperary, branch, the other two chief branches being those of county Sligo (Mark Ree), and county Limerick (Cooper-hill).

I believe some printed pedigrees exist regarding this family, but I do not know where I could obtain copies of same. Any information, either in detail, or general, on the points I have named would be most acceptable to me.—I am, etc,

ANGLO-IRISH.

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS:

Compiled from Authentick Memoirs, Offices of Record, Manufcript Collections, and other Unexceptionable Vouchers,

By THE LATE WALTER HARRIS, ESQ.

XI.—Continued.

A.D. 1535. George Brown, an Augustin friar, was consecrated archbishop of Dublin, and was the first of the clergy who embraced the Reformation in Ireland, having renounced the Papal supremacy, and acknowledged the same in the king, pursuant to an act of parliament passed the year following. He also removed all superstitious relics and images out of the two Cathedrals in Dublin, and other churches in his diocese, and in their room placed the creed, the Lord's prayer, and ten commandments in gilded frames.

A.D. 1539. O'Neill and most of the chieftains of Ulster conspired together and invaded the Pale, burning Navan, Atherdee, and all the country as they marched, as far as the hill of Tarah. The lord deputy Grey, assisted by the forces of the Pale, and the mayors and citizens of Dublin and Drogheda, advanced to repress their insolence. They marched all night till they came to Bellahoa, where they found the enemy encamped on the other side of the river, whom they attacked and defeated, notwithstanding the great disadvantages of ground, and recovered all the prey of the Pale. For their good services in this action, the lord deputy, among other men of rank, knighted James Fitzsimons, mayor of Dublin, and Michael Courcey, mayor of Drogheda, in the field.

A.D. 1540. This year were minted in the castle of Dublin, for Ireland, of silver and base allay, new testoons, two pences, and pence, which bore an arched crown over the arms of England and France quartered, and this inscription, HENRICUS VIII. D. G. AGL. The reverse, a crowned harp between the letters H. and R. both crowned, and this inscription, FRANCE. DOMINUS. HIBERNIE. And the exportation of this coin to England was prohibited by proclamation under the forfeiture of treble the value, and fine and imprisonment. The year following, the king, by act of parliament, altered his title of lord of Ireland into that of king of Ireland, which occasioned an alteration in the coin, though not in the baseness of the metal, the harp and arms as in the former, but the inscription thus: HENRIC. VIII. DI. GRACIA. ANGLIE. Reverse, FRANCE ET HIBERNIE. REX. Upon proclaiming Henry VIII. king of Ireland, all prisoners (except for treason, wilful murder, rape, or debt) were set at liberty.

A.D. 1541. The priory and convent of Christ-church, Dublin, were converted into a deanery and chapter, and Robert Castell, alias Painswich, from the last prior was made the first dean of it.

A.D. 1547. The Birnes and Tools, assisted by some outlaws of the Fitz-Geralds, taking advantage of the change of government, and the infancy of King Edward VI., made inroads into the neighbourhood of Dublin, and distressed the citizens. Sir Anthony St. Leger, lord deputy, marched out a body of the standing army against them, and was aided by a considerable party of the militia of the city: with these he attacked and routed the enemy at Three-Castles, slew their captain, and drove them into their fastnesses. In this action, sixteen of the Fitz-Geralds were taken prisoners, and all hanged and quartered in Dublin, except one, named Maurice, who was imprisoned in the castle till the government had time to consult what punishment should be inflicted on him. He was the same year put to death. Thus this confederacy was broken, which in the compass of a year had been guilty of innumerable murders.

A.D. 1548. This year the names of the bailiffs of the city of Dublin were changed into sheriffs by a new incorporation of King Edward VI., and John Ryan and Thomas Fining, who were the last bailiffs, were made the first sheriffs. A mint was likewise established in Dublin by express order from court; but it soon failed for want of bullion.

A.D. 1550. On Easter Sunday, the liturgy in the English tongue was first read in Christ-church, in pursuance of an order from the king for that purpose; and the year following was printed in Dublin by Humphrey Powell, who had a licence for so doing exclusive of all others, and it is probable this is the first book that ever was printed in Ireland.

A.D. 1551. The see of Armagh was deprived of the title of the "primacy of all Ireland," and the same was annexed to the see of Dublin, occasioned by the obstinacy of primate Dowdal in not submitting to the king's order about the liturgy, and the compliance of Archbishop Brown therewith.

A.D. 1552. There was a great scarcity this year, insomuch that the peck of wheat (a measure containing almost four English bushels) sold in Dublin for twenty-four shillings, and of malt for eighteen shillings; but the harvest following proved so plentiful that wheat fell to five shillings a peck, and malt to two shillings. The testoon or groat of mixed money was now by proclamation ordered to pass at two shillings. The mayor of Dublin marched out with a strong band of citizens against O'Reily, who began to be troublesome in Cavan, and was assisted herein by the forces of Drogheda. But the service being performed, the two magistrates of these places had a contest upon their return who should lead the van, which ended to the honour of the mayor of Dublin, who by order had his right confirmed of commanding the van going out, and the rere returning home.

A.D. 1553. The lords justices were attended by the militia of Dublin in an expedition to Dundalk against O'Neil, who on the 1st of October was attacked, and lost many of his men, himself and his wife with difficulty escaping. The Mass and other Papal superstitions were restored in Dublin by an order from queen Mary.

A.D. 1554. Many Protestants fled from England into Ireland, to avoid the persecutions began against their religion by queen Mary; and among others John Hervey, Abel Ellis, John Edmonds, and Henry Hough, all Cheshire men, transported their effects to Dublin and became citizens thereof, one Thomas Jones, a Welshman, and a Protestant priest, privately officiating amongst them.

A.D. 1555. Patrick Sarsfield, mayor, and the rest of the citizens and commons of Dublin, at their own charge, began to enclose the place that contains the head of water running to the city, with lime and stone.

A.D. 1556. In May the Cavenaghs got together a great body of Irish outlaws, and invaded and plundered the south parts of the county of Dublin. To put a stop to their progress, the citizens marched out, and hunted them so briskly that they slew great numbers, and forced 140 to take shelter in the castle of Powerscourt, which they pretended to defend. Sir George Stanley, knight marshal, besieged them on the 5th of May, but they held out obstinately, and the marshal sent to the lord deputy for two pieces of ordnance and more men. The mayor and citizens sent out a fresh supply of 80 men under the command of sheriff Bulkely, and good store of provisions. The rebels, hearing that the forces of the city were arrived, surrendered at mercy, and on the 14th were led to the castle of Dublin about eight at night, where the day following about sixty of them were hanged, and the day after fourteen more. The rest were pardoned.

John Chaloner, mayor of Dublin, this year imported from Spain in a ship of his own several pieces of ordnance, and 150 muskets, with which he armed the citizens for queen Mary's service, and he and the sheriffs and citizens offered their service to assist the lord lieutenant against all rebels, upon which many of them submitted. The lord lieutenant would have knighted the mayor, but he refused the honour.

A.D. 1557. The lord deputy on the 10th of August made an expedition into Ulster against James Mc. Connell, a Scot. For further aid, he (according to custom) took with him the mayor of Dublin, attended with a troop of horse and company of foot of the citizens, in number 220 men well armed, under the conduct of John Usher, captain, and Patrick Bulkley, petty captain, besides 80 archers armed with bows and arrows, who attended on John Dempsey, the sheriff. The Scots, affrighted with these preparations, declined coming to an engagement, and sheltered themselves in bogs and woods, so that little mischief was

done then, except the taking of a few preys. However, some of the principals of them submitted, and Daniel Mc. Connell and Richard Guillin received the honour of knighthood.

A.D. 1558. The lord deputy Sussex had the aid of a body of citizens in an expedition against the Scots in the island of Raghlin, lying a little off the coast of the county of Antrim. He set sail on the 13th of September from Dalky, and, preparing to land, one of his ships was cast away on the rocks of the island, and several of the citizens perished. Yet he landed, slew many of the Scots, took the island, and placed a colony and garrison in it. From thence he passed over to Cantire in Scotland, and into the islands of Arran and Comber, and spread desolation far and near. He intended to have visited the island of Ila, but was driven back by a tempest to Carrickfergus. He spent above nine weeks in this hazardous expedition, and returned safe to Dublin on the 18th of November.

A.D. 1559. The Mass was again put down in Dublin, by orders from queen Elizabeth, and the litany and other prayers were sung in English in Christ-church before the Earl of Sussex, lord lieutenant, who from thence invited the mayor and aldermen to dine with him at St. Sepulchre's. Orders were sent to Thomas Lockwood, dean of Christ-church, to remove all Popish relics and images from thence, and to paint and whiten it anew, putting sentences of Scripture on the walls, instead of pictures and other objects of idolatry; and this work was set about on the 25th of May this year. Large Bibles printed in the English language were placed in the middle of the choirs of St. Patrick's and Christ-church (a), which caused great resort to them on purpose to read them.

A.D. 1560. The queen caused the castle of Dublin to be repaired for her lieutenants or deputies to dwell in, at which time the castle clock and other public clocks were set up.

A.D. 1561. The Earl of Sussex, lord lieutenant, having taken the oath of office in Christ-church, Thomas Fitzsimons, then mayor of Dublin, invited the lord lieutenant and council to dinner, after which he entertained them with a play, in which the Nine Worthies, were acted; in the evening he gave them a sumptuous entertainment, after which the mayor and his brethren, with the city music, attended the lord lieutenant and Council to Thomascourt by torch light. Soon after, the lord lieutenant marched with an army of 500 men, with six weeks' provision, against Shane O'Neill, and the city of Dublin, to show their fidelity to her majesty, sent Sheriff Bedlow with 80 men, and provisions for six weeks, to attend the lord lieutenant. In August following, sheriff Gough was sent to aid the lord lieutenant with another party of 40 archers, and as many musketeers, together with twenty-one days' provision, all at the expense of the city. These preparations obliged Shane O'Neill to submit, without any great action on either side.

A.D. 1562. The roof and part of the body of Christ-church fell, by which the ancient monument of Strongbow was broke.

A.D. 1563. On the 1st of April the Earl of Sussex, lord lieutenant, advanced his standard against Shane O'Neill, who was then in rebellion, and Edward Baron, one of the sheriffs of the city of Dublin, attended his lordship in this expedition to Dundalk, at the head of 80 archers and gunners for twelve days, and on the 8th of May, Walter Clinton, colleague of Baron, came to the camp with 60 fresh men from the city, and continued there eight days, On the 1st of July, the same sheriff again marched out with 60 men, and continued six weeks with the lord lieutenant, who, during these expeditions, had the better of the enemy in several encounters, and returned to Drogheda, and from thence to Dublin with great booty. A proclamation was issued this year against the meetings of friars and priests in Dublin, and a tax was levied on the housekeepers for absenting themselves from church, and for this purpose a roll of their names were called over every Sunday by the church-wardens.

A.D. 1565. In June and July this year, Nicholas Fyan, mayor of Dublin, caused the Wood-quay walls and most of the merchants-quay to be repaired with lime and stone at the city charge. On the 1st of October, Nicholas Fitzsimons was sworn mayor before the lord justice in the great hall in Christ-church, and he immediately issued a proclamation that no woman or maid should within the precincts of his jurisdiction sell wine, ale or beer, but such as should keep a sign at their doors, under the penalty of 40s.

A.D. 1566. Shane O'Neill, having made his submission to the queen after the last chastisement given him by the Earl of Sussex, broke out again this year into rebellion, and invaded Fermanagh; expelled from thence Maguire, at that time a peaceable subject, burned the cathedral of Armagh, and at length laid siege to Dundalk. But the valour of the garrison preserved the place, until William Sarsfield, mayor of Dublin, marched out with a chosen body of citizens, and without any other assistance raised the siege, and delivered the Lady Sidney, who was then enclosed in it, for which service, as well as for an expedition he made this year against O'Reilly, upon his return to Dublin he was knighted by the lord lieutenant.

(To be Continued.)

(a) It is remarkable that the desire of reading the bible was so great, that John Dele, a bookseller, sold 7,000 in two years time, when they were first brought into Ireland in 1566. Ware's An. Eliz.

WONDERFUL LITTLE THINGS.

The seed of the globe turnip is about the twentieth part of an inch in diameter, and yet in the course of a few months this seed will be enlarged by the soil and the air into 27,000,000 times its original bulk, and this in addition to a bunch of leaves. It has been found by experiment that a turnip seed will, under fair conditions, increase its own weight fifteen times in a minute. Turnips growing in peat ground have been found to increase more than 15,000 times the weight of their seeds in a day.

MY ARGOSY.

BY JOHN BOYLE.

My thoughts are outward in their flight,
And restless as the foam
Through which a good ship holds to-night
Her westward pathway home;
I see her trail her sable crest,
And spread her wings of speed,
While every stanchion in her breast
Is trembling like a reed.
With gallant pride she flings aside
The waves in angry foare,
And night or day I watch her way,
And sing her welcome home.

Last eve I saw her outward bound,
Her canvas on the gale,
And watched her pennon wearing round
The headland of Kinsale.
I saw Slieve-Ronan sink behind,
The sun go down before,
And as a seabird on the wind
My heart put out from shore:
And through the night I hailed her flight,
Beneath the starlit dome,
And through the day I watched her way,
And sang her welcome home.

Betimes I see her gallant form
Careering up the waves,
Betimes adrift before the storm,
Toward ocean's yawning caves;
Again I see her quivering spars
Go reeling round the sky,
Then righting, greet the topmost stars,
And wave her pennon high.
Still through the night I hail her flight
Beneath the starlit dome,
And night or day I track her way,
And sing her welcome home.

What though she bears within her hold
To me no treasure-trove—
Kind Heaven ordained not links of gold
To bind or hallow love—
No gems of Orient mines or marts,
No laurel wreath of fame—
The earnest of two kindred hearts
Is all from her I claim.
For this to-night I hail her flight
Beneath the starlit dome,
And night and day for this I pray,
And weave a welcome home.

These are my treasure, these my prize;
A heart my lot to share;
A playful child with azure eyes,
And sunlight in her hair.
For these I pray the mighty Power
That ruleth land and sea,
However seas and skies may lower,
To speed my Argosie!
And guard her flight throughout the night,
Beneath the starry dome,
And be the stay by night and day
Of those I welcome home.

HOW INSECTS MAKE MUSIC.

The grasshopper has a wing that is very curious to look at. You have seen this little insect, I have no doubt. Its colour is light green, and just where the wing joins the body there is a thin but strong skin, which makes a sort of drumhead. It is the rubbing of these two ridges or drumheads together which makes the queer noise you have heard. There is no music in it certainly. The insects could keep quiet, if they wished; but they must enjoy making the noise. The grasshopper sometimes makes two rubs on its drumhead and sometimes three. The moment it is very dark they begin. Soon the whole company is at work. As they rest after each rubbing, it seems as if they answered one another. Did you know that bees hum from under their wings? It is not the stir of those beautiful light wings we hear. It is the air drawing in and out of the air-tubes in the bee's quick flight. The faster the bee flies the louder the humming is. Did you know that insects feel They have nerves all over them, through their wings and out to the end of every feeler.

GRAND REVIEW OF THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS IN THE PHŒNIX PARK,

ON 3RD. JUNE, 1782

(From a Dublin Newspaper dated 4th June, 1782.)

Yesterday morning, agreeable to the orders which had been given by General Earl Charlemont, at 8 o'clock the different corps of cavalry paraded in Dawson street, and those of artillery and infantry in Stephen's green, and from thence marched down Dawson and Grafton streets, through College Green and Dame street, over Essex bridge, and along the quays to the Phœnix Park, amidst the applause and admiration of thousands of delighted spectators, many of whom attended them to the field of glory.

The following corps of cavalry arrived in the Park before 11 o'clock:—County of Dublin Light Dragoons, Rathdown Light Dragoons, Rathdown Carabineers, Wicklow Foresters, Independent Wicklow Horse, Naas Rangers, Kilcullen Rangers, Clane Rangers, Arlington Legion, Union Light Dragoons of Dublin, Dunboyne Light Dragoons; Hibernian Light Dragoons; and the whole (except the last three corps, who did not go into the line), being drawn up in six squadrons of 100 men each.

About nine o'clock the discharge of nine cannon announced the General Earl Charlemont's approach, who was escorted to and from the field by the Dundalk Light Dragoons, attended by the Earl of Mornington, and Lord Delvin as aides-de-camps; the calvary then received and saluted the General at open order, marched by in corps, ranked off, and performed a variety of very elegant manœuvres, but mostly such as are usually practised by heavy horse; the three squadrons on the right then filed to the right, and the three on the left, to the left of the infantry, and took post in the line: the corps of Artillery were Earl of Aldborough's Legion, Captain Calbeck's Corps, Wicklow Forrester's Corps, and Liberty Corps; the Infantry were Mountmellick, Col. Lord Carlow; Maryborough, Col. Parnell; Aldborough Volunteers, Col. Saunders; Drogheda Independents, Col. Lyons; Dublin Volunteers, Col. the Duke of Leinster; Dunlavin, Col. Sir J. S. Tynte; Goldsmiths, Col Lord Charlemont and Lieut-Col. Henry Flood; Lawyers, Col. Pedder; Merchants, Col. Dick; Liberty, Col. Sir Ed. Newenham; Wicklow Forresters, Col. Hayes; Trim Corps, Capt. Finlay; Duleek Light Infantry, Capt. Trotter; Duleek Grenadiers, Capt. Sir James Somerville; Ratoath, Capt. Gorges; Slane, Capt. Forbes; Donore, Major Verschoïle; Upper Cross and South Coolock, Col. Talbot; North Coolock, Capt. Weeks; Skreen, Col. Dillon; Ralphsdale Grenadiers, Capt. Smyth; Finglas, Col. Segrave; Talbotstown Invincibles, Col. Westby; Naas, Capt. Hon. John Burke; Castletown Union, Col. Right Hon. Thomas Conoly; Manooth, Col. Kane; Independent Dublin Volunteers, Col. Grattan; Builders, Capt. Reid; Attornies, Col. King; Portarlington, Major Le Grand.

The whole being formed into six regiments of 500 men each, and the line compleated, formed with the Artillery and Calvary on the flanks, the review of Infantry commenced, the General pasing along the line in front, and was as usual attended by his aides-de-camps, together with the Earls of Clanwilliam, Aldborough, and 18 other other Peers, and most of the other persons of distinction and consequence in the kingdom; he then took post in front of the line, and the troops afterwards performed the several manœuvres contained in the plans prepared by Major Gudgeon, Exercising Officer, with the utmost dexterity and exactness, to the entire satisfaction of the General, and the nobility and gentry present.

Col. Grattan acted as Lieut-General of the whole line; Col. Lowther, as Major-General; Col. Hayes and Lord Carlow, as Brigadier-Generals; Sir Edward Newenham, Lyons, Tynte, Talbot, Pedder, and Saunders, commanded the different regiments; Major Gudgeon was Exercising Officer of Infantry, and Major Broom of Cavalry, and their respective plans of manœuvres has done them very great honour.

His Grace the Lord Lieutenant, and General Burgoyne, expresed the utmost astonishment and delight, and declared they never saw so fine a body of men, or a finer and more noble sight; and the reviewing General returned his particular thanks to every corps in the field.

SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

It is the common belief that the commercial rise of Germany has been largely due to the results of the Franco-Prussian war, which put money into its coffers and stimulated the energies of the people. Doubtless (says the "Scientific American") much of Germany's phenomenal success of the last quarter of the past century was due to this event; but in order to gauge accurately the nation's capacities and aims, it is necessary to look farther back than 1870-71. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that the whole standard of education in Germany is higher than in either the United States or England, and technical education had its beginning in Germany long before the Franco-Prussian war. Sixty years ago, Liebig had fifty students working in his factory, and all of the German universities have had their own chemical laboratories since 1827. To-day there are in German factories 4,500 thoroughly trained chemists, besides more than 5,000 assistants, whose brains are constantly at work upon the problems of improving processes, and lessening the cost of production. The sugar industry illustrates the practical application which the Germans make of their educational system. In 1840 154.000 tons of beet root were crushed, from which 8.000 tons of raw sugar were produced, showing about 5½ per cent of raw sugar extracted from the root. Twenty years later 1,500.000 tons were treated, which produced 128,000 tons of sugar, or about 8 per cent. Last year about 12,000,000 tons were crushed, which produced 1,500,000 tons of raw sugar, raising the percentage to 13. This advance is due entirely to scientific treatment. The production of dry colours, chemicals and dyes in Germany shows a corresponding increase in product and in dividend-paying capacity. Comparing the statistics of the dyeing industry of the year 1874 with those of 1898, it is found that notwithstanding prices in 1898 were considerably lower than in 1874, the net income in 1874 was 24.000.000 marks (about 6,000,000 dollars), and in 1898 was 120,000,000 marks (about 30,000,000 dollars). The great increase of earning capacity is due largely to the constant labour of trained men, who by application of their technical knowledge have so cheapened productions that they have succeeded in getting this trade away from the English, who formerly controlled it. Another illustration is found in the manufacture of artificial indigo, a chemical process for making which was discovered in Germany about thirty-five years ago. It was started with less than forty workmen, all told. It now employs over six thousand men, and has a staff of one hundred and forty-six scientific chemists. By placing this substitute upon the market at a very low price the Germans have nearly ruined the natural indigo industry of India. The Germans have also discovered a method for obtaining ground slag from steel processes, which is used as a fertiliser; and England, although she produces as much steel as Germany, has become a good customer for this article. A century ago the English and French makers of scientific instruments were far in advance of the Germans. During the last twenty years all this has changed. The value of the exports from Germany of scientific instruments for the year 1898 was about 1,250.000 dollars—three times what it was in 1888—and the work gave employment to 14,000 people. The conclusions to be arrived at from the foregoing are not so much academic as economic and practical. In Germany a young man is called upon to decide early in his career whether he will take a classical or a scientific course. If he decides to take the latter he goes into the "Real Schule," or lower scientific school, to be elevated thence to the "Real Gymnasium," or scientific high school, and thence to the "Polytechnicum," or institute of technology, which is separate from the universities. In this course he learns no Greek and only a moderate amount of Latin; but he has the sciences, engineering, mathematics, modern languages, history, and a mixture of practical and theoretical training in various technical branches, with frequent excursions for the purpose of inspection of work in factories and public enterprises.. The faculties of these institutions keep in touch with the manufactories, and when capable young men graduate they easily find situations. This is also true of the technical high schools, of which there are twenty-four, which likewise have courses in engineering, architecture, drainage, irrigation, modelling, drawing, chemistry, modern languages history, etc. The Imperial Department of Commerce and Industries has been of great assistance to the German manufacturer. It has been an intermediary between the educational and practical work, guiding the one, sustaining the other, and furnishing information to the manufacturer, first in beginning his industry, later in expanding it, and finally in marketing his surplus.

GRASS HOUSES.

The finest house ever designed by a redskin is the grass house of the Wichitas, a tribe that at present live in southern Oklahoma. They are the only tribe that ever accomplished sucessfully the erection of a grass structure. Soon they are to abandon these huts and take up their humdrum reservation life in two-room frame shacks, which are being built for them by the United States Government. The grass house, it is claimed, is far

I have read statistics by various authors on from being healthful; but it is certainly comfortable. There are but about fifty old men of the tribe alive to-day who understand the art of building one of these houses so that it will stand. And these refuse to work, even for generous wages. The Government has offered these grass-house builders lucrative employment to construct some houses that may be preserved as models of an ancient art. But they refuse, and the grass huts that used to dot the prairies of the Wichita reservation are now being torn down. The Wichitas are determined that their huts shall not survive them.

Appearances are often deceiving. One can look upon a grass house and imagine it an easy thing to build. But not so. It is indeed most intricate. The grass is gathered early in the spring, when it is yet fresh. The sod cutting usually takes place immediately after a rain, the sod being removed to a thickness of about eight inches. Buffalo grass sod is the only kind that will answer the purpose of the builder. He commences to lay the foundation as does the stone-mason, digging away the earth to a depth of about one foot. The grass portion of the chunks of sod is laid to the outside, and the house is built to a height of twelve to fifteen feet, in the form of a pointed dome. There is no hole in the top for smoke to pass out, the latter being carried away through a pipe on the outside of the hut. The door is usually in the south, and there are no windows. Through each tuft of sod is run a willow reed string, and these strings are bound clear around the stucture. The grass remains green, and will grow if there is plenty of rain. It is not at all uncommon to see the sides of these grass houses turn green as spring approaches, just as do the pastures near them. The houses are very warm in winter and cool in summer. They never leak. Often the Indians have made barns of the same material.

LITERARY NOTES.

It is to be hoped, writes a literary critic, that in the other volumes of essays by Lord Acton, which are less definitely promised, a place will be found for that interesting parergon to which Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff tells us that his latest days were devoted. This was a list of books which a young man should read in order to complete his education, after it was "finished" in the ordinary sense of the word. Lord Acton, alarmed perhaps by the memory of that dreadful bore, the "Hundred Best Books" controversy, into which his old friend Mr. Gladstone had vainly tried to drag him, limited his choice to ninety-eight works. They were chosen—as Lord Acton said in a fine and inspiring passage which Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff rightly wished to see inscribed on his monument—

with a view to assisting an English youth whose education is finished, who knows common things, and is not training for a profession, to perfect his mind and open windows in every direction; to raise him to the level of his age, so that he may know the (twenty or thirty) forces that have made our world what it is and still reign over it; to guard him against surprises and against the constant source of errors within; to supply him both with the strongest stimulants and the surest guides; to give force and fullness and clearness and sincerity and independence and elevation and generosity and serenity to his mind, that he may know the method and law of the process by which error is conquered and truth is won, discerning knowledge from probability and prejudice from belief; that he may learn to master what he rejects as fully as what he adopts; that he may understand the origin, as well as the strength and vitality, of systems, and the better motive of men who are wrong; to steel him against the charm of literary beauty and talent, so that each book thoroughly taken in shall be the beginning of a new life, and shall make a new man of him.

One might be inclined to say of a young man so trained what the Sicilian gossip in Theocritus said of the famous singer: "The lucky woman to know all that!" But there can be no question that Lord Acton's list would be well worth having, and one hopes (with "The Spectator") that in due course it will be given to the reading world.

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A writer in "The Manchester Guardian" has raised an interesting question as to the rights of a public library over its own books. It will be remembered that the Northampton Free Library recently sold a number of books, once the property of that ill-fated minor poet, John Clare, which had been presented to the library by a municipal subscription at the time of his death. Some of these volumes, which included first editions of Keats, Lamb, and Tennyson, made valuable by the autographs of their authors, were lately discovered in a locked cupboard, where the illiterate or thrifty librarian, who received them thirty-six years ago, had carefully packed them away. The Northampton Library Committee decided that these books were too valuable to be retained as "curiosities," and disposed of them at a well-known auction room; one volume, the first edition of the "Essays of Elia," containing Lamb's autograph, brought no less than £88. The Library Committee proposes to spend the proceeds of the sale, amounting to several hundred pounds, in books for the reference library. The question now raised is whether it was justified in so doing, on ethical and literary, as well as on legal grounds. No one will doubt that the Committee acted with the best intentions, and it may reasonably be argued that the books in question, having been locked up in a cupboard ever since they came into the Free Library's keeping, will be no great loss to Northampton. But, to compare small things with great, we need only try to imagine what an uproar would be caused if Magdalen College proposed to sell the manuscript of Pepy's Diary in order to purchase works of reference, or the Rylands Library wished to "trade away" one of its Caxtons for the latest atlases and encyclopædias, to see that a point of wider interest than the literary taste of Northampton has been raised. As the writer already mentioned well puts it, "it is to be hoped that this strictly utilitarian policy will not be followed by other Free Library Committees, for it will at once arrest the flow of private generosity which brought these valuable books into the possession of ungrateful Northampton." There are higher considerations than even reference libraries, and it would be hard to say how many sets of Larousse and Stieler and the Encyclopædia Britannica would really counterbalance the distinction given to a provincial library by the possession of books which had once been in Lamb's hands and were dignified by his autograph.

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A correspondent of the "New York Nation" has written an instructive letter on the subject of an interesting Longfellow coincidence. He says: In the Table-Talk of America's best-beloved poet is printed the following sentence:—

"When we reflect that all the aspects of nature, all the emotions of the soul, and all the events of life, have been the subjects of poetry for hundreds and thousands of years, we can hardly wonder that there should be so many resemblances and coincidences of expression among poets, but rather that they are not more numerous and more striking."

These words of Longfellow were recalled to my mind recently, as I chanced upon two lines in an old English homily which form an almost exact parallel to a portion of the "Psalm of Life." The lines occur in the sermon "In Caput Jejunii" ("for Ash-Wednesday"), which stands twelfth in the series of Aelfric's "Lives of Saints," edited for the Early English Text Society by Rev. W. W. Skeat; they are numbered 26 and 27 (vol. i., p. 262), and run as follows:

"Forthan thu eart dust, and to duste gewendest.
Nis this na gesæd be manna sawlum."

A literal translation of these words into Modern English gives: "For that thou art dust and to dust turnest; this is not said of men's souls"; which inevitably suggests the familiar

"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

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Continuing, he remarks that in this age, when the pursuit of literary sources has achieved the dignity of a science, I often wonder that the poets do not rise and beg to be slain outright with that good old bludgeon, the now-disused cry of "Plagiarism"—the first impulse is to say "Post hoc, ergo propter hoc"; but, remembering the dictum quoted at the head of this letter, it is much safer to say "coincidence." It is, in fact, almost demonstrable that the poet's lips had had no draught from the old monk's well. It is true that, in the spring of 1838, Longfellow was studying Anglo-Saxon literature, and that an essay from his pen upon that subject was written in April and published in the "North American Review" for July of that year; and that the "Psalm," which appeared in the "Knickerbocker Magazine" for October 1838, was written on the morning of July 26 of the same year. But this homily was at that time resting safe in the obscurity of the British Museum and of the libraries at Cambridge University; it was never printed until 1885; and we have not the least reason for thinking that Longfellow's somewhat superficial study of Old English ever led him to much browsing among Anglo-Saxon manuscripts.

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It may not be out of place, in closing, to recall the first draft of this stanza of the "Psalm," as given in the Rev. Samuel Longfellow's Life of his brother; from this it will be seen that it was only by a second impulse that the poet's words came into line with those of Aelfric:

"Life is glorious. Life is earnest,
Cannot pass in smoke away;
Dust alone to dust returneth,
But thy soul cannot decay."

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Mr. W. A. Sibbald has written to the "Spectator" to point out the inaccuracy of which Mr. Swinburne is guilty in his recent article in the "Quarterly" on Charles Dickens. Mr. Swinburne speaks of Matthew Arnold's "stolid scorn" for the writings of Charles Dickens. But as Mr. Sibbald points out—1, Arnold was a prominent figure at the farewell dinner given to Dickens by his admirers on the eve of his departure for America, November 2nd, 1867 (see "Arnold's Letters," Vol. I., p. 374); 2, in an essay on "The Incompatibles," written by Arnold about 1880, and reprinted in his "Irish Essays," there occurs the following reference to (pace Mr. Swinburne) Dickens's masterpiece—"Much as I have published, I do not think it has ever yet happened to me to comment in print upon any production of Charles Dickens. What a pleasure to have the opportunity of praising a work so sound, a work so rich in merit, as 'David Copperfield'! 'Man lese nicht die mistrebende, mitwirkende!' says Goethe. 'Do not read your fellow-strivers, your fellow-workers.' Of the contemporary rubbish which is shot so plentifully all around us we can, indeed, hardly read too little. But to contemporary work so good as 'David Copperfield' we are in danger of perhaps not paying respect enough, of reading it (for who could help reading it?) too hastily, and then putting it aside for something else and forgetting it. What treasures of gaiety, invention, life, are in that book! What alertness and resource! What a soul of good nature and kindness governing the whole!"

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Mr. Brandon Thomas "created" two of Mr. Barrie's best Scotch characters in "The Little Minister" at the Haymarket and "The Wedding Guest" at the Garrick. He is an officer in the Artists' Volunteer Corps; a very busy man; the writer, among other things, of some of the first and best coon songs; and the list of the parts he has played, with the names of the theatres and dates of productions carefully added, is one of the most interesting records of the work of a popular actor.

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A curious and interesting letter of Robert Burns came up for sale at Puttick and Simpson's the other day. It is addressed to Peter Miller, Esq., of Dalswinter, Dumfries, and is dated October 20, 1787. It covers two pages quarto. After complaining of having contracted a cold, and of the doctor refusing him permission to go out "on pain of death," he continues—"I want to be a small farmer, about a plough gang, in a pleasant country, under the auspices of a good landlord. I have no foolish notion of being a tenant on easier terms than another. To find a place where one can live at all is not easy. I only mean living soberly. The banks of Nith are as sweet, poetic ground as I ever saw." The letter, which is in a glass frame, sold for £40.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

The French Naval Department has been carrying out a series of interesting experiments with balloons for detecting submarine boats, when submerged, the results of which proved that the course of a submarine craft can be easily followed from a balloon in the air. The "Gustave Zede" was used for these experiments. The boat was submerged to a depth of ten feet and more, but it was easily discovered by the aeronaut when the boat ran counter to the sun's rays, although the balloon remained at a height of 1,500 feet. An ingenious telephonic apparatus was connected from the submarine to the balloon, in order that the latter might signal when it had discovered the boat. The experiments further proved that the green colour at present employed in painting submarines is not an effective disguise, and that the ease with which submarines may be descried beneath the surface depends on their angle with regard to the sun.

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The Count de la Vaulx is making active preparations for another attempt to cross the Mediterranean by balloon, and the experiment will have a better chance of success, as it will be carried out early in the summer. Last year the trip was delayed until late in the autumn, and it was undoubtedly due to the bad weather that the aeronauts were unable to cross. The start is to be made from a different point on the coast this time, at Palavas-les-Flats, near Montpellier, and here a great balloon shed is being erected on the beach. The balloon, after the last trip, was sent to Paris to be reconstructed, and will be called "The Mediterranean No. 2." The balloon shed at Toulon offered a great resistance to the wind, and on one occasion was nearly carried off by a violent storm, although it was well braced by guy-ropes. The aeronauts will profit by this experience, and are building the shed in a tent-like form, which will offer less resistance. The balloon, which is now in construction, has a volume of 4,160 cubic yards, and the upper part has been made in conical form to shed the rain. M. Herve has availed himself of the data obtained on the last trip to make some improvements in his steering and floating devices, of which an account will be given later. The balloon is arranged so as to be either attached to the float upon the water or to take a free flight; for the latter case it is provided with an interior air-balloon gaging 1,300 cubic yards, which will be kept inflated by a ventilating fan. The former arrangement of water-ballast tanks will be used, and this time will be improved by adding a 12-horse power petrol motor, which operates a pump for automically filling the tanks by a pipe which runs down to the automatic device. It is probable also that the balloon will be made partially dirigible by using the motor to operate the propeller.

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Some interesting experiments and observations have been made by Signor Mosso, upon the subject of man's endurance in mountain climbing. Up to the present, the highest point to which a man has ever climbed is 23,393 feet—the summit of Aconcagua, the loftiest mountain of the main Cordillera range of the Andes. Signor Mosso asks will it ever be possible to reach 29,000 feet We live at the bottom of an ocean of air, and our bodies are specially adapted for life at low levels; consequently, when we are placed in unusual conditions, such as exist at great heights, we are affected in different ways. Respiration becomes difficult, the circulation of the blood is altered, the heart is fatigued, "mountain sickness" is experienced, followed by lassitude and exhaustion. The reason that so few men have attempted the ascent of th highest mountain peaks in the world is due to the general conviction that man cannot withstand the rarified air of these altitudes. From his own experiments and observations, however, Signor Mosso is convinced that man will be able slowly to accustom himself to the diminished barometric pressure of the Himalayas. To accomplish such a climb it will be necessary for the climber to acclimate himself during a slow rate of progress, in order to reach the top in conditions of health and strength. His victualling arrangements must be generous, but prudently made, more especially as the last stages would have to be performed very slowly. Mountain expeditions have hitherto adopted too rapid a rate of ascent. The nervous system consequently has not time to accustom itself to the action of the rarified air, nor the organisms to the cold, the fatigue of the ascent consumes the strength of the climber, and leaves him no time to regain it; whereas by slowly making the ascent the climber adapts himself to the fluctuating conditions as he rises higher and higher.

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The Pittsburg Reduction Company has purchased one hundred acres of land at Massena, New York, on which five large factories, covering at least fifteen acres, are to be erected, The company is to make aluminium principally, and will employ from five hundred and six hundred men constantly during the year. The cost of this plant will involve an expenditure of over one million dollars.

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A new method of making carbide and carbon and carbide filaments has been invented by an electrical engineer of London. The filament is soaked, previously to its being heated electrically, in a salt of the metal or metals of which the carbide is desired. If the salt in its decomposition by heat damages the filament it is reduced to oxide by means of ammonia. During carbonisation of the impregnated filaments, carbonaceous gas is passed through the crucible. The filament is first treated electrically in an atmosphere of the metal or metals, or of a salt of the metal or metals to be comprised in the carbide, this heating being carried to such an extreme as will form the carbide desired.

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C. B. Jacobs has described a new application of the electric furnace, which may prove to be of great practical importance, before the New York section of the Society of Chemical Industry. Barytes, the natural barium sulphate, is usually converted into other barium compounds by treating it with coal or coke in a reverberatory furnace and then working up the crude barium sulphide thus obtained; but it has been found that when barium sulphate and sulphide are heated together in suitable proportions, at the temperature of the electric furnace, the sulphur is completely elimnated as sulphur dioxide and barium oxide remains, the conversion being so complete that only 2 to 3 per cent. of barytes remains unacted upon, as against 25 to 45 per cent. by the older process. By lixiviating with water and crystallizing out, almost pure barium hydroxide is obtained, and from that compound all the barium salts are readily obtained. The electrical energy required for the process is got from the Niagara Falls, and the plant in use at the present time is turning out sixty tons of barium hydroxide per day. The compound is largely used in the tanning industry, the white pigment and dry colour trades, the purification of water for industrial purposes, and general manufacturing chemistry, the largest consumption being the beet-sugar industry, for the recovery of the sugar remaining uncrystallized in the molasses. Barium hydroxide is also an ideal substance for the softening of water for boiler purposes, and its general introduction in place of the methods at present in use is said to be only a question of price.

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The New York Central and Hudson River Railway Company has awarded a contract for the equipment of its Putnam Division with the Hall system of automatic electro-gas block signals, which are to be operated on the normal danger plan. In this system the semaphore arms are held horizontally, to indicate to the engineer dangers ahead, or are drawn down by the pressure of carbonic acid gas in each signal post. The electrical equipment of the system consists in a valve which controls the flow of gas from the storage-tank to the cylinder. The valve is closed or opened by an electric current passing through the rails. The circuit is automatically completed by the train as it runs over the block ahead, and the approach of a train from behind.

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The steamship Nevadan, recently built at the yards of the New York Shipbuilding Company, of Camden, N.J., for the trans-Pacific trade, is the first vessel in the United States to be constructed to utilize oil as well as coal for fuel. After the decision to build the Nevadan the discovery of this fluid in large quantities in Texas decided the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company to provide equipment for urning oil if possible, and machinery was specially designed for this purpose. The plan of supplying oil to the furnaces is somewhat similar to that used on locomotives, the liquid being injected in the form of spray by utilizing steam jets. The tanks are located at a considerable distance from the engine-room, and will be connected with it by piping. The Nevadan is also provided with bunker room for carrying coal sufficient for the round trip between San Francisco and the Asiatic coast, if it is necessary to carry this tonnage. The steamship is one of the fleet which the New York Company has contracted to build for the American-Hawaiian Company for its service between San Francisco and the Hawaiian Islands. It is 371 feet in length, 46 feet beam, and 34 feet depth of hold, with a carrying capacity of about 5,000 tons cargo, in addition to accommodation for passengers. The hull is constructed of steel, and is separated into several water-tight compartments. The engines are calculated to develop a speed of at least 15 knots an hour, while the ship is equipped with a series of modern steam winches for transferring cargo.

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No more striking illustration of the rapid improvement in ordnance is to be found than the abandonment by the United States Government of the costly pneumatic gun plant at Sandy Hook. In 1893 a contract was let for four 15-inch and two 8-inch dynamite guns. At that time extravagant stories of the weapon's power were circulated rather widely by the daily press. It was popularly supposed that these guns with their ability of hurling large masses of dynamite great distances rendered New York practically an invulnerable city. But about a year ago the Board of Ordnance and Fortifications made an elaborate investigation of these pneumatic guns, and upon their recommendation, the Secretary of War has decided to abandon the entire plant. The original cost of the weapons and accessories is said to have been £200,000. They were sold for less than £4,000 at a private sale. Although the guns are no longer serviceable for the defence of New York harbour, they are not altogether worthless. It is said that the purchasers of the guns have sold one of them to the Turkish Government for more than the price paid for the whole plant.

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An inventor, who is evidently wearied of the many fruitless attempts to light a cigar in a windy street, has invented a combustible tip, which is intended to do away with the use of matches. The tip is composed of a mixture of ground glass, saltpeter, potassium chlorate and gum arabic. This mass is moulded into a cap on the end of a cigar, and a frictional igniter, such as that used on the tips of matches, is placed on the surface of the cap. When the igniter is scratched the cap burns freely and cannot be extinguished by an ordinary wind. The combustion fuses the ground glass and renders the cap incandescent. The fused glass forms an airproof cover on the end of the cigar and prevents any of the fumes from entering the tobacco, so that no unpleasant taste results.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1793.)

SEPTEMBER 2.

Very considerable orders for goods of Irish manufacture have been received from America. The Glasgow, that left the Custom-house for thence a few days ago, went heavily laden with merchandize of that kind, but was unable to take near the quantity of goods that there offered for the American market.

More woollen goods of Irish manufacture are preparing to be sent thither at present than ever was known before to have been shipped for that country from hence at one time.

SEPTEMBER 8th.

The old castle on the island of Lambay is at present converted into a temporary garrison, whither a number of recruits daily picked up in the city are conveyed, in order to put a stop to desertion. They are first conveyed in coaches to Rush, and from thence in boats to the island, where they remain in safety till they are collected in sufficient number to be sent to England, there to learn the military discipline.

A number of impressed seamen sailed from Cork on Tuesday last for England, on board of the Expedition tender.

Tuesday last the well-known cause of Redmond, Duffy, etc. came on to be heard in Kilkenny, before the Hon. Baron Smith. Three of the traversers were acquitted, and five found guilty.

BANTRY.

SEPTEMBER 16th.

"Arrived here the 13th, Captain William Hart, late commander of the ship Liberty, letter of marque, of and for Lancaster, of 16 guns and 16 men; sailed from St. Lucia on the 28th of July; on the 30th she joined the convoy, and on the 25th of August she lost sight of the convoy in a dreadful storm, in lat. 41, long 53.—that on the 4th of September, at 10 p.m., in lat. 50. 45, long 14, fell in with a French privateer of 16 six-pounders, and 100 men, which she engaged near an hour when the privateer sheered off.

Dreading she would renew the action next morning, he ordered the gunner to make up some cartridge, when unfortunately the ship blew up, with a terrible explosion, which killed the gunner, two boys, and a foreigner, and badly wounded the captain and two of the men—the nine men unhurt, providentially saved the yawl, and took the three wounded on board, where they remained nine hours, when the privateer took them up. The same day they met with the New York, bound to Liverpool, who humanely took the three wounded on board, one of whom died of his wounds. On the 12th instant he fell in with the Mizenhead, when they put the captain on board a fishing boat, who landed him in Bantry on the 13th instant, in a shocking manner, being dreadfully burnt."

DUBLIN, SEPTEMBER 29.

On Thursday morning the body of Mr. Coghlan, tanner, of Dolphin's Barn, who had been missing some days past, was found in the harbour of the Grand Canal, near James's street, standing in an upright position. The Coroner's inquest have brought in a verdict, wilful murder against persons unknown, and several people who had been with him the night on which he was first missed have been committed on suspicion of being accessory to his death.

OCTOBER 1.

Yesterday Alderman Richard Moncrieffe was sworn into the office of Lord Mayor of this city for the ensuing year, before his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant at the Castle, when the Hon. Mr. Baron George gave his Lordship a most instructive and learned charge, consonant to the duties of his important office.

After his lordship was invested with the insignia of his office, he proceeded with his usual attendants from the Castle to the Tholsel, when Richard Manders and Robert Powell, Esqrs., were sworn in High Sheriffs of this city for the ensuing year; and Mr. H. Green Manders was sworn into the office of Sub-Sheriff.

Yesterday evening his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant and several persons of distinction were entertained at dinner by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, at the Mayoralty House in Dawson street

The entertainment was remarkably elegant.

The retinues of our new city magistrates are very elegant The Lord Mayor's new coach is a beautiful piece of workmanship. The colour of the ground is a French white, upon which the heraldry is executed with a lightness that shows great taste.

Mr. Sheriff Manders's chariot is dark blue, and Mr. Sheriff Powell's pearl colour—both highly finished and neatly polished, and the heraldry executed in a light and masterly manner. The three carriages do credit to the manufacture of the country.

His lordship has chosen for his motto, "Sur Esperance." Mr. Sheriff Manders's motto is "Pro Omnibus Laus Deo," and the motto of Mr. Sheriff Powell is "Tutus Virtute."

The High Sheriffs have introduced an addition to the retinue of their officers, by halberdmen, two of which attended at the side of each of their carriages on Tuesday in the procession.

On Sunday evening detachments of the 17th Light Dragoons marched into Dublin Barracks from Sligo and Ballinrobe; they went on board the transports on Tuesday evening in the river, and will sail immediately for Bristol.

By letters from Cork we learn that such a promising harvest is not in the memory of man as that in the western parts of that county; and to add to the happiness of the poor immense quantities of all kinds of fish are taken in the bays of Dunmanus and Bantry. In the latter bay, a great haul of pilchards was lately made, which gives some hopes that this fish so long a stranger to the Irish coasts, is returned once more.

3rd—Tuesday and yesterday several combining journeymen shoe-makers were taken into custody and lodged in the New Prison for having tendered to their employers a new bill of rates to sign with a view of raising their wages by compulsion.

Yesterday at a full meeting of the Weavers' Corporation, the freedom of the Guild was voted to the late Lord Mayor (Alderman William James), to be accompanied with an address expressive of the high sense they entertain of his zeal and activity in discharge of that office.

There are at present twenty-eight working shoe-makers (arrested at different times within these few days) in Newgate, under charges of combination.

Extract of a Letter from Tralee, Sept. 24.

"On Friday last came on before Judge Downes and a very respectable jury the trial of John Day, charged with the murder of John Duane, when, after a minute investigation of facts, in which the attention of the Court was engaged from morning until night, it appeared that the prisoner had gone to the house of the deceased with a gun in his hand to demand a pane of glass, which he alleged was his property; and on a trivial contradiction relative to the mode of taking it out of the frame, presented the muzzle of the gun within arm's length of the deceased, and lodged the contents in his body. The only defence attempted to be set up in extenuation of this deed of horror, perpetrated in the noon-tide hour, and in the presence of many witnesses, was that Duane had seized the gun when presented at him and that it went off in the struggle The judge's charge to the jury was justice, truly tempered with mercy. They retired for about half an hour, and returned a verdict, guilty.

"The unfortunate culprit was executed pursuant to his sentence yesterday morning, and his body delivered to the hospital for dissection. He met his fate with fortitude and contrite resignation. By some accident he had some years ago lost a leg, and used a wooden substitute, which together with his cudgel he requested to have laid by him in his coffin.

"Yesterday John Herbert was tried for the murder of his wife, near Bedford, in this county. The jury about five o'clock returned a verdict, guilty. He is to be executed tomorrow."

On Friday night, the 19th ult., a servant maid, wife to one M'Carthy, was barbarously murdered in Kinsale by some person unknown. A hundred guineas, however, are offered by the Sovereign of Kinsale for the discovery and prosecution of the person or persons concerned in this horrid deed.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 6.

Last Saturday the long-expected answer to the address of the Corporation of Dublin to his Majesty offering to raise a regiment for his service was received by the Lord Mayor. This answer, we hear, in the most gracious terms accepts the offer, and pursuant to the desire expressed therein that the command should be given to one of the Royal Family, appoints his Royal Highness the Duke of York to be Colonel.

This day the Committee of the Common Council of this city will meet at the Exhibition house in William street for the purpose of carrying into effect the raising of the new Dublin regiment.

Monday, being election day of the Guild of Merchants, Jeremiah O'Olier, Esq., was elected senior, and Nathaniel Hone, Esq., junior master, for the year ensuing, without opposition. At the same time an election for wardens took place, and on casting up the ballots there appeared—

For Mr. Henry Clements	104
Mr. Samuel Tyndall,	79
Mr. James Evatt,	72

whereupon Messrs. Clements and Tyndall were declared duly elected.

Monday fe'nnight Peter Daly, Esq., was sworn Mayor of Galway; James O'Hara, Esq. Recorder; John Bradley and Robert Squibb Esqrs., Sheriffs; and Robert O'Hara, Esq. Town Clerk. Same time Edmond Fitzpatrick Esq., was sworn Deputy-Mayor for the ensuing year.

10.—On Wednesday fe'nnight John Herbert was executed at Gallows green, near Tralee pursuant to his sentence, for the murder of his wife on the 29th of August last, near Bedford, in the county of Kerry.

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CARRICKFERGUS CASTLE.

THE FRENCH INVASION OF IRELAND IN 1760.

THE LANDING OF THUROT AT CARRICKFERGUS.

CONTEMPORARY ACCOUNT.

(From the "Collectanea Politica; or, The Political Transactions of Ireland (1760-1800). By William Wenman Seward, Esq. Dublin, 1801)."

At the termination of the last reign (George II.), the government of this kingdom was in the hands of the Duke of Bedford, who was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in October, 1759. Great Britain had been for some years engaged in a Continental war, in which she eventually proved successful, under the prudent administration of the celebrated Mr. Pitt (afterwards Lord Chatham)—a man whose virtue and abilities raised the British Empire to the zenith of its glory. The public mind, however, was about this time agitated, by the aprehension of a French invasion; and during the sessions of 1759 and 1760, measures were taken to put the kingdom in the best state of defence—to augment its military force—to repair the different barracks, forts, and garrisons—and likewise to support public credit, which had naturally been affected by the circumstances of the times.

On the 29th of Oct., 1759, the following message from the Lord Lieutenant was communicated to the House of Commons:

"Gentlemen,

"Mr. secretary Pitt having, by his majesty's express commands, acquainted me by his letter, which I received on Friday, the 19th instant, that it appears by repeated most authentic intelligences that France, far from desisting from the plan of

invasion, on account of the disaster happened to her Toulon squadron, is rather more and more confirmed therein, and even instigated by despair itself to attempt at all hazards the only resources she seems to think left her for breaking, by such a diversion given us at home, the measures of England abroad, in prosecution of a war which hitherto, by the blessing of God on his majesty's arms, opens in all parts of the world so unfavourable a prospect to the views of France; and Mr. secretary Pitt having added, on this subject, that there is a strong probability, in case of the body of the troops, consisting of 18,000 men, under the command of the Duc De' Aiguillon, assembled at Vannes, where more than sufficient transports for that number are actually prepared, and ready to receive them on board, should (as the season of the year is growing less favourable for cruising) be able to elude his majesty's squadrons, Ireland will not fail to be one of their objects."

Fortunately, this dreaded invasion did not take place: the people of Ireland, nevertheless, gave evident proofs of their loyalty and attachment to their sovereign on this occasion. One circumstance, however, created a temporary alarm: a small body of French troops (not exceeding 1,000) under the command of M. Thurot, landed at Kilroot, near Carrickfergus, on the 22nd Feb., 1760; they had not immediately any hostile intention, but were driven here, by severity of weather, in great distress and want of provisions. M. Thurot had left Dunkirk in the month of October preceding, with a squadron consisting of the Belleisle, 50 guns; Begon, 40; La Bland, 30; Terpischore, 20; and Amarand, 18. His seamen were few and very bad, his troops when at Dunkirk amounted only to about 1,500, and during his stay in Dunkirk-road they were so sickly that scarce a day passed but some were landed, and for want of hospitals were obliged to lie in the open Change of Dunkirk; they were consequently much reduced in number when he arrived in Ireland.

The kingdom was in general much alarmed at this event; some depredations were, as usual in such cases, committed by the enemy, against whom forces were immediately brought forward from different parts of the country. The following official letter received by the then Lord Lieutenant from Major-General Strode, who commanded at Belfast, dated 23 Feb., 1760, gives an authentic account of what occurred (a)

"Information of Ben. Hall, lieut. and adjutant to my regiment, who this moment arrived here, on his parade, from Carrickfergus, in order to get provisions for the officers and soldiers of my regiment there, says, that on the 21st inst. three ships appeared off the isle of Magee, standing in shore, for the bay of Carrickfergus; and at eleven o'clock came to an anchor, about two miles and a half to the N. E. part of the Castle, and within musket-shot of the shore at Kilroot-point. At this time the small number of troops belonging to the garrison, were at exercise, about half a mile on the road to Belfast; and at a quarter after eleven o'clock, the guard was turned out, made up, and marched off, to relieve that on the French prisoners in the castle: the rest of the men continued in the field of exercise, where an account was soon brought, that the three ships just come to anchor had taken and detained two fishing boats, and with them and several others were plying on and off between the shore and the ships: on which immediate orders were sent to the castle for both guards to continue under arms and double the sentinels on the French prisoners: and be particularly strict and watchful over them, 'till they could be satisfied whether they were friends or enemies; though at same time, a strong report prevailed with some, that it was an English frigate and two store ships: but to be convinced what they were, after the troops had assembled in the market-place, lieutenant Hall went off with a reconoitering party, and took post on a rising ground, where he could plainly perceive eight boats landing armed men; and that they drew in detachments, and took post on the dykes, hedges, and all the rising ground, from whence they could have the most extensive views; upon which he gave the necessary orders to his non-commission officers and men to have a watchful eye of their approaches, and to take particular that they did not get round them by going at the foot of the hill undiscovered: in order to prevent which, he posted them himself, and told them as soon as ever their advance guard came within shot to fire upon them, and continue so to do until they repulsed them; or, if necessary to retreat, he likewise pointed out to them, with orders to take every opportunity or advantage of the ground, in their retreat, to retard the enemy's approach: and to be sure to keep up a communication with the town as much as possible; and on this he immediately went to the town and acquainted lieut-col. Jennings, where he met him with the troops on the parade, who immediately ordered detachments to be made to defend the gates of the town, and all the avenues leading thereto; soon after which the reconoitering party retired, after having spent all their ammunition: during which time the lieut.-col. and chief magistrate of the town sent off the sheriff and Mr. Macklewain (who is captain of the militia of the corporation) with orders to take off the French prisoners of war, and convey them with all speed to Belfast, where they were to receive further orders from me. By this time the enemy were in full march for the town, which he computed to be near 1,000 men; and two or three straggling hussars, on horses they had picked up after landing, attempted to enter the gates, but on the first fire, retired, but were soon supported by parties of foot, who attacked both the north and scotch gates; as also the garden walls of lord Donegal; but were repulsed also, and kept back as long as the men had ammunition. On which col. Jennings ordered the whole to retire to the castle: which he had sufficient time to do, as now the enemy was a little checked from our fire: and would have been more so, if the men had ammunition. Before the gates of the castle were shut, they made their appearance in the market-place; and then it was in his opinion the destruction of the enemy would have commenced, had it not been for the still dreadful want of ammunition, notwithstanding the supply of powder they had received a few days before by my order, from Belfast, but were in want of ball, and even time, if they had that, to make them up: from which the enemy finding our fire so cool, attacked the gates sword in hand, which from the battering of the shot on both sides, the bolts were knocked back and the gates opened, and the enemy marched in: but lieut.-col. Jennings, lord Wallingford, captain Bland, lieut. Ellis, with some gentlemen, and about 50 men, repulsed the enemy and beat them back. Here it was he saw great resolution in a few Irish boys, who defended the gate after it was opened, with their bayonets; and those from the Half-moon, after their ammunition was gone, threw stones and sticks. Had this attack of the enemy been supported with any degree of courage, they must certainly have succeeded in it, but they retired back under cover, leaving the gates open, with our men in the front of it; which gave them a short time to consider what was best to be done: first, to see the men's ammunition, who if they had any, would have certainly sallied, and even without it, had not col. Jennings and all the officers thought the enterprise too hazardous. Then they considered if the gate could be defended: the breach in the castle wall could not, it being near 50 feet long; and having but a short time to deliberate, all agreed a parley should be beat, and lieut. Hall sent to know on what terms they might surrender, which was done accordingly, and on his going out, found the greatest part of the enemy under shelter of the old walls and houses before the castle gate; and after the usual ceremony, demanded of the commandant (the general being wounded) what terms would be given to the troops on their surrender; and at the same time sent the drum to call col. Jennings out of the castle, in order to treat with the French commandant on the articles of capitulation, which he says as well as he can remember were as follows, viz.:

"Col. Jennings demanded that the troops should march out with all the honours of war, and the officers to be on their parole in Ireland, and that an equal number of prisoners should be sent to France within one month, or as soon after as ships could be got ready for that purpose.—

Granted.

"That the castle of Carrickfergus should not be demolished, or any of the stores destroyed or taken out of it.—

Granted.

"That the town and county of Carrickfergus should not be plundered or burnt, on condition the mayor and corporation furnished the French troops with necessary provisions.—

Granted.

"This as well as he can remember, was

(a) The reader will observe, no alteration has been made in this letter from the language in the original.

he verbal articles agreed on, though on riting them the French commandant, fter consulting his principal officers, declared he could not by any means answer o his master the French king for granting o his Britannic majesty the stores in the astle, which he insisted upon: and col. ennings, to his great grief, had it not in is power to refuse, declaring solemnly, t the same time with a grave countenance, hat he would rather have been buried in he ruins. To which the French commandant replied that he could not insert t in the articles of capitulation, yet he ould give his word of honour, and did so, hat if there was nothing of great value in he castle belonging to the king, besides owder, he would not touch it (which there eally was not); but how far he will keep is promise is not yet known. Likewise he magistrates of Carrickfergus, not furnishing the French with necessary provisions, they plundered the town, declaring t was their own fault, as they were convinced that they had it in their power to upply them, as they had found enough in he town afterwards.

"Mr. Hall further informs me that he as discovered by some of the French, that here was a disagreement betwixt their eneral and capt. Thurot, the general being or the attack of Carrick, and Thurot for anding at the White-house and attacking Belfast. He likewise judges the frigates o be one of 40 guns, the other two about 20 ach. Lieut. Hall begs leave to present is duty to your grace, and hopes your race will excuse any inaccuracy that may e in his description, as he was no way rovided with any papers, and states but rom memory, having been often interrupted by numbers of gentlemen of the militia, who were crowding perpetually into the oom to receive orders.

I beg leave to subscribe myself,
my lord, &c.,
Belfast, 23 Feb., 1760. Wm. STRODE."

In about two days after these despatches were received, M. Thurot thought proper to draw off his troops; he left the kingdom, but being pursued and overtaken by some English vessels, an engagement took place, in which the unfortunate Thurot lost his life. Capt. Elliot, of the Æolus, in a letter to the Admiralty, stated this circumstance as follows:—

"On the 24th ist. I received information at Kinsale, from his grace the lord lieut. of Ireland, that there were three ships of the enemy's at Carrickfergus; the same evening I sailed with his majesty's ship under my command, together with the Pallas and Brilliant, in quest of them. I made the entrance of Carrickfergus on the evening of the 26th, but could not get in, the wind being contrary and very bad weather; on the 28th, at four in the morning, we got sight of them, and gave chace; about nine I got up along-side of their commodore (off the isle of Man), and in a few minutes after the action became general, and lasted about an hour and a half, when they all three struck their colours. They are the Marshal Belleisle of 44 guns 545 men, including troops, M. Thurot commander, who is killed; the la Bland of 32 guns and 400 men, commanded by capt. La Kayce; and the Terpischore 26 guns and 300 men, commanded by capt. Defraudais. I put into this road to repair the ships, who are all much disabled in their masts and rigging: the Marshal Belleisle in particular, who lost her bolt-sprit, mizen-mast, and main-yard in the action; and it was with great difficulty we prevented her sinking, &c. Inclosed is an account of the killed and wounded on board his majesty's ships, viz., Æolus, 4 killed, 15 wounded; Pallas, 1 killed, 5 wounded; Brilliant, 11 wounded. N.B. I find it impossible to ascertain the number of the enemy killed and wounded, but by the best accounts I can get, they amount to about 300."

JOHN ELLIOT.

Dated 29 Feb., 1760.
Ramsey bay.

In consequence of these events, it was resolved by the House of Commons, "that the thanks of that house should be given to lieut.-col. Jennings for his prudent and resolute conduct at Carrickfergus; and for the gallant stand he made there against a much superior force, by which he gained time for the militia to assemble, and preserved Belfast from being plundered.' It was also resolved "that the zeal, courage, and activity, exerted on the landing of the French in this kingdom, by the counties of Antrim, Armagh, and Down, and by the citizens of the City of Londonderry, were highly honourable and beneficial to themselves and their country." The inhabitants of Belfast presented Lieut.-Col. Higginson, of the 62nd Regiment of foot, with a large and elegant silver cup, having an inscription expressive of their gratitude for the exertion of his great military knowledge, vigilance, and activity, for the security of the town of Belfast, on the landing of the French troops at Carrickfergus. The like compliment was paid to Col. Jennings (a).

THE LATE MR. KEGAN PAUL.

Mr. Kegan Paul, whose fourth closes a long and bravely borne illness by death, remarks the "Daily Chronicle," had several periods imprinted even as is own surname: Public-school Pupil, Professor, Parson, Poet, Publisher, Papist, Patient. He was a little bit of a Pedant as well, perhaps. Also he was something of a Poet, though it was his skill as a publisher to lose Tennyson from his list of authors—a loss hardly compensated by the adhesion of Sir Lewis Morris. "I am glad that you do not find that commercial claims upon your time cripple you in this higher activity," wrote Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Paul on receipt of a copy of his translation of a novel of Huysmans'. It is now some years since Mr. Paul ceased his connection with the firm that continues his name; but during this time illness left him little time—and latterly none at all—for literary composition

(a) A list of militia that marched against the French, on this occasion:—Antrim, 100; Temple-patrick, 100; Randlestown, 120; Ballymena, 100; Boroughshane, 46; Church, 100; Killylea, 60; Cumber, 60; Purdestown, 100; Gravabbo, 70; Newton, 70; Loughgilly, 71, 50; Armagh, 40; Lurgan, 60; Glenarm, 1[illegible], Ballintre and Billisten, 100; Belfast, [illegible], Ballymoney, 70; Lisburn, 40; Argun, 100; Donaghadee, 71; Bangor, 60; Hollywood, 80; [illegible], 60; Market-hill, 6; Dromore, 40; Rich-hill light horse, 70; Lisburn, 40; Argun, 100; Donaghadee, 70; own expense.

THE SKULL.

(From the Russian of Prince E. Baratinsky.)

Sleeping brother, who hath sought thee,
And profan'd thy silent dust?
From the halls of death I brought thee,
Dark, thy skull, with age and rust!
One slight lock of hair was clinging
Round the emblem of decay—
Thoughts of sad reflection bringing,
Of a being pass'd away!

Comrades, young and happy hearted,
Gamboll'd round me near thy tomb;
Had thy voice, oh! long departed,
Spoken to them through the gloom—
Telling how stern Time was pressing
Youth, and hope, and joy beneath,
Thou hadst prov'd, perchance, a blessing,
Warning them to think of death.

Could the skull I now am holding,
Whisper secrets of the grave;
Fate mysterious, dark, unfolding,
Many a sinful heart to save:
On the brink we should, recoiling,
Place our trust in yonder skies;
And the tempter's meshes foiling,
Look to love that never dies!

But, I err—since Heav'n ordained thee
Thus, in silence, to repose;
Dews of mercy once sustained thee,
Ev'n to thine ev'ning's close!
Thus, while through life's road we wander,
Let us cheerful hail the light,
Nor ungrateful, ever ponder,
On the shadows and the night!

Onward—while the sun is dawning—
Onward—while the step is free—
Onward—while the summer morning
Wakes the soul to ecstacy!
Grateful for the glories round us,
Scatter'd plenteous on the way;
Thankful for the comforts found us,
And renew'd from day to day!

Then, without weak fears or trembling,
We can sleep, like thee, below,
Gentle, loyal, undissembling,
Such can never sink in woe!
Skull, may none again molest thee,
Sacred be thy haunt from strife!
In the gloomy charnel, rest thee,
While we taste the sweets of life!

SOME SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEFS.

No sailor of New England feels perfectly safe in going to sea unless he carries with him a bone taken from a living turtle, a pebble from a fish, hawk's nest, or a small bone from the head of a cod. If a Kentucky negro see a caterpillar, he goes home expecting to find the family in the grip of fever.

The native of Massachusetts believes that good luck is assured if he is the happy possessor of the left hind claw from a crow's foot or the claw of a crab. The German-Americans of Canada believe that the sight of a snake means death whether he bites or not; a white spider crawling towards one signifies that the family will number one less before sundown, and the howling of a dog or the neighing of a horse means that the cemetery lot will soon have another tenant.

In Asia Minor a meaning is ascribed to every sound heard in the animal or bird world. The crow's caw is a sign of ill luck. This unfortunate bird seems to bear the same sinister reputation in every country. An owl's hoot means good fortune to whoever hears it. Partridges are detested because one of these birds is said to have betrayed the prophet to his enemies. Its legs are red because they were dipped in the blood of Hassan.

In Poland the goat is a harbinger of good luck, while the wolf, crow, and pigeon bring evil events in their train. The skin of a cat is treasured and worn next the skin by consumptives in the belief that tuberculosis germs flee before the presence of the fur of a defunct tabby.

English yokels are especially superstitious. The belief is still current in rural England that the wearing of a toad's breastbone makes animals obedient to the wishes of the wearer. Travellers from this country have noticed the heart of an animal stuck full of pins ornamenting the walls of the British peasant. The intelligent cottager firmly believes that this talisman keeps the house free from the odious presence of witches.

The broomstick brigade is still feared in certain parts of Merrie England.

ORIGIN AND MEANINGS OF IRISH FAMILY NAMES.

By JOHN O'DONOVAN.

IV.

EPITHETS, SOBRIQUETS, &c.

[Continued.]

Edmund Spenser, secretary to the Lord Arthur Grey (deputy of Ireland under Queen Elizabeth in the year 1580), attempted to prove that many distinguished families then bearing Irish surnames, and accounted of Irish origin, were really English. This, however, is undoubtedly false, and is a mere invention of the creative fancy of that great poet and politician; but as it has been received as truth by Sir Charles Coote and other English writers, we shall show how Spenser deceived himself or was deceived on this point. He instances the following families: 1, The Mac Mahons of Oriel in Ulster, who, as he states on the authority of the report of some Irishmen, came first to Ireland with Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford, under the name of Fitz-Ursula; 2, The Mac Mahons of the South; 3, The Mac Sweenys of Munster; 4, The Mac Sheehys of Munster; 5, The O'Brins or O'Byrnes of Leinster; 6, The O'Tooles of the same province; 7, The Cavanaghs; 8, The Mac Namaras of Thomond. But he gives no proof for his assertions but the report of some Irishmen, corroborated by etymological speculations of his own; and as the report of some unnamed persons can have no weight with us when in direct contradiction of the authentic annals of the country, I shall slightly glance at some of the most important of his etymological evidences, and then give my own proofs of the contrary. To prove that the Mac Mahons of Oriel are the Fitz-Ursulas, he says that Mahon signifies bear in Irish, and hence that Mac Mahon is a translation of Fitz-Ursula; but granting that Mahon does mean a bear, it does not follow that Mac Mahon is a translation of Fitz-Ursula. But we have stronger reasons to urge than to prove that this is a "non sequitur," for we have the testimony of the authentic pedigree of the Mac Mahons of Oriel, and of the annals of Ulster, that the Mac Mahons had been located in Oriel and had borne that name long before the English invasion. The Mac Mahons and Mac Donaghs of the south are a branch of the Dal-Cais, a great tribe located in Thomond, whose history is as certain from the ninth century as that of any people in Europe. The Mac Sweenys and Mac Sheehys of Munster are of Irish origin, but their ancestors removed to Scotland in the tenth century, or beginning of the eleventh, and some of their descendants returned to Ireland in the beginning of the fourteenth century, and were hereditary leaders of Gallowglasses to many Irish chieftains. To prove that the Byrnes, Tooles, and Cavanaghs are of British origin, he has recourse also to etymology, which is a great lever in the hand of a historical charlatan, and says, in the first place, that Brin in the Welsh language means woody, and that hence the O'Brins or O'Byrnes must be of Welsh origin. But, admitting that Brin does in the Welsh language mean woody, what has that to do with O'Brian, the original Irish name of O'Byrne, especially when it can be proved that that surname was called after Bran, king of Leinster, who was usually styled Bran Duv, i. e., the Black Raven, from the colour of his hair, and his thirst for prey. Secondly, to prove that O'Toole is a Welsh name, he says that tol means hilly in the Welsh language! and so does tol in Irish bear this meaning. But what, I would ask, has that to do with O'Tuathail, or descendants of Tuathal, the son of Ugaire, from whom this family have taken their surname? The name Tuathal, signifying the lordly, has no more to do with tol, a hill, than it has with the English word tool, to which it has been anglicised for the last two centuries. Thirdly, to prove that the name Cavanagh is of Welsh origin, he asserts that Kaevan in Welsh signifies strong in English. This may be true; but what has the signification of the Welsh word Kaevan to do with the name of the Mac Murroghs of Leinster, who assumed the cognomen of Cavanagh from Donnell Cavanagh, the son of Dermot Mac Murrogh, who had himself received this name from his having been fostered at Kilcavan, in the north-east of the present county of Wexford? "Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?"

These errors of Spenser have been already exposed by Dr. Jeffry Keating, a man of learning and undoubted honesty, but of great simplicity, which is characteristic of the age in which he lived; also by Gratianus Lucius, and by the learned Roderic O'Flaherty, who has devoted a chapter of his Ogygiâ to prove that Spenser, though a distinguished poet, can have no claim to credit as a historian. Spenser's purpose in fabricating this story about the Mac Mahons was to hold them up as objects of hatred to the Irish and English people, as being descended from the murderer of Thomas a Becket. He never succeeded, however, in convincing Ever Mac Cooley, or any other of the rebels of the Farney, that they were descended from the Beares of England! Spenser also asserts that it was said that most of the surnames ending in an, though then considered Irish, were in reality English, such as Hernan, Shinan, Mungan, etc. I do not, however, believe a word of this latter assertion of the great English poet, but conclude, with the simple and honest Keating, that, "as being a poet, he gave himself, as was usual with the profession, licence to revel in poetic fictions, which he dressed in flowery language to decoy his reader." For we know that there is not a single instance on record of any Anglo-Norman family having taken any Irish names except such as they formed from the names or titles of their own ancestors by prefixing Mac, which they considered equivalent to the Norman Fitz, as Mac Maurice, Mac Gibbon, Mac Gerald, Mac William, which are equivalent to Fitz-Maurice, Fitz-Gibbon, Fitz-Gerald, Fitz-William. In this manner, however, the great Anglo-Norman families of the south and west of Ireland, who were, after all, more French and Irish than they were English (their ancestors having dwelt scarcely a century in England), nearly all hibernicised their names. It seems rather curious that Spenser has not furnished any list of those Anglo-Norman families who really hibernicised their names, while he was so minute in naming those who were not English, but whom he wished to make appear as such, in order to be enabled to censure them the more harshly for their treasons and rebellions. He contents himself by stating that there were great English families in Ireland who, he regretted to say, had become Irish in name and feeling. The manner in which he states this fact is worthy of consideration, and I shall therefore insert his very words here as they appear in the Dublin edition:—"Other great houses there bee of the English in Ireland, which, through licentious conversing with the Irish, or marrying or fostering with them, or lacke of meet nurture [i. e., education or rearing], or such other unhappy occasions, have degendred from their auncient dignities, and are now growne 'as Irish as O'Hanlon's breech,' as the proverbe there is."

Sir Henry Piers, of Tristernagh, in the county of Westmeath, complains of the same custom among the families of English descent, in about a century after Spenser's period.

"In the next place, I rank the degeneracy of many English families as a great hindrance of the reducing this people to civility, occasioned not only by fostering, that is, having their children nursed and bred during their tender years by the Irish, but much more by marriages with them, by means whereof our English in too many great families became in a few generations one both in manners and interest with the Irish, insomuch as many of them have not doubted [i. e., hesitated] to assume even Irish names and appellations: instances whereof are but too many even to this day: thus a Bermingham is called by them Mac Yoris, Fitz-Simmons, Mac Kuddery [recte Mac-Ruddery], Wesley[i. e., Wellesley], Mac Falrene, etc., and from men thus metamorphosed what could be expected?"—Collectanea, vol. 1, p. 105.

On the other hand, the Irish families who lived within the English pale and in its vicinity gradually conformed to the English customs, and assumed English surnames; and their doing so was deemed to be of such political importance that it was thought worthy the consideration of Parliament; accordingly it was enacted by the statute of 5 Edward IV. (1465), that every Irishman dwelling within the English pale, then comprising the counties of Dublin, Meath, Louth, and Kildare, should take an English surname. This Act is so curious as illustrating the history of Irish family names, that it demands insertion in this place.

"An Act, that the Irishmen dwelling in the counties of Dublin, Myeth, Uriell, and Kildare, shall goe apparelled like English men, anw weare theire beards after the English manner, sweare allegiance, and take English surname."—Rot. Parl. ca. 16.

"At the request of the Commons it is ordeyned and established by authority of the said Parliament, that every Irishman that dwells betwixt or amongst Englishmen in the county of Dublin, Myeth, Uriell, and Kildare, shall goe like to one Englishman in apparell, and shaveing off his beard above the mouth, and shall be within one yeare sworne the liege man of the king in the hands of the lieutenant or deputy, or such as he will assigne to receive this oath for the multitude that is to be sworne, and shall take to him an English surname of one towne, as Sutton, Chester, Trym, Skryne, Corke, Kinsale; or colour, as white, blacke, browne; or arte or science, as smith or carpenter; or office, as cooke, butler; and that he and his issue shall use this name under payne of forfeyting of his goods yearely till the premises be done, to be levied two times by the yeare to the king's warres, according to the discretion of the lieutenant of the king or his deputy."—5 Edward IV., cap. 3.

"In obedience to this law," observes Harris, in his additions to Ware, the Shanachs took the name of Foxes, the Mac Gabhans of Smiths, Geals of Whites, the Branachs of Walshes, and many others; the said words

being only literal translations from the Irish into the English language." Harris, however, I may remark, is very much mistaken when he supposes that the Branachs ᴀᴛɴᴀʂ i. e. Britones) of the English pale in Ireland are an Irish family, or that any ancient Irish family had borne that name before the Anglo-Norman and Welsh families settled in Ireland towards the latter end of the twelfth century; and he is also wrong in assuming that the Irish word for Geal, white, was by itself ever used as the name of any family in Ireland. In the other two instances he is correct; for the head of the O'Caharnys of Teffia, who was usually styled the Shinnagh, translated his name into Fox, and the Mac-an-Gowans and O'Gowans translated their name into Smith.

The importance thus attached by this Act to the bearing of an English surname soon induced many of the less distinguished Irish families of the English pale and its vicinity to translate or disguise their Irish names, so as to make them appear English ones, as Mac Intire to Carpenter, Mac Spallane to Spenser, Mac Cogry to L'Estrange, etc.; but the more distinguished families of the pale and its vicinity, as Mac Murrogh, O'Brennan, O'Kayly, and others, retained with pride their original Irish names unaltered; for while they could look back with pride on a long line of ancestors, they could not bear the idea of being considered as the descendants of tradesmen and petty artizans, a feeling which prevails at the present day, and will prevail for ever; for though a man has himself sunk into poverty, he still feels a pride in believing that he is of respectable origin. It is certain, however, that the translation and assimilation of Irish surnames to English ones was carried to a great extent in the vicinity of Dublin and throughout Leinster; and hence it may at this day be safely concluded that many families bearing English surnames throughout the English pale are undoubtedly of Milesian or Danish origin.

It appears, however, that this statute had not the intended effect; for, about a century after its having passed, we find Spenser recommending a renewal of it, inasmuch as the Irish had then become as Irish as ever. His words on this point are highly interesting, as throwing great light on the history of Irish surnames towards the close of the sixteenth century, and we shall therefore lay them before the reader:—

"Moreover, for the better breaking of these heads and [of ?] septs which (I told you) was one of the greatest strengthes of the Irish, methinkes it should be very well to renewe that ould statute which was made in the reigne of Edward the Fourth in Ireland, by which it was commanded, that whereas all men used to be called by the name of their septs, according to the severall nations, and had no surnames at all, that from henceforth each one should take upon himself a severall surname, either of his trade and faculty, or of some quality of his body or minde, or of the place where he dwels, so as every one should be distinguished from the other, or from the most part, whereby they shall not only not depend upon the head of their sept, as now they do, but also in time learne quite to forget his [their] Irish nation. And herewithal would I also wish all the O's and the Mac's which the heads of septs have taken to their names, to be utterly forbidden and extinguished. For, that the same being an ordinance (as some say) first made by O'Brien for the strengthening of the Irish, the abrogating thereof will as much enfeeble them."

Towards the close of the next century we find Sir Henry Piers of Tristernagh, in his account of the county of Westmeath, rejoicing that the less distinguished Irish families were beginning to take English surnames:—

"These, I suppose, may be reckoned among the causes of the slow progress this nation hath made towards civility and accommodation to our English laws and customs; yet these notwithstanding, this people, especially in this and the adjoining counties, are in our days become more polite and civil [civilized] than in former ages, and some very forward to accommodate themselves to the English modes, particularly in their habit, language, and surnames, which by all manner of means they strive to make English or English like; this I speak of the inferior rank of them. Thus you have Mac Gowan surname himself Smith; Mac Killy, Cock; Mac Spallane, Spenser, Mac Kegry, L'Estrange, etc., herein making small amends for our degenerate English before spoken of."

But I have exceeded the space which the Journal allows for this article, and I must defer the remainder to a future number, promising the reader that I shall make every effort to bring the subject of Irish surnames to a conclusion in two additional articles.

THE POPPY.

Far out at sea, gleaming sheets of dazzling gold arrested the gaze of the early explorers of California. Blazing along the Pacific coast, embroidering the green foothills of the snow capped Sierra Madres, transforming acres and acres of treeless plains into royal cloth of gold, millions of flowers of silky texture and colour of gold fascinated the Spanish discoverers. An eminent botanist, Eachsholtz, at once classified the plant, and his followers conferred his name upon this, the only native American papaver.

Dream-like in beauty, fascinating from sheer loveliness, spreading its soft undulations over the land, the California poppy bloomed above the richest views and arteries of gold the world has ever known, all unsuspected. A Circe, with powers to please, dazzle and charm by its enchantments, while it allures, lulls and mystifies this flower of sleep seemed to draw by some occult process from the earth the elixir of gold, unfolding its blossoms of gold as beacons proclaiming: "We are blooming above rich mines of gold."

There is ever a mystery about the poppy. It is a weird flower. It is almost sentient, with a life unknown to human kind. "While glory guards with solemn tread, the bivouac of the dead," stealthily a sea of gore creeps over the old battle-fields. Blood red, the poppies in waves and billows hold high carnival above the soil that covered the slain. Lord Macaulay says of the battlefield Needwinden, could hardly help foncying that the soil, fertilised by 20,000 dead, broke forth into millions of blood-red poppies." The traveller from St Cloud to Tirlemont who saw that vast field of rich scarlet stretching from Landen to Neerwinden, could hardly nelp fafncying that the figurative description of the Hebrew prophet was literally accomplished, that "The earth was disclosing her blood and refusing to cover her slain." Bayard Taylor, in "The Lands of the Saracen," says he contemplated, with feelings he could not describe, "the old battlefields of Syria, densely covered with blood-red poppies, blooming in barbaric splendour, gloating on the gore of the soldiers slain." . . .

However interesting the poppy may be to men of science and to lovers of the beautiful, it is yet more so to the people of California. This beautiful, weird, gold-coloured flower of gossamer texture belongs to California alone. Nowhere else in the world has it ever made its habitat. There it is naturally so profuse that it is related as a fact that, coming on a turn full face upon a blooming field of yellow poppies, dazzling in the sunshine, horses have been put to flight, as from flames of fire.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

FOR CZAR AND RUSSIA.

It was the night of the state ball at the Winter Palace, and both within and without all was bustle and excitement. From the windows facing the Neva the light flashed far out over the river; and along the quay walls hundreds of the poorer classes were lined, patiently waiting to catch some glimpses of the equipages and uniforms, to them wonderfully fairy-like and altogether out of tune with their lives. It was a bitterly cold night. The sky, as it rarely is in the winter months at St. Petersburg, was intensely blue—so blue that the dull gray of the prison walls of Sts Peter and Paul's across the river, and the deep red of the palace itself, were plainly distinguishable in the starlight. Two feet of snow lay hard as a rock on side-walks and roadway, and the streets glittered as if diamond-strewn under the globes of electric light. In the courtyard of the palace four thoroughbred horses had dropped dead from exposure, and the poor moujiks in their sheepskins were sympathetically gossiping of this fact.

It was midnight. The Czar and Czarina had already arrived. The various grand dukes and grand duchesses rolling by in their sleighs or carriages had been recognised and saluted; but those outside waited patiently for anything that might turn up, quite content to freeze their bodies if so be it their eyes might catch a glimpse of the Czar and Czarina on their return to the Anitschkoff Palace on the Newsky.

Sentries walked ceaselessly round and about the Winter Palace, and at every entrance the dark-browed Tartar dovrnicks kept vigilant guard. Hundreds of cavalry and mounted police perambulated in and about the vast semi-circle as far as the Newsky.

One of the attaches of the English Embassy shivered slightly as he entered the throne room.

"I hate the Winter Palace," he said uneasily and under his breath to his close friend M. d'Ennery. "There is an air of death about it."

"I don't feel it," his companion said airily "At least I could risk it to be Czar. What luxury, what splendour, what power."

"Ah, yes. But somehow I can never forget the hundreds of workmen who lost their lives because of the Czar's criminal"——

"No—foolish," the French officer interposed hastily.

"Well, yes—foolish desire to have it finished in a year."

"Pauvres diables," Maurice d'Ennery said with a shrug of indifference; then he added, with his ever-ready optimism, "Better to die while they had work and their stomachs were full than wait till old age and poverty sent them to a pauper's grave."

"Still, the right of living should not be denied the poorest or most miserable of us. Life is very sweet and"——

"Pray don't mention it. You make me shudder with your lugubrious remarks."

"Ah, well, then—the other, we have very uncertain knowledge of it."

"Oh, mon Dieu! Of course, it is very uncertain—our knowledge—but let let us talk of something else."

The Honourable Ralph Alliston smiled, yet grew more depressed, for his family was gifted with Scotch second-sight. He understood that his companion, despite his light remark experienced something of his own feeling of depression and apprehension. "I wish the ball was over," he thought uneasily, "and we were all well away from here. One never knows in Russia."

Just then Prince Yasha Damiroff came up to him and said—

"I want you to meet me to-night, Mr. Alliston, at Cubat's Restaurant. It is midnight now—in about an hour's time. You will, I hope."

Prince Yasha's manner was more earnest than Alliston ever remembered it to have been, and he said hastily:

"But, Prince, in an hour—that will be an impossibility!"

"Oh, nothing is an impossibility!" Prince Yasha said impatiently. "Get away on a plea of illness. I want you to take charge of my friends, you know—the usual crowd, and room 15. I beg it as a favour.'

Alliston hesitated a moment, then he smiled good-naturedly and dubiously. "Well, yes. I suppose I must say yes."

The Prince gave him a glad smile, and, turning hastily, was gone.

Just then there was a little fuss outside the door. Several officials of the household entered and every one stood up. It was the signal that their Imperial Majesties were coming, and at once a mixed feeling of awe and delight, and in some instances of positive love, took possession of those present as the two stately personages—the one so tall, broad, and dignified, almost to sullenness; the other so petite and gracious—entered, bowing slightly to all.

The Empress Marie's dark eyes looked bigger and more ethereal than ever, and her resemblance to her sister, the then Princess of Wales, was striking.

The ball was to commence with the usual stately polonaise, the Czar with the Queen of Greece, the Czarina with the Crown Prince of Greece.

Meanwhile, at the east entrance to the palace—a small, insignificant doorway on the Dvortsovaya Naberejna—two Tartars were talking in excited and frightened tones in their own language, and one was weeping bitterly.

"Go to his Excellency at once," the elder one said authoritatively. "Warn him while there is yet time! Do you hear? You stupid, go!"

Five minutes later a Court servant said in the ear of Prince Felutine—"You are wanted, your Excellency, without. Please follow me."

Engaged as he was in conversation with a young and charming woman, the Prince was at first confused and startled, and also annoyed. He hesitated just a second, then, graciously excusing himself, followed the man, asking no questions.

The footman led the way to the apartments occupied by the Prince and his family on the floor above, and stopping in the coridor, he said, as they halted before Mitinka, the Tartar dvornik—

"This is the business, your Excellency." Then, saluting, he left Felutine and Mitinka together.

Mitinka hesitated, a look of fear on his face, till the footman had gone well out of earshot; then he whispered stolidly—

"Your Excellency, I have watched Prince Yasha, and he is even now in his room with others and various—instruments."

The Prince's ruddy face grew visibly paler; his lips twitched ominously.

"Ah, my friend, that is so, is it? I shall reward you. You are not afraid to come with me?"

"Your Excellency, I could not harm him—I could not see him harmed," the Tartar pleaded.

"I am his father, Mitinka. I want your assistance, that we may serve him—and do our duty to our Czar."

Mitinka bowed his head. "I hear, your Excellency. I obey!" he said humbly.

The servant who opened the door of the apartment to the Prince and the dvornick looked alarmed and almost gasped out astonishment, as with an authoritative "Come, Mitinka," uttered by the former, they passed into the Prince's private study.

"Now, Mitinka, explain quickly."

"Your Excellency, about a quarter of an hour ago Prince Yasha entered and with him were Spironoff and another whom I do not know. They were speaking in English, and they carried some parcels. They are there now with Prince Yasha in his own private study."

"And we are right over the ballroom," Prince Felutine said gaspingly, not to Mitinka, but to himself. He groaned involuntarily, then straightening himself, said calmly, if hastily, "Mitinka, lose not a moment! Get the Chief of Police here and two officers! Give Baron Henlikoff this card. Get out without a sound, and take this key."

The Prince opened the door of his study cautiously, looked out, saw no one, beckoned to Mitinka to hurry, and, the door shut on the dvornik, he walked towards the bathroom, which was in the direction of the servants' quarters. The porter who had opened the door for them, and whose cat-like ears had detected the slight footfall, came hurrying forward, but the Prince said quietly, "You are not needed, Piotr. I feel slightly indisposed. Tell some one to bring me a glass of seltzer in about fifteen minutes to my study," and as he finished the Prince opened the bathroom and shut the door with a bang behind him.

"Oh, God! my God!" he said to himself, with one hand over over his eyes as he sat down on the edge of the marble tub. Yasha, his beloved Yasha, whose youthful escapades had long silvered his hair, yet whom he loved better than all his other children. Misguided, handsome Yasha, whose youthful, soft-heartedness was as so much wax in the hands of the designing Nihilists. Where had he met these men? Where? When? How? His Yasha a traitor! The Prince rose in an agony. He clenched his hands, his face grew livid, and for a moment a sharp, agonising pain seemed to clutch his heart; he grew dizzy and almost fell to the tiled floor. But a few moments later the soldier in him and his loyalty asserted themselves. He thrust aside his own personal trouble, and, opening the door, walked back to his study. He waited there in agony. Now and again wafts of music came to him from the ballroom below. Otherwise things were deathly still but for the slow, laborious ticking of a bronze clock on a cabinet, and, in contrast, the agitated sharpness of the pendulum in the timepiece—a travelling affair on his own writing table.

At last there was a click of the lock, and the Prince was outside at once. The Chief of Police, Baron Henlikoff, entered noiselessly, saluting the Prince merely by an elevation of the eyebrows. Behind him followed two officers and Mitinka.

Just as they entered the study Piotr came with the seltzer and the Prince sternly bade him remain. Then as quickly as possible Prince Felutine explained the situation to the Chief of Police, doing so in English. "One favour, I beg of you," he concluded, "leave my misguided Yasha to me."

Baron Henlikoff hesitated a moment, then he said quietly:

"It is serious, Prince, and being lenient seems useless."

"You have a son, Baron, and this once, I beg you."

The Baron looked up into the Prince's troubled face, then said gravely, "Well, this once—the last time." Turning to Piotr, his whole face changing in expression, he said in Russian. "Come with us and knock at Prince Yasha's door, and tell him—tell him Mlle. Vera desires to speak with him."

Piotr was very white, and his small eyes seemed to grow smaller as he said sullenly—

"Do your own dirty work, Baron. As for me, I refuse! You hear—I refuse! Now," he added insolently, "torture me, send me to Siberia, to Schlusselburg, do with me as you will, but I refuse."

"Handcuff him," the Chief said laconically. Then turning to Mitinka, he gave him the same message as he had given to Piotr.

The Prince, who led the way, with the Chief, Mitinka, and the officers, went straight to Prince Yasha's door, and after knocking, Mitinka did as he was bidden. But there was no answer, and the keyhole was dark.

The Chief waited about twenty seconds, then he threw his own weight, as did also the officers with him, against the door and broke it. All four entered quickly, and Prince Felutine turned on the electric light.

"Gentlemen," Prince Yasha began indignantly; then he recognised the Chief of Police and his father, and knew the game was up. He said nothing more.

"Handcuff Spironoff and Dovidoff," the Chief of Police said to the officers, and before either could offer resistance or draw a revolver, the thing was done with Henlikoff's own assistance.

On the table the three were sitting before, there was an amazing number of wires, a large ominous object, several charts, maps, and steel instruments. There was a sinister smile on the faces of the two prisoners as the Chief of Police began to handle these wires carelessly, which turned to surprise as he began cutting here and there until the object in the centre was isolated completely. Then he sent Mitinka for Piotr and the other prisoners, and telephoned to the chemical department for experts.

Meanwhile Prince Felutine stood, one hand on Yasha's shoulder; the son sitting down, one hand supporting his head.

When the three prisoners with Mitinka and the officers had left, Baron Henlikoff said quietly—

"I am sorry, Prince, I cannot leave you alone. But I shall get out of earshot, and you must only try to forget my presence."

Prince Yasha raised his head.

"Why am I not arrested, father, as the others?"

"Because," almost roared the father, passionately, "you will swear to me on the soul of your dead mother to abjure this damnable treason! You will swear to serve your Czar!"

"Father, I will swear nothing. My oath is already given to God and Russia. You cannot take this thing out of my blood. It was in my uncle's heart and brains as it is in the hearts and brains of millions. I have failed. Let them punish me as they punish my comrades."

"You are defiant?"

"No. I regret nothing, except that you arrived just ten minutes too soon."

"Regicide! Parricide! You would have killed me!"

"I would free Russia," Yasha replied wearily, "and I have failed. Let me be, father. Save yourself pain and trouble. Disown me!"

He looked up into his parent's face with the bright boyish smile that Prince Felutine could never before resist.

"Yasha," he said sternly, "swear on your honour as a gentleman, or by God a bullet will end your life!"

Yasha started. "Ah!" he said indignantly, rising, but catching his father's glance he sat down.

"Yasha, as God is my judge, I mean what I say!" and the Prince held his revolver quite close to his son's head. "Swear to serve your Czar and country! You are my son—I command you! Swear, or die!"

Prince Felutine's voice was hoarse with indignation, passion, and excitement.

At the further end of the room Baron Henlikoff heard, and came forward hastily to avert violence he feared might prove fatal. But he was too late.

"Death to the Czar!" the young Prince began, his head thrown backward, his boyish features radiant.

Then there was a report, sudden and terrible, and a sickening crash.

"Oh, my God! the pity of it!" Baron Henlikoff gasped, a moment later clutching the maddened father's arm. But the other cried out in stentorian tones as he looked with dazed, despairing eyes on the floor where his son lay—

"For my Czar and Russia!"

The next morning Mr. Alliston, looking like one who had slept but little or not at all, was at the Winter Palace bright and early to see Prince Yasha. When the servant gravely informed him that the Prince was not at home, hadn't slept at home that night, the Hon. Ralph said excitedly—"Well, then, I must see Prince Felutine."

The footman went away with his card, but came later with all the obsequiousness of the Russian servant, to say that the Prince was very sorry, he felt far from well, and begged to be excused.

Mr. Alliston looked perturbed and dismayed at the answer. He walked about the antechamber, and when he saw that the footman was holding his fur coat ready to cloak him, he took out a card and scrawled this—"I want to see you particularly; something important about Yasha."

It seemed almost half an hour later—so long had they kept him—that Ralph Alliston was ushered into the dressing-room of the Prince, and he started back in dismay at the aged, haggard look in the face of the latter.

"Prince, I see you are ill, and I am sorry for the intrusion. But last night Yasha told me to look after a party for him at Cubat's. He never turned up, and this morning Mlle. Vera, you know la petite danseuse, received this by post."

The Prince's hand was shaking, he groaned as he listened; then he took the note slowly. It ran thus in French:—

"Ma pauvre petite Cheri—You know all by this. I had no heart to write you farewell, in fact, dared not; but you understand. I have made a will, and I hope that they will give you all that I mention in it. Adored one, adieu. Remember me a little now and then.

"YASHA."

The Prince read and re-read. He seemed to have forgotten Alliston's presence. Then he said slowly and in English:

"My dear sir, say nothing of this. Tell the girl all that my son promised will be hers. It is his last wish. He is dead."

"Good God!" Alliston cried, and he was about to ask how and where, but the Prince said, with visible suffering:

"Ask me nothing. I only beg your silence. I am the most miserable of fathers in Russia."

Alliston hardly knew how he got away. He was shocked and horrified But he kept faith with the Prince. A week later society was amazed to hear that Prince Felutine's eldest son, Yasha, had died of pneumonia, caught the night of the state ball. Weird and exaggerated tales floated through society as to the cause of his death, and there was also a vague whisper of the truth. But these rumours were all set at rest by the presence of the Czar himself at the burial, and the splendour of the soldier funeral given Prince Yasha was long the talk of the city.

As Alliston saw the last of his friend buried in the ground at the Alexander Newsky cemetery and listened to the mournful sobs of the bereaved father, an indomitable feeling of sorrow came on him.

Certain of nothing, he nevertheless felt that the curtain was lowered on another of those terrible dramas that visit Russian households from time to time, the truths of which are hidden and concealed so carefully for love of Czar and Russia.

SONNET.

(From the Spanish of Lupere d'Angensola. Died 1613.)

Take hence, oh! sleep, similitude of death,
The dreams deceitful that o'erwhelm my heart:
Let not, oh! cruel, ev'ry hope depart,
By crowning her I love with cypress wreath!

Steal o'er the despot on his purple throne;
Torment his slumbers if his eyes can close;
Or fright the miser with suspicious throes,
While, with his coffers, on his couch, alone!

Call forth the people to besiege his home,
And force the locks from off his iron gates;
Or, let the pilfering slave, who crouching waits
To seize the gold, with gleaming dagger come.

And let the man of pelf defend with arms
The wealth amass'd with toil and anxious care:
Striving for all his bosom holds most dear—
But spare my love, oh! sleep, these sad alarms!

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

(From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.)

CHARLEMONT, an incorporated market-town and district parish (formerly a parliamentary borough), in the barony and county of Armagh, and province of Ulster, 5 miles (N. by W.) from Armagh, and 68 miles (N. by W.) from Dublin; containing 3,642 inhabitants, of which number, 523 are in the town. This place derives its name from Charles, Lord Mountjoy, who, while Lord-Deputy of Ireland, in 1602, erected a castle here, and called it Charlemont, partly after his name, and partly after his title. It was built to prevent the incursions of the O'Nials into the English pale, and to guard the wooden bridge which then afforded the only passage over the Blackwater. In 1641 it was deemed a place of considerable importance, and was taken by stratagem by Sir Phelim O'Nial, on the 22nd of October. Lord Caulfield, a brave officer, grown old in the royal service, had been made governor, and lived with his Irish neighbours in unsuspecting confidence, when Sir Phelim invited himself to sup with his lordship, and he and his followers being received, on a prearranged signal seized the family, made the garrison prisoners, ransacked the castle, and afterwards killed Lord Caulfield in one of O'Nial's houses. The chieftain subsequently retiring before the English forces, made this castle his head-quarters for a short time. Owen O'Nial, expecting to be besieged here, strengthened the defences; and when the Scottish General Monroe attempted to surprise it, he was repulsed with loss, but the castle was at length captured by Sir Charles Coote. In 1665 it was sold to Chas. II. for £3,500, since which time it has been vested in the Crown. It was garrisoned by the Irish for James II., in 1690, under Sir Teague O'Regan, and invested by Duke Schomberg. Caillemote, a French officer, being posted on the Blackwater, and harrassing the garrison, after some time the governor was summoned to surrender. O'Regan, a courageous Irish officer, determined to hold out to the last extremity, but the distress of the garrison becoming intolerable, the governor proposed terms of capitulation on the 13th of May, and on the 14th the garrison marched out with the honours of war, to the number of 800 men. On taking possession of the castle, the duke found in it 17 pieces of cannon, one large mortar, 83 barrels of gunpowder, and various munitions of war.

The town is situated near the confluence of the rivers Blackwater and Callen, and on the road from Armagh to Dungannon and Coleraine. In 1883 it contained 111 houses, and is connected with the post-town of Moy by a recently erected stone bridge. Charlemont Castle is still a place of great strength, fortified with bastions, a dry ditch, and escarp and counterscarp; and there are two ravelins, one in front, the other in rere of the works, surrounded by a glacis which runs along the side of the Blackwater. It is the ordnance depot for the north of Ireland, and the head-quarters of the artillery for the district of Ulster. Formerly it had a military governor.

The borough, which comprises the townland of Charlemont containing above 200 acres, and the liberties, containing 20 acres, was incorporated by the charter of James I., dated April 29th, 1613. The corporation consists of a portreeve, 12 burgesses, and an unlimited number of freemen. The portreeve was to be elected annually, on St. John's day, by the portreeve and free burgesses, the latter of whom were to be elected for life out of the inhabitants; and the freemen were to consist of all the inhabitants, and as many other persons as the corporation might elect. The charter also conferred on the portreeve and free burgesses the right of returning two members to parliament, which was exercised until the Union, when Francis William, Earl of Charlemont, received £15,000, as patron of the borough, for the abolition of its franchise.

There are some remains of the fortifications at Legerhill, from which Duke Schomberg bombarded the town, and of a Danish rath. A curious gold ring, and a gold cross, studded with gems, and said to have belonged to Sir Teague O'Regan, have been discovered here; also, a few years since, a body almost in a complete state of preservation, with the clothes and spurs perfect. In the museum of Messrs. W. & J. Jackson, there is a rare collection of minerals, petrifactions, coins, and other relics found in and near the town. Charlemont gives the title of Earl to the family of Caulfield.

(To be Continued.)

WHAT IS "LLOYD'S"?

Primarily "Lloyd's" is a corporation employed in marine insurance and having a world-wide agency for the collection of marine intelligence. Incidentally other insurance is taken. "Lloyds" had its origin in the enterprise of Edward Lloyd, a London coffee house keeper, whose place, opened in 1688, became a resort for shipowners and ship captains. So much was learned of marine matters, and so general became the interest in this information, that in 1692 an office was opened in Lombard street, London, and shortly afterwards "Lloyd's News," a paper issued three times a week, and devoted to shipping news, made its appearance. Adverse criticism by the paper of the British Government, coupled with a demand for an apology for an item of news which appeared in the paper, decided Mr. Lloyd to discontinue the publication. The insurance feature of "Lloyds" originated from a method of mutually insuring or "underwriting" each others' shipping risks by the owners frequenting Lloyd's establishment. Their method of doing this was to subscribe or "underwrite" their names to a document which stated the amounts that each was willing to give in the event of disaster to the risk. The present system of "Lloyds" does not differ in any essential particular from the method employed at the beginning, but is much better organised and the business has been vastly increased in volume. Its radius of operation now practically covers the whole world.

FORTS AND FAIRIES.

A COMPILATION.

BY E. J. RYAN.

PART I.—FORTS.

8.—STONE FORTS.

Stone forts were often constructed where stone was abundant. In the building of stone forts clocans were erected usually in groups. Their internal diameter rarely exceeded 18 feet. The door seldom measures 4 feet in height. The buildings were generally closed in at a distance of from 12 to 16 feet from the floor, having no windows, and but rarely a chimney, though charcoal and stones marked by fire are found in them. To the west of Kerry, where the rocky nature of the ground precludes the possibility of burrowing, clocans and elongated huts or galleries, of exactly the same form and size, as the underground chambers, are built with stone upon the surface, and are often covered with turf. The clocans are very generally encompassed by a cashel or wall of very great strength, built of dry masonry, the stones being fitted with great exactness. The walls of the dun are about 15 or 16 feet in thickness, and from 18 to 20 feet in height. When the stones are very large this style of building is called Cyclopean or Pelasgic(29). In some of these buildings stairs are found on the inner side of the wall, leading to narrow platforms varying from 8 to 43 feet in length ,for the accommodation of the defenders. Others have chambers in their massive walls. The walls were pierced for one or two doorways formed of immense stones, and displaying the flat lintel and inclined sides. This kind of fort is called a caisiol, and also a cathair—a city or town, a fort denoting the residence of many persons, and sometimes a dun. The name of cathair was usually applied to circular fortifications of stone, built without cement, but some stone forts were polygonal.

It is supposed by some that the caisiol or the cathair is the workmanship of the Firbolgs, at least where they were longest as a distinct race. Others say that the cathair is the workmanship of the Tuatha De Danaans. Probably such material as was found most convenient and suitable was employed indifferently by all the builders. The construction of the Munster forts points to a very early period.

In the erection of forts there seems to have been no rigid adherence to any strictly uniform plan, but that each fort was built in a style suitable for its purpose. Some forts were approached by a winding plane, inclined where suitable, facilitating the entrance of friends, and exposing enemies to the concentrated attacks of the defenders. They are in general so situated that a correspondence by signal could be expeditiously circulated from one to another throughout the country; but it can hardly be said with accuracy that they are, as some assert, found in groups of three.

(29) Also, Cyclopic, after the manner of the Cyclops; and Pelasgian and Pelagian, belonging to the Pelasgi. The Pelasgi possessed fortified towns built in the style known to us as Cyclopean architecture. This is the name applied to walls of massive unhewn stones fitted together according to their natural faces without mortar, because in ancient Greece such walls were fabled to have been built by the Cyclops. The Cyclops were mythical Greek giants, with one eye in the centre of the forehead. They were supposed to be shepherds and also blacksmiths, their forge being under Mount Etna in Sicily. The Pelasgi were the earliest inhabitants of Greece. The hill-forts of Britain are specimens of the style.

9.—POSITION AND SPECIAL PURPOSE.

The position of the fort appears to have been influenced chiefly by the fertility of the soil, and by the water supply. They are usually located in the most fertile spots, and in close proximity to a good spring. Some are found in valleys. Others are on the shoulder rather than the summit of a hill, in order, likely, to afford a view into the glens for the inspection of flocks. Some of them from their commanding positions leave little doubt that their object was to be defensive works. They are sometimes placed in rocky situations, probably for better defence, but the rocky and unproductive country to the west of Cork and the south of Kerry is almost devoid of them. Others are situated in positions that could never have been occupied for defensive purposes, even in the most primitive state of warfare. These may have been for cattle or other property under the protection of a neighbouring fort; or special places of Pagan worship, or receptacles for the dead in Pagan times, or they may have been ordinary residences in times of peace. Sometimes the Pagan Irish buried their dead by raising a small rath around the place of burial, and then putting a lacht(30) over the place, as in modern times we see a flag covering a grave.

It is difficult without a close examination to decide now to what purpose any fort was devoted.

The rath was a simple wall or enclosure of raised earth enclosing an elevated mound of more or less extent ,in which the residence of the chief, and sometimes the dwellings of the principal men, stood. It was invariably of earth, chiefly on the plains, and sometimes consisted of two or three concentric walls or circumvallations.

The dun is said to be of the same form as the rath, but consisting of at least two concentric circular mounds or walls, with a deep trench full of water between them. These were often encircled by a third, or even by a greater number of walls at increasing distances. The dun is also called a hill fortress, and is said to have been generally of stone without cement, but occasionally of earth, and to have been more of a military than a domestic nature. Sometimes the dun was the residence of a king.

The lis was probably the same exactly as the rath, but partook of the nature of a fortification, more especially of earth. It is said by some that the lis was the residence of a prince, and that if it had a bank around it, enclosing a courtyard, is was called a rath. Others again say that the lis was a structure for habitation of more moderate pretensions than the rath, being perhaps the residence of a farmer and his family. It is asserted that the smaller forts were the residences of farmers.

The caisiol and the cathair were generally if not invariably built of stone. The circumvallation built of earth faced with stone was called a cathair, or more usually a caisiol. The caisoil was a stone rath or entrance within which stood the dwelling-house. The cathair was a stone dun with loftier and stronger walls, not necessarily surrounded by water.

The various words have a different meaning, but they are sometimes used indifferently or indiscriminately.

In the ordinary domestic forts resided single families, or chieftains and their clans; and in the more extensive forts, petty kings, chieftains, and their soldiers and retainers. The forts of most ancient date were the residences and palaces of kings long before the Christian era.

10.—FORTS AS BURIAL PLACES.

The absence of tumuli generally in Munster, though some are found there, leads to the supposition that forts must have been used for burial purposes. Cremation, for burials, may, at a very early period, have been usually practised, from the Celtic feeling of reverence for fire. It is probable that the bodies of men only were burned. An urn or fictile vessel was used to contain the ashes. Cremation, however, was not a universal practice in ancient Ireland, as many remains of skeletons have been found. The chiefs were often interred within the mounds of the forts, or beneath tumili or cromlechs in their interior. Monarchs were sometimes buried in the immediate vicinity or within the precincts of their dwellings. In some forts what are supposed to be burial chambers of considerable size exist, surmounted with large coverings of earth raised high over the surface of the fort itself, and occasionally, though rarely, skeletons have been discovered in the crypts. Eochaidh Aireamh, a Pagan Milesian king of Ireland, who began his reign in A.M. 5070 (130 B.C.), was so-called because he was the first to introduce the custom of burying the dead in graves dug in the earth, instead of covering them with cairns or heaps of stones. The tops of hills were in olden times favourite burying places. When buried without cremation, the body was placed towards any point of the horizon, although the east was preferred, either lying, sitting, or recumbent. Sometimes the bodies of kings and warrions were placed standing erect, fully accoutred and armed, and adorned with valuable ornaments of gold. The chief who had fallen in battle was often buried sword in hand, with his face and right arm turned against the territories of the enemy. King Loeghaire, who was a contemporary with St. Patrick, was interred in a standing position, with his weapons and war-dress upon him, in the external rampart of the rath which bears his name at Tara, with his face turned southwards towards his enemies, the Leinstermen.

(30) A large or remarkable monumental stone—a cairn stone.

11.—FORTS IN CATHOLIC TIMES.

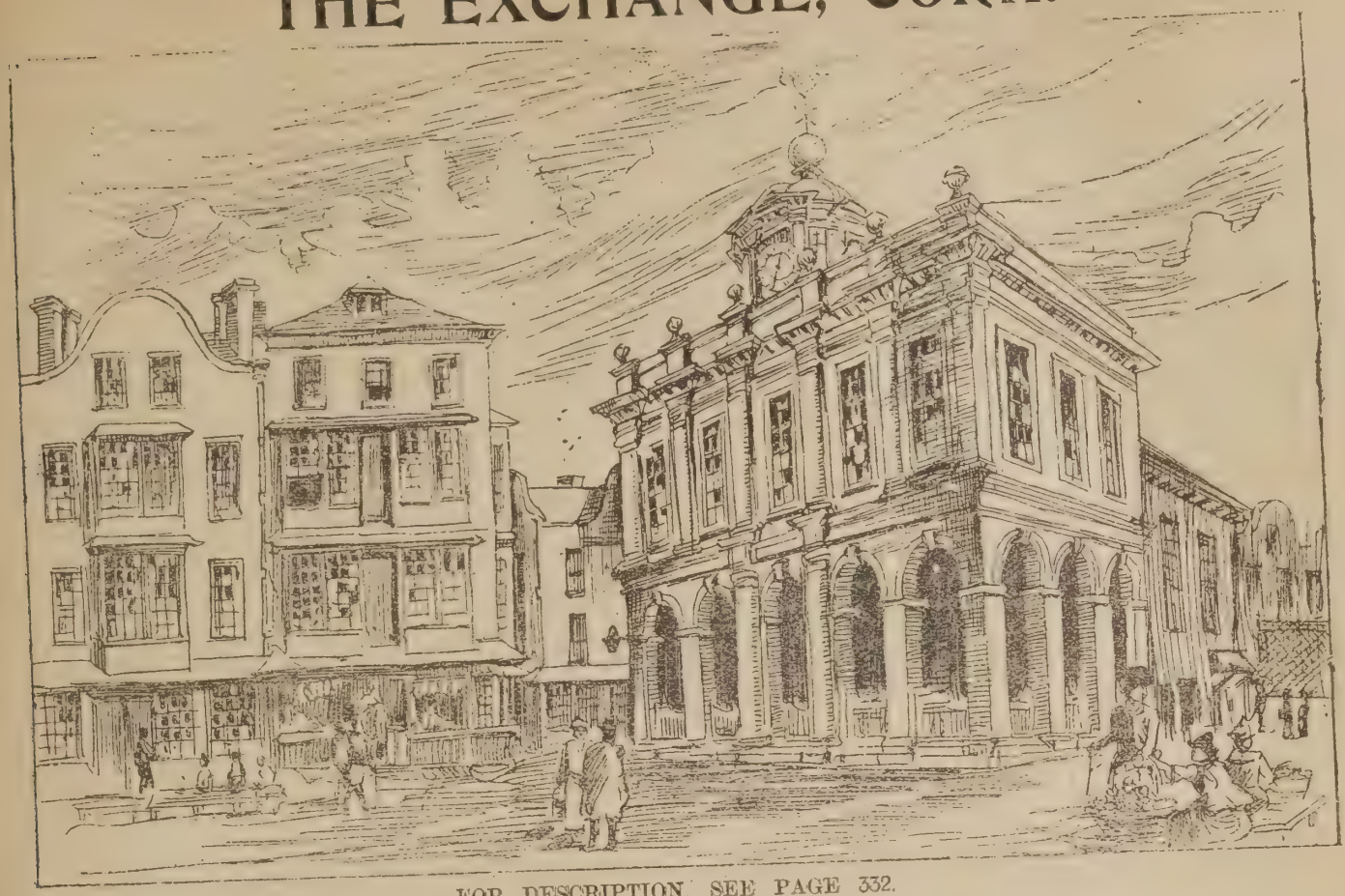
In ancient times wood, which was then exceedingly plentiful in Ireland, was the material mainly used in architectural science. The use of stone and mortar was unknown before the introduction of the Catholic Faith. Even after the conversion of the country, when improved buildings were introduced, some of the inhabitants continued to live as in the earlier times. Several centuries afterwards Irish houses built of timber and wicker work were constructed with such skill as to excite the admiration of foreigners. In the sixteenth century there were natives who lived in forts during the winter, tilled a fertile piece of land in spring, and retired with their flocks and herds usually to the mountain districts in summer, living in huts or dairy habitations called booleys(31), and moving from place to place as found suitable. They lived on milk and white meats, curds, cheese, with meal, and probably calves' flesh, and in Autumn returned to secure their crops. Since then some of the forts may have been temporarily occupied for various purposes. In some instances they were renovated by additional works of lime and stone. People occasionally took advantage of the forts in the penal times for the safe celebration of Mass, and even monasteries or churches have been built on them, and some of them have been utilised as Christian burying places.

Dr. Petrie classes raths, when used in Christian times, under the denomination of cashels.

There were circumvallations also around ecclesiastical buildings, and, when of earth, they were called rath, or lis.

(31) Also boolies and boulies.

THE EXCHANGE, CORK.



FOR DESCRIPTION, SEE PAGE 332.

12.—ARTICLES FOUND IN FORTS.

Flint implements have been found in forts, but the Tuatha De Danaans were acquainted with the use of bronze, silver, gold, and enamel, when they first came to Ireland. Some Munster forts have been found to be associated with implements of iron. In some of them querns have frequently been found, showing that they must have been inhabited by an agricultural, granivorous people. The bones of the horse, the ox, and the pig or wild boar, and particularly those of goats and deer, and also ashes and fragments of burnt bones have been found in them.

13.—ERRONEOUS NOTIONS.

The forts of Ireland are called Danish forts, or raths. Ledwich says that all of them were built by the Danes.

Another account of the origin of the rath or mound is, that in the Danish wars, when the day of battle was over, when the Danes were conquered, and their bodies were strewn in thousands on the field, the Irish gathered them together, and made a big hole, into which they put them, and heaped them up into a great mound, covered them with earth, and dug scraws or sods and covered them.

There is also an idea that the forts were made by the fairies.

A popular notion exists that people were living under the forts in ancient times.

All these notions, however, are erroneous

Forts existed in Ireland before the Danes ever set foot on Irish soil. The word rath was in use in Ireland in the seventh century. The Danes, indeed, made plundering incursions into Ireland from the year 500 A.D., but it was mainly from 790 or 795, near the end of the eighth century, to their defeat at Clontarf in 1014, that their influence was greatest. Besides, they did not penetrate at all to many parts where numerous forts are found. Moreover, neither in Denmark itself, nor in any of the countries from which those collectively called Danes(32) came, are there any traces of similar works.

It seems, indeed, that the Danes built in the County Tipperary, and perhaps elsewhere, a great many extensive forts, possibly in imitation of those already existing, and not unlikely occupied, when suitable, the more ancient forts of the country.

The Irish also erected during the Danish period defensive works or fortresses, and mention is found made of Danish and Irish earthworks. Earthworks, too, resembling forts, or mistaken for them, may have been thrown up in more modern times. All these are different from the ancient Irish fort.

If the forts were formed in the Danish wars of heaps of slain covered over, they could not, on account of the natural decay of the bodies, retain their bulk to the present day. Besides, the stone forts would scarcely be erected or such a purpose, and the absence of any trace of sepulture in many of the forts shows that their origin was different. Furthermore, numerous though the battles undoubtedly were, the amount of slain would not be sufficient to form all the forts of Ireland. apart from the fact that no battles were fought in the vicinity of several of them. Possibly, however, the slain may, in some cases, have been formed into mounds that might easily have been mistaken for forts.

All these statements of Danish connection. and the similarity of the word Danaan. in any of its forms, and Dane, may explain the fallacy that all the forts are Danish. Some even say that the Tuatha De Danaans were Northmen or Danes.

But the original forts are the work of other people who occupied some of them at least, after their arrival in Ireland, as far back as 2680 years before the birth of Our Lord—4580 years to the end of the nineteenth century.

To the forts, as to the Round Towers, may be applied the poet's words slightly altered:

Around these forts have wandered the Briton and the Dane,
The captives of Armorica, the cavaliers of Spain,
Phoenician and Milesian, and the plundering Norman peers,
And the swordsmen of brave Brian, and the chiefs of later years.

The idea that the forts were made by the fairies is romantic rather than real.

The notion entertained by some persons that people were living under the forts may have arisen from the existence of the chambers.

14.—OTHER ANTIQUARIAN REMAINS.

Bodheen.—A bodheen was a large enclosure, surrounded by a strong fence or wall, and sometimes a place for defending a pass, or for cattle, and was often protected by towers. It is also a courtyard to a castle, and called a baion.

Boen.—A boen, a stone house, is said to be either of Pagan or Catholic origin. Some are supposed to have been used as a church, or as an anchoret's cell in the early ages of Catholicity in Ireland. The name bo (a cow), however, points to an earlier construction and use.

Cairn.—Cairns or carns, also called leacht, are rounded or conical heaps of small stones placed as sepulchral monuments covering dead bodies, or marking the site of some remark-

(32) More properly Ostmen or Eastmen. Norsemen or Northmen, including Scandinavians.

able event, or indicating boundaries, or erected as memorials. Reference is made in Genesis, xxxi, 46, to a similar heap. Many of the cairns are modern cenotaphs of an accidental or a violent death.

Castle.—The old castles whose ruins are found throughout Ireland were fortified dwellings, having, it is said, underground passages communicating with some of them. They were built by the Normans, the English, and the native Irish.

Cave.—The aboriginal inhabitants of Ireland were at first nomadic, and for a long time they were accustomed to live in woods and bogs, finding acommodation, sometimes, in caves and probably in tents. Many of the caves are formed artificially by stones regularly projecting over each other instead of arches, a fact which indicates that they must be of the remotest antiquity. Numerous inscriptions in characters that cannot at present be understood are found in them. In some caves there is a beehive-shaped chamber. The subterranean house or cave is rarely if ever unconnected with other similar structures, by passages lined and roofed in with stone. The subterrane is usually approached by a gallery of considerable length, wider at the bottom than the top. From the first chamber passages of a kind identical with that of the leading gallery, and varying in length from 6 or 8 to 20 feet, conduct to other circular or oval rooms. Chambers discovered unenclosed in plain fields may have become so from the obliteration in course of ages of their enclosures, or the enclosures may have been of timber which has long since perished.

A cave discovered near Mortlestown Churchyard, in the parish of Cahir, is probably an ancient habitation.

Cooking-places.—In some localities traces of the cooking-places of the ancient fenian hunters(33) are observable, and the stores which they heated for the purpose in pits, and the blackness of the earth around, remain to indicate the scene of the operations.

Cro(34).—The cro was a beehive-shaped hut, hovel, or pen—an uncemented stone structure, for a family or individuals. It was in general not more than 18 feet in length, 7 in breadth, and 8 in height. The door was narrow and low, seldom measuring 4 feet in height, and there were two small apertures for air, light, and smoke. Some of them, however, being more important, were much larger, and some large circular dome-roofed buildings were probably the dwellings of communities. The cro is rarely found where excavations could be practised. The cro and the clocan resemble the boen. At the present day there are inhabited beehive-shaped cabins at Keel, in the Island of Achill.

Cromleeh(35).—The cromlech is a rude oblong chamber composed of large slabs of unhewn and uncemented stone. The side slabs are placed on edge, and covered over with similar material, sometimes slanting. Some of these stones are of thirty tons weight. Cromlechs are at times found in series, or avenues, and are often enclosed by a circle of large undressed stones set on end. It is supposed that the Druids officiated in the practice of the Magian or Druid creed in this circle temple(36), and that the cromlech was the Druidical altar. More probably, however, the cromlechs were used for purposes of complete sepulture, as skeletons, and urns containing burnt bones have been found in them(37). Both cromlech and surrounding stones have in some cases been covered by a carn, whence it is probable that some distinguished personages have been interred beneath. The earth has been removed from some cromlechs by a process of denudation. They may possibly have served for a combination of both Pagan worship and as Pagan cemeteries. They are sometimes called, fallaciously, the beds of Diarmid and Graine, from the tradition of their flight and pursuit(38). They are also called, incorrectly, the beds or graves or monuments of the fenians. They are known, too, simply by the name of lacht(39), and often as labba, or other form of the Irish word for bed.

It seems not improbable that the cromlechs bore a resemblance to the altar mentioned in Exodus xx., 25, as being not built of hewn stone.

Dallan(40).—Dallans were standing pillar stones, in some places alone, in others there are circles of them enclosing a plain. They probably served as idol stones, or places for worship in the times of Paganism, as also for juridical assemblies in which the Brehons presided. Otherwise they may have formed part of the abattis of the strongholds of the Firbolgs, or megalithic monuments marking the graves of early Irish kings or queens, or Danaan heroes. Some of them, however, are found in connection with ancient Christian oratories, and marking Christian graves. Ogham characters are sometimes inscribed on them.

Danish Limekilns.—The Danes are said to have been acquainted with the fertilising quality of limestone, and in some places traces of Danish limekilns remain.

Danish Ridges.—Marks of ancient ridges and furrows, still visible in some fields, are attributed to the work of the Danes.

Faun(41).—A faun was a level green plot in front of the Irish residences, for games, exercises, and reception of visitors, but was sometimes not in connection with the habitations. It means a ring.

Giants' Graves.—Reputed graves of giants are found in various parts of Ireland. They are long mounds projecting over the surrounding surface of the ground.

Lake Dwellings.—The crannog(42), a wooden or ozier house, or, as the name implies, made of young trees, was a stockaded structure built in lakes and marshes. Crannog dwellings were in very general use even in the second half of the sixteenth century. Besides the crannogs, there were also stone dwellings in lakes—a position chosen for security. Communication was maintained by a boat or a path.

The cro, the subterrane, and the lake dwellings, are all probably older than the forts.

The people subsisted at first by hunting and fishing, and then as shepherds and agriculturists. To the shepherd state belong the numerous earthen forts.

Moats.—Moats are generally conical mounds usually of considerable height, and are called also tubids and tumili, and in England, barrows. Some consist of a large mass of earth; others, of an enormous cairn of small stones covered with a rich green sward. The ancient Irish moats are said to have been built by the Firbolgs as monuments of kings or heroes fallen in battle. Others again say that they are tombs of Tuatha De Danaan kings; or mounments of Scythian origin, raised over the remains of kings and princes of the Scythian race. It is also suggested that they are the burying places of Druids. In many cases they contain dome-shaped chambers or galleries called cists or cistvaens(43) formed of dry stones of enormous magnitude, the sides and roofs being composed of long flags without mortar or cement. In these receptacles were placed the bodies, or the urns containing their ashes. The earlier colonists in the country, the Firbolg and the Tuatha De Danaan tribes, were accustomed to build not only their fortresses and dome-roofed houses, but even their sepulchres, of stone without cement, in the Cyclopean or Pelasgic style. Moats are larger constructions than the ordinary cairns.

(To be Continued.)

(33) Called fene-men, the farmers; also finns, fionna, fionns, fenians, fianna, or fenni, old Irish champions or military heroes of Ireland. The Ard Righ lived at Tara, guarded by a band of warriors celebrated as the Feena Errin.

(34) Sometimes called clocan.

(35) The word is said to mean the stone of Crom, an altar for the worship of that false god. They are also called giants' graves or tombs, and in Irish, bothal, or house of God. It is difficult to imagine by what power such huge masses of stone were raised to a height, in some cases, of nearly four feet.

(35) The Celtic word means a circle, in reference to a primitive place of pagan worship. There were Druidesses also in Ireland, called Baudrai.

(37) In some urns food was found for the spirit of the deceased in accordance with the old pagan idea. In modern times some superstitious people leave aside food and clothing for their dead.

(38) There is a great diversity in the spelling of these names, as in the case of the Tuatha de Danaan. The first name is found as Dhiarmuda, Diaramuid, Diarmaid, Diarmid, Diarmod, Diarmud, Diarmuid, Diarmuidh, and Dearmuid. The second name is found as Ghrainne, Graine, Grainne, Grania, Grainnè, Gràinne, Grauna, Graunya, Graina Wael, Graine ni Mhaile, Graine-ni-Mhaile, Grainne Maoile, Grainne Maol, and Granuaile. The first name is rendered as Jeremiah, Darby, and Dermot, and the second as Grace, Joan, and Grace O'Malley. She was the daughter of King Cormac MacArt, and the wife of Finn MacCoole, spelled also Fiann M'Cumhaill, and in other forms.

(39) Lacht means also a heap of stones, as a cairn on the scene of a murder. Other forms of the word are: Cacht, a tomb; Cath, a large stone; a boundary stone.

(40) Or, dallaun or dolmen, or pillar stones and standing stones. When singly placed they are called maenhar and menhir, or tabe of stone, and when in rings, they are called stone circles, or pillar circles. They are similar to the harestones of Scotland, and the maen-gwyr of Wales. The Welsh circle of stones may have formed a bardic gorsedd. They are called megalithic as opposed to micholithic, small hewn stones. A pillar stone is called in Irish: legaun, or liagan, or liagane. The term dolmen is sometimes used as equivalent to cromlech.

(41) Or, faithche, or feathan.

(42) Also, crannoge,, and crannogue. Ancient log huts, dwellings of an early race, have been discovered in parts of Ireland. One in Co. Donegal was found 14 feet beneath the surface of a bog. It was 12 feet square, and 9 feet high, and consisted of a lower and an upper chamber.

(43) Also, kists and kistvaens.

IMPROVED FOG-SIGNALLING.

An interesting experiment in connection with submarine fog-signalling has been carried out at Egg Rock, Lynn, England. A bell was hung fifty feet below a buoy, moored in fifteen fathoms of water, and was struck by electricity from the Egg Rock lighthouse, where a power-house is established. By means of such submarine signalling it is stated that a person placing an ear against a rod held in contact with the hull of a vessel, is able to hear the bell from three to five miles away; in fact, it is believed that the ringing of the bell can be heard at a distance of ten or twelve miles.

Two centuries ago, a party of Spaniards were travelling in South America when one of them fell ill of a fever. For some time they carried him with them, but at last they were compelled to leave him behind. They laid him under a tree, with a supply of food, near a pool of water. It was a bitter experience for the sick man to be thus forsaken in his extreme need, and left to die alone. His thirst was intense, and, to add to his distress, the water was bitter and nauseous. But, strange to say, after drinking, he found his pains subsiding, his fever diminishing, and his strength returning. The tree under which he had been left to die was the chinchona; its leaves and pieces of its bark had fallen into the pool, making it, in fact, an infusion of quinine, which restored the fever-stricken traveller and led to the use of that wonderful meuicine.

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS:

Compiled from Authentick Memoirs, Offices of Record, Manufcript Collections, and other Unexceptionable Vouchers,

By THE LATE WALTER HARRIS, ESQ.

XI.—Continued.

A.D. 1568. Sir Henry Sidney returned lord deputy, and as he was a governor exceedingly beloved and honoured, so he was received by the city with more than ordinary solemnity. He landed at Carrickfergus, and as he made his journey to town, the sheriffs of the city, with a chosen band of citizens well appointed, marched five miles out of town to receive and escort him. The mayor and aldermen met him in state in the suburbs, and attended him to Christ-church, where he was sworn, and afterwards to the castle, where the mayor, according to the custom, delivered him the sword and mace, which he again returned.

This year great care was taken to prevent clandestine trade on the coasts near Dublin, and for that purpose sheriff Luttrell went by sea to Skerries, and seized a barque from Wexford retailing yarn and salt, and brought the vessel and master up to Dublin, who giving his promise that neither he nor his neighbours should for the future do the like on this coast, he was fined only a mark. The day following, the sheriff took with him the mayor of the bull-ring, and the trumpets and drums of the city, together with a chosen company of young citizens, and passed down to the new haven of Brymo, where he seized the Trinity of Milford retailing culm, the master of which took his oath to be in Dublin next day, and then a fine of 40s. was accepted from him; whereas both vessels were by law forfeited. This year a general hosting was proclaimed, and the mayor of Dublin was fined £100 Irish for disobeying the lord deputy's command, and committed to the castle of Dublin; but after two days imprisonment was enlarged.

A.D. 1571. This year Irish characters for printing were first brought into Ireland by Nicholas Walsh, chancellor of St. Patrick's, in Dublin.

A.D. 1573. The earl of Desmond was committed to the keeping of the mayor of Dublin, who told the government that the earl should be welcome to meat, drink, and lodging, but that he would take no charge of him; and the earl having licence from the government to walk abroad, he made his escape. Upon this he was proclaimed a traitor, and a large reward for him living or dead.

A.D. 1575. A great plague broke out in Dublin on the 7th of June, which continued till the 17th of October, by which (as it is said) 3,000 persons at least perished, and the city was so depopulated that grass grew in the streets, and at the doors of the churches, by reason of which Trinity term was not held in Dublin. Patrick Gough, who entered on the mayoralty at Michaelmas, and the two new sheriffs, Fagan and Barnewall, were sworn out of town at Glassnemenogue, and they kept their courts there till the 15th of October, when the sickness began to abate; and the lord deputy Sidney, who arrived at Skerries on the 12th of September, was sworn, and kept his court at Drogheda. The archbishop of Dublin ordered litanies and prayers to be said every Wednesday and Friday through the whole province, in order to avert this judgment.

A.D. 1578. On Sunday after St. George's day, James Bedlow, a citizen of Dublin, did penance, standing barefoot before the pulpit in Christ-church, and at the same time publicly confessed his faults, which were these: I. He denied the queen to be supreme head of the church. II. He alleged that one article of the ten commandments was false. And III. That the preachers, when they were out of their matter, and knew not what to say, fell to railing the Pope; all which particulars were confuted in a learned and eloquent sermon preached by Adam Loftus, archbishop of Dublin. This year the south wall of St. Nicholas's church was re-edified, as was the wall of the castle ditch, at the charges of the city. And Sir Henry Sidney erected Kilmainham-bridge. The mayor of Dublin did not go to Cullen's-wood on black Monday, according to custom, in regard the weather was so foul and rainy, that neither bow-men nor shot could go abroad; and the mayor of the bull-ring, who used to be elected in St. Andrew's church-yard, was now chosen in the Tholsel.

A.D. 1579. Sir William Drury, lord justice, ranged all the records in order in Birmingham-tower, and appointed a salary for a person to take care of them.

A.D. 1583. A controversy was determined by combat in the castle of Dublin, between two of the O'Connors, which we have inserted in Chapter II.

A.D. 1585. The citizens of Dublin, out of their fidelity and forwardness to supply the occasions of the crown, and in aid of Sir John Perrot, then lord deputy, bought munition to the value of £2,611. In consideration whereof the lords of the council of England wrote to Sir Henry Wallop, requiring him to allow the citizens a concordatum for the like sum.

A.D. 1588. Before Sir John Perrot delivered up the sword of government, he sent for the mayor and citizens of Dublin to the castle, and addressed them in these terms: "Mr. Mayor, I hope you and your brethren can testify that I have preserved the peace and quietness not only of this metropolis, but of the whole nation to the utmost of my endeavours, and as a memorial of the same I deliver this present to you." The present was a large silver cup, gilt, with a cover and spire over it, and on it this motto, 'In pace relinquo.' Upon his surrender of the sword, the mayor invited him to dinner, and a guard of young citizens with shot were appointed to wait on him till he arrived at his seat at Carew-castle in Pembrokeshire.

A.D. 1591. The mayor and citizens of Dublin having granted the site of the dissolved monastery of All-hallows, near the city, for erecting an university thereon, this year on the 13th of March the first stone thereof was laid by Thomas Smith, mayor, and dedicated to the holy and undivided Trinity, under the title of "Collegium Sanctæ et Individuæ Trinitatis ex fundatione Reginæ Elizabethæ"; and it was opened two years after.

A.D. 1596. A great quantity of gunpowder being landed at the Wood-quay to be conveyed to the castle of Dublin, by accident took fire, on the 11th of March, and did great damage to the city.

A.D. 1603, April 5. King James proclaimed in Dublin.

May 11. Charles lord Mountjoy made lord lieutenant.

June 1. Sir George Cary sworn lord deputy, who appointed the first sheriffs for the county of Tyrone.

A.D. 1604, Feb. 3. Sir George Chichester sworn lord deputy, and soon after establishes a circuit for judges of assize for Connaught and Munster.

This year the plague began in Dublin in October, and continued till the September following. It broke out again the next succeeding year, and continued that and the following.

A.D. 1605. The Jesuits and seminary priests busied themselves greatly in dissuading the people from resorting to divine service, according to the act of uniformity, and the king's proclamation thereon grounded. The lord deputy (Chichester) and council convened before them the aldermen and some of the principal citizens, and endeavoured by persuasions and lenity to draw them to their duty. They also exemplified under the great seal and published the statute of uniformity of the 2d of Eliz. in regard there was found to be some material difference between the original record and the printed copies, that none might pretend ignorance of the original record, and added thereto the king's injunction for the observance of the said statute. But these gentle methods failing to have any effect, sixteen of the most eminent of the city were convened into the court of castle chamber, of whom nine of the chief were censured, and six of the aldermen fined each £100, and the other three £50 a-piece, and they were all committed prisoners to the castle during the pleasure of the court; and it was ordered that none of the citizens should bear office till they conformed. Their fines were allotted to the repairs of such churches as had been damaged by the accidental blowing up of the gunpowder in 1596, to the relieving poor scholars in the college, and other charitable uses. This proceeding brought many to an outward conformity.

The customs of tanistry and gavelkind were this year abolished by judgment in the king's-bench.

A.D. 1606. Robert Lalor, vicar-general of Dublin, was indicted on the statute of 2 Eliz. cap 1. He submitted, and abjured, though he privately denied all again.

A.D. 1607. About this time a conspiracy was set on foot between the earls of Tyrone and Tirconnel, Maguire, O'Cahan, the lord Delvin, and almost all the heads of the Irish septs of Ulster, to surprise the castle of Dublin, cut off the lord deputy and council, dissolve the state, and set up a government of their own. A discovery of this conspiracy was made on the 19th of May this year by a Papist who was trusted and called into the consultation, but had too much virtue to go the lengths they required. He dropped a letter in the council-chamber directed to Sir William Usher, clerk of the council, which being taken up by one of the door-keepers, was immediately put into the hands of Sir Arthur Chichester, lord deputy, then sitting in council. The import of the letter was as follows: "That he was called into company by some Popish gentlemen, who, after administring an oath of secrecy, declared their purpose to murder or poison the deputy, to cut off Sir Oliver Lambert, to pick up one by one the rest of the officers of state, to oblige the small, dispersed garrisons by hunger to submit, or to penn them up as sheep to their shambles. That the castle of Dublin, being neither manned nor victualled, they held as their own; that the towns were for them, the country with them, the great ones abroad and in the north prepared to answer the first alarm; that the powerful men in the west are assured by their agents to be ready as soon as the state is in disorder. That the Catholic king has promised, and the Jesuits from the Pope warranted men and means to second the first stirs, and royally to protect all their actions. That as soon as the state is dissolved, and the king's sword in their hands, they will elect a governor, chancellor, and council, despatch letters to the king (James I.) trusting to his unwillingness to embark in such a war, and to his facility to pardon, would grant their own conditions of peace and government, with toleration of religion. That if the king listen not to their motions, then, that the many days spent in England in debates and preparations would give them time enough to breathe, fortify and furnish the maritime coasts, and at leisure call to their aid the Spanish forces from all parts." The writer of the letters declares, "That he interposed some doubts to them, which they readily answered, and he pretended to them to consent to further their projects, and that he took the method of this letter to give notice of their designs, though he refused to betray his friends; in the meantime that he would use his best endeavours to hinder any further practices." And he concludes, "That if they did not desist, though he reverenced the Mass and the Catholic religion equal to the devoutest of them, yet he would make the leaders of that dance know that he preferred his country's good before their busy and ambitious humours." Upon this discovery, the earls of Tyrone and Tirconnel, and the lord Maguire, fled beyond seas, and most of the other conspirators absconded and shifted for themselves as well as they could; yet some of them were taken and executed. This plot alarmed the kingdom greatly, and the more so as it followed thus close on the heels of the gunpowder treason in England.

A.D. 1608. Sir Arthur Chichester, lord deputy, joined to his forces a strong company of the citizens of Dublin, and another of the townsmen of Drogheda, and on the 5th of July began his march to suppress the rebellion of O'Dogherty. But that rebellion being quelled by marshal Wingfield, and the prime rebel slain the same day the deputy began his march, rendered the assistance of the citizens of no further use at that time. The charter of the city of Dublin, with an addition of further privileges, was renewed in the latter end of this year.

A.D. 1611, June 24. The lord Carew came over commissioner to inspect the affairs of Ireland.

A.D. 1613, May 18. A parliament called, which had not been for twenty-seven years before, when the Papists refuse to attend the house upon a difference between them and the Protestants in choice of a speaker.

Doctor Thomas Jones, chancellor, and Sir Richard Wingfield, marshal, were sworn lords justices.

A.D. 1614, Oct. 11. The parliament met again; the lord Kerry and lord Slane dispute precedency, which was adjudged to the former.

A convocation was this year held in Dublin, which established articles of religion.

A.D. 1615, Oct. The parliament was dissolved after several acts passed.

Doctor Thomas Jones, archbishop of Dublin, and Sir John Denham, lord chief justice of the king's-bench, were sworn lords justices.

A.D. 1616, Aug. 30. Sir Oliver St. John (afterwards Viscount Grandison) was sworn lord deputy.

A.D. 1617, Oct. 13. A proclamation issued for banishing the Popish clergy.

A.D. 1621. Sir Dudley Digges, Sir Thomas Carew, Sir Nathaniel Rich, Sir James Perrot, &c., came over commissioners to inquire into the state of the kingdom on some complaints of the Irish.

They allow (by the king's order) the new lord deputy Falkland all the profits abating only at the rate of £2,000 per ann. till he should come and receive the sword.

(To be Continued.)

A FAMOUS RELIC.

The carved wooden chimney-piece which was taken from the rooms in New Inn, Strand, which Sir Thomas More occupied before he removed to Lincoln's Inn, has just been sold in London. According to Sir George Bue, New Inn was originally a "guest inn," having for its sign a picture of Our Lady. In the reign of Edward IV. the inn was purchased by the then Chief Justice of the King's Bench for the accommodation of the students, who until that period had been lodged at St. George's Inn. Most of its buildings date back to the early part of the eighteenth century, and the garden, which was laid out about the same time, was described by a contemporary writer as being "very pleasant and airy."

THE EXCHANGE, CORK.

(For Picture see page 329).

(From "The Ancient and Present State of the County and City of Cork. By Charles Smith, M.D. Vol. I. Second Edition, with additions. Dublin: 1774).

The Exchange, which almost divides the main street of the city into two parts, N. and S., is an handsome regular structure of hewn stone. The front consists of five arches, with three others next the passage to the street. The middle arch, or principal entrance, is adorned with columns of the doric order, over which are fluted ones of the ionic order; between the front windows are pilasters of the same, with a handsome cornice and balustrade over these. On the top is an elegant cupola, covered with lead, a gilt ball, cross, and dragon. This building is in excellent proportion, and I may venture to pronounce it the neatest and most regular of the kind in Ireland.

On a table in gold letters, hanging up in this exchange, is this inscription:

'This building was erected by the public revenue of this city, and its foundation laid Anno MDCCVIII.

Joseph Franklin, Esq; Mayor.
Edward Hoar, Esq;
John Hawkins Esq; } Sheriffs.

Continued, Anno MDCCIX.

Rowland Delahoyde, Esq; Mayor.
William Lamb, Esq;
James Morison, Esq; } Sheriffs.

Finished, Anno MDCCX.

Noble Rogers, Esq; Mayor.
Richard Philips, Esq;
Samuel Wilson, Esq; } Sheriffs.

Alderman Daniel Crone,
Alderman James French,
Alderman William Goddard,
Alderman William Brown, } Directors.

THE FALSE MAID.

(From the Hungarian of Faluda.)

She is born of noble stem,
Fairer than the fairest gem
Which upon her robe doth shine,
Graceful, beautiful, divine.
What avails it all to me?
She is as false as false can be!

She has eyes like demsons black,
Shining like the comet's track;
Mouth of witchery—lightning glance—
Heaven is in her countenance.
What avails it all to me?
She is as false as false can be!

Neck of alabaster, lips
Crimson roses to eclipse,
Chin of marble's smoothest glow,
Shoulders piled of purest snow.
What avails it all to me?
She is as false as false can be!

Fair when distant, fair when near,
Fair her smile and fair her tear;
Fair when bending, fair erect—
Unadorn'd, or gem-bedeck'd.
What avails it all to me?
She is as false as false can be!

THE WORLD'S RICHEST GOLD MINE.

HOW AN IRISHMAN DISCOVERED IT.

The Right Rev. James Murray, Bishop of Northern Queensland, relates as follows the story of the discovery of the world's richest gold mine and the fate of its Irish finder:—

Australia possesses one of the wonders of the world in the marvellous Mount Morgan gold mine. No parallel to it has ever been discovered either in this or in any other country, for up to date it has produced no less a sum than £50,000,000 in gold, and is still producing, a record for a single mine which, I believe, is unequalled. When the final and total output of the Mount Morgan Mine is registered it will be likely to stand unexcelled for all time to come. The story of its discovery makes a strange and rare tale. A full generation ago an adventurous and hardy Irishman named Connor pushed his way across Queensland's coast range mountains, and after building a log cabin, started in to carve a farm for himself out of the surrounding wilderness. Years went by and the clearing of farmland grew. The centre of the homestead that Connor had located was ocupied by a conical shaped hill. This hill was covered with what miners technically call float. I do not know myself what it is exactly, but I believe its physical appearance resembles that of the clinkers found in furnaces. The hill itself, under certain conditions Connor noticed, frequently took on all the colours of Joseph's historical coat, but to his uninstructed mind this phenomenon meant nothing more than an agreeable physical addition to the view. So Connor led his peaceful, if hard, existence, and eked out a modest livelihood, and had no thought beyond his farm and its products. His wealth lay in a few corn patches and in sundry and divers cattle and sheep. One evening after sundown two Welsh prospectors named Morgan arrived at Connor's farm and sought shelter for the night. Connor gave them a share of his scanty fare and a shakedown on the veranda.

The following morning the Morgans were about to start on their way, when one of the brothers chanced on a piece of float which unmistakably betrayed the presence of gold. The Morgans thereupon questioned Connor closely about the country thereabouts, and finally asked him if he had ever noticed anything queer in the appearance of the earth. "Yes, I have," replied Connor. "Shure, it's mesilf that owns an entire hill that every now and again shows all the colours of the rainbow." He willingly showed the Morgans the mount, and gave them full permission to work as they would upon it. The Morgans were soon convinced that they had chanced on a great discovery, and at once made their way back to the coast with the float they had gathered from the hillside. The assay showed their surmise to be correct, for the float was rich in gold. Then they returned to the lonely ranch, and offered Connor £300 spot cash for his farm. Connor had had seven years of desolate life, and the sum mentioned to a man in his position represented a small fortune, so he eagerly closed with the offer. He did not dream when he packed up and started coastward with his precious £300 strapped carefuly round his waist, that he had parted with the richest treasure Dame Nature had deposited in the mountains of Australia or those of any other country. The rest of the story is simple. The Morgans managed to get together a sufficient sum to purchase a rude stamp mill, which it took them six months to transport and erect. Within thirty days from the time it started working it had paid for itself, and an order for improved machinery was on its way to the coast. That was twenty-five years ago. Since then £50,000,000 has been taken from that cone shaped hill, and it is yielding gold as plentifully to-day as ever. The cone is gone forever, though, and two years since, when I stood on the rim of a saucer-shaped excavation, and looked down at a busy shift of miners below, I was standing where the base of the cone had rested a quarter of a century before. The mountain was probably of volcanic origin, and the gold impregnated the soft rock which formed the centre of the cone. Mount Mogan is to-day a busy hive of industry—an industry which, by the way, has made the Morgan brothers take first rank among the world's richest men. To their great credit, be it known, that after their own success was assured, they sought out Connor, and so richly rewarded him for his kindly hospitality on the night preceding the great discovery of the Mount Morgan Mine, that he was made independent for his life.

GREAT LITTLE MEN.

One of the natural instincts of men is that curiosity which all feel regarding the personal appearance of those persons who have stood mentally high above their fellows. Whenever we read or hear of a great man, and especially when we are familiar with his history, we unconsciously from a picture of his looks and stature to which the contrast to the actual man is often very disappointing. Often we refuse to substitute the strange, unsatisfying reality for our own mind creation, especially if the great man is found to be a small one—the intellectual giant a physical dwarf. We are apt to overestimate the height and bulk of our heroes and endow them, if attractive, with supermuman beauty, or, if hateful, with ugly and repulsive looks. It was this feeling that made the people of Yarmouth, England, when Nelson, delicate in body and insignificant in appearance, was passing over the quay to take command of his first ship, exclaim: "Why make that little fellow a captain?"

During Napoleon's first campaign in Italy, in 1796, the Italians were greatly surprised at his personal appearance. His short stature, his pale face, the sickly thinness of his frail body, which seemed consumed by the fires of his genius, but was in reality made of muscles of steel, seized the imagination of the people by the contrast they presented to his dazzling feats of arms. It was a novel and startling experience to find that direct and penetrating glance, that abrupt, imperious gesture, laconic speech and peremptory and absolute tone—all which bespoke the man born to command—associated with such a dwarfish and attenuated frame.

Facts, however, show beyond a doubt that necessary connection between the size or shape of the body and the strength of the mind is purely imaginary, yet many persist in thinking differently.

Indeed, far the larger part of the men who have ruled the world, either intellectually or with the sword, have been men of small stature. Aristotle, the Greek philosopher, who for 2,000 years maintained despotic sway over the world of thought, was a slender man with spindle shanks, small eyes, and a shrill, stammering speech. In the great council of Nice, consisting of 2,000 delegates, the most potent spirit who, after long and fierce disputes, carried the council with him, was Athanasius, a man of very small stature—"a dwarf rather than a man," says Dean Stanley, "but of almost angelic beauty of face and expression." In his little body dwelt a mighty soul. Combining subtlety of thought and power of eloquence with resoluteness of will, intensity of conviction and intrepidity of spirit, he fought single-handed, and for half a century the great battle of orthodoxy, having "no friend but God and death," and to-day the creed of Athanasius is substantially the creed of Christendom.

Gregory the Seventh, the mightiest of the Roman Pontiffs, was a diminitive man, and so were Canute the Great and the great Conde. Voltaire, the "Devil's Messenger," the literary autocrat of the eighteenth century, and the most brilliant wit of the day, was one of the thinnest and most spectral of human beings. Two of the most potent spirits that directed the storm of the French Revolution, Robespierre and Marat, were far below the average stature. The former, an incarnation of will, who by the sheer force of his intellect swayed the multitude and the National Assembly at his pleasure, was but five feet two or three inches high, and the latter was less than five feet. Many of the most eminent Frenchmen of the nineteenth century—La Place, Poisson, Fourier, Thiers, Guizot—were small, spare, spiritualised beings who could distinctly feel their own ribs. Montaigne, the father of essayists; Doctor Watts, the hymnist; the sickly Scarron, who in reference to his ill-health and insignificant stature, called himself "an abridgement of human miseries"; Alexander Pope, who wore three pairs of stockings to plumb out his legs to a decent size; Campbell, the author of "Hohenlinden," "a pretty, little, delicate, lady-like, finical gentleman"; Thomas De Quincy, the "opium eater," were all dwarfish men.

Suwarrow, the greatest of Russian generals; Frederick the Great, David Garrick, the wonderful actor; and Alexander Hamilton, whom Tallyrand pronounced one of the three greatest men he had ever known, were slender and below the middle height. The brave General Marion "was in stature of the smallest size, thin as well as low," and Dr. Kane, who surpassed all his Arctic companions in braving torrid heat and polar cold, was but five feet six in height, and weighed at his best but 135 pounds.

FARMS IN THE DEEP SEA.

The sponge, like most other of Nature's gifts, is in danger of being effaced by reason of the ruthlessness of man. Growing upon the surfs of the ocean, largely off the Florida coast, they have been comparatively easy of access, and as there has always been a good market for them, the rocks have been stripped without regard to the needs of the future. Anticipating the extinguishment of this useful fungus, the Government has been making experiments to demonstrate the practicability of its artificial propagation, and ere long there will be a stock farm of sponges on the Florida coast, where a man can go and buy eggs or young sponges as he would buy hens' eggs or calves now.

Some time ago Dr. H. F. Moore began experiments at Sugar Loaf Key, about 25 miles east of Key West, and at several places in Biscayne Bay. Several thousand sponge cuttings were planted at these places under a variety of conditions. The chief problem confronting the experimenter in this field is to find some ready means of attaching the cuttings to a durable support, capable of resisting the action of salt water and the ravages of the tornado and animals having similar destructive habits, and which at the same time will not have an injurious effect upon the growing sponge. These cuttings live, and their cut surfaces heal without difficulty.

About six weeks after the plants were made they were examined, and under favourable conditions it was found that about 95 per cent. of the sheepswool cuttings were alive, healed and apparently healthy. In several cases where the plants were made in places exposed to very strong currents many of the pieces were torn loose from their supports, while others had been killed by the rough action of the currents.

The cuttings from yellow sponges suffered a much greater mortality than those made from the sheepswool sponge, but whether this be due to the more delicate nature of the animal or to the accidental conditions under which they were planted is not yet determined.

So far as has been discovered, the more valuable sheepswool spouge seems to possess greater hardiness than its congener.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie is not the first millionaire to buy a historian's library en bloc. The seven thousand volumes of chronicles and travels from which Gibbons distilled the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" were purchased by Beckford after the writer's death. "I bought it," said the author of "Vathek," in his lordly way, "to have something to read when I passed through Lausanne." There were few rarities in the collection, but most of the authors were in the best obtainable editions and, of course, in perfect condition; the fastidious Gibbon was incapable of behaving disrespectfully to a book. For six weeks Beckford revelled in his purchase; and he read himself nearly blind. He soon tired of his toy, however, as he tired of most things, and presented the whole collection to a German physician named Scholl. The recipient showed his appreciation of the treasure by promptly selling it at haphazard.

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The following birthday mottoes are suggested by a writer in the "Daily Chronicle" as appropriate for Frances Marion Crawford—

Novels which have so lately attracted the attention of a fair and gentle public.—Ruskin.

A tale of amusing fiction upon the romance of—Sir Walter Scott.

Spirited narrative with more than a touch of dialogue made eminently interesting.—George Eliot.

The rose of yesterday.—Omar Khayyam.

Said Francis.—Tennyson.

I do not claim that I can tell a story as it ought to be told. I can only claim to know how a story ought to be told.—Mark Twain.

The Path to Rome.—Hilaire Balloc.

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During the coming winter it is proposed to give performances, both in London and Oxford, of a Nativity Play, entitled "Bethlehem," written by Mr. Laurence Housman, with music by Mr. Joseph Moorat. The whole production will be designed and directed by Mr. Gordon Craig, who will have the co-operation of Mr. Martin Shaw as musical conductor. The first performance will take place in London on or about December 31, 1902, and representations at Oxford will be given about the same time. In neither case will the play be given in a theatre, and as it is necessary for the management to be free from any restrictions which the Censor of Plays might wish to impose, they have to rely entirely on subscribers to make the production in London possible. None but subscribers and their friends will be admitted to the performances.

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Apropos of American journalism it is a pleasure to record (the "Academy" remarks) the changes which have just been made in that excellent periodical, "Harper's Weekly." With the issue of this periodical for July 5, the size of the weekly has been reduced from folio to quarto size. It contains forty pages of reading matter and illustrations. From the cover the time-honoured insignia of the Harpers are missing. Instead there is a design based on the picture of the Goddess of Liberty, whose torch illuminates the names of the principal contributors and their topics—the opening chapters of Anthony Hope's new novel, "The Intrusion of Peggy"; "The Five Boons of Life," by Mark Twain; "The Fourth of July Boy," by W. D. Howells; and an anniversary poem, "Santiago," by Thomas A. Janvier. On the other side of the Goddess are the names of the contributors to the "Comment." This "Comment" is a curious feature which consists of several pages of paragraphs on all sorts of more or less timely topics, set forth without any particular typographic ostentation.

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Probably not a few of our readers (the "Academy" says) could write an interesting account of their feelings when they first walked round the British Museum Reading Room. And if they did so their impressions would doubtless read like those of a writer in the July "Atlantic Monthly" who whimsically argues that a great library should be enjoyed as a whole, without any petty personal quest. "I am as fond as the next man," he says, "of knowing what I am about, but when I find myself ushered into a great library I do not know what I am about any sooner than I can help. I shall know soon enough—God forgive me! When it is given to a man to stand in the Assembly Room of Nations, to feel the ages, all the ages, gathering round him, flowing past his life, to listen to the immortal stir of Thought, to the doings of The Dead, why should a man interrupt—interrupt a whole world—to know what he is about? I stand at the junction of all Time and Space. I am the three tenses. I read the newspapers of the universe. . . . . I can only speak for one, but I must say, for myself, that as compared with this feeling one has in the door, this feeling of standing over a library—mere reading in it, sitting down and letting one's self be tucked into a single book in it—is a humiliating experience." But the writer is correct when he says that the feeling wears off. Few of the frequenters of the Reading Room do not look as though they had recently fed on honeydew and drunk the milk of paradise.

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The following interesting Dickens relics were recently offered for sale by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge, at their rooms in Wellington street, Strand, when they realised the sum of £85 :—

1251. Dickens (Charles)—The mahogany office table, the office chair, the high back cane chair, and looking glass, in mahogany frame, which for many years were in daily use by Charles Dickens in his private office at 26 Wellington street, Strand, where he edited "All the Year Round."

These relics of the famous novelist were given by Charles Dickens' son to the housekeeper, Mrs. Hedderley, from whom they were bought by the late Henry Walker, and removed to the residence of his step-son, James Hooper, of Bromley, Kent,, who alone from that time has had the custody of them. Signed and witnessed attestation papers accompany them. It is now proposed to offer these relics for sale by private treaty, and those interested can inspect them at No. 9 Hanover Park, Peckham, S.E., together with the attestation papers.

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Now is the horticultural season at its height, and especially the season of carnations, picotees and pelargoniums. The literary tendencies of pelargonium-fanciers are certainly to be reckoned among the curiosities of the verbal craft. Among new varieties of this flower which figure in the enticing catalogues of nurserymen we have noticed the following; the technical descriptions are taken exactly from the florists' lists, and are doubtless more or less accurate—

Andrew Lang—Glowing scarlet; large white blotch on the two upper petals.

Hall Caine—Bright cherry-red; bloom of immense size.

Ian Maclaren—Warm salmon.

Rev. H. Brett—Fiery scarlet, with white eye.

Winston Churchill—A seedling from "Menelik," and for richness of colour, in this so-termed fancy class, is unsurpassed.

Mrs. Brown Potter—Another decided advance in the pink-coloured section.

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How many people know that Mr. Swinburne once turned novelist in a small way? We are reminded that he did by a writer in the "Daily Chronicle," who has rediscovered in the "Tatler" (the one which was born in 1877 and died in the following year) a story entitled "A Year's Letters." The pseudonym which Mr. Swinburne selected for this venture was "Mrs. Horace Manners," and the story, after a rather clumsily ironical prefatory epistle, glides into a quite real study of character. The style, too, is simple—at any rate for Mr. Swinburne—and it is to be hoped that some day the book may be re-issued with the author's name. It would be a pity if Mr. Swinburne's prose were deprived of this proof of its occasional limpidity and conciseness.

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Mr. Gelett Burgess has been interviewing a dime novelist, with interesting results in the American "Bookman." Mr. Eugene T. Sawyear, author of the "Nick Carter" series, is a very harmless person, whose greatest care is for his geraniums when he leaves the office of the San Jose newspaper, of which he is city editor. Mr. Sawyer talked much to the purpose. He has a record, not only for quantity, but for speed—

> "The fastest work I ever did," Mr. Sawyer said, "was once when I got an order by wire from Street and Smith, saying that one of their regular writers had failed them, and asking if I could send them a story of 60,000 words in four days. Of course I accepted. And, that, too, was in the days of longhand, before typewriters were common. As usual, I procrastinated, and two days had elapsed before I thought about the story. Then I locked myself into my room and began, writing in lead pencil, while my wife copied my work in ink. I didn't eat nor sleep, living on coffee alone, till the novel was completed, in about sixty hours. In order to have the manuscript reach the publishers in time, I had to have it in the post office at noon, and I caught that mail with something less than a minute to spare. When I saw 'Captain Crash' in print, it was just like reading a new book. I had forgotten absolutely about the plot and characters, having written almost automatically."

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Asked about his methods of work, Mr. Sawyer developed, in an amusing way, his theory of an opening. This he maintains should be at once striking and illuminative.

> The old method used to be something like this:
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> "'Help! Help! Help!' These words rang out into the air on a cold November night, in a little town not twenty miles distant from New York. Some one was in dire need, but the whole country seemed utterly deserted."
>
> And then immediately there was a row of stars, after which the paragraph went on:
>
> "Twenty years ago, Ephraim Gobson was the most respected citizen in New Potsdam, and Huldah, his sunny-haired daughter, was called the prettiest girl in the village, etc., etc."
>
> But I fancy I revolutionised the opening of the dime novel. Writers for the magazines have learned how necessary it is to begin the plot with the first word, and do it perhaps more artistically, but it's the same principle. Here are some of my beginnings. For instance, in "Ramon Aranda, the Californian Detective," I start:
>
> "'We will have the money, or she shall die!'"
>
> Or, in another one I thought rather striking:
>
> "'Swear the defendant!'"
>
> And in "The Dead Man's Hand" the opening line was this:
>
> "'It is a case of mysterious disappearance, Mr. Carter!'
>
> Sometimes it is harder to get a good opener than a good title, though the title and the "cover situation" are what usually sell the book. That last quotation is from "The Dead Man's Hand; or, Nick Carter's Matchless Method." The main title was suggested to me by the publishers, who thought it would sell well, and from that phrase I built up the whole book.

In conclusion, Mr. Sawyer, who is under no delusion about the quality of his work, remarked—"It is not only the 'submerged tenth' who read cheap stories. I have been into book shops and seen bankers and capitalists gravely paying their nickels for the same tales their elevator boys read. I have known literary men to confess that they had read tales as bad as mine with interest and excitement. Such yarns are about as good a remedy for brain fag as you can find. They're easy, and require little effort of the mind. You can read "The Pirate of the Carribbees" when your nerves forbid ethical discussions."

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

The influence of mountains on the fall of hail has frequently been the subject of controversy, but up to the present time no certain conclusion appears to have been arrived at. The Italian Meteorological Office has recently published an interesting note upon the question by Prof. V. Monti. The positions chosen were, perhaps, the most suitable for the purpose of any among the Italian network of stations, viz., the Collegio Romano and Montecavo, an isolated station near Rome, situated at an altitude of about 1,000 meters; the complete observations at both stations, for the years 1880-87, are contained in the Annals of the Italian Meteorological Office. During this period, forty-one days of hail were recorded at Rome against eighty at Montecavo; the monthly values show two maxima, in April and October, and two minima, in July and December, as regards the excess of days of hail at the mountain station. A comparison of days of thunderstorms shows, on the other hand, that there were 76 such storms at Rome, against 29 at Montecavo. This seems to show the excess of hail at the mountain station is not attributable to a greater intensity of atmospheric electricity. The author gives a table showing that the monthly mean temperature at Rome is at times about 10 degrees higher than at Montecavo, and suggests that the fusion of hail traversing a warmer stratum of air may account for the smaller amount at Rome.

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Probably no greater feat is recorded in the annals of American railroading than the performance of the trains sent by the New York Central and Pennsylvania Railroads over the roads between New York and Chicago. At a speed which sometimes exceeded 80 miles an hour, and which averaged some 50 miles an hour including all stops, these trains, travelling east and west, covered the respective distances of 980 and 912 miles three minutes ahead of the schedule time of 20 hours. With these two remarkable records, American railroads hold the record for fast, long runs. On the Orleans and Midi Railroad, the Sud express travels 486 miles from Paris to Bayonne in 8 hours 59 minutes, averaging 54.13 miles an hour. That is probably the fastest train in the world for the distance. But the length of track is little more than half that traversed on the shortest route between New York and Chicago. Other famous European runs that deserve mention are those made in England by the East Coast express and the West Coast express. The former runs to Edinburgh and the latter to Glasgow from London. Both travel at an average speed of 50 miles an hour; but the distance covered is only about 400 miles. It is difficult to award the palm to either of these new American trains. The New York Central's express covered a longer distance at a higher average speed than the Pennsylvania train. On the other hand, the Pennsylvania train, although its route was shorter and its average speed not more than 45½ miles an hour, encountered heavy grades in crossing the Alleghany mountains. The officials of both roads claim that the journey from New York to Chicago could easily be covered in 18 hours.

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The enterprise of supreme importance in the transportation field, if not, indeed, in the entire range of activities on the island of Cuba, is found in the project being carried out by Sir William Van Horne, the builder of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and the capitalists associated with him in the construction of a central line of railroad throughout the length of the island. This "backbone railway," as it has been aptly termed, and which will exert a more powerful influence for the general development of the island and all its resources than any other one undertaking, was an objective institution with foreign capitalists for half a century prior to the Spanish-American war; but all their schemes failed of consummation. The main line from Santa Clara to Santiago, to be completed shortly, is about 350 miles in length; but there will be feeders to the north and south coasts which will bring the aggregate length of the system to approximately 1,000 miles. The branches or feeders will reach such ports as Nipe, Baracoa, Gibara, and Manzanillo, connecting them with the interior, and affording an outlet to deep water shipping points for the plantations along the lines.

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The magnitude of the locomotive industry in the United States was emphasized in the festivities which attended the recent completion of their 20,000th locomotive by one of the American locomotive works, an event which occurred in the spring of the present year. The early founding of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, its rapid growth, the many standard types of locomotives which have been originated in the shops of the company, and the fact that its locomotives have been for years finding their way to the four corners of the earth render the works thoroughly representative of the locomotive industry in America. Mathias W. Baldwin, who founded the establishment, started in business as a jeweller in a small shop in Philadelphia in the year 1819. In 1830 the steam railroad was beginning to make its appearance and establishing itself in the States, and to gratify public interest the proprietor of a Philadelphia museum gave an order to Baldwin for the construction of a miniature locomotive for exhibition. In the spring of 1831 the work was completed, and the toy was set in motion on a circular railroad track at the museum. The success of the model brought an order to Baldwin for a locomotive from the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Railroad Company. Guided by his experience with the little model, and by some memoranda which he had taken of a locomotive recently imported from England by the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company, Baldwin completed the curious and historical locomotive known as "Old Ironsides." The engine was tried November 23, 1832, and did duty on the Germantown road, and, later, on other roads for a period of over twenty years. The "Ironsides" was a four-wheeled engine, modelled after the English pattern of those days, and it weighed in running order something over five tons. The cylinders were placed beneath the smokebox and connected to a pair of cranks on the rear axle, which was placed in front of the firebox. The driving wheels were 54 inches in diameter, and the front wheels 45 inches in diameter. The cylinders were 9½ inches in diameter by 18 inches stroke, and they were carried beneath the smokebox, as is done to-day with modern inside-connected engines. The wheels had cast-iron hubs, wooden spokes and rims, and wrought-iron tyres. The frame was of wood. The boiler was 30 inches in diameter, and contained seventy-two copper flues 1½ inches in diameter. The valve motion was given by a single loose eccentric to each cylinder, and the engine was reversed by changing the position of the eccentric on the axle by a lever operated from the firebox. The contract price was 3,000 dollars.

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An interesting work of creating a waterfall for the purpose of supplying power is now being carried on at the headwaters of the Little Blackfoot River, about 30 miles west of Helena, Mont. Miles of flumes and ditches are being constructed by means of which a number of small streams are being brought together and carried five miles to the mouth of Hat Creek over a precipice of 500 feet. Here a power plant will be erected, and it is calculated that there will be 1,000 horse power available. The current generated will be transmitted a distance of ten miles to the Porphyry Dike Mines, at the summit of the main range of the Rocky Mountains, where there is one of the largest deposits of free-milling gold to be found in this country. The work is being done by a syndicate of St. Louis capitalists, and the active work has been in progress for two years and is now rapidly reaching a state of completion.

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Two intentors who live in Stirling, Scotland, have invented a lifeboat which is intended to become automatically inflated when it is immersed in water. A spring is employed which is kept in a state of tension or compression by means of a strip or roll of paper, the tensile strength of which, as long as it is dry, is sufficient to maintain the spring in a state of tension or compression, but which, when it becomes wet by immersion in water, immediately loses its strength or rigidity to such an extent that it is ruptured by the energy stored in the spring. Thus is the spring set free. The release of the spring causes the production of a volume of gas from materials sufficient in quantity to give the appliance any flotation power required. The materials in question are inclosed, together with the spring, in a perforated metal case, secured in the appliance in any desired manner, but so that water can have access to the controlling strip, as soon as the appliance is thrown overboard. Gas can be produced by the combustion of cordite or ballustite.

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A process has been discovered in France by which garbage is converted into briquettes, which consists in mincing the refuse from abattoirs, fish markets, etc., straw, paper, etc., and adding tar and naphthalene. The mass is then mixed in a kneading apparatus, dried, and pressed into briquettes. The briquettes have a slight odor of gas, burn brightly and engender heat slowly, it is claimed, and with a more highly perfected method of manufacture they will produce less ash, and the heat-producing qualities will be about the same as those of common coal. They will also possess the advantage of burning slowly and developing no smoke.

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A new process for the manufacture of artificial marble has been patented by S. Sborowitz, of Berlin. The new product is said to be particularly fine and very cheap. Asbestos, dyeing materials, shellac, and ashes are pounded into a stiff mass, and then subjected to high pressure. The resulting mass is surprisingly firm and tough, not brittle, is very easily worked by means of tools, can be given a fine polish, and cannot be distinguished on a mere ocular inspection from genuine marble. As it does not break easily, it can be used in the shape of very thin slabs of little weight, and will be very useful for the manufacture of washstands, wall coverings, etc. Owing to its being much cheaper and more durable in contact with water than any other kind of artificial marble, this new material, which can be pressed into moulds and given any shape desired, seems to have a promising future for the manufacture of a great variety of household goods, and also insulators for electro-technical purposes.

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I. G. Waterman, a millionaire resident of the Montecito Valley of California, has invented an electrical device for controlling the spigots of the bathroom by a touch button in the bedroom. By this means one can reach out from the bed and turn the water into the tub, and when the latter is filled the flow is automatically shut off. With an installation of this character in the house one is enabled to stay in bed until the bath is entirely ready, and then jump almost from under the covers into the water.

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In order to increase the illuminating power of an incandescent electric lamp, a California inventor forms the bulb with an interior tube open at one end. The tube and bulb are so connected that the vacuum is not destroyed, and that a brush can be exerted in the tube to apply silver to the walls in order to form a reflector. The filament is coiled around the tube, so that a maximum amount of light-producing surface is provided.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1793.)

OCTOBER 17.

At the Quarter Assembly held yesterday at the Exhibition room, William street, the conduct of the committee on the new regiment to be raised by the city was reprobated in the strongest manner, and the whole of their management set aside.

Another committee was appointed, and on the motion of Mr. Chambers it was agreed that the Lord Mayor do continue to refuse sealing the debentures voted for the regiment until the committee shall present a report, and the same be sanctioned by the approbation of the house, which was carried unanimously.

The thanks of the Assembly were next voted to Alderman William James, late Lord Mayor of this city, in a gold box, for his upright, active, and honourable discharge of the duties of his office. On a ballot which ensued upon this question there appeared for it 88, against it 2.

The sum of £1,000 for the extraordinary expenses of the Mayoralty and hospitalities of the Mansion House was also unanimously voted to Alderman James.

The thanks of the assembly were also voted to the late High Sheriffs, the same to be presented in silver boxes

Yesterday there was an uncommon great quantity of herrings selling about town; the fish were rather small, but exceedingly fresh. Such a supply as this, and wich has been frequent for this month past, should tend very much to lower the price of butchers' meat in the different markets of this city.

Between the hours of one and two o'clock on Monday morning last a gentleman was stopped in Kevin's street, near the Bishop's Palace, by three fellows, who robbed him of a guinea and a half and his hat.

OCTOBER 23.

The Parliament of this kingdom is further prorogued from the 2nd of October to the 25th of November next.

Yesterday evening his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant arrived in town from the Lord Chancellor's seat, Mountshannon.

The Dorset yacht arrived on Sunday from England at her berth near the Pidgeon house. The Right Hon. David Latouche and family came passengers in the yacht from England.

In the Dutchess of Rutland packet, which arrived on Sunday, there came passengers here the Earl of Mayo, Lord de Clifford, Mr. Wainright (an agent to the Earl of Fitzwilliam) and several other passengers.

OCTOBER 24.

Independent of the large export entries within these few days past of linens, diapers, sacking, ticken, and also large quantities of feathers, etc., for America, a very respectable house in the city has sent between six and seven thousand yards of woollen goods for New York. This last circumstance must afford the utmost pleasure to every well-wisher of the manufacturing and commercial interests of this country, as such exports may extend considerably our trade to the other side of the Atlantic, if a war with the American States should not unfortunately put a stop to it, an event we should indeed heartily deprecate.

OCTOBER 25.

On Friday night a servant in the employment of Lord Clonmel was robbed in Dominick street of his watch and a few shillings at the end of Stable lane. Application was immediately made at the watch house in Granby row for assistance. With much difficulty a few persons awere procured to pursue the marauders, but as it happened, too late to be useful.

We are concerned to be informed, by letters from the county of Kerry, that Sir Barry Denny has fallen in a duel with John Crosbie, Esq., having received the ball of his adversary's pistol in the forehead, which occasioned his death instantaneously. The dispute originated in some unfortunate misunderstanding connected with the election for the county, to represent which Mr. Crosbie was a candidate.

A fiddler of the name of Fitzpatrick fell into a ditch at Rockbrook, about two miles beyond Rathfarnham, early on Sunday night, and was smothered. He had been playing for the amusement of company during the most part of the day, in a publichouse in the neighbourhood, and appeared to be somewhat intoxicated in the evening. When discovered the dead body was brought on a car to some part of the vicinity of Dublin, where he had his place of abode.

Wednesday last near ninety thousand yards of linen cloth and eight thousand yards of woollen were entered outwards for New York.

OCTOBER 27.

On Saturday last, being the anniversary of his Majesty's accession to the throne, a Royal salute was fired on board the Ross revenue cruiser, commanded by Captain Harman, then lying at Poolbeg. The exactness of time between each gun, although the cruiser only mounts ten, was much admired by a number of spectators then upon the new south wall.

OCTOBER 28.

Last night Mr. Sheriff Manders and Powell went to a house in Bank lane, where a number of journeymen shoemakers had dined and were spending the evening, and there took four of them into custody, against whom charges of combination have been made, and lodged them in the New Prison.

The assizes of the city of Cork has proved a maiden one.

DUBLIN, NOVEMBER 1.

Thursday last, 3,000 yards of lace, and a quantity of muslins and silk stockings, were seized by Mr. Heron, coast officer.

Thursday, at the Commission, Mr. Whitestone moved the Court, in the case of the King at the prosecution of James Potts against Giffard, that the bill of indictment which had been found might be quashed on account of the informality of some words in it, and that a new bill of indictment might be sent up to the Grand Jury, which was ordered by the Court accordingly. The prosecution must consequently lie over to the next Commission.

The journeymen carpenters were acquitted of the combination and assault, but were found guilty of the riot, and sentenced to be imprisoned for six months, and to be bound to keep the peace for three years; themselves in a security of £100 each, and to find sureties for £50 each.

Yesterday thirty-five journeymen shoemakers were arraigned under 12 different indictments, founded on the 19th and 20th of the King, for unlawful combination, under pretence of regulating trade; of these, six only were tried, and of these three were found guilty—viz., James Bullen, Robert Adams, and James Fulham.

These were sentenced by the Court to a fine of £100 each, reducable, however, at the Court's direction, according to their demeanour before the next Commission.

Another respite for a fortnight, from this day, has been granted to the unfortunate Mr. O'Berne, now under sentence of death in the New Prison.

NOVEMBER 4.

This day being the anniversary of the birth of the late King William the Third, his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant went in State from the Castle through Dame street, College Green, Grafton street, and round St. Stephen's Green.

The army, upon the occasion, afterwards fired a feu de joie round the statue of the late King William in College Green.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant had a Levee this day at the Castle, previous to his going in State round St. Stephen's Green.

NOVEMBER 8.

Yesterday the Rev. William Jackson, charged on an indictment of high treason, with compassing and imagining the death of his Majesty, and also in adhering to his Majesty's enemies, appeared at the bar of the Court of King's Bench to stand his trial. There appeared as counsel for the prosecution, the Attorney-General, Solicitor-General, the Prime Sergeant, Mr. Franklin, and Mr. Ruxton; for the prisoner, Mr. Curran, who (with Mr. Ponsonby, absent) had been assigned by the Court, Messrs, M'Nally and Guinness attending as assisting counsel.

Mr. Curran moved that three affidavits, made by Mrs. Jackson, Mr. Keane, attorney to the prisoner, and by Mr. Jackson, should be read. Those affidavits stated the absence of material witnesses expected from London; that every possible exertion had been made to obtain their attendance; that money had been remitted to bring them over; that there had been no negligence on the part of the prisoner; and that he expected their attendance on a future day.

Mr. Attorney-General, admitting the materiality of the facts in the affidavits, said he had no objection to postponing the trial, and the Court accordingly postponed it until the 25th of January.

The motion being granted, Mr. Jackson was remanded to prison.

NOVEMBER 10.

Yesterday morning, Crosbie Morgell, Esq., representative in Parliament for the borough of Tralee, was discovered drowned near the first Wharf at the South Wall. Hat and umbrella were purposely placed together on the Wharf in such a manner as to preserve them from the incurrent tide. The body was entirely lifeless when brought ashore; of course, every attempt to revive it was in vain. He was father-in-law to the late Sir B. Denny, who lost his life a few days ago in a duel.

At the final close of the poll for a representative of the county Kerry,

CANDIDATES.

John Crosbie, Esq.,
Lieut-Col. Herbert,

John Crosbie, Esq., was declared duly elected.

CORK.

Mr. Raspe, the celebrated mineralogist, has been lately in that city, after having explored the mines in the vicinity of Killarney, and his researches have been crowned with the greatest success; amongst many others, he has discovered the richest cobalt mine in Europe, a ton of the ore of which is computed, at a moderate calculation, to be worth two hundred and fifty pounds sterling—and what renders this ore the more precious, is, that it is in great demand in China, where the India Company exports annually to the amount of £180,000 worth, which they principally draw from Saxony, at a very heavy expense.

A company consisting of very independent men, is already formed in Killarney to work this mine.

Mr. Raspe has also discovered, according to the same papers, a very rich mine of gold in the province of Munster, a specimen of which he laid before the Royal Irish Academy in May last.

DUBLIN, NOVEMBER 18.

Yesterday the trial of the proprietors of the "Northern Star," on the charge of publishing a seditious libel, came on at the King's Bench, when, after a hearing which lasted ten hours, they were acquitted.

The "Barrymore," Sullivan, from Cork to St. John's, was deserted at sea, the crew saved in the "Hawke."

The assize of the twelvepenny loaf this week is 7lb. 6oz. 2dr.—Wheat, £2 14s. 6., and Flour, £2 19s. per quarter.—Wheat-meal, 1s. 7d., and Oatmeal, 1s 11d. h. per stone.

(To be Continued.)

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HOLY CROSS ABBEY, SLIGO.



THE RUINS AS THEY STOOD THREE QUARTERS OF A CENTURY AGO.

The following is the description and history of Sligo Abbey given in Hall's "Ireland":—

Sligo Abbey has been long famous; and its ruins are classed among the most remarkable in Ireland. The abbey was founded in 1257, by Maurice Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare and Lord Justice. In 1270, however, it was destroyed by fire, but was soon afterwards re-erected; again it underwent a similar fate in 1415; but during the following year a bull was issued, granting indulgences to all who contributed to its restoration; it was speedily re-built, and from this era we are to date the foundation of the present structure. The remains of this edifice attest its former splendour. "The steeple or dome is still entire, supported upon a carved arch or cupola, the inside of which is also carved; adjoining this are three sides of a square of beautifully-carved little arches, of about four feet in height, which seem to have been anciently separated from each other, and probably formed cells for confession and penance. Almost all the little pillars are differently ornamented, and one in particular is very like the rest, having a human head cut on the inside of the arch. There are several vaults throughout the ruins, containing the remains of skulls, bones, and coffins. The abbey and yard are still used as a burying place."

In the Ecclesiastical History of Ireland, by Rev. T. Walsh (New York, 1855), the following, which embraces some additional particulars, is given:—

Maurice Fitzgerald, who was Lord Justice of Ireland in the year 1229, and who

retained that office from 1232 to 1245, founded this noble monastery on the bank of the river Gitly and adjacent to the castle of Sligo, which Maurice erected A.D. 1245. The church was dedicated under the invocation of the Holy Cross, of which a commemoration was made daily in the divine office. It was supplied with friars of the order of St. Dominick.

O'Connor Sligo was a liberal benefactor to this monastery. So was Pierce O'Timony, whose statue was erected in the cloister.

A.D. 1360, Mac William Burke spoiled and burned the town.

A.D. 1414, the sacred edifice was destroyed by an accidental fire: at this time twenty friars were resident in the abbey.

Pope John XXIII. granted an indulgence to all who would contribute towards the expenses of refounding it.

A.D. 1416, the monastery was rebuilt by friar Bryan Mac Dermot Mac Donagh.

A.D. 1454, Bryan Mac Donagh, dynast of Tirerill, was interred here.

At the general suppression it was granted to Sir William Taaffe. It is at present in the possession of Lord Palmerston, who can be styled the "Cecil" of England in this enlightened century. The ruins of this spacious and beautiful monastery indicate its former magnificence. The northern and southern sides of the arcade, with the east one, still remain covered with an arched roof, which will soon yield to the wreck of time. The arches and pillars are of extraordinary workmanship, a few of which are adorned with sculpture. The east window is beautiful, and the high altar, which still remains, is decorated with relievo sculpture in the Gothic style. On the south side of the altar is a monument of O'Connor, with his own figure and that of his lady. Archdall observes that Cromwell has done some injury to this monastery, but that "merit" rather belongs to Ireton and Sir Charles Coote. . . . Cromwell was never in Connaught.

MY FRIENDS AND I.

BY ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE.

My little, low room is five flights high,
And some might think that its walls are bare;
But sweet communion my friends and I
Have often held in the silence there;
Noble, exalted, they come to me.
Fair as they were in the earth's first bloom,
Whispering hope for the time to be,
These are my friends in the little, low room.

Shakespeare of Stratford, Bacon, Carlyle;
Emerson dreaming his long, long dream,
Dickens, with sighs that are lost in a smile;
Milton—unblinded—the gods for his theme;
Goldsmith, weary no more, nor lone;
Chatterton, safe, though the storm rides high;
Byron unto his heritage grown—
Royal companionship here have I.

Homer, singing the song of strife;
Virgil, at rest by a sun-kissed shore;
Longfellow, chanting the Psalm of Life;
Poe, who will leave me—ah, never more!
Gentle Hawthorne, of Salem town—
These, the mighty, crowned the free,
One and all from the shelves look down,
Step to my side and talk to me.

Kings in your palaces, here is more—
Here, in faith, in a little, low room—
Than regal state and golden store,
The crowd's mad clamour, the cannon's boom.
Shades of the mighty come to me.
Sit and chat as the hours go by,
Prophesy things that the soul shall see—
And so we are happy, my friends and I.

FORTS AND FAIRIES.

A COMPILATION.

BY E. J. RYAN.

PART I.—Continued.

OTHER ANTIQUARIAN REMARKS.

There are many funeral urns in the National Museum, Dublin.

In the time of the fenian princes the dead were not burned but interred in the earth, the feet to the east, the head to the west, and the cairn raised over them. The mound was built large and high in proportion to the dignity of the dead and the respect entertained for them. Through this a passage with doors led to the place where the dead lay: a grave of one door for a man of science, and a grave of two doors for a woman. Mounds were erected also for foreigners of distinction, and enclosures were placed around those who died of the deadly plague. Even in comparatively modern times mounds have been raised over the bodies of Christians.

In "The Fate of King Dathi," whose real name was Feredach the Second, Thomas Davis, the author of the ballad, writes:—

Broad is his cairn's base—
Nigh the "King's burial-place,"
Last of the Pagan race,
Lieth King Dathi!

A poem by an unknown author, describing the burial of Godfrey O'Donnell, of Tyrconnell, slain in battle against the Normans, says:—

They dug him there a fitting grave upon that field of pride,
And a lofty cairn raised above, by fair Lough Swilly's side.

There were several royal burial places in Ireland in early Pagan times. The most extensive of the Irish cemeteries is the great necropolis which extends along the left or northern bank of the Boyne from Slane to Netterville. There was formerly a moat at Thurles town, and at present a moat stands at Knockgraffon, near Cahir; at Ardmayle, near Cashel; at Tullamaine, near Fethard; and at Donohill and Kilfeacle, near Tipperary, besides others in various parts of Ireland. Moats are suposed by some to be places where public assemblies were held.

Cairns, cromlechs, dallans, as well as moats or mounds, are said to have been placed in Pagan times over the graves of famous men, in many cases slain in battle.

The term tumulus may apply to a barrow, a cairn, or a moat, being an artificial hillock or mound raised over the dead, and the terms are sometimes interconvertible, but a barrow is always of earth.

Tumuli or mounds have been found in deep-draining a large field which had been laid down in grass for many years, and in appearance was almost level, and presented no indications of their presence.

Perhaps they are all older than even the old raths, caves, and engraved stones.

There is an opinion in favour of the stone forts beside Lough Gur in the Co. Limerick, being the Ivernis referred to by Ptolemy, the Egyptian geographer, who flourished early in the second century, and that these and the stone monuments were raised by the Iberians, a generic name for the Tuatha De Danaans. The Iberians were the neolithic inhabitants of Ireland; and the old stone monuments and tales of Ara Cliach must be credited to the Iberians, who are also called Mairtine. Ui Fidhgenti, who held the lands along the Maigue, were a different race from the men whom Ptolemy names Iverni(a).

(a) Ui Fidhgenti is found too as Ui Fidhgeinte and Hy Figiente.

Pictish Remains.—Picts, said to be so-called from painting their bodies, flourished in Ireland, at least about the year 320 A.C. Pictish houses and tumuli are found in the country.

Round Towers.—The Round Towers are supposed to have been built in Catholic times in imitation of reeds that grow at the edge of rivers and streams, and in marshy places. The reed is the emblem of St. John the Baptist, and its name corresponds to the Irish name for the Round Towers. There are signs in some of them of arrangements in the lower parts for Baptismal purposes. In accordance with these facts, they are inferred to have been mainly used in the administration of the solemn rite of Baptism at Easter and Pentecost, with all the ceremonies peculiar to the early Church. They are generally from 50 to 120 feet in height, and the higher parts may have been used for secondary purposes.

15.—ANCIENT DOMESTIC ACCOMMODATION.

The accommodation in the ancient dwellings was simple. Culinary operations were probably carried on in the open air. Internal fires were usually in the centre of the floor, and the smoke found an exit likely through a hole in the roof, but with the use of flues the fire was generally placed by the wall. The kitchen was sometimes built apart from the main dwelling. The furniture was simple, and the food and clothing plain. Hunting and fishing supplied some of the necessaries of life, and naturally tillage would be carried on as required in the vicinity of the forts. Artificial light was probably derived from the fire, or produced from wood, rushes, and grease. In modern times a wick and grease placed in a vessel were employed for lighting purposes, and called a sluth.

PART II.—FAIRIES.

1. BELIEF, TERMS AND MEANINGS.

There exists in Ireland a belief in a class of spirits called fairies. The belief is recorded in the oldest native writings as being long established, and it is very probable that it came in with the earliest colonies. A similar belief is very prevalent in many countries throughout the world, traces of it being found in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

The word fairy(44) is from the Celtic, fear, a man, and si, the supernatural or mysterious world or existence, a man of the other world, a spirit man. Another derivation means a fair or comely people; and the word fairy is said to mean enchantment, the work of the faye.

Various names are used to denote the fairies:—

Daine-sidhe, the people of the fairy mansions; a fairy man; gods of the earth; a phantasm; Duine matha, or good people; Faun; Feadh-Ree, a modification of Peri; The Gentry; Joeens, or Joees; Little men, Little people, as the fairies are generally represented as pigmies, and are said to be seen dancing like a number of children; Meisagh, a spirit; an apparition; fairy appearances; Michaeleens; Shivera, connected with fairies, fairy-like; and Sidheog, a little fairy, used also as a term of contempt.

The terms, Gentry, Joeens or Joees, and Michaeleens, seem to be local colloquial designations.

The Gaelic name, si(45), is not found out of

(44) An old form of spelling is faery, and fairie.

(45) Other spellings of names for the fairies are: Daune shi; Duine-sidhe; Daoine maithe; and Meisi, allied to Meisagh. Cognate social terms are: Daoine mora, great men; Duine mait, sir, good man; Duine moduil, sir; Duine uasal, a gentleman. The word si is found spelled also as: shee; shi; sidhe; sigh; sighe; siodha; sit, and sith.

Ireland, except in the Highlands of Scotland, and at La font de Scee, in Poitou, France.

2. THEORIES.

The fairies are said to be:—

Fallen angels, not bad enough to be lost, nor good enough to be saved—those angels who, without openly joining Satan in his rebellion in heaven, made no opposition.

Fallen spirits resembling in some way the fallen angels—a rare midway between the angel and man—once angels in heaven who were cast out as a punishment for their pride.

A class of beings in themselves half mortals, half spirits, who since their creation always were, and always will be, in their present state.

The gods of the earth, applied to the fallen angels and to the fairies.

The gods of Pagan Ireland.

Beings who lived on earth long ago, whose spirits are condemned to pass an indefinite time on earth before gaining heaven.

The great Pagan dead, who were not good enough for the heaven of the blessed nor bad enough for hell. Their heaven is in Ireland, where they enjoy an immortality of feasting and hunting. As described by Dante, they reposed in a seven-walled and seven-gated city in the under world.

The deified Tuatha De Danaans, who, when neglected, dwindled in popular imagination, and are said to live, endowed with immortality, as sprites and fairies with material bodily forms. The Tuatha De Danaans were so-called from their skill in necromancy, and we learn from history that they practised magic or the black art, and some of their sorcerers are said to have been so famous in the necromantic arts, that they were styled gods.

There is a theory that the fairies spoken of in the traditions of the Highlands of Scotland were identical with the historical Picts. This supposition is mainly based upon the traditional idea of the small stature of the Picts, and also upon the underground dwellings and artificial mounds which are still known in some districts there as "fairy halls," and in others as "Picts' houses."

The souls in Purgatory.

3. NATURE OF THE FAIRIES.

The immortal spirits of which we have knowledge are:

God Himself, the Great Spirit, Uncreated, Eternal.

The angels, faithful and fallen, those fallen being lost for ever.

The soul of man.

There is no evidence of a midway race, nor of any other class of spirits, and it is only unbaptised persons who die without actual sin that are not "good enough for heaven, nor bad enough for hell."

To nothing else does the Irish notion of fairies correspond except to the fallen angels of the air and the earth and sea. With these it corresponds so fully that when the exaggerations and fallacies with which popular error invests them are removed, there remains a substantial reason for believing that the fairies and this portion of the fallen angels are identical.

The nine choirs of angels in heaven contributed to the vast army of rebellion against God. The heaven of the angels' probation, however, was not the heaven where the blessed now see God intuitively—face to face, in the light of glory. Had they seen Him in this way, they could not but love Him. The common opinion is that an immense number fell—less, however, than the number of those who remained faithful, and are now confirmed in glory. St. John says in the Apocalypse that there was a great battle in heaven, Michael and his angels fought with the dragon, and the dragon fought and his angels . . and that great dragon . . that old serpent, who is called the devil and satan . . was cast unto the earth, and his angels were thrown down with him. The Apocalypse further states that his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and cast them to the earth. Milton says that Satan

. . . . . in proud, rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heaven's sons(46).

It is said that St. Michael remarked to God that heaven would be emptied, and requested Him to stop the expulsion, and that the request being granted, the expulsion ceased, as if anything defiled could be tolerated in heaven! The fairies are supposed to be more numerous than the human race.

When the bad angels were cast forth they entered at once into their eternal punishment(47). Several of them, by God's permission, go through the world, and roam through the air. According to St. Paul, numbers of these wicked perfidious spirits, whose chief he refers to as "the prince of the power of this air," surround us on all sides, and are dispersed in the immense space between the firmament and this globe(48). For the trial of the good and the just punishment of the wicked, these evil spirits, while carrying their torments about with them, shall not be shut up in the prison of hell until after the General Judgment. Rev. Alban Butler, the learned author of the well-known "Lives of the Saints," speaking in that work of the evil spirits, says that "while some were immediately confined to those dungeons, others are left more at large till the Day of Judgment; and in the meantime their torments seem less grievous"(49). These fiends are called the princes of the world; or the gods of the earth; the princes of the air, and of darkness. The devil is not the prince of heaven or of earth, but of the world—that is, of sinful men, or lovers of this world. According to the fire worship of the East, every celestial body had a spirit, the astral spirits being regarded in the Middle Ages as fallen angels, or souls of dead men, or fiery spirits. Paracelsus and others attributed to every human being an astral spirit, which lives on for a time after death.

The location of the fallen angels in the air, on the earth, in the sea, and in hell, is accounted for in some people's ideas by the notion that in the expulsion of the angels, St. Michael asked God to let them remain as they were, and that the request was granted, as some of them were in the air, some on the earth and in the sea, and others in hell(50).

People in speaking of the fairies, often observe great caution, and call them more frequently by the name of "the good people" than by any other appellation, as if they imagined them to be near. It seems, therefore, that people feel that these supposed spiritual beings may be aware of what is said about them, without themselves being perceptible to any human sense. This corresponds closely to the known fact of the aerial and terrestrial location of fallen angels.

These angels are called "the gods of the earth," an appellation altogether identical with a term applied to the fairies who are also called "the gods of the earth."

Another point indicating the identity of the fallen angels with the fairies is that the Irish word sluagh implies the idea of both fairies and fallen angels(51).

Dhaun airigh means fallen angels, and people of the air, and as the fairies are people of the air, the identity of both seems to be confirmed.

Fallen angels are in the air, the earth, the sea, and hell. Fairies are also supposed to be in the same locations, and the coincidence confirms their identity.

A popular idea regarding the fairies is that some of them are of a benevolent disposition towards mankind, whom they sometimes even assist, and are called "good people"(52), and that others of them act towards the race in a hostile and injurious manner, and are called "bad people"(53).

These ideas coincide with the fact of which we are assured that some of the fallen angels "are worse than others," and imply the identity of fairies and fallen angels to be the same.

A general idea among Irish people is that the fairies sometimes inflict injury on the body of man, and on his property. One physically injured is said to be struck, or, sometimes, to get a fairy blast.

It is recorded in the old chronicles that the shivera killed an Irish king.

Even animals are supposed to be sometimes used injuriously on earth by the fairies, and at times to be taken away altogether under the appearance of death, by them, occasionally as a substitute instead of a human being. Some flint spear and arrow heads found at forts are called elf stones, and are generally believed to have been discharged by fairies at cattle. Against the power of these ancient weapons charms are still used by the credulous.

Now, from various parts of the Scriptures, from the testimony of ecclesiastical writers, and from the practice of the Church, it is evident that the fallen angels can, by God's permission, act injuriously on the bodies and on the external goods of man.

In the Book of Job it is recorded that Satan, having gone round about the earth and walked through it, "went forth from the presence of the Lord, and struck Job with a very grievous ulcer from the sole of the foot even to the top of his head." The devils destroyed his cattle and servants by thunder and lightning, and caused the house to fall on his servants by a strong wind. It is also recorded in the Old Testament that evil spirits slew the seven first husbands of Sarah. In the New Testament, the possession taken of the swine by the devils in the presence of Our Lord Himself, and with His permission,

(46) It is said that Ariel was the last angel to leave heaven, after longing and lingering to remain.

(47) One section of the fallen angels is represented as being in hell, deploring the loss of heaven: and another as bent on the malicious temptation of man.

(48) Ithuriel is said to be the king of the powers of the air.

(49) Abaddon, called also Apollyon, almost a synonym for the chief of the fallen angels, is the angel of the bottomless pit.

(50) Some fell to earth, others were cast into the sea, while many were seized by other demons and carried down to hell, whence they issue as evil spirits.

(51) Sluag Shee, fairy army.

(52) "Good people" seems to be a propitiatory expression, like the Eumenides of the Greeks, a name given to the Furies, avenging goddesses, by way of euphemism or propitiation. The term implies "benevolent." In some places a distinction is made between the fairies and the good people, the good people being understood to be the souls in Purgatory. In Rob Roy, where reference is made to the fairies, "they ca' them," said Mr. Jarvie, in a whisper, "Daoine Schie," "whilk signifies, as I understand, men of peace, meaning thereby to make their good will." The Scots call them also fair folk, and good neighbours.

(53) The spirits of the air, earth, and sea are supposed to be mostly small, gentle, beautiful creatures: those of hell, malicious. Sometimes the fairies are called indiscriminately "the good people."

affords a marked case of injury done to irrational animals. It is recorded in St. Luke, xiii., 10-17, that Our Lord healed a woman whom Satan had bound eighteen years, besides numerous demoniacs cured by the Redeemer as mentioned by the Evangelists.

Rev. Alban Butler, referring to the Sacred Scriptures, states in his "Lives of the Saints," that the devils "have slain armies in one night, have often disturbed nature, and stirred up tempests which struck whole provinces with terror." He adds, that they "are sometimes permitted by God to exert their natural power and strength on natural agents by moving second causes, in producing distempers in human bodies, raising storms, and causing other physical evils in the world."

(To be Continued.)

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

(From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.)

CALLAN, an incorporated market and post-town (formerly a parliamentary borough), partly in the barony of Shillelogher, but chiefly in that of Kells, county of Kilkenny, and province of Leinster, 8 miles (S. by W.) from Kilkenny, and 65½ (S. W. by S.) from Dublin; containing 6,112 inhabitants. This is a place of considerable antiquity, and was the territory or ancient inheritance of the O'Glohernys and the O'Coillys or O'Callans: the Fforstalls or Forestalls, Butlers, and Comerfords had fortified castles here, the ruins of some of which yet exist. It was a walled town, as appears from divers grants of murage to the local authorities. In the year 1261 the native sept of M'Carty took up arms, and here attacked by surprise John Fitzgerald, whom they slew, together with his son Maurice and several knights and other gentlemen of that family; but from the dissensions which subsequently arose among the Irish themselves, the Fitzgeralds recovered their power and possessions here. The Earl of Desmond, in 1345, summoned a parliament to meet at his place, in opposition to that convened by the English deputy: but the vigorous measures enforced by the latter prevented its assembling. In 1405 a battle was fought near the town between James, Earl of Ormonde, lord-deputy, and the Irish under O'Carroll, aided by the sept of the Burkeens, of the county of Tipperary, in which O'Carroll was slain. James, Earl of Ormonde, founded here an Augustinian friary, the origin of which has by some writers been attributed to Hugh de Mapilton, Bishop of Ossory, about the year 1256: the founder died in 1487, and was interred in it: and at the dissolution it was granted, with its possessions, to Thomas, Earl of Ormonde. In the reign of Elizabeth, the celebrated James Fitz-Maurice of Desmond took this town: and in 1650 it fell into the hands of Cromwell, who, aided by Ireton, besieged it for a few days with great loss of life to the inhabitants.

Callan appears to be a corporation by prescription; and it is recorded that William Mareschal, or Marshall, granted a charter to it in 1217. A writ of the 4th. of Rich. II. (1380) recites that the towns of Callan and Kilkenny were part of the lordship of the Earl of Gloucester, and that all merchants and others within that lordship ought to be free of customs and murage, which immunities the sovereign and commonalties had enjoyed since the foundation of those towns; and commands that they should not be molested against the tenour of such liberties. Other grants were were made in the 19th of Rich. II., 4th of Hen. IV., 11th of Eliz., 7th of Chas. I., and 30th of Geo. III. The borough sent representatives to the Irish parliament of the 27th of Elizabeth, and thenceforth without intermission until the Union, when it was disfranchised, and the £15,000 awarded in compensation for the abolition of its electoral rights was paid to George, Lord Callan. The parish, which was very extensive, was formerly occupied by Canons Regular of the order of St. Augustine, under an abbot; the ante-chapel is in ruins, but displays two windows of beautiful design and in good preservation, and there are several tombstones of considerable antiquity, some of which are elaborately carved. Callan gives the title of Viscount in the peerage of Ireland to the family of Fielding, Earls of Denbigh, in right of their superior title of Earl of Desmond.

THROUGH BORROWED EYES.

BY ELAINE GOODALE.

I con it o'er and o'er again,
  Yet not to read the meaning clear:
Its music falls like summer rain,
  Low on the tired ear—
A music haply not its own,
  Nor wholly by another lent:
It comes as comes the tenderest tone
  Of stringed instrument.

He read it once, and by his side
  I dreamed the magic hours away:
Himself he never could divide
  From that he lived to say.
His voice a holier meaning brought;
  He breathed his soul in every line,
And with it—sweet precious thought!—
  And with it carried mine.

I listened deeper than I knew;
  I neither looked nor spoke nor stirred;
No words I felt—he broke them through:
  That voice alone I heard.
My spirit rose to passionate height,
  Or deep in calm immortal moved:
I drank a rare distilled delight—
  I hoped, I scorned, I loved!

He is not here, he will not come:
  No more I listen at his feet;
No more through him the words grow dumb;
  And leave the thought complete;
Yet still I turn the volume o'er,
  And dream above the printed page,
As one who reads forgotten lore
  Through lines grown dim with age.

The news of the disaster to Mr. Harry De Windt and his expedition, off the Siberian coast, has been received with sympathetic concern by his many friends in England. The whaler, William Bayliss, found Mr. De Windt in an uninhabited cave. He was in a sorry plight, and his provisions were almost exhausted. He and Mr. Harding had reached the coast only to find that the ice had broken up, and had drifted into the Strait, so that it was impossible to cross over on it. The whaler supplied the party with provisions.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

MARIE ANTOINETTE AND THE GIPSY FORTUNE-TELLER.

By JOHN J. FURREN.

It was the morning that Mary Antoinette was conveyed from The Tower to her new prison, the Conciergerie. At 3 a.m. she had been aroused and hurried off through the fog, rain, and darkness that hung over Paris. Arrived at her destination, six gendarmes led her through a dark corridor into a dark, dismal room on the ground floor, and, slamming the iron door, left her alone. In the light of a solitary candle that flickered on the table she saw an inscription besmeared with blood on the wall directly opposite the door—the letters L. E. R., written large and uneven. "Aurora the gypsy!" she exclaimed. "She is around again. She told me those letters contained my fortune. Well, whatever they mean, I am prepared for the worst. I have been trained in a good school," and, throwing herself on the cot, she buried herself in thought.

Mary Antoinette had seen that inscription—L. E. R.—before. Her earliest memories were grouped around those letters. When a young girl she had visited Seville, and while there had unconsciously won the heart of a certain Semprofie, the son of a gypsy chieftain and lover of a gypsy maiden.

Disguised as a peasant, she strolled one summer afternoon with some attendants to the banks of the Guadalquivir that she might seek relief from the solano, or warm south wind that had oppressed Seville all day. On the "wizard walk" her party met a band of gypsies. The gypsy leaders, thinking the strangers carried gold or other valuables, immediately plotted a robbery. Speaking in Rommany, the peculiar language of the gypsies, they gave directions to one particular youth of the band how to entice the strangers into a barranco, or ravine, some distance down the walk, where the scheme could be accomplished without fear of detection. The gypsies then hurried away to the appointed place to await the approach of the strangers. The youth whom they had left behind approached Marie Antoinette and asked if she would purchase a gypsy charm. This charm consisted of a magnet that had been ground to powder, saturated with white wine, and then dried in the sunlight amid the uninterrupted prayers of the whole gypsy band. Whatever Senorita partook of that powder, mixed with water that had just sprung from a mossy rock, would be endowed with an irresistible loveliness.

"Here is the powder, Senorita, and in a barranso a short distance down the walk there is a spring flowing out of a mossy rock."

Marie Antoinette purchased the charm and examined it with childlike curiosity. She then invited the gypsy to partake of some refreshments which her attendants had carried with them from the city. After she herself had served the refreshments to him she took her guitar and began to trifle with it shyly, striking an occasional minor chord as if by the merest accident. This elicited from the gypsy an invitation to sing. She accepted coyly and began with a war ballad like those which the muleteer hums to himself along the gnarled passes of the Sierra Morenas. Next she warbled a love ditty that the maidens were accustomed to dance to on the plazas of Seville; then she sighed a romancero like those with which the Spanish youth serenades his lady on a cool Spanish evening. Thus one song followed another until twilight came on—twilight, the hour in which love was first born.

"Ah, who can tell the heart-touching power
Of a lute and a sigh in that magical hour!"

While her attendants were making ready to return to the city Marie Antoinette said most

bashfully that she would sing for her guest a song that she herself had written, and which, she suggested, "might be suitable for a gypsy to sing to the first love of his heart." After a few bewitching introductory chords she thus proceeded:

O mia bonita reina Gitana,
My own black-eyed Gypsy of Gypsy Triana—
A dewdrop from heaven, one glad springtide day,
Kissed a young violet, happy and gay,
A violet that grew in the spring of the year
On the weird, wizard walk by the Guadalquivir.
The dewdrop loved the violet true,
The violet loved the drop of dew,
Happy pair, replete with mirth,
The pure, the simple, Heaven and Earth!

O mia bonita reina Gitana,
My own black-eyed Gypsy of Gypsy Triana—
The frolicsome wind in the next fatal hour
Parted the dewdrop and weeping young flower;
And the violet sighed till it wilted away
For the dewdrop that kissed it that springtide day,
For the violet loved the drop of dew,
The dewdrop loved the violet true—
Blighted love means buried mirth,
True love comes but once on earth!

It has been said that no one ever heard Marie Antoinette sing without loving her. As for the gypsy—well, he did not take the strangers to the barranco that afternoon, where his accomplices were waiting for them. On the contrary, he led them along a secret path until they were safe on the road to Seville. Then obtaining Marie Antoinette's name (who still concealed her nobility), and in return giving his own—"I am Simprofie, of Triana; I am known in the city as 'the barber of Seville'"—he went his way.

Two or three evenings after that a certain Gitana (gypsy maiden), who was known in Seville as "Aurora, the gypsy queen of Triana," returned to the gypsy camp quite peevish. She sought out Simprofie, and pouting like a child, she accused him of being influenced by a "payllo," as the gypsies call a person who is not of their race.

"I saw her to-night," she said, "on the alameda (avenue) at Seville, the same Senorita that you say escaped from you on the wizard walk. I told her buena ventura (fortune), and I know you did not try hard enough to bring her to the barranco where our people were waiting for her. If you are to be my rom (husband), as you promised, you must help me to ensnare her. Just see if she escapes from Aurora as she did from Simprofie. Why, I believe that I'll make a better queen for our people than you will a chieftain." And her black gypsy eyes danced with conceit.

From other members of the camp Simprofie slyly learned the details of the plot which Aurora proposed. Marie Antoinette had promised that next morning she would visit, in company with Gitana, the village of Santa Ponce. The innocent creature was to be enticed into a mountain cave near the rock of the serpents, where four or five hardy gypsies would be in waiting and prevent her from ever leaving alive.

When morning came Simprofie stealthily crossed the bridge of boats that connects Triana with Seville, and, half in a dream, strolled aimlessly along the road that leads to Santa Ponce, until he met a muleteer hauling provisions to the city. With threats and promises he induced the muleteer to hasten away to the rock of the serpents, where two roads intersect the road to Santa Ponce and to await there for the arrival of a party in which there would be Gitana and "a tall, slender young girl, with blue eyes, hair of a peculiar shade of blonde, and a complexion of immaculate white, save that her cheek is tinged with a pinkish hue, as if the twilight had kissed her, and in kissing her had fallen asleep."

"When you see this Senorita," he continued, "approach, and without allowing any one to hear you tell her that the barber of Seville sends her this note."

Saying this, he wrote with much difficulty on a slip of paper this incorrect German sentence:—

"Links entfliehe rasch" (escape quickly to the left).

"I suppose it is not good German," soliloquized Simprofie, after the muleteer had hurried away with the important paper, "but she told me she came from Vienna, and she can understand it. Then, should it fall into Aurora's hands, she cannot read it, and besides there is no name signed to it. As for the craven-hearted muleteer, I have him frightened into confidence."

Thus the young gypsy flattered himself that all was well.

Marie Antoinette, having listened on the previous evening to a number of stories depicting the treachery of the gypsies, decided not to go to Santa Ponce with Aurora. When the gypsy queen called she was told that Marie Antoinette's party had already started on the journey. Hurrying as quickly as possible to overtake the party, she was accosted at the rock of the serpents by the muleteer, who was awaiting patiently to deliver his note. He asked Aurora if she had passed a party in which "there was a Gitana like herself and a tall, slender Senorita with blue eyes," etc. Aurora, acting immediately on a suspicion, replied that the party had passed down the road, and that she was hastening to join them. The muleteer accompanied her down the road until he came to the mountain cave, where the sturdy gypsies were lurking. Here he was seized, and with the threat of losing his life was compelled to show the note, say from whom it came, and tell all he knew about it. the tumult that followed that night in a certain gypsy camp at Triana when it was announced that Simprofie, the coming chieftain, had proved treacherous to his people, can be imagined by those only who are familiar with the laws and customs by the gypsies. Shortly after that the Spanish youths, strolling by moonlight on the plazas and alamedas of Seville, frequently repeated these questions: "Where is the barber of Seville?" "Is he dead?" "Has he left the country?" But no one was found who could make a reply.

Marie Antoinette, after a short stay in Seville, returned to Vienna, wholly unconscious of Auroras plot to murder her and of Simprofie's unselfish love.

On August 19, 1785, the French Queen played leading role in a drama, "The Barber of Seville," which was produced in her private drawingroom at Trianon. The next afternoon while strolling in her garden a decrepit gypsy woman belonging to a band encamped near the forest of Fontainbleau approached and essayed to sell a gypsy charm. A long conversation about the gypsies followed, which was terminated when Marie Antoinette jestingly asked to have her fortune told. The old gypsy drew from her bundle a portrait which she looked at for a moment. Then scrutinising the Queen with that wild stare that characterises the gypsies in all countries, she held out a sealed envelope.

"This contains your fortune, Madame," she said, and her lip curled with a diabolical leer. "Open this to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock and read carefully. But if you open it before the appointed hour remember that the gypsy's curse will fall upon you."

And the old witch limped away.

When three o'clock arrived next afternoon the Queen tore open the envelope somwhat anxiously, and saw it contained a long letter, which was signed "Aurora, the gypsy Queen of Triana."

It was a strange letter. It told Marie Antoinette things that she had not known before. It recounted everything connected with her visit to Seville. It spoke of the muleteer at the rock of the serpents and of the note which Simprofie had sent. The concluding words ran like this:—

"I suppose you think I do not know everything, but I do. You loved the only man I ever loved. You dethroned me in his heart, and I will live to have revenge on you, as I had on him. I am not the old woman that I appear to you. I am still as fresh as I was the evening you met me in Seville. I promised to tell your fortune. Here it is. Read Simprofie's note—'Links entflieche rash.' Take the first letter of each word and you will have your fortune. I have written it with my blood." (And there were the letters L. E. R. red as scarlet.) "You will see these letters again, and when you do, remember

"AURORA, the Gipsy Queen of Triana."

It was only then that Marie Antoinette understood the whole case, and from that time she always feared to meet a gipsy.

Marie Antoinette spent her first night in the lonely prison cell at the Conciergerie thinking of that letter and of the events that clustered around it. Occasionally she would look at the bloody inscription on the wall which the gipsy said contained her fortune. Then her whole frame would involuntarily shudder, and closing her eyes, she would return again to the limbo of memory.

The trial and condemnation of the French Queen that followed her imprisonment in the Conciergerie history has related. The fatal day, October 16, 1793, came at last—the day of her execution.

That morning the gates of hell were thrown open, and the demons let loose upon the streets of Paris. They mingled unseen with the crowds on the Avenue des Champs-Elysees, the Rue de la Paix, the Rue Castiglione and the other thoroughfares of the city. About 10 o'clock Aurora the gipsy elbowed her way through the jammed mass of human beings on the Pont-Neuf, across to the Ile de la Cite, and stationed herself at one of the gates of the Conciergerie. Soon after a rickety cart with a plank for a seat and drawn by a bony white horse backed up to the prison gate. At precisely 11 o'clock the gate opened and the Queen appeared, dressed in a gown of white pique, around her neck a fichu of white muslin and her elbows tied back with a rope that was held by the executioner. With her head erect in that peculiar and charming position that had attracted the admiration of her court at Marly and Versailles, but with her eyes cast down—almost closed—she mounted the cart and seated herself on the plank, her back toward the horse. Immediately hoarse cries of "Vive la Republique!" were shouted, clenched fists were shaken, blood-stained handkerchiefs waved and hats thrown in the air.

Amid this tumult Aurora the gypsy mounted the cart and fastened to the side thereof a stick, at the end of which was some peculiar inscription written on a piece of pasteboard. This was placed in such a position that if the Queen looked up her eyes would immediately rest upon it.

Opposite the Jacobins the Queen did raise her eyes. She saw on an arcade the inscription, "Liberty, Equality, Reason." With a bewildered expression on her face she glanced around and noticed these words on all the banners that decked the route to the place of execution. She was about to lower her eyes when she saw the inscription attached to her own cart.

It was only a glance that she gave, but it was long enough to read and understand the following—

"Liberty, Equality, Reason."

"These have been the watchwords of the Revolution that leads you to the guillotine.

"Links Entflieche Rasch.

"L. E. R.

"You will see these letters again, and when you do remember Aurora, the gypsy queen of Triana."

At half-past 12 the Queen's head was severed from her body. When the mob had dispersed, satisfied with its bloody work, Aurora climbed upon the scaffold, held up for a moment the severed head of the dead Queen, still dripping blood, and muttered:—

"I have had my revenge."

. . . . . .

Two weeks after that day Padre Juan, a good monk of Seville, was summoned to the

deathbed of Isabel Pedrillo, the twelve-year-old daughter of the Spanish innkeeper.

"Oh, Padre," said the sick child as the monk was about to depart, "I dreamed a dream last night."

The silver-haired old man came back and simulated the deepest interest in what Isabel called her "beautiful nightmare."

"Yes, Padre," the child continued, "I thought my guardian angel carried me away up into the sky and made me sit down upon a cloud. Oh, Padre, it must have been heaven that I saw. I cannot describe it, but I wish I had never woke from that dream. My angel, seeing that I was lost in contemplation, told me to withdraw my eyes from all but one spot, where a tall, slender lady, with a peculiar shade of blonde hair, and oh, such white skin, stood upon a cloud. Beneath her feet was a wolf that was showing its teeth at her and growling savagely. Coiled around the wolf were the hissing serpents that were breathing flames of fire. Now and then the flames from the first serpent would shape themselves into the letter L, and the flames from the second serpent into the letter E, and those from the third serpent into the letter R. I was growing afraid that the wolf, with the three serpents coiled around it, would spring at the beautiful lady and devour her. My angel must have known this, for he told me to fear not, but to raise my eyes still higher. I did so, and I saw that near the beautiful lady were hosts of angels, above her head was a canopy that sparkled with diamonds, pearls, and rubies, and over all, in letters formed of twinkling stars—which as often as they twinkled changed into as many beautiful colours—were the words. "Lunam Expugnavit Regina,' and immediately under these the letters 'L. E. R.' What do they mean, Padre.? It is not Spanish, I know."

The monk repeated the words, and then gave the translation—

"The Queen has conquered the wolf."

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE VOYAGE.

Sung over the cradle of a newly-born infant.

(From the French of Beranger.)

Behold, my friend, this barque of tiny mould,
But newly launched on life's uncertain sea.
A gentle passenger the skiff doth hold—
Ah! shall not we its crew and pilot be?
The waves to lift it from the strand prevail,
Which now it leaves for ever in its rear;
Let us, who see the little barque set sail,
With our gay songs its onward voyage cheer!

Already Destiny the canvas swells,
Already hope the silken cordage binds,
And, 'neath the glittering starlight, kindly tells
Of waves propitious, and of favouring winds.
Fly, hence, ye birds of dark presage, that wail;
A noble galley of the loves is here:
Let us, who see the little barque set sail,
With our gay songs its onward voyage cheer!

The masts are all with rosy wreaths arrayed
By sportive Cupid's light and nimble hands;
To the fair Graces offerings rich are made:
And steady Friendship at the rudder stands.
Nor, with red wine, will jovial Bacchus fail;
Nor Pleasure, once invoked, fail to appear—
Let us, who see the little barque set sail,
With our gay songs its onward voyage cheer!

One more, to hail our galley, comes in haste,
Misfortune, rescued now from want and woe,
She prays that every joy the babe may taste,
Which those who bind the wounded heart can know:
Sure that each fervent prayer that loads the gale,
The God who guards the sleeping babe shall hear—
Let us, who see the little barque set sail,
With our gay songs its onward voyage cheer!"

ORIGIN AND MEANINGS
OF
IRISH FAMILY NAMES.

By JOHN O'DONOVAN.

V.

According to Mabillon, hereditary surnames were first established in Italy in the tenth and eleventh centuries; but Muratori shows that this statement cannot be correct, as in the MSS. of the tenth century in the Ambrosian Library of Milan, no trace can be found of surnames. In the ninth and tenth centuries, to distinguish persons, their profession or country is added to the Christian names, as Johannes Scotus Erigena, Dungallus Scotus, Johannes Presbyter, Johannes Clericus; the dignity is also sometimes added, as Comes Marchio, without stating of what place. In the tenth century, "A, the son of B, the son of C," was another mode of designation. It is said that the Venetians in the beginning of the eleventh century adopted hereditary surnames, a custom which they borrowed from the Greeks, with whom they carried on a great trade. The Lombards adopted the same practice after the practice of the Venetians, and accordingly the great family of Monticuli took that name from their castle in Lombardy called Montecuculi, it being on the top of a hill. The great house of Colonna took its name from the town and castle of Columna about the year 1156; and about the same time the noble family of Ursini derived its name from an ancestor named Ursus, or Orso, on account of his ferocity. Other noble families adopted names from the nickname given to an ancestor, as the illustrious family of Malaspina (the bad thorn) of Pavia, and the family of Malatesta (the bad head). The family of Frangipani, so formidable to the Popes, took that name in the twelfth century. The Rangones of Rome took their name from an estate of theirs in Germany. The Viscontes of Milan were so called from their title of Viscount, which was borne by one of the family. These names appear for the first time in the latter end of the twelfth century. I consider it but proper to observe, that for this information on the subject of Italian surnames we are indebted to the antiquary whose name I have already mentioned, the accurate and laborious Muratori.

To resume the history of surnames in Ireland. We have seen in the last article that in the year 1682 the inferior classes in Ireland, especially in Westmeath and the adjoining counties, were very forward in accommodating themselves to the English usages, particularly in their surnames, "which by all manner of ways they strove to make English or English-like." This was more particularly the case after the defeat of the Irish at the Boyne and Aughrim, when the Irish chieftains were conquered, and the pride of the Irish people was humbled. At this period, the Irish people, finding that their ancient surnames sounded harshly in the ears of their conquerors and new English masters, found it convenient to reduce them as much as possible to the level of English pronunciation; and they accordingly rejected in almost every instance the O' and Mac, and made various other changes in their names, so as to give them an English appearance. Thus a gentleman of the O'Neills in Tyrone changed his old name of Felim O'Neill to Felix Neele, as we learn from an epigram written in Latin on the subject by a witty scholar of the name of Conway or Mac Conwy, whose Irish feeling had not been blunted by the misfortunes of the times. The following translation of this epigram is perhaps worth preserving:—

All things has Felix changed, he has changed his name;
Yea, in himself he is no more the same.
Scorning to spend his days where he was reared,
To drag out life among the vulgar herd,
Or trudge his way through bogs in bracks and brogues,
He changed his creed and joined the Saxon rogues
By whom his sires were robbed; he laid aside
The arms they bore for centuries with pride,
The Ship, the Salmon, and the famed Red Hand,
And blushed when called O'Neill in his own land!
Poor, paltry skulker from thy noble race,
Infelix Felix, weep for thy disgrace!

Many others even of the most distinguished family names were Anglicised in a similar manner, as O'Conor to Conors and Coniers, O'Brien to Brine, Mac Carthy to Carty, etc. The respectability of the O's and Macs, however, was kept up on the Continent by the warriors of the Irish Brigade, who preserved every mark that would prove them to be of Irish origin; the Irish having at this period become so illustrious for their military skill, valour, and politeness, that they were sought after by all the Powers on the Continent of Europe. Thus we find O'Donnell made Field Marshal, Chief General of Cavalry, Governor-General of Transylvania. The O'Flanigan of Tuaraah (John), in the county of Fermanagh, became Colonel in the imperial service; and his brother, James O'Flanigan, was Lieutenant-General of Dillon's regiment in France. O'Mahony became a Count and Lieutenant-General of his Majesty's Catholic forces, and his Ambassador Plenipotentiary at the Court of Vienna. Mac Gawley,, of the county of Cork, became Colonel of a regiment in Spain; O'Neny, of Tyrone, settled at Brussels, and became Count of the Roman Empire, Councillor of State to his Imperial Majesty, and Chief President of the Privy Council at Brussels. A branch of the family of O'Callaghan, who followed the fortunes of King James II., became Baron O'Callaghan, and Grand Veneur (chasseur) to his Serene Highness the Prince Margrave of Baden-Baden. The head of the O'Mullallys, or O'Lallys, of Tulach-na dala, two miles to the west of Tuam, in the county of Galway, settled in France, and became Count Lally-Tollendal and a General in the French service. O'Conor Roe became Governor of Civita Vecchia, a sea-port of great trust in the Pope's dominions, etc., etc.

The lustre derived from the renown of these warriors kept up the respectability of the O's and Macs on the Continent, and induced many of the Irish at home to resume these prefixes, especially the O'. Thus in our own time the name O'Conor Don was assumed by Owen O'Conor, Esq., of Belanagare, whose line was seven generations removed from the last ancestor who had borne the name; and the name of the O'Grady has also been assumed by Mr. O'Grady, of Kilballyowen, in our own time, though none of his ancestors had borne it since the removal of that family from Tomgraney, in the county of Clare. Myles John O'Reilly, late of the Heath House, Queen's County, was at one time disposed to style himself the O'Reilly, but I regret to say that

his circumstances prevented him. Daniel O'Connell, of Derrynane Abbey, prefixed the O', after it had been dropped for several generations; and I have heard it constantly asserted that he has no title to the O', because his father, who did not know his pedigree, never prefixed it; but such assertions have no weight with us, for we know that O'Connell's father never mentioned his own name in the original Irish without prefixing O', because it would be imperfect without it. And whether O'Connell can trace his pedigree with certainty up to Conall, chief of the tribe in the tenth century, we know not, but we know that he ought to be able to do so.

In like manner, Morgan William O'Donovan, of Mountpelier, near Cork, has not only reassumed the O', which his ancestors had rejected for eight generations, but also has styled himself the O'Donovan, chief of his name, being the next of kin to the last acknowledged head of that family, the late General Richard O'Donovan, of Bawnlahan, whose family became extinct in the year 1829. His example has been followed by Timothy O'Donovan, of O'Donovan's Cove, head of a respectable branch of the family. We like this Irish pride of ancestry, and we hope that it will become general before many years shall have passed.

There are other heads of families who retain their Irish names with pride, as Sir Lucius O'Brien, of Dromoland, in Clare; Mac Dermot Roe, of Alderford, in the county of Roscommon; Mac Dermot, of Coolavin, who is the lineal descendant of the chief of Moylurg, and whose pedigree is as well known as that of any royal family in Europe; O'Hara, of Leyny, in the county of Sligo; O'Dowda, of Bunyconnellan, near Ballina, in the county of Mayo; O'Loughlin, of Burren, in the north of the county of Clare; Mac Carthy, of Carrignaver, near Cork, who represents one of the noblest families in Ireland; Mac Gillicuddy of the Reeks, in the county of Kerry, a collateral branch of the same great family; O'Kelly, of Ticooly, in the county of Galway; O'Moore, of Clough Castle, in the King's County; More O'Ferrall, M.P.; O'Flahertie, of Lemonfield, in the same county; and John Augustus Mageoghegan O'Neill, of Bunowen Castle, in the west of Connemara, in the same county. We are not aware that any of the old families of Leinster have preserved their ancient names unadulterated. Of these, the Cavanaghs of Borris, in the county of Carlow, are the most distinguished; and we induce a hope that the rising generation will soon resume the name of Mac Murrogh Cavanagh, a name celebrated in Irish history for great virtues as well as great vices.

Among the less distinguished families, however, the translation and Anglicising of names have gone on to so great a degree as to leave no doubt that in the course of half a century it will be difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish many families of Irish name and origin from those of English name and origin, unless, indeed, inquirers shall be enabled to do so by the assistance of history and physiognomical characteristics. The principal cause of the change of these names was the difficulty which the magistrates and lawyers, who did not understand the Irish language, found in pronouncing them, and in consequence their constant habit of ridiculing them. This made the Irish feel ashamed of all such names as were difficult of pronunciation to English organs, and they were thus led to change them by degrees, either by translating them into what they conceived to be their meanings in English, by assimilating them to local English surnames of respectable families, or by paring them in such a manner as to make them easy of pronunciation to English organs.

The families among the lower ranks who have translated, Anglicised, or totally changed their ancient surnames, are very numerous, and are daily becoming more and more so. Besides the cause already mentioned, we can assign two reasons for this rage which prevails at present among the lower classes for the continued adoption of English surnames. First, the English language is becoming that universally spoken among these classes, and there are many Irish surnames which do not seem to sound euphoniously in that modern language; and, secondly, the names translated or totally changed are, with very few exceptions, of no celebrity in Irish history; and when they do not sound well in English, the bearers naturally wish to get rid of them, in order that they should not be considered of Atticotic or plebeian Irish origin. As this change is going on rapidly in every part of Ireland, I shall here, for the information, if not for the amusement, of the reader, give some accout of the Milesian or Scotic names that have thus become metamorphosed.

And first, of names that have been translated correctly or incorrectly. In the county of Sligo the ancient name of O'Mulcohy has been metamorphosed into Stone, from an idea that "clohy," the latter part of it, signifies a "stone," but it a mere guess translation; so that in this instance this people may be said to have taken a new name. In the county of Leitrim, the ancient and by no means obscure name of Mac Connava has been rendered Forde, from an erroneous notion that "ava," the latter part of it, is a corruption of "atha, of a ford." This is also an instance of false translation, for we know that Mac Connava, chief of Munter Kenny, in the county of Leitrim, took his name from his ancestor Cusnava, who flourished in the tenth century. In Thomond the ancient name of O'Knavin is now often Anglicised Bowen, because Knavin signifies a "small bone." This change was first made by a butcher in Dublin, who should perhaps be excused, as he conformed so well to the Act of 5 Edward IV. In Tirconnell the ancient name of O'Mulmoghery is now always rendered Early, because "moch-eirghe" signifies "early rising." This version, however, is excusable, though not altogether correct. In Thomond, O'Marcachain is translated Ryder by some, but Anglicised Markham by others; and in the same territory O'Lahiff is made Guthrie, which is altogether incorrect. In Tyrone the ancient name of Mac Rory is now invariably made Rogers, because Rogers is assumed to be the English Christian name corresponding to the Irish Ruaidhri or Rory. In Connemara, in the west of the county of Galway, the ancient name of Mac Conry it now always made King, because it is assumed that "ry," the last syllable of it, is from "righ," a king; but this is a gross error, for this family, who are of Dalcassian origin, took their surname from their ancestor Curoi, a name which forms Conroi in the genitive case, and has nothing to do with "righ," a king; and the Kings of Connemara would therefore do well to drop their false name, a name to which they have no right, and re-assume their proper ancient and excellent name of Mac Conry, through which alone their pedigree and their history can be traced.

These examples, selected out of a long list of Irish surnames, erroneously translated, are sufficient to show the false process by which the Irish are getting rid of their surnames. I shall next exhibit a few specimens of Irish surnames which have been assimilated to English or Scotch ones, from a fancied resemblance in the sounds of both.

In Ulster, Mac Mahon, the name of the celebrated chiefs of Oriel, a name which, as we have already seen, the poet Spenser attempted to prove to be an Irish form of Fitzursula. is now very frequently Anglicised Matthews; and Mac Cawell, the name of the ancient chiefs of Kinel Ferady, is Anglicised Camphill, Campbell, Howell, and even Caulfield. In Thomond, the name O'Hiomhair is Anglicised Howard among the peasantry, and Ivers among the gentry, which looks strange indeed! And in the same county, the ancient Irish name of O'Beirne is metamorphosed to Byron; while in the original locality of the name, in Tir-Briuin na Sinna, in the east of the county of Roscommon, it is Anglicised Bruin among the peasantry, but among the gentry, who know the historical respectability of the name, the original form O'Beirne is retained. In the province of Connaught we have met a family of the name of O'Heraghty, who Anglicised their old Scotic name to Harrington, an innovation which we consider almost unpardonable. In the city of Limerick, the illustrious name of O'Shaughnessy is metamorphosed to Sandys, by a family who know their pedigree well; for no other reason, perhaps, than to disguise the Irish origin of the family; but we are glad to find it retained by the Roman Catholic Dean of Ennis, and also by Mr. O'Shaughnessy of Galway, who, though now reduced to the capacity of a barber in the town of Galway, is the chief of his name, and now the senior representative of Guaire Aidhne, king of Connaught, who is celebrated in Irish history as the personification of hospitality. Strange turn of affairs! In the county of Londonderry, the celebrated old name O'Brollaghan is made to look English by being translated to Bradley, an English name of no lustre, at least in Ireland.. In the county of Fermanagh, the O'Creighans have changed their name to Creighton, for no other reason than because a Colonel Creighton lives in their vicinity; and in the county of Leitrim, O'Fergus, the descendant of the ancient Erenachs of Rossinver, has, we are sory to say, lately changed his name to Fergusen. Throughout the province of Ulster generally, very extraordinary changes have been made in the names of the aborigines; as, Mac Teige, to Montague; O'Mulligan, to Molyneaux; Mac-Gillycuskly, to Cosgrove; Mac Gillyglass, to Greene; O'Tuathalain to Toland and Thulis; O'Hay, to Hughes; O'Carellan, to Carleton, as, for instance, our own William Carleton, the depicter of the manners, customs, and superstitions of the Irish, who is of the old Milesian race of the O'Cairellans, the ancient chiefs of Clandermot, in the present county of Londonderry; O'Howen, to Owens; Mac Gillyfinen, to Leonard; Mac Shane, to Johnson, and even Johnston; O'Gneeve, to Agnew; O'Clery, to Clarke; Mac Lave, to Hande; Mac Guiggin, to Goodwin; O'Hir, to Hare; O'Luane, to Lamb; Mac Conin, to Canning; O Haughey, to Howe; O'Conwy, to Conway; O'Loingsy, to Lynch; Mac Namee, to Meath, etc., etc.

In Connaught, O'Greighan is changed to Graham; O'Cluman, to Coalman; O'Naghton, to Norton; Mac Rannel, to Reynolds; O'Heosa, to Hussey; Mac Firbis, to Forbes; O'Hargadon, to Hardiman (the learned author of the History of Galway, and compiler of the Irish Minstrelsy, is of this name, and not of English origin, as the present form of his name would seem to indicate); O'Mulfover, to Milford; O'Tiompain, to Tenpenny; O'Conagan, to Conyngham; O'Heyne, to Hindes and Hynes; O'Mulvihil, to Melville; O'Rourke, to Rooke; Mac Gillakilly, to Cox and Woods. In Munster, O'Sesnan is changed to Sexton; O'Shanahan, to Fox; O'Turran, to Tracy; O'Mulligan, to Baldwin; O'Hiskeen, to Hastings; O'Nia, to Neville (in every instance!); O'Corey, to Curry; O'Sheedy, to Silke; O'Mulfaver, to Palmer; O'Trehy, to Foote; O'Honeen, to Greene; O'Connaig, to Gunning; O'Murgaly, to Morley; O'Kinsellagh, to Kingsley and Tinsly; Mac Gillymire, to Mo-

man; O'Hehir, to Hare; O'Faelchon, to Wolfe; O'Barran, to Barrington; O'Keatey, to Keating; O'Connowe, to Conway; O'Credan, to Creed; O'Feehily, to Pickley; O'Ahern, to Heron, etc., etc.

Scores of similar instances might be given, but the number exhibited is sufficient to show the manner in which the Irish are assimilating their names with those of their conquerors.

(To be Continued.)

NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE COOPER FAMILY.

18 Russell avenue, Jones's road,
August 18th, 1902.

(To the Editor of the "Dublin Penny Journal.")

Sir—Your correspondent, "Anglo-Irish" asks for information about the settlement of the Cooper Family in Ireland, in your issue of 16th inst, I am in a position to inform "Anglo-Irish" that the Kilenure Coopers came to Ireland about 1740 with Henry Wayland, of Harrow, Middlesex, accompanied by some Bishops of the English Protestant Church. Austin Cooper was the last occupant of Kilenure Castle, county Tipperary; his son has been serving in the Boer war, and he is expected home soon to the home of his ancestors.—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

P. WAYLAND.

OVER THE WAY.

Across in that mansion yonder
Half hidden by curtains of lace,
I see through its polished windows,
A child's sweet little face,
His form is clad in a texture
Of soft and silken array,
For fortune has showered its favours
On my neighbour, over the way.

And here in my little cottage,
When my day's toil is done,
I sit with my little darling
And gaze on the setting sun,
My babe is dressed in cotton,
Its little feet are bare;
Yet its face is as sweet and handsome,
As my neighbour's boy, over there.

My home is small and lowly,
With its curtains of simple chintz,
My baby's wardrobe only
Some pretty coloured prints.
Her babe has many changes
Of raiment for every day,
And beautiful, costly garments
Clothe my neighbour's boy, over the way.

My neighbour's lofty mansion,
With its statues of marble and brass,
Its frescoed walls and ceilings
Are admired by all who pass.
And I, in my humble cottage,
Murmured and thought alway,
That heaven sent all its brightness
To the mansion, over the way.

Ask me; how we judge each other,
I thought her heartless and cold,
So proud of her wealth and splendour,
Of her satin's shimmering fold,
But I saw her to-day in the garden,
Guiding his steps to and fro,
Then I knew she was bearing the burden
Of a mother's bitter woe.

And now in my little cottage
Though I toil hard all the day,
I would not exchange with my neighbour
In the mansion over the way,
And though no diamonds adorn me,
To my fate I am resigned,
My babe's eyes catch the sunshine,
But my neighbour's boy—is blind.

Alas! how often we murmur,
And fill with regret the day,
Thinking others have all the sunshine
While our clouds are always gray,
We may not see their sorrow
Nor their trials, day by day,
Yet each heart bears some burden,
Like my neighbour, over the way.

IRISH BOOK-BINDING.

PRIMARY INTRODUCTION TO ITS STUDY.

BY E. R. M'C. DIX.

The subject of Irish bookbinding has been little, if at all, dealt with by any book-fancier, and certainly no book, or even separate pamphlet, has been published upon it; yet the subject is an interesting one, and worth pursuing. The searcher into it, however, must hunt almost alone, like one exploring a dense forest into whose depths no human foot has hitherto ventured.

Let us gather up such few elementary facts as lie on the outskirts or edge of the subject and then plunge boldly further into it. To help us to be systematic we will roughly classify our native book-binding into three divisions—"Early," that is, before 1700; "Later, or Middle," i.e., 18th century; and "Modern," from 1801 onwards. This is a mere arbitrary and temporary division till better knowledge suggests another.

Binding, of course, existed from a very early age. Manuscripts were bound centuries before printing was discovered; but printing developed the binder's toil, and gave him much more occupation and remuneration. It developed, too, the simpler and cheaper bindings much. For the present, however, we will take bookbinding as contemporaneous with printing here.

At present I fear that there is no trace or evidence of the style of the first bindings done in Dublin for locally printed or other books, that is, in the 16th century. The first printers may have done their own bindings, and if so it was probably in some very simple form. The very rare existing specimens, only seven in number, of Dublin or Waterford printing in the 16th century have been all, I think, rebound.

When we come to the 17th century we get a little more information. There is mentioned in the Calendar of State Papers (Ireland) one William Wight, a bookbinder, who was in 1607 paid by the State for work done for it by him.

In the National Library will be found a copy of the first Dublin edition of Spenser's "View of Ireland" (1633), bound, or stitched rather, in vellum or parchment—sheepskin doubtless. This method was then one commonly used in binding books, and I believe it to be the original form or cover of this edition, though there is only probability to support the conjecture. At all events, such was a common form of book cover at that period (1633), and even later; for I have got in similar binding Dr. Winter's "Sermons," printed at Dublin in 1656. Law Records and Statues were a class of books which were often well and strongly bound; and so there are frequently to be met with copies of such works as Bolton's "Justice of the Peace" and of "Acts of Parliament" well and strongly bound in whole calf. The binding, though very serviceable, is generally plain. Unfortunately, evidence is lacking as to the date and place of such binding, which may have been later, though possibly contemporary. Comparison with the English bindings of the period might help in arriving at a conclusion. The names of three bookbinders of this century are recorded, i.e., Samuel Adey, Nathaniel Gun, and William Norman. The last is styled "Bookbinder to his Grace the Duke of Ormonde." This latter, as he worked for one in so high a position and of such wealth, must necessarily have executed some good bindings, probably of a special character. Perhaps in Kilkenny Castle may still exist some specimens of Norman's handicraft. Later on in the 17th century Dublin-printed books of all sizes are often met with in plain whole calf without any tooling, save one or two plain lines ruled round the edge of the front and back cover, with occasionally a like line or lines (in blind tooling) across the cover, and about a fourth of the breadth of the cover from the left edge or back rather. This is an infallible and instant indication before ever the book be opened that the work was printed or published in the 17th century. This fact is so far interesting in its way; but the binding is certainly not. It is plain, even to ugliness. It is to be feared that in Dublin utility ruled absolutely to the total exclusion of any beauty or art in binding well on into the 18th century. We do, it is true, meet with early works well bound in good leather and tooled in gold, but these seem much later than the 17th century, or else are found to be English work. At best we can but play the agnostic and say we do not know, till light is shed on the darkness. In all this early period and till well on into the "later and middle" period the end papers in books are almost invariably of common white paper. The coloured end-papers that were made by each craftsman himself for his binding, we do not find until we reach the latter half of the 18th century.

Sometimes, indeed, the binder used old printed matter for end-papers, or between the millboard and the white end-papers. In this way some rare, though fragmentary, items of printing have been found when no other trace of them existed. Only lately, for instance, I had the good fortune of finding a folio sheet of a Dublin Almanac printed here in 1679. The same sheet was pasted to each cover inside, reaching in under the overlapping calf. The volume in which this discovery was made was a large folio printed in London in 1671. The fact of the two sheets of the old Dublin almanac being so used in its binding seems clearly evidence that the volume was bound in Dublin. Such sheets would hardly be found in a London printer's hands. Furthermore, this volume was bound for one of the Dukes of Leinster, and was among the handsome and valuable collection presented to the National Library by the late Duke about 1882. All the volumes in this gift bear the Leinster Arms, or crest, on the back. I have handled them nearly all, and found a general resemblance in the style of the bindings, though the date of the work is not indicated anywhere. The probabilities seem strongly in favour of these books having been bound in Dublin. They nearly all have gold tooling on the back.

The Folio in which the early Dublin Almanac was found was bound in brown calf. There was no gold tooling on the covers, only on the back. The blind tooling on the covers is in the form of a simple oblong, with an ornament at each of its four corners. This form of tooling was very common at the end of the 17th century and early part of the 18th century.

When better binding became more usual in the "later" or "middle" period, we find, as already noted, a little more blind tooling on the sides and gold tooling on the back of the book alone. I have got, however, several Dublin Almanacs ranging from 1711-1730 with some gold tooling on the sides. One is entirely covered with such tooling—not, indeed, of high-class work; rather the reverse—but, still, striking as a whole.

On the back of a play printed in Dublin in 1753 by Henry Saunders are advertised two

A SCENE IN WATERFORD FIFTY YEARS AGO.



Dejeuner in the Town Hall to the 89th Regiment,

PREVIOUS TO THEIR DEPARTURE FOR THE CRIMEA, 1854.

FOR DESCRIPTIVE MATTER, SEE PAGE 346.

works printed by him as bound in red leather and filleted with gold, for which a higher price is charged. Yet Saunders does not call himself a bookbinder, or indicate where this binding was done. He only states he printed and sold them. If, however, the binding was not done in Dublin or in Ireland we are forced to assume that after printing these works Saunders had to send the sheets over to England or elsewhere to be well bound, at a period when business communications were much fewer and more slowly carried out.

Thence down to 1785 no binder's name appears on any book, nor have I, so far, traced in the early Dublin Directories any of the bookbinding craft named. Better search, however, may do so. The earliest of these Directories that I have seen which gives a list of merchants and traders is that of 1768. It is probable that the printers and stationers were also bookbinders, as booksellers were generally also printers. There was a bookseller, however, named Wilkinson in "Winetavern street, the corner of Cook street," who had plays printed for him. He first appears in the Directory for 1773, but as a bookseller only. At that time few houses were known by numbers. Very soon after, however, in 1775, the numbers of the houses were given, and Thomas Wilkinson's was then 40 Wine tavern-street. I have a copy of a play called "The She-Gallant" printed for him. There is no date in it, unfortunately, and so it may have been printed any year between 1773 and 1787, in which latter year we find Thomas Wilkinson, Bookbinder, of 155, Francis-street, figuring in the Directory. Now, at the end of "The She Gallant" is an advertisement by Thos. Wilkinson, "Bookbinder and Bookseller in Winetavern street," announcing that "at said place all sorts of books are neatly bound, gilt or plain; old or new books bound or repaired," and "Books neatly and strongly bound at lowest prices." Here, then, is positive evidence of better-class binding being done in Dublin in the eighth or ninth decades of the 18th century. Prizes given by Trinity College, Dublin, were usually well bound, and in the latter part of the 18th century we find red and green moroccos made use of in the binding of these College prizes, and also for prayer-books and missals.

The earliest appearance in a volume of its binder's name that I have yet met with is that of "McKenzie" in a Trinity College prize, bound in green morocco and with gold tooling, chiefly on the back.

This binder's name is given as "McKenzie, of 63 Dame-street." He appears for the first time in the Dublin Directory of 1784, in which he is described as a bookseller. He carried on his trade here for many years. The work bound was a London edition of Milton's Works (1771). It was a T.C.D. prize, and had pasted inside the cover the usual Latin certificate. There were four volumes, but I possess only two of them. The gold tooling on the back is very close and abundant, though rather simple in character.

The end paper should next be noticed. Each binder, I am told, made his own end papers; and one can quickly recognise the same sort

of end paper in many volumes, suggesting thereby that they are all the work of the same binder. This is no far-fetched theory or imaginary idea. The end-papers in Scotch and English-bound volumes are totally different in colours and forms from those which I believe to be Dublin made. Even the Continental end-papers are different, yet nearer in resemblance to the Dublin ones, as if these latter had been designed from them. Prayer-books and missals of this time are often well and handsomely bound, no doubt as gifts. If we compare the end-papers of such well-bound copies of the Book of Common Prayer, all in the 18th century, printed by Grierson's successors, with those in similar bound Missals or Ritual Books, printed by Patrick Wogan in the last quarter of the 18th century, we find that the end-papers of each class of book differ—that is, "Grierson's" (so-called) differ from "Wogan's" always, but are identical in each item of Grierson's binding. So invariably is this the case that one can accurately tell from the end-papers alone before viewing the title-page whether the letterpress will be "Grierson's" or "Wogan's", provided that they have not merely bound an English book, as they sometimes did. The end-papers which I call "Grierson's" suggest that the colours were spread with a painter's comb or similar instrument. "Wogan's" seem to have had the colours dropped, or splashed, or shaken on the printing tray.

These end-papers are sometimes found in use as covers for pamphlets and also in books bound in half calf.

I am inclined to think that some Continental binders came over to Dublin in the latter part of the 18th century and worked here, introducing the elaborate gilt tooling and coloured end-papers then found, just as Italian artists came over and did such excellent fresco-work here at that period.

In this connection it seems worth pointing out that the end-papers in the bound volumes of the MS. Journals of the Irish House of Lords and Commons (preserved in the Public Record Office) are clearly of the two kinds above mentioned—that is, the earlier and plainer volumes have the "Grierson" end-paper, while the later and very ornate volumes have that of "Wogan." It would not be right to lay too much stress on this interesting fact, but to me it presents strong corroborative evidence that the unequalled binding of these magnificent volumes was really the handiwork of Dublin bookbinders. Every scrap of evidence towards this conclusion is to be welcomed. The cost of such binding must have been considerable, and what it amounted to might perhaps be traced in the journals themselves or the printed editions of them.

Again, a very close and careful study of the separate tooling and a comparison of identical impressions would be helpful.

The "modern" period of Irish book-binding I do not now propose to enter upon. In the early part of the 19th century book-binders often affixed a label to identify their work, or else occasionally impressed their names in blind sunk letters along the inner margin of the book cover. The pamphlets of the 18th century date were always, I might say, simply stitched with a coarse paper cover, usually of a dull blue or grey colour, and occasionally the cover was composed of stiff paper when the pamphlet was an important quarto.

The announcement is made that Mr. Swan Sonnenschein will issus at the beginning of next year the first volume of a dictionary of phrases. In two successive volumes he will deal with proverbs and the alluring, if dangerous, subject of literary parallels. The same publisher will issue in the autumn, in Sonnenschein's "Quotation Series," a work by Mr. E. Latham, dealing with historic sayings, dying speeches, etc., made familiar to us in literature.

A SCENE IN WATERFORD FIFTY YEARS AGO.

For Picture, see Page 345.

The picture given on page 345 is taken from the "Illustrated London News" of 9th December, 1854, and is reproduced because of the historic interest attaching to it in view of the alteration in social and political relations which have since taken place in Ireland. The picture in the "Illustrated London News" was accompanied by the following description of the proceedings depicted:—

The city of Waterford, on Wednesday, last week, presented the very interesting scene of the public farewell of this gallant regiment, now on their route to the Crimea. This demonstration of the sympathy of the citizens of Waterford, for those who are going to fight the battles of their country, was participated in by all classes and creeds. These gallant soldiers, headed by the Mayor, and the Protestant and Roman Catholic Bishops, filed into the Town Hall; and the cheer that greeted them evidenced how heartfelt was the joy in this union of two such dignitaries in honouring our brave defenders, and showing that the religious bodies, of which they are the head in this locality, were equally anxious to show their approval and sympathy with the war, and those who were staking life and fortune on its hazards.

In the Town Hall the Union Jack, the Tricolour, and the Crescent were blended over the Mayor's seat; and the fine apartment was decorated with other flags and evergreens. Soon after the arrival of the soldiers, the Mayor and High Sheriff, accompanied by the Bishop of Cashel and the Roman Catholic Bishop—who, we were informed, met this day for the first time—went down to the Hall to receive the guests; and a procession was formed, with the Mayor bearing his wand of office at its head; the officers and troops following amounted to about 250 men. On entering the large Assembly-room, they were received with hearty cheers. Lieut-Colonel Graham was prevented attending by illness, and his place was filled by Captain Hawley. The other officers present were:—Captains White, Thorp, and Atkinson; Lieutenants Haycock, Morris, and Holmes; Ensigns Robinson, Hall, Beech, Breaden, Lloyd, and Barstow.

The Mayor took the chair, supported on his right hand by the Bishop of Cashel, and on his left by the Right Rev. Dr. Foran, Roman Catholic Bishop. The soldiers having filed into the room during the most rapturous cheering, they were seated at the tables, with a civilian at the head of each to see their wants were supplied.

The Mayor addressed the company, stating: "That he felt much pleasure in the cordial reception given by the citizens to these brave soldiers, now about to go to defend their country from the enemy. All classes agree in doing honour to those departing to the seat of war. The English army had in various climes maintained its character for valour and intrepidity; it had shown those qualities in the Peninsula, on the Sutlej, as well as at Alma and Balaclava (great cheering). When Nelson lived he gave to British sailors the signal, "England expects every man to do his duty." Now, it can be said of the British army—not that England expects them to do their duty—but they have most nobly and gallantly done it (here all the soldiers rose and cheered at the top of their voices). Up to the present time the troops of England had maintained their fame and covered themselves with laurels—they had contended against unequal numbers—they had fought as brave men, and they had triumphed (great cheering). Soldiers and officers, you are going to join your comrades—you are going to unite with those who never turned their backs on their foes. You will emulate their ardour (immense and prolonged cheering). You will lead the van, and never pause until you send back the Russian eagles deprived of their claws and stripped of their feathers, to their homes in the north (great applause). Brave 89th, we have great pleasure in meeting you; we send you forth wishing you every success."

The Lord Bishop of Cashel then rose, and, after a long continuance of enthusiastic cheering, his Lordship said:—

"Officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers of the 89th.—I deem it right to explain the feelings with which the citizens of Waterford are actuated in asking you thus to meet them previous to your departure to the seat of war, to express their sympathy with those who are engaged in the arduous struggle that is going on in the East, and in which you are so soon to take a part. We, who tarry at home, have an interest, a vital interest, in the character, and conduct, and movements of the soldiers and sailors who are sent to foreign climes to fight for the welfare of their country. We pray that God's blessing may rest upon those who are engaged in this contest. 89th, you are going to take part in this war; we know your deeds in India and in Egypt; we feel that you will not allow British valour to be sullied (great cheering); we know that you will add glory to glory, and we hope you may be crowned with triumph (renewed cheering). But we, who stay at home, have asked you to meet us ere you leave, to say that we feel with you, we sympathise with you, we bear you on our hearts; I may say, for myself, that I never kneel before God to ask His blessing on myself that I do not put up prayers for the welfare of the army. I pray God that He will, through the effects of the army and navy, bring about peace, that the horrors of war may cease throughout the world (cheers). Every family in this country has a personal interest in this contest, as they have some near relative at the seat of war. Waterford has sent soldiers and officers to the field, and every family who has some relative or friend engaged in the war feels a personal interest in the success and welfare of our troops. I myself had one nephew dangerously wounded at the battle of Inkerman—that deadly but glorious fight—and who now lies in the hospital at Scutari. I have another nephew in the 89th, who will either meet you at Gibraltar, or precede you to the seat of war" (cheers). His Lordship concluded by proposing the "Health of the Queen," which was drunk most enthusiastically.

Lord Carew then rose, and briefly proposed "The Health of the Army and Navy"—air, "Rule Britannia."

General Roberts returned thanks for the Army, and Captain Anthony on behalf of the Navy.

The Right Rev. Dr. Foran then proposed "Success to the 89th Regiment and the Allied Army in the East" (great cheering). "As the paper was originally given to him, it was the '89th Regiment and the army in the East,' he had taken the liberty of changing it, as he thought the French were equally concerned. (At the mention of the French the whole assembly rose, and the most vociferous cheering

took place, in which the soldiers joined.) Both armies were fighting in the same cause; the two great Powers, England and France, were fighting to put down the Autocrat of Russia (great cheering). He hoped the brave 89th Regiment would fight the battles of their Queen and their country; he wished them every happiness, and proposed the toast"; which was drunk amidst great applause.

Captain Hawley returned thanks, the Colonel being laid on the bed of sickness:—

"Were I to say for my brother officers that they leave you with light hearts, I should be far from representing their true feelings, but both officers and men quit with strong ones; trusting they will prove worthy to fill the gaps which pestilence and the enemy have made in the ranks of that gallant band that left their homes in the spring—many now no more. If report speaks truly, we go to encounter a barbarous foe, but we hope that even in the heat and fury of the battle, we shall never tarnish the bright name of soldiers and Christians, by forgetting the humanity due to a fallen and disabled enemy. But that we shall do as we would be done by. (The soldiers rose at this sentiment and cheered most heartily.) This is the second time within a few days in which publicly has been expressed to us most kind and generous feelings by the inhabitants of Waterford and the neighbourhood. The recollection of your sympathy will, indeed, cheer us in the dreariness of our winter campaign and bivouac. May our future actions in some degree repay you. I beg to propose the 'Health of the Right Worshipful the Mayor and the citizens of Waterford.'"

The Mayor, in returning thanks, said he had been requested by his brother magistrates to thank the 89th Regiment for their orderly and peaceful conduct while in this city.

The soldiers were then ordered to retire, and they formed in the street, in front of the Town Hall, where they were saluted with cheers from the spectators which followed them as they marched to their barracks; and so closed the "Farewell to the 89th Regiment.

The gallant Regiment left Waterford on Friday, previous to which they were addressed by General Roberts. Captain Hawley replied. The whole Regiment then took off their shakos, and gave three loud and hearty cheers for the citizens of Waterford, which was as loudly responded to. The word was given—"Quick march!" Captain Hawley placing himself in front, the band struck up "British Grenadiers," and the fine fellows (250 strong) left the barracks with stout hearts and many blessings.

Four hundred and eighty-one miles in 460 minutes is the new record made on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern by the 20th Century Limited Express. When 45 miles west of Buffalo the train was two hours and twenty-eight minutes late. The track was cleared, and orders given to make up as much of the lost time as possible. The 124 miles between Brockton and Cleveland were covered in 131 minutes. The distance from Cleveland to Toledo, 113 miles, was made in 103 minutes, the speed on this stretch at one time reaching 90 miles an hour. The train left Toledo one hour and forty minutes late, making up forty minutes on the run to Elkhart, a distance of 143 miles, arriving in Chicago 35 minutes late, making the run from Toledo to Chicago, 244 miles, in 228 minutes, including three stops—one at Elkhrat, where they changed engines; one at Englewood, and one at Thirty-first street, making an average speed from Toledo of over 64¼ miles per hour, including stops.

THE OLD STONE CHURCHES OF IRELAND.

BY RICHARD J. KELLY, B.L.

Not entering into the much-disputed and vexed question as to whether the men who cut the superb stone cross of Tuam out of the rough granite, who made the beautifully wrought cover of St. Patrick's bell, the rich jewelled cross of Cong, the frescoes at Cashel and Abbeyknockmoy, and designed the illuminated manuscripts which have since defied imitation could or could not build stone churches, and did not generally in those early times do so, I may say a few words about the variety of eccelsiastical structures then common in this district and owing their origin to these premediaeval times. These edifices were of several classes or orders of architecture, the Daimhliag, Duirtheach, Cloigteach, Erdamh, and Cashel. I shall refer here only to the two most prominent and popular styles. The Daimliag, or house of stone, was always built of that material, and hence the name came to signify a cathedral or abbey church. Its roof was cemented stone, though more frequently of wood, and covered with reeds, straw, and oak shingles. When we read, therefore, of these buildings being burned, such as those in Tuam were by the Conacions in 1177, the Dalcassians, and twice by the O'Connors, we may fairly infer that it was only the roof that was burned. They were, perhaps, often roofed with lead, as was the Cathedral of Armagh. The second order of church architecture was the Duirtheach, or house of oak, and then employed the name signified a smaller chapel or oratory than the cathedral, and was almost invariably constructed of oak. The word "daimliag" was generally applied to the cathedral, and oftentimes the terms tempul, eclais, regles, and baslic, adapted from the Latin, which latter terms came to be used indiscriminately, but never to a wooden church, which was called an oratorium. The extracts from the Four Masters relating to the destruction of churches are very instructive on this point, referring to the burinings of them as daimliags. Petrie, speaking of the characteristics of the old Irish stone churches, says:—"In their general form they preserve very nearly that of the Roman basilica, and they are even called by this name in the oldest writers, but they never present the couched, semicular abscess at the east end which is so usual a feature in the Roman churches, and the smaller churches are only simple oblong quadrangles. In addition to this quadrangle, the larger churches present a second oblong of smaller dimensions extending to the east, and constituting the chancel or sanctuary, in which the altar was placed, and which is connected with the nave by a triumphal arch of semicircular form. These churches have rarely more than a single entrance, which is placed at the centre of the west end, and they are very imperfectly lighted by small windows, which do not appear to have been ever glazed. The doorways seldom present any architectural decorations beyond a mere flat architrave or band, are more usually plain, and the windows still more rarely exhibit ornaments of any kind." This fairly describes the architecture as far as we can now decipher from the accounts of its size and style of the old St. Mary's Cathedral or daimhliag of Tuam. The annals of the Four Masters early refer to it, and from their varied references there can be little doubt that the church was of this order, and that Petrie's description may be taken as for all purposes accurately describing it. In the year 1177, according to these writers, we read:—"The Conacians burned Tuam and many other churches to prevent the English from fixing their quarters in them. They defeated the English and expelled them from the country." Two years after the same edifice met with a similar fate, for we read in the same veracious annals this account of its complete destruction:—"1179—Lothra, Ardfert, Cashel, Tuaim da ghulainn (Tuam), Dysart, Kelly or Kells, Kilmeadan (Kilmaine), and Balla, in the county of Mayo, were all destroyed by fire."

The Irish kings were liberal in their aid to the Church and generous givers of land for religious purposes. We find in 1176 Roderick O'Connor, king of Ireland, granted a "bally biatach to God and St. Berraidh for ever namely Tuaim Achaidh" (Four Masters.) The witnesses and trustees were native chieftains, among them being Cadhla O'Duffy, Archbishop of Tuam. This eminent prelate lived through this stormy period of invasion and its troubles and died in 1200. We have seen that the abbey of Abbeyknockmoy owed its foundation to a son of this same monarch and the passage in the annals referring to his life, labours, and gift will read well after our own description of the ruins of the building. The passage runs—"1224—An awful and strange shower fell in Connaught extending over Hymaine, Sodain, Hy Diarmada, and other parts, followed by terrible diseases and distempers among the cattle that grazed on the lands where this shower fell, and their milk produced in the persons who drank it extraordinary internal diseases. It was manifest that these were evil omens foreboding misfortunes to the people of Connaught, as they sustained irreparable loss and calamity in the same year by the death of Cathal Crovderary, the son of Torlogh More O'Connor and king of Connaught, the man who had during a long time destroyed more of the traitors and enemies of Ireland than any other had done, the chief supporter of the clergy and benefactor of the poor and indigent—a man in whom God had implanted more goodness and greater virtues than in any other of the Irish nobility in his time. From the period of his wife's death till his own he led a single and virtuous life. During his reign tithes were first lawfully collected in Ireland. This upright and noble prince, this warrior of pure piety and just judgments died on the 28th day of summer, on a Monday, in the habit of a grey friar in the monastery of Knockmoy, which he dedicated to God, and granted to the monks with its site and lands in which he was interred with due honours and solemnity. The place of Cathal Crovderag's birth was at the port of Lough Mask, and was nurtured and educated in Hy Diarmada with Tiege O'Conceanain."

"In the year 1225—the sons of Murtagh Muimnagh having proceeded as before stated to sue for protection from Hugh O'Connor, arrived on the following day at Killmeodhain (Kilmaine). At this place the three English armies formed a junction and the barony was nearly covered with their forces and those of the Irish. Hugh O'Flaherty, under the protection of the English nobles came before Hugh O'Connor, and entered into ties of peace and protection for his people and property on condition that he should expel the sons of Roderick from his territory. After this Hugh O'Connor and his English allies marched to Tuam, where he dismissed the English of Leinster and of Desmond."

This Crovderag made himself well known in Tuam, as the following extract will testify. Under year 1201 thus recounting the advent of a Cardinal here we read—

"1201—Iohannos de Monte Celion a Cardinal came to Ireland from Rome as the Pope's legate, and convened a great synod at Dublin, which was attended by the Bishops, the abbots and the clergy of the various orders, as also many of the nobility of Ireland. At this convention many regulations between clergy and laity were satisfactorily arranged. In a fortnight afterwards the Cardinal convened a Synod of the clergy and nobilityof Connaught at Tuam."

An interesting Scottish literary centenary was celebrated on the 22nd inst.—that of Hugh Miller, who was born in Cromarty on 12th October, 1802. Circumstances having decreed the due date inconvenient, the celebration was fixed for the 22nd inst., when Sir Archibald Geikie, LL.D., delivered an address on "Hugh Miller: his Work and Influence," in a hall of his native town.

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS:

Compiled from Authentick Memoirs, Offices of Record, Manufcript Collections, and other Unexceptionable Vouchers,

By THE LATE WALTER HARRIS, ESQ.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

A.D. 1622, May 4. The lord deputy removed (though soon after created Viscount Grandison), and Adam Loftus, Viscount Ely, lord chancellor, with Richard Wingfield, Viscount Powerscourt, sworn lords justices.

Sept 8. Lord Falkland comes over deputy and sworn.

A.D. 1622. Some of the Popish citizens of Dublin were censured in the star-chamber for refusing the oath of supremacy established 2 Eliz. ch. I., and bishop Ussher in a learned speech set forth the lawfulness of the oath.

A.D. 1623, Jan. 21. Issued a proclamation requiring the Popish clergy, regular and secular, to depart the kingdom in forty days, and forbidding all converse with them after that time.

A.D. 1626, May. The king orders the lord deputy to appoint a lord high steward, &c., for the trial of the lord Dunboyne by his peers, for killing a man in the county of Tipperary.

A.D. 1627, July 24. A second examinator was first added to the court of chancery.

A.D. 1629. The Papists erected an university in Dublin for the education of the youth of that religion, without any authority from the state, and in the face of the government.

Oct 26. Adam Loftus, Viscount Ely, lord chancellor, and Richard, Earl of Cork, lord high treasurer, were sworn lords justices and allowed each £100 per month.

A.D. 1630. A priest being seized in Dublin for transgressing the laws, was rescued by the people; and to humble the intolerance of the Papists, the lords justices, by directions from England, seized fifteen of their new-founded religious houses to the king's use.

A.D. 1632. A seminary or college being created in Back-lane, in opposition to the king's college, was shut up by the government, and disposed of to the University of Dublin, who placed therein a rector and scholars, and maintained a weekly lecture in it, which the lords justices often countenanced with their presence. But afterwards in the lord Strafford's government, it was restored and converted to a mass-house. A controversy arose this year between the city of Dublin and the merchant strangers, from whom the city demanded three pence per pound custom. But the matter was referred to the lord deputy Wentworth, who was then preparing to take on him the government of Ireland.

A.D. 1633, July 25. Thomas Viscount Wentworth was sworn lord deputy.

A.D. 1634, July 14. A parliament met at Dublin, which granted six subsidies in all £240,000, also a convocation of clergy; the king having before determined the precedency of the archbishop of Armagh to that of Dublin, a new book of canons was compiled.

A.D. 1636, July 3. The lord deputy going over into England, Adam Loftus Viscount Ely, and Sir Christopher Wandesford, master of the rolls, were sworn lords justices.

Nov. 23. John Atherton made bishop of Waterford and Lismore, whose ignominious end, by the common executioner, was about four years after near Stephen's-green.

A.D. 1639, Sept. Robert, Lord Dillon, of Kilkenny, West, and Sir Christopher Wandesford, left lords justices.

The Earl of Strafford returns lord lieutenant in March following.

A.D. 1640, April 3. Sir Christopher Wandesford left lord deputy.

A committee from the House of Commons goes over to England to impeach the earl of Strafford.

Dec. 3. The lord deputy dies suddenly.

Dec. 30. Robert, Lord Dillon and Sir William Parsons are sworn lords justices.

February following, the Lord Dillon removed, and Sir William Parsons and Sir John Borlace sworn lords justices.

The Irish parliament sends over two petitions (containing their grievances) to England, one to the king, the other to the parliament.

March 4. An impeachment from the Commons was brought to the House of Lords against Sir Richard Bolton, lord chancellor, John, lord bishop of Derry, &c., for introducing arbitrary government and giving unjust decrees, &c.

A.D. 1641, May 11. The parliament sits again.

August 7. The parliament is adjourned to the 9th of November.

October 23. The castle of Dublin was intended to be surprised and taken by the Lord Maguire, Mac-Mahon, Hugh Birne, Captain Brien O'Neill, and other conspirators, who had formed a rebellion through the kingdom. But the design was prevented by the discovery of Owen O-Conolly, and the vigilance of the lords justices; and several of the conspirators were apprehended, and some of them afterwards executed.

Oct. 24. The alarms and fears were so great in Dublin, that the castle drawbridge was once let down, and some of the state went to the platform of the castle to view the supposed Irish army, which was falsely said to be approaching.

Nov. 2. Sir Francis Willoughby was made commander of the castle, and Sir Charles Coote governor of the city. Application was made to the city of Dublin for money to answer this emergency; but so prevalent was the Popish faction in it at the time, that they could be persuaded to advance no more than £40 or £50, and that to be paid partly in cattle. Few of the Popish citizens administered the least relief to the poor stripped and despoiled English, who fled thither from the cruelties of the Papists in distant parts of the kingdom.

A thousand of the stripped English, who had fled to Dublin, were formed into a regiment, and put under the command of Sir Charles Coote, and two regiments more under the Lord Lambert and Colonel Crawford. The castle was victualled, and an old well in it cleared, the better to fit it for a siege. The council was removed out of the castle to Cork-house, and the rolls and records of several offices removed to the same place.

In December, Sir Simon Harcourt landed at Dublin with 1,200 foot, and soon after was made governor in the room of Sir Charles Coote, who was sent abroad upon other business; but Sir Simon was slain at the siege of Carrickmean in the county of Dublin early in the following year, and Sir Charles Coote was again made governor.

Part of the walls of the city fell down this year, and were left unrepaired by the citizens, under pretence of want of money, until the lords justices sent them £40 to advance that service.

Jan. 24. The lord lieutenant's regiment of foot, under Lieutenant-Colonel Monck, as also Sir Michael Earnly and Colonel Cromwell's regiment of foot, with other horse, landed at Dublin.

A.D. 1642. Sir Charles Coote was slain at Trim, and the Lord Lambert made governor of Dublin in his room on the 12th of May. The lords justices ordered the citizens of Dublin to bring in half their plate to be coined, to furnish the necessary exigencies of the army, promising that they should be satisfied out of the next supply; upon which proclamation £1,200 worth of plate was brought into the mint.

July 21. The Irish parliament sat.

Oct. 9. Mr. Robert Goodwin and Mr. Robert Reynolds arrive in Dublin, with money and orders to inquire into the state of the army and kingdom, from the parliament of England, who procured a subscription of most of the officers in the army to take debentures on the forfeited lands for part of their pay.

A.D. 1643. The mayor of Dublin was called before the lords justices and council to confer with them about raising £10,000, half in money and half in victuals, to enable the army to enter upon action, and prevent the ensuing cessation with the rebels; but such was the poverty of the place, that the matter was found not feasible, and the cessation followed.

July 2. Sir Robert Meredith, Sir William Parsons, Sir John Temple, and Sir Adam Loftus are committed by his majesty's orders to the castle, being averse from the cessation of arms with the Irish.

Jan. 21. James, Marquis of Ormond, is sworn lord lieutenant of Ireland.

A.D. 1644. An excise was laid by proclamation on all goods consumed in the city of Dublin, together with other taxes, and three pence an acre on all

lands inhabited within the English pale, to support the army, and answer other exigencies of the state.

In August this year the citizens of Dublin were numbered, and found to be of Protestants, 2,565 men nad 2,986 women; of Papists, 1,202 men and 1,406 women.

A.D. 1646. Peace was proclaimed in Dublin by the officers at arms in their formalities between the king and the Irish rebels; but the heralds sent to the other cities for the same purpose were opposed in some of them. The Pope's nuncio marched at the head of Owen Roe O'Neil's and General Preston's armies united, to besiege the Marquis of Ormond in Dublin, and intended to take it by a general assault at his first approach; but this design was frustrated for want of provisions, and no attempt was made.

Nov. 14. Commissioners arrive from the English parliament with 1,400 foot for the preservation of Dublin; but the lord lieutenant refuses to resign to them, so that they carried their supplies to Ulster.

February following, the Marquis of Ormond agrees to surrender Dublin and the government to the parliament commissioners.

March 17. The Irish parliament made an address of gratitude to the Marquis of Ormond.

A.D. 1647. On the 18th of June the Marquis of Ormond, compelled by extreme necessity, surrendered Dublin to the commissioners of parliament, rather than it should fall into the hands of the confederated Irish rebels; and he himself soon after left the kingdom. Colonel Michael Jones was made governor of Dublin, who gained a great victory this year at the battle of Dungan-hill, slaying 6,000 Irish, with the loss of only 20 men.

Nov. 24. Owen Roe burns the country about Dublin, so that 200 fires were seen from a steeple there.

A.D. 1648. The walls and fortifications of the city of Dublin were repaired and strengthened by Colonel Jones.

A.D. 1649. The Marquis of Ormond sat down before Dublin at Finglas on the 19th of June, and on the (a) 25th of July marched to Rathmines and closely besieged it. But on the 2nd of August Colonel Jones, governor of the town, raised the siege by an unexpected and successful sally, in which 4,000 men were killed and 2,517 taken prisoners; the artillery and baggage were lost, and the Marquis escaped with much difficulty.

On the 14th of August, Oliver Cromwell, lord lieutenant and commander in chief under the parliament, landed at Dublin with a supply of 9,000 foot and 4,000 horse, and had a good fleet to attend the service; and having settled the civil and military affairs at Dublin, on the 30th of that month he marched out with 10,000 men to besiege Drogheda. The government of the city was again committed to Sir Theophilus Jones, who on the 13th of March following was commanded on other service, and Colonel Hewson made governor.

(To be Continued.)

(a) On the same day Colonels Reynolds, Venables, and Hanks, landed with 600 horse and 1,500 foot, and other supplies for the city.

SHEAGHAN O'DUIBHIR AN GHLEANNA.

(O'DWYER OF THE GLEN.)

BY ALBERT BARRY, C. SS. R.

John O'Dwyer, commemorated in this celebrated song, was most probably brother of Colonel Edmund O'Dwyer, Commander of the Irish forces in Tipperary and Waterford, who for two years fought bravely but unsuccessfully against the armies of Cromwell. "The uniform tradition," writes Dr Joyce, "of the O'Dwyer country is that the glen from which John O'Dwyer derived the epithet of an ghleanna was the Glen of Aherlow. This glen is not in the barony of Kilnamanagh, but lies far away in the adjacent barony of Clanwilliam, and it is probable that John O'Dwyer's epithet was earned by some unrecorded deed of arms performed in the Glen." The O'Dwyer sept however had large possessions also in the barony of Clanwilliam.

This poem is composed not with quantities like Roman versification, nor with accents and jingling rhymes like English poetry, but its beautiful melody and harmonious music is produced by a fascinating mixture of alliteration and assonantal rhythm. "The Gaelic poetry of the last two centuries in Ireland and in the Highlands is probably the most sensuous attempt to convey music in words ever made by man," Douglas Hyde.

This song, which, with its beautiful music, was always a great favourite with the peasants of Munster, is a lament over the awful sufferings and destruction caused by the Cromwellian Conquest. Whoever reads this simple but graphic description of the woes of his native land without being moved in the innermost depths of his heart is wanting in the noble passion of love of country, and betrays a mean and ignoble nature.

The only merit which I claim for my translation into English of this ancient Irish melody is its perfect literalness. Dr Sigerson made a beautiful, but by no means literal or exact translation of it many years ago for Joyce's Irish music and songs.

SHEAGHAN O'DUIBHIR AN GHLEANNA.

At sunrise in the morning when the summer sun was bright,
The sound of wailing mingled with the music of the birds.
The badger, and the soaring lark, the plover, and the grouse,
Made answer to the fiery musket's loud resounding voice.
The fox stood on the rock; the horsemen filled the air with shouts,
A woman by the roadside sadly scanned her straying geese,
The sheltering wood is hacked and hewn: we'll fly beyond the wave;
And Sheaghan O'Duibhir an ghleanna, thou, alas, art dumb.

Oh, I am sad and lonely, for the forest trees are felled,
That warded off the northern wind; and death is in the air.
My lovely little hound is tightly bound without my leave,
Whose speed and joyous baying would give gladness to a child.
The flower of noble chieftains wander on the rugged peaks,
So bleak and bare, where naught but bracken will for ever grow.
And if the townsfolk for a while would give a little peace,
I'd go at once to Galway and forsake the barren hills.

The people of the "Glen of Streamlets" are without a Head:
And in the "street of goblets" neither healths or toasts are drunk.
Ah, most woeful is my lot, for there's no shelter now
From Chluan to the "Causeway of the Giants" in the North.
And hares are straying day and night along the forest side.
Hark to the hideous uproar which the foreign Saxons make.
Now striking, slaying, heaping up the bodies of the dead.
The thrush and blackbird on the bush have lost their sweetest note,
And war has driven priests and people to the mountain glens.
Ah woe is me each morning, that sinless I did not die,
Before I suffered scandal sore, anent my kith and kin.
The days were full and many, when the bright-hued apples grew,
The leaves came on the oak tree, and the dew upon the grass.
But now I'm thrusted from my home, all friendless and forlorn,
Stretched out beneath the bushes, wretched, sad, and weary,
Or lying hidden under rocks upon the mountain side:
And if the gentle townsmen will not give me peace and rest,
I'll flee my loved homestead, and leave this world for aye.

AMERICAN IRRIGATION BILL

To provide for the irrigation, under Government supervision, of the thousands of square miles of arid lands in the Western States and territories of the Union, a scheme has been embodied in a Bill which has recently been passed into law. The Irrigation Bill is based on the idea that the proceeds of sales of public lands shall be assigned from year to year to the building of irrigation works under contracts approved by the Secretary of the Interior, but only when there is sufficient money on hand to insure the completion of the work. According to Mr. Newlands, the Representative from Nevada, who has promoted the legislation on this subject, this Bill is very complete and comprehensive in its scope and automatic (so to speak) in its plan of action. It is estimated that during the next thirty years at least 150,000,000 dollars from the proceeds of the sale of lands will be available without further appropriations for public irrigation works. The Bill makes the present receipts from public lands, including those of the last fiscal year, stated to amount now to some 6,000,000 dollars, immediately available and the average annual sum of 3,000,000 dols. (likely to be constantly increased) can be used each year for a steady continuation and enlargement of any work for which contracts are made. The plan further provides against the acquirement of large tracts of land by individuals or companies by limiting the area to be owned by one person to 160 acres, subject to the provisions of the national homestead law, including its limitations, charges and conditions. At least half of the arid land so acquired must be improved by irrigation and the owner must reside on or near the land. After a plan of irrigation of a tract of land owned by several parties has been completed at government expense and the works are in order, the owners will be required to pay back to the government in not less than ten annual intstalments the estimated cost of the construction of the works, the money so paid to be returned to the general reclamation fund. Eight hours is fixed as a day's work, and Chinese labour is forbidden. The public arid and semiarid lands mentioned are in the Territories and States of Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, Washington and Wyoming.

A USEFUL SOCIETY.

The Society for Encouraging National Industry in France has just awarded a prize of £80 for the invention of a cement to agglomerate diamond dust for mechanical purposes. Another prize of £120 has been given to the inventor of a steam superheater, believed to be much superior to anything at present on the market. A prize of £40 is now being offered for the practical utilisation of any bye-product used in chemical processes which is now wasted, and medals are offered for the publication of papers useful to chemical industry and metallurgy. Prizes are also offered for an apparatus suitable for domestic use, and capable of sterilising drink water, and for anything which shall free the vine from a certain parasite.

LITERARY NOTES.

It is a singular fact that no really great edition of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" has yet been published in this country. The Bohn edition every student knows. It is good. But something more is needed. Dr. Birbeck Hill has for a long time been engaged upon a new edition, and we understand that he is now within sight of the end of his task, and that the work will be sent to press before the end of the year.

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Messrs. Blackwood will shortly publish the Earl of Ronaldshay's book, "Sport and Politics under an Eastern Sky." The first half of the book describes the author's adventures and experiences while hunting ibex, markhor, and other big game in the highlands of Kashmir. Especially interesting is the account of the author's perilous crossing of the Himalayas in the middle of winter. The second portion of the book describes the overland journey from Simla to London, via Quetta, Sistun, Meshed, and the Caspian. Lord Ronaldshay's work, which is profusely illustrated with photographs taken by himself, abounds in descriptions of scenery, men, and manners, and furnishes valuable information as to the relative positions of Britain and Russia in South Asia.

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Mr. Henry J. Roby, who was for some years M.P. for the Eccles Division of South-East Lancashire, attained his 72nd birthday on Monday last. Mr. Roby is a man of varied attainments, and, although a retired cotton manufacturer, has filled some important positions in the educational world. He was formerly under-master at Dulwich College,, then secretary to the Schools Inquiry and Endowed Schools Commission of 1865-72, and subsequently a Commissioner under the Endowed Schools Act. He was also Professor of Jurisprudence in University College, London, from 1865 to 1868. He has published works on College Reform, a Latin grammar, and other classical primers. He is Hon. LL.D. of Cambridge and Edinburgh. In Lancashire he is known as a good Radical, and has taken great interest in the promotion of technical education

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Portsmouth may not yet render to Dickens as much much public homage as some of the friends of Dickens demand of his birthplace. But a French seaport a few years ago set forth on a sign-board a delightful tribute to Dickens, albeit only a transitory one. This was when at Boulogne pedestrians on both the piers were warned of the danger of an "explosion de torpilles sur les debris du Dickens." A vessel called after the Dickens himself had, in fact, foundered on the bar, and the removal of the wreck necessitated the danger signal. "Les debris du Dickens!" They will suffice to build up as many lesser reputations as, say, the stones of the Coliseum reared palaces for the Rome of the early Renascence. But the dynamite among the debris is not always that of the torpedo; and really Mr. Murray should give unsuspecting readers more warning than that of a mere colourless advertisement of the literary explosion with which Mr. Swinburne deafens us in the pages of the current "Quarterly."

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All who are interested in the subject of Irish bibliography have good reason to feel grateful to Mr. E. R. M'C. Dix, whose researches have been fruitful in such valuable results. Part III. of Mr. Dix's "Books, Tracts, etc., Printed in Dublin in the 17th Century," has just been published, and a glance at its contents must convince the reader that it contains quite a mine of interesting and useful information, not hitherto available for easy reference. No student of Irish literature, history, and antiquities can possibly afford to do without this work, which is destined to become a standard one of its kind. Here the investigator is enabled without the least trouble to obtain such information regarding the authorship, date of publication, etc., of Dublin printed books, pamphlets, proclamations, broadsheets, etc., as will suffice for all ordinary purposes. The volume now before us deals with publications issued during the years 1651-1675, and its value is enhanced by some useful notes by Mr. C. W. Dugan, M.A., M.R.S.A.I. The Dublin publishers are Messrs O'Donoghue and Co., 31 South Anne street. The price of the book, which has been excellently printed by Messrs. Sealy, Bryers, and Walker, is only 2s 6d.

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The 12th inst. was the 128th anniversary of the birth of Robert Southey. The following birthday mottoes are given to the poet by the "Daily Chronicle":—

Robert S——, Esquire,
In the County of Gloucester.
—Shakespeare.

The degree of excellence which proclaims genius is different in different times and different places.
—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Talent alone cannot make a writer.
—Emerson.

His virtues were domestic.—W. S. Landor.

Better thou wov'st thy woof of life, than thou didst weave thy woof of song.
—Francis Thompson.

Love is a celestial harmony
Of likely hearts composed of star's consent,
Which join together in sweet sympathy
To work each other's joy and true content.
—Spenser.

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Mr. J. C. Bose, a native Bengali, well known to or among scientific circles in England and abroad, is a man of science, of whom, if we are not mistaken, the reading world generally will some day hear a great deal. Mr. Bose is a Cambridge M.A. and a Doctor of Science of London University. He is Professor of Science in the Presidency College, Calcutta. He has for some time been conducting his physical researches in London. A fully illustrated volume by him is now in the press, and will be issued by Messrs. Longmans under the title of "Response in the Living and Non-Living." The book describes experimental investigations on animal, vegetable, and inorganic substances regarding their response to stimulus. Dr. Bose's researches show that the effects of fatigue, stimulants, depressants, and poisons are alike in the organic and inorganic, and that the response phenomena in the living have been foreshadowed in the non-living. The book is an amplification of papers read before the Royal Society, Royal Institution, Linnean Society, and the International Science Congress, Paris.

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The journalist in Italy (the "Academy" remarks) appears to be becoming a pet of the Legislature. The is before the Italian Parliament a Bill called the "Journalists' Contract Law," of wh ch the following are the salient points:—"The duration of a contract betwen a journalist and the proprietor of a paper cannot be less than two years for a chief editor and one year for an ordinary writer. A journalist taken on trial become a full-fledged journalist at the end of two months if not discharged. In case the paper is sold, if the owner changes his political opinions, or if there is a consolidation with another paper, the journalist is entitled to an indemnity should the change affect the stability of his position or force him to do some work not in accordance with his political opinions. This indemnity is equal to the amount of the salary he would receive at the end of his engagement. Any arrangement contrary to the Bill is void. In case of bankruptcy of the paper, the editors have a privileged lien on the furniture, the machinery, and the material. In the case of litigation between journalists and owners of publications, an arbitration tribunal will decide. This tribunal will be composed of two journalists and two owners, selected out of a list of three of each presented by the litigants. There will be no appeal from the decision. A fee of 4 per 1,000 of the amount involved will be paid to the treasury of the "Provident Association of Journalists."

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We have often pondered (says the "Academy") on the psychology of the composing room, but have never been able to understand the workings of a compositor's mind when he is confronted with difficult manuscript. That he deserves great sympathy in that situation we allow, but we are puzzled by his manner of meeting difficulties. A word is illegible; he cannot reproduce illegibility in type, as most of us reproduce on an envelope a badly written address. To set up gibberish is beneath him. What he actually does is to plunge at a real word, and it is in contemplating his selection of real words that psychology faints into the arms of mirth. The odd thing is that the wilder he becomes the less dangerous he is to the paper on which he is engaged in the event of his mistakes passing the printer's reader. It is the thinking compositor who is most to be dreaded, for he will select a word which makes good sense, while it entirely distorts or belies the author's meaning. Moreover, he will very probably select a word which no one but the author can correct. Last week, in our article entitled "Hookway's," the thinking compositor set up "Fitzgerald's 'Omar Khayyam' in severe bindings." Only the author was able to alter "severe" to "seven."

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To realise what the thinking compositor is capable of, one must intercept his work before it reaches the printer's reader, though the opportunities for study after that event are, as we know to our cost, by no means contemptible. From a list of "Errors on the Wing," supplied to us by a capable printer's reader, we take the following examples of the thinking compositor's handiwork:—

a steady (study of) temperament;
amazed (annoyed) nine reviewers out of ten;
the liability (liberality) of thought;
like Quixote, lifts a hand (tilts a lance);
they were all well drawn, especially the fitter and another (father and mother);
in a state of perplexed (perpetual) high spirits;
he was beginning to obscure (observe);
but the myster skated (stretched) out;
at whose wedding in Cumberland it is mutual (unusual) for the parents to be present;
for love of thee I ask alms (act thus);
the Moors believe in aliens (alms);
among the authors (Fathers) of the fourth century;
this is the whole story of Grim Mayes (Simon Magnus);
destroyed the altars in any striking moment (manner);
the final solution of the subject has been grand (good);
comes of fine German (yeoman) stock;
some rare (sane) a view;
enlargement (entanglement);
room for the last (at least twenty);
the invoices (ivories);
inveterate fidelity (frivolity);
the ship is to be contemplated (completed);
genial (cynical) old neighbours;
misleading articles (initials);
meeting (mutiny) of our Soudanese mercenaries;
preposterous remains (romances) of Madeleine;
sketching (selecting) photographs;
many of the poorer (fairer) half of the audience;
his own nervous face (force);
sunburny (umbery) gold;
antiseptic (antipoetic);
scientific (scriptural) sentiment;
puissant (pinioned);
upholds this idea (explodes the idea);
time of least assistance (line of least resistance).

This list could be extended indefinitely; it may serve, however, as an indication of the pitfalls which lie before printers' readers, sub-editors, and editors—pitfalls which result sometimes in unbecoming falls on which readers look with inhuman glee. That we could forgive; it is their postcards that hurt.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

An effort is being made to secure the establishment of a United States Government biological station on the Great Lakes. The purpose of such a station is to investigate all the problems connected with the fisheries of these lakes throughout their whole extent, principally for the protection of the commercial fish.

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According to a report from Consul-General Bittinger at Montreal, a natural soap mine has been discovered in the foothills near Ashcroft, British Columbia. A company has been formed to work it, and already 275 tons have been taken out. The composition of the soap seems to be about one-fifth borax. It is said that there are 20,000 tons of the material in sight.

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Prof. Henry A. Ward has announced the discovery of a great meteorite in western Mexico. The stone weighs over 50 tons; it is 13 feet and 1 inch in length, and lay buried by the terrific force of its own momentum nearly 20 feet in the earth. Small portions of the meteorite were broken off; the remainder was left intact for the time being. The cost of transporting the stone to the seacoast, 71 miles away, would have been more than £10,000.

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The United States Geological Survey department has recently issued a number of topographical maps of interest. There are five sheets covering the State of Pennsylvania, which were made by the co-operation of the Geological Survey and the State authorities. Sheets have also been recently issued covering the States of New York, California, Utah and New Mexico. There has been a re-issue of the maps covering the State of New Jersey. These are available to persons interested from the department at a cost of five cents per sheet.

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A collection of butterflies, said to be the finest and largest in the world, has been recently acquired by the American Academy of Natural Sciences in New York. This collection was made by Dr. Herman Strecker of Reading, Pa., who died not long ago. It was purchased at a cost of £4,000, which was donated for the purpose by the Very Rev. Dean Hoffman, of New York. Dr. Strecker was a sculptor, and devoted himself to the collection and study of butterflies only as a recreation. There are several standard works on the subject compiled by Dr Strecker.

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The report of the scientific expedition to the Siamese-Malay State of Talor, which was subsidized by the British Government, has just been issued. The expedition is at present investigating the zoology of the caves in the limestone hills near Biserat. The caves are said to be numerous, and many of them extend for over a mile in length, and, in most cases, are very rich in fauna. It is anticipated that considerable light will be thrown on the history of cave-dwelling animals by these investigations. So far sufficient geographical data have been collected to permit the accurate mapping out of the highlands of the greater part of the north of the Malay Peninsula.

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Sucking fishes have the unenviable reputation of going through life as hangers-on to fishes of larger growth, notably sharks, swordfishes and bull-fishes. Like some human beings, they prefer to have their food found for them—too lazy to do their own skirmishing in the struggle for life; and to accomplish their end they attach themselves to the gill-covers or sides of larger fishes with their first dorsal fin (the fin on the back nearest the head). As they are excellent swimmers, there seems to be no good reason why they should become a burden to others, but it is well known that they travel with their unwilling hosts continuously in this manner, and the latter have often been found emaciated and thoroughly exhausted from the strain of pulling these uninvited guests around. From careful observation it appears that the object of the suckers beyond doubt is to share with their hosts the food which the latter find.

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The Remora was one of the first fishes observed by the discoverers of North America, and history tells us that the Indians used them as baits to catch other fish. Thus in Ogilby's "America" the following reference to them is found in speaking of the fishes observed about the West Indian islands:—"Columbus from hence (Cuba) proceeding on further westward discovered a fruitful coast, verging the mouth of a River, whose water runs Boyling into the Sea. Somewhat further he saw very strange Fishes, especially of the Guiacan, not unlike an Eel, but with an Extraordinary great Head, over which hangs a Skin like a Bag. This Fish is the Natives' Fisher; for, having a Line or handsom Cord fastened about him, so soon as a Turtel, or any other of his Prey, comes above Water, they give him Line; whereupon the Guiacan like an Arrow out of a Bowe, shoots toward the other Fish, and then gathering the Mouth of the Bag on his Head, like a Purse-net, holds them so fast, that he lets not loose till hal'd up out of the Water."

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The employment of the incandescent lamp for the display and illumination of shop windows containing dry goods is generally considered safe, but several experiments that have recently been carried out prove this contention to be a fallacy. A number of 16 candle-power incandescent lamps were enveloped in raw cotton, and at the end of a few minutes the material commenced to smoke. Directly a draught of air, such as is caused by the opening of a door, came into contact with the cotton, it burst into flames, and the bulb of the incandescent lamp immediately collapsed. Investigation as to the cause of this peculiarity showed that the thin glass shell of the bulb of the lamp softened under the influence of the heat gathered by the cotton from the incandescent filament, and when the draught of air came into contact with the lamp, the softened glass caved in under the air pressure, so that the filament fired the glowing material. In view of these interesting experiments, caution should be observed not to place cotton or similar fabrics too near an incandescent lamp, as is often done for decorative effect, otherwise great risk of a fire breaking out is incurred. The liability of combustion from ths cause is further accentuated where incandescent lamps covered with a coloured varnish are employed, as the varnish affords a stronger incentive to combustion.

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A method of replacing the ordinary anæsthetics used in dental surgery by the action of high-frequency currents has been brought out by Messrs. Regnier and Didsbury, of Paris. M. d'Arsonval has already shown that high-tension and high-frequency currents have a local anæsthetic effect, and the experimenters wished to see whether this could not be used to advantage for dental operations, and so do away with the inhalations of gas, which are not without danger to the patient. In the case of extraction they found it to work quite successfully. A d'Arsonval-Gaiffe apparatus was used, having a coil which gave a 1.2-inch spark, with a rotary interrupter and an oil condenser. The apparatus is connected to an Oudin resonator, one of whose terminals is joined by a flexible cord to an electrode fixed upon the jaw. The electrode is moulded in plastic material and covered inside by metallic powder and a layer of tinfoil. Under these conditions the current gave the patient no sensation other than a slight heating in the region covered by the electrodes. It was found that a tooth with one root was made completely insensible by the application of a current of 150 milliamperes for 3 to 5 minutes, while the larger teeth needed 200 to 250 milliamperes for 6 to 8 minutes. As to the use of the method for more prolonged operations, the experiments are not as yet conclusive, although they are favourable on the whole.

The late Mr. Cecil Rhodes repeatedly endeavoured to arrange for his railroad from the Cape to Cairo to pass through the more prosperous and promising Congo Free State, but he was unable to obtain the necessary concession, and therefore selected the alternative route through German East Africa. Now, however, the necessary concession has been granted by the Congo Free State for the construction of the railway, between the northern borders of Rhodesia, across Congo Free State territory, to Lake Kasali, on the navigable waters of the Lualaba, one of the head reaches of the Congo. It is provided by the contract that 40 per cent. of the plant of the railway shall be purchased in Great Britain. Negotiations are in progress with a well-known firm of contractors for despatching a railway survey party at an early date. The effect of this scheme will be to divert the route of the transcontinental railroad north of Zambesi, from which point, according to the present arrangement, it trends to the east toward Tanganyika and the great lakes. It will now be continued due north of Victoria Falls to the Congo border, whence for a distance of 350 miles it will continue due north through Kantanga to the most southerly navigable point on the Lualaba (Lake Kasali), whence there is navigable waterway to Stanleyville, on the Upper Congo. Thence a railway is projected to Mahagi, on Lake Albert, with further water communication on the Nile.

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A recent explosion with one of the fire engines of the London Fire Brigade burning liquid fuel has proved that it is far safer to use oil with a low than a high flash-point. With the engine upon which the accident occurred, oil with a flash-point of 105 degrees was being used. The tubes of the engine appeared to have clogged, owing to the tendency which the oil has to carbonize rapidly. The fireman noticed that the burner was not acting properly, and was in the act of shutting off the supply when the oil fired back with such force that his hair and clothing were singed and his face and arm scorched. As the result of his experiments, the commanding officer now recommends the use of an oil with a flash-point of 85 degrees, which is both considerably cheaper and safer than the higher flash-point oil. The experiments with liquid fuel for fire engines have not, however, resulted in such an economy as was anticipated; but the advantages of oil over coal in other directions are so numerous, both for stationary and marine engines, that the adaptation of all the engines for liquid fuel is to be carried out.

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Last year a mining expedition was organised by several English and German capitalists to explore the mineral districts of German East and British Africa, respectively, for the purpose of developing the rich mineral resources of these districts. For this object some extensive schemes, involving the expenditure of millions of dollars, are being prepared conjointly in London and Berlin. The main feature of the enterprise is the construction of several railroads throughout the various territories, to connect the Cape to Cairo Railway with the West Coast, and also in conjunction with the railways in existence in the already partially-developed portions of the country to cross the Continent, probably from Port Alexander on the west to Delagoa Bay on the east. Some of the most wealthy of British and German Colonial capitalists are financing the scheme, and in regard to that part of it which applies to German Damaraland, the German Government is interested, as concessionaries of the right conceded to an Anglo-German syndicate to search for and work the minerals of the district, including the copper mines of Otavi. Outside, however, of the district worked by the German South-West African Colonial Company, the period of this concession has expired, but the promoters have obtained a renewal of the right from the German Government.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1793.)

NOVEMBER 21.

In consequence of the heavy fall of rain, Patrick street and Patrick's Close, Bull alley, Bride's alley, etc., were yesterday totally inundated—the houses several feet under water; as also the lower Castle yard, Palace street, Crampton court, and that part of Dame street impassable for foot-passengers. Boats plied all yesterday in Patrick street, Castle yard, etc., etc.

Early on yesterday morning a vessel (the "Mercator") from Liverpool to Boston, was lost off Howth—the crew saved.

The remains of his late Grace the Lord Primate arrived on Monday last on board a British trader, and were conveyed to Henrietta street. They are to be removed for interment to the Cathedral of Armagh, which, during his Lordship's life, received so many marks of his attention and munificence, and which in death has the last bequest of giving sepulchre to his remains.

A horse, esteemed by his Grace, was landed from the same vessel. By his desire, this favourite animal is to be allowed to spend the remainder of his days in splendour and ease upon some of the estates which were purchased by his Lordship in this kingdom.

We hear from Waterford that a very atrocious murder was perpetrated a few days ago at Callan—the house of the deceased (a middle-aged woman) was broke into by four men; they did not show a disposition of plunder, but terrified the deceased so much, by breaking some delph ware, that she ran into the street, and was followed by those men, who killed her there with blows with a bludgeon, and wounds with a cane sword. The neighbours, hearing her cries, came running to the place, upon which the aggressors escaped.

A Coroner's inquest was held by Mr. Gore, of Kilkenny, and a most respectable jury, who found a verdict of wilful murder against two men of the town, who were immediately apprehended, and escorted to the gaol at Kilkenny, by a small party of the inhabitants.

DECEMBER 3.

By the late heavy gales of wind, no less than 44 vessels have been driven on shore on the northern and southern coasts of this kingdom, but we are happy to hear that very few lives have been lost.

Saturday night another violent storm arose here, which was attended at intervals with tremendous flashes of lightning. Several vessels were driven by the storm from their moorings in the harbour, and it is feared much mischief has been sustained by the shipping in various parts.

Another respite, for five weeks, has been granted to the unfortunate Mr. O'Bryne, now under sentence of death in the New Jail.

In consequence of the heavy rain on Friday night last, New street was flooded yesterday as high as Fumbally's lane, by which the inhabitants in that quarter received very considerable damage.

DUBLIN, DECEMBER 3

Three days ago a man of the name of Skarret, who was coachman to the Right Hon. William Burton Conyngham, was drowned by the flood on his way from Slane, near Finglas.

Accounts have been received by the last mails from England, of shipwreck, to a melancholy amount, not less than one hundred vessels within the last fifteen days. So disastrous a misfortune, superadded to the depredation of the enemy for some time past, is such a stroke as, in a like space of time, the trade of Britain never experienced.

Tuesday se'nnight a lighter going from Waterford, laden with coals, to Mrs. Phair's paper-mills, was sunk at the Long Reach by a heavy sea. When she went down, a boatman, who was asleep in the cuddy, unfortunately perished.

An adjournment of the Quarter Sessions was held at the Tholsel on Saturday last before William Walker, Esq., Recorder of this city, at which James Gallagher, for stealing clothes, the property of John Halligan; Daniel Reilly, George Corcoran, and Mary Murphy, for stealing stockings; and Bartholomew Dunne, for stealing a bridle, were convicted, and sentenced to be transported; after which the court adjourned to the 13th inst.

A large ship of war has been driven ashore on the Southern coast between Waterford and Wexford. She is supposed to belong to the French Republic, for when coasters had approached her she has taught them the necessity of keeping a civil distance by sending a thirty-two pound ball over their heads. An express was immediately forwarded to Cork with information of the circumstance, and it is concluded that before this some of the King's ships, on that station, have been able to give a better account of her.

On Sunday night last, at eleven o'clock, Mr. Dalton, of Fleet street, was stopped on the City quay, near Moss street, by a gang of armed ruffians, who robbed him of his watch and what money he had about him, and were proceeding to take the buckles from his shoes, and perhaps further strip him, but were prevented by the opening of a window in Mr. Dixon's house, which so disconcerted them that they fled precipitately. It is worthy of observation, that there was not a policeman from the Marine Hotel to the Guard House in Fleet street. After coming home he was alarmed in his bed by a vehement cry of police, murder, robbery, etc., immediately under his windows, and though this had taken place within a few yards of the Guard House in Fleet street, not a single policeman appeared. A considerable quantity of blood was found the next morning on the flags and steps of his halldoor, so that murder as well as robbery might have been committed with impunity.

The Muster-Master-Generals office, in the Lower Castle Yard, was feloniously entered on Monday night or Tuesday morning, by some person or persons unknown, and out of an iron chest contained therein, were taken, by means of skeleton keys, Debentures of different kinds, and Treasury bills, to the amount of £1,750, bank notes to the value of between £400 and £500, and above 40 guineas in cash.

Saturday night last, as a person named Robert Thompson was returning from the post at Waterford, with letters for the Marquis of Waterford, he was attacked by three men near the two-mile-stone, who, beside robbing him, abused him in so gross a manner, as to leave him without signs of life.

Saturday night, a gentleman passing through Meeting-house Yard, which leads to Usher's quay, was seized by three or four ruffians, who robbed him of his watch, money, and other articles; and after abusing him, made their escape.

The "Mercator," which was wrecked off the Light House recently, attracted a number of plundering adventurers, who surrounded the wreck in boats, and seized whatever they could lay their hands on. Sunday evening a scuffle ensued between a party of those marauders, when one of them gave the other a blow, which tumbled him into the sea, where he was drowned.

DECEMBER 9.

Kerry House, at Stephen's Green, which has been for so long a time at market, was yesterday disposed of for seven thousand pounds. Ten thousand pounds were offered and refused for it in the summer, 1792.

DECEMBER 17.

A gentleman returning home on Friday morning last, between the hours of twelve and one, was stopped by two robbers in Upper Dorset street, near Eccles street, but the neighbourhood being alarmed by his cry, they effected their escape, after taking from him a silver snuff box. A policeman absolutely refused to go any further than the extremity of Eccles street!

A few nights hence, a party of defenders attacked the house of a farmer near Lascartin, county Meath. They demanded arms, which being refused, they broke open the door with a sledge, on which the former fired at them, and wounded one of their leaders; this exasperated them so much that they stabbed him in several parts of his body, and left him for dead.

On Saturday came on before the Recorder, the trial of Theophilus Swift, Esq., and D. Swift, Esq., his son, for an assault on the Rev. Thomas Elrington, F.T.C.D. After an hearing of six hours, Mr. Theophilus Swift was found guilty. Mr. D. Swift pleaded guilty to the indictment, and was sentenced by the Court to a fine of £50 and to be imprisoned two months. Mr. T. Swift was sentenced to be confined one month, and to pay a fine of £50.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant has been pleased to sign a commission, appointing the Earl of Tyrone Lieutenant-Colonel commandant of the Waterford regiment of militia, in the room of the Marquis of Waterford, resigned. Commission dated 28th of November, 1794.

DECEMBER 18.

A poor man yesterday broke his leg in the lane leading from Fleet street to Carlisle bridge. He very philosophically thanked God he had one left to the good, to the inexpressible satisfaction of a Paving Commissioner who was present at the accident.

DECEMBER 19

On Friday evening, about 8 o'clock, the post-boy conveying the Dublin mail to Enniscorthy, was stopped within half a mile of the former place by a single footpad, who took the horse and mail, and rode off. The horse was found about an hour after stript of his saddle.

DECEMBER 20.

Last Wednesday night the house of Lady Barry, at Sandymount, near Ballsbridge, was broken into by a gang of miscreants, and robbed of valuable articles to a considerable amount. These savage ruffians, on entering into Lady Barry's chamber, fiered a pistol at her, which fortunately missed its aim, but strewed the room with the slugs with which it was loaded.

The following extraordinary circumstance happened last week: A merchant in Dublin sent 1,000 guineas to his friend in Waterford, above 700 of which worked out of the box between Dublin and Clonmel; as soon as the owner perceived the accident, he set off for Clonmel, and found them in the boot of the coach, where they had remained near 24 hours.

COMMISSION INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN, DECEMBER 20.

The Court sat at twelve o'clock.

William Widenham, who was found guilty at the last Commission, of forcibly and feloniously taking from the person of Mr. James Bardon Palmer, on the 19th of October last, one gilt metal watch, value £1 2s. 9d., one seal and chain, of the same value, and sentenced to be executed for the same, pleaded his Majesty's most gracious pardon, on condition of enlisting in his Majesty's land forces, and serving abroad.

(To be Continued.)

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ARMAGH.---1835.



VIEW OF COLLEGE STREET FROM THE ROAD LEADING TO THE OBSERVATORY.

The following description of Armagh City as it then was, and as shown in the above picture, is taken from that given in the "Dublin Penny Journal," January 17, 1835:--

The city of Armagh, which is situated in the province of Ulster, is not only the capital of the county of that name, but likewise the ecclesiastical metropolis of Ireland. It stands on the sloping sides of a gently ascending hill, and is generally esteemed to be the best built and finest inland town of which our island can boast. The streets are well laid out and regularly built, and the city is adorned with several public buildings, erected in a chaste and elegant style of architecture. It is surrounded on every side by a highly improved picturesque country.

The ancient cathedral which crowns the summit of Druimsailech-hill, is at once the most central point, and the most conspicuous object, in the city of Armagh. Towards this venerable church, some of the

streets seem to converge, like radii, to a common centre—others ascend, in more oblique directions, from the base of the hill, and are intersected by those of greater magnitude, which encircle the town. The citizens' houses are neatly built with calcareous stone, and generally slated. Numerous public edifices, erected with hewn limestone of a very vivid colour, and finished in a chaste style of architecture, unite beauty with utility, and give peculiar interest to the city. The sites of these edifices have been so judiciously selected, that the buildings are not concealed from view by contiguous dwelling-houses, nor degraded by the neighbourhood of any uncouth or despicable objects. They are each possessed of unity and elegance, and being distinctly visible, in various directions, are at once ornamental to the town itself and to the surrounding country.

Formerly the country abounded with lakes, marshes, and unreclaimed bogs. In the city of Armagh itself, there was, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, a small lake containing many eels. It was called Lake Lappan, and was situated behind the site of the old sessions-house, at the foot of Market-street. In the seventeenth century, deep woods and thickets, impervious to the sunbeams, prevented the free circulation of the air, and kept the surface of the earth in perpetual moisture. At present the ground is greatly denuded of trees, the bogs are drained, few swamps exist, and the atmosphere is pure and healthy.

The new sessions-house, a portion of the front of which is seen in our engraving, was erected in the year 1809, and is situated a little to the north-west of the public walks, now denominated "The Mall." Thus situated, it is seen to considerable advantage, and has a striking effect. It is built with hewn limestone, with a handsome portico in front.

ACROSS THE BAY.

BY WILLIAM CHANDLER BAGLEY.

Out through the gloom of the early night
I strain my eyes till I think I see
The flickering gleam of a distant light
Coming across the bay to me.

Another flickers and gleams afar,
And another yet, till they seem to make
A golden chain from the harbour's bar
To the long, grey beach where the billows break

The stars peep out in the eastern sky.
And the west is losing its tinge of red.
A purple flush is the last to die,
It fades away, and the day is dead.

But not the glories of nature's crown,
Nor the infinite beacons of space I see,
Only the lights of a distant town
Coming across the bay to me.

Coming across from the further shore,
Dancing and glinting from crest to crest,
Till they flash the blade of my lifter oar.
And fall, like a shower of gems, to rest.

And hope grows stronger each length I gain,
And my heart is light, as it needs must be,
When I think of the face that against the pane,
Watches across the bay for me.

ORIGIN AND MEANINGS OF IRISH FAMILY NAMES.

BY JOHN O'DONOVAN.

VI.

In my last article I gave examples of the process in the several provinces of Ireland among the people generally in changing their original names into names apparently English or Scottish; there are several others in Ireland among the genteeler classes who have changed their old Milesian names in such a manner as to give them a French or Spanish appearance; and the adopters of these names now wish to be deemed as of French or Spanish origin (anything but Irish)! These, it is true, are few in number, but some of them are respectable; and their effort at concealing their origin is not to be recommended. We shall, therefore, exhibit a few instances of this mode of rendering Irish names respectable-looking by giving them a foreign aspect, which the bearers cannot by any effort give their own faces. The most remarkable of these changes has been made by the family of O'Dorcy, in the west of the county of Galway, who have assumed not only the name of D'Arcy, but also the arms of the D'Arcy's of England. But it is well known that the D'Arcy's of Galway are all descended from James Reagh Darcy, of Galway, merchant, whose pedigree I know to be traced by Dual Mac Firbis, not to the D'Arcy's of Meath, who are of Anglo-Norman origin, but to the Milesian O'Dorcy's of West Connaught, who were the ancient chiefs of Partree, a well-known territory extending from the Lakes of Lough Mask and Lough Carra, westwards, in the direction of Croaghpatrick.

The next instance of this kind of change which I shall adduce, is found in the adjacent county of Mayo, where a gentleman of the ancient and celebrated family of O'Malley wishes all his friends to call him not O'Malley, for that is Irish, but De Maillet; but though his friends condescend sometimes to call him by this name, they can scarcely refrain from laughter while pronouncing it, for they know very well that he descends from Owen O'Malley, the father of the famous heroine Grania Wael, and chief of Umallia or the Owles, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The third instance I have met with of this false Irish vanity is in the far-famed Thomond, where a gentleman of the O'Mulronies has followed the plebian corruption of that name, by which it is metamorphosed to Moroni, by which he affects to pass as not one of Irish but of Spanish descent; but he cannot prevent his neighbours from calling him O'Murruana when they speak the native tongue, for by a strange corruption in that part of Ireland, where the Irish language is in most other instances very correctly pronounced, when the prefix "mul" is followed by "r," the "l" is itself pronounced "r," as in the instance under consideration, and in O'Mulryan, a well-known name in Munster, where they now pronounce O'Murryan. Thus an accidental corruption in the pronunciation of a consonant is taken advantage of to metamorphose a famous old Irish name into a Spanish one. It is, indeed, most lamentable to see the native Irish think so little of their names and of their own natural country.

I have many other instances of this audacious kind of change of surnames at hand, but I refrain from enlarging on them, from the apprehension of exceeding my limits without being enabled to bring this subject to a close in the stipulated time. A few others, however, are necessary to be exhibited to public scorn. The next instance, then, which has come under my notice, is in the province of Connaught, where the family of O'Mulaville have all changed their name to Lavelle, and where those who know nothing of the history of that family are beginning to think that they are of French descent. But it is the constant tradition in the county of Mayo that they are of Danish origin, and that they have been located in Iarowle since the ninth century. Of this name was the late Editor of the "Freeman's Journal"; a man of great abilities and extensive learning, who, among other ancient languages, had acquired a profound knowledge of his own native dialect. This name is Scotticised Mac Paul in the province of Ulster.

Another name which some people are apt to take for a French or Anglo-Norman name, is Delany, as if it were De Lani; but the Irish origin of this family cannot be questioned, for the name is called O'Dulaine in the original language, and the family were originally located at the foot of Slieve Bloom, in Upper Ossory. Another instance is found in the change of O'Dowling to DuLaing, but this is seldom made, and never by any but people of no consequence.

Some individuals of the name of Magunshinan, or Magilsinan, upon leaving their original localities in Cavan and Meath, have assumed, some the name of Nugent, and others that of Gilson. Of this family was Charles Gilson, the founder and endower of the public school of Old Castle, a man of great benevolence, who found it convenient on his removal to London to shorten his name to Gilson.

Other individuals of Irish name and origin, upon settling in London and other parts of England, have changed their surnames altogether, as the ancestor of the present Baron of Lower Tabley, whose name was Sir Peter Byrne, but who was obliged to change his name to Leycester, to conform to the will of his maternal grandfather, who had bequeathed him large estates in England, on condition of his dropping his Irish name and adopting that of the testator. He is the most distinguished man of the O'Byrne race now living, and we regret that his Irish origin is entirely disguised in his present name of Warren. He descends from Daniel, the second son of Loughlin Duff, of Ballintlea, in the county of Wicklow, a chief of great distinction, and is related to the Byrnes of Fallybeg, near Stradbally, in the Queen's County, who descended from the first son of this Loughlin—a fact of which his lordship is altogether unacquainted; and the writer of these remarks has often regretted that his lordship has not been made acquainted with this fact, as it might be in his power to serve the sons of the late venerable Laurence Byrne, of Fallybeg.

Other changes have been made in Irish surnames by abbreviation; but though we regret this, we are not willing to condemn it altogether, especially when the changes are made for the purpose of rendering such names easy of pronunciation in the mouths of magistrates and lawyers, who could not, in many cases, bring their organs of speech to pronounce them

in their original form. Of these we could give a long list, but we shall content ourselves with a selection.

In the province of Connaught the name Mac Eochy has been shortened to M'Keogh, and latterly to Keogh; O'Mulconry to Conry and Conroy. In Ossory, Mac Gillapatrick has been manufactured into Fitzpatrick. In the county of Galway, and throughout the province of Connaught generally, Mac Gillakelly has been manufactured into Kilkelly; O'Mullally to Lally; Mac Gillakenny, to Kilkenny; Mac Gillamurry to Kilmurry; Mac Gilladuff to Kilduff; Mac Geraghty, to Geraghty and Gearty; Mac Phaudeen, to Patten; O'Houlahan, to Nolan. This last change is not to be excused, for it entirely disguises the origin of the family; and we would, therefore, recommend the Nolans of the county of Galway to reject their false name, and re-assume that of O'Houlahan. This family was removed from Munster into Connaught by Oliver Cromwell, under the name of O'Houlahan, and they have, therefore, no just right to assume the name of another Irish family to whom they bear no relationship whatever. The real Nolans of Ireland are of Leinster origin, and were the ancient chiefs of the barony of Forth, in the now county of Carlow, anciently called Foharta Fea, where they are still numerous; but the Connaught Nolans are not Nolans at all, but O'Houlahans, and are a family who bore the dignity of chieftains in ancient times, though it happens, that, not knowing their history, or taking a dislike to the sound of the name, they have, with questionable propriety, assumed the name of a Leinster family, which seems to sound somewhat better in modern ears. In the province of Ulster, the name Mac Gillaroe has been shortened to Gilroy and Kilroy; Mac Gillabride, to Mac Bride; Mac Gillacuskly, to Cuskly, and impertinently to Cosgrove and even Costello! Mac Gilla-Finnen, to Linden and Leonard; Mac-Gennis, to Ennis and Guinness; Mac Blosky, to Mac Closky. In Munster the noble name of Mac Carthy (or, as it is pronounced in the original Irish, Maw Caurha) has dwindled to Carthy (a vile change!); O'Mulryan, to O'Ryan and Ryan; Mac Gilla-Synan, to Shannon; Mac Gillaboy, to Mac Evoy, etc., etc. In Leinster, all the O's and Macs have been rejected; and though a few of them are to be met there now, in consequence of the influx of poor strangers of late into that province, it is certain that there is not a single instance in which the O' or Mac has been retained by any of the aboriginal inhabitants of that province—I mean the ancient Irish Leinster, not including Meath. The most distinguished of these was Mac Murrogh, but there is not a single individual of that name now living in Leinster; the descendants of Donnell Mac Murrogh Cavanagh, who, although illegitimate, became by far the most distinguished branch of that great family, having all changed their surnames to Cavanagh, and the other branches having, as the present writer has strong reasons to believe, changed it to Murphy. The writer has come to this latter conclusion from having ascertained that in the territory of the Murrows, in the county of Wexford, once the country of a great and powerful sept of the Mac Murroghs, the greatest number of the inhabitants, who are perhaps the finest race of men in Ireland, are now called Murphy. He has, therefore, come to the conclusion, and he hopes not too hastily, that the Murphys of this territory are all Mac Murroghs. At the same time, however, that the name generally Anglicised Murphy is not Mac Murrogh, but O'Murchoo, which was that of a branch or offshoot of the regal family of Leinster, who became chiefs of the country of Hy-Felimy, and whose chief seat was at Tullow, in the now county of Carlow. The writer is well aware that the Murphys of the county of Carlow and Kilkenny are of this latter family, but he cannot get rid of the conviction that the Murphys of the Murrowes, in the east of the county of Wexford, are Mac Murroghs. On the subject of the difference between these two families, we find the learned Roderic O'Flaherty thus criticising Peter Walsh towards the close of the seventeenth century:—

"An O' or a Mac is prefixed in Irish surnames to the proper names of some of their ancestors, intimating that they were the sons, grandsons, or posterity of the person whose name they adopted; but it was not proper to use one name promiscuously in the place of another, as he writes O'Murphy, King of Leinster, instead of Mac Murphy, or rather Mac Murchadh; but the family of O'Murchadha, which in English is Murphy, is very different from and inferior to this family."—Ogygia, Part III., cap. xxvii.

There are also some few instances to be met with, in which the O' has been changed to Mac, and vice versa, as in the remarkable instance of O' Melaghlin, chief of the Southern Hy-Niall race, to Mac Loughlin; also in those instances in which O'Duvyerma has been changed to Mac Dermot, O'Donoghy to Mac Donogh, O'Kravin to Mac Nevin, O'Heraghty to Mac Geraghty, and a few others.

These latter changes are not calculated to disguise the Irish origin of the families who have made them, but they are still to be regretted, as they tend to disguise the origin, race, and locality of the respective families, and we should, therefore, like to see the original names restored.

Similar changes have been made in the family names among the Welsh, as Ap-John into Jones, Ap-Richard into Prichard and Richards, Ap-Owen into Owens, Ap-Robert into Probert and Roberts, Ap- Gwillim into Williams, etc., etc.

Having thus treated of the alterations the Irish have made in their surnames, or family names, for the purpose of making them appear English, I shall next proceed to point out the changes which they have, likewise made in their Christian or baptism names, for the same purpose. Many of their original names they have altogther rejected, as not immediately reducible to any modern English forms; but others they have retained, though they have altered them in such a manner as to make them appear English. The writer could furnish from the authentic Irish annals and pedigrees a long list of proper names of men which were in use in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and which have been for a long time laid aside; but the limits of this Journal would not afford room for such a list: he must, therefore, content himself by pointing out the original forms of such names as have been retained in an Anglicised shape. These changes in the Christian names have been made, not only by those families who have adopted English surnames, but also by those who have retained the Milesian O's and Macs; but these families have assumed that the English forms which they have given this class of names are perfectly correct. This was assumed to be true so early as the year 1689, in which we find Sir Richard Cox writing on the subject as follows:—

"The Christian names of the Irish are in England: Aodh—i.e., Hugh: Maoi[illegible]—i.e., Matthew; Teige—i.e., Timothy; Diarmaid—i.e., Jeremy; Cnogher—i.e., Cornelius: Cormac—i.e., Charles; Art—i.e., Arthur: Donal—i.e., Daniel; Goron—i.e., Jeofry; Magheesl—i.e., Moses.

Now, I absolutely deny that these names are identical, though I acknowledge that they are at present universally received and used such. In the first place, the name "Aodh," which has been metamorphosed to Hugh, is not synonymous with it, for the name Aodh signifies "fire," but "Hugh," which has been borrowed from the Saxon, signifies "high" or "lofty." Since, then, they bear not the same meaning, and are not made up of the same letters, in what, may it be asked, does their identity consist? It is quite obvious that they have nothing in common with each other. In the second place, Mahon, or, as Sir Richard Cox writes it, Mahoone is not Matthew; for if we believe Spenser and some other Irish glossographists, Mahon signies a "bear"; and if they be correct, it cannot be identical, synonymous, or cognate with the Scriptural name Matthew, which does not signify a "bear," but a "gift" or a "present." In the third instance, the Irish name Teige, which according to all the Irish glossaries signifies "a poet," is not synonymous with Timothy, which means "the God-fearing," and, therefore, is not identical or cognate with it; and I, therefore, doubt that the Irish people have any right to change Teige into Timothy. It was first Anglicised Thady, and the writer is acquainted with individuals who have rendered it Thaddhæus, Theophilus, and Theodosius.

In the fourth instance, Dermod, or, as Sir Richard Cox writes it, Dermond, is not identical with Jeremy, nor is it synonymous or even cognate with it. On this name, which was first very incorrectly Anglicised Darby, the learned Dr. O'Brien writes as follows:—

"'Diarmaid,' the proper name of several great princes of the old Irish. This name (which had its origin in Pagan times) is a compound of 'Dia,' god, and 'armaid,' the genitive plural of the Irish word 'arm,' Latin 'arma,' 'armorum,' so that 'Dia-armaid' literally signifies the same as 'Deus armorum,' the god of arms. Such is the exalted origin of this Irish name, which does not screen it from being at times a subject of ridicule to some of our pretty gentlemen of the modern English taste."

It must, however, in candour be acknowledged that this is not the meaning of the word Dermod, and that Dr. O'Brien invented this explanation to gain what he considered respectability for a name common in his own illustrious family, and which was considered vulgar by the fashionable people of the period at which he wrote. We have the authority of the Irish glossaries to show that "Diarmaid," which was adopted at a remote period of Irish history, as the proper name of a man, signifies a freeman; and though this meaning does not sound so lofty as the "Deus armorum" of Dr. O'Brien, still it is sufficiently respectable to show that Dermod is not a barbarous name, and that the Irish people need not be ashamed of it; but they will be ashamed of every Irish name in despite of all that can be said, as the writer has very strong grounds for asserting. The reason is obvious—because they have lost their nationality.

In the fifth instance, Concovar, or, as Sir Richard Cox writes it, Cnogher, is not identical, synonymous, or even cognate with Cornelius; for though it has been customary with some families to Latinize it to Cornelius, still we know from the radices of both names that they bear not the slightest analogy to each other, for the Irish name is compounded of "Conn," strength, and "Cobhair," aid, assistance; while the Latin Cornelius is differently compounded. It is, then, evident that there is no need for changing the Irish Concovar or Conor to Cornelius, except a fancied resemblance between the sounds of both; but this resemblance is very remote, indeed.

In the sixth instance, the name Cormac has nothing whatever to do with Charles (which means "noble-spirited), for it is explained by all the glossographers as signifying "Son of

the Chariot," and it is added, "that it was first given as a sobriquet, in the first century, to a Lagenian prince who happened to be born in a chariot while his mother was going on a journey, but that it afterwards became honourable as the name of many great personages in Ireland." After the accession of Charles the First however, to the throne, many Irish families of distinction changed Cormac to Charles, in order to add dignity to the name by making it the same with that of the sovereign—a practice which has been very generally followed ever since.

In the seventh instance, Sir Richard is probably correct. I do not deny that Art may be synonymous with Arthur; indeed, I am of opinion that they are both words of the same original family of language, for the Irish word "Art" signifies "noble," and if we can rely on the British etymologists, Arthur bears much of a similar meaning in the Gomraeg or Old British.

With respect to the eight instance given by Sir Richard Cox, I have no hesitation in asserting that the Irish proper name Domhnall, which was originally Anglicised Donnell and Donald, is not the same with the Scriptural name Daniel, which means "God is judge." I am at least certain that the ancient Irish glossographers never viewed it as such, for they always wrote it "Domhnall," and understood it to mean a great or proud chieftain. This explanation may, however, be possibly incorrect; but the "m" in the first syllable shows that the name is formed from a root very different from that from the Scriptural name Daniel is derived.

With respect to the names Goron (which is but a mistake for Searoon), Jeofry, and Magheesh, Moses, the two last instances furnished by Sir Richard Cox, they were never borne by the ancient Irish, but were borrowed from the Anglo-Normans, and, therefore, I have nothing to do with them in this place. What I have said is sufficient to show that the Christian names borne by the ancient Irish are not identical, synonymous, or even cognate with those substituted for them in the time of Sir Richard Cox.

(To be continued next week.)

A MUSICAL ALPHABET.

A for Andante, which means rather slow.
B is for Bar, we must count as we go.
C for Crescendo, get loud by degrees.
D for Da Capo, repeat if you please.
E, for fine Exercise, played day by day.
F stands for Forte, as loud as you may.
G for Gracioso, in soft singing style.
H for two Hands, which we use all the while.
I is the Instrument, skilfully made.
J for our Joy when we hear it well played.
K is for Keys, Black and white, as you know.
L is for Largo, most solemn and slow.
M for a Minim, just two in a bar.
N for the Notes; what a number there are!
O stands for Opera, a musical play!
P for the Pedal, use cautiously, pray!
Q stands for Quaver, in a bar there are eight.
R is a Rest, count one while you wait.
S is a Semibreve, let it count four.
T is a Trio, three voices, no more.
U Una Corda, or played all in one.
V for Vivance, a time full of fun.
W for Waber, whose music is fine.
X for Xcel, which just means to excel.
Y is a Youth who can play some nice things.
Z is a Zither, with many sweet strings.

Mr. J. St. John McCarthy has finished his history of "The Reign of Queen Anne," in two volumes, and has only to see the work through the press. Subsequently he proposes to bring his "History of Our Own Times" (completed in June, 1897) down to the death of Queen Victoria, so that his complete historical works, including those on the four Georges and William IV., will cover the record of England for the past two hundred years.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

(From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.)

CASHEL.

CASHEL, a city (being the seat of an archbishoprick and diocese), borough, market, and post-town, in the barony of Middlethird, county of Tipperary, and province of Munster, 12 miles (N.N.W.) from Clonmel, and 75 (S.W.) from Dublin; containing, within the corporate lands, 12,582 inhabitants, of which number, 6,971 are in the city. This place was the residence of the kings of Munster; and a synod was held in it by St. Patrick, St. Ailbe, and St. Declan, in the reign of Ængus, who, after his conversion to the Christian faith by St. Patrick, is said to have founded a church here. It is uncertain at what period Cashel first became the head of a bishoprick; indeed, its early history is involved in much obscurity, and has been a fertile source of hypothetical inquiry. Some writers assert that Cormac Mac-Culinan, King and Bishop of Cashel, who was killed in his retreat from battle in 908, either founded or restored the Cathedral, by building on the rock of Cashel an edifice now called Cormac's chapel, one of the most interesting architectural remains in the kingdom; but its erection is, with greater probability, ascribed by others to Cormac MacCarthy, the pious King of Desmond. In 990 this place was fortified by Brian Boru, who rebuilt thirteen royal houses and palaces in Munster, one of which is still pointed out at the corner of Old Chapel-lane, in this town. Until the year 1101, the buildings on the rock of Cashel were merely such as composed the "Dun," or royal residence, or the "Carsoil," or habitation on the rock of the kings of Munster; the cathedral probably occupied some other site. In that year, according to the Annals of Innisfallen, Murtogh O'Brien convened a great Assembly of the clergy and people of Cashel, in which he assigned over to the bishops that hitherto "royal seat" of the kings of Munster, and dedicated it to God, St. Patrick, and St. Ailbe. The same annals record that, in 1127, Cormac Mac Carthy, king of Desmond, erected a church here (the chapel above noticed), called from him "Teampul Chormaic," which in 1134 was consecrated by the archbishops and bishops of Munster, in the presence of the nobility and clergy. A new church was built in 1169, on the site of the present cathedral, by Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick, who endowed it with lands, and converted the church founded by Cormac into a chapel or chapter-house on the south side of the choir of the new edifice.

Hen. II., on landing at Waterford in 1172, marched to Cashel, where he received the homage of the above-named Donald O'Brien; and in November of that year he summoned a general synod of the Irish clergy, which was also attended by those Irish lords who submitted to his sway, and at which Christian, Bishop of Lismore, the Pope's legate, presided. This assembly acknowledged the sovereignty of Henry; and of the ordinances enacted by it, one exempted the persons of the clergy from the jurisdiction of civil courts in criminal cases, and their lands from all secular taxes; and another enjoined a perfect conformity of the Church of Ireland with that of England. Henry, during his stay here, bestowed on the archbishop and chapter the city of Cashel, with a large tract of the adjoining country. After his departure, Richard Strongbow led an army to this place against the native princes of the west, and encamped here, awaiting the arrival of reinforcements from Dublin, which being defeated at Thurles, he was compelled to retreat precipitately to Waterford. In 1179 the town was burnt; after its restoration, Donat or Donchad O'Lonorgan, who succeeded to the see in 1216, erected it into a borough. Hen. III., in 1228, remitted to Archbishop Marian and his successors the new town of Cashel, to be held of him and his heirs in free, pure, and perpetual alms, discharged from all exactions and secular services. Sir David le Latimer, seneschal to Archbishop Marian, founded an hospital for sick and infirm poor, in honour of St. Nicholas, which was afterwards given to a society of Cistercians introduced by Archbishop David MacCarvill. In 1243 a Dominican friary was founded by Archbishop David Mac Kelly, which being destroyed by an accidental fire was rebuilt by Archbishop Cantwell, who was constituted both patron and founder by an instrument dated at Limerick about the year 1480; and in 1250 Archbishop Hacket founded the Franciscan friary. Hore Abbey, called also "St. Mary's Abbey of the Rock of Cashel," was originally founded for Benedictines; but Archbishop MacCarvill having dreamt that the monks had made an attempt to cut off his head, forcibly dispossessed them of their house and lands, and gave the whole of their possessions to a body of Cistercian monks, whom he brought from the Abbey of Mellifont, in the county of Louth.

In 1316, on Palm Sunday, Edward Bruce came hither with his army from Limerick, and proceeded to Nenagh; and in 1372 a parliament was held at this place. In 1495, during the baronial feuds, Gerald, Earl of Kildare, influenced by hostile feelings towards David Creaghe, then archbishop, set fire to the cathedral, and in the presence of the king subsequently defended this outrage, in answer to the accusations of his persecutors, on the ground that he would not have destroyed the building had he not thought that the archbishop was in it at the time. On the termination of the insurrection headed by the Earl of Tyrone, this place, with others, surrendered at discretion, in 1603, to the lord-deputy Mountjoy. Lord Inchiquin advanced against it from the siege of Cahir, in 1647; the inhabitants took refuge in their church on the rock, which was well fortified and garrisoned. Inchiquin proposed to leave them unmolested, on condition of their contributing £3,000 and a month's pay for his army: this offer being rejected, he took the place by storm, with great slaughter both of the soldiery and citizens, among whom 20 of the R. C. clergy were involved; and after having

secured the immense booty of which he obtained possession, dispersed his forces into garrison. In 1690 the adherents of King William who had been wounded in the attack on Limerick, were hospitably received by the inhabitants of Cashel, whose humane attention induced the king, on the bridge of golden, about four miles distant, to renew their charter by letter, which is still in the possession of the corporation.

The town is situated on the mail-coach road from Dublin to Cork, about two miles from the river Suir, in a fine open country. The town, as previously noticed, was erected into a borough, about 1216, by Archbishop Donat, who gave burgage tenements to the burgesses ,and is said to have also conferred on them the same privileges as were enjoyed by the burgesses of Bristol, reserving to the see a yearly rent of 12d. out of each burgage. Archbishop Marian, in 1230, granted the town to the provost and twelve burgesses, except only the shambles, then situated behind the present shambles, and the great bake-house in John-street, subsequently called Cunningham's Hall: he also granted them free pasture in all his lands (except meadows, corn, and manors), and empowered them to hold a hundred court and a court baron for hearing and determining pleas, reserving out of these grants only small chief-rents. Rich. II., in 1378, confirmed all the priviliges of the corporation; and other charters, chiefly confirmatory, were granted by Archbishop Roland in 1557, and by Queen Elizabeth in reward of their dutiful conduct, in 1584. Chas I., in 1637, granted a new charter, ordaining that the town or borough should be called the "City of Cashel;" and two years after, another which is now the governing charter. James II. seized the franchises into his own hands, pursuant to a decree of the exchequer, and subsequently granted a charter which is now considered void: their ancient rights and privileges were restored to the corporation by King William, as before stated. In the "New Rules" of 25th Chas. II., for regulating corporations in Ireland, it was ordained that the appointment of the mayor, recorder, and town- clerk should be subject to the approbation of the lord-lieutenant and privy council. The corporation, under the style of the "Mayor, Aldermen, Bailiffs, Citizens, and Commons of the City of Cashel," consists of a mayor, aldermen (limited by the charter to 17 in number), two bailiffs, and an unlimited number of commons, aided by a recorder, town-clerk, two serjeants-at-mace, a sword-bearer, and a crier; a treasurer is also appointed. The mayor is elected annually on June 29th, by the court of common hall, and is one of three persons nominated by the aldermen from among themselves, but the choice may be extended to the citizens and commons, at the discretion of the aldermen; he is sworn into office on Sept 29th, and, with the concurrence of three aldermen, has power to appoint a deputy during illness or absence. The aldermen, on vacancies occurring, are chosen from among the freemen by the remaining aldermen, and hold office for life. The recorder, according to practice, is elected by the mayor and aldermen, but the charter gives the power to the entire body; he holds his office during good behaviour, and may appoint a deputy. The bailiffs, by the charter, are eligible from among the citizens, one by the mayor and aldermen and one by the corporation at large; according to practice, they are elected annually on June 29th in the common hall from among the freemen, on the recommendation of the aldermen. The town-clerk is elected annually with the mayor and bailiffs; the sword-bearer is eligible by the whole body, and holds his office during good behaviour; and the serjeant-at-mace and the crier are appointed by the mayor. The freedom is obtained only by gift of the mayor and aldermen, who are the ruling body of the corporation, and have the entire management of its affairs. The city returned two members to the Irish parliament until the Union, since which it has sent one to the Imperial parliament. The right of election was vested solely in the corporation, but by the act of the 2nd of Wm. IV., cap. 88, has been extended to the £10 householders of an enlarged district, comprising an area of 3,974 acres, which has been constituted the new electoral borough.

The rock of Cashel is an extraordinary mass rising on every side with a precipitous and rugged elevation, and consisting of concentric strata of limestone; the remains of the ancient structures by which it is crowned have an imposing and highly romantic appearance. Among these, "Cormac's Chapel," standing in a line parallel with the south side of the choir of the cathedral, is one of the best-preserved buildings of that age in the kingdom; the walls and roof are of stone, the latter finely groined. The entrance doorway is a Norman arch richly moulded and ornamented with zig-zag and head-work; above it is a device in bas relief of a centaur shooting at an animal with a bow and arrow; the groining of the roof springs from low pillars with capitals variously ornamented. At the eastern end is a large recess, separated from the western part by a circular arch highly enriched and ornamented with grotesque heads of men and animals: within this recess is another of smaller dimensions, probably intended for the altar. The walls of each portion of the building are relieved with blank arches, and the pilasters from which they spring have been richly ornamented with various devices. A window has been recently opened by the Rev. Archdeacon Cotton, which has rendered visible some very ancient painting in fresco in the recesses of the walls; fourteen stone figures, representing the twelve Apostles and others, have also been discovered. The exterior walls of the chapel are, on the south side, ornamented with blank arches supported by pillars with grotesque heads; and attached to the building is a square tower, strengthened with bands of masonry and similarly ornamented. The "ancient cathedral," now in ruins, was a spacious cruciform structure, with a central tower supported on pointed arches, and generally in the early English style of architecture; it is in several parts embattled, and with other features of a military character presents a venerable and singularly picturesque appearance. But it is more striking as a grand and well-broken mass, than remarkable either for the elegance or richness of its details. The only monument worthy of notice is that of Archbishop Magrath, who is represented in a recumbent posture; it bears the date 1621, and was erected by himself about one year before his death. On the south side of the cathedral is the vicars' hall; and at the eastern angle of the north transept is an ancient round tower, in a very perfect state of preservation, its stone roof being still entire; the several stages were lighted by windows, of which the ledges are still remaining; the original doorway has been walled up, and another opened leading into the cathedral. The Dominican friary, situated in Moor-lane, was, after its dissolution, granted in perpetuity by Henry VIII. to Walter Fleming, "in capite," at the annual rent of 2s. 6d.: this was one of the noblest buildings of the order in Ireland, and considerable remains of its spacious cruciform church may yet be seen between the rock and the main-street. At a short distance from the town are the remains of Hore Abbey. At the back of Friar-street formerly were the remains of the Franciscan monastery, the site of which is partly occupied by the R. C. chapel; after its dissolution it was granted, in the 31st of Hen. VIII., to Edmund Butler, Archbishop of Cashel, to be held by him "in capite" at the annual rent of 2s. 10d. On the ascent to the cathedral is a stone, on which, according to tradition, the Kings of Munster were annually inaugurated. This place gives the titles of Viscount and Earl to the family of Moore, Earls of Mountcashel.

(To be Continued.)

HOPE.

(From the German of Francis de Gaudy.)

Like the dew upon the flow'r,
Is hope within the breast;
And with sanctifying pow'r,
It softens us to rest!
In the struggle of stern life,
Through the world's tempestuous strife,
'Tis the heaven op'ning o'er us—
And bright and true before us
Shines the star that loves us best!

As the plant upon the mountain,
That to the bare rock clings;
As a sunbeam through the fountain,
A glorious halo flings;
So is hope, whate'er our nature,
Changeful heart, or rugged feature,
Smiling through our tears of sorrow,
Rainbow of a sunnier morrow,
'Tis a gem 'neath limpid springs!

Weak and feeble, doubting ever,
Trembling, boasting, mortal heart!
Hope forsakes thee, wholly, never—
Though all else around depart!
Like the spider, daily weaving
Webs that fate may be deceiving,
Made, to be as soon destroyed,
Hopes may vanish ere enjoy'd,
But sweet bliss they can impart!

The first volume of "The Cambridge Modern History," planned by the late Lord Acton, is due on November 1, and at least one volume of Lord Acton's Cambridge lectures will be published by Messrs. Macmillan during the autumn.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

LAVENDER GINGHAM.

BY ELIZABETH M'CRACKEN.

Jeannette was in a hurry, but she lingered at the gingham counter. She ignored the probability that she would be half an hour late for luncheon, to which her Aunt Maria, who could not tolerate tardiness, was invited. She even forgot that she had meant not to be late, so absorbed was she in a quaint little country girl and a quaint old man, presumably her grandfather, who stood also at the gingham counter, earnestly and carefully selecting two dresses for the little girl.

Jeannette could not help hearing their discussion as to the prettiest colours and patterns. In fact, she lingered because she did hear, and because she was very much concerned lest the little girl should choose an alluring lavender and white check, which both she and her grandfather evidently regarded with deep admiration. Jeannette was sure that the lavender would fade.

Jeannette had, almost to a fault, a keen personal interest in the smallest detail of the welfare of other persons. Her Aunt Maria described it as "a fondness for putting her fingers into other people's pies." Her brother Fred said as graphically that Jeannette liked to "put in her oar"; and even her loyal and cherished mother said that her daughter had a delightful and sweet, if sometimes just a little over zealous, habit of offering advice.

Certain it is that Jeannette stopped strange children on the street and advised them to button their jackets, lest they take cold, or pointed out the superiority of peppermint drops over chocolate creams. And she gave her little sister Elsie so much advice as to the spending of her weekly allowance that the poor child usually ended by not spending it at all. As Jeannette said, this really was good for Elsie—it taught her at one and the same time economy and the value of knowing her own mind. Jeannette knew her own mind so well that she never listened to those hints of her family about pies and oars, although she did listen to, and sometimes remembered, her mother's occasional warning.

She remembered it now, but she was none the less agitated. The little girl and the old man were fingering the lavender gingham. Jeannette was more and more certain that it would fade.

"That lilac piece is really pretty, Sereny," said the old man, approvingly.

"Yes, grandpa," said the small girl, "it is, and I love that colour; it's just like violets."

"It will fade," said Jeannette to herself. "I know it will fade!"

"That pink and white stripe's real pretty, too, deary," said the old man. "Seein' as you're going to have two, why don't you get that for one? Your ma used to wear them pink and white stripes when she was your age."

"Did she really?" said the little girl. "Then I will: it is real pretty. I'll take five yards of this pink and white stripe," she said, primly, turning to the clerk, "and I think I'll take some of this lavender and white check, too; wouldn't you, grandpa?"

"I think I would, deary," said the old man; "it's real pretty."

This was too much for Jeannette. She touched the little girl lightly on the shoulder. "I think that lavender will fade," she said in a low tone.

The little girl looked up in surprise. She stared at Jeannette for a moment; then she said, gravely, "Do you think it will?"

The selection of the two new dresses was a serious and weighty matter to her. That a charming girl should see this did not seem at all remarkable to the little girl, or, apparently, to her grandfather.

"Do you think it will, miss?" the old man said, anxiously, to Jeannette.

"Yes," said Jeannette, "I am almost certain it will. Lavender is my favourite colour, and every summer I have a lavender gingham shirt-waist, and every summer it fades the first time it is washed."

"How dreadful!" said the little girl, in sympathetic tones. "I've always wanted a lavender dress, and I've never had one," she added, wistfully. "Does it always fade?"

"Well, I don't suppose it always does," said Jeannette, "but all the lavender gingham shirt-waists I've had did. Why don't you get blue That won't fade. My little sister always had blue and pink, too. My mother says there's nothing nicer for a little girl," she continued, comfortingly.

The little girl's face brightened, and the old man regained his cheerfulness. "Just hear that, Sereny! Now I remember your ma used to wear blue at your age; and grandma, she'll like it, deary."

"Grandma said I could get what I liked," Serena explained to Jeannette. "Grandma says I'm big enough now to choose my own dresses," she proudly added.

Jeannette smiled. "Well, then, you surely don't want to choose anything that will fade."

"Oh, no!" said Serena, decidedly. "I guess I'll get some blue," she said to the clerk.

"We have a blue with a pattern just like that lavender," he said, kindly.

"Have you?" exclaimed Serena and her grandfather in one delighted breath.

The clerk produced it, and it was regarded with approval and even enthusiasm. The clerk measured off five yards, and gave the two parcels to Serena. The grandfather paid the little bill, and they turned away, after thanking Jeannette for her kindness.

"Don't mention it," said Jeannette. "I just told you because I knew you would be sorry if you did get it and it faded."

"I would have been," said the little girl, earnestly, "and the blue is almost just as pretty."

Jeannette smiled at them, as she hurried home to luncheon—for which she was so late that the family and her Aunt Maria were just leaving the dining-room.

"My dear," whispered the mother, reproachfully, "you might have been in time—especially when you knew Aunt Maria was going to be here! Aunt Maria thinks, anyway— –"

"That you haven't brought me up properly?" said Jeannette, kissing her mother on the dimple in her cheek.

Her mother laughed, but she said, reproachfully, "You might have come before we were quite finished."

"I know it," agreed Jeannette. "I know it. I meant to, but something so out of the ordinary happened that I really couldn't help being late."

"Then I will forgive you," said her mother, "but you must be particularly nice to Aunt Maria to make up for it."

Jeannette succeeded so well that her Aunt Maria decided that she was, after all, not so improperly brought up as she had feared. Fortunately she did not stay very long, or Jeannette might have spoiled this good impression by relating her newest adventure. The door had hardly closed upon her aunt when she rushed to her mother and told her about Serena and her grandfather, and the lavender gingham.

"Why," exclaimed her mother, as Jeannette paused, "I was at that very same counter this morning, and, my dear, I bought some lavender and white checked gingham for you for a shirt-waist! I don't think what I have will fade."

"Where is it?" gasped Jeannette.

Her mother brought it, and they opened it. It was the identical gingham that little Serena and her grandfather had so reluctantly left unbought!

They laughed until the rest of the family hurried to the spot in alarmed surprise, to demand an explanation. The more they explained, the more they laughed.

"Anyway," said Jeannette, at last, "I still think it will fade. I hope it will!"

"Jeannette!" they all remonstrated; but Jeannette insisted. "Imagine how I shall feel if it shouldn't—but it will!"

She could hardly wait to make it into a shirt-waist; and when it came home from the laundry the first time, the family seized the box containing it, and almost tore it to pieces in their eagerness to see the contents. It had not faded!

Jeannette played golf in it; she wore it at the seashore; it did not fade. She wore it the entire spring, and everyone said: "How fortunate you are with that waist! It hasn't faded a bit!"

It had not; it would not! To Jeannette's eyes it became more and more lavender. Her remorse was so keen that when, one day, Elsie asked what she should buy with twenty-five cents that Fred had given her for "caddying" all the afternoon, she said: "My dear child, don't ask me! I give no more advice!"

"My dear," her mother said, "you are not to blame. You meant kindly, and it might have been expected to fade. Anyone would have hesitated, and especially before getting it for a child. The blue was far better, and lavender is so uncertain."

"It certainly is," said Jeannette. "But that little girl wanted it so! I have no way of finding out where she lives. They were just in for the day from the country. She never will know—and she might just as well have had it!"

Jeannette actually went to the gingham counter not a few times that summer, vaguely hoping to find Serena and her grandfather. She looked at all the little girls and all the old men she saw on the street. She wore the lavender shirt-waist whenever she could wear it, hoping that it would suddenly fade.

"I really think it would, if I should ever see Serena when I had it on," she said, pensively. "It couldn't have the audacity not to."

She did not see Serena; but one day, when she happened to be wearing the lavender gingham, and to be riding in an open car, she saw Serena's grandfather! There was no mistaking the old man. She precipitately left the car at the next stop, went quickly down the street, and touched the old man's arm.

"Do you remember me?" Jeannette asked, breathlessly.

The old man gazed at her blankly for an instant; then he smiled. "Well, well. who'd ha' thought it?" he said, in pleased recognition. "If you ain't the one that helped Sereny buy her dresses, and kept her from getting that lilac that would ha' faded!"

"But it didn't!" said poor Jeannette. "It didn't fade!"

Then she told the old man the whole amusing story, and even called upon him to witness the flaunting colour in her shirt-waist. He chuckled and laughed, and said, "Who'd ha' thought it!" at least six times; and laughed again, and looked at Jeannette's waist.

"Sereny liked them dresses she got," he said, "but she always sort of hankered for that lilac gingham."

"She must have it!" said Jeannette, with decision. Do let me get it for her! It will be such a comfort to me!"

The old man did see how much it really would comfort her. He went with her to the gingham counter; and with the aid of Jeannette's shirt-waist, they actually matched the lavender and white check, and Jeannette bought five yards of it, and sent it with her love to Serena. Then she hurried home to tell the family.

In a few days she had a sweet little letter from Serena. "It's just like a story!" wrote Serena joyfully in her postscript.

"With a moral," added Aunt Maria." Which is—keep your fingers out of other people's pies."

"Oh, no!" said Jeannette's mother. "The

moral is, if you must put your fingers in at all, put them in as far as they will go."

"Well, anyway," said little Elsie, "you and Serena have both got something lovely to tell and think about whenever you wear the lavender gingham—"

"Which won't fade!" Jeannette added.

HARMOSAN.

(From the German of Platen.)

The throne of the Sassanides was shatter'd on the ground,
The Moslem hand thy hoard of wealth, O Ctesiphon, had found,
When Omar to the Oxus came, through many a bloody day,
And Jesdegerd, the Persian king, among the corpses lay.

And as the Arabian caliph to count the spoil began,
Before him came a satrap, bound—his name was Harmosan:
The last was he to quit the field, where many fell in vain,
Or yield his sword; but now his hands were fastened with a chain.

Then Omar darkly frowned on him, and thus the victor said:—
"Know you how crimson is the hand that faithful blood hath shed!"
"My doom awaits your pleasure now—the power is on your side—
A victor's word is always right!"—so Harmosan replied.

"I have but one request to make, whatever fate be mine—
For these three days I have not drunk—bring me a cup of wine!"
Then Omar nodded, and his slaves brought presently the cup,
But, fearing fraud, suspiciously the captive held it up.

"Why drink you not? the Mussulman would ne'er deceive a guest:
You shall not die till you have drunk that wine—'tis of the best."
The Persian seized the cup at once, and cast a smile around,
Then dash'd the goblet down—the wine ran streaming o'er the ground.

As Omar's chieftains saw the trick, they drew with savage frown,
Out from their sheaths the scimitars to cut the Persian down;
But Omar cried—"So let him live! Faithful, put up the sword!
If aught on earth is holy still, it is a hero's word!"

THE LEAD PENCIL INDUSTRY.

Concord, Mass., is the home of the American lead pencil, according to a recent census bulletin. The first one was made there in 1812. The war with Great Britain, and the consequent interruption of imports, did much to stimulate the inventive genius of the American colonists and to give a start to infant industries. The lead pencil was one of the incidents. The scarcity of pencils, and their consequent high price, inspired a cabinet-maker named William Monroe to try his hand at making them. His cabinet business was very dull, also, in consequence of the war. So he procured a few lumps of black lead and pulverised it in a spoon and encased it neatly in wood. The pencil was not very good, and he went back to his trade. But, as he did not like to be beaten, he experimented every day for a few hours in an effort to reach more satisfactory results. After four months he got a better mixture of lead, and on July 2nd, 1812, he went to Boston with thirty pencils. They found a ready market, and his purchaser urged him to make more, and agreed to take all he made at a certain price. So he worked for eighteen months making pencils. Then his graphite gave out, and he could not get any more. At the close of the war he resumed business, doing his mixing himsel in a little room in his own house, to preserve the secret of his trade. In ten years he had acquired considerable skill, and supplied much of the home demand. There are now five pencil factories in the United States.

CELT AND MARTU.

By J. F. LYNCH.

Professor Sayce ("The Early History of the Hebrews," pp. 42-3), says: "When the Babylonians first became acquainted with Western Asia in the fifth or fourth milennium before the Christian era, the inhabitants of Syria were mainly of the Amorite race. Syria, accordingly, and more especially that part of it which is known to us as Palestine, was called in the old agglutinative language of Chaldœa "the land of Martu or 'the Amorite,'" a word which has survived in the Book of Genesis under the form of Moreh. When the older language of Chaldœa made way for Semitic Babylonian, Martu became Amurru, and Hadad, the supreme Baal or sun-god of Canaan, became known as Amurru, "the Amorite." By the Egyptians the Amorites were termed Amur; and, as has been already stated, the Egyptian artists have shown us that they were a fair-skinned people, with blue eyes and reddish hair; and that they were also tall and handsome, and wore short and pointed beards. In fact, they resembled in features the Libyans of Northern Africa, whose modern descendants—the Kabyles of Algeria—offer such a striking likeness to the golden-haired Kelt. The Amorite type may still be seen in its purity among the Arabs of the El-Arish desert, who inhabit the district between the frontiers of Palestine and Egypt; many of the latter, as we see them to-day, might well have sat for the portraits of the Amorites depicted on the walls of the old Egyptian temples and tombs. It would seem that the Amorite race, fair and tall and energetic, once extended along the northern coast of Africa into Asia itself, where they occupied the larger part of Southern Syria. There they have left behind them cromlechs (stone circles) and dolmens, which remind us of those of our islands. Indeed, if the Amorite were the eastern branch of the Libyan race, it is probable that he could claim kindred with the so-called red Celt of Britain. The physiological characteristics of the Libyan and fair-haired Kelt are similar; and many anthropologists assume the existence of a Libyo-Keltic or "Eurafrican" family, which has spread northward through Spain and the western side of France into the British Isles. We owe the term "Eurafrican" to Dr. Brinton (see his "Races and peoples, 1890," Lecture iv). For the relationship of the Libyan and the Kelt, see my address to the Anthropological Section of the British Association, 1887.

I have also been informed by Colonel Conder, who has made a special study of the language of the Berbers or Libyans, that it is closely connected with the language of the ancient Egyptians, and Fr. Muller and Maspero long ago recognised the relationship between the Libyan and Semitic languages. The rude stone monuments which Professor Sayce credits to the fair-haired race were, it appears to me, erected by an older race, the short, dark-haired, and long-headed race. It is possible and highly probable that the fair-haired race erected stone circles and dolmens, but the earlier rude stone monuments of Syria, Arabia, Libya, France, and the British Isles must be credited to the dark-haired race. In Ireland there were three races in the pre-historic period; two of these races were Celts, and the third and oldest race were Iberians, who, it seems to me, must be equated with the Cynetes or Cynesians, stated by Herodotus (ii., 33; iv., 49) to be the farthest people of Europe towards the west. These Iberians must, I think, have been of non-Aryan origin. In a stone circle on Knockadoon, in the year 1869, were found a skull and bones of this old race by Professor Harkness, and his description of these I take from an old Cork newspaper, which gives the address on Lough Gur delivered by Professor Harkness before the Cork Cuvierian and Archæological Society, April, 1869.

"On the eastern side of Lough Gur is a hill called Knockadoon, on which there are also stone and earth circles. These, as compared with those at Grange, are small in size, and have only a slight elevation. In one of these Mr. Day, F.S.A., Mr. John Fitzgerald, and myself, discovered, at the distance of half a yard from the surface, human remains. In one case these consisted of some of the bones, together with the skull of a young person from six to eight years of age. The skull was of a very curious type, consisting of a broad head with a very low upright forehead, and a very flattened crown. The upper jaw was very oblique, and the lower jaw had the molar angle much more obtuse than appertains usually to individuals of the age indicated by the skull. In another cist where human remains were found, these were enclosed in a stone cist little more than four feet long, the sides being composed of upright flagstones, and a flag of the same nature forming the cover of the cist, but not completely. These bones were found lying so as to indicate that the body had been nearly placed in a north and south direction. Judging from the character of the skull, this seems to have appertained to a race approximately most nearly to the modern Finns or Lapps."

This skull is now in the Museum of Queen's College, Cork, where it was placed by Professor Harkness. I was informed by Edward Fitzgerald, brother of John Fitzgerald, that the skull was found in the middle circle of the three stone circles on Knockadoon. This circle is, I think, due south of the eastern pinnacle of Knockfinnel, and in the circle, and south-east from the centre of the circle is a small pillar stone. The Buachaill Breige of Ludden hill stands in a stone circle, and is south-east from the centre. A short distance to the west of this circle is a stone circle, but without an enclosed pillar stone, and a little to the north, and close to the shore of the lake, is a flagstone named from King Rudhraighe, and some distance south of the flagstone is the Suidheachan of the Beantighe.

THE CORK FORESTS OF SPAIN.

The cork forests of Spain cover an area of 620,000 square miles, producing the finest cork in the world. These forests exist in groups and cover wide belts of territory, those in the region of Catalonia and part of Barcelona being considered the first in importance. Although the Cork forests of Estremadura and Andalusia yield cork of a much quicker growth and possessing some excellent qualities, its consistency is less rigid, and on this account it does not enjoy the high reputation which the cork of Catalonia does. In Spain and Portugal, where the cork tree, or Quercus suber, is indigenous, it attains a height varying from 35 to 60 feet and the trunk to a diameter of 30 to 36 inches. This species of the evergreen oak is often heavily caparisoned with wide-spreading branches clothed with ovate oblong evergreen leaves, downy underneath, and the leaves slightly serrated. Annually, between April and May, it produces a flower of yellowish colour, succeeded by acorns. Over 30,000 square miles in Portugal are devoted to the cultivation of cork trees, though the tree actually abounds in every part of the country. The methods in vogue in barking and harvesting the cork in Spain and Portugal are virtually the same. The barking operation is effected when the tree has acquired sufficient strength to withstand the rough handling it receives during the operation which takes place when it has attained the fiftieth year of its growth. After the first stripping the tree is left in the juvenescent state to regenerate, subsequent strippings being effected at intervals of not less than three years, and under this process the tree will continue to thrive and bear for upwards of 150 years.

FORTS AND FAIRIES.

A COMPILATION.

BY E. J. RYAN.

PART II.—Continued.

4. MYTHS, SUPPOSITIONS, AND CONJECTURES.

A phenomenon called a sheegeebha, or fairy wind or blast, is a whirlwind, or sudden rush of wind, which in a general calm on a fine day in summer blows with considerable force, disarranges moveable objects in its track, and, raising up a cloud of dust, suddenly disperses. The occurrence is supposed to be caused by fairies hurling on the place, or passing through the air. People dislike to be enveloped in such a wind, as it is looked on as very dangerous. It is related that some persons who were so situated were found, when the phenomenon had passed, to have been blackened on the body and injured in health. It is said that the beings present in a sheegeeba can be discovered by the human eye looking through a film of spittle formed in a loop made of a straw, but that such temerity results in the loss of sight to the eye.

A person sleeping in the open air is considered liable to be "struck," but by making a cross of blades of grass, or any convenient material, and lying over it, safety is said to be ensured. It is said that bones and grass have been removed from sores on persons' limbs, as the result of fairy malignity. People do not like to pick or lance a sore or make it bleed for fear of the fairies making it worse.

It is thought that some of the fallen angels, only for expecting salvation at the last day, would do immense harm in the world. They did not lose their natural power, and would, unless restrained by God, do incalculable mischief to man. But there seems to be no doubt that God sometimes even commissions the evil spirits to execute His just judgments against sinful men. All temporal harm, however, is not the work of fallen angels, for even good angels raise storms and inflict injury, as agents of God.

A person who lives to an uncommonly old age, or lingers very long with any strange disease, is often believed to be a fairy replaced for the real person gone to the good people.

It was the general idea that a new-born child, before Baptism, or even the mother herself, might be carried away, and some other bulk left instead. A fairy child left in place of a human infant taken away is called a changeling.

There is an impression that the fairies occasionally take away a human being altogether under the appearance of death, leaving one of their own order instead, or without any such expedient. To one of these supposed cases reference is made by the poet:—

> A mother came when stars were paling,
> Wailing round a lonely spring;
> Thus she cried, while tears were falling,
> Calling on the fairy king:
> "Why with spells my child caressing,
> Courting him with fairy joy;
> Why destroy a mother's blessing,
> Wherefore steal my baby boy?"

In the poem of "The Fairy Thorn," the author, alluding to the four maidens, of whom Anna Grace was one, says that in the dreamy evening, under a power of faint enchantment,

> They hear the silky footsteps of the silent fairy crowd,
> Like a river in the air, gliding round,
> And that the terror of the other three is wild,
> For they feel fair Anna Grace drawn silently away;
> By whom, they dare not look to see!

It is thought that a person taken away by the fairies sometimes confers benefits on others, and that occasionally such a one finds opportunity of making known how a release from them may be effected(56). People say that substitutes left for persons taken away may be got rid of by putting them on the fire, or by throwing them out with a shovel.

There is an awful belief that every seven years the fairies are obliged to deliver up a victim to the evil one, and to save their own people they try to abduct some beautiful young mortal girl for the purpose. Children, too, are said to be carried off for the sacrifice.

The sign of the cross is made on the mouth on yawning to prevent the fairies from entering.

When a person's hair is cut, people prefer to have it burned rather than thrown out, lest the fairies should obtain influence over the owner by its means.

People think that the milk of a newly-calved cow is at times required by the fairies, but by making use of some of it immediately it is preserved. Often on such occasions people make pious use of holy water and a blessed candle.

When domestic animals, especially horses or cows, shake or stretch themselves, people sometimes spit slightly at them and say "God bless them," to save them from fairy influence.

Any article falling or disappearing, and not easily found, is said to be required by the fairies.

People say that the fairies do no harm unless offended in some way, and that they cannot do harm without having a human being with them. They like generosity in their regard by not gathering or not using food or drink to the last atom, and care for their supposed requirements. They desire the hearth to be free for them at a reasonable hour, and to have clean water in the house. It is related that people staying late at the kitchen fire at night have been told by voices of invisible beings to leave the fireplace and go to bed. Some people have a dislike to throw out at night water in which feet have been washed, or any soiled water, for fear of offending the fairies. When leaving feet-water inside, a little fire is put into it to nullify possible fairy interference.

The fairies dislike whistling at night in order not to be disturbed in their music, but singing at night is said to be good.

It is supposed that the fairies are male and female, and possess qualities which are applicable to human beings alone. Their object in abducting a human female is sometimes to procure a wife for the fairy king. Children of such a union are supposed to be of a strange mystic nature, generally famous in music and song. Young human mothers are thought to be specially desirable to the fairy people for nursing purposes.

Mention is made of the fairy food and drink: they live on the nectar in the flower-cups, and they are said to delight in good wines of human make. The Scots have a saying that when sun shines through falling rain, it is a sign that the fairies are baking.

The fairies are supposed to dress in green, with red jackets, and round red caps bound on the head with a green fillet, symbolic, perhaps, of the alleged hope, the punishment, and the lost glory of the fallen angels.

They are said to make horses out of bits of straw, on which they ride. The cave fairies, it is thought, can assume many forms, but the human qualities attributed to fairies generally arose probably from the idea of their human origin. Religion is foreign to them, but in regard to sex, Milton says that

> Spirits, when they please,
> Can either sex assume, or both; . .

and

> in what shape they chose,
> . . . . . .
> Can execute their airy purposes,
> And works of love or enmity fulfil.

The term "Michaeleens" applied to the fairies, signifies little Michaels, and may have reference to the humiliation of the expulsion of the fallen angels by St. Michael, the Archangel.

The idea of the diminutive stature of the fairies may have reference to the fall of the angels, or to the fact that spirits have no dimensions. It may refer also to the dwindled estimate of the Tuatha De Danaans, or to the traditional small stature of the Picts, both sometimes considered as fairies. They are not, however, invariably represented as of diminutive size.

5. LOCATION OF FAIRIES IN FORTS.

There is a traditional feeling—pretty extensive in Ireland—that the forts are inhabited by fairies(57). There is, moreover, sufficient reason for believing that on account of Pagan practices in ancient Ireland, fallen angels had, as fairies, a special location in old forts, and that, even after the abolition of Paganism, those spirits continued to hover about them.

At the coming of St. Patrick some traces remained of an ancient idol-worship, probably dating from the time of the Tuatha De Danaans, more than two thousand years before. Druidism prevailed even in the time of the Tuatha De Danaans, and continued long after the coming of St. Patrick. We are told that the most sacred rites of the Druids were performed in the depths of oak forests or of caves, and that the Tuatha De Danaans were devoted to the phallic worship.

Besides idols there were worshipped natural objects and topical spirits. The sun and the moon were worshipped in Pagan Ireland. Fairies were worshipped as local deities by the ancient Irish. Even the Tuatha De Danaans, considered in after ages as fairies, were likewise worshipped as gods. The heroes of one cycle of colonisation seem to have become the gods of a succeeding cycle. It was on hills that the worship of the sun was celebrated by the Irish of an early age.

The ancient Irish divided the year into summer and winter—Samrath, beginning with May; and Gheimrath, also called Sam-fuim, or summer end, beginning with November.

There were four great festivals: the 2nd February, devoted to Saturnalia, and observed even in Christian times until the ninth century, when it was abolished by the Pope, on account of the excesses into which it had degenerated; May eve and May day, called La-Beltaine, the day of the Baal fires, because the fires of Baal, the sun-god, were lit by the Druids, the festival being sacred to the sun; Midsummer, for in ancient times the sacred fire was lighted on midsummer eve; La-Samnah, November eve, sacred to the moon; it was called the Samhain, being the feast of the moon, and was considered also the day of the dead and demons. La Beltine is explained also as the day of the ring, that is, the year. Ireland's three high gatherings were: the congregation of Uisnech, at Beltane (May day), the convention of Taillte, at

(56) One plan is said to be that, when the fairies are approaching, if you cast the dust that is under your feet against them, they are obliged to release any human being with them.

(57) When the race of chieftains died out, it is said, the sidhe crowded into the forts.

FLYING FROM FAMINE.



IRISH EMIGRANTS ON BOARD SHIP IN 1850.

The above engraving, showing the scene between decks on an emigrant ship is copied from the "Illustrated London News" of July 6th, 1850.

Lammas (first of August), and the feast of Tara, at Samhain.

The two most important festivals were La-Beltaine, and La-Samnah. The first of November was dedicated to the spirit that presides over fruit and seeds, and was called also, La-mas-abhal, the day of the apple fruit. May eve was the most memorable(58).

Now, the Psalmist says that all the gods of the Gentiles are devils, for the devils dwelt in the statues of the gods, and all the creatures and idols which the heathens worshipped, were only the visible instruments which Satan made use of to deceive them, and he considered the worship which was given to these idols as given to himself. St. Paul says that "the things which the heathens sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils and not to God." This expression is in agreement with Deuteronomy, which, referring to the chosen people of God, says that "they sacrificed to devils and not to God: to gods whom they knew not."

St. Cyprian, Martyr, Archbishop of Carthage, for the greater part of his life a Pagan, proves that the heathens often worshipped the devils themselves. The prince of devils was called Beelzebub, from a famous idol of the Accaronites.

St. Gregory Thaumaturgus very often cast out devils from the statues of the idols.

In ancient annals it is recorded that when St. Patrick was destroying "Crom Cruach(59) and his sub-gods twelve," at Magh Slecht(60), or the plain of adoration, in the present county of Cavan, all the people saw the demon, which St. Patrick sent to hell.

The instinct of natural religion and of worshipping some object is so universal throughout the human family that it may reasonably be assumed that the Pagans inhabiting the forts did not neglect to practice superstitious rites there. This is strengthened by the fact that forts are considered to have served as places of public worship. We learn that the Tuatha De Danans practised magic or the black art, that is, performed wonders—not real miracles—by the agency of the devil(61).

Like the incorrectly supposed case of the round towers, the poet's words, slightly altered, may in reality be applied to the forts:

"How many different rites have these ancient landmarks known!"

This state of matters would be most agreeable to the wicked spirits, as it would be the most effectual means of putting human souls in their power. "It is to be remarked,"

(58) The Phoenician name of Baal, Baol, Beal, or Bel, was applied to the sun also called grian, in reference to the worship of the fire god by the heathen Irish. The words in reference to the festivals are variously spelled: Baal-Tinne, Lá Baal Tinne, Beltaine, Bel-taine, Belltaine, La Beltaine; La Samnah, La-Samnah, Lá Samnah, Saman, and Samhain. The moon festival is succeeded by the Catholic All Hallow Eve. The month of May is Bealtaine. November was also sacred to the sun, on account, perhaps, of its declination into winter. "Snap-apple" sports on November eve may be a relic or substitute of the old idea. There is a tradition that St. Patrick transferred the fires to St. John's Eve, 23rd June, to give them a Christian significance. These are now called bonfires. They are sometimes lit on 28th June, the Eve of Saints Peter and Paul, as well as on the eve of "good St. John." Even in modern times, May eve and May day were notable for the practice of pishogues, or the transference of another's property by unlawful means.

(59) There were two Croms: Crom-dubh, the black Crom, or the black idol; and Crom-cruach, the red or bloody Crom. Crom-cruadh means also the great worm, the serpent idol,—a relic of an Eastern rite. The Sunday next following, 4th August, is called at Croagh Patrick, Crom Dubh Sunday, in memory of the overthrow of the old Pagan deity or idol, the demon-god Crom. Downugh Cromdu means the fair or pattern of Cromdu, but he was probably Criomthaun, the second Christian king of Cashel, Co. Tipperary, where the fairs were held on 26th March, and 7th August.

(60) Also, Moy Slaught.

61) The Druids are said to have had supernatural power over the forces of nature, and by their incantations could produce natural phenomena—drought, storms, mists, fire, and even showers of blood, but they were not the priests of any god. It is also stated that the Fianna had no gods.

says Rutter in his "Life of Christ," "that the city of Gadara was yet [at the time of the possession of the swine] immersed in idolatry, as appears from Josephus, and, therefore, the odour of its sacrifices offered to devils could not fail of being highly grateful to them. Moreover, it is the greatest pleasure of these wicked spirits to continue here among mankind in order to tempt them to sin, and thus involve them in their own miserable damnation." The same would apply equally to Pagan Ireland, and especially to the scenes of its superstitious Pagan practices.

Facts of which we are aware strengthen the idea of the local habitation of evil spirits, some in places congenial to their malevolence.

We are told that besides the spirits of the air, "others again are located in various parts of the earth." It is recorded that some evil spirits were confined in deserts, and that the deserts of Egypt were infested by such beings. The Thebaid in Upper Egypt was noted for such occurrences. It is mentioned in the Book of Tobias that "the angel Raphael took the devil [Asmodeus], and bound him in the deserts of Upper Egypt," that is, took away from his power of hurting, both the taking and the binding being spiritual.

The devil, Legion, besought Our Lord, "that He would not drive him away out of the country" of the Gerasens, nor send him into the abyss.

"The city of Neocaesarea," says Butler in the "Lives of the Saints," "was . . . so miserably addicted to superstition and idolatry, that it seemed to be a place where Satan had fixed his seat." In a heathen temple there the devils declared to the idolatrous priests that they could stay there no longer, being forced away by St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, who had taken refuge in the temple on the proceeding day from violent rain.

Martin Luther—the precision of whose statements affords in these matters a test of their reliability—says:—"There are places which the devils bodily inhabit. Prussia has many of those devils. Not far from Lucerne, in Switzerland, and on the summit of a high mountain, there is a pool called Pilate's Pond, where the devil resides in a terrible manner(62). In my own country there is a pond similarly placed. If you throw a stone into it there is a terrible storm, and the whole country around trembles. It is the prison of many devils." Besides,

There are more things in Heaven and earth, . .
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

The idea that the forts were built by the fairies may have arisen from the supposed human origin of the fairies, or from their supposed habitation of them.

6. OTHER SUPPOSED LOCATIONS.

Fairies are supposed to live also in certain subterraneous habitations or palaces in the interior of pleasant green hills, and were hence called Aes-sidhe, or Duine-sidhe, people of the sidhe or fairy hills or mansions. The meaning of the word sidhe, siodha, includes the habitations supposed to belong to these beings, in the hollows of the hills and mountains(63). Sometimes the hills themselves are called by the Irish, sidhe or siodha. The Siodh-Dune, or the Mount of Peace, is also a favourite resort of the fairies. It is an ancient place where the Druids in the old times used to retire to pray.

The Tuatha De Danaans were also called Shiveras(64), and the remnant of them who, it is believed by many people, took refuge in caves, are called cave fairies. They were supposed to dwell likewise on the green hills and in the silver lakes. In these places, it is said, they still exist, practise magic, and by their enchantments are safe from death until the judgment day. Each fairy hill is supposed to have its tutelary deity. Fairies are besides supposed to live under great rocks or sepulchral cairns. Solitary whitethorns and sometimes trees are also considered to be the resort of fairies. Fairy rings, or specially green circles in fields, are thought to be the fairy dancing places. The ideas of such topical residence or association may have arisen from the human origin ascribed to the fairies, or from the chambers known to have been constructed, or from the ancient habitations. The fairy castles or mansions, although generally built in ancient forts or raths, are moveable at pleasure. Their ideal country is the Tir-na-noge(64a), the land of perpetual youth, where they live a life of joy and beauty, never knowing disease or death till the judgment day. In their mansions and grounds the fairies, it is assumed, have great splendour, luxury, and amusement. The shifra, as the fairy palace in the heart of the hills is called, has its walls built of crystal, gold, and silver, with the pavement of gold; and the banquet hall is lit by the glitter of diamonds that stud the rocks. The entrance is concealed, but may be discovered by walking nine times around a fairy rath at the full moon.

All their surroundings as well as themselves are usually invisible to human eyes(65). It is said, however, that occasionally human beings have obtained glimpses of both, and obtained knowledge from the fairies. Those human beings who have, as it is thought, been taken away by the fairies, partake of their luxury, and sumptuous food and drink. Some persons are supposed to be "going with the fairies," that is, associating with them for part of the time, and for the remainder living the ordinary mundane existence. These, too it appears, enjoy a view of the fairy splendour. Sometimes the fairy spell is upon them, and the young men who have once heard the fairy harp become possessed of the spirit of music(66). Even doctors and midwives are sometimes, it is said, summoned for temporary professional visits to the fairy people. To partake of the food or drink or money offered by the fairies puts one, according to a popular idea, in their power. But gifts asked and received from them usually turn, it seems, to some useless trifle, sometimes grass or leaves or dust, surely Dead Sea fruit when clutched.

The notions of splendour supposed to be enjoyed by the fairies may have reference to the glory of heaven, lost by the fallen angels.

Although they have been given youth, beauty, joy, and the power over music, and all the mysteries of nature, they are often sad, for they remember they were once angels in heaven, and

now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments them.

They meet every seven years at the Siodh-Dune to perform the act of lamentation for having been cast out of heaven.

A mournful envy of humanity on account of its prescribed destiny further darkens their existence, and notwithstanding their seeming but unreal grandeur and pleasures,

One minute of Heaven is worth them all.

The fairies are supposed to change quarters on November eve, and people sometimes imagine that their passage through the air can be heard. It is supposed to be a night on which aerial sprites are peculiarly active.

On May eve the fairies wander abroad. If a young man listens to the sweet song of a siren at this season he is in danger of being allured into fairyland.

Whitsuntide is considered to be an unlucky season on account of fairy influence at that time.

(To be Continued.)

(62) Neither history nor tradition is unanimous regarding the fate of Pilate, the Roman governor or procurator of Judea, Samaria, and Idumæa, from 26 to 36 A.D. One account of the procurator is that when at the Crucifixion darkness covered the face of the earth, the Emperor Tiberius at Capri becoming alarmed, made inquiry, and hearing of the tragedy of Calvary, ordered the execution of Pilate. He, pleading ignorance, prayed to Our Lord, and a voice from heaven responding, gave him an assurance similar to that given to the thief on the cross, Pilate's wife dying at the same time with joy on account of the blessed manifestation. Another account is that Pilate perished miserably by his own act. Eusebius says he committed suicide in exile in Vienne, in Gaul. An ancient legend states that his body caused the greatest commotion when thrown into the Tiber, and the same result arising elsewhere, it was finally sunk in a deep and lonely pool on Mount Pilatus, overlooking Lake Lucerne, and the pool is darkly associated with his fate.

(63) A fairy mansion is sometimes called sia-brog.

(64) Or, sifra.

(64a) Tir-na-n-oge was the Elysium of the Pagan Irish.

(65) Places supposed to be frequented by the fairies are called gentle, as are likewise several herbs which are said to be under their influence.

(66) This was the case with Carolan, who acquired his skill by sleeping on a rath at night, when the fairy music came to him in his dreams, and on awaking he played the airs from memory,

Surpassing mortal sound.

One by putting his ear close to the ground at night can hear the sweet fairy music rising up from under the earth.

THE COLOUR OF WATER.

It has been shown that the colour of surface water depends both on the character of the neighbouring vegetation and on the time that the water remains in contact with it. Water near steep rocks, where there are few trees, will generally be below twenty units in colour; steep wooded or cultivated slopes give twenty to fifty units; similar, but gentler slopes, from five to 100, and swampy areas, 100 to 500, or even higher. Coloured water is gradually bleached by sunlight, the action taking place chiefly within one foot of the surface. The study of colour in water is of commercial importance, because most people object to drinking brownish water. Hence, in a town water supply the colour must either be removed or its formation must be prevented. The latter is often the most economical thing to do, and it may be accomplished by intercepting the water from the uplands and leading it into the streams without letting it pass through the swamps. Filtering through sand will not remove the colour from water, and even clay will take it out but partially. Generally, the water must be altered, chemically, as by mixture with sulphate of aluminum, which coagulates the colouring matter. The colour may also be removed by oxidation, as with permanganate of potash, or by ozone; but this method is not much in use at present. The question is largely one of aesthetics, as natural colouring matter in water is rarely harmful.

Mr. Elkin Matthews is to publish an interesting "find," which consists of a diary kept by Edward Williams, the friend of Shelley, who was drowned with him. Any new and intimate light upon Shelley, such as this diary is likely to supply, cannot fail to be of extreme interest. Dr. Garnett is to write an introduction to the volume.

SOME IRISH MUSICIANS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

STORY OF DOCTOR COGAN.

(By "W.," in "Irish Penny Journal," 1841.)

In this grave cigar-smoking age of ours, in which Irishmen exhibit so little of the love of fun and merriment—the drolleries and escapades which distinguished them in preceding ages—it is a pleasant thing to us septagenarians to look back occasionally to our youthful days, and call up from the storehouse of our memories the merry men whom and whose merry freaks we were either familiar with, or at least had heard of or seen. One of these choice spirits is just now present with us in our mind's eye, and we are certain that we have only to mention his name, to bring him equally before a great number of our Dublin readers. We mean the late musical doctor, John Cogan. There now, Dublin readers, some thousands of you at least have the man before you, though many of you are, unfortunately, too young to have heard his exquisitely and delicate hands on the piano, extemporising with matchless felicity upon "Garryowen" or some other melody of old Ireland; or participated in his playful and always inoffensive merriment and good humour. Even the youngest of you, however, must surely remember the little man—little, indeed, in size, but every inch of him a gentleman, who but a few years since might be occasionally seen taking an airing, when the sun shone on him, in Sackville street, sometimes leaning on his servant's arm, and at others driven in his pony-phaeton, which his prudence in youth had enabled him to secure for his days of feebleness and old age. That pleasant intellectual countenance, bright and playful as his own music even to the last, has disappeared from amongst us; but the memory of such a man should not be allowed to die, and we will, therefore, while in the vein, devote a column of our Journal to a sketch of one of the many incidents remembered of his long life, as illustrative in some degree not only of his character, but also of that of society in Dublin during the last century.

From what we have already stated, it will have appeared that Doctor Cogan was not only great as a musical performer, but also as a performer of innocent waggery. It would, indeed, have been difficult to determine in which performance he excelled, or whether he most loved his music or his joke. He was not only a good theorist, but loved a bit of harmony intensely, and a laughing chorus was his prime delight. These he would often accompany or direct as occasion required, to heighten the pleasure of a musical treat, when he rarely neglected a happy opportunity of introducing some vivace movement of his own composing, provided he could previously prepare a score of good fellows capable of performing effectively the several parts assigned them in it, which among his apt compeers was rarely a difficult task. A lover of good cheer and hospitality, which he both gave as well as partook of with a true Irish spirit, it was a settled point with the Doctor that brother professors should at all times live in harmony with each other, and receive brotherly encouragement; nor were such feelings of an exclusively national character, but extended equally to foreigners coming to Ireland, who, if at all known to fame, were sure of receiving a friendly and cead mile failte reception at his hands. If, it is true, he could on such occasions indulge in a little innocent joke by playing off a specimen of Irish counterpoint at the expense of such visitors, it was so much the more agreeable to him, as in the following instance of the concerted movement which he got up to do honour to the celebrated violinist, Pinto, who visited our city about sixty years since. But before we detail the circumstances attendant on this reception, it is necessary that we should tell our worthy readers something of the person who was selected by the Doctor to play a leading part—the principal fiddle—on the occasion; and the more particularly as the name is unknown to the great majority of the present generation, and almost forgotten by the few who may still survive him.

The person we allude to was Robert Meekins, or, as he was familiarly called, "Bob," a violinist of great tavern-playing notoriety in his day. Like his brother professors, the harpers of the last century, of whom Mr. Bunting has given us such characteristic anecdotes. Bob was a thoroughly Irish musician in every sense of the word; and though, as we believe, he had never travelled out of Dublin, his native city, few were found to equal him on his instrument either in tone, execution, or expression of feeling. From the earliest period of his musical studies, however, he had indulged in a wild and extemporaneous mode of practice, which proved most injurious to his professional career in after life, and, unfortunately for him, being an inveterate hater of dry study, Bob more frequently wetted his whistle than he rosined his bow. Under the influence of such bad practice, he became at last incurably vicious, and rarely kept within reasonable bounds, either in the way of drinking or fiddle-playing. Indeed, whatever command poor Bob retained over his instrument, he had none over himself. Leader after leader sought to curb him in his wild extravagance of style, in the vain hope of diverting his great natural musical powers into legitimate courses: but Bob would never be led, and as to driving him, that was found to be equally impracticable. He would go his own way and no other. He would read concerted music, not as it was intended, but as he thought it should be. His passion for obligatoes was unconquerable, and he rarely arrived at an ad libitum that he did not avail himself of it with a vengeance; and thus, while his brother musicians were attending to the pauses, perfectly content with the single note before them, an impromptu cadence would be heard meandering through a chord, telling of Bob's wanderings, and he the while so absorbed as to be equally heedless of the elbow-punchings of his neighbours, the authority of his leader, or the intentions of the composer. No composer, indeed, came up to his fancy—entirely; something was always wanting, and his fingers were ever upon the alert to supply that something which was not set down for him: and should a remonstrance come from the leader, it but too frequently produced a presto movement on the part of Bob, leaving a vacancy in the orchestra to be filled up as it might, at the shortest possible notice. Vain of his powers, and scorning restraint, his kicks against orchestral rule became beyond all bearing, and so he was himself at last kicked out from all decent musical society. Thus finding himself alone, he naturally turned solo player, and became one of the lions of Dublin, drawing nightly crowds to the taverns he frequented, where he could indulge his love for flights of fancy to his heart's content. But, unfortunately for him, in this new sphere he was enabled by the liberal contributions of his admirers to indulge also without restraint that more fatal passion for drink which had proved his bane through life, leading him step by step, as usual with reckless characters, to an untimely and degraded grave. It is generally believed that poor Bob Meekins died from the effects of intemperance in some wretched doorway in an alley of our city.

Such, then, was the person selected by Doctor Cogan to perform a principal part in the little musical drama which he had prepared for the reception of the great foreign violinist of the day, and the place chosen for its performance was the once celebrated hotel or tavern called the Pigeon-house, which at that period was the common resort for the meetings or departures of friends to or from England by the Holyhead packets. Thither accordingly the Doctor and his musical companions repaired, to await the expected arrival of the Signor, and ordered dinner with the determination that he should be their guest. It is not necessary to dilate upon the reception given to the brother professor, or to particularise all the good things that were said, sung, and eaten upon the occasion. It is sufficient to say that every thing passed off in true Hibernian style, to the astonishment as well as gratification of Pinto, who was delighted to find himself surrounded by so many new and warm-hearted friends, each keeping up the tide of merriment by a rapid circulation of the bottle amid the joyous flow of song, jest, and laugh. But where was Bob all this time? He was placed in an adjoining passage awaiting a silent signal, and being primed for action, was impatient for the moment of attack upon the excitable nerves of the delighted Italian. This signal was at length given, and so effectually arranged were the parts given to each of the Doctor's apt pupils, that as the soul-thrilling tones of Bob's violin vibrated through the room, it seemed to produce no other effect upon their ears than a sotto voce expression of displeasure, or forzando of horror. All this seemed quite spontaneous, and was at the same time so judiciously managed as to allow the instrument to predominate over the voices, and thus enable the practised ear of Pinto to discover in the invisible minstrel a master spirit— nor did the well-timed crescendo of "Turn the scraping villain out," "Curse the noisy blackguard," etc., etc., arrive at its climax, until Bob's varied and expressive execution had fairly bewildered the poor Signor with amazement. To him, indeed, the scene was one as unusual as it was unexpected; and when silence was somewhat restored, he eagerly asked in his broken English whence the tones had come; and truly ludicrous were the varied expressions of the Italian's intellectual countenance on being assured by the Doctor and his assistants that the performer who had so enraptured him was a rascally itinerant fiddler, who gained a precarious livelihood by scraping at taverns. The effect may easily be imagined. The Signor insisted upon seeing him; and when Bob's whiskey face and tattered habiliments became visible, Pinto sat fixed in mute bewilderment, conjuring up in his excited imagination the apparition of a Meekins at the corner of every street; and the success of the Doctor's joke was complete, when the poor Italian, with a forlorn and chopfallen visage, was heard to mutter, "Lit-el fid-el— lit-el fid-el—you call—if dis lit-el fidel, me go back, me no use!"

A simultaneous burst of laughter was the response to these hurried and broken accents of surprise and chagrin. But enough was effected, and in quick compassion for poor Pinto's feelings, he was at once made to understand the whole contrivance, on which he laughed as loudly as any of the merry Irish group around him. The scene of joyousness was kept up to an early hour, during which Mr Meekins occasionally revelled in the music of his own dear land, to the increased delight not only of the Signor, but of all present on the occasion.

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS:

Compiled from Authentick Memoirs, Offices of Record, Manufcript Collections, and other Unexceptionable Vouchers,

By THE LATE WALTER HARRIS, ESQ.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

A.D. 1650. This summer the plague (which began the year before) raged most violently in Dublin.

In December this year the Marquis of Ormond went to France, leaving the Marquis of Clanrickard lord deputy.

A.D. 1651, July 12. The last battle fought in this war was at Knocknaclashy, where the Irish were utterly overthrown by the parliament forces.

Nov. 26. Ireton died at Limerick, and Lieutenant-General Ludlow was made commander in chief of the army by the commissioners at Dublin.

A.D. 1652. A high court of justice was erected in Dublin by the commissioners of the parliament, for the trials of such as were accused of the barbarous murders committed by the Papists in the rebellion, in which Sir Phelim O'Neil and others were condemned and executed. Courts for the same purposes were erected in other parts of the kingdom.

A.D. 1653, Sept. 26. It was declared that there was an end of the rebellion

A.D. 1654. Fleetwood is made lord deputy.

A.D. 1655. Henry Cromwell is made commander in chief, but in the civil government others were joined in commission with him.

A.D. 1658, Sept. 3. Oliver Cromwell dies; upon his death, the new protector, Richard, made his brother, Henry Cromwell, lord lieutenant of Ireland.

A.D. 1659, May 7. After Richard's resignaion, the parliament sent over Jones, Tomlinson, Corbet, and Berry to govern Ireland.

A party of general officers inclined to the restoration of the king, in January this year surprised the castle of Dublin and the commissioners of government, which done, they declared for a free parliament, and upon the petition of the mayor and aldermen of Dublin, summoned a convention.

A.D. 1660. They accept his majesty's declaration from Breda, and concur to his restoration

Sir Hardress Waller seized the castle for the parliament, but was obliged to surrender it after a siege of five days.

The restoration accomplished.

King Charles II. complimented the city of Dublin with a collar of S. S., and bestowed a foot company to Robert Dee, the then mayor. The same year, Doctor Michael Boyle and eleven new bishops were consecrated all together in St. Patrick's-church.

A.D. 1661. A parliament was summoned, Sir Audley Mervin speaker, which gave the Duke of Ormond £30,000. He was appointed lord lieutenant, and sworn the year following.

A.D. 1663. Alexander Jephson, Mr. Blood, Colonel Abbot, Major Warren, and several other discontented adventurers and soldiers formed a plot to surprise the castle of Dublin; but the Duke of Ormond, then lord lieutenant, received notice of their design from the earl of Orrery and Sir Theophilus Jones, to the latter of whom Jephson had discovered it on the 19th of May at Lucan, endeavouring to persuade him to join in the design; and the discovery prevented any attempt; four persons were executed for it.

A.D. 1665. The chief magistrate of Dublin was honoured with the title of lord mayor, Sir Daniel Bellingham being the first that bore that character, and the king granted to the city £500 per annum for ever, to support that dignity.

A.D. 1666, June 11. The Popish clergy met in a national synod at Dublin.

Sept. 27. Edmond Reiley, titular archbishop of Armagh, is sent prisoner to England.

The second court of claims sat at Dublin disposing of lands by lot to the officers of forty-nine.

Oct. The lord lieutenant and council consider about sending 105,000 bullocks for the relief of London, lately burnt.

A.D. 1667. The king, being alarmed with reports of a French invasion, the militia of the city of Dublin, and of all other parts of the kingdom, were raised, arrayed and armed, and those of Leinster rendezvouzed on the Curragh of Kildare, while those of Dublin did the same within the city.

A.D. 1668. The spire of St. Audoen's steeple was blown down by a storm, and broke the roof of the church.

A.D. 1669, Sept. 18. John, Lord Roberts, Baron of Truro, landed at Howth, was met at Young's-castle by the lord mayor, recorder, aldermen and commons. After Mr. Recorder had congratulated his safe arrival, presented to him the sword, cap of maintenance, mace, keys of the city gates, &c., but his lordship refused to receive the same till he was sworn lord lieutenant of Ireland, which was done the same day.

A.D. 1670, March. A great storm happening at new moon, with great winds and rain, the wind at S.E., the water overflowed the bank at Ringsend, Lazer's-hill, and over Mr. Hawkin's new wall up to the college, and flowed very high into the city, which overthrew some houses and laid many cellars and warehouses under water.

April. John, Lord Berkeley, Baron of Stratton, lord lieutenant of Ireland, landed at Ringsend and was sworn the same day.

This spring, the lime-trees were planted on each side the walks round St. Stephen's green, the walks gravelled, and the green levelled and trenches made to carry the water away, which much annoyed the green.

This year there was a long wall of stone built at the south side of St. James's-gate to convey the water to the new cistern, and new leaden pipes were laid through the city, much larger than the former, for conveyance of the water, which was all done at the city charge.

The foundation of St. Andrew's-church was laid, and the church built at the charges of the parishioners and by bountiful contributions of many well disposed persons.

June 10. John, Lord Berkeley, lord lieutenant, mustered the whole army of horse and foot of Ireland on the Curragh of Kildare, and in the meantime committed the safe keeping of his majesty's castle and city of Dublin to the lord mayor and city militia (a).

Sept 3. This year at the charges of the commissioners of the customs, an exchange place was made in the garden of Cork-house, very convenient with buildings erected on pillars to walk under in foul weather, where merchants and others met every day at the ringing of the bell to treat of their business.

This year the spire of St. Audoen's-church was rebuilt, and all the church new roofed, at the charge of the parishioners and other well-minded persons, but the new spire is neither so high or stately as the old, which was blown down by an outrageous storm about two years before.

Eight new bells were put up in St. Patrick's-steeple, six in Christ-church (at present there are eight), and five in St. Katherine's-church.

The hospital for decayed citizens children, commonly called the Blue-coat hospital [of which more hereafter] was erected this year in the city of Dublin. The same year the Wooden-bridge over the

(a) The lord lieutenant's warrant to the lord mayor:—"After our hearty commendations to your lordsh'p, wee, having appointed a redezvouz of the army at the Curragh of Kildare on the twentieth day of the next month, to which place the guards of horse and foote now in this cittie are to attende. And wee haveing great confidence of the good affection of your lordship and this cittie in generall to his majesty's service, have resolved to comitt not onely the guard of the cittie but of this castle also, dureing our absence, to you and the militia forces under your command, of which we pray and require you to take notice, and cause the several officers of the traine bands to putt themselves and the men they command in readines to take up them the guard of the place, when we shall draw out his majesty's forces now here, wherein wee desire your care, and that due watch and competent guards be kept for the safety of this castle and cittie, and for your furtherance therein wee have appointed major John Griffin to attend you from time to time and receive and give out your orders. And soe wee bid you heartily farewell from his majesty's castle of Dublin, the 20th of June, 1670. Your lordship's very loveing friend,

"JO. BERKLEY."

To our trusty and well beloved the lord mayor of the cittie of Dublin.

ELLIS LEIGHTON.

Liffey, commonly called Bloody-bridge, was built.

A.D. 1671. The apprentices of Dublin assembled themselves riotously together with an intention to break down the Wooden-bridge, twenty of whom were seized and committed to the castle; but afterwards as a guard of soldiers were carrying them to Bridewell, they were rescued, and four of them killed in the fray, from which accident it took the name of Bloody-bridge.

May 20. About two of the clock in the morning a fire happened in the store-house, commonly called the parliament-house, in the castle, and burnt the house, with muskets, pikes, match, and armour therein to the value of some thousands of pounds, but by God's providence the powder was before removed to Cromlin.

Dec. 26. Being St. Stephen's-day, at a stage play at the great theatre in Smock-alley, the upper gallery fell down (being burthened by the multitude of people therein) into the pit, by which three persons were killed and many wounded; the play then acting was "Bartholomew Fair."

A.D. 1672, Sept. 24. Arthur, Earl of Essex, lord lieutenant, and the council made rules and orders for the better regulating the corporation of the city of Dublin, and electing of magistrates and officers in it, pursuant to a clause in the act of explanation of the act of settlement. By these orders, commonly called the "new rules," the constitution of the city received some alterations. For I., upon the election of a lord mayor, sheriffs, recorder, or town clerk of Dublin, the approbation of the chief governor or governors of the kingdom and the privy council was made necessary, which before was not required; and if the person elected and presented be not approved, that then they shall go to a new election, and present again, and so toties quoties until an approbation be had. II. That the election of a lord mayor, sheriffs, and treasurer of the city (which formerly was in the representatives of the people at large) was now vested in the lord mayor and aldermen, eight of whom were to be present at the election. III. The treasurer, sheriffs, and other receivers of the city revenues were yearly to account before auditors of the city, or a quorum of them, for such purpose assigned, which account was to be taken within six months after the expiration of their respective offices; and they were to pay over such monies as they received to the treasurer for the time being, under pain of disfranchisement by the lord mayor and aldermen, or usual quorum of them, and, in case of neglect, by the chief governor or governors and privy council. IV. The oaths of supremacy and allegiance, together with that called the "little oath," were appointed to be taken by all persons elected lord mayor, sheriffs, treasurer, aldermen, town-clerk, or the common-council, or master of wardens of any of the corporations or guilds, under pain of incapacity to hold such places; and upon refusal to take such oaths, the election to be void; yet a dispensation reserved in the chief governor or governors. V. Whereas the common-council of the city did consist of a lord mayor and twenty-four aldermen, who usually sat together in one room by themselves, and of sheriffs-peers not exceeding forty-eight persons, and of ninety-six others elected out of the guilds or corporations of the city, who usually sat together in one room by themselves, and were usually called the commons of the city, among whom the sheriffs for the time being presided: by these new rules it was ordered that the common-council of the city should consist of the lord mayor and twenty-four aldermen, who, or any eight or more of them, with the lord mayor, should continue to sit apart by themselves, and also of the sheriffs, who are to preside among the rest of the common-council, and of the sheriffs-peers, not exceeding forty-eight in number, and of ninety-six other persons to be chosen out of the guilds or corporations which said ninety-six were to continue only common-council men for three years. And further, that such guilds should some time in November at the end of every three years elect double the number usually chosen out of such guilds, and by the master and wardens present their names to the lord mayor in such month, who in the presence of one of the sheriffs and eight of the aldermen, should before the 24th December following elect out of them the number usually serving in the common-council for each such guild, which persons shall be of the common-council three years, and upon death or removal the guild to present two others, one of whom to be chosen; the persons so elected, with the sheriffs-peers, so as there be forty or more present, shall sit and vote and act in the general quarter and other assemblies of the commons. Upon neglect or refusal of the guilds within said times to elect, or the master or wardens to return, or the refusal of the persons elected to serve, then the election out of such guilds is to devolve on the lord mayor and aldermen, or usual quorum; and no others to be of the commons, besides the sheriffs, who are still to preside among the commons, and the said sheriffs-peers and ninety-six persons. Any pretending to be of the the commons, before such election, to be disfranchised by the lord mayor and aldermen, or the usual quorum of them. Yet this rule does not debar the lord mayor, aldermen, and common-council of their former power of changing the numbers of their common-council, and of distributing the same among other corporations, so as the whole number exceed not ninety-six, and they be presented and elected as aforesaid. VI. All strangers, foreigners, and aliens, as well others as Protestants, being merchants, traders, artizans, artificers, seamen, or otherwise skilled or exercised in any mystery, craft, or trade, or in the working or making any manufacture, or in the art of navigation, shall be admitted freemen of the city, or of any guild or fraternity of the same, upon payment or tender of 20s. to the lord mayor and common-council, and, if they desire it, of any guild, during their residence in this kingdom, and shall be denizens, they taking the oath of allegiance, and other oaths taken by freemen, and paying like charges as other freemen, upon pain of disfranchisement of the lord mayor, &c., for refusal, and rendering them incapable (without the government's licence) of being freemen or members again: and such stranger on tender of 20s. and taking the oath of allegiance before a justice of the peace of the county of Dublin, shall be a freeman, and free of any guild by taking the freeman's oath before such justice, and paying such charges as aforesaid. The hinderers or interrupters of such strangers in their business to be disfranchised.

(To be Continued.)

IRISH NEWS IN 1837.

(From "Tate's Magazine" of that Year.)

The National Association have unanimously passed a resolution against Lord Lyndhurst, which must render it difficult for him ever to hold office as a Minister. It was moved by Mr. Boyce, a Protestant gentleman of large fortune in Wexford, and seconded by Mr. O'Connell:—"That it having been ascertained that Lord Baron Lyndhurst has asserted in his place, as a member of Parliament, that the great overwhelming majority of the Irish people are aliens in blood, aliens in language, and aliens in religion from the British people, we deem it a sacred duty, solemnly, and in the face of the entire British nation, to proclaim our deep conviction that the said Lord Lyndhurst is an enemy to the Irish people, at the same time to the peace of Ireland, to the stability to the connection between those countries, to the liberty of the people, and the safety of the throne."

Another victim has been sacrificed to the Moloch of tythes. Patrick Dwyer, who was imprisoned for tythes due to the Rev. Mr. Coore, a clergyman of Kildare, lately died in jail. An immense funeral procession attended his corpse from Dublin to Kildare. Dwyer has left a wife and family, for whom we hope the establishment will provide.

The proceedings of the Irish Court of Exchequer, in issuing writs of rebellion for the recovery of tythes, has been established to be erroneous, the defenders not having received the various notices previous to the issuing of the writ they were by law and immemorial practice entitled. The consequences of this blunder to the clergymen on whose behalf the writs were issued, will be most serious. Several hundreds of these writs have been issued, lives have been sacrificed in executing them, sales have taken place, and numerous persons have been imprisoned in virtue of them. All the persons aggrieved have, of course, good actions for damages against the plaintiffs.

Several attempts have been made to effect tythe sales; but in not a single case has any article been sold. During the last eighteen months upwards of 20,000 persons have been prosecuted for non-payment of tythes.

The run on the Irish banks has stopped. A letter from Mr. O'Connell, as governor of the National Bank, had a considerable effect in producing this result. The run appears to have originated with the Tories for a political purpose.

The O'Connell subscription raised in Great Britain to assist in defraying the expenses incurred by the Dublin Election petition, has been closed, and the net account remitted to Mr. O'Connell is £8,419 15s. 9d. The justice rent amounted to from £300 or £400 a week. The Tory tactics of defeating their antagonists, by involving them in expense, are not, therefore, likely to be attended with success.

The Dublin election cost the Carlton Irish purse £46,000, the greater proportion of which was expended in bribery.

LITERARY NOTES.

The life of the late Lord Dufferin is to be written by Sir Alfred Lyall, who will make a complete study of the papers and correspondence at Clandeboye.

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It was stated in the "Academy" of April 26 that a reproduction of the cottage at Alloway in which the Scottish national poet was born was to be a feature of the St. Louis World's Exposition. It has just been decided by the Burns' Cottage Association of America that a replica of the "Auld clay biggin'" will require the aid of a statelier monument of Scottish history properly to equip the Scottish corner of the World's Fair at St. Louis. The needed addition is to be a replica of Stirling Castle.

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A book called "The Comic Side of School Life," made up of the blunders of boy and girl pupils, has been sufficiently successful to induce the publishers, Messrs. Jarrold and Sons, to make a venture with a book on the odd feats which foreigners execute in their speaking English. "Plain English" is the title of this book of foreigners' English. Its examples are drawn from all parts of Europe. The compiler quotes some amusing mistakes made by foreigners in drawing up English advertisements.

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The "Westminster" has been fortunate beyond its deserts in getting up a correspondence on the legitimacy of saying "different than." This is the sort of controversy which really should be settled not by the pen of the ready writer, but by determination and a pickaxe. "Different to" is a colloquialism, which excites purists to natural frenzy, and many who are not purists, but like the pose, to an apoplectic fury which is not natural, though occasionally fatal. But no sensible being doubts what is meant by it. "Different than" is merely meaningless. Besides comparatives, there is only a limited list of words which take the construction with "than." Two of them are "other" and "otherwise." Both are very good English words. "Different" is a good word, too, though Latin. But it is no synonym for either of the others.

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Vanishing Newgate, besides its chronicles of crime, has other interest for newspaper readers, and above all for newspaper proprietors and writers. Among "the early martyrs to freedom," to quote the language of one who has written its chronicles, was Daniel Defoe, who, however, learnt by the easy way in which the irony of his "Short Way with Dissenters"—hanging for preachers and banishment for congregations—deceived both High Church and Dissenters, the way to write "Robinson Crusoe." But he had to pay dearly for the lesson, three times in the pillory, 200 marks' fine and imprisonment. Then the Rev. Lawrence, having called George I. a usurper, was fined £500, imprisoned three years, whipped twice, and stripped of his gown. To say nothing of Thomas Paine and other "martyrs," the record brings us to John Wilkes. Nor can the "Times" forget that its founder, Mr. Walter, was imprisoned for alleged libels against three Royal Dukes. And the soldier has reason to remember with gratitude William Cobbett, who was fined £1,000 and sentenced to two years' imprisonment for protesting against corporal punishment in the Army.

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The enormous spread of Free Libraries in America is thought by some observers to be a serious menace to the book-selling and publishing trades. The pith of the argument is, of course, simply this, that if readers can borrow new books at a merely nominal expense, they will not buy them. We are by no means convinced, however, that this must follow. The more the appetite for reading is increased by wholesale lending, the more will the desire to buy and possess books be increased. The whole subject bristles with difficulties, and depends on figures and ratios which are not, and cannot be, produced. We can (remarks the "Academy") only say that if the effect of Free Libraries is to be the killing of the book habit, then these institutions are a doubtful blessing. Already, we think, they foster a most regrettable tendency to borrow many books instead of to purchase a few. The true book lover detests borrowing from Free Libraries, except it may be for purposes of temporary research, and it is hardly too much to say that the ultimate mission of the Free Library is to render itself unnecessary.

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They never lose sight of popular novelists in America. When printers cease from troubling and publishers are as much at rest as they ever are in this vale of hustle, American readers are punctiliously informed of the movements and next literary intentions of the writers they love or are requested to love. In the New York "American and Journal" we collect some breathless news of these good people. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, it seems, is spending the summer at his cottage at Tenants' Harbour, Me. His new book, "A Sea Turn and Other Matters," will be out in the fall. Arthur Butler Hulbert, author of "The Queen of Quelparte," which will be published in September, is bicycling abroad with his wife. Mary Johnston, "whose 'Audrey' is having such a phenomenal sale," is spending the summer at her home in Virginia at work on another book. Margaret Deland, author of "Old Chester Tales," is at her summer home in Kennebecport, Me., busily engaged on a series called "Twentieth Century Talks to Women." Onoto Watana, author of "A Japanese Nightingale," "soon to be dramatised on a more magnificent scale than 'Ben Hur,'" is in Oil City, Pa., where she is preparing further material for a Japanese story.

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The "Academy" remarks:—So we have at last a British Academy for the Promotion of Historical, Philosophical, and Philological studies. Three of the signatories to the petition to the King published last January—Lord Acton, Mr. S. R. Gardiner, and the Rev. A. B. Davidson—have since died. The others, with the addition of Lord Rosebery, whose name has been added to the list, have now the privilege (the King having been pleased, acting upon the advice of the Privy Council, to accede to the petition) of passing into history as the first forty-nine Fellows of the British Academy. Their names are:—The Earl of Rosebery, Viscount Dillon, Lord Reay, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. John Morley, Mr. James Bryce, Mr. Lecky, Sir William Anson, Sir Frederick Pollock, Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, Sir Henry Churchill Maxwell-Lyte, Sir Courtney Ilbert, Sir Richard Jebb, Dr. Monro, Dr. A. W. Ward, Dr. Edward Caird, Dr. H. F. Pelham, Dr. John Rhys, Rev. George Salmon, Prof. J. B. Bury, Prof. S. H. Butcher, Prof. Ingram Bywater, Prof. E. B. Cowell, Rev. William Cunningham, Prof. Rhys Davids, Prof. Albert Dicey, Rev. Canon S. R. Driver, Prof. Robonson Ellis, Mr. Arthur John Evans, Rev. A. M. Fairbairn, Rev. Robert Flint, Mr. J. G. Frazer, Mr. Israel Gollancz, Mr. Thomas Hodgkin, Mr. S. H. Hodgson, Prof. T. E. Holland, Prof. F. W. Maitland, Prof. Alfred Marshall, Rev. J. E. B. Mayor, Dr. J. A. H. Murray, Prof. W. M. Ramsey, Rev. Canon William Sanday, Rev. W. W. Skeat, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Whitley Stokes, Rev. H. B. Swete, Rev. H. F. Tozer, Prof. Robert Yelverton Tyrrell, Prof. James Ward.

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The granting of this charter by the King signifies, we suppose, that certain appeals for an Academy of pure literature, which should include poetry, fiction, and belles lettres have not been considered. The demand for such an Academy is certainly not general, and we doubt if poets, novelists, and essayists could present to the King the organised front shown by their brothers in history, philosophy, and philology. The new British Academy is just what it is. Its connection with literature, in the persons of such members as Mr. Leslie Stephen and Mr. John Morley, is accidental.

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In the "Westminster Review" Mr. James Arthur Gibson has a pleasantly naive and buoyant article called "On becoming Possessed of a Library." Through long and strenuous years in which England and books were far from him, Mr. Gibson looked forward to the time when he should live in the country and browse on books. When a few months ago he returned home to fulfil this ambition and was already planning the formation of a library, an indulgent father presented him with the bulk of the family books, some 1,800 in number, and forming "three naked cartloads," to use Mr. Gibson's curious phrase. It is on this basis that he writes his paean of book love. We record so much merely because, under ordinary circumstances, we know nothing more calculated to fill the mind of a book lover with terror than the gift of the family collection of books, even if no more than one "naked cartload" represented their bulk. We know one literary man who, like Mr. Gibson, has set up his tabernacle in the country, and surrounded himself with books, of which, indeed, many portly folios invade the hall. It falls, however, to his guests, immediately on their arrival, to be taken aside and admonished that they are on no account to base their notions of his literary taste on the books they see around them. The reason given is Mr. Gibson's, and the guest is left to understand that the "naked cartloads" will one day reverse the process which has brought that gentleman so much satisfaction.

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The "Independent" prints some interesting letters, hitherto unpublished, of James Anthony Froude. They were addressed to the late General Gustave Cluseret, and are in the manuscript collection of Mr. Theodore Stanton, of Paris. From four of these letters we take some pithy passages, merely premising that the context must be guessed by the reader:—

Ramsgate, Sept. 18, 1872—The most stable Republics have been those in which the executive is vigorous while it lasts, but is liable to be called frequently to a strict and severe account for the use of its powers. In modern England our leading statesmen have little power, and therefore little or no responsibility. In old England they had great powers, but were liable to have their heads cut off if they abused it.

London, Sept. 11, 1872—I have little connection with so-called Radical politicians in England. They represent at bottom the interests merely of money-makers. They do not, and they never have, cared heartily for the people. Their symbol of faith is "Political Economy," and Political Economy means that the "weakest may go to the wall." Political adventurers make themselves a name as patriots and declaim on the people's wrongs.

London, July 3, 1872—I think you do not understand English. Authority is childishly weak among us because Ministers are afraid of Parliament, and members of Parliament are afraid of the votes of their constituents. The people can get all they ought to have, and a great deal more, by agitating for it. The peaceful revolution is in full progress, but if there was an appeal to force, such as you contemplate as having been possible at the time of the Trafalgar square meeting, it would be crushed with a violence of which you have no idea. I am happy to think that there is no occasion for a violent revolution in England. The storm is already on the side of the hill, and is moving so fast that nothing can stop it. There can be no revolution because there is no political resistance.

London, October 25, 1873—For myself, as I told you, I despair of any good coming from the "people" in this country. The wider we make the suffrage, the more entirely Parliament becomes filled with merely rich men. I prefer the aristocracy to the plutocrats. There will probably be a change of administration in the spring, and though I cannot, of course, do more than express my opinion, I should think (so far, at least, as your coming to England is concerned) that Mr. Disraeli would be more likely to consent to it than Mr. Gladstone.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

In order to determine the condition of New York City's air, Street Cleaning Commissioner Woodbury is exposing gelatine plates to collect germs.

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Among the recent deaths of note is that of William S. Post, who was well known among the manufacturers of mechanical appliances in Boston, Mass., where he lived and worked. Among the more important of his inventions was a refrigerator car, a down-draft furnace, and the Post combustion boiler.

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A means of automatically inserting a fuse in an electric circuit has been recently patented by James T. Watson, of Scranton, Pa. It is a magazine fuse holder, and the number of fuses available is only limited by the size of the box which incases the apparatus. When the fuse blows the holder drops by its own weight, allowing the next holder to fall into place, thereby closing the circuit again.

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A graphophone in which several records are employed is the invention of E, P. Felt, of Elida, Minn. The stylus and reproducer are disengaged from operative connection with the records at the terminal of the latter in an automatic manner, and returned to a starting position. A motor device for controlling these operations is equipped with certain co-operating devices, which are proportioned and arranged to carry out the several steps.

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A patent has recently been granted for a combined phonograph and illustrating device, by means of which a series of pictures representing the subject matter of a phonograph record can be exhibited as the sound is reproduced. A series of pictures is mounted on a carrier, arranged to travel in succession, and displayed in a path focussed with reference to stereoscopic eye-glasses. The carrier is automatically actuated from a moving part of the phonograph.

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Benjamin Arnold, of East Greenwich, R.I., died recently after a short illness. He was an inventor of wide repute. He was born in 1822 and was educated at the Friends' High School in Philadelphia, and also at the Franklin Institute in the same city. The most useful and prominent of his inventions was a netting machine for making seines from either linen or cotton, the patent for which he disposed of to the firm of William E. Hooper and Sons, of Baltimore Md., which firm purchased a number of his other patents for doing the same character of work.

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Dr. Jacot-Guillarmod intends to climb some of the highest peaks in the Himalayas. His party consists of two Austrians and three Englishmen. The expedition left Trieste on March 3, and reached Bombay on March 30. When last heard from the party was in Cashmere. The first summits to be attempted will be the Godwin Austen, 28,250 feet high, and the Dapsang, 28,265 feet high. The Himalayan mountaineering record is held by W. Conway, who climbed the Pioneer Peak, 21,000 feet in height, in 1892.

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A large foghorn is to be placed in the cliff of St. Lawrence, 4 feet in diameter and 12 feet long, the sound being produced by sirens. Compressed air is supplied by valves actuated by clockwork. Every two minutes the foghorn will emit a deep roar, followed ten seconds later by a sharp shriek. There are three air tanks, each 6 feet in diameter and 12 feet long, and three gasoline engines run compressors to fill these tanks. The plant runs automatically, and a constant pressure is maintained in it. Even the clock is wound by a compressed air motor. The horn is mounted on a revolving track, so that the sound can be directed towards any point.

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The report issued by Messrs. Barry and Leslie, civil engineers, on the condition of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, made after a special examination into the stability of the cathedral, revealed a serious state of affairs. When Sir Christopher Wren erected the edifice he made elaborate precautions to insure thorough stability; but so extensive has been the undermining in the neighbourhood of the building that its foundations have been impaired, and unless it is speedily renovated the cathedral will within a few years be absolutely unsafe. The whole of the south side of the cathedral has subsided. The evil has been growing for the better part of a century. Sewers have been driven through the gravel soil and have drained the moisture out of the ground. Consequently there is an alteration in conditions, and a subsidence, resultant on the vast weight of the cathedral, follows. The most serious menace to the stability of the structure is a huge sewer in Carter lane near by, which is nearly 11 feet in diameter. The whole wall of the south transept has tilted from the perpendicular to an extent varying from four to five inches. This defect has, however, been attended to. Complete renovation will cost, at the very least, £50,000. The amount of money annually expended for urgent repairs—the building is never free from scaffolding—and cleaning is about £18,000.

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By the will of the late Mr. Thomas J. F. Deacon, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, the Royal Institution was made the richer by the possession of a number of valuable relics of Michael Faraday. These included the following:—Medals of silver and bronze (numbering 20 in all), and including the Fuller medal of 1828. two Copley medals of 1832 and 1838, two Newton medals of the Royal Society, 1833 and 1838, and the Rumford medal of 1846; two foreign orders contained in a small mahogany box; a book of portraits and autographs, including original letters from the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred (written in 1856), Louis Napoleon, Emperor of France; Humphry Davy, Thomas Young, Humboldt, John Dalton, Whewell, Mary Somerville, and many others; a daguerreotype of a consultation of Faraday with Prof. Daniell; a drawing in colours of the laboratory of the Royal Institution by a niece of Sir John Moore; and a manuscript book entitled "A Class Book for the Reception of Mental Exercises instituted July, 1818," containing contributions by Faraday. The late Mr. Deacon requested that the medals and orders should be preserved, with an inscription showing that Margery Ann Reid and Caroline Deacon (nee Reid), nieces of Faraday's wife, often lived with Faraday and his wife during the most brilliant period of his life, and are—mentioned in Dr. Bence Jones' "Life of Faraday."

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The United States Coast and Geodetic Survey has made some experiments for the purpose of ascertaining the adaptability of wireless telegraphy for telegraphing longitude determinations in localities like Alaska, where there are no telegraph lines. The tests were made between the Marconi station at Sagaponack, on the eastern end of Long Island, and the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey schooner. As the vessel proceeded westward messages were sent at half hourly intervals, until the schooner was sixty-three miles from the station. At that point the last intelligible message was received. On board the schooner a circuit-breaking chronometer was included in the circuit of the battery and the spark coil. Each second-break of the chronometer was automatically transmitted as a time signal and recorded on a tape at the shore station. The results are said to show that regularly-spaced signals transmitted in this manner can be utilised for longitude determinations at a greater distance than is possible by verbal messages transmitted through the medium of the Morse code.

In the Comptes Rendus of the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Jean Binot prints an account of his researches in the observatory on the summit of Mont Blanc, where he has been conducting bacteriological investigations at the highest altitude yet explored. As was to be expected, the air on the summit, away from the observatory, contains scarcely any bacteria whatever, only from four to eleven being detected in as much as a thousand litres, while in somewhat similar volumes none whatever was found. As a rule, at lower altitudes, the number of bacteria increased, as for instance, at the Plan de l'Aiguille fourteen, and at the Montenvert forty-nine were found in a thousand litres. Inside the observatory, in which M. Binot spent five days, from 260 to 540 microbes were found in the same volume of air, these being probably introduced by M. Binot and his companions during their temporary invasion of the building

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The investigations were not, however, confined to the air on the top of the mountain, but included also bacterial examinations of freshly-fallen snow, old snow, ice on the surface and below, glacier water and mountain streams. Freshly fallen snow, even when sampled in large quantities, frequently contained no bacteria whatever, while in snow which had lain for some time usually only from one to two individuals were discoverable per cubic centimetre; at the foot of the glaciers the surface snow contained rather more, the number varying from six to sixty-five per cubic centimetre at the Mer de Glace. Glacier water is usually very pure, and, like the glacier ice from which it is derived, was found to contain a number of yeasts and some streptothrix; but while high up such water contained but from three to eight bacteria per cubic centimetre, a stream at the foot of the glacier des Bossons contained ninety-five, while the water of the River Arve, at Chamonix, was found to have as many as 7,560 per cubic centimetre. Altogether, M. Binot examined 121 samples of air, ice, snow, and water, and isolated no less than 300 different varieties of microbes, one-third of which number he was able to identify as having been already studied and described, and the residue are being carefully investigated by him at the present time. Even the alluring and beautifully clear and crystalline spring water on the Montanvert road was condemned by being found to contain a dozen virulent colon bacilli in a cubic centimetre. Doubtless, this pollution was due to the cattle on the mountain.

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The experiment of freezing water by its own evaporation is more often described than performed, as it succeeds only with an unusually good air pump. A similar experiment with melted camphor is less impressive in one way, for the temperature required to freeze the camphor is not, very low, but the experiment is far more showy, can be exhibited to a greater number at once, and is very easy to perform. A very slight diminution of pressure brings the boiling point below the freezing point, so that if a flask or test tube of melted camphor be connected to an air pump, and but one or two strokes taken, the liquid will boil under the reduced pressure, and almost immediately flash into a bulky porous, solid mass, puffed up by the vapour that was coming off during the act of solidification. By heating the camphor under diminished and varying pressure it is easy to change at will from sublimation to distillation. If a cold rod is thrust down a test tube in which camphor is boiling, the cooler vapour in the upper part of the tube condenses on the rod in sparkling crystals, like frost, while lower down the hotter vapour is condensing to liquid. In fact, camphor may be made to illustrate, not only the appearance, but the true cause of formation of frost, snow, etc., while, in its pleasant odour, it has an advantage over many substances used in experiments of this kind.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

DUBLIN, TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1787.

Large orders are every day expected from France by the different manufacturers for our broad and narrow stuffs, shalloons, garters, etc., and in consequence, not a single loom is idle at present. This is one of the good effects already resulting from the commercial treaty; and when the treaties with Spain and Portugal are also concluded, we shall find that the blessings of industry will be most sensibly and essentially felt in every part of the kingdom in general.

Notwithstanding the present distracted state of affairs in the United States of America, particularly in the northern part of that continent, the rage for emigration among the lower people still continues. In the course of the last year upwards of five thousand people went from the North of Ireland to North America, and by a late statement in the Maryland papers, it appears that upwards of twenty-four thousand Irish servants have gone to seek for and labour for their bread in the three middle States of America—Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia.

The spring shuttles have been of late much adopted by many persons in the manufacturing of coarse and refine cloths in many parts of the Liberty, as also the spinning Jennies, by means of which from forty to sixty threads can be spun at one time, after being previously robed or flubbed, by way of preparation. Those who had been most averse to these highly necessary modes of improvements, and had endeavoured by every possible means to prevent their adoption or introduction, are now foremost for their furtherance and extension. When these are once universally made use of in that branch of the woollen business, and that prejudices against such very necessary and ingenious inventions are effectually removed, we may naturally expect that the woollen fabrics will rise to a very great degree of perfection and extensiveness amongst us.

It is asserted that at the very next sessions of the Irish Parliament, an effectual law will be passed to prevent the exportation of machinery, as large quantities of those machine imitations we have of late years attempted with a very great share of success, after the models obtained from England, are frequently sent to Spain, France, and Portugal, which must ultimately tend to injure the trade and manufactures of these kingdoms.

As a war is, in all probability, on the very point of breaking out between the two great empires of Turkey and Russia, victory and conquest will, in that case, no doubt, declare in favour of the latter. The Russians are very severe in their military discipline, and their superior officers possessing an unlimited power over their troops, every idea of personal equality is lost; and amidst the calm of dejection and servility, it is supposed that the attachment of a willing subordination is entirely produced. The dread of punishment supplies the want of a noble resolution, and the composure with which a Russian soldier faces death, may be said to arise more from a weariness of existence, than a courage to defend it; yet under all these disadvantages they certainly form, at present, some of the best troops in Europe.

The Turks, on the other hand, have been averse to any new modes of modern discipline, preferring that by which their former Emperors made such extended conquests in Europe and Asia, not considering, however, that discipline had not been in those periods reduced to a science as at present. Their janisaries and spahis will not suffer themselves to be brought under subordination, and their commanders and superiors are under the greatest apprehensions of offending them. The Turkish crescent must, therefore, in all probability, sink beneath the towering Eagle of the Northern empire.

Counsellor Hutchinson, son of the Provost of the University of Dublin, called on Lord Mountmorres on Saturday and Sunday se'nnight for an explanation of his speech in the House of Lords, on Monday, April the 23rd, as expressed in the papers. Lord Mountmorres said he meant no personal offence to the Provost, and if the Provost should ask him the same question, he would return him the same answer. Mr. Hutchinson, on his second visit, not seeming pleased with this answer, and leaving the room with some warmth, Lord Mountmorres sent a gentleman immediately to Mr. Hutchinson, who was present at the whole of this transaction, to know if he was satisfied at the answer and explanation; Mr. Hutchinson said that he was dissatisfied. Lord Mountmorres having refused any other explanation or conversation on the subject, Mr. Hutchinson sent him a message on Saturday evening last, at seven o'clock, purporting, "That in consequence of a libel appearing in the papers, as a representation of his speech, which his Lordship thought proper not to apologise for, he called upon his Lordship for personal satisfaction, and desired to meet him in half an hour." The parties met at Donnybrook according to the appointment of Mr. Hutchinson. The seconds having measured out the ground, they both fired at the same time; Lord Mountmorres fell in consequence of a wound under the arm. The seconds then interfered to prevent further bad consequence. Mr. Hutchinson was attended on the ground by George Ogle, Esq., and a surgeon; and Lord Mountmorres, by Lord Lottus. The wound which his Lordship received was nearly in the same place as that of the late Sir John Colthurst, but happily the ball took a different direction, and produced a violent concussion. Mr. Hume, the surgeon who attends Lord Mountmorres, hopes, however, it will not be accompanied by any fatal consequence.

Saturday, in the House of Lords, the Attorney-General was heard in reply, in the appeal of Magrath against Lord Muskerry, from the Court of Chancery; the Lord Chancellor spoke a considerable time in defence of the decree; he was answered with the greatest ability by Lord Pery; Lord Mountgarret supported the decree, and Lords Carhampton and Mountmorres said a few words in support of Lord Pery's opinion for the reversal. The House divided on the question put by the Chancellor for the reversing the decree (according to the standing order):

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The question for affirming the decree was then put, and carried by a majority of one.

We have the pleasure to hear that her Grace the Duchess of Rutland arrived safe at Holyhead about ten o'clock on Thursday night last, having made the passage in eight hours. Her Grace appeared to be in tolerable health and spirits upon landing.

The standing orders of the House of Lords relative to the postponing of causes, which are appointed for a certain day, upon the petition of either party, have been wisely and judiciously framed to prevent the delay and expense to the suitors in that assembly—the 82nd order prescribes that no petition is admissible to put off a cause unless an affidavit has been previously made at the bar that the adverse party has had two days notice of such intention; and the 83rd standing order, that a cause being put off after a day is appointed—in such case the party petitioning shall pay ten pounds costs to the adverse party; upon the due observance of these rules much depends; and the truly noble Lord, who brought them under consideration, has rendered essential service to his country.

By a private letter of respectable authority we learn, that on the night of Thursday, the 25th ult., a party of Whiteboys, to the number of 300 and upwards, all mounted on horseback, and some of them armed, assembled at a place called Carrigadrohid, near Macromp, in the county of Cork, and after having having abused several persons who refused to join in their unlawful proceedings, they swore numbers to abide by Captain Right's regulations of the last year.

On Friday last Lord Earlsfort, in a most feeling manner, warned the grand jury of the city of Dublin, of the necessity there was of their paying a proper attention to the state of the gaols. The horrors of some of them he declared to be shocking to humanity; he himself had personally visited some of them. The City Marshalsea was an hovel dreadful to imagination, a number of persons huddled together without even a little straw to lie on, surrounded by noisome stenches, and accessible only at the hazard of a person's life—yet this was nothing when compared to the state of their Bridewell. His Lordship severely reprobated the electioneering jobs which were practised by the citizens, and declared that there was as much solicitation used for the purpose of obtaining any city employment as would be sufficient to carry the election of a representative for a great county.

In addressing the grand jury on the above occasion, the Lord Chief Justice displayed all the firmness of a judge, and all the tender sensibility of a feeling mind. When such men as he quit the gorgeous palace and the fragrant gardens to visit the dreary mansions of distress, and breathe the impure vapours of a filthy dungeon, it manifests the innate goodness of the human heart, and shows a regard for their fellow-creatures which must ever excite the admiration and gratitude of the public.

The Attorney-General also recommended to the grand jury to be careful of the rights which yet remained to them; the charter obliged them to keep a proper gaol, and if they continued to neglect their duty, a Scire Facias might go against it.

We are extremely happy to find, that whatever private frauds or robberies may be committed in this city, scarcely any whatever are heard of in the public streets, so very exact are the proper officers, in visiting the different rounds, lest any of the Police guards should at any time be absent from their respective stations. The idea which has gone abroad relative to their being absent from their stands, is owing to their not being not so readily seen as the Watchmen formerly had been, which was occasioned by the lanterns they constantly carried along with them. This piece of etiquette, however, could not possibly be observed by a set of men who are obliged to carry a firelock and bayonet instead of a pole and clappers, and, therefore, it is not easy to discover them on dark nights; but when occasion requires, they are always near at hand, and ready to protect the lives and properties of the inhabitants.

(To be Continued.)

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CLEW BAY.



(From Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Travels in Ireland.")

We take the following description of Clew Bay from the "Parliamentary Gazetteer of Ireland, 1843-44":—

CLEW BAY, a capacious, unique, and highly picturesque bay, on the west coast of Co. Mayo, Connaught. It enters between Achilbeg on the north, and Buinaha Point on the south, and extends 14½ miles eastward, with a breadth somewhat uniform, and averaging about 5½ miles. Its north shore and the northern part of the coast around its head belong to the barony of Burrishoole; and its south shore and the southern part of the coast around its head belong to the barony of Murrisk. The outline of all its head, and of about 6 miles and 3½ respectively down its north and south sides, is so singularly intricate as to present a continued and richly diversified series of little bays and peninsulæ; and the belt from 6 to 3½ miles across the head is a thoroughly crowded archipelago, a labyrinthine expanse of green and blooming isles and islets, which vie with one another in beauty, and are variously estimated at nearly 100, at 170, at upwards of 300, and at nearly 400. The shores west of the archipelago are bold, rocky, occasionally mountainous, and prevailingly unindented; they consist, on the north, of the grand sandstone heights of Coraan Achill, fringed in some spots with low limestone reefs; and, on the south, of shivery quartz rock, serpentine, and granite, towering aloft in cliff and eminence, and immediately presided over by the grand-monarch mountain of the west, the magnificent Croagh-Patrick. The island of Clare occupies one-third of the entrance of the bay, and largely contributes to both the beauty of its scenery and the safety of its harbourage and navigation. The profusion of isles in the archipelago are composed of a deep loamy soil upon a basis of limestone; and, excepting unimportant islets, are all fertile and well cultivated. The principal are Moynishmore, Moynishbeg, Inniskeel, Rosmurrevagh, Inishcooa, Roeillaun, Inisher-

kin, Inishturbid, Inishnacross, Inishquirk, Inishcorky, Inishcannon, Rossturk, Inishdasky, Inishdoonyer, Inishkea, Freaghillaneast, Inishfesh, Inishgowla, Inishoo, Inishdaweel, Muckinish, Inishdaff, Inishturk, Rabbit-Island, Inishturlin, Inishcottle, Illanmaw, Inishbee, Cloghcormick, Inishnakill, Clynish, Derrinish, Collanmore, Collanbeg, Inishgort, Inishlyre, Illanataggart, Crovinish, Inishgowla, Dorinishmore, Dorinishbeg, Inishleague, Inishdaugh, Inisheeny, Annagh, Cahirnarran, and Meeneenyaw. The island of Minish, in the reign of Charles I., had an area of 12 acres; in 1814 it was reduced in extent to 420 feet by 30; and and 1816, it totally disappeared. Superb views of the bay, its islands, and its gorgeous mountain-scenes, are obtained from very many points of observation in its neighbourhood; but those from Melcomb-Hill near Newport, and from the summit of Croagh-Patrick, are particularly imposing. Nearly the whole bay is clear of danger to navigation; its labyrinth of creeks and sounds, at the upper end, presents a multitude of safe harbours and roadsteads; its creeks of Oldhead Mynish, Doobeg, and some others are in use as fishery stations; and its chief expansions at the north and south corners of its head form the bays or harbours of Newport and Westport. Upwards of 20,000 persons on its shores and islands are supposed to be wholly or partly employed and maintained by its fisheries.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall thus voice the feelings of admiration which the beauty of Clew Bay enkindled in them:—

From Newport-Mayo we procceded to the Island of Achill, distant about fourteen miles. It is the largest island off the Irish coast, being sixteen miles in length by seven in breadth, and contains between 5,000 and 6,000 inhabitants. The scenery that leads to it is remarkably wild and barren; on one side are the bleak and bare mountains, and on the other is the beautiful bay—Clew Bay—for nearly half the distance, until the view opens upon the broad Atlantic. In natural grandeur and rude magnificence, the district is certainly unsurpassed—if indeed it be approached—by any other in Ireland; on no occasion have we so completely felt our utter inability to render justice to the wonderful works of Nature. Nor is the neighbourhood without its interest, arising from associations with the olden time; the remains of the ancient monastery of Burrishoole and the castle of Carrig-a-Hooly, one of the castles of Grace O'Malley, are among the most striking and remarkable of the ruins of Ireland. Those of the former stand upon the east bank of the river, and adjacent to the lake of Burrishoole; both afford famous sport to the angler, and unrestricted permission to fish in either is, as we have intimated, readily accorded to the tourist. The venerable ruin is highly picturesque; it retains many tokens of early splendour, and some of the mullions and capitals are curious specimens of art. As usual, the relics of mortality are scattered profusely within and around it; it is literally "a place of skulls;" every nook, crevice, and cranny is "crammed" with "dry bones."* The old castle was evidently built for strength; it is situated at an extremity of an arm of the sea, and immediately adjoining it, we were informed there was depth enough, at low water, for a vessel of considerable burthen to ride in concealment and in perfect shelter from the fiercer winds. In this vicinity, too, there are some singular caves, believed to be Druidic.

The beauty and magnificence of the scenery increase as we proceed; about midway to Achill Sound is the small village of Bunown, where the tourist will certainly give his horse a rest; for probably the whole line of the Irish coast does not supply a view at once so grand and inconceivably lovely. Yet it is all taken in at a glance. In the extreme distance, across the bay, rises a line of mountains, of which the venerable and legend-haunted Croagh-Patrick is the highest—seen with its peaked top in the clouds. Midway is the broad bay, dotted with islands. We stand above a terrific precipice the rocky strand beneath us, although at a considerable distance off, seems so immediately under our feet, that a stone thrown from a summit by a child's hand may reach the ocean—and so indeed it will, but not at a single bound; it goes rushing and plunging down the steep, leaping over every opposing barrier, now and then springing upwards many feet into the air, and at length when nearly out of sight, surmounting its last obstruction, and plunging in among the breakers, the white foam of which dashes against the sides of the huge precipice below.

* "Here tradition states that the skull of Grace O'Malley was formerly preserved, and valued as a precious relic. One night, however—so the legend goes—the bones of the famous sea-queen were stolen from their resting-place, and conveyed, with those of thousands of her descendants, into Scotland, to be ground into manure. The theft was of course perpetrated in secret and in the night-time; if the crew had been seized by the peasantry with their singular cargo, not a man of them would have lived to tell the tale; for the Irish regard with peculiar horror any desecration of the graveyard. It is said, however, and believed by many, that by some miraculous interposition, the skull of the brave lady was conveyed back to its nook in the Abbey-wall. The honour of having contained it is claimed also by Clare Island—where the stoutest of her castles stood and where its ruins still exist. In neither place is any such relic to be now met with. At Burrishoole, there was pointed out to us a recess, in which the collected bones are believed to be those of the monks. The skulls contained here are regarded with especial veneration; and, even now, it is by no means uncommon for the peasantry to borrow one of them, when a member of the family is sick and to boil milk in it, which is given to the sufferer as an infallible cure; the skull, when the object has been answered, is carefully restored to the heap. We examined several that had external marks of fire; and all our doubts upon the subject were removed, for a woman actually came while we were speculating concerning the matter, took a fragment of one in her apron, and in reply to our questions, did not hesitate to assure us of her conviction that the draught so prepared would 'cure her poor babby.'"

A portable garbage crematory, the invention of Morgan J. Cragin, of Chicago, was recently tested at a New York apartment house. One of the features of the apparatus is the employment of a grate constructed of hollow piping, by means of which it is possible to combine the disposal of the garbage with the heating of water. In this manner it is possible to use garbage as a fuel.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

READY BRAITHWAITE.

There were troubled faces in the office of the English mercantile house of Cartwright, in Tabriz, and with good reason. It was a busy office, as such establishments go in Persia. The Oriental langour was tempered with a good deal of Anglo-Saxon snap and energy. Like most of the European and Armenian offices, it was in a caravansary, a honeycomb of a building on four sides of a square. In the middle of the square was a great tank of fetid water, with which, five times a day, the Mohammedans laved their faces and hands while they prayed. Great bales of goods were piled here and there, awaiting the departure of the caravans.

Over this scene the windows of the Cartwright office looked out. You mounted to the office by winding stairs, whose steps were few in number, but so high as to make climbing them difficult to any but a long-legged man.

At the top there was an outer room or vestibule where, during business hours, there stood from ten to twenty pairs of sandals, belonging to the native attaches of the house, and to other Persians who came to do business there. The main office looked little enough like an American place of business. The whole place was covered with rugs. Mattresses were spread along the sides of the room, against the walls, and on them sat the Persian employes—mirzas or secretaries, money-changers, accountants—their legs curled up under them, big lambskin caps on their heads, and with little short-legged desks, scarcely a foot high, in front of them.

In one corner, on high stools, was the contingent of Anglo-Saxon clerks, and beyond a low, narrow passageway through the heavy wall was the inner office, where sat the manager of the branch, a handsome old Englishman, into whose hair and beard thirty years of commercial skirmishing with the tricky Orientals had brought plentious streaks of grey.

Before him, in an attitude of deference, stood a native, a thin, sun-burned fellow, whose eyes were heavy for want of sleep, and whose rough clothing was still white with the dust of the road. Within the hour he had arrived, after a headlong ride from the mountain districts in the south-western part of the province, bringing word that the turbulent Kurds along the border were at last in motion for the long-threatened raid into Persia.

The country was in a ferment. Sheik Obeidullah, who was at once a civil and religious chief, had been raising his legions of fierce warriors among the mountains. His provocation was grave. The Persian governors on the border, disappointed in their efforts at extortion, had beheaded some threescore of his followers, had looted some villages and imprisoned the women and children. Throughout all the wild ranges of Kurdistan rang the cry for revenge.

And now within a week the whole western country would be ablaze with war, and caravans bound for Tabriz would be prey to the raiders. That was the reason why the shadows were so deep on the brow of the British manager.

The Cartwright concern, of whose welfare in Persia he was chief custodian, had interests in every quarter of the kingdom. It was one of those enormous commercial houses of which the English have been founders in almost every part of the world. It exported silk and gums and curios, arms and armour, and shawls and velvets, and spices and opium, dried fruits, turquoise, hand-carved silverware, wool, and carpets without number.

In this case it was carpets. In Sujbulak, known as the Kurdish capital (although there is no actually constituted state of Kurdistan), a Kurdish merchant had been gathering for the firm for a year the finest carpets to be found anywhere in that part of the country.

He had contracted to deliver the consignment in Tabriz, where cash payment was to be made. The long camel train, with its valuable bales, was due to start eastward, and now, within a week, the chaos of Asiatic war would be raging along all the highways.

The caravan could never reach Tabriz, and on the other hand, if the goods were not secured at once, they would be bought up by the collector of a rival house, who was making a hurried journey through the district, to get out what he could in advance of the disorder. It meant a loss of many thousand pounds sterling in profits.

"Somebody," said the manager, anxiously, turning to his chief clerk, who sat near by, "must get out there to Sujubulak with that money in a hurry, and close the matter before this storm breaks. It's a risky business, but there's no other way."

"I think, sir," was the thoughtful answer, "you'd better send the American. Of course, to trust a native with that amount of money is out of the question, and Braithwaite's more up to a hard job like that than any of the rest of our people. Besides, he won't need a week to get ready in."

"Yes, I think you're right," replied the elder man, and he called out "Braithwaite!" in a loud voice.

In a moment the American stood in the doorway, his hands full of papers, just as he had sprung from his desk.

"Step in, Mr. Braithwaite." The manager could not help remarking to himself that it was a fine figure of a man that stood awaiting his orders. Tall and lithe, brown of skin from exposure to the Persian sun, straight and broad-shouldered, he was the sort of man that would have gladdened the heart of a cavalry recruiting officer.

"Mr. Braithwaite, we have just received word that the Kurdish forces will break over the border in a few days, and someone must go post-haste to Sujbulak with considerable money, to complete the purchase of a large lot of carpets there, and start them on by caravan to Trebizond. It is impossible to deliver the caravan here, and whatever is done must be done at once, because the Renwick agent, who was in Urumiah last week and working south toward Bushire, will secure the whole lot at his own price, and they're the cream of a year's picking. Now, could you start on such a journey at once."

Braithwaite's clear eyes were fairly snapping. "Oh, yes, sir," he answered, quietly. "I'm all ready to go at any time."

"Good!" said the manager. "Then you may see me at the house this evening, and I'll give you the necessary money and instructions, so that you can take the road at sunrise."

When Braithwaite was a small boy, at home in western New York, his father had said to him one day, "Jim, there's one thing I want to say to you while you're little, that the secret of success in this life, if a man has grit and honesty to start with, is in being ready—ready to take advantage of his opportunities. Some men have a good many opportunities; others never have but one, and as you go along you'll often hear men saying, 'I missed the chance of my life.' Those are generally the failures, and you'll find that they missed the chance of their lives just because they weren't ready to take it. Ready's the word. Remember that."

Jim remembered. He went on mastering one thing after another. People asked him what he was doing it for. "Oh, I'm just getting ready," he said. "Ready for what?" "Well, for whatever happens to me."

They laughed at him, but that did not matter. One day a neighbour's boy hailed him: "Hello, Ready!" And the name stuck. From that time on he was "Ready" Braithwaite. He carried the name into college. When he tried for full-back on the team, and was turned down hard, he stayed in training and played on the "scrub" whenever the chance came.

"What's the use of going on, Jim?" his room mate asked.

"Oh, I might as well be ready," said Jim. The regular full-back and the two substitutes were all laid up before Thanksgiving, and when Jim ran half the length of the gridiron and touched down in the last three minutes of a losing game against Yale, turning a defeat into a victory, he heard his class mates over on the "bleachers" singing: —

> Oh, when you want the business done
> By play that's strong and steady,
> Just take a look at old Princeton,
> She has a man that's "Ready!"

It was the same Ready Braithwaite that left the manager's house in Tabriz that night before the historic Kurdish raid, and walked slowly back to his lodgings through the silent and unlighted streets with five thousand pounds in gold and Bank of England notes in a bag.

"Now," said Mellish, his English roommate, with a pardonable tinge of jealousy in his tone, "I suppose all the pistol practice and the education of that Lucy mare which you have been putting in your spare time at will be very valuable to you."

"I think they'll come in handy, Frank," answered Braithwaite. "Who knows? Asad," he called to the native servant, "have the mare ready and call me at five! I'll saddle her."

"Yes, sahib."

In the pink dawn of the Persian day the Lucy mare, which had in her the triple birthright of Hungarian, Arabian, and Karabagh blood, was climbing the foot-hills to the south of Tabriz, on her way into the teeth of war, with Ready Braithwaite and five thousand English pounds on her shining back. A single blanket was strapped behind Braithwaite; in one pocket of his hunting-coat were some hard biscuits, and in the other some cakes of chocolate. At his waist, swinging from a full cartridge-belt underneath his coat, were the two big Colt revolvers he had brought out from home.

It was slow going up the hot sides of Sahend, but the powerful creature under him seemed to understand the urgency of the mission and to share her master's haste. Leaving her to make her own pace in the steep places, and crowding her a bit where the nature of the way would warrant, he found himself at last travelling over fairly smooth country, with the mountains towering, more or less remote, on every hand, and Lake Urumiah shining like a boundless plain of silver on his right.

At noon he halted some distance outside the town of Ducargan. With his head on the saddle-bags containing his treasure, he slept till four o'clock, and at five, after a splash in the little watercourse near by, he started on again. With night came a glorious moon, and with its radiance to light the way, he pushed along, meeting now and then a train of camels laden with giant bales, and with their bells tinkling softly through the night.

A couple of hours' rest on a grassy slope bordering the road sufficed for horse and man, and as morning dawned they entered the old Mongol capital of Maragha, with the sweet scent of the gardens and orchards heavy on the air all about them.

The firm had an agent there, a shipper of dried fruits, and at his house they rested till evening.

Early next morning they were in Miandoab, which was taken a fortnight later by the swarming Kurds. Already the warning of the raid had come, and the inhabitants were hiding whatever of value they could. Thousands of them were preparing to take the road. Others, with more hardihood, were polishing weapons and preparing for resistance. Watching them as he spurred out of town on the last stage of his journey, Braithwaite said to himself, "They are not ready; that's what's the matter with them."

After crossing the Tatavu River, the road led into higher country. When mid-day came Braithwaite turned off by a gully, some hundred yards from the road, where the stream flowed cool. There he took the saddle off the mare, picketed her within reach of a measure of barley which he threw on the ground, and then seated himself near by, to make a meal off crackers, chocolate and brook water, with some cheese he had bought at Miandoab.

"Well, Lucy, old girl," he said, between his voracious bites, "We've had a clear field so far. If our luck and your legs last till to-night, we're likely to save the firm of Cartwright and Co a good sum of money."

As if in response to this encouraging remark, Luck stopped munching her grain and whinnied, looking intently up the gully with ears pricked in alarm. From behind a small ridge of rock above the bank of the stream a black, conical sheepskin hat was rising into view, and underneath it a villainous, bearded face.

Its owner surveyed Braithwaite with a contemptuous leer, and as if convinced that he had found an easy victim, came out a little farther from his place of concealment, and gave vent to a long, shrill sort of bird-call. In a few minutes another forbidding visage appeared above the rock, and soon the two highwaymen were perched side by side, looking scornfully down at him.

"A fine brace of buzzards!" said Braithwaite. "Let's wait and see if there are any more," and he went on eating as if the two marauders who sat there arranging his murder were his two best friends.

These two swarthy scoundrels were of the most desperate type of "road agents" to be encountered in all Persia; of uncertain race, with no fixed habitation, ready to do murder for the smallest booty—the "criminal tramps" of the East.

Braithwaite saw that they were talking about him, laughing disagreeably at jokes of which he was the theme; but more particularly as he made out from scraps of sentences which reached him, they were discussing the mare, for the Persian of whatever caste has a keen eye for fine horseflesh.

"Oh, you've decided already where you'll bury me, have you," muttered Braithwaite, "and now you're settling what you'll do with Lucy and the saddle-bags afterwards! All right! I know a trick worth two of that old putty-blower you've got there."

Without paying any apparent attention to the robbers, Braithwaite finished his meal and rose in leisurely fashion. Picking up three smooth, white pebbles, he walked down the bank and laid them with much care and deliberation on top of a boulder at the side of the stream. Two pairs of black eyes were watching him with savage interest. Walking backwards, he returned to his place near the mare and sat down, still with no sign that he recognised the presence of others. His audience of two looked at each other in wonderment.

Braithwaite unbuttoned his coat and drew both revolvers. The right-hand weapon dropped to the mark, cowboy fashion, and one of the white pebbles disappeared. An instant later the second weapon spoke, and another stone went spinning off among the boulders. One tiny mark remained.

Just then, from a neighbouring crag high in the yellow sunlight, a hawk, disturbed by the firing, took wing, and circled in mid-air preparatory to laying a course for the distant hills. There was a glint of the blue barrel upward, a report, and the great bird came tumbling down and lodged on the stones at the waterside, a few rods away.

That was too much for the second bandit, who had come armed only with a wicked-looking knife. He made a sudden spring, gained the other side of the ridge, tumbled among the rocks, and then took to his heels, crying, "He's no ferenghi! (Foreigner!) He is a jin! (Evil spirit!)"

In a moment he was lost to sight among the underbrush. With one eye on he remaining ruffian, whose ancient smoothbore still lay on the ground beside him, Braithwaite drew up the mare's loosened girth and mounted. When he had gone a few rods down the gully he stopped, and drawing a bead on the last stone, knocked it out of sight.

"Vagabond!" he cried to the bandit, who

sat motionless and agape on his rock, "shall I cut off your ears, or can't you get into Paradise maimed? Gedap, Lucy!"

In another moment he had passed out of the gully." I thought that revolver practice would be useful some day," he said, as he got down at the high road and gave another hitch to the mare's girth. "It was worth something that time!"

Then, mounting again, he put spurs to the mare, and never drew rein till he had set a good dozen miles between him and the scene of the adventure.

It did not need the whole five thousand pounds to secure the carpets in Sujbulak, but in return for a considerable part of what remained, the sheik gave him safe conduct and a competent Kurdish escort for a caravan through the Ravanduz Pass and as far as Mosul. From there the way was easy to Trebizond.

The tide of border war and slaughter and rapine rolled on over Azerbaijan to the gates of Tabriz. Trade and communication were at a standstill. In the office of Cartwright and Co. they had changed both Braithwaite and the five thousand pounds to profit and loss, when one day, soon after the wires were re-opened, there came a despatch from the agent in Constantinople:—

"Braithwaite just arrived with whole consignment Kurdish goods, excellent order. Market empty. Can name our price."

To-day Ready Braithwaite sits in a big office in London, with electric buttons on the desk in front of him to summon the various employes of the great mercantile establishment he controls; and every one of them knows that he must be ready to give an account of himself, or of whatever is committed to his charge, on a minute's notice. Ready's the word.

EPITAPH ON FATHER PROUT

FRANCIS S. MAHONY.

Sweet upland! where, like hermit old, in peace sojourned
This priest devout,
Mark where beneath thy verdant sod lie deep inurned
The bones of Prout!
Nor deck with monumental shrine, or tapering column,
His place of rest
Whose soul, above earth's homage, meek, yet solemn,
Sits 'mid the blest.
Much was he prized, much loved; his stern rebuke
O'erawed sheep-stealers;
And rogues feared more the good man's single look
Than forty peelers.
He's gone, and discord soon, I ween, will visit
The land with quarrels;
And the foul demon vex with stills illicit
The village morals.
No fatal chance could happen more to cross
The public wishes;
And all the neighbourhood deplore his loss
Except the fishes;
For he kept Lent most strict, and pickled herring
Preferred to gammon,
Grim death has broke his angling rod; his "berring"
Delights the salmon.
No more can he hook up carp, eel or trout,
For fasting pittance,—
Arts which St. Peter loved, whose gates to Prout
Gave prompt admittance.
Mourn not, but verdantly let shamrocks keep
His sainted dust;
The bad man's death it well becomes to weep,—
Not so the just.

The United States Congress has appropriated 15.000 dollars for the purchase of additional buffalo for the Yellowstone Park. There are now in the Park about twenty buffalo. Originally there were twenty-two, but two escaped.

ORIGIN AND MEANINGS
OF
IRISH FAMILY NAMES.

By JOHN O'DONOVAN.

VII.

At the present day very few of the original Irish names remain without being translated into or assimilated with those borne by the English. Of this I shall next furnish instances, the truth and correctness of which cannot be controverted. Among the O'Conors of Connaught, the name Cathal, which is synonymous with the Welsh Cadell, and signifies "warlike," was changed to Charles after the accession of Charles I. to the throne; for the Irish, who were attached to this monarch, went great lengths to assimilate several of their Christian names to Charles. Thus, while among the O'Conors of Connaught, Cathal was manufactured into Charles (with which, it will be readily granted, it has nothing in common, either in meaning or sound), among the O'Conors of Faly in Leinster, Cahir, which signifies "warrior," was metamorphosed into the same; and at the same time the Mac Carthys of Desmond substituted it for their Cormac, and the O'Hagans and other northern families for their Turlogh. This was paying their court to the king with a vengeance!

In the families of Mac Carthy, O'Sullivan, and Driscol, Finghin [Fineen], a name very general among them, and which signifies "the fair offspring," has been Anglicised to Florence. Among the same southern families the name Saerbrethach, which prevails among the Mac Carthy's in particular, and which signifies the "noble judge," is translated Justin. In the family of O'Donovan, as the writer has had every opportunity of knowing, the name Murrogh has been metamorphosed to Morgan; Dermod, to Jeremiah; Teige, to Timothy; Conor or Concovar, to Cornelius; Donogh, to Denis; and Donnell, to Daniel. In the family of O'Brien, the hereditary name of Turlogh has been changed to Terence; Mahon, to Matthew; Murtogh or Moriertagh, to Mortimer (but this very lately); and Lachtna and Laoiseach, to Lucius. Among the O'Gradys the name Anesli is rendered Stanislaus and Standish. In the families of O'Donnell, O'Kane, and others, in the province of Ulster, Manus, a name borrowed by those families from the Danes, is now often rendered Manasses. In the families of Mac Mahon and Mac Kenna, in Ulster, the name Ardgal or Ardal, signifying "of high prowess or valour," is always Anglicised Arnold. In the family of O'Madden, of Shilanamchy, in the south-east of the county of Galway, the hereditary name of Anmcha, which is translated Animosus by Colgan, is now always rendered Ambrose, to which, it will be readily granted, it does not bear the slightest analogy. Among the families of Doyle, Cavanagh, and others, in the province of Leinster, the name Maidoc, or Mogue, which they adopted from St. Maidoc, or Aidan, the patron saint of the diocese of Ferns, is now always rendered Moses among the Roman Catholics, and Aidan among the Protestants! (any thing to make a difference.) Among the O'Neills in the province of Ulster, the name Felim, or Felimy, explained as meaning "the ever good," is now made Felix; Con, signifying "strength," is made Constantine; and Ferdoragh, meaning "dark-visaged man," is rendered Ferdinand. Among the O'Conors of Connaught, the name Ruaidhri, or Rory, is Anglicised Roderic, but among most other families it is rendered Roger. In the same family, Tomaltach is rendered Thomas; Aodh, Hugh; and Eoghan, Owen. In the families of Mac Donnell and other in Scotland, and in the north of Ireland, the name Aengus, or Angus, is always rendered Æneas. Among the O'Hanlys, of Slieve Bawn, in the east of the county of Roscommon, the name Berach, which they have adopted from their patron saint, and which is translated by Colgan, "directe ad scopum collimans," is now always and correctly enough rendered Barry. Throughout Ireland the old name of Brian is now rendered Bernard, and vulgarised to Barney, which is more properly an abbreviation of Barnaby than of Bernard. Among the O'Haras and O'Garas, in the county of Sligo, the name Kian, the son of Olioll Olum, King of Munster, is now rendered Kean; and I observe that the chief O'Hara has suffered himself to be called Charles King O'Hara in a book lately dedicated to him! In the family of Maguire, Cuconnaught is rendered Constantine, while in other families Cosnavy undergoes precisely the same change. In the family of O'Kane, the name Cooey, written Cu-maighe in the original language, and signifying "dog of the plain," is now rendered Quintin. In the family of O'Dowd, the ancient name of Dathi, which they have adopted from their ancestor of that name, who was the last Pagan King of Ireland, is now rendered David, a name with which it is supposed to be synonymous. In the north and west of Ireland the names Duvaltach, Duv-da-lethe, and Duvdara, are all Anglicised Dudley. In the family of Mac Sweeny, the very ancient name of Heremon is Anglicised Irwin, but it is now almost obsolete as a Christian name. In the families of O'Hanlon, O'Haran, and O'Heany, in the province of Ulster, the name Eochy, signifying "horseman," and which was Latinised Eochodius, Achaius, Euthichius, and Equitius, is Anglicised Auhy and Atty; but this name is also almost obsolete, the writer having never met more than one person who bore the name, in his travels through Ireland. Among the O'Mulconrys, now Conrys, the names Flann, Fithil, and Flaithri, have been Anglicised Florence. In the family of O'Daly, the name Baothghalach, which was formerly Latinised Boethius, is now always rendered Bowes; and in that of O'Clery, the name Lughaidh is Anglicised Lewy and Lewis. Among the O'Reillys of Cavan, the hereditary name of Maelmora, which signifies "majestic chief," is now invariably rendered Myles, and among the O'Kellys of Hy-Many, the name Fachtna is rendered Festus. In every part of Ireland, Maelseachlainn, or Melaghlin, which signifies "servant of St. Secundinus," has been changed to Malachy, to which it bears no analogy whatever, except some fancy resemblance in sound. In every part of Ireland the name of Gilla-patrick has been changed to Patrick; and, by the way, it is curious to observe, that common as the name Patrick has now become in Ireland, especially among the lower classes, it was never in use among the ancient Irish, for they never called their children by the name itself of the Irish apostle, deeming it more humble and more auspicious to call them his "servants"; and hence we find the ancient Irish calling their children, not

Patrick, but Maelpatrick, or Gillapatrick; and these names they Latinised Patricianus, not Patricius. The name of Patrick is now looked upon as the most vulgar in use among the Irish, which is a very strange and almost unaccountable prejudice, for Patricius was one of the most honourable names in all antiquity, as the reader will see if he will take the trouble to read the work on the antiquity of British Churches, by Ussher, pp. 841-1046, in which that learned primate gives the history and derivation of the name.

The names of women have been also very much metamorphosed, and many of the most curious of them entirely rejected. I have now before me a list of the names of women drawn up from the authentic annals, and from the "History of Remarkable Women"— a curious tract in the "Book of Lecan," fol. 193; but as the limits allotted me in this Journal will not allow me to furnish a list, I must rest satisfied with giving such names as are still retained, with a selection from the most curious of those which have been rejected, adding their meanings as far as they are certain. The following are the ancient Irish names of women still retained, as the writer has determined by examining the provinces of Ulster, Connaught, Leinster, and the greater part of Munster:—

1. "Aine, now Hannah.

2. "Brighid," now Anglicised Bridget, from its resemblance to the name of the celebrated Swedish virgin of that name. Brighid is a woman's name of Pagan origin in Ireland; it has been explained "fiery dart" by the Irish glossographers, especially by Cormac, Archbishop of Cashel, who distinctly states in his glossary that it was the name of the Muse who was believed to preside over poetry in Pagan times in Ireland. "Brighid" is now very common in Ireland as the name of a woman, in consequence of its being that of the most celebrated of the female saints in Ireland —the patroness of Kildare—who is well known all over Europe as the greatest patroness of Ireland.

3. "Finola," though a beautiful name, has nearly become obsolete since the beginning of the eighteenth century, but some few still retain it in the abbreviated form of Nuala.

4. "Graine,' 'now Grace.

5. "Lassarina, also, though in use not long since, has latterly become obsolete.

6. "Meadhbh," pronounced Meave. This is still preserved and Anglicised Maud, Mab, and Mabby; and the writer is acquainted with several old women of the Milesian race who still retain it. This was the name of a celebrated Queen of Connaught, who flourished in the first century, and who is now known in the legends in the mountainous districts of Ireland as the queen of the fairies. From this country her spirit found its way in to Scotland, and thence into the north of England, where Shakespeare met with her, but in rather too diminutive a form for the shade of the Irish heroine.

7. "Mor," pronounced More. The writer believes that there are a few women of this name still living in Ireland; but he is confident that there are but very few, though it was the name of many honourable ladies in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and for a century later. In our own times, however, it has been almost invariably Anglicised Mary, with which it is neither synonymous nor cognate.

8. "Sadhbh," pronounced Soyv, is the name of several women of the old Irish race, and who are known to the writer. It is now almost invariably Anglicised Sally, to which it bears no analogy.

9. "Sorcha" is still the name of several women in Ireland, especially in the province of Ulster; but the rising generation are beginning to object to it as being too Irish, and are determined on having it changed to Sarah or Sally. The writer is acquainted with families in whom this name is hereditary, and among whom the mother is always called Sorcha, and the daughter Sally; and though the latter knows that her own and her mother's name are the same, still would she blush to hear her own name pronounced "Sorcha." The name Sorcha signifies clear, bright, and might be well rendered Lucy or "Lucinda"; but we should like to see it preserved in its primitive form, which is not to be despised either from its sound or signification.

10. "Una" This name is still in constant use among the women of Ireland, but when speaking English, they invariably Anglicise it to Winifred or Winny.

The writer is not aware that any other name which was in use in the ancient Irish times is now retained, except the foregoing.

The names Catherine, Evlin, Eleanor, Isabella, Mary, Honora, Sheela (Celia), and many others now in use, and supposed to be of Irish origin, do not occur in the account of "Remarkable Women" above referred to, and there is no reason to believe that they were ever in use in ancient Ireland.

The following is a list of curious names of women which occur in the authentic annals and in the "History of Remarkable Women." It is highly probable that a few of them are of Danish origin:—

1. Aevin, i.e., Amoena; 2, Africa; 3, Alb and Albin; 4, Allin; 5, Alma, all good: 6. Alphin; 7, Athracta. This name has been restored by the Mac Dermott of Coolavin. 8. Barduv, blackhaired; 9, Bebail, woman of prosperity; 10, Bebin, melodious woman; 11, Blanaid, Florinda, from blath a blossom; 12, Brigh, vigour; 13, Cacht, bondmaid; 14. Cailleach-De, i.e., female servant of God; 15. Cailleach-Kevin, the female servant of St. Kevin; 16, Cailleach-Aengus, the female servant of St. Aengus; 17, Caintigern, fair lady; 18, Keara, the ruddy; 19, Cochrand; 20, Covfla, i.e., Victoria; 21, Coca; 22, Corcar, the ruddy; 23, Crea; 24, Devnet; 25, Derval, the true request; 26, Derforgal, the true pledge, Latinised Dervorgilla; 27, Dianiv and Diniv; 28, Dechter; 29, Derdre, alarm; 30, Dorenn, the sullen; 31, Duv-Covfla, victoria nigra; 32, Duvessa, nigra nutrix; 33, Dunsa, the brown-haired; 34, Dunlah, lady of the fort; 35, Edwina; 36, Eithne; 37, Elbrigh; 38, Emeria; 39, Eri; 40, Essa, nutrix; 41, Euginia, female of Eoghan; 42, Fedilmi, the ever-good; 43, Finbil, the white blossom; 44, Findely, fair countenance; 45, Finnavor, of the fair eye-lids; 46, Finni, the comely; 47, Finscoh, the fair flower; 48, Findah, the fair colour; 49, Flanna, the ruddy; 50. Gelgs, swan white; 51, Gemlorg, gem-like; 52, Gnahat; 53, Gobnet, female of Gobban; 54, Gormlah, the blue lady; 55, Ida, the just; 56, Lann; 57, Lasser, a flame; 58, Lasserina, flame or blush of the wine; 59, Lerthan; 60, Lithan; 61, Luanmasi, beautiful as the moon; 62, Ligach, pearly, or like a precious stone; 63, Maelmaiden, servant of the morning; 64, Mongfin, of the fair hair; 65, Moncha, the same as Monica; 66, Murgel, the fair one of the sea; 67, Murrin, crinita, or of the long hair; 68, Neave, effulgence; 69, Orlah, or Orflah, the golden lady; 70, Ranalt, female of Randal; 71, Ronat, female of Ronan; 72. Sraaid, the excellent; quere, the same as Sarah? 73. Selvlah, lady of possessions; 74. Shinah, the good tranquillity; 75, Sodelva, of the goodly aspect; 76, So Domina, the good lady; 77. Temar, the conspicuous; 78, Tafilah, quere Dalilah? 79. Tindi, the tender; 80. Trosi, strength; 81, Tualah, the noble lady; 82, Uaisi, the proud; 83, Uaisl, the gentle; 84, Uallach, the proud; 85, Uchdelva, of the fair breast; 86, Unchi, the contentious.

We have now seen the process by which the Irish people have assimilated their names and surnames to those of the English, and the reasons which have led them to do so, I would not so much regret their having done so, if I were not aware that some of the families who have thus Anglicised their names wish to conceal their Irish origin, as if they were ashamed of their ancestors and country, and that another result of these changes must soon be, that statistical will be apt to infer from the small number of ancient Irish surnames retained in Ireland, that all the old Irish race were supplanted by the English.

I shall close these notices of the surnames of the Irish people by a remark which I should wish to be universally believed, namely—That no ancient Irish surname is perfect unless it has either O or Mac prefixed, excepting in those instances where the sobriquet or cognomen of the ancestor is used as the surname, as Cavanagh, etc., and, accordingly, that nine-tenths of the surnames at present borne by the Irish people are incorrect, as being mere mutilations of their original forms.

"Per mac atque O, tu vergos cognoscis Hibernos
His duobus demptis, nullus Hibernus adest:
By Mac and O
You'll surely know
True Irishmen alway;
But if they lack
Both O and Mac,
No Irishmen are they."

The truth of this well-known distich may now be questioned, though it was correct a few centuries since.

It is but natural to suppose that a conquered people should look upon themselves as inferior to their conquerors; and this rage for adopting English surnames which prevails at present, is, in the opinion of the writer, a clear proof of the prevalence of this feeling, that the Irish consider themselves inferior to the English. Spenser, while he advises that the Irish be compelled to reject their O's and Mac's, and to adopt English surnames, dissuades his own countrymen from adopting Irish ones, as some of them had done, in the following words, which the writer, being as Irish as Spenser was English, now adopts as his own:—"Is it possible that any should so farre growe out of frame, that they should in so short space, quite forget their countrey and their own names! that is a most dangerous lethargie, much worse than that of Messala Corvinus, who being a most learned man, thorough sickness forgat his own name."
"State of Ireland," Dub. Ed., p. 137.

And again:—

"Could they ever conceive any such dislike of their own natural countreys as that they would be ashamed of their name, and byte off the dugge from which they sucked life?"—"Ibid," p. 108.

(Concluded.)

In speaking on the interference of sound recently, before the Royal Institution, Lord Rayleigh described some of his experiments with foghorns made for Trinity House. Fog-horns with elliptic cones instead of circular cones were tried, the major axis being about four times longer than the minor. The experiments showed that the sound was best spread in a horizontal direction when the long axis was exactly vertical. It appears to be doubtful whether the phenomenon of the silent zones is really due to interference between waves of sound reaching the spot directly and those reflected from the sea. If the effect is due mainly to interference in this way it ought to be possible to recover the sound by the listener's changing his altitude above the sea surface, but Lord Rayleigh has on several occasions tried this on board the "Irene" and has not recovered the sound.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

(From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.)

CARLINGFORD.

Carlingford, a seaport, market and post-town, and a parish (formerly a parliamentary borough), in the barony of Lower Dundalk, county of Louth, and province of Leinster, 11½ miles (E. by N.) from Dundalk, and 59¾ (N.) from Dublin; containing 12,185 inhabitants, of which number 1319 are in the town. This town appears to have originated in the erection of a castle, either by De Lacy or De Courcy, by order of King John, in 1210, but is mentioned by some authorities as the place where St. Patrick, in 432, effected his second landing; and the ferry of Carlingford was granted by Sir John de Courcy, in the year 1184, to the abbey of Downpatrick. The town, which gradually rose in the neighbourhood of the castle, appears to have consisted chiefly of castellated buildings, arising from its situation on the frontier of the pale. In 1301, Matilda de Lacy, widow of David, Baron of Naas, granted the advowson of the church to the priory of Kilmainham; and in 1305, Richard de Burgo, Earl of Ulster, founded a monastery for Dominicans here, dedicated to St. Malachy. Edw. II., in 1358, granted to his son, Lionel, Earl of Ulster, licence to hold a weekly market on Thursday, and a yearly fair here for six days. In 1404 the manor of Carlingford and town of Irish-Grange, which had previously belonged to the abbey and convent of Newry, vested by forfeiture in the king, who granted them in fee to Richard Sedgrave. A mint was established here in 1467, by act of parliament; and in 1495 it was enacted that Englishmen only should be constables of the castle. In 1596, Henry Oge, son-in-law of the Earl of Tyrone, notwithstanding the submission made and pledges given by that nobleman to Queen Elizabeth, made an attempt to surprise the castle, but was defeated. Sir Henry Tichbourne took possession of the town in 1642, not, however, before it had suffered much injury by fire, from the adherents of Sir Phelim O'Neal. In 1649, Lord Inchiquin, after taking Dundalk, marched to this place, and compelled the castle, with other neighbouring fortresses, to surrender; but in the following year it was delivered up to Sir Charles Coote and Col. Venables. A party of the forces of Jas. II., in 1689, set fire to the town, in their retreat before the army of Duke Schomberg, who, in consequence, issued a proclamation threatening that, if such conduct were repeated, he should give no quarter. During the Duke's encampment at Dundalk, and while disease was spreading through his forces, the sick were removed into Carlingford, until they became too numerous to be accommodated.

The town is beautifully situated on the south-west side of the spacious lough or bay to which it gives name, and immediately at the base of an extensive range of mountains which terminate at this point. The scenery of the bay is remarkably fine: the Mourne Mountains, on the opposite side, are beautifully varied with rocks, woods, heath, and verdure; and in the foreground the shores are enlivened with neat cottages and numerous bathing-lodges. Carlingford mountain, which overhangs the castle, attains, according to the Ordnance survey, an elevation of 1,935 feet above the level of the sea: from its height and position it intercepts, during a great part of the summer, the direct rays of the sun, for several hours before sunset. The oysters found in the bay are highly esteemed.

Carlingford is a borough of very great antiquity, probably by prescription. A corporation is recognised so early as 1326, when the king granted to the bailiffs of "Karlyngford" a charter for levying murage for six years, to enclose the town with a stone wall. By patent dated the 13th of March, 1409, Hen. IV., on the petition of the corporation, representing that the town had been often burned and wasted by the Irish and Scotch, acquitted them of all subsidies, tollages, &c., for several years; and for the same reasons, customs were granted to them, for 24 years, from 1501, towards fortifying the town with a stone wall. Queen Elizabeth granted by charter, in 1571, extensive privileges and immunities. The governing charter, dated the 9th of August, 17th of Jas. I (1619), creates a sovereign, 12 burgesses, and a community of six, giving them authority over the whole of Carlingford and its liberties, with the exception of the castle of Arthur Bagenal, lord of the manor and its appurtenances. This charter declared that the corporation should be styled the "Sovereign, Burgesses, and Commonalty of the Town and Borough of Carlingford," and should consist of a sovereign, twelve burgesses, and an unlimited number of freemen; two serjeants-at-mace and a coroner, a clerk of the market, and clerk of the entries were also appointed. The sovereign and burgesses returned two members to the Irish parliament prior to the Union, when the £15,000 paid as compensation for the loss of the franchise was divided equally between the Marquess of Downshire and the guardians of Mr. Ross Balfour Moore.

The remains of the Dominican monastery consist principally of the walls of the conventual church, with a square tower supported on lofty pointed arches, and separating the nave from the chancel; at the west end of the nave are two turrets, connected by a battlement, and on the south is a small detached ruin, probably a chapel. These ruins, which are situated at the extremity of the town farthest from the castle, bein govergrown with ivy, have a very interesting and romantic appearance. On the summit of a neighbouring hill, at Ruskey, are small remains of a church, or chapel, with traces of a burial ground, but no monuments or even graves: it is thought to have been a rural residence of the abbot. About half way between the abbey and the castle are the ruins of a square building, with windows of an ecclesiastical character, curiously ornamented with sculptures of animals, human heads, and foliage. The remains of the castle, called King John's castle, show it to have been an irregular pile of building, nearly in the form of a horse-shoe: the walls in some parts are eleven feet thick, and some of the salient points are defended by loophole abutments; it is washed by the sea on the eastern side, and on the land side is a narrow pass overhung by wild and lofty mountains. The castle seems to have been erected to command this pass, and it enclosed various baronial halls and apartments, and a courtyard surrounded with galleries: the chief entrance is on the side next the sea, from a platform on which was apparently a battery for the defence of the harbour. The pass is only wide enough to allow a very small number of men to walk abreast: on one side of it the mountain rises abruptly, and on the other are dangerous precipices with the sea below. At Templetown are the ruins of an ancient church, with a burial-ground attached, near which are the remains of the castle of Ballug, a square pile of building with very thick walls, defended at the opposite angles by square turrets; the lower part has been converted into stables, and the upper into corn-lofts. Carlingford formerly gave the title of Earl to the family of Taaffe, which becoming extinct on the death of Theobald, the 4th Earl, in 1738, Geo. III., in 1761, conferred the title of Viscount Carlingford on the family of Carpenter, together with that of Earl of Tyrconnel.

(To be Continued.)

THE HARVESTERS' PRAYER.

BY JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY.

Lord of the Harvest! Thee we hail;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
The varying seasons haste their round—
With goodness all our years are crowned;
Our thanks we pay
This harvest day;
Oh, let our hearts in tune be found!

If spring doth wake the song of mirth,
If summer warms the fruitful earth;
When winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or autumn yields its ripen'd grain;
Still do we sing
To Thee, our King;
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear;
We too will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we Thy common bounties share.

Lord of the Harvest! All is Thine!
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skull that makes our fruits abound!
New, every year,
Thy gifts appear:
New praises from our lips shall sound.

A shipping curiosity has been broken up at Teneriffe, Canary Islands, in the Italian ship "Anita," of Genoa, which was the oldest vessel in the world. The "Anita" resembled Christopher Columbus' ship, the "Santa Maria," and was built in Genoa in 1548. She completed her last voyage at the end of March last, when she ran from Naples to Teneriffe. The "Anita" was of tremendously stout build, and had weathered countless storms and tornadoes in all parts of the world. She was also the slowest ship afloat, taking 205 days on one voyage from Baltimore, Md., to Rio de Janeiro.

ANCIENT IRISH SOCIETY.

Its Elements.

By M. J. Byrne.

However one state of society may, on paper, appear to differ from another, yet it is obvious that as men of various nations and ages have almost infinitely more points of similarity than dissimilarity, so their real sociology—that which springs from and reflectively moulds their every-day thoughts—will on investigation be found not so singular as at first sight may appear.

How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!

Slavery existed in ancient Irish society, and this might on first impression give us an idea of a sociology very different from our own at this date. In his lectures on the History of Civilisation in France, M. Guizot estimates the influence of slavery on manners and customs as enormous, and he illustrates his thesis by a reference to North and South America—"Between the manners of the States of the South, of Carolina, of Georgia, for example, and the manners of the States of the North, as Massachusetts or Connecticut, there is a profound difference, which arises from the States of the South holding slaves, while those of the North have not" (Sect. 18). On the other hand, we have the Israelites murmuring against Moses for leading them from the flesh-pots of Egyptian slavery into the liberty of want; and John Mitchel thought how many an Irish peasant might envy the lot of the lazy and laughing, careless negro slaves who crowded round his convict ship to sell oranges and such like.

In truth, slavery, like other things mundane, has its modes. In the East the slaves were a part of the family. "As long as the heir is a child, he differeth nothing from a servant" (Gal. iv., 1). Cicero's letters to Tiro are as affectionate as if written to his own son; "I thought that I should have been able to bear the want of you more easily," he writes to Tiro, whom he had left ill at home. "but in truth I cannot bear it. . . I seem to have committed a sin when I left you. But since you were utterly against proceeding on the voyage till your health was confirmed I approved your resolution. . . Observe this one thing, my Tiro, if you love me, let neither Mario's coming nor this letter hurry you." However, this is a digression intended merely to remind the reader that slavery is not always a case of manacles and whipping-post, and, indeed, if we examine more closely into the subject, there is always slavery in every state of society—call it serfdom, villeinage, the sweating system, what you will, the essence is always there; the subordination of one man's will to another, whether it be obtained by the force of the bow and spear; by the accident of birth; by the influence of wealth; or oppression of power; there are always one set of men dependent in greater or less degree on the will of others—which, as Grattan truly said, is the true definition of slavery.

Now, I am unable to say what was the precise position of the slave in ancient Ireland, but somewhat is clear from that portion of the ancient laws which have been published with translations, and this I propose to set forth!

Men became slaves in punishment of their own crimes (iv., 249) or for the crimes of others, for whom, under our ancient law, they were responsible (i. 65-71)), and perhaps for debt when they had no other means of paying (ii. 41., iii. 4 and 5), or by being born of slaves or foreigners imported (i. 163). The strangest of all is the provision as to the children of an abducted woman. It is provided, apparently in the case of the mother's death in child-birth, that such child belongs to the mother's family, who might sell it, but in such case the father was bound to buy the child in case the mother had been taken away by force; but if she had consented, the father was not bound to redeem the child, though he had the right of pre-emption if he chose to exercise it. It is provided that when sold the child is to be considered as lawfully begotten, whatever that may mean. Perhaps it means simply that the child is transferred from the mother's tribe to the father's or purchaser's tribe, and enters the latter as free-born (iii., 541). From other sources we know that slaves were also imported. Sometimes, as in the case of St. Patrick, they were captives taken in ravages on foreign lands, and sometimes they were purchased. When Strongbow and his free lances began to make head in Ireland, it was decided at a Synod held at Armagh that this was a scourge from God on account of the practice of purchasing natives of England from traders and pirates, and reducing them to slavery, and it was decreed that all English slaves should be restored to freedom (Gerald. Camb., i., 18).

What (if any) effect this canon, or its consequences, had on Irish society I have been unable to discover. Whether the slave trade terminated at or before this time, or when, is a matter on which I would welcome further information. What tasks were assigned to slaves does not clearly appear, but it is incidentally observed (i., 125) that the hopper of the mill was called "Cup comla," because originally the bondmaid was bound to mind it.

The bondmaid is expressly exempted from liability for accidents caused by her in the regular course of her work at the kneading trough (iii., 275), and so in the case of other working utensils, such as the sieve (iii., 277). But these were not exclusivly servile works, for we find in the laws as to fosterage of children of minor chiefs, that boys were to be taught herding of lambs, calves, kids, and young pigs, kiln-drying, combing, and wood-cutting; while girls were to be taught the use of the quern, and kneading trough, and sieve (ii., 155). A distinction seems to be taken (i., 105-7) between labourers, slaves, shepherds, cow-herds, and cart-boys, which would suggest that there was no species of labour exclusively or especially assigned to slaves. Even in the comment on the derivation of "Cupcomla," the annotator says "for she (i.e., the bondmaid) was bound to mind everything of these which a person wished" (i., 141), as if it were not a special function, but only one that might be assigned by the master. Manual labour was required of the clansmen for building the chief's fort, and reaping his havest, unless he accepted military services (ii., 195). Several kinds of servants are alluded to in the laws. There is the fuidhir servant (ii., 25), which would appear to be a slave (i., 107), and who is otherwise described as the "daer-servant" of the common people (ii., 25). The butler, valet, groom, and general retainers seem to have had different ranks (ii., 25); the "urerghi-servant," which would seem in course of time to have become the same as the "fuidhir"; and the "dichenn-servant," who would seem to rank with the butler; "anneslethe-servant," of which class was his horse-boy (ii., 27). Where the law deals with injuries caused by servants there is no distinction as to what kind of servants (iii., 175-81, 273-5), save as to whether he be the servant of a native freeman, or of a stranger, of a foreigner, or of a "daer-person," which would seem to be some sort of an unfree man (iii., 179).

We have seen that herding swine was not considered "infra dig" for the sons of minor chiefs, and we know that this was St. Patrick's function when in slavery. From some of the stories told of St. Patrick's early life, it would appear that Irish writers saw nothing menial in herding sheep or milking cows, as we find St. Patrick, his sister, and foster-mother represented as in their own country engaged therein. ("Tripartite Life of St. Patrick," etc. Edited by Dr. Whitley Stokes. Rolls Publication, (i., 13). In this "Tripartite Life of St. Patrick (i., 219), slaves are represented as felling trees, which we have seen was also taught to native freemen. Hence I infer that there were no especial works looked on as being suitable only for slaves. This paper has already run to such a length that I must defer the further consideration of the Irish slave system to another occasion.

HOW FICTION AIDED SCIENCE.

From about 1870 to about 1885 few works of fiction were more widely popular than the scientific romances of Jules Verne. Those whose business it was to gather and transmit the past's learning laughing at them, but eager-minded boys by millions read and dreamed over the possibilities that they suggested. About 1885 invention began to realise the dreams of science that Verne had but stated in popular form. During the last decade this process has gone on with increasing speed.

"Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," for example, was one of Verne's most popular works. The "Nautilus" was dubbed an impossibility. Yet the French, American, and English Governments are to-day making contracts for submarine vessels which will perform many of the feats ascribed to Captain Nemo's.

"Five Weeks in a Balloon" was one of Verne's earlier books. The literary pundits lifted scornful eyebrows over it. Yet balloon journeys nearly as far have been made, and the airship that will keep afloat for weeks seems almost at hand.

As for Captain Hatteras, the hero of Verne's polar romances, the voyages of Nansen and the Belgica read like chapters from his adventures. And to-day no fewer than five parties are actually prosecuting, or will soon enter upon, the search to which the imaginary Hatteras gave his fortune and life.

Phineas Fogg's feat of girdling the globe in 80 days which cost him 100,000 dols, may be beaten easily now for one-fiftieth of that sum. Rousseau, Moissin, and others have duplicated in kind, if not in extent, the precious stone making of the old chemist in Verne's "Southern Star." And the gas with which "Dr. Ox's Experiment" was performed may now be purchased, in quantities to suit at almost any corner drug store.

Recalling these and other fulfillments of Verne's dreams, Emile Gautier, in the Paris "Figaro," is moved to assert: "Positively, Jules Verne, with his suggestive fictions, has more than once inspired science and industry. He has engendered miracles by imagining them in advance. It would be difficult to estimate the results his works have achieved in the illumination of minds and the stimulation of energies."

When we remember that the revolutionary inventor's greatest difficulty, such as Morse had with his telegraph, has been to get people to believe the possibility of his ideas, Gautier's estimate of Verne's influence will seem by no means exaggerated. By imagining scientific miracles he has helped to make them possible. He stimulated that creative imagination whose activity is the fundamental condition of success in any line of human endeavour.

FORTS AND FAIRIES.

A COMPILATION.

BY E. J. RYAN.

7. CLASSES OF FAIRIES.

The fairies are said to be of different denominations and to adopt various forms. There is nothing inconsistent in this idea, especially in view of the known arts of the devil. Neither is it impossible for fallen angels and departed human souls to manifest themselves to corporal eyes. According to St. Thomas, disembodied souls are sometimes sent to this earth to do penance where their sin was committed. It is possible that souls may be sent to the forts as the scene of former sin, or as the resting place of their bodies, and that these souls, or the souls of others baptised or unbaptised, may have been mistaken for lost spirits created without a body. Scriptural authority, ecclesiastical history, and cases stated on other reliable testimony, make it manifest that actual apparitions have occurred.

The impression of beholding objects of supernatural horror is not confined to the human race. Dogs are said to be influenced in this way, even when human beings can perceive nothing(67).

Some terms denote spirits indefinitely: Dhoul, Dwarfs, of a supernatural origin, Eldritch, Genius, Ghost, Ghoul, Gnome, Goblin, Hobgoblin, Imp, Mann, Nymph, Phantom, Spectre, Spirit, Spook, Sprite, Troll, Wraith, the dwarfs and gnomes were considered to be dark and swarthy in contradistinction to the fairies. The Mann were visible or invisible beings.

Other spirits are of a more specific description:

Banshee(68).—The Banshee, or woman spirit, is a woman of the supernatural life, a fairy woman, a woman of peace, a woman of the fairy hills. The banshee was the spirit of death, the foreteller of doom.

There are various explanations of her nature and quality. She is said to be a beautiful young girl of the Celtic race who cannot enter heaven until some other member of the family, who must be likewise young and beautiful, takes her place through death; again, it is said that the banshee sometimes assumes the form of some sweet singing maiden of the family, one who died young, and has been given the mission by the invisible powers to become the messenger of impending doom to her mortal kindred. Some imagine tre banshee to be a guardian spirit; others consider her as a spirit from purgatorial realms. Another view is that she is the spirit of a mortal woman deceased, whose destinies become linked by some dispensation or accident with some particular family. It is stated thar the banshee is one who assumes the shape and dress of an old Milesian female, and makes it her business to intimate to her friends their approaching death.

At one time she is represented as a fair young girl with long flowing hair; and is said never to grow old, and to be accordingly in a sense immortal. At another time she is described as a withered old woman. She manifests herself at the death of the members of old Celtic families of the Milesian race, even across the sea. She is sometimes seen at night as a shrouded woman, or flying past in the moonlight. Her cry is mournful beyond all the sounds on earth. Sometimes it is low and soft, lamenting as if close to the window of the sick; at other times, loud, shrill and melancholy, accompanied by the slapping together of her long, skinny, withered hands. Sometimes she is heard and seen by several people; at others, only by one, at night, or by day, and even at the grave of a newly-buried deceased.

The gleam of her dark eyes, the hiss of her breath,
But herald the coming of sorrow and death.

It may possibly be the soul of a deceased

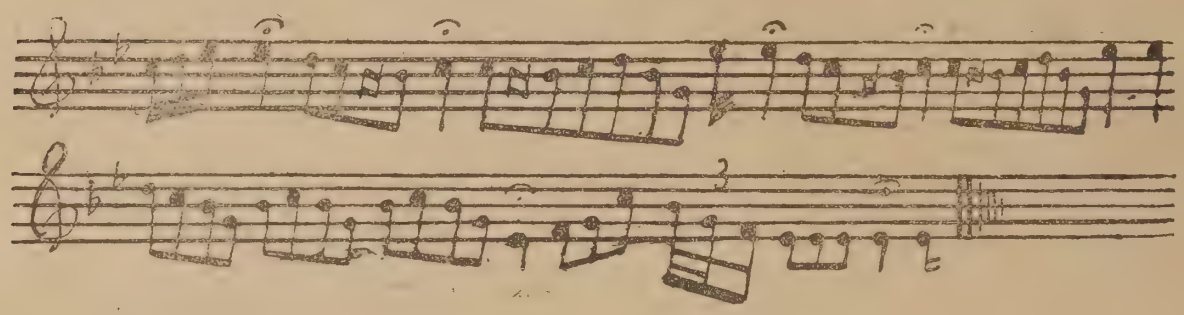
(67) The cruel stepmother in the Danish ballad or its Provencal counterpart, is kind to the children when the dog howls, for she dreads the appearance of the dead mother.

(68) Banshee, from van. "the woman, the beautiful," and shee, spirit. The word is spelled also banshi and benshee. The spirit is likewise called the ban caointhe, and ban caointhechaune, a woman or wailing, baob and boheentha. The ideal meaning of banshee is a nymph of the air. The cry is the archetype of the kine—properly cine or caoine. Sudden and unaccountable raps on doors, tables, or windows, the melancholy howling of the house dog, the crowing of cocks before midnight, are believed to be death warnings. The crowing of the cock is believed to keep away spirits. A dead carriage, distinctly heard but seldom seen, comes for the doomed one of some families. The carriage, which is sometimes seen passing along roads, is called the headless coach.

NOTATION OF THE BANSHEE'S WAIL.

BY

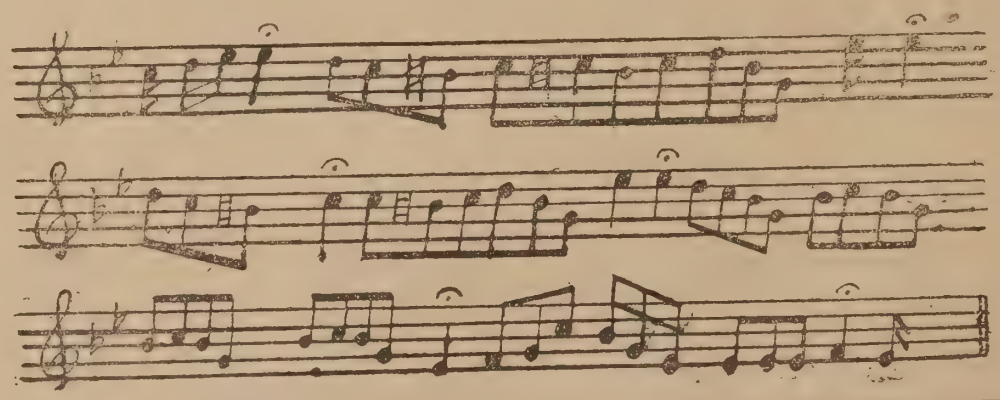
MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.



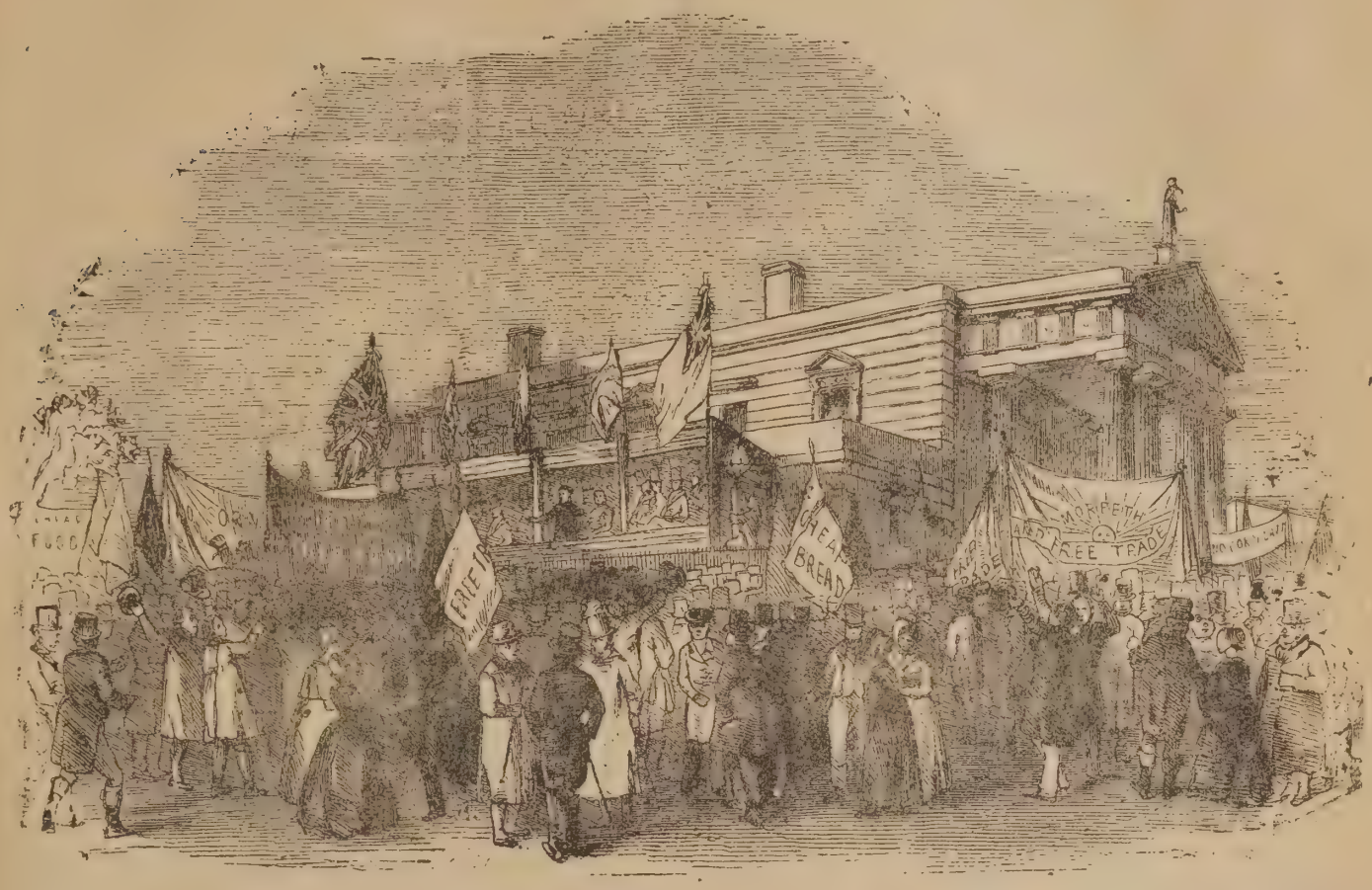
ANOTHER NOTATION OF THE BANSHEE'S CRY IN A DIFFERENT KEY,

ATTRIBUTED TO

MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.



ELECTIONEERING HALF A CENTURY AGO.



ELECTION OF LORD MORPETH FOR WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE. FROM THE LONDON "PICTORIAL TIMES" OF SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7TH, 1846.

relative of a person whose death it may by God's dispensation be allowed to announce. Or it may be the evil spirit or genius, which, according to the common opinion, accompanies each individual, and weeping for the salvation of the soul, and the lost chance of ruin. Like the Daemones of the Greeks, some of them were believed to have been always disembodied(69). The same appearances are associated with the ancient families of Italy, and some of the princely houses of Germany.

Cluricaune.—The Cluricaune is a small weeny fellow, of a humoursome disposition, and supposed to be fond of good wine and race-horses. This is the name by which it is known especially in county Cork; it is called Luricaune in county Kerry, and Luricane, also Looricaun, and Cluricane.
and Cluricane.

Dullaghan(70).—The Dullaghan takes off and puts on his head at pleasure. He sometimes puts it in his pocket, or under his arm; sometimes it is thrown at one another by members of this class ,and sometimes it is kicked as a football by them, or is absent altogether. Glendalligan, in the parish of Kilrossanty, county Waterford, is supposed to derive its name from this fairy.

Elf.—The elves were a supernatural race of invisible dwarfs.

Fay.—The fays of the old romances were enchantresses of human size and appearance.

(69. Daimones, a kind of spirit or genius that presided over the actions of men.

(70) Also Dulachan, Dullahan, Dullachan, and Dulhallane.

By degrees elves and fays were confused and eventually identified.

Fearshi.—The fearshi or shifra, the masculine of banshi, is the fairy man of peace, but is not considered to indulge so generally in wailings as the banshee, although it is alleged it has sometimes been heard. (The fearshi is called also the fear caointhe.)

Fetch.—A fetch is an apparition of one's own self while living, and is supposed to portend one's death. It may be seen by oneself or by another person.

Genius.—A genius is a good or an evil spirit or demon, supposed to preside over a man's destiny or life. The plural, genii, is a sort of imaginary intermediate beings, some good and some bad, between men and angels.

Leprechaun(71).—The Leprechaun is a fat, plump, merry fellow, industrious and tricksy, with a pipe, but can be malicious if offended. He is called Lurigadaun in county Tipperary (72); and Logheryman or loughryman in Ulster,—all probably provincialisms of the Irish name for a pigmy. He is the shoemaker or cobbler, and artisan of the fairy kingdom. He is acquainted with all the hidden treasures of the earth, and has the knowledge of unlimited quantities of gold. As long as you keep your eyes on him he is in your power, but the moment you look away—and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement—he vanishes. In order to prevent money so obtained from becoming mere dross, it should have real money mixed with it, or some of it should be spent immediately. A very different account, however, has been given of that goblin.

(71) Also leprechan or leprochaune in Leinster, and luprachaun. The name is from leath brog, or leith brogan, odd shoe, or an artisan of the brogue.

(72) Also lurigadaun and lurrigadane, or lurikeen. Other names are lupperdane and luchorpan. The cluricaune and its equivalents, also the leprechaun and its equivalents, are sometimes considered as being identical.

Lianhan-shee(73).—The Lianhan-shee is the spirit of life, and gives inspiration to song and music. It sometimes took the form of a woman, who gave men valour and strength in battle by her songs, and sometimes affords invisible aid against adversaries.

Nymph.—A nymph is a goddess of the mountains, forests, meadows, or waters.

Phooka(74).—The Phooka is a spirit which appears in the form of an animal, horse, bull, buffalo, dragon, or eagle, or sometimes as a pack of wool rolling along the ground. He is a capricious sprite, sometimes merry, and sometimes wicked. He even sometimes helps at work. If anyone uses him for locomotion the method is rough and startling, but results in no injury. His caprice may be illustrative of the alleged alternate hope and fear of the fallen angels.

Sylph.—The Sylph is an imaginary being of the air, of the male sex, without a soul. But the term is now usually applied to a graceful girl or young woman.

Thivish or Thousha.

(73) Also lenan-sidhe, and lenauntshee, fairy follower or lover.

(74) Also phouka, and pooka.

Will-o'-the-Wisp.—Will-o'-the-Wisp also called Jack-o'-the-Lantern, and Friar's Lantern, supposed by some to be a spirit, is a marsh gas consisting of carburetted hydrogen, which takes fire on contact with the air, and on account of its lightness is easily moved about in the atmosphere(75).

There are also spirits of the water, one being called the water-wraith, and another the water-elf, or kelpie, a malignant evil spirit of the water. Yet another is the merrow, or marrow.

Possibly the various spirits may be only figures of speech, representing various qualities.

8. RANK AND DEFINITE LOCATIONS.

Donn, named Marc, a son of Milesius, is traditionally believed to be the chief of the West Munster fairies, and to hold his court at Cnoc-Firinn, in the county of Limerick(76.

Finvar(77) is said to a fairy king or chief of the fairies of the West. He has his palace in the hill of Knockma, at Tuam, deep under ground, where the walls are of crystal, and the floor paved with gold.

Macaneantan is also supposed to be a fairy king or chief.

Mananan Mac Lir is the fair sea-king. (The name is found also as Manannan Mac Lir.)

Midar is also mentioned as a fairy chief.

Aeibhell(78) is understood to be a powerful banshee, the fairy queen of Thomond, presiding over North Munster, the guardian spirit of the Dalcassians, and to have her palace in Crageevil(79), a rocky hill rising over the Shannon, two miles north of Killaloe.

Arma, Clina(80), Maobh(81), Morgana and Oona are also said to be fairy queens. Clina is reputed to be queen of the South Munster fairies, and Corig Cleena, a few miles above Mallow, is believed to be her principal habitation. Maobh is represented as queen of the fairies of Connaught, or of all the Irish fairies. Oone is queen of the fairies of the West.

Many places in Ireland are considered eerie(82) on account of the presence of the fairies. If a house is built on one of their favourite paths through the country its occupants gets no peace from them. It is remarkable besides that houses built in some places are unlucky, as neither the inhabitants nor the irrational animals there thrive from the same cause. Indeed, they are supposed in some cases to die unduly, and the effects are attributed to the fairies in whose way the house happens to be. In old times there were people who could point out the exact spot that would be a lucky site for a house. It is considered unlucky to make an addition to the North to a house already built.

(75) If people guide their course by it at night they are apt to be led astray on account of its shifting nature. By turning any article of one's garments inside out this result is prevented. All though the Will-o'-the-Wisp is of such a quality light in general seen at night is considered good. But a person who comes directly into the light after seeing a ghost at night is said to be apt to faint.

(76) Donn is also called Doun, and Dhoun Fierna or Fiarna, Cnoc-Firinn is found also as Cnoc Firinne, as Knockfirinn, Knockfeerina, and Knockfierna.

(77) Also Finvarra and Kinvarra.

(78) Aeibhell, Aoibhill, Aebhinn, Ailill, Eevil, Eevin, and Eiblin, are names applied to the same imaginary spirit. They mean beautiful.

(79) Or, Craglea.

(80) Also Cleena, Cliona, Clidhna, and Cliodhna.

(81) Also Mab, Maev, Maeve, Mave, Maive, and Meave. Some represent Ailill as a fairy king and Maob as his wife.

(82) Or airy.

For exorcised spirits the Red Sea is, according to popular estimation, a specific location. Petticoat Loose, whose lost soul after her decease used to haunt Bay Lough, near Clogheen, and inflict injury and death on passers-by, was banished by exorcism to the Red Sea.

It is said that the half day from noon to midnight is the time when spirits generally are more actively at large, and that night itself, up to 12 o'clock, is the time when their influence is most exerted. Shakespeare refers to this when he says:

'Tis how the very witching hour of night
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world.

The night is figurative of death, and, moreover, is the time when people, being deprived of light, feel most apprehensive. By darkness the devils are sometimes understood; the devil is the prince of darkness, and "every one that doth evil hateth the light, and cometh not to the light, that his works may not be reproved."

There is a saying that a person born from midday to midnight is liable to see apparitions, and that a person born between midnight and midday is exempt.

9. BELIEF IN OTHER COUNTRIES.

Every nation believes in the existence of these mysterious spirits with influence over the human race, but each nation represents them differently according to national circumstances.

The belief in divinities and good and evil genii dwelling in the elements, and ghosts was very widespread in Europe; and in evil spirits, among the Indians of America, and in Persia.

A brownie in Scotland is a kind of supposed good-natured spirit.

The pixies in Devonshire are a race of beings invisibly small, and harmless or friendly to man.

The Cornish country has its bogeys, fays, and sloes.

Traces of belief in fairies are found in Germany, Denmark, and among the Scandinavians, as well as in Russia, Turkey, and amongst the Cossacks of the Don.

Typhon is an Egyptian evil spirit.

The Afghans believe each of the numerous solitudes and deserts of their country to be inhabited by a lonely demon, whom they call the Ghoolee Beeabau, or Spirit of the Waste.

In Arabia it is supposed that there is a demon which haunts localities in human shape.

Among Mahometans a houri is a nymph of paradise.

A peri, one of those beautiful creatures of the air who have lost Paradise is, in Persian fables, a genius(83) or fairy who is doing penance on earth preparatory to being admitted into heaven. The Persians call the Peris the midway mystic race. The Egyptians and the Greeks named them demons, not as evil, but as mysterious allies of man, invisible though ever present, capable of kind acts, but implacable if offended.

The deeves were wicked and formidable genii, enemies of the peris(84).

The kings of Persia had adventures in fairyland.

In non-Catholic countries, however, the belief in fairies and spirits is not entertained altogether as in Ireland. But St. Cyprian says the devil troubles not himself with those he has already made sure of, . . . whom he hath already alienated from the Church, and employs his . . . stratagems upon those in whom he observes Christ to dwell.

There is not as much reason to suppose that places are now as likely to be haunted as in former times, or that the operations of the devil are as manifest, for "before Satan was bound," says Butler in his "Lives of the Saints," "or his power curbed by the triumph of Christ over him, and the spreading of the happy light and influence of the Gospel throughout the world, the empire which the devils exercised on earth was much greater than since that time. But it is most certain that the devils are sometimes permitted by God to continue in some degree the mischievous influence of their malice against men." The devil is said to be bound because the Lord has restrained the power which Satan shall have at the time of Antichrist, and the empire of the devil being constrained is implied by his being said to be bound.

People sometimes say that in the case of places which have ceased to be haunted, the time of the spirits haunting them is up.

(To be Continued.)

(83) A jinn or devil. Ginnistan, which the marvellous traditions of the Assyrians and Arabs place at the foot of Mount Caucasus, on the borders of the Caspian Sea, was the abode of the peris.

(84) The Koran states that all the deeves and evil spirits were subject to Solomon. The word is spelled also dives.

THE KING OF THE SEVEN HILLS.

(From the German of Joseph Matzerath.)

In ancient times beside the Rhine, a king sat on his throne,
And all his people called him "good"—no other name is known.

Seven hills and seven old castles marked the land beneath his sway,
His children all were beautiful and cheerful as the day.

Oft, clad in simple garments, he travelled through the land,
And to the poorest subject then he gave a friendly hand.

Now when this good old king believed his latest hour was nigh,
He bade his servants bear him to a neighbouring mountain high:

Below he saw the pleasant fields in cloudless sunlight shine,
While through the valleys, brightly green, flowed peacefully the Rhine;

And pastures, gaily decked with flowers, extended far away;
While round them stood the mighty hills in darkly-blue array;

And on the hills along the Rhine seven noble castle frown,
Stern guardians! on their charge below for ever looking down.

Long gazed the king upon that land; his eyes with tears o'erflow—
He cries, "My own loved country! I must bless thee ere I go!—

"Oh fairest of all rivers! my own beloved Rhine!
How beauteous are the pastures all that on thy margin shine.

"To leave thee, oh my land! wakes my bosom's latest sigh,
Let me spend my breath in blessing thee, and so, contented, die.

"My good and loving people all! my land! farewell for ever!
May sorrow and oppression come within your borders, never!

"May people, land, and river, all, in sure protection lie,
For ever 'neath the guardianship of the Almighty's eye."

Soon as the blessing was pronounced, the good old king was dead,
And the halo of the setting sun shone all around his head.

That king was always called "the good"—no other name is known;
But his blessing still is resting on the land he called his own.

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS:

Compiled from Authentick Memoirs, Offices of Record, Manufcript Collections, and other Unexceptionable Vouchers,

By THE LATE WALTER HARRIS, ESQ.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

A.D. 1676. Humphry Jervis (who had been sheriff of Dublin two years before, and afterwards lord mayor, and knighted in 1681) set about building a bridge over the river Liffey, which was called Essex-bridge, in honour of Arthur, Earl of Essex, then lord lieutenant of Ireland.

A.D. 1678, Sept 1. Upon the news of the Popish plot in England, Peter Talbot, titular archbishop of Dublin, was imprisoned in Dublin castle.

Oct. 16. By proclamation, all titular archbishops, bishops, and all who exercise ecclesiastical jurisdiction under the Pope, and all Jesuits and other regular priests, are required to depart the kingdom by the 20th of November.

Nov. 20. By another proclamation, the Papists are forbidden to come into the castle of Dublin and markets of Drogheda, Cork, Waterford, Limerick, Wexford, Youghal, and Galway.

In December the same year a letter was dropped in the streets of Dublin, discovering a conspiracy against the life of James, Duke of Ormond, then lord lieutenant; upon which a proclamation was issued promising a reward of £200 to the discoverer, and one Jephson and two priests were imprisoned for it.

A.D. 1769, March 26. A proclamation was issued for seizing the near relations of tories, and imprisoning them until such tories be killed or taken, also for apprehending the parish priest where a robbery is committed, in order that the criminals be taken or discovered.

A.D. 1681, July 1. Oliver Plunket, titular primate of Ireland, was executed at Tyburn.

A.D. 1682. Ormond-market in Dublin was opened, and the year following the Tholsel built at the city charge.

A.D. 1683. There issued a commission of grace to the chief governor, the chancellor, the chief judges, &c., to grant his majesty's title to those who were in possession, and to grant manors and other privileges for a reasonable fine, &c. This court of grace sat at the king's inns, and was dissolved by the king's death.

A.D. 1684, Feb. 11. Upon the death of Charles II., on the 6th instant, King James was proclaimed at Dublin.

March 20. The Duke of Ormond delivered up the sword to the primate and Lord Granard as lords justices; but the Earl of Tyrconnel was lieutenant-general of the army.

April 7. A great part of the castle of Dublin was consumed by a dangerous fire that begun about two in the morning: his Excellency the Earl of Arran narrowly escaping. The great magazine of powder (as also the tower in which the ancient records of the kingdom were kept) was happily preserved from the approaching flames, which else had laid the city in ruins.

This year (a) the Royal-hospital was built at Kilmainham, near Dublin, at the charge of the army, being a stately, spacious, and commodious building, wherein 400 invalids are decently maintained. Two stone bridges were erected over the river Liffey this year by the city, the one called Ormond-bridge, after the Duke of Ormond, then lord lieutenant, and the other Arran-bridge, from the Earl of Arran, son and deputy to the Duke for two years before.

A.D. 1685, Jan. 9. The Earl of Clarendon is made lord lieutenant, and Sir Charles Porter lord chancellor.

A.D. 1686, Feb. 12. The Earl of Tyrconnel was sworn lord deputy, and endeavoured to prevail on the city of Dublin to admit Papists to freedoms and offices in it, contrary to the established laws, that by their means he might obtain a surrender of their charter, and so settle the corporation in the hands of Papists to his mind; but the resolution of Sir John Knox, then lord mayor of Dublin, and of the board of aldermen spoiled this design, and obliged the earl to bring a quo warranto against the city charter, which was done. The Lord Chief Baron Rice, a Papist, would not allow the city so much time to put in their plea as was sufficient to transcribe it with care. This hurry occasioned the clerk to mistake the date of one of their charters, which upon discovering the error they prayed leave to amend. But this was denied, and judgment given against the charter by the chief baron upon this defect of pleading, the merits of the cause never coming in question. The same way were most other corporations of the kingdom dealt with.

A.D. 1687. A great inundation happened in the river Liffey from excessive rains and a violent storm, which laid the low parts of the city under water up to the first floors, insomuch that boats plied in the streets. A part of Essex-bridge, which had been built but eleven years before, was broken down, and a coach and horses passing over it fell into the river.

A.D. 1688. The brutish and barbarous behaviour of Sir Thomas Hacket, lord mayor of Dublin, to the Protestants, laid many under the necessity of getting out of his power by leaving behind them their estates and concerns, and transporting themselves and what effects they could carry with them into England. Colonel Luttrell, governor of Dublin, did not fall short of his lordship in barbarity, and the lord chief justice Nugent made a third in the ruinous scheme against the Protestants.

February following the Protestants of Dublin were obliged by military force to deliver up their arms and horses; and the same practice was soon carried into execution through the greater part of the kingdom.

The Earl of Tyrconnel filled the churches with soldiers, and made them store-houses for the arms of Protestants. They were again seized in September, the monuments and graves opened, and dead bodies tumbled out of coffins, under pretence of searching for arms.

March 12. King James landed at Kinsale, marched to Dublin the 24th, and next day called a parliament; this parliament sat till the 20th of July, and passed an act of repeal of the act of settlement, and by an act of attainder attaints near 3,000 Protestants.

A.D. 1689. A mint was set up in Dublin for coining money of the worst kind of brass, old guns, and the refuse of metals melted down together, valued at about 3d. or 4d. a pound weight, which by proclamation dated June the 18th were made current. So that 20s. of this money were not intrinsically worth 2d. The half crown piece (being the largest at this time struck) represented on one side the king's head in bust, inscribed JACOBUS. II. DEI. GRATIA., and on the reverse a crown laid on two sceptres in saltier with I.R. inscribed MAG. BR. FRA. ET. HIB. Rex. 1689. Above the crown were XXX., denoting its value to be 30 pence, and on the exergue the month wherein the several pieces were coined, as Aug., Sept., Oct. The shillings and sixpences were the same. By another proclamation dated in December following, the half crowns were called in, and, being stamped anew, made to pass for crowns. These pieces bore the king on horseback ,inscribed JAC. II. DEI GRA. MAG. BRI. FRA. ET. HIB. REX. On the reverse a crown imperial guarded with the four royal scutcheons (crosswise and crowned) of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, interwoven with ANNO DOM. 1690, and inscribed CHRISTO VICTORE TRIUMPHO. By Archbishop King's estimate there was coined of this sort of money, from the first setting up of the mint to the battle of the Boyne, being something above a year, £965,375, but by a closer calculation much more, according to the following scheme, which

(a) It was begun in 1680, and although it was at this time fit for the reception of invalids, it was not finished until 1686.

seems to have been taken from the mint-master's accounts:

Weight of Metal.		Current Value.		
lbs.	dwt.	£	s.	d.
62,422	3¼ coined into	245,879	17	0 in large shillings.
110,308	15	443,498	10	0 in large half crowns.
172,731	1½	689,375	7	0 in large shillings and half crowns together.
14,080	3	49,042	6	6 in six-pences.
8,914	11¾	41,80)	0	0 in small shillings.
21,267	0¾	127,200	0	0 in small half crowns.
389,724	3¼	£1,596,799	0	6

In this wretched sort of money the Popish soldiers were paid their subsistance, and the Protestant tradesmen and creditors were obliged to receive it for their goods and debts, and it was reasonably computed that they lost about £60,000 a month by this cruel stratagem. The governor of Dublin, the provost-marshal, and his deputies threatened to hang all that refused it, and several were made prisoners on the occasion.

(To be Continued.)

SEA AND SKY.

Long ago, when the world was new,
The sapphire sky and the ocean blue
Wedded one summer day:
And the sky still bends as the years go by,
And the ocean leaps to the bending sky,
For constant lovers are they.

But when a mist arises between,
The ocean grown with jealousy green,
His doubts to the listener tells.
He storms and frets, he rages and roars;
In furious wrath he beats his shores,
While his turbulent bosom swells.

The sky, though dark with a moment's frown,
Will tenderly from its height look down
With a radiant smile divine.
The green to blue with its magic skill
'Twill change, and the stormy ocean still,
And the sun of love will smile.

Pause thou, my heart, and the lesson read:
When the darkness falls and with jealous speed,
The mists of doubt arise—
Fret not! 'twill pass, and thou wilt know
That the sun still shines with a fervent glow
In love's unchanging skies.

ORB OF NIGHT.

Queen of the stars! proud empress of the night!
Great governess o'er earth's unbridled deep!
Whose waters at thy mandate, banish sleep,
And skyward mount to meet thee with delight!
The poet sings of thee, as smiling o'er
City and meadow, forest, rock, and wold,
Enamelling seas with silver and with gold.
Seen from afar, how fair! But when thy shore,
Through astronomic glass, we gazing, see,
In fearful grandeur, molten rivers flow,
Red craters, too, in unremitting glow;
Wreck, waste, and ruin wrought continually—
With borrowed brightness dost thou nightly shine,
But yet, for ever parched, no envied lot is thine.

IRISH ECCLESIOLOGY.

OUR COUNTRY'S REMARKABLE MONUMENTS.

I.

The following paper appeared in the "Irish Metropolitan Magazine," published by Edward J. Milliken, College Green, Dublin, in 1857:—

The days of Ecclesiological ignorance are gone by in England. We wish we could say as much for Ireland. While most English schoolboys know something about church architecture, and are familiar with, at least, the alphabet of the language—while ordinary hand-books, guide-books, illustrated journals, and newspapers, are filled with engravings of old cathedrals and new churches, described with technical precision; while in English society it is almost as discreditable to be ignorant of Gothic architecture, as of geography—not one Irishman in a hundred can tell the names of the styles, or knows the difference between Norman and Perpendicular. However well acquainted he may be with other branches of knowledge, of this he is utterly ignorant. And he is not ashamed of his ignorance. One man has studied geology, and would blush not to know the difference between primary and tertiary strata; while he is wholly indifferent to the charge of not knowing any distinction between first-pointed and third-pointed mouldings. Another has a taste for painting. He would, of course, despise the person who should attribute a "Venus" of Correggio to Hogarth; while, all the time, he himself would confound a work of William of Wykeham with one of Sir Christopher Wren. A third has a fancy for sculpture, and can tell at a glance if a particular statue be a copy, but is unable to make a guess at the date of a church, or detect the clumsiest modern-antique in stone and mortar. In short, there is scarcely one educated Irishman in a hundred who knows anything whatever about ecclesiastical architecture; and the few who do know anything are regarded by the many as idle dreamers, crazy antiquaries, or worse.

The amateur painter or sculptor is in no danger of similar reproaches. He, on the contrary, is looked on as a man of refined tastes and accomplishments. He may even fall into ecstasies before a pre-Raphaelite abortion, and yet not sink in the estimation of his acquaintances. And yet surely architecture, especially Christian architecture, is superior to painting or sculpture. As one of the Fine Arts, it is indisputably more original than either. The architect is like the man who, after storing his mind with knowledge, derived from an extensive course of reading, writes a book which is strictly original—a book in which we can detect no plagiarism from the authors whose works he has studied, but which he could not have written were it not for his study of those authors. The painter or sculptor, on the other hand, is the translator who reproduces, in his own language, the thoughts of another writer. Painting and sculpture are simply imitation. The more perfect the imitation the more perfect the picture and statue. And as no translator ever equalled the elegance or force of the original, so there is no picture or statue which has not fallen short of nature. The Homer of Pope, splendid though it be, is inferior to the Homer of Homer. "The statue which enchants the world" is, after all, less enchanting than the "human form divine" of a beautiful woman.

That architecture is more practical and useful than painting and sculpture, is a proposition which requires little argument. Indeed, to be a perfect architect requires a combination of practical and useful accomplishments rarely united in one individual. And though we cannot altogether subscribe to the dogma of Vitruvius, that a perfect architect must of necessity be intimately acquainted with literature, design, geometry, optics, philosophy, music, medicine, jurisprudence, and astronomy, still some of them are indispensable, and most of them desirable for an architect. We do not well see, we admit, how a knowledge of law could much avail him, unless we suppose it part of his business to investigate the title to his building-ground. Neither is there such an evident connection between astronomy and architecture as Vitruvius would seem to suppose; except the undeniable fact, that astronomy and architecture commence with the same letter of the alphabet. But, to say nothing of design, geometry, optics, and arithmetic, it is plain that the man who understands the principles of music is better qualified to build a church, a concert-hall, or an opera-house, than the man who knows nothing of music; and that the more he excels in philosophy, poetry, and acquaintance with history—in short, the more extensive his information, and the more enlarged his understanding—the greater will be the probability of his achieving success in his profession. Would Michael Angelo have been such an architect had he not also been a sculptor, a painter, a poet, and an—anatomist?

An anatomist! What possible connection, it may be asked, can subsist between architecture and anatomy, except that, as in the case of astronomy, they both begin with the same letter. Is Sir Benjamin Brodie less disqualified to build a church than Sir Benjamin Hall? Will a knowledge of the articulations of the vertebral column assist us in building the column of a portico?

Two instances mentioned by Mr. Cockerell will answer the question. It was a knowledge of anatomy which suggested to Brunelleschi the idea of the dome of Sta. Maria—an idea which Buonarotti followed in constructing the dome of St. Peter's—an idea on which almost every subsequent dome has been built. Brunelleschi wished to combine strength with lightness in the dome of his cathedral, and he attained his object through his knowledge of anatomy. He reflected that the bones of animals, especially of birds, possessed solidity without weight, by the double crust and hollow within; and he remarked that the human skull is constructed with a double plate, connected by the walls of the hollow cancelli. This idea he adopted in the two plates which form the inner and outer domes of the cathedral at Florence.

It was a knowledge of anatomy which suggested to Sir Christopher Wren the idea of the spire of St. Bride's. He wished to impart to that spire the utmost solidity and duration, and he adopted his idea from no more dignified original than a shell. He found that the long, thin shell, called turretella, though otherwise extremely liable to fracture, was yet rendered impregnable by the central column round which the spiral turned; and accordingly, when building the spire of St. Bride's, by forming a spiral staircase to the top, he left us the most remarkable and enduring spire hitherto erected. Wren thus proved the utility to an architect of a knowledge of anatomy, if we may speak of the anatomy of a shell; if, however, we prefer to call it conchology, it only shows that Vitruvius did not exaggerate so much after all, and that there is no branch of human knowledge, however at first sight inappropriate, which may not be useful to the architect.

The study of history is, no doubt, useful

to the architect. But the study of architecture is, perhaps, even more so to the historian, producing an effect on the imagination which the study of nature alone cannot excite. Rivers, and mountains, and valleys, belong to ourselves as much as they did to our ancestors. They are the same now as then. They have seen great deeds done of old, but they do not bring those deeds before our eyes. The Nile is the same mighty river which it was three thousand years ago, when Moses turned its waters into blood; but it cannot place the ancient glory of Egypt before us like the Pyramid of Cheops, or the ruined temples of Thebes. Had we nothing but the seven hills to remind us of heathen Rome we should not be so impressed with the reality of her former existence as we are by the Coliseum, the Pantheon, and the palace of the Cæsars. The edifices which nations raise are historical illustrations of the countries to which they belong. Architecture has been well called the historical costume of different nations in different ages.

But the historical value of architecture is not confined to producing an effect on the imagination. New facts, sometimes of the greatest importance, are revealed through the agency of old ruins. The knowledge of the existence of races, of which we had never before dreamed, we sometimes owe to architectural remains. We should never have known that a people, all traces of whom had perished, once flourished in Central America, had it not been for the ruins explored some years since by Mr. Stephens. We should never have known of the discovery of America by ancient sea-kings, probably centuries before the time of Columbus, were it not for the remains of an old Scandinavian church in Rhode Island. And, more important still, we see how the truth of sacred history is confirmed by Mr. Layard's discoveries among the sandy mounds of Nimroud; a testimony which cannot be impugned even by Francis William Newman himself. Indeed, there is no art to which history, both sacred and profane, is more indebted than the art of architecture. And there are few countries in which this truth holds more good than it does in our own.

The history of Ireland has often been called the history of the English in Ireland. Mr. Lascelles entitles the admirable work which forms the preface to his "Liber Munerum Publicorum," "Res Gestæ Anglorum in Hibernia." The description is true enough, if we limit the history of Ireland to the period which commences with the Conquest; for, from the English invasion to the final subjugation of the country, it is as well worth being recorded as that of Timbuctoo or of Tasmania. Yet there was a time when this was otherwise. There was a time when, while the once civilised world was overrun with ignorance, superstition, and barbarism, Ireland was a refuge for religion and a school for learning and art. There was a time when the whole Christian world sent pupils to her for instruction, and received missionaries from her in return. It was to Ireland that the Continent was indebted for the revival of learning and art. Almost all the European monasteries were founded by Irishmen; and even in the remote region of Iceland, Irish bells, croziers, and shrines show how widely the influence of our country extended.

Few know these facts. Few think of Ireland in former times except as the country of a barbarous, violent, and superstitious people. Few, accordingly, take much interest in the remarkable monuments with which the whole island is studded. Even in the capital city, where there is the greatest amount of education and intelligence, the greatest ignorance on the subject still exists. People look with stolid indifference on the many singular ruins to be found in the immediate neighbourhood of Dublin, or they pass them by in total blindness as to the fact that such ruins exist. For instance, of the numerous crowds who visit the Hill of Killiney, how few are aware that within a stone's throw of the spot where they are eating their sandwiches and chicken there stands, concealed in a clump of trees, a church upwards of a thousand years old? There it stands, within forty minutes' drive of the room in which we are writing this moment; yet how few of our readers have ever seen that remarkable building? How few have ever heard that such a building even exists?

The churches of Glendalough are more known than the Church of Killiney. But it were almost better they were known as little, than known in the manner they are. In the words of Mr. Wakeman, we would ask—

"How few of the gay tourists by whom the Glen is yearly visited view these ruins with any other feeling than that of idle and ignorant curiosity? Their ears have been poisoned with the burlesque and lying tales (inventions of the last half century) which the wretched men and women, miscalled guides of the place, have compiled for the entertainment of the thoughtless. They wander unmoved among glories which, nearly thirteen centuries ago, were raised in honour of their God by men joyous and thankful in the feeling of certain immortality—men whose fathers, in their youth, had reverenced the Druid as a more than human counsellor."

Thoughts like these seldom enter the minds of the visitors of that desolate district, where, to quote another writer—

"The long, continuous shadow of the lofty and slender Round Tower moves slowly, from morn till eve, over wasted churches, crumbling oratories, shattered crosses, scattered yew-trees, and tombs, now undistinguishable, of Bishops, abbots, and anchorites."

We have mentioned in particular these two places, Killiney and Glendalough, because they afford fair specimens of the classes into which our architectural remains may be divided—those which are not known at all, except to one or two Jonathan Oldbucks, and those which are known to everybody, and yet known so to speak, without knowledge. But it would be easy to enlarge the list.

Indeed, the number of objects of antiquarian and architectural interest in the immediate vicinity of Dublin, many of them in a remarkable state of preservation, is astonishing—sepulchral tumuli, stone circles, pillar-stones, cromlechs, round towers, churches, crosses, castles, all within a short railway drive, many within a morning's walk. At a short distance from Dublin stand no less than four of those tall, ghostlike, and once mysterious Round Towers, so long the stumbling-block of antiquarians, whose origin had, for centuries, been veiled in the deepest obscurity. No less than four of these relics of the early Irish Church stand in the immediate neighbourhood of Dublin. One of them, that of Clondalkin, a village in the suburbs, is perhaps the most perfectly preserved in the kingdom. Yet we venture to affirm that many, very many, of the readers of this periodical never saw a Round Tower in their lives.

Now, could one of these extraordinary and deeply-interesting buildings be transplanted to the neighbourhood of London, would it meet with this neglect and indifference? Would not the Cockneys swarm in hundreds and in thousands to gaze on the mighty monument of past ages? Would there not be a railway, or at all events a line of omnibuses, to and from the Round Tower to Clapham, or Camdentown, or whatever might be the site selected for the illustrious stranger? The Irish Tower would be looked on with the same amount of interest as the British Stonehenge.

The Irish Stonehenge, by the way, if ancient chronicles speak true, would be the more correct designation. Stonehenge, according to them, was actually transplanted from Ireland, as we have just imagined our Round Tower to be. This feat, which throws into the shade the transportation of Assyrian bulls and Egyptian obelisks, is thus described in a history compiled in the reign of Queen Elizabeth:—

"Aurelius Ambrosius, after his valiant exploits and noble victories, went to a monasterie neere Caircaredock, now called Salisburie, where, through the treason of Hengist, the nobles and princes of Britaine were slayne and buryed, called his Councell, and demanded what monument were meete to be made there in remembrance of so many nobles there resting in the dust of the earthe. Carpenters, masons, carvers, ingravers, and tombe-makers being out of all places sent for, came thither, delivered their opinions, but concluded nothing. Then stepped forth a bishop, which said, O King, if it may stand with your pleasure, there is one Merlin of Worcester, a prophet, a searcher of antiquities, a man of rare gifts, I wish his opinion in this matter."

We may here pause to observe that this Bishop of the fifth century sets us of the nineteenth a good example. Instead of consulting carpenters or carvers, churchwardens or church-commissioners, he simply desired the opinion of "one Merlin, a searcher of antiquities." The result of the episcopal counsel is thus described by the historian:—

"Merlin came, and said, Most noble king, upon occasion offered, I went lately into Ireland, and having ended my businesse, I was inquisitive of antiquities and sights of monuments, where, among other things, being brought to a mountain of Kyldare, I saw so rare a sight, in so rude a countrie, as might be seene; there was a round row of huge stones, the which none of this age had so fraymed, neither could bee, unless art had mastered the common skill of man; send for them, and set them up as they are there couched, and they will be a monument while the world standeth. Hereat the king smiled, and said, How shall we convey so great stones into Britaine from so farr a country, and to what ende, as though Britaine yeelded not so good stones to all purposes? Merlin replied, Be not displeased, O King, there is a hid mysterie in these stones, they are medicinable, and, as I was given to understand in Ireland, the gyaunts of old dwelling in that land procured them from the farthest part of Affricke, and pitched them there; in them they bathed themselves, and were rid of their infirmities. The Britons, hearing this, were persuaded to send for them. The King appointed his brother, Uter-Pendragon, with Merlin, and fifteen thousand men, to effect the businesse. In a short time they arrived in Ireland. Gillomer, King of Leinster, raised an armie to resist them, and reviled the Britaines, saying, What fooles and asses you are? Are the Irish better than the British stones? and, turning himself to his armie, said, Come on, quit yourselves like men, keep your monuments, and defend your countrie."

(To be Continued.)

HOPE ON.

"Hope on—bear up for ever."

Hope on, O heart! even 'mid thy fears—
The gift may yet be thine,
Though "hope deferred," through weary years,
Hath made thee 'plain and pine.
Though clouds are dark above thy head,
And shadows dim thy way,
Though pain and penury—toil and care—
Bear up thy heart against despair!

Hope on! though friends and kin forsake—
Though slander hurl her dart—
Do thou a firmer purpose take
To keep thee pure, O heart!
Dark Malice and mean Envy dare
Assail with Upas-tongue,
But innocence is strong to bear
The weight against it flung:
And in this Fath—through every ill—
Learn thou to "suffer and be still!"

Hope on! it is not always night—
The morn must break at last;
When thou shalt hail as clear a light
As o'er thy youth was cast.
Thou hast the promise still—O, then,
Poor wronged heart, hope on!
And, for the sake of what hath been,
Thy rest shall yet be won.
With truth undimmed within thy breast,
Bear on—and leave to God the rest!

LITERARY NOTES.

On the 10th September Mr. Heinemann will publish Mr. T. Douglas Murray's translation of the records of the evidence given at the solemn revision of Jeanne d'Arc's trial in 1455. Some sixty years ago the Latin text was done into French for one of the French societies, but it has never been done into English.

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During the past two or three weeks Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given to over forty libraries a sum amounting in the aggregate to £207,600. This makes a total for about four weeks of £320,000. The individual donations range from £1,200 (Fermoy) to £15,000 (Paddington), the only conditions being that the Libraries Acts are adopted, and free sites given for the buildings. These lavish donations establish a record for public libraries, and there should be great rejoicing amongst prospective librarians.

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Mr. James Doel, the doyen of the theatrical profession, who has just died at his home near Plymouth at the age of 98, could boast of having played gravedigger to Macready's "Hamlet," which in itself takes one back to the forties of the last century. Those who were present at Mrs. Keeley's benefit at the Lyceum a couple of years ago will remember the veteran actor's appearance that afternoon side by side with the veteran actress in whose honour the entertainment was being given.

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The death is announced of Mr. George Douglas Brown, the author of "The House with the Green Shutters." This book he wrote under the nom-de-plume of "George Douglas," and when it appeared its power as a picture of one side of Scottish village life and character was speedily recognised by the critics. The book was almost as successful in America as in these countries, and another volume which Mr. Brown had in hand, and is believed to have finished, had been looked forward to with much interest. His death at the early age of thirty-three removes a young Scottish novelist who was also an Oxford man of scholarly accomplishments.

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We are continually being reminded of the fact that the market for verse, as verse, is practically non-existent. Even those writers who have a distinct following do not show well in circulation, except in cases where the subjects treated have in themselves, as in the work of Mr. Newbolt and Mr. Kipling, a popular appeal. A Manchester contemporary illustrates this by naming four volumes of verse, all published by good firms, which are now being offered as remainders at prices varying from twopence to sixpence. But the poet, even the bad poet, believes in himself, and always keeps a cheerful eye upon posterity.

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Eel Pie Island Hotel, with its extensive frontages to the Thames at Twickenham, all freehold, was brought under the hammer the other day. There was a good attendance of intending buyers, to whom the auctioneer descanted eloquently upon "this quiet spot where Turner painted and Pope wrote," now practically invaded by electric tramcars and sixpenny fares from the Bank. The first offer for the property was one of £3,500, advancing by five hundreds to £9,000, at which the offers came to a sudden and complete stop. The auctioneer said £9,000 did not touch the reserve, and he withdrew the property, for which, it is understood, a private offer has been made.

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Under the general title of "The King's Library," the De La More Press are about to issue a select library of English Classics. Some of the books are being handsomely printed in folio and quarto, and the first of the volumes is to be the "Mirrour of vertue in Worldly Greatness, or the Life of Sir Thomas More, Knight," by his son-in-law, William Roper. This is to be followed by the "Eikon Basilike." Shakespeare's "Ovid," being Arthur Golding's translation of the Metamorphoses, and "The Percy Folio of Old English Ballads and Romances." Other sections of "The King's Library" will include "Old English Plays," "English Character Books," a special "Shakespeare Library," dealing in the first instance with the original of the plays, and a popular series to be called "The Kings Classics." "The King's Library" will be under the general editorship of Mr. Israel Gallancz.

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The season of the big gooseberry has of late years been transformed into the season of the grotesque epitaph and the season of the humours of translation. Just now the humours of translation (remarks the "Academy") are particularly rife, and we must add to the collection our own poor trifle, which happens to be both an epitaph and a translation. It is culled from the church of Ewelme, near Wallingford, that magnificent specimen of English Perpendicular, where lie buried Thomas Chaucer, son of Geoffrey, and Thomas's daughter Alice, who contrived to marry first a knight, then an earl, and finally a duke. On the tomb of one Charles Eyre, in this churchyard, is chiselled a long epitaph said to be translated from the Latin and the French. Charles was a boy, and the inscription remarks:—

> A too early fate snatched him out of this life
> When not born quite ten years.

It continues, later (we cannot quote it in full):—

> Charlie was born 24th January,
> 1859. Died of typhus fever:
> And he learned to speak French
> In 7 months, fluently;
> He possessed a noble mind
> And loved truthfulness:
> Indeed his father, ever
> Abominating GUILT
> Taught him SINCERITY.
> He intended, God willing, when
> He had finished his education
> In France, that he should con-
> Secutively enter universities
> In Germany and Italy; and then, if
> He pleased, should take a de-
> Gree in an English University:
> But alas his father's hopes
> Have been suddenly blasted,
> The affliction is as appalling
> As any ever recorded.
> By universal law death
> Is decreed, but the time may
> Be stayed by the Intercess-
> Ionary prayer of parents;
> But here that was wanting.

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This month Messrs. Duckworth and Co. will publish an important Art book, consisting of a set of "Reproductions of Drawings by Old Masters." These are taken frm the Duke of Devonshire's collection at Chatsworth. Copies from these drawings are already known, in part, from the reproductions of Brann and the critical notices of Crowe, Morelli, and others. But the present series is new. It consists of seventy plates, accompanied by a critical and explanatory text from the pen of Mr. S. Arthur Strong, who is Librarian at the House of Lords. The list of plates includes the names of the following painters:—Holbein, Ghirlandaio, Mantegna, Carpaccio, Correggio, Giorgione, Raphael, Durer, Filippino Lippi, Signorelli, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Giulio Romano, Lorenzo di Credi, Il Sodoma, Hans Baldung Grien, Jam (the old) Brueghel Pontormo, Pordenone, Bronzino, Parmegianino, and others of the Dutch, and Florentine Schools. The book will be published at the subscription price of twenty guineas net.

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M. Zola's next novel, "Truth," will begin as a serial in the autumn, and will come out as a volume early next spring. M. Zola states that the plot is far more exciting than that of his last story, "Labour." It is based on the Dreyfus tragedy, though there is no direct reference thereto. M. Zola is very enthusiastic about this tale, which is now approaching completion. He has allowed Mr. Theodore Stanton, of the New York "Critic," to see the first rough printer's proofs of about a quarter of the whole. These proofs well illustrate Zola's manner of working. They are an exact reproduction in type of the first draft of his manuscript. It is on this proof that are made all corrections in style, punctuation, etc., all additions or deletions, until the sheets are black with pen marks. A fresh proof, containing these modifications, is pulled, and is soon returned to the printer almost in the state in which it was received. The larger part of this new novel has already passed through this first stage, and the final touches to it are being given in Medan, the author's pretty country home near Paris.

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Mr. Justin Huntly M'Carthy's play, "If I were King," which was staged at the St. James's Theatre, London, last Monday night, was first produced in New York as long ago as October of last year. With Mr. G. H. Sothern as the vagabond poet Villon, and Miss Cecilia Loftus as Katherine de Vancelles, it scored a decided success. It ran until May, and is to be revived again in a month's time. The part of Francois Villon is being played at the St. James's by Mr. Alexander. The important character of Hugnette de Hamel was created in America by Miss Suzanne Sheldon, who also plays it at the St. James's. Villon, the hero of Mr. M'Carthy's entirely fanciful story, is himself, of course, a historical character. He was born in 1431, probably of poor parents. He was a man of some education, however, for he took his degrees of Bachelor in the University of Paris in 1450, and that of Master in 1452. In spite of a life which began by being one of excess and debauchery, and ended by being one of vagabondage and theft, he left behind him a small but remarkable collection of poems, through all of which runs the strong personal note of regret for a wrecked and wasted life. He appears to have killed a priest in a scuffle in 1455, to have been consequently banished, but in some way to have obtained a pardon. From this time he was alternately under the patronage of such important persons as Charles d'Orleans and Jean of Bourbon—his very name of Villon was, perhaps, assumed from a patron—and in a succession of prisons for vagabondage and theft. He was certainly in prison in 1461, because he came out at the general jail delivery upon the accession of Louis XI. in 1461, and he probably died soon after.

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That he ever came into personal contact with Louis XI. is pure supposition, although the supposition forms the basis not only of Mr. M'Carthy's play, but of De Bauville's play of "Gringoire" and its English adaptation, "The Ballad Monger," which are obviously founded upon what is known of his character. But, indeed, there is so little of actual fact about his history that practically all we know about the events of his life and his own personality is gathered from the internal evidences of his poems. The most important of these is the Grand Testament (so called by the application to it of a regular class name of mediaeval poetry), a more or less continuous work, of which, however, the most beautiful features are the interpolated ballads and rondeaux. From these Mr. M'Carthy supplies himself with a personality of Villon, and even with the names of the characters in his play. Thus the "Ballade pour sa Mere" tells him that Villon had something of simple piety in his wild nature. "Regrets de la Belle Heaulmiere," the beautiful poem in which an old woman mourns her past loveliness, gives him the name of a character. Doubtless the gruesome "Ballade des Pendus"—supposed to have been written when the poet thought he was awaiting execution—and "Mais ou sont les neiges d'antan?"—perhaps the best known of Villon's poems—supply Mr. M'Carthy with similar suggestions.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

After having oiled their roadbed for three years for the purpose of preventing dust, the Boston and Albany road has decided to abandon the practice. The oil-soaked sand and fine cinders have been removed and in their place broken stone is now used. The reason for the change is to be found in the bitter complaints which have been received by the railway company. A particle of the oil-laden sand sticks to whatever it strikes. Women have protested against the spattering of oil dirt.

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A communication by M. Berthelot in "Comptes Rendus," shows that the Chaldeans and Babylonians were possessed of considerable metallurgical skill. A Babylonian statuette was found to consist of a copper alloy containing 79.5 per cent of copper, 1.25 per cent. of tin, and 0.8 per cent. of iron. A statuette from Chaldea, estimated to be 2,200 years old, was composed of nearly pure copper containing only a slight proportion of iron, whereas another Chaldean statuette, some 400 years older, consisted mainly of an alloy of four parts of copper with one part of lead and a trace of sulphur.

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The greater part of the world's supply of rubber comes from the jungles of the Amazon. The growing demand for the product has led the natives to explore regions which have hitherto never been trodden by man. These explorations have resulted in the discovery of new areas of rubber lands. Consequently the world's supply of rubber annually exported is increasing. The shipments from Iquitos during 1900 amounted to 920 tons; in 1901 the quantity sent abroad increased to 1391 tons, and this year a still larger gain is expected.

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For inventiveness the town of New Britain, Conn., apparently takes the palm. Since the United States patent laws have been in existence, 1,447 inventions have been patented by 344 New Britain citizens. For ten years one patent was granted annually to every 367 inhabitants of the town. The man who heads the list for the number of patents taken out is Justus A. Trout. From his prolific brain 121 patented inventions have sprung. Another man, George E. Adams, has patented 66 inventions. A third inventor, Thomas E. Corscaden, has patented 51 devices. The fourth place in the list is occupied by Henry G. Voight, who has taken out 44 patents on inventions.

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From Chicago comes the news that woman has conquered still another field, over which man formerly reigned supreme. She is now employed in the stockyards in Chicago, the last place in the world that one would expect to find her. To be sure, she does not actually slaughter the animals, but even that may come in time. In the packing and canning factories some thousands of women have taken the places of men; if the business grows, as it has done in the last three years, thousands more will find positions. The work is light, is technically called "kitchen work," and consists in the cutting of dried beef, packing of cans, stuffing of sausages, etc.

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According to "Engineering News," a special trolley car for conveying fire engines is in use at Springfield, Mass. The engine is carried on a platform only nine and one-half inches above the top of the rail, mounted on a truck at each end. The front truck is detached and the front end of the platform lowered to the ground when the engine is to be loaded on the car. Platforms over each truck afford space for firemen and equipment. The length of the car over all is 30 feet 10½ inches, and its net weight is 14,000 pounds. The Springfield Fire Department has loaded an engine on one of these cars in two and one-quarter minutes from the time the car was in position to its being ready to start, and has unloaded an engine and attached the horses to it in one and one-quarter minutes.

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Some interesting experiments for the purpose of obtaining data regarding the earth's rotation have been carried out by the two eminent French scientists, MM. Berbot and Camille Flammarion, with the Foucault pendulem on exhibition in the Pantheon, Paris. This ball of lead weighing 56 pounds, attached to the end of a specially-made fine piano-string approximately 210 feet in length—the longest piano-wire ever drawn. The oscillation lasts eight seconds in either direction—sixteen seconds in all—and the pendulum apparently displaces itself in the opposite direction to the movement of the earth's rotation. The pendulum affords one of the most comprehensive lessons in astronomy that has ever been given to the public.

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The huge locomotive recently built for the Santa Fe Railway to haul freight over the Step Raton Mountain Road, was wrecked on July 29. In company with two other engines the giant locomotive was taking a very long train over the mountains. Three times the train broke in two. When the last break came the long train started to back down the steep grade and the giant locomotive was unable to hold it. The brakemen, after having tightened every available brake, were finally compelled to jump for their lives After a mad downward plunge of three miles the train jumped the rails on a bridge fifty feet high near Seymour. The engine and all the cars plunged down the canyon. The engine is the largest freight engine in the world.

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A new detonator has been devised by a Berlin inventor for firing explosives, consisting of pulverised aluminium mixed wth detonating and oxygen-yielding substances. The aluminium is used in the shape of powder as an ingredient in detonating compositions, and especially of those mixtures for filling detonating or percussion caps for starting the detonation of explosives. The detonation composition varies according to the explosives employed, but in each instance it is essential to utilise the thermic properties of aluminium, which produces a very high temperature when burnt with oxygen-yielding substances, in consequence of which the mechanical energy developed is much higher than that obtainable with the compositions containing no aluminium. Owing to this peculiar property, a small quantity of aluminium composition is sufficient for detonating explosives, on which the compositions hitherto used free from aluminium have little or no effect.

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A new electric car has been undergoing severe tests in England, the results of which have been highly satisfactory, as the vehicle has succeeded in covering 100 miles without recharging. The car itself is made by Krieger, of Paris, but the electrical fittings are supplied by a London firm. The electrical installation consists of two compound motors, which drive the front wheels independently. The battery comprises 44 Leitner cells, of 300 ampere hours capacity, and is capable of running the car 100 miles without recharging at a speed of 40 miles per hour on a level road. When travelling down hill the motors are reversed, and become generators and recharge the battery. Another interesting feature of this arrangement is that by converting the motors into generators an excellent braking effect is produced, and in the majority of instances is sufficient to hold the vehicle in check, without necessitating the application of the mechanical brakes.

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The year 1882 was particularly prolific in the finds of treasure trove. In January of that year while repairs were being carried out in a house in Broughton, the workmen unearthed a large leathern bag containing thirty crowns and several shillings of the reign of Charles II., James II., and Queen Anne. In the following month a discovery of great antiquarian interest was made at Vufarfre, Sweden, when a number of antique silver bowls were brought to light. They proved to be excellent samples of the twelfth and thirteenth century work, and were covered with quaint inscriptions. Some months later a clay vessel full of Roman coins was found near Yeovil, Somersetshire, and, at about the same time, two hundred and fifty coins of Queen Anne's reign were found at Watford. The greatest discovery of the nineteenth century took place in December of the same year in an old house in the Rue Vieille de Temple, Paris. Upon its demolition a copper jar was found in one of the walls. It contained seven thousand eight hundred and eighty-two gold coins, worth nearly £6,000 as bullion, but to the collector their value was untold, for they belonged numismatically to the rarest reigns of France. In other parts of the house were found one thousand and ten coins of Jean le Bon; six thousand one hundred and ninety-nine of Charles V., and over five hundred pieces of other mints, the latter being alone valued at £30,000.

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Two French explorers, M. Pierre de Jecquer and M. Watlin, have been carrying out some interesting excavations for archæological purposes in Persia, and have made several valuable discoveries. At Susa they unearthed a large black marble column, covered from head to foot with cuneiform inscriptions, which should throw much light on the history of that ancient capital. According to the terms the explorers have made with the Persian Government, they are not compelled to examine their treasures at Susa, but are permitted to transport them to France. Originally the concession permitted them only to share equally with the Persian Government, but they were molested and attacked by the natives at Susa, and by way of compensation they obtained the right to take everything they require from Susa. In other parts of Persia the Shah claims his share. Generally the explorers work four or five months at Susa, and then before the winter in Susiana becomes intolerable they migrate to the northern parts of the country, where there are ample fields for exploration. In this way they are gradually unfolding the history of past ages, and at the same time adding considerably to the present incomplete knowledge of Persian geography.

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The piece of platinum foil which forms part of the outfit of every beginner in chemistry, and of most working chemists, has become so expensive of late that acceptable substitutes are worth considering. Very pure silver is actually superior to platinum for most of the uses to which such pieces of foil are usually put. It must be very pure; the thick sheets used as anodes by electroplaters are pure enough, and of a convenient thickness. Or, any chemist can easily purify his silver and then get a jeweller to melt it and roll it. When used for evaporating solutions to dryness the silver is liable to be attacked by oxidizing acids, but this action can be prevented by the addition of ammonia, which is generally unobjectionable. For fusions, however, the silver is altogether preferable. Being unaffected by alkalies, it can be used with caustic soda, instead of the carbonate, and thus a lower temperature suffices; manganese and chromium fusions are readily performed. The silver is so cheap (a piece an inch square and a sixteenth thick should cost about twenty cents) that thicker, and hence stronger and more durable pieces can be used; with such heavy pieces a strip an eighth of an inch wide may be cut so as to project as a handle, and the assay is thus freed from liability of contamination by material from the tweezers which hold the foil in the flame—generally a great nuisance with platinum. The platinum wires, also, which are used to hold salts in a flame for spectroscope work, and may be replaced by iron—with advantage, for the iron may readily be thrown away if they get mixed or incrusted.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

Extract of a letter from Cavan, May 8.

"Yesterday, at the close of the poll, the numbers were:

For Mr. Maxwell	444
Mr. Saunderson	444

A number of armed villains entered into the house of the Rev. Mr. M'Cabe, at Mohill, in the County of Longford on Monday se-night, and, having secured the family, robbed it of many valuable articles and near £555 in cash.

On Friday last died, in the 81st year of his age, the excellent and truly reverend Philip Skelton, Rector of Fintona, in the diocese of Clogher. His conversation, as well as his various and voluminous writings, breathed a nervous and manly strain of native eloquence unadorned by art; glowing with all the rich, though sometimes exuberant colouring, of a well-stored and ardent imagination, and fraught with such sentiments of exalted piety and benevolence, with such abhorrence of everything mean or vicious, as zeal only, founded upon a rational and thorough conviction of the grand truths of religion, can inspire; to which indeed it was impossible for his hearers, if not lost to all sense of feeling, to listen without emotion. His life, consonant to his conversation and writings, shone forth a constellation of the brightest virtues; amongst which his liberal and all-embracing charity was conspicuous. Upon one occasion, in particular, when the poor inhabitants of his parish were much distressed by famine, after having expended all the money he could otherwise procure in the purchase of provisions for their relief, he had recourse to an expedient which, in a man of literature, and passionately fond of reading, we must acknowledge to be a sacrifice of no ordinary kind. He sold his whole library, and laid the price of it at his suffering parishioners feet. Thus relinquishing almost his only gratification, in the dreary solitude of a sequestered situation and a celibate life, until he should be enabled by the gradual savings of a scanty ecclesiastical benefice (his only fund) to replace the volumes he had collected in a long series of years. Nor was this humanity inferior to his other virtues. When the University of Dublin, some years since, as a mark of the estimation in which they held his abilities and his worth, freely offered to confer on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, no solicitations could prevail upon him to accept a title of which he alone did not deem himself worthy. Behold an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile!

We are happy to hear that Mr. Wood's benefit on Wednesday next is likely to answer his most sanguine expectations, and though a very useful comedian, has yet a higher claim to public patronage—his present afflicted and distressed state—to which he has been reduced by having accidentally broken his leg some months ago. It is but justice to the manager to acknowledge his great humanity to him on the above melancholy event. Public report intimates that the Freemasons, of whose Society he has many years been a most unexceptionable member, intend, on the present occasion, to shew their utmost attention to a Brother in distress.

DUBLIN, THURSDAY, MAY 10.

The late election for an Alderman of this city was the closest in point of numbers, in the Sheriffs and Commons, of any that has been known for many years past; and it was also equally the same among the Board of Aldermen, for they were twelve, two tens, and eight for the four Sheriffs Peers that had been returned, in order to choose one out of the same.

When the Charter of Freedom and Incorporation was first granted to this city, the citizens in general, by election, chose their own magistrates, and they, without any Common Council, made bye-laws, and transacted every other business of the government of this Metropolis; from the disorder and loss of time however, occasioned by frequent elections, it was thought necessary to curtail this privilege, and then the Lord Mayor and Aldermen alone made choice of fresh ones to fill the places that were vacant, and in that manner it continued for a considerable period of time—at length it was altered to the present mode, by which no person whatever can be elected into any office of magistracy or employment without the joint concurrence of both the Aldermen and the Commons.

The choice of a proper person to inspect the jails, especially as the sultry season of the year is at hand (when for want of proper care in the removal or remedying of nuisances, infectious disorders of the most dangerous and alarming nature might originate) must be a circumstance highly pleasing to every lover of humanity. The first example of such an appointment in these kingdoms was in the year 1751, when the debtors of the King's Bench prison, London, petitioned the British Parliament for a redress of the many inconveniences they laboured under in their confinement, from the extreme wretchedness of their accommodations. Many of the prisoners were then examined at the bar of the House, and among the rest the famous Baron Stein, once crowned King of Corsica by the name of Theodore, and who died soon afterwards in the same prison.

The charge given to the Grand Jury of the city of Dublin by the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, respecting the jails and prisons, does the highest honour to that nobleman's feelings, and points out, among an infinite variety of other instances, that principle of soft humanity and innate goodness and benevolence of disposition which at all times have most peculiarly characterised him. In addition, however, to what has been mentioned respecting the state of the City Marshalsea, the damages done to that prison at the time of the riot a few months since render it very unsafe for persons to be kept in, as it has a most ruinous appearance within side, and menaces destruction every day to the unfortunate and indeed truly wicked inhabitants of the same.

On the 1st inst. a most desperate quarrel took place near Ennis between some persons who were partners in a lot of ground near Ayle, in the parish of Feacle. The combatants were, on each side, a father and four sons, and the action first took place between the father and four sons, against two brothers, one of whom was killed on the spot, and the other so desperately mangled that he is since dead: the father of the two unfortunate men coming up, with his remaining two sons, were attacked with the most savage brutality by the murderers of his two children, who, not content with having one of them a corpse before them, and the other drawing his last breath, attacked the poor father and his surviving children, whom they also left weltering in their blood, and so desperately wounded as to leave their recovery doubtful. The murderers immediately absconded, and have not since been heard of.

The horrid practice of taking fat out of sheep, when alive, has now become alarmingly frequent in the counties of Meath, Wicklow, and Dublin. On Friday night last some sheep, the property of the Attorney-General, were treated in the above wicked and barbarous manner by some villains, two of whom, we are informed, are apprehended, and, it is hoped, will undergo the punishment due to so diabolical a practice.

COUNTRY NEWS.

KILKENNY, MAY 9, 1787.

On Thursday, at a Quarter Sessions in this city, a woman was convicted of stealing sundry articles of wearing apparel out of a house in High street, and ordered to be publicly whipped; which sentence was carried into execution on Saturday.

TULLAMORE, MAY 12, 1787.

James Clark, of Attyconnor, Esq., Magistrate of King's County and county of Westmeath, with the assistance of a party of the Green Horse, safely lodged in Philipstown Jail, James, Daniel, and John Gorman, brothers, who stand charged with having, on the night of the 22nd of October, 1785, murdered Michael Cunningham, of this town. The two first were taken in the King's County, and made very great resistance; the other brother was taken in the county of Westmeath. Much praise is due to Mr. Clark for his judicious and spirited conduct on the above occasion.

Extract of a letter from Cavan, May 13.

"At the close of the poll on Saturday evening the numbers were:—

For Mr. Maxwell	53
For Mr. Saunderson	39
Total on Saturday	94
Gross poll	1040

Mr. Wolfe was called to his place at the bar of the Court of Chancery as Solicitor-General on Saturday last—the other appointments have not yet come over.

Mr. Serjeant Fitzgerald is certainly to be appointed Prime Serjeant in the room of Mr. Browne, who retires with a pension. Mr. Hewet, the Chancellor's son, it is said will get the Serjeant's gown.

DUBLIN, TUESDAY, MAY 15, 1787.

We are informed from a most respectable authority, that when the rumour of an intended enquiry into the particulars of a late duel in the House of Lords on Monday last, reached the noble Lord who was concerned in it, he was much affected at the censure passed there, while there was any uncertainty about his life, because it might have an influence upon a subsequent trial; the only part of the transaction which he thought could fairly and with regard to him, come under their consideration, was, the parties wanting to speak to him, at the entrance to the House of Lords, while the House was sitting upon a cause, and waiting for him in the room of the Usher of the Black Rod (as he was informed), while the House was sitting as a Court of Justice.

One of the most atrocious insults and attacks that could be made on magistracy, was that on Sunday last, on Mr. Alderman Exshaw and several of the Police Guards. The fields before Merrion square have been made, for some Sundays past, a place of rendezvous for an immense number of vagabonds, who assembled for every vile purpose of profaning the Sabbath. The active efforts of Mr. Alderman Exshaw, for dispersing this great band of miscreants, was most laudable, and he merited a very different result than he experienced.

Monday morning the house, the corner of Sycamore alley, in Essex street, in which Mr. Crosby, woolen draper, lately lived, fell to the ground, but providentially no person received the least injury, though several were passing at the time; the house was uninhabited, as Mr. Crosby removed out of it a few days ago. It fell with such violence as to drive in several of the windows in the house opposite, and a young lady lying in bed narrowly escaped with her life with the number of bricks which was drove into the room.

To be Continued.

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IN THE OLD IRISH HOUSE OF LORDS.



VISIT OF THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA TO THE BANK OF IRELAND, 1849.

The above picture is taken from the "Illustrated London News," August, 1349, when her late Majesty visited Ireland with Prince Albert. The accompanying letter-press said of the old Irish Parliament House:—"This is the finest building in Dublin, and one of the very finest in the kingdom. Since its conversion into a bank, the interior has undergone an entire change, except the House of Lords, which yet retains very much of its original appearance. This is now the Court of Proprietors' Room, shown in our illustration. In the semi-circular recess, once occupied by the Throne, is a statue of George III. The walls are hung with Dutch tapestry, which is very fine."

FORTS AND FAIRIES.

A COMPILATION.

By Rev. E. J. RYAN.

10. THE UNSEEN.

An Irish child "imagines he sees a fairy in every bush," and "if he sees a butterfly upon a stalk in the field, he thinks it is a Leprechawn. . . . This Irish superstition is at least a proof of the faculty of realising the unseen. . . . Wherever superstition—especially of a spiritual character—exists, there is proof that there is a character formed to realise the unseen." The proof is the greater from the fact that the Irish "fought for 600 years(85) for something they had never seen . . .

11. "GOOD PEOPLE."

The appellation of good people bestowed on the fairies could hardly be even a distorted idea of the good angels, some of whom are guardians of persons, and others, of places. Neither does it apply to the souls in purgatory, for the idea it conveys is not consonant with the dignity of office of those holy souls who suffer there "for a time before they go to heaven." In the popular mind the term is probably not ironical. As applied to fallen angels, it is a misapplication in regard to beings of such an evil character, for although the devil seems, in the ordinary understanding, to be of a more directly active disposition in trying to accomplish the ruin of man, the fact remains that all fallen angels are devils.

12. TREATMENT OF FORTS.

Some people dislike to interfere in any injurious way with the forts or with their preints, or with objects belonging intimately to either. The same reluctance extends to all the old relics of antiquity, and to the ancient isolated whitethorns or trees, all on account of the dreaded vengeance of the fairies; but the grass which forts produce is usually treated in the ordinary way. Forts are said to have been in old times the scenes of many a fierce fight between Dane and Celt, and for this additional reason it would not be right to disturb the dust of the combatants which rests beneath. The veneration for old solitary thorns proceeds from an idea that they are the haunts of fairies, who are provoked at their being destroyed, and will either maim the person who cuts the thorns, or will kill his cattle, or in some other way injure himself or his substance.

A case heard before the Tipperary Sub-Land Commission sitting in Cahir, on Monday, 28th March, 1898, affords an example in the evidence of a man under examination of the idea of harm resulting from levelling a fort(86);

ESTATE OF LOUIS H. GRUBB.

Patrick Kenealy, tenant; lands of Oldgraigue—Area, 47a 2r 9p; old rent, £34 11s 1d; judicial rent, £27 13s 1d; valuation, £22 10s. Mr. W. Nolan for landlord, and Mr. Crean for tenant. The tenant said he levelled 13 old ditches, some cliffs, and an old fort, and he lost a horse.

Mr. Walpole—Better have left the fort alone (laughter).

Witness—Begor I lost my hand, too (laughter). I buried eight out of my house in seven years.

Mr. Walpole—Was that after levelling the fort? Yes.

Chairman—Do you attribute the death of your people to the levelling of the fort? I suppose it was the fault of it, sir. It was about 18 feet high. The gentlemen will see it when they go there.

Mr. Nolan—They had better take care of themselves (laughter).

Mr. Walpole—They won't get me in there (laughter).

Fear of the fairies on account of altering a fort or anything belonging thereto, or solitary whitethorns, or any antiquarian remains, or any object associated with the fairies, is misplaced as regards its origin. If there is need of dealing with any of these objects no such fear should be entertained, or allowed to influence their treatment. But in any case, a sentimental reason should prevent any injury being done to any of the archæological remains, or the topical antiquities of Ireland—Pagan or Christian.

13. A LEGEND OF KNOCKGRAFFON MOAT.

A poor hunchback man, who lived in the Glen of Aherlow, was nicknamed Lusmore, by reason of his always wearing a sprig of the fairy cap, or lusmore (the fox glove or fairy finger), in his little straw hat. One moonlight night he was walking from Cahir towads Cappagh, and passing through Knockgraffon he sat down to rest under the steep side of the old moat which stood on the left-hand side of his road. Presently he heard a strain of melody from the inside of the moat—a number of tiny fairy voices singing: Dia-luan, Dia-mart, Dia-luan, Dia-mart, Dia-luan, Dia-mart (Monday, Tuesday), repeated continually after a pause. He joined in the singing, and to vary the monotony, he added after the pauses: Agus Dia-Ceudaion (and Wednesday) (87). The music will be found on page 387.

The fairies were so delighted that, rushing out, they brought Lusmore into their palace and treated him like a prince. They also removed the hump from him, and one of them came up to him and said:

Lusmore! Lusmore!
Doubt not, nor deplore,
For the hump which you bore
On your back is no more;
Look down on the floor,
And view it, Lusmore!

Afterwads he fell asleep, and awaking, he found himself, in broad daylight, at the foot of the moat, and departed as straight as a rush.

A man named Jack Madden, peevish and cunning from his birth, from Decies' country, in the county Waterford, also a hunchback, having heard of the occurrence, was brought to the moat at nightfall, by his friends, in the hope of having his hump taken off. He heard the tune sweeter than before as amended by Lusmore. He was in a hurry to get quit of his hump, and in his anxiety, without waiting for a fit opportunity, he added: agus da Hena (and Friday). The fairies were displeased, and crowding around him, they brought him into the fort, and demanded in anger: Who spoiled our tune? One of them approached to him, above all the rest, and addressing him, said:

Jack Madden, Jack Madden!
Your words come so bad in
The tune we felt glad in;—
This castle you're had in,
That your life we may sadden;
Here's two humps for Jack Madden!

The put Lusmore's hump upon Jack, over his own, and kicked him out of the moat.

In the morning his friends found him half dead, lying at the foot of the moat, and with the weight of his other hump, and with the long journey, he died soon after they had brought him home.

14. FUTURE DESTINY.

It is said that the future destiny of the fairies will be determined at the Day of Judgment, and that they all live in fear of utter condemnation then, but sometimes experience a slight hope that their place may not be with Satan and his angels. The Peri in Lalla Rookh gets from a good angel at the gates of heaven, a hope of forgiveness by bringing to the "Eternal Gate the Gift that is most dear to Heaven!"(89) And in the end, by bringing, after various futile tasks, a repentant sinner's tear drop, the Peri's

task is done—
The gates are passed, and Heaven is won.

Origen, one of the early Christian Fathers, for some time denied the eternity of the torments of the damned, and held the theory that all the damned would in course of ages be saved and admitted to heaven. Both his writings and his name were condemned in the fifth general Council of the Catholic Church, but he seems to have speedily arisen from his errors.

It is also said that they are fated to pass at the judgment day into annihilation for ever, doomed to perish utterly and be seen no more.

The fallen angels, being mere spirits, differ essentially from man. Each of these angels became guilty of actual mortal sin by his own free will ,and they obtained no further mercy. According to St. Peter, hell is the permanent dwelling even of these evil spirits who are in the air for the trial of men. For the bad angels, and for a lost human soul, there can be no possibility of salvation, for "out of hell there is no redemption."

For a mere spirit there is no annihilation, all spirits being immortal. Hence the fanciful statement that the fairies must die without hope of regaining heaven, and that the beautiful fairy race is doomed to annihilation, is utterly erroneous.

All the splendour and beauty of the fairies are merely illusive. When seen by the eye of a seer the delights vanish; and the fairies themselves appear as wrinkled old men and hideous hags, typical, perhaps, of the repugnant deformity of the angels in their fallen state.

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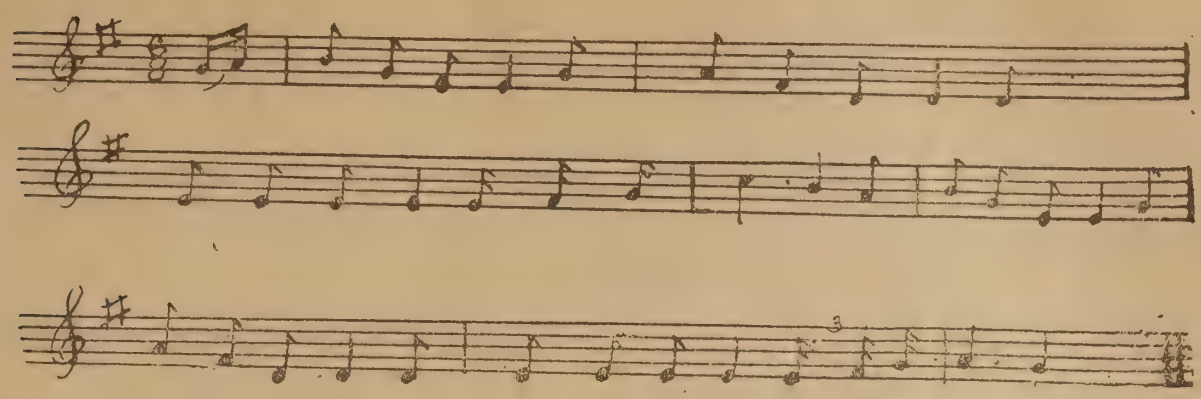
(85) 300 years with the Dane, from about 700 to 1014; and 300 years with England, from Henry VIII., 1509—1547 to about the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

(86) The report of the case is from "The Nationalist and Tipperary Advertiser." Clonmel. Wednesday, March 30, 1898. The paper, in reference to the proceedings, states that: "On Monday, 28th March, the Sub-Commissioners, Messrs. M. T. Crean, B.L., and W. Walpole, with their Registrar, Mr. W. St. L., resumed their sitting in Cahir Courthouse, when a number of cases from Clogheen Union were heard."

(87) In Irish the word dia, die, or de, is prefixed to the proper names of the week days. The names of the days in Irish are: Dia Domnaig, Sunday; Dia Luain, Monday; Dia Mairt, Tuesday; Dia Céadaoine, Wednesday; Dia Daordaoin, Thursday; Dia h-Aoine, Friday; Dia Satuirn, Saturday.

(89) In Lalla Rookh is embodied, under the disguise of "The Fire Wirshippers," the fierce resolve of Catholic Ireland to break the bondage of the penal yoke.

THE FAIRIES' SONG.



Dia-luain, Dia-mairt, agus
Dia-ceadaoin.

Monday, Tuesday, and
Wednesday.

Moderate time.

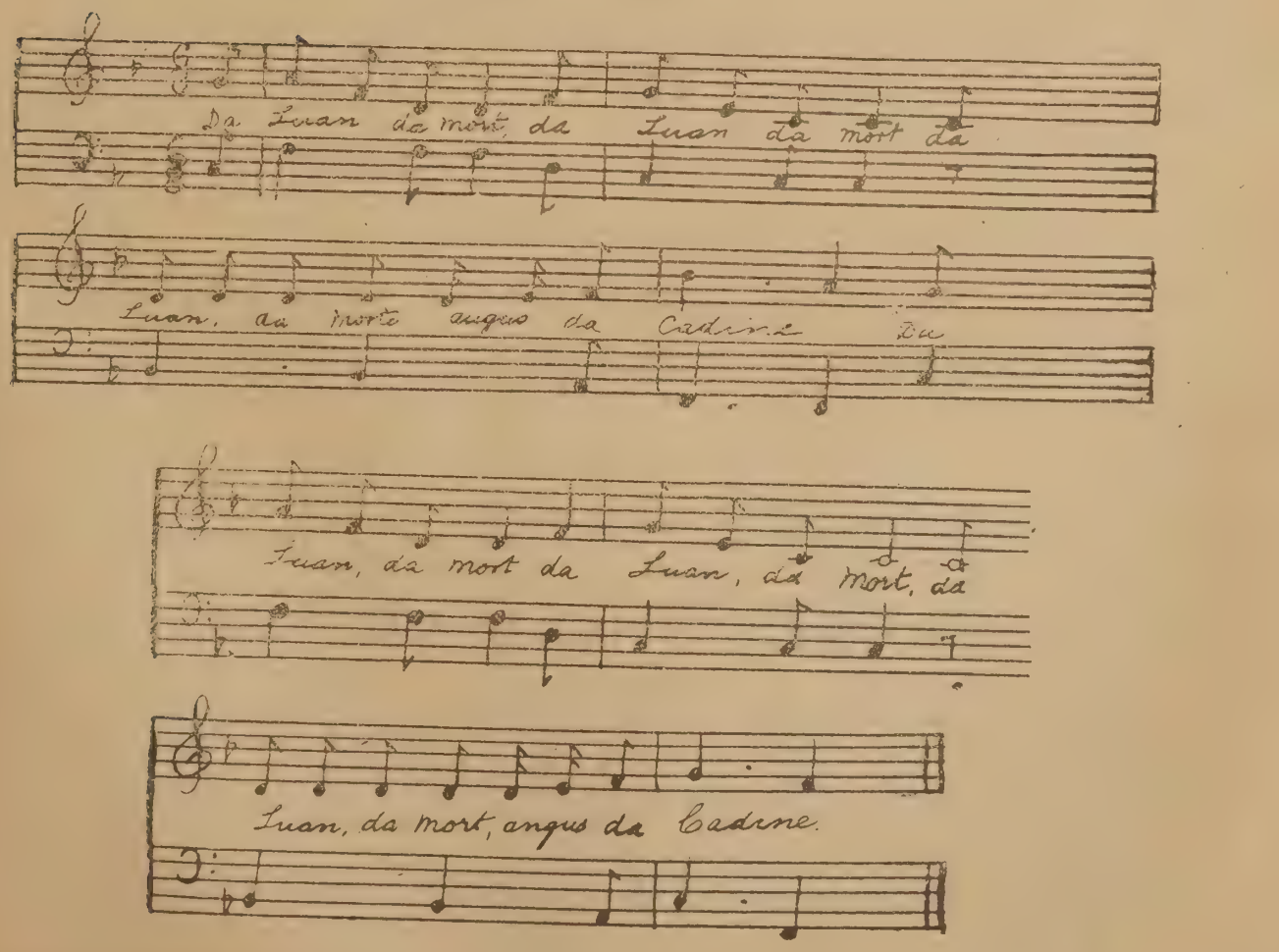
Pronunciation. :—

Dia luan, Dia mairt, Dia luan, Dia mairt, Dia
Thee loo-an, Thee mort, Thee loo -an, Thee mort, Thee

luan - an Dia mairt, ag- us Dia ceud-daoin, Dia luan, Dia mairt, Dia
loo - an Thee mort, og- us Thee kai-deen, Thee loo-an, Thee mort, Thee

luan - an, Dia mairt, Dia luan - an, Dia mort, ag - us Dia ceud-daoin.
loo - an, Thee mort, Thee loo - an, Thee mort, ag - us Thee kai-deen.

ANOTHER VERSION.(88)



(88) Thomas Parnell's poetical version is found in M'Carthy's "Book of Irish Ballads."

It is the opinion of several authorities that man was created to supply the place of the fallen angels, and it is said that their hatred of the human race arises from envy of man's destiny, which they regard as the filling of the heavenly seats lost by themselves(90).

Milton represents Satan as saying:

O Hell! who do mine eyes with grief behold!
Into our room of bliss thus high advanced
Creatures of other mould, earth-born, perhaps,
Not spirits, yet to heav'nly spirits bright
Little inferior.

It is an appalling consideration that enough of mankind is not yet saved to occupy the places lost by the angels, but to God alone is known the number of the elect to be placed in celestial happiness. Those, O God! whom Thou foreknowest shall be Thine by faith and good works.

(90) It is thought that the fairies are very anxious to ascertain whether or not the golden gates of paradise will revolve for them on the day of Judgment. Many a priest, it is said, even St. Patrick himself, has been interrogated on this point on behalf of the fairies, but—in vain! The spade and shovel are placed in form of a cross over newly-made graves to prevent the interference of malign spirits, this being the plan said to have been adopted under St. Patrick's directions by a man to be saved in a grave made for the purpose, from the fairy vengeance, on bringing back word from the saint that they were not to be saved.

NOTANDA.—In note (8) grainin should be grainan.

Note (13). Tealach sometimes telach means a family.

In Section 1, Caisoil in seventh line from end should be Caisioi, which should be so spelled throughout.

In note (16) Tuath de Danaan, and Tuath-de-Danaan are repeated, once each. The repetition should be omitted. Tuath da is also repeated once. It should be omitted when first occurring, and to the second case, Danaan should be added. Next, Twath-de-Danaan, and Tuatha-De-Danaan, should be inserted. In Tuatha De Danaan, Dé should be accepted with an acute accent. Tuatha De Denions should be Tuatha De Denion. In Tooaha De Danann, an acute accent should be over D[illegible], and over the second a in Danann. Thus corrected the name is found in twenty different modifications. Yet another, possibly a misprint, is Tuath-de-Danaan.

The Tuatha De Danaans are sometimes represented as the dark haired race. The Scotic or dominant race in ancient Ireland are spoken of as light haired. In the case of the Firbolgs and the Tuatha De Danaans the physical qualities ascribed to one race are sometimes attributed to the other.

Section 11. To the articles mentioned as food, nuts may be added.

Section 15. Similarity of the words Danaan and Dan[illegible]. Red-haired people are said to be of Danish ex[illegible]. Perhaps the reference is to the D[illegible]s.

Section 14. Bodheen should be Badheen, Dallan [illegible] marking Christian graves. Here may be added: or other notable places and memorable events.

Moats.—Tubids should be tulids; and tumili should be Tumuli, which should be so spelled throughout.

In note (33) after: the farmers, add: fians, Irish [illegible].

Fenni should be fenii.

Note (35). Prefix: Cromlech or cromleac.

In note (36), Baudrai should be Bantrai, (druidesses).

Note (38). To the different spellings of Diarmid may be added: Dhiarmada, and Diarmuad.

Grana is stated to have been the daughter of Cormac Ulfhada, monarch of Ireland.

Fiann M'Cumhaile should be Finn M'Cumhaill. The name is found also as: Finn mac Cumail; Finn Mac Cumhaill; Fionn McComhaill; Fionn Mac Cumhail; and Fin Mac Cool.

It would seem to be more satisfactory if there were a uniform method of rendering words which are spelled in many diverse ways.

Note (39). Cacht should be lacht, and Cath should be leath.

Micholithic should be microlithic.

In the Journal of August 30, the heading of Part —Continued: Other Antiquarian Remarks should be: Other Antiquarian Remains.

With these may be associated "Stone Chairs," found in various places in Ireland, and such objects as the grave of Bran, Finn Mac Coole's famous dog.

To the note (a) may be added: Ui or Hy is found also as Hi.

In Part II, section I, La Fort de Scee should have an acute accent over the first e in Scée.

Misprints occurring in the course of this contribution are either easily recognisable or do not affect the substance of this article on "Forts and Fairies."—E.J.R.

[The End.]

LOVELY LENKA.

(From the Hungarian of Kolosey.)

He lingers on the ocean shore,
The seaman in his boat;
The water spirit's music o'er
The ruffled wave doth float.
"Maiden of beauty!" counselled be,
The tempest wakes from out the sea."

"I may not stay," the maiden cried,
"Tho loud the tempest blow,
That meadow on the water side—
That cottage—bids me go.
That shady grove, that murmurs near,
Invites me—he I love is there."

"The wave is high—the storm is loud,
And dangers rise anon."—
"But hope sits smiling on the cloud,
Storms drive the vessel on.
And joy and sorrow both convey
Man's mortal barque along its way."

Into the seaman's boat she stept,
The helm the seaman took;
The storming billows fiercely swept,
And all the horizon shook.
The maiden spoke—"Ye fears be gone!
The storm-wind drives the vessel on."

"O maiden! darker is the sky,
And fiercer is the wind,
Alas! there is no harbour nigh,
No refuge can we find.
A whirlpool is the angry sea,
It will engulph both thee and me."

"No, seaman! fortune always shone
And still shine on me;
Soon will the stormy clouds be gone,
And sunbeams calm the sea,
And evening bring the promised dove,
And evening guide me to my love."

She turned her to the distant strand,
(He stood upon the spot)—
In sweet delirum stretched her hand,
And wind and waves forgot.
So is love's spirit overfraught
With love's intensity of thought.

He stood—a statue on the shore,
A pale—ice-hardened form;
The billows battling more and more,
And louder waxed the storm.
Clouds—waves, all mingled—and the boat?
Its scattered planks asunder float.

Where is she? Ask the storm! for he
No single tear has shed;
And he? Go ask the silent sea—
Its echoes answer "Dead!"
I held communion with its waves,
But could not find the lovers' graves.

The play itself displays all the excellencies of style for which the writings of Mr. Standish O'Grady are noted. As readers of Irish history are aware, the episode in which Hugh Roe O'Donnell figures is one of the most stirring that marked the Elizabethan times, and Mr. O'Grady's treatment of it is vigorous and incisive. Many of the scenes are of a high order of dramatic interest, and inspire the wish that Mr. O'Grady may see his way in the future to devote more attention to this class of work. The printers are Messrs. Nelson and Knox, Limited, Belfast.

SHAPIRA, THE PHILOLOGICAL FORGER

The recently published biography of Sir Walter Besant contains an interesting anecdote of Shapira, who may well be regarded as the prince of philological impostors. Shapira was a Polish Jew, who had been converted to Christianity, but not to Christian honesty. Many years ago he visited Sir Walter Besant and submitted to him a document which he said refuted every theory held by modern theological students. Shapira was a good actor. At first he would tell nothing of the discovery. Then, after much hard pressing, he confided to Sir Walter with apparent reluctance that the document was nothing less than a contemporary copy of the book of Deuteronomy written on parchment. Hesitatingly Shapira exhibited a piece of his precious manuscript. It was written in the Phœnician characters of the Moabite Stone in fine, black ink, and was still bright and legible after three thousand years. Shapira fabled interestingly of his wonderful find. He told how the manuscript had been preserved because it had been deposited in a perfectly dry cave in Moab. Besant urged him to proclaim his discovery to the world. Shapira hesitated; but finally he consented to reveal his discovery to two persons, Dr. Ginsburg, the great Hebrew scholar, and Captain Conder, the Surveyor of Western Palestine. Mr. Besant invited both these gentlemen to visit him on the following day. Dr. Ginsburg thought that the invitation included his friends, and brought with him practically the whole British Museum and all the Hebrew scholars in London. Conder also came. Amid much ill-suppressed excitement, Shapira unfolded his manuscript. One of the company remarked that the parchment was strangely modern in appearance, and spoke well for the art of the time of Moses. When the company separated, a professor of Hebrew remarked, "This is one of the few things that could not be a forgery and a fraud." William Simpson, of the "Illustrated London News," had no great respect for the wily Shapira. Conder quietly observed that "all the points objected to by German critics have vanished in this new and epoch-making trouvaille. The geography is not confused, and Moses does not record his own death." Simpson, who knew all the caves of Moab, and also knew that they were damp and earthy, said, "There is not a dry cave in the country." "Then you think?" questioned Besant. "Precisely," said Simpson. While the learned professors were hanging over the manuscript for days, and were preparing commentaries, Clement Ganneau came over from Paris to see the document. "I know," he said, how this manuscript was obtained. The parchment is cut from the margins of Hebrew manuscripts, some of them of considerable antiquity. The writing is that of yesterday." Ganneau's statement was only too true. Shapira received the manuscript without a single offer to buy it. His mind became unbalanced. His failure and the work of preparing his admirable forgery proved too much for him. He hanged himself.

Paris is said to lead the world in the culture of city trees. The success of the French capital is due not so much to an admirable soil climate as to a well-organised system of caring for the trees. In large nurseries young trees are grown and prepared for the Parisian streets. The culture of the soil is elaborate. From the very beginning the trees are pruned and staked to compel a straight growth. By frequent transplanting the roots become so hardened that they are enabled to withstand injury due to transportation. When a tree is sufficiently large, it is set out in the streets with the same care that was lavished upon it in the nursery. Often the cost of planting a single tree is 50 dollars. Whenever a storm destroys the city trees the nursery can be immediately drawn upon for another supply.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

A TARDY VINDICATION.

As years go by people grow to look like their dogs and their houses, or their houses and their dogs to look like them. Never did I see a better proof of this commonplace than the morning I stopped to inquire which of two crossroads would lead me to the town of Memphis (not the pride of Tennessee, but a junior village in Missouri).

The dooryard where I had dismounted, and the house it led to, and the man and the dogs on its porch, all bore a family resemblance. For the man looked haunted and weather-beaten, the house was forbidding of aspect and wrinkled with age, and the dogs were decrepit and rickety.

The cottager stared at me incredulously when I addressed him. When I repeated my question, a look of hospitable interest flashed into his expression, but quickly turned to a scowl of misanthropy.

The third time I questioned him a bit sharply, no doubt; and now he gave only a surly gesture that bade me take the road to the left.

Thanking him with ironic cordiality for his effusive courtesy, I jumped on my wheel and rode on. At the top of the hill I could look down at the snug hamlet where my business was; and, putting my feet on the bar of my bicycle, I forgot the sullenness of the hermit in the beaming cordiality of the sun and breeze, as I coasted merrily down the hill till it brought me to the outskirts of the town.

Another inquiry led me to the square where sat the county court-house, around which the chief buildings of the town were gathered. I looked with interest upon the square, for it was historical ground to me, since one of the longest and most famous litigations in the West had culminated in various mob meetings there. It was the Scotland County Bond Case, which is well known to all students of American legal history, and in which my father had played a leading part—a case that began with him as a young lawyer and carried him well on through life. Here he had done what many a professional brave man had flinched from: had stood alone and faced a mob that filled the square, a mob determined to resist the law and its rulings at any cost.

It was in connection with some of the final details of this suit that I had come to Memphis. My destination was discovered at a rather seedy single-storey frame building, over whose door projected a rusty iron sign containing the legend:

J. P. FENTON.
Atty. and Counsellor at Law.

Fenton had been concerned for many years with the Scotland County bond controversy as a zealous and tireless, and sometimes successful, opponent of my father. But there was no bad blood between them, as they had been friends since they first met on opposite sides of another famous Western case, the trial of Bill Young. The two lawyers were wont to joke about this rather sad laughing matter, for each claimed to have won the case: Fenton, because the jury had failed to find Bill Young guilty of the charge—the butchery of a whole family—and my father, because the indignant populace had hanged Mr. Young to his own gate-post the same day.

The signing of the proper papers was quickly arranged with Fenton, and I mentioned casually my encounter with the surly hermit.

"Oho!" cried Fenton, "so you met him, did you? That's old Bob Higbee. He was my first client, and he was acquitted for lack of evidence. The neighbours came near lynchin' him, too; but law and order prevailed for once, and he escaped a clothes-line by a neck. But he might a'most 's well 'a' everybody believed he was guilty of one of the cold-bloodedest murders ever knowed hereabouts."

"Was he guilty?" I asked languidly.

"Well, you couldn't expect me, his lawyer, to answer that question, could you?" said Fenton, quizzically.

"Why, yes, if you thought he was innocent."

"Oh, yes, if I thought he was innocent I'd certainly say so. But under the circumstances I haven't got no opinion to express." And he winked violently and laughed uproariously. Like many another shrewd and successful Western lawyer, he was more conversant with the statutes than with grammar.

"How did you get him off?" I inquired.

"Well, I always thought I was pretty cute in that case," said Fenton, puffing mightily at a villainous cigar which seemed to serve the double purpose of smoking and chewing tobacco. "You see, it was this-a-way. They never was a more beautiful chain of circumstantial evidence brought ag'in' a man than ag'in' that same Bob Higbee. He was a young farmer livin' alone, and dead set on gittin' married. But he was a shif'less sort of a feller, and drank a little, and never saved no money, and several of the men in town was after him for debt. The girl's paw and maw, old Jim McCrae and his wife, said he couldn't never have the girl till he braced up and paid his debts and settled down. And the girl said the same thing. She was fond of him then, the girl was, but she believed in reformin' a man before, and not after, marriage. Finally it come to her refusin' to see him at all. He felt purty bad, Bob did, and went moonin' around, sayin' that if he could only raise a couple of hundred dollars to settle his debts and fix up his place a little, he'd brace up. But nobody in town had any money in the first place, and nobody was a-goin' to resk it on Bob Higbee in the second.

"'Long about that time a peddler named Jim Hicks disappeared. He'd been a-travellin' these parts 'n' years with his pack, and everybody knowed him for miles around. They said he carried all his money with him in an old wallet. Up to Judge Hawkins's house one day—Judge Hawkins is dead now—Mrs. Hawkins wanted to buy some tinware and hadn't no money in the house but a five-dollar bill. It was an old one that had got tore in three pieces, the childern havin' found it by accident, and Mrs. Hawkins had pasted it together with stickin' plaster, and the family 'd had a good laugh over it. When she said she hadn't nothin' but this bill the old peddler said he could change it all right, and, diggin' his hand 'way down into his clothes, he brought up an old leather wallet and took out a powerful big roll of bills and peeled off four ones and give 'em to Mrs. Hawkins, and took that patched-up five-dollar green-back.

"He went next door then, and found Mrs. Bates—she buried her third husband only the other day—just lockin' up her house to go callin'. She said she wanted to buy some of his things, but couldn't he come around the next mornin'? So he said he would. He said he'd come sure, 'specially as he expected to be in town for a couple o' more days.

"That night the peddler was at the saloon. Bob Higbee was there, and they got mighty friendly over their liquor, and finally nothin' would do but the old peddler must put up for the night at Bob's house. So, after a while, they traipsed along home, friendly-like.

"That was the last anybody ever saw of that there peddler. The next day Judge Hawkins met Bob on the street, and asked him when in tarnation he was goin' to pay back that money he'd loaned him. Bob r'ared back an' reached down in his jeans and pulled out a roll o' bills as big as a stovepipe almost, and counted out the amount to the Judge, as magnificent as a dook. One of the bills was that patched greenback, and the Judge spotted it the moment he laid eyes on it. When he quizzed Bob, Bob looked embarrassed, and admitted that he got it from the peddler; said the feller had lent it to him.

"The Judge was glad enough to git his money, and pocketed it and went on. That afternoon Mrs. Bates come over to his house, raisin' a great row because the peddler hadn't come as he promised. Nobody had saw him in town all day, either, and, havin' nothin' better to talk about, the people talked about the strange disappearance of Jim Hicks.

"That evenin' some boys comin' through a lonely piece of woods back of Bob Higbee's house found the peddler's old hat, and, hid under some brush, his pack of tinware.

"Everybody thought this was cur'ous, and the Judge, who was s'picious by perfession, egged the Sheriff on to investigate in the matter. Word was telegraphed around to all the neighbourin' towns, and in all of them the old peddler was a familiar—landmark, you might say; but nobody had saw him. And they couldn't find hide or hair of him. So they arrested Bob Higbee.

"Just a few months back another peddler had been found beaten to death in the woods not fur away. Bill Young was suspected of killin' him, but they could never fasten nothin' on him. Now, peddlers was a mighty useful institution in them days, and the people was powerful excited. There was so much s'picion concernin' Bob Higbee that many of 'em was in favour of lynchin' him and havin' it over with in short order. But the rest of us was afraid it would hurt trade and the reputation of the county to have a lynchin', and we argied against it, and finally carried the day, me bein' one of the most eloquent speakers.

"Well, what do you suppose? Blamed if Bob Higbee didn't come to me and ask me to be his lawyer! I hadn't had my first case yet, and he flourished the money in my face—the peddler's money, too, I suppose—so I couldn't do nothin' but accept.

"The other side worked up as pretty a chain of circumstantial evidence as you ever see. I couldn't help admirin' it myself; but I'd a little card up my sleeve that was better than a right or left bower or the ace of trumps, and that was a little joker of a technicality. The other side said they had proved a motive for the murder—the desire to git money, which Bob stood notoriously in need of; the peddler was last seen in the defendant's company; defendant was knowed to be a man of shif'less habits, his own 'ryansee' bein' unable to put up with his ways; furthermore, said defendant was seen with an unusual amount of money the day after the disappearance of the peddler, and one of the bills had been positively identified as bein' given to the peddler by Mrs. Judge Hawkins; an the prisoner could not satisfactorily account for how he come by it.

"All this was summed up in fine shape by the prosecutin' attorney, and made a powerful effect on the jury. He'd worked up his case with witnesses and everythin,—but I hadn't nary a witness. I hadn't more 'n two words to say in cross-examination; but when the time come to speak my piece, I simply riz up on my hind-legs, and said:

"'Your Honor, I won't waste no time pickin' little flaws in the argument of the learned counsel on the other side. Your Honor, I don't need to waste time pickin' little flaws, for there is just one big flaw that knocks the whole case out of court. He has worked up a fine cock-and-bull story about motives and the character of the prisoner at the bar, and he has went an' perduced the peddler's hat and the peddler's pack of tinware; but he has not perduced one hair off the head—or one inch of the hide—or one livin' soul that saw the dead body—of the peddler himself. In technical terms, your Honor, he has not perduced the 'corpus delicti,' and there is not one ioty of hard-and-fast evidence that Jim Hicks ever was murdered at all. Nobody seen him killed, and nobody has laid eyes on his corpse. Your Honor, I rest.'

"Well, when I finished my speech you could 'a' knocked the whole kit and boodle of 'em over with a feather. It was more 'n five minutes before you heard a sound. The upshot of it was that the Judge come around to my side of the case, and instructed the jury to bring in a verdict of not guilty. There wasn't no applause for the prisoner, I can tell you, and there was a lot of talk about givin' him a surprise party with a rope.

"Some of 'em even wanted to lynch me; and I can't say that winnin' that case ever did me much good, for Bob cussed me up and down for not gittin' him a honourable discharge, and my neighbours wouldn't speak to me for some months. They never would speak to Bob Higbee.

"His own sweetheart turned agin him, too. It broke her all up, and she was sick in bed for weeks; but she had a will of her own, and she never would see him, though she et her heart out for him and never married nobuddy else. She's livin' yet, doin' a lot of church work and settin' up with the sick and all those kind o' doin's; but her sorrer didn't sour her like Bob's did.

"Bob, he tore around town for days and days, trying to persuade his old friends that he was innocent. They wouldn't have nothin' to do with him, and finally he begun to shun 'em and drink himself to death. But he didn't have much luck at that, an' so he tried to kill himself workin' on his farm. He improved the property right smart, but finally got tired o' that, too. He let the farm go to the dogs. And now that the town has growed almost out to it, it gits valuabler and valuabler every year; but Bob, he don't care a dum—he's goin' to the dogs, too. They're his only friends. The old inhabitants of this part of the country won't speak to him, and he's never took up with the new-comers. He just sets out there smokin' his pipe and broodin' all day long like a hermit. He'd 'a' be'n happier, he used to say, if he'd be'n strung up; and he certainly has been servin' a sort of a life sentence in the penitentiary."

"And you believe that he was guilty?" I said, when Fenton had apparently talked himself out.

"Wa-al," Fenton drawled. "as I said before, it wouldn't be becomin' in me to express an opinion about an old client of mine. Of course Bob denied it at first—but every murderer does that until he half believes it himself. Now I guess Bob has give up all hope of ever persuadin' anybody that he was innocent; and I reckon he's about made up his mind that he was guilty and might as well let it go at that."

Then I left Fenton and went to the hotel to dinner—a fearful and wonderful conglomeration of meats and vegetables and desserts, all spread out before me at once, after I had vainly tried to understand the verbal menu recited at breakneck pace by a waitress who did not wait to hear my selection.

After giving this enormous hash a brief opportunity to digest, I mounted my wheel again and started back over the road I had come. I was soon looking ruefully at the steep hill I had coasted down so blithely. After pumping dolefully up the incline, and wondering why some genius had not invented a reversible hillside, I was at length impelled to dismount and trundle my machine.

Not far from the top I came upon an old man seated by the road, and mopping the inside of his hat and the outside of his head with a flaming bandanna handkerchief. On his back was a curiosity shop of tinware. At my approach he rose and asked me if I knew the way to Bob Higbee's place.

When I told him that I did, and that it was the next house over the brow of the hill, he heaved a sigh of delight and began to stumble along at my side. After vainly trying to learn much about my identity or destination, he began in desperation to enlighten me as to his. He informed me that he was a peddler, a fact which, with Scotland Yard perspicacity, I had already gleaned from the sight of his enormous pack, which, I guessed, could hardly have been carried for pleasure.

When the old man confirmed my suspicion of his trade, I tendered the remark that Bob's place had a rather unpleasant reputation as a resting-place for peddlers. He asked me to explain; and, feeling under no obligations to Bob Higbee, I told the story of his crime as well as I remembered it, making up and improving such points as were hazy in my mind. I was just finishing my account when we arrived before the inhospitable dooryard. Bob Higbee himself was leaning upon the gate, smoking his eternal pipe.

As Bob saw us he turned to move back into his yard; but the old peddler, who had received my story with an expression of dumb horror, now found voice to call Higbee's name aloud, and found strength to hurry toward him. Higbee turned back, and, holding the gate tight, as the old man fumbled at it to open it, demanded roughly:

"What do you want?"

The peddler answered with some indignation at the coolness of his reception:

"Don't you know me? I'm Jim Hicks. I've come for the money I loaned you years and years ago."

A look of rage flashed across Higbee's face.

"Go on!" he cried. "I don't want none of your jokes. Go on, or I'll 'sic' my dog on you." And he drew back his hand to strike.

But the peddler persisted:

"I'm Jim Hicks, I tell you! and I perpose to have you pay your honest debts."

"Why, I killed Jim Hicks twenty years ago, everybody says; and I've come to believe it myself. You can't fool me. I may have took your money, but I've paid for it by my sufferin' all these years."

And he would have torn loose the old man's claws from the gate, but the peddler caught new hold, and persisted in a shrill voice:

"But I need that money, Bob Higbee. What are you talkin' about killin' me for? That's no way to git out o' payin' your honest debts. What if everybody did say you killed me? That don't make it so. Don't you 'member that night I come to your house—we'd been drinkin' a little—and you was tellin' me your troubles and how you needed money; and I was feelin' very generous—whiskey-generous—and I pulled out my wallet and counted out a hundred dollars and give it to you, and you promised to pay me inside of a year, with interest; and I counted over what was left of my money, and I began to think, What's the use of peddlin' your life away for a lot of money you never spend? And that night I dreamed I was in the city of St. Loous, livin' like a prince; and I waked up jest as the birds was singin' for daybreak, and I took my pack and started out, cuttin' across a neck of woods, takin' a short cut to the railroad station, fer I was plumb determined to go to the city.

"Well, I got so blamed sick of that old pack that I hid it under a pile of bresh, and took out a new hat what I had took in exchange a few weeks back for some tinware; and I throwed my old hat away and went on, feelin' like a prisoner out o' jail. And I seen a freight train stalled on a up-grade, and I thought, Here's a way to save some money! And I sneaked around and got into a empty car when none of the trainmen was lookin', and gol-ding it ef I didn't get locked in and nearly starved to death 'fore I was let out, right in St. Loous. Well, I hadn't spent ten dollars of all my earnings when I met a feller what said he was goin' up to the Black Hills, prospectin' for gold; and we became pardners and went up there, and spent part of our money and had part of it stole. And sometimes I'd think I was goin' to be rich as a king, and sometimes I'd a'most have to eat my boots. And year after year went by, and everybody seemed to be havin' luck but me; and at last I give up a few weeks ago, an old broken-down man, and decided I'd take up peddlin' again.

"And I thought of the old district I used to travel, and come down here and bought a outfit. And then I begun to think of that hundred dollars I loaned you 'way back in the old days. I used to forgit it for years at a time; 'peared like I never could think of it when I needed it; and when I didn't need it, I couldn't write any more'n I kin read. But I need it powerful bad now, and I hope you won't go and try to do me out of my rights, Bob Higbee. I helped you in your hour of need, and now you ought to do the square thing by me."

The old man's garrulous treble had seemed to fall on deaf ears. An expression of utter stupor had come upon Higbee's face. When the peddler had ceased to run on and clung to the gate, staring anxiously into the other man's face, Higbee at length found words, but his voice had a far-away sound, and he said, half to himself, inaudibly:

"Then if you are Jim Hicks and you are here and alive, why it must be I never killed you; and it must be that I'm innocent; and that means that I'd oughtn't to have had all these years of loneliness and hell without no friends but dogs, and without a kind look for twenty years from a single human bein', not even from Sairey; it's poorty hard, hain't it?"

Again he sank into a stupor, and his dogs, wondering, rubbed against him and whined sympathetically.

Suddenly a fierce change swept over his features; he gave a wild shriek like a maniac. He wrenched the gate open, fastened like a catamount on the peddler, and started toward Memphis, hauling the old man after him.

I followed, amazed, and trying to assist the old man, who half ran and was half dragged at the side of Bob Higbee. Down the steep hill Bob rushed, stumbling as one running in the dark, but still hastening on until he had reached the square.

His dash into the town had attracted the attention of the sleepy villagers, and they followed him with a buzz if wonderment. When he had reached the square a crowd was quickly gathered, but he threaded his way through, answering none of the questions; and he mounted a platform where Fourth of July

orators were wont to harangue the rustics with fiery platitudes.

But never was so thrilling an oration delivered from that platform, and never so ardent a declaration of independence. The hermit and outcast of twenty years was throwing off the shackles of disgrace and standing forth a free man. He poured out vials of wrath, too. Some of the older citizens were still able to recognise the peddler, and they understood Bog Higbee's defiant rage, and forgave him all his bitterness, and, reaching up, seized his hand and wrung it. And three of the town's most honoured citizens walked up on the platform and put their arms about him before all the people, and tried at the same time to atone for their blind and ancient injustice, and to welcome him back and soothe away his rancour.

But he flung them aside, and stormed out the indignation of his bitter exile. He shook his fists at heaven for its part in the crime, and thundered his denunciations at the people who had disgraced him even until he had grown to believe himself guilty.

The crowd was beginning to wonder if the man whose mind had stood firm through a score of years of tragedy would be wrenched loose from its anchorage by this sudden hurricane of joy.

Abruptly, in the midst of Bob's tirade, he stopped short. He stared across, above the heads of the people beneath him, and then ran down the steps of the platform, and elbowed through the crowd, dragging the stupefied peddler after him.

Then everyone, turning, saw his destination; but I, a stranger among them, only noted that a plaintive little figure, a white-haired little spinster, had appeared outside the grocery store, with her arms full of packages. To her Bob Higbee ran. He stopped short before her, and whirling the old peddler out in front of him at arm's length, cried:

"Sairey! Sairey! here's Jim Hicks! the man they said I murdered!"

The little old maid's hands dropped and her parcels fell, spilling crimson apples and bouncing scarlet cranberries all over the walk. And Sairey McCrae collapsed, and would have dropped in a heap had not Bob Higbee darted forward and caught her.

He picked her up in his long arms as if she were a child, and stood there, exultant in his possession, a moment.

Then Fenton appeared, stepping out of the crowd, important with the knowledge that it was he that had saved the life of this man, and quite ready to prove that he had believed him innocent all the while.

"Better bring her in here, Bob," he said, laying his hand affectionately on the shoulder of the giant and ushering him into his office.

There was an anxious silence for a little time, and then a wild scream, the mingled voices of a man and woman re-united after years of separation, a strange, uncanny cry, in which long and bitter suffering was remembered and effaced and drowned in overwhelming joy.

A moment later Fenton tip-toed out of the office and closed the door softly behind him, and said, almost in a whisper:

"She's come to now, all right; but you can't tell whether she's laughin' or cryin',"

As the crowd was dispersing, old Mrs. Bates rushed up, and, seizing the bewildered peddler by the elbow, demanded:

"Where's then tin things you promised to bring me the next day? You're a nice one, you air!"

CHILDREN'S GAMES.

An appreciative notice in the "Daily Chronicle" (London) of a performance of children's games recently given in the grounds of the Hospital and Home for Incurable Children, Maida Vale, by some sixty children, wearing caps of white and print frocks of red, blue, and lilac, suggests the inquiry if there has been recorded anything concerning children's games in Ireland. We subjoin some extracts from the article referred to—

"Looby Loo, with which the performance began, and in which the players simultaneously go through a variety of actions in harmony with the words they sing, is supposed to have come down from antic dancing in honour of some deity. Our old friend, "London Bridge is Broken Down," is generally admitted to be very ancient. The first line appears in "Heimskringla," where a battle of London Bridge is described. How many little Londoners of the present day have played "Old Roger"?

Old Roger is dead and laid in his grave,
Oh! ah! laid in his grave.
There grew a good apple tree over his head,
Oh! ah! over his head.
When apples were ripe, and ready to drop,
Oh! ah! ready to drop.
There came an old woman a-picking them up,
Oh! ah! picking them up.
Old Roger jumped up and hit her a knock,
Oh! ah! hit her a knock.
For old woman went flipperty flop,
Oh! ah! flipperty flop.

One of the girls personated old Roger, a second the tree, and a third the old woman, while the rest by their singing described the action. Thus we had a repetition of the way in which primitive plays were sometimes staged. Then we were treated to a view of the three discourteous dukes who came a-riding, "with my fancy, fancy, tiddy ti tay," and who, having announced that "our will it is to marry," were invited to "marry one of us, sirs," whereupon they replied, "You are all too black and too blousy." Very naturally, the indignant maidens replied, We are good enough for you, sirs," and the dukes make amends by choosing three. It is said that this is the oldest game that children know, dating from a time when young men of one village went together to another place seek wives in a business-like way. "Oats and Beans and Barley" is believed to have originated at a time when wheat was not generally grown, for none of the old variants of the rhyme allude to that grain. The next game is less known to youngsters than most of the others. The words are supposed to have come from a ballad—

Isabella, Isabella, Isabella, farewell,
Last night when we parted,
I left you broken-hearted,
And in the green meadow
You were standing alone.
Choose a sweetheart. Farewell.
Take a walk, love. Farewell.
In the ring, love—farewell—
Put the ring on. Farewell.
Go to church, love. Farewell.
Kneel down, love. Farewell.
Take a kiss, love. Farewell.

Some people trace in these lines a suggestion from the extremely simple marriage ceremonies that used to prevail in parts of Scotland and are valid yet beyond the Tweed. Isabella and her fortunes having been dismissed, "When I was a Young Girl" was played. As old people know, if young ones do not, it is an expression of the tendency of children to imitate their elders, as appears from such lines as "When I had a husband." "When I had a baby," "When I did the washing." Then came "Round and Round the Village," as to which the learned have no doubt that it is an imitation of the dance-like procession that formed part of certain sacred festivals in the earliest times. "Poor Mary Sits a-Weeping" is familiar, and so is "Draw a Pail o' Water," though the words given below are fuller than the version familar to most children—

Draw a pail 'o water for a lady's daughter;
Her father's a king, her mother's a queen,
Her two little sisters are dressed in green.
Stamping grass and parsley, marigold leaves and daisies;
Sift my lady's oatmeal; sift it into flour;
Put it in a chestnut tree; let it lie an hour.
Give a silver pin and a gold ring.
One and a bush; two and a bush.
Please, young lady, come under my bush.
My bush is too high; my bush is too low,
Please, young lady, come under my bough.

Who but a student would imagine that in this delightfully-inconsequential rhyme there was a suggestion of ancient well worship? Yet wise men tell us that such is the case. It is written in Gomme's Ethnology and Folk Lore that dressing the well with flowers, endowing it with a cake, and with gifts of gold and silver, were all accompaniments of the adoration of wells, and that, moreover, a sacred bush often stood near. "Under the Greenwood Tree" having been played, the performance ended with "My Lady Greensleeves," the words of which were written before 1580. They are pretty enough to be quoted fully—

Alas! my love, you do me wrong
To cast me off discourteously;
And I have loved you so long,
Delighting in your company.

I bought thee petticoats of the best,
The cloth so fine as might be;
I gave thee jewels for thy chest,
And all this cost I spent on thee.
Thy smock of silk, both fair and white,
With gold embroidered gorgeously,
Thy petticoat of sendal right;
And these I bought thee gladly.

Greensleeves, now farewell, adieu!
God I pray to prosper thee,
For I am still thy lover true,
Come once again and love me.

To each verse there is the following refrain—

For oh! Greensleeves was all my joy,
And oh! Greensleeves was my delight,
And oh! Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my lady Greensleaves?

The only water power wheel in America driven by an artesian well, is at St. Augustine, Florida, and supplies power to a wood-working shop. The wheel is 16 feet in diameter, the well 6½ inches and 240 feet deep. Since the well does not supply power enough, however, a second well has been driven near by to reinforce the present one. The new well is 8 inches in diameter. The contractor first drove an 8-inch iron tube about 150 feet through the sand, when he struck bedrock. On drilling into this some 50 feet, water overflowed in considerable quantity, but it was not until he penetrated quite through the rock strata (about 100 feet thick) that the well gave a normal volume of water.

Genuine meteorites are curiosities highly prized by museums and scientific collectors. Prof. St. Meunier, of the Natural History Museum of Berlin, paid as much as £1 per gramme for a meteorite. It is, therefore, conceivable that sharp practices should be resorted to by dealers in scientific curiosities. A band of meteorite counterfeiters was recently captured and considerable evidence obtained of very curious and ingenious methods for seducing the gullible collector. The members of this band were Corsicans. It was their practice to obtain natural rock resembling meteorites as closely as possible and then to burn them in order to produce the black crust which is one of the earmarks of every genuine meteorite. The pieces of rock were coated with lampblack, dissolved in molten sulphur. It seems, however, that this method was so crude that the deception was easily discovered, and the men were forthwith arrested.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE ORIGIN OF IRISH NAMES—THE NOLANS.

(To the Editor of the "Dublin Penny Journal."

Ballinderry,
Tuam,
11th September.

Sir—I don't know whether you encourage correspondence relative to your statements as to the origin of families, but if you admit letters on the interesting subject, I would like to point out that the Western Nolans are certainly not O'Hoolahans removed from Munster to Connaught by Cromwell.

Donnell O'Hologhan, it is true, did occupy a castle close to Galway Town, in 1574 (vide Carew Manuscripts, Lambeth Place), but it is highly improbable that he was connected with the Nolans.

The Western Nolans came from the Barony of Forth—either that of Carlow or Wexford—long before the era of Cromwell.

Deaghnan Nolan, of the town of Galway, complains (1586) to the Privy Council that his ship was seized by pirates off the coast of Scotland (Dasent).

Thomas Nolan, whose Mayo Castle was attacked by the Bourkes (1589), is also styled Thomas O Nolan, Esq, in a Royal Commission of 1627 (State Papers). His eldest son, Gregory Nolan, Esq, of Ballinrobe Castle, was elected Agent for Mayo to the Catholic Kilkenny Convention about 1643 (Clanricarde Memoirs).

Gregory's property was confiscated by Cromwell. The two other descendants of Thomas and the son of Richard were amongst the 49 officers who fought for Charles II. John, a younger son of Thomas, is returned in the Strafford Survey as in hereditary possession of Enescrorn Castle (1632). This castle and the adjacent property had been the property of Thomas, who died 1628 (vide Sligo Inquisitions, 1629-33). Enescrorn Castle had originally been built by another native Irish tribe, the O'Dowds.

John was transplanted by Cromwell from Tirtnagh-Tyrawley and Kilmaine Baronies to Clare—Claremorris and Kilmaine Baronies—from him I descend.

The arms of the Nolans of the West, were before 1650, precisely or nearly the same as those of the O'Nolan chiefs of Fotharta, Richard Nolan, apparently the principal Burgess of Athlone in 1600 (State Papers), was a close connection (probably the brother), of Thomas. While our connection with the Barony of Forth rests only on the Arms, tradition, and some similarity of Christian names, it is absolutely clear that the Nolans were established in Connaught before the confiscations of Connaught.

The O'Hoolahan or O'Hollachain theory is a modern myth, unsupported by any evidence from the Books of Survey. It is probably founded on the fact that the initial Nox Nolan is very occasionally written V for the Eastern Nolans.

As the O'Nolans of Fotharta were stout fighters, particularly between 1320 and 1335, I, as one Western Nolan, do not desire to be segregated from their history. The O'Nolans lived in a flat country, and Desmond, Kildare, Ormond, Sir John D'Arcy, Lord Gray, and, I must add, Brine O'Brian, proved too much for them; some of the scattered fragments of the O'Nolans sought their fortunes westward, but have always asser ed their ancient connection with the Barony of Forth.—Faithfully yours,

JOHN P. NOLAN.

The tallest steel chimney in the city of New York was recently torn down. The stack, which was 18 feet in circumference, consisted of thirty sections, each weighing a ton. In taking down the chimney, the workmen rigged up a scaffold about 10 feet from the top. Perched upon this support, they punched out the rivets that held the adjacent sections together, and lowered the two sections, weighing two tons, by ropes connected with windlasses. The scaffold was then lowered to the next two sections, where the disjointing work was continued. The removal of the chimney was effected at a cost of about £400.

EUGENE O'CURRY.

BY EBLANA.

I.

"This mortal, call'd to join your choir,
Through every care and every grief,
Sought, with an antique soul of fire,
O'er all, God's glory, first and chief.
And next, he sought, oh! sacred band,
Ye disinherited of heaven,
To give you back your native land,
To give it as it first was given!"
—Darcy McGee's Requiem for Eugene O'Curry.

The county of Clare, part of the ancient Tuath Mumhain or Thomond, has been from the earliest times rich in the production of poets, bards, historians, and other literateurs, whose mission in life, from century to century was to preserve the records of their Church, the genealogies of their kings, and the heroic deeds of their brave Dalcassians.

A worthy successor to this long line of eminent men was one of the ablest and most industrious of them all—the subject of the present sketch.

Eugene O'Curry, or, more properly, Eoghan O'Comhraidhe, was born near Carrigaholt, in the south-west of the county Clare, in the year 1794.

The old Castle of Carrigaholt stands on the very brink of the River Shannon, which washes the southern boundary of the territory of Moyarta, or Magh Fearta—the Plain of the Graves—in which it stands. No doubt this name is due to the frequent wars which took place in this division of the ancient Corca Baiscinn.

O'Curry tells us that his father knew more about the place than any other person he had ever met.

He was the son of a farmer of the same name, and his youth was spent amongst the wild grandeur of the stupendous cliffs, extensive caverns, and natural architecture dominated by the great Atlantic, and which extends for many miles around his native place.

This, together with the fact that he worked on the farm notwithstanding a slight lameness, and despite the latter circumstance, ensured him the great blessing of a sound mind in a sound body, a condition much needed for the work that lay before him.

His studies he kept up so far as circumstances permitted, and to the utmost extent that the evil laws of the time allowed.

He cultivated especially the study of Irish history and Irish music, in both of which he became proficient.

Owing, however, to the agricultural depression of 1815, his family were ruined and scattered, he himself obtaining employment in Limerick as keeper of the Lunatic Asylum.

In 1825 he lost his father, who died at the age of 81.

But despite all these trials and struggles, he never omitted his favourite pursuits; and, ere he was aware of it, the clouds had begun to break.

About the year 1830 the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, which was being silently organised, commenced operations. The several departments included those of geology, meteorology, hagiology, history, topography, and antiquities. It was under the direction of Lieutenant Drummond, Sir Thomas Larcom, and George Petrie, with the assistance of a most able staff, which by 1834 included Messrs. O'Conor, O'Keefe, and Wakeman, James Clarence Mangan, that erudite scholar; Dr. John O'Donovan, and his wife's brother, Eugene O'Curry.

The work was accomplished partly in the office in Great Charles street, partly in the Libraries of Trinity College and of the Royal Irish Academy, and partly by journeying through the country.

O'Curry's share of the work was, first of all, the translation of Irish MSS.

An opening so unhoped for, yet so congenial as this, was a source of the most intense joy and delight to O'Curry.

He was the one man in all Ireland best qualified for the task, and, with all his well known modesty, he proceeded to commence the work with the utmost confidence in his perfect knowledge and ability.

Yet, as the writer of this sketch has it from a high authority, he was met at the very outset by a most unlooked-for and appalling check!

True, it was no dream. There before him and within easy access to him lay untold numbers of Irish MSS. of all ages and descriptions, but so interspersed were they with contradictions and signs of words not written, which had grown up through the necessity for expedition by over-worked authors ere printing was known or available, that poor O'Curry, utterly unprepared for, and even ignorant of such enigmatical writing, was so astounded, so suddenly grief-stricken, that tears blinded his eyes and coursed each other down his cheeks.

To anyone this would have been a disappointment; to O'Curry it was heart-breaking.

According to one of our legends, there have lain for centuries, and still lie in a Northern tumulus, enchanted warriors, ready equipped and armed, waiting for the magic hour to awaken from their long sleep, and spring into action for the delivery of Ireland.

That prophecy has not yet been verified.

But something very like it seemed about to happen at this eventful period of O'Curry's career.

Here sealed up in the sleep of ages in countless Gaelic manuscripts, were the buried records, not alone of warriors and champions, knights and kings, but of saints, sages, bards, poets, ollamhs, scientists, artificers, artists, astronomers, musicians—all awaiting the touch of the magic hand to unloose them from their enchantment, and enable them to proclaim the glories of the past and the hopes of the future of their country.

The moment had come—and the man!—the first man for many centuries possessing the power, and the last man, perhaps, for as many centuries to come!

He had even entered upon his mission—had raised his magic wand; but, to his surprise and horror, it would not work! It seemed as if the enchanted would sleep on for ever. What fate was it that had always pursued his country at critical moments of her existence? Were the forces for her deliverance for ever doomed to torpor and oblivion?

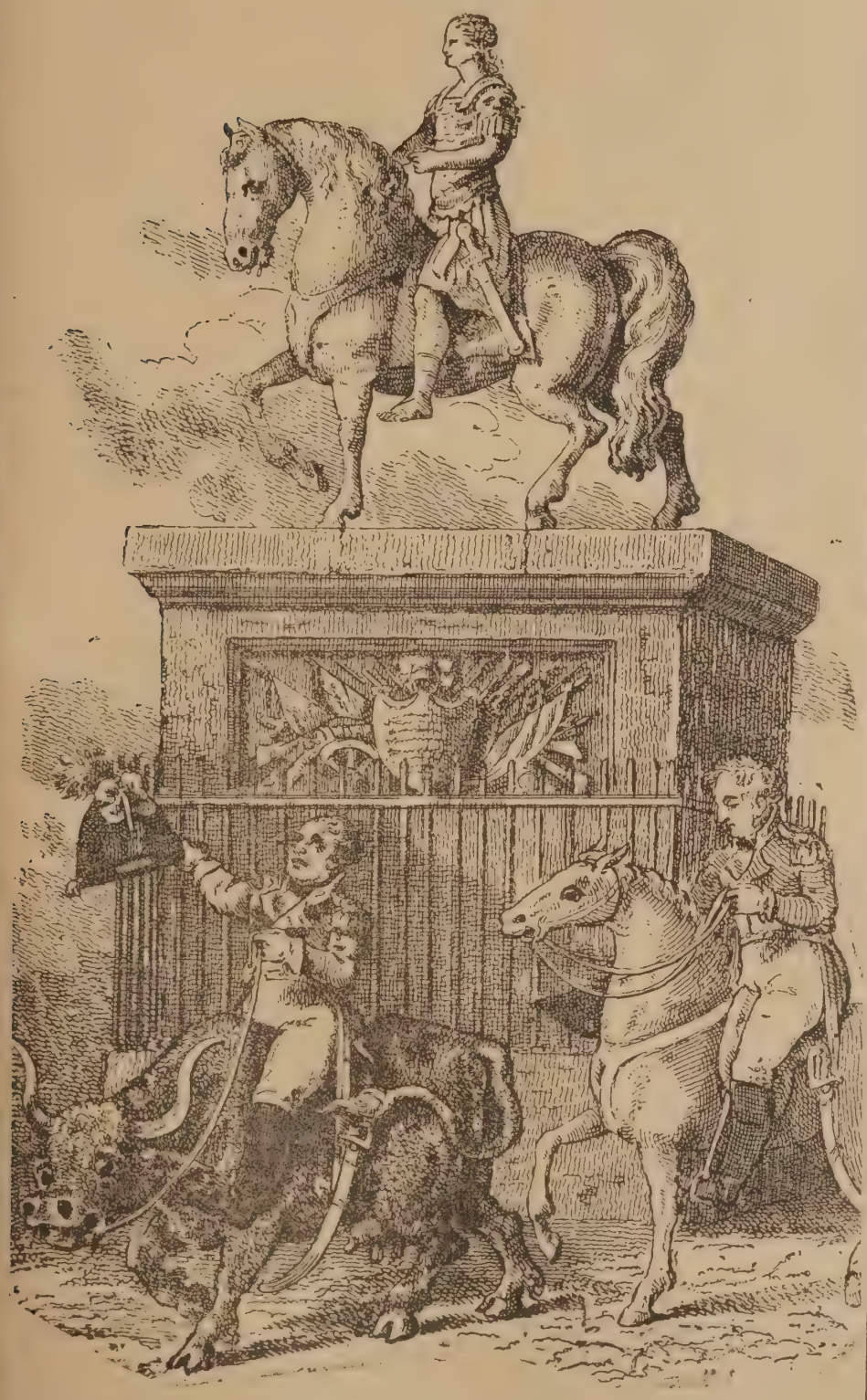
His anguish was intense and painful to a degree. Only one thing was clear. It was now or never for the work. The now was the mystery—the never the appalling penalty of unravelment.

But O'Curry, amongst his many other endowments, had a special genius for overcoming difficulties.

He set to work with a will over the puzzle, determined to succeed. He was the only man

ANOTHER "WATTY COX" CARICATURE.

(From the Irish Magazine and Monthly Asylum of Neglected Biography, February, 1811.)



"The Two Majors, on Browney's Cow and Hevey's Mare, on a visit to King William."

(The two majors are Majors Sandys and Major Sirr.)

living that could even hope to accomplish it, but he did. His patience and research was rewarded, and he discovered the clue! That once found, all the rest was easy.

Then his work of the translation commenced. He was in his element. He regretted the want of a university education, but the galaxy of scholars into whose company he was now thrown, and the opportunity he acquired with the immense mass of Irish MSS. in Dublin, London, Oxford, and elsewhere, almost supplied the deficiency. In T.C.D. alone there were more than 140 volumes, some of them being vellum, and embracing a period of 600 years, besides the large collection in the R.I.A. They treated of history, laws, science, and commerce. Many were translated from Latin, Greek, and other tongues, and included the classics. O'Curry himself said of them:—

"Anyone well read in the comparatively few existing fragments of our Gaedhlic literature, and whose education had been confined solely to this source, would find that there are but very few, indeed, of the great events in the history of the world with which he was not acquainted."

O'Curry, accordingly, set to work at transcribing and translating, in the office and in the public libraries, while O'Donovan and some of his other confreres explored the several Irish counties in search of antiquities, in confirmation of the written accounts of the old records.

Owing to his lameness, this was not a branch of the work well suited to him, however congenial in other respects it might be. There were, however, two exceptions to this arrangement. The county Dublin was not too far from the city, and this district O'Curry took upon himself to explore.

Accordingly in May, 1837, he and O'Donovan proceeded together to the Dublin Mountains, and visited Glencullen. Thence they went to Ballybetagh, the Scalp, Kilternan, Carrickmines, Shanganagh, and Kingstown. These trips were made, every few days, sometimes with O'Donovan, sometimes with Williams or others, sometimes alone, and they lasted about two months.

Then another series of trips occupied him during August and September. They included Ballinascorney, Tallaght, Tibradden, Saggard, Ballybrack, and Glenasmol.

He was accustomed to write an account of the results of his rambles to Larcom, describing the antiquities he had met with, and what explanations could be gleaned in the neighbourhood, as well as any other interesting matter which came in his way.

In Glenasmol he met with an old man of 84, who spoke Irish, as did his sister Una, and who told him that 40 years before, very few there spoke English, and that he had known many who both read and wrote Irish. At one place there called Aill Mairin, or Maureen's Cliff, were very large ivy leaves, and O'Curry in his letter relates the Ossianic story connected with them:—

"Ossian complaining of St. Patrick's scanty fare, says that he would find a quarter of a blackbird in Glenasmol larger than his quarter of mutton, a quicken berry larger than his measgan of butter, and an ivy leaf larger than his griddle of bread."

O'Curry enclosed two of the celebrated ivy leaves, which, he said, though not arrived at maturity of growth, would yet afford a good specimen of the produce of the famous glen.

These two immense leaves are still preserved in the R.I.A.

The second series of peregrinations made by him were to his native county, as he knew it much better than did anyone else.

This was in November, 1839, and among

other interesting details, he corrects the erroneous impression concerning Cuchullen's leap. It was generally thought that the leap was made from Clare to Kerry, across the Shannon. But he points out the impossibility of such a feat, and in relating the story explains that Cuchullen leaped from Leap (or Loop) Head to Ballan na Leime, a little island about 50 feet out from it, and the very name of which confirms his assertion,

In 1839, this same year, the first volume of the Ordnance Survey was published. It treated of Londonderry, and was hailed with surprise and delight by the learned at home and abroad.

But the English Government took alarm, and refused to allow any further light concerning the past grandeur of a country which it had been their aim for centuries to suppress and brutalise. The work was admitted to be admirable; but the staff was discharged.

The late Very Rev. Canon Ulick Bourke says:—

"The vast amount of materials even then collected—it is said 400 quarto volumes of letters and documents relating to the topography, language, history, antiquities productions ,and social state of Ireland in the past and in the present—were stowed away into the Library of the Phœnix Park, and were subsequently, at least some, handed over to the guardian care of the Royal Irish Academy."

Yes, a few of the sleeping warriors, sages, and saints had burst their bonds, had broken the silence of ages, and proclaimed that the milennium of Erin of her deliverance was at hand.

But her jailors, who held the golden key which alone could unlock the cemetery gates, took alarm, dismissed the diviner and his rod, and decreed that no further resuscitation would be permitted.

However, it was not as before. Henceforth the spirits of the past seemed to permeate the very air of Ireland, and notwithstanding many discouragements as well from the silent apathy of its own people, as from the open hostility of its foes—the work of literary regeneration went gravely on, and the succeeding years almost vied with those agone in the number of eloquent voices and brilliant pens that have given us, as it were, limelight views of the lives and deeds of Ireland's long dead and almost forgotten children.

Some took up one branch of the work, some another. Some worked individually and independently, others in colleagueship with fellow-workers in the same cause. Catholic and Protestant clergy and the laity of both creeds, with every shade of political opinion, united in the congenial and delightful work, and their common country to-day enjoys the result, and needs but the liberty of profiting by it.

Notwithstanding this, however, the largest part of the work still remains to be done, even of the immense quantity of accessible MSS.

While the Ordnance Survey Commissioners were still at work, the Very Rev. Canon O'Hanlon, M.R.I.A., author of the "Lives of the Irish Saints" and many other works, contributed to them valuable information and assistance.

He likewise compiled a complete catalogue of the Ordnance Survey materials for county and parish histories, which were published in the Kilkenny Archæological Society's Journal.

In the introduction to his "Lives of the Irish Saints," he gives a very lucid and interesting account of their mode of work, and of O'Curry's zeal and industry, and supplies an exhaustive and amazingly copious list of the immense number of Irish MSS. stowed away in the British Museum, London; the Bodleian Library, Oxford; and also in innumerable places on the Continent—in Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Switzerland, Italy, France, Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Saxony, Portugal, Spain, and Sweden.

O'Curry laboured apart from his work on the Survey. In 1836 he made a fac-simile copy for the R.I.A. of a genealogical MS. of Duald Mac Firbis. belonging to Lord Roden. If printed, it would cover over 1,300 quarto pages; and in '39 he made a beautiful copy of the Book of Lismore, a 15th century MS. of 262 pages. He made similar copies of the Book of Lecan and of the Leabhar Breac for Trinity College; and he also transcribed eight large volumes of 2,906 pages of ancient Irish Law Tracts.

In 1842 he commenced a large folio volume, which he described as "A Catalogue of the Number and Contents of Messrs. Hodges and Smith's Collection of Irish MSS."

Besides three large folio volumes of catalogues, he compiled two more volumes describing the Betham collection of Irish manuscripts. In all this learned Irish scholar and scribe compiled six large folios of catalogues of descriptions of all the MSS. in the R.I.A.

The Rev. Maxwell Close, at his own expense, presented two MS. folio volumes, compiled by O'Curry and magnificently bound, to the Royal Irish Academy, where they may be seen.

Besides these, O'Curry's Glossaries number over 25,000 separate articles.

In 1851 he made a translation with text of Irish poems, one of which was that composed by St. Cumin of Connor in the year 656.

He became a member of the Celtic Society, founded in 1853, and two years later it published a text and translation by him of two Irish tales, "The Battle of Moy Leana" and "The Courtship of Momera, the Spanish Princess," who became ancestress of the chief families in Munster and Connaught.

He likewise wrote 13 volumes of a rough preliminary translation in preparation for other works, so untiring was his industry.

He also transcribed, collated, and prepared for press the original Irish texts of the "Annals of the Four Masters," and of almost every Gaelic volume issued by the Archæological and Celtic Societies.

In conjunction with O'Donovan he prepared the ancient "Brehon Laws," and he had even collected a great deal of material for an Irish Dictionary.

At the instance of Dr. Todd, T.C.D., and President of the R.I.A., he investigated the habit of ancient bards of satirising rats, and even gave an instance of the kind in his father's time in his native place.

He visited the Bodleian Library, Oxford, with Dr. Todd, in 1849, and together they examined its rich collection of Irish MSS.

In that year also, and again in 1855, they paid visits to the British Museum, and examined the MSS. there.

O'Curry it was who compiled the useful MS. catalogue now in that Library.

There also may be seen two poems in Irish by his brother, Malachy O'Curry, who was a good Irish poet and scholar.

The writer has it on the same authority as before-mentioned, that the two friends utilised the occasion to pay a visit to Dr. Todd's brother, a Catholic priest in charge of a London parish containing many Irish inhabitants, who understood their native language.

The pastor announced their advent to his flock, as also to a much wider circle of Celts.

The result was that on a given Sunday an immense concourse of Irishmen, women, and children assembled to hear the great Irish scholar, who was to deliver a speech in their own tongue.

O'Curry realised their warmest anticipations, congratulating them on the possession of such a pastor, and the pastor in like manner on that of the flock, relating news of their beloved country, and the work that was being done there in furtherance of their interests, and filling them with hope for the future of their native land.

(To be continued.)

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.

BANAGHER.

BANAGHER, a market and post-town (formerly a parliamentary borough), in the parish of Rynagh, barony of Garrycastle, King's county, and province of Leinster, 6 miles (N.W. by N.) from Parsonstown, and 64 miles (W.S.W.) from Dublin; containing 2,636 inhabitants. This town is situated on the side of a hill, on the south bank of the Shannon, just above the influx of the little Brosna river, and at the junction of the roads from Parsonstown to Cloghan and Eyrecourt. The bridge, connecting it with the Galway shore, is one of the oldest across the Shannon: it consists of several small arches with projecting piers, and is very narrow and inconvenient, but of great strength and solidity. Latterly, however, this bridge, which is supposed to have stood between 400 and 500 years, has shown numerous symptoms of decay: it completely obstructs the navigation of the river, to remedy which a canal with a swing bridge over it has been formed on the Galway side. Its military defences are very strong: on the King's county or Bangher side is a "tete-du pont" mounting three pieces of heavy ordnance, and about a ¼ of a mile lower down the river is a circular field work with six pieces of ordnance; on the Galway side to the right is a martello tower, and on the left a small battery. The inhabitants were incorporated in 1628 by charter of Chas. I., which empowered the corporation at large to send two members to the Irish parliament. The corporation was styled "The Sovereign, Burgesses, and Free Commons of the Borough and Town of Bannacher alias Bannagher;" and consisted of a sovereign and twelve burgesses, with power to admit freemen and appoint a recorder and other officers, but the corporate offices have not been filled up since the year 1800, when the borough was deprived of its right of parliamentary representation, and the £15,000 awarded as compensation was paid to the Right Hon. Wm. Brabazon Ponsonby. In the vicinity is Cloghan Castle, the seat of Garrett O'Moore, Esq., and one of the oldest inhabited castles in Ireland; and a short distance to the south of the town, near the banks of the Little Brosna river, are the ruins of Garry Castle, which gave name to the barony.

(To be Continued.)

IRISH ECCLESIOLOGY.

OUR COUNTRY'S REMARKABLE MONUMENTS.

II.

Another piece of good advice is here given. "Keepe your monuments." Had this been always acted on, the noble circle of stones which formerly stood on Dalkey Common would not have been blasted and quarried for the purpose of converting them into an ugly and absurd Martello Tower. But to continue our chronicler's story:—

"Uter-Pendragon, seeing this, animated his company; they met, and manfully encountered; in the end Gillomer fled, and the Irish were discomfited. Uter-Pendragon marched on; they came by Merlin's direction to the place, and, beholding the hugeness of the stones, they wondered, yet they joyed that they found them. To worke they went, some with ropes, some with wythes, some with ladders, and carried them away, brought them to Britaine, and pitched them in the Plaine of Salisburie, which place is now caled Stonehenge."

The ridiculous story is gravely told by several historians of the sixteenth century. But that a stone, supposed to be endued with miraculous powers, was actually transported from Ireland to Scotland, and from Scotland to story of this travelled stone is as follows:—

On the celebrated Hill of Tara stood a pillar-stone, called the Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny. On this stone the ancient Kings of Ireland were crowned, and it bore witness to the legitimacy of their majesties' title by roaring beneath them during the ceremony. This miraculous article the Scotch begged as a loan for the coronation of one of their own monarchs, who belonged to the Royal Family of Ireland. The request was granted at once in the most polite and friendly manner. A package, neatly made up, and possibly labelled, "With care—this side to be kept uppermost," was forthwith despatched to Scotland, and the Scotch King was crowned in the most orthodox and satisfactory manner. The Scotch people were charmed with the Lia Fail. It relieved them from the fear of a Caledonian War of Roses. No Northern York and Lancaster would ever come to blows with such an infallible referee within reach. Instead of plunging his native land into all the horrors of a civil war, and wading through slaughter to the throne, the candidate for the crown had but quietly to sit down on the Stone of Destiny. One roar, we presume, settled the succession. The Scotch naturally valued such a useful article of furniture as this was likely to prove in that age; in fact, they valued it so much that they, somehow or other, quite forgot to return it to the right owners. The Irish never saw their property again.

When Edward I. conquered Scotland, he carried the Lia Fail away with him to his own country, and deposited it in Westminster Abbey. Its travels terminated there; and it may be seen, to this day, in the seat of the chair in Edward the Confessor's chapel. Whether its miraculous power has remained, we are not in a position to say. We have, indeed, ourselves sat on it, in common with all other visitors to the Abbey; but, as we are not a legitimate sovereign, its silence on the occasion proved nothing. For aught we know, it may have roared on the 28th of June, 1838.

Now, it may seem strange that the Scotch should have been at the trouble of transporting a piece of Irish rock to the Abbey of Scone. It may seem no less strange that the English should have been at the trouble of transferring it from the Abbey of Scone to the Abbey of Westminster. But the best part of the tale remains to be told.

This wonderful stone—the stone on which the sovereigns of Scotland from Feargus Mac-Eark to Alexander III., and the sovereigns of England from Edward II. to Victoria, have actually sat at their coronations—this stone turns out, after all, to be as very a sham as any ever denounced by Mr. Thomas Carlyle. So far from the Stone of Destiny having made the tour of the Three Kingdoms, it never stirred from home all the while, and it is standing at this instant within an enclosure on the Hill of Tara, almost in the position which it originally occupied. It was Dr. Petrie who made the discovery that the precious stone in the Abbey is but paste. In short, it was a counterfeit Lia Fail which the Irish imposed on the Scotch as the original, and the result proved that the precaution was not needless.

We may here again take a lesson from the early Irish. We may learn by their example to take more care of our national monuments; and, as has been already remarked, we have such monuments scattered in profusion around us. "Ireland," as Mr. Wakeman observes, "is more remarkable, perhaps, than any other country of the West of Europe for the number, the variety, and, it may be said, the nationality of its ancient remains." Amongst these some of the most remarkable are the Cromlechs, popularly called Druids' Altars, or Giants' Graves—sepulchres, probably dating from a period anterior to the introduction of Christianity into this country, and in which have been discovered the skeletons of men who, in all likelihood, were among the first inhabitants of Ireland. Cromlechs are found in every direction around Dublin. There is one at Howth, one at Golden Ball, and others at Rathfarnham, at Killiney, at Cabinteely, all within a short drive or walk, and all well worthy of a visit. But if even these are too distant, there is one in the Phoenix Park, standing, it may be said, in our very streets. This cromlech was accidentally discovered nineteen years ago. Here was archaeology brought home to our doors—the mountain actually coming to Mohammed; yet how many of our citizens have ever seen that ancient sepulchre? It is in their own Park, close to their own houses, within the circuit of their daily walks, and drives, and rides; yet it might as well be in the remotest of the Orkneys for all the inhabitants of Dublin know of it. Nearer still are the Cathedrals of St. Patrick and Christ Church—the one affording an example of the purest first-pointed Gothic, in some respects almost unique; the other, with many defects, presenting excellent specimens of both Norman and first-pointed architecture. Yet how many among the congregations which fill them every Sunday bestow a single thought on their architecture? They might just as well be the ugliest barns which have ever been consecrated as parish churches.

With the exception of St. Audoen's, there are few other objects of much ecclesiological interest in Dublin. But at a short distance from it we have St. Doulough's, the most singular example of first-pointed architecture existing—one, too, which still continues to baffle the curiosity of antiquaries. Then there are the churches of Kilbarrack, Kinsaly, Kilternan, Dalkey, and Killiney—the round towers of Clondalkin, Lusk, Swords, and Rathmichael—and many other monuments which we have not space to recount. A short railway journey brings within reach all the wonders of New Grange, and the churches, round tower, and crosses of Monasterboice. Extend the drive a little farther and you see the famous Hill of Tara, with its singular raths and enclosures, where, after thirteen hundred years of ruin, the ancient city of Irish kings may still be traced—the remains of Bective Abbey, which combined, in a remarkable degree, ecclesiastical with military and domestic architecture—and the exquisitely beautiful ruins of the once magnificent Abbey of Newtown. Another line brings you to the churches of Killeshin and Rahan, the Abbeys of Jerpoint and Kilmallock, and the celebrated ruins on the Rock of Cashel. Castles, too, there are, as well as churches, though by no means so remarkable, nor in an equal state of preservation. For the last we have to thank Cromwell's cannon. Still there are some worth examining even in the neighbourhood of Dublin, as the Castle of Malahide, the Castles of Bullock and Dalkey, and the Castle of Drimnagh, near Templeogue. Drimnagh Castle is one of the most perfectly preserved of all the fortresses remaining in Ireland. But none of these can for a moment bear comparison with the majestic ruins of the once formidable Castle of Trim, which, owing to the facility afforded by railways, may fairly be numbered with those in the vicinity of the metropolis. The Castle of Trim would of itself repay a visit to a district rich in architectural remains, coming more strictly within the sphere of ecclesiology than heathen sepulchres or secular fortresses.

Our catalogue of objects of ecclesiological interest in Ireland might very readily be enlarged. Enough, however, has been said to show that it is not owing to the absence of such objects that so little attention has been hitherto given to the subject; and that the inhabitants of Dublin at least may, at little expenditure of time and money, see examples of almost every class of ecclesiological or archæological curiosities to be met with in any part of the Kingdom. If, however, we should be fortunate enough to induce any of our subscribers to set out on an exploring expedition, it is more than probable that at first they might be disappointed with the result of their travels. If they start with the expectation of finding a Fountains Abbey in every county, there is no doubt that they will be so beyond measure. There are, it must be acknowledged, few architectural remains in Ireland which, like so many in England, must command the admiration of even the most ignorant spectator. As a general rule, to appreciate the former, one must know something beforehand of the subject. It will not do to start with Mr. Wakeman's Handbook in our pocket, but without any knowledge of architecture in our head; to attempt, in short, to read before we take the trouble of learning to spell. We might as well hope to attain proficiency in the science of astronomy by going out and gazing at the stars, as imagine we can become acquainted with the science of ecclesiology by the mere act of looking at a church. And as the astronomer, who is able to investigate the motions, the magnitudes, and the distances of the heavenly bodies—who knows the laws by which their movements are directed, and the ends for which they were intended by God—derives more true pleasure from contemplating the stars than the man who only admires them as a spectacle, so the ecclesiologist feels a peculiar and distinctive enjoyment in surveying a beautiful specimen of architecture. Dr. Johnson might have said to an ecclesiologist, had such existed in his time, as he said to a friend with a strong taste for music, in which Johnson himself was deficient—"Sir, I envy you the possession of a sixth sense." Now, every man is not capable of acquiring a taste for music, but every man can acquire a taste for ecclesiology, and the more that taste is cultivated, both in and out of doors, the more gratification will it afford its possessor. But, like every other taste, except in some remarkable instances, it requires more or less cultivation.

To the true ecclesiologist a church is something more than a beautiful and picturesque building. With him it is closely connected with an earnest and deep sense of religion. He looks on ecclesiastical architecture as something more than a subject of amusement; it teaches him a higher lesson, and imparts a graver and more ennobling instruction. Like Shakespeare's exile, the ecclesiologist "finds sermons in stones," and regards with Coleridge, "a Gothic cathedral as the petrefaction of the

Christian religion." Without such feelings the study of ecclesiology loses a considerable portion of its importance. "To understand church architecture aright," says Paley, "and to desire the real pleasure and profit it can confer, we must comprehend its spirit as well as its privileges." And we cannot conclude these observations in a better manner than by quoting the following remarks by the same writer:—

"Mediæval architecture was not a mere result of piling together stone and timber by mechanical cunning and ingenious device. It was the visible embodying of the highest feelings of adoration and worship; the expression of a sense which must have a language of its own, and which could have utterance in no worthier or more significant way. And even as the soul quickens the body, which without it is but lifeless and helpless matter, so it is the hallowed association and the intellectual interpretation which alone imparts to the student of church architecture its full meaning and its true beauty."

[THE END.]

THE CHARGE OF THE FORD.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Eighty and nine with their captain,
Rode on the enemy's track,
Rode in the gray of the morning—
Nine of the ninety came back.

Slow rose the mist from the river,
Lighter each moment the way;
Careless and tearless and fearless,
Galloped they on to the fray.

Singing in tune, how the scabbard
Loud on the stirrup-irons rang,
Clinked as the men rose in saddle,
Fell as they sank with a clang.

What is it moves by the river,
Faded and weary and weak?
Gray-backs—a cross on their banner—
Yonder the foe whom they seek.

Silence! They see not, they hear not,
Tarrying there by the marge;
Forward! Draw sabre! Trot! Gallop!
Charge like a hurricane! Charge!

Ah! 'twas a man-trap infernal;
Fire like the deep pit of hell!
Volley on volley to meet them,
Mixed with the gray rebels' yell.

Ninety had ridden to battle,
Tracing the enemy's track;
Ninety had ridden to battle,
Nine of the ninety came back.

Honour the nine of the ninety,
Honour the heroes who came
Scathless from nine hundred muskets,
Safe from the lead-bearing flame.

Eighty and one of the troopers
Lie on the field of the slain—
Lie on the red field of honour;
Honour the nine who remain.

Cold are the dead there, and gory,
There where their life-blood was spilt;
Back come the living, each sabre
Red from the point to the hilt.

Give them three cheers and a tiger!
Let the flags wave as they come!
Give them the blare of the trumpet!
Give them the roll of the drum!

The South Kensington Museum, London, has been presented with the famous Walsingham collection of micro-lepidoptera, consisting of 200,000 specimens, and upon the collection of which Lord Walsingham has been engaged for thirty years. The Walsingham collection is the largest and the most important in existence. It includes among others the famous Zeller collection, and also those formed by Hofmann and Christoph. The specimens embrace many of the originals selected as standard types by various authorities who have written on the subject.

COMMERCIAL ALASKA.

A million dollars a month is the estimate made by the American Bureau of Statistics of the present value of the market which "frozen Alaska" offers to the producers and manufacturers of the United States. By reason of the application of modern systems of travel and transportation, Alaska is now as accessible as Arizona. Three days of travel by modern ocean steamers for Seattle, among the islands and along the coast which form the south-eastern extension of Alaska, lands the traveller at Skagway; twelve hours by rail over the mountains carries him to the headquarters of the Yukon, where comfortable and well-equipped river steamers carry him to the goldfields of central Alaska or down the Yukon river, which is navigable for more than two thousand miles at this season of the year. From the mouth of the Yukon another comparatively short trip by steamer carries him to Cape Nome—the latest and greatest of the geld fields of Alaska. Gold, fish, and furs are the principal industries of Alaska at the present time; and their value to the United States is 15,000,000 dollars annually. The cost of Alaska was 7,200,000 dollars. The revenue which the Government has derived from it since its purchase amounts to over 9,000,000 dollars, and the value of the products is now twice as much every year as it cost. The total value of the products of Alaska brought to the United States since its purchase is (according to the best estimates that the Bureau of Statistics is able to make) about 150,000,000 dollars, of which 50,000,000 dollars is precious metals, 50,000,000 dollars products of the fisheries, chiefly salmon, and 50,000,000 dollars more furs, chiefly seal fur. Probably 50,000,000 dollars of American capital is invested in Alaskan industries and business enterprises, including transportation systems. In the salmon fisheries alone the companies engaged have a capitalisation of 22,000,000 dollars, and the value of their plants, including vessels, is given at twelve million dollars. In the mining industries there are large investments, the quartz mill at Juneau being the largest quartz stamp in the world, while several other quartz mills represent large investments. With the inflow of capital, the development of transportation systems, and the gold discoveries, have come the building of towns and the development of cities with modern conveniences of life. Nome City, which is located but a comparatively short distance south of the Arctic circle, has now a population of over twelve thousand; postal facilities have been so extended that the number of post offices is now about sixty, and mails are being regularly delivered north of the Arctic circle.

Agricultural opportunities in Alaska have until within a recent period been considered of but slight importance. As the country was explored, however, and its conditions of climate and soil studied, its natural products observed, and experiments made with various classes of agricultural productions, it became apparent that the agricultural possibilities of the country, and especially of the south and south-east, where the climate is modified by the Japan current, were of considerable importance, in view of the practicability of furnishing at least a part of the food supply of the population which the varied resources of Alaska seem likely to sustain and make permanent. Grasses for the support of cattle are abundant, and the experiments with live stock thus far justify the belief that this feature of the food requirements of Alaska may be furnished by the development of stock farms in the southern sections. In the north vast areas are covered with a moss similar to that upon which the reindeer thrives in other parts of the Artic regions; and in view of this fact, the introduction of reindeer from Siberia was begun a few years since, and has proved extremely successful, about three thousand now being distributed through north-west Alaska. The experiment has advanced sufficiently to justify the confident belief that the reindeer will within a few years prove an important feature in furnishing both the transportation and food supply of northern and north-western Alaska. The gross area of Alaska is, according to the 1900 census, 590,804 square miles. The Governor of Alaska in a recent report states that this is equal to the combined area of the twenty States of Main, New Hampshire, Verticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennesse.

AN EMPIRE OF NATURE.

VAST EXTENT OF CANADA WHERE THE WILD BEAST IS KING.

The vast extent of Canada, with its boundless possibilities, is, perhaps, not fully realised by the Canadian himself, says a writer in "Ainslee's Magazine." A man must needs travel the land, from north to south and from east to west, to obtain a correct idea of its capacity or its immensity. It contains within its boundaries 3,456,383 square miles, one and a quarter million of which are covered with forest growths.

From a point on the Atlantic seaboard some 200 miles north of the boundary line, reaching upward to the Arctic circle, and stretching across the continent to the waters of the Pacific, a vast forest, which contains a large variety of the most valuable trees of commerce, covers the land. The elm, ash, hickory, oak, beech, butternut, and hard maple of New Brunswick, Quebec, and Ontario, give place as the forest swings west and north, to the immense pine woods of the Ottawa and its tributaries. Then from Nipissing to the Lake of the Woods, the hummocky soil is covered with 1,000 miles of rugged spruce and fir, which gradually merges into the white poplar and silver birch of northern Manitoba. Farther west, where the warm chinook winds temper the winter's cold, a mightier growth clothes the Pacific shores—the snow-capped peaks of the Rockies uprear from amidst the grand trees of British Columbia.

This king of forests abounds with big game, and in its depths the old, old, struggle for existence goes on with unabated fury. Wild beasts and savage men contend for the empire of savagery. Through the glades of this hunter's paradise dashes the little jumping deer with the ferocious timber wolf in hot pursuit. From the timbered slough comes the snorting whistle of the charging moose. The great mallard, the little teal, the ubiquitous diver, and a score of other wild fowl blacken the waters of the inland lakes; the giant crane spreads his seven feet of snow pinions; the weird wailing of the solitary loon answers the solemn questioning of the night owl, while the rich honk of the wild goose rings from aloft as he speeds northward. In the silence of the night the long-drawn howl of the gray wolf thrills through the air hastening the steps of the belated lumberman; the wildcat shrieks in the woods; the coyote sits lonely on the glittering snow and mourns with the moon; and the pioneer awakes in the morning to find the mountain lion has made his kill.

There to the north of 53, the last of the voyagers live the free life of the forest. In the woods, or on the wide prairie, stands the Hudson's Bay Fort, with its stockade, its numerous storehouses, and its groups of silent Indians. The factor, the breed, the trapper, live, and love, and fight, and die, cheered in their passing by the mission father.

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS:

Compiled from Authentick Memoirs, Offices of Record, Manufcript Collections, and other Unexceptionable Vouchers,

By THE LATE WALTER HARRIS, ESQ.

IX.—(Continued).

A.D. 1690. Brass failing to answer the exigencies King James had brought himself into, a new contrivance was, just before the battle of the Boyne, set on foot, of impressing the last-mentioned stamps and inscriptions upon pieces of pewter, which were intended to be passed at the currency of a crown, and a proclamation was prepared for the purpose. But the success of King William's arms put a stop to that project, and, though really stamped, they were never issued.

The difference between these and the pieces before-mentioned were not only in metal, but those had on the breast and flank of the horse two small specks of copper, and the imperial crown between the scutcheons was also struck on a bit of copper. They were besides ornamented about the edges with this inscription: MELIORIS TESSERA FATI. ANNO REGNI SEXTI. These pewter pieces are a great rarity, and probably but few of them were minted, the action of the Boyne putting a stop to any further coinage of this sort.

April 18. Sir Cloudesly Shovel took a frigate out of the harbour of Dublin in sight of King James's army, in which was contained a great proportion of the plate and other valuable movables of the Papist nobility and gentry.

May 3. This year the governor of Dublin issued an order commanding all ministers and curates of the several parishes, and cures of the city and liberties to return to him a fair list of the names of all male Protestants and Dissenters, from the age of 15 to 80, in the several parishes and cures by the Thursday following, under the penalty of treating the disobedient as spies or enemies, and on the 18th of June he issued another order, requiring all Protestants without the said districts, who were not housekeepers, or who had not followed some lawful vocation therein for three months before, to depart thereout within twenty-four hours, under pain of death or imprisonment; and that all Protestants, not of the privy council, nor in the king's army, or actual service, shall deliver up within the said time their arms and ammunition into the stores, on pain of death. Further, that no Protestant presume to walk the streets from ten o'clock at night till five in the morning, nor at any time during an alarm; and, that no greater number of them than five shall meet and converse at any time, either in house, streets, or fields, under pain of death, or such punishment as a court marshal shall think fit. He also made many of the verbal orders death. But the battle of the Boyne, which happened on the 1st of July, put an end to these schemes, and King James was obliged to fly from Dublin, and soon after left the kingdom.

Oct. 7. An earthquake was felt in the city of Dublin, but no harm ensued.

A.D. 1691. In April, Mark Baggot was taken at Dublin in woman's clothes, and in May following was condemned as a spy and hanged.

July 12. Was fought the sharp and decisive battle of Aughrim, in which St. Ruth, the general, was slain, with near 7,000 Irish, and about 700 on the other side.

Aug. 17. One hundred and forty commissioned officers taken at Athlone, Aughrim, &c., were sent from Dublin to Chester as prisoners.

Jan. 19 following began a great frost, which held till the middle of February.

March 23. By proclamation the war in Ireland was declared at an end.

A.D. 1695, May 29. The coin was raised by proclamation, a louis d'or 21s., a ducat 6s. 8d., &c.

This year the four courts for the administration of justice were new built in Christ-church-lane, Dublin, at the charge of the crown, and the courts in the meantime were held under the Tholsel, where the merchants kept their exchange.

Oct. 2. Pursuant to an act of parliament, the rolls, records, papers, &c., relating to the acts of attainder and other acts in the late King James's time, were cancelled and publicly burnt.

Oct. 8. Was kept a day of thanksgiving in Dublin, for the preservation of his majesty's person, and the taking of Namur in sight of the French army, though 100,000 strong.

A.D. 1696, Aug. 4. A proclamation was published in Dublin for apprehending Henry Every, the pirate, and his crew, several of whom were taken.

Nov. 10. The William packet-boat, with two mails and about eighty passengers (among whom was brigadier Fitzpatrick, Mr. O'Neal, and many other persons of distinction), was cast away in a violent storm in Dublin bay, near Sutton, only the master and a boy saved.

A.D. 1697. The old parish of St. Michan's, Dublin, including all that part of the city on the north side of the Liffey, was, by act of parliament, divided into three parishes, viz., the New St. Michan's St. Paul's, and St Mary's, and churches were erected in each of the two latter by a tax on the parish.

This year Bartholomew Van-Homrigh, Esq., one of the commissioners of the revenue, and then lord mayor of the city of Dublin, obtained a royal donative of a collar of S. S. to the value of near £1,000, to be worn by the chief magistrate of the city, the former collar having been lost in King James's time.

This year, upon the commons address, his Majesty King William gave £3,000 to Trinity College towards enlarging it by some additional buildings.

Nov. 4. The peace which was concluded with France at Ryswick, Sept. 10th, was now proclaimed at Dublin.

A.D. 1701. The city of Dublin, in grateful commemoration of their late deliverance from Popery and slavery by the conduct of King William III., erected his statue on horseback in brass upon a marble pedestal in College-green, with the following inscription on the marble work:

GULIELMO Tertio;
Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ et Hiberniæ,
Regi,
Ob Religionem Conservatam,
Restitutas Leges,
Libertatem Assertam,
Cives Dubliniensis hano statuam posuere.

It was begun A.D. 1700, Sir Anthony Percy, lord mayor, and Charles Forrest and James Barlow, Esqrs., sheriffs.

Finished A.D. 1701.

Sir Mark Ransford, lord mayor.

John Eccles and Ralph Gore, Esqrs., sheriffs,

and was opened with great solemnity on the 1st of July, 1701, being the anniversary of the victory at the Boyne.

A.D. 1703, Aug. 12.—The city of Dublin gave a splendid entertainment to the Duke and Duchess of Ormond at the Tholsel, when the corporations marched through the city with their several pageants.

A.D. 1704. The Castle-market in Dame street was built on the old site of St. Andrew's-church and church-yard, by Alderman William Fownes and Thomas Pooley, Esqrs., and was on the 26th of July this year opened by the lord mayor, with proclamation and beat of drum.

The city marshalsea begun to be kept in a separate place from the marshalsea of the four courts in Bridge-street, Dublin.

Oct. 12. This year the foundation-stone of the city work-house, at the west end of St. James's street, was laid by Mary, Duchess of Ormond, attended by the lord mayor, recorder, aldermen, and sheriffs; the lord mayor, Sir Francis Stoyte, invited her Grace to a splendid entertainment prepared by him upon that occasion. Thomas Wilkinson and Robert Cheatham were then sheriffs.

[END.]

Four years ago the Belgian Government offered a reward of £2,000 for the discovery of a paste for matches, not containing white phosphorus, in order to mitigate the evil influences which the present manufacture of matches exercise upon the employees. The arbitrators, however, although they have tested several so-called harmless mixtures, have not yet discovered one that fulfils the required conditions, since all the mixtures so far submitted have been defective in inflammability, igniting on all surfaces, or, in igniting, ejecting inflammable matter containing poisonous substances. The matter is of supreme importance to Belgium, because match-making is one of the stable industries of the country, but the mortality in the manufactories is very high, the prevalent complaint being phosphorus poisoning.

LITERARY NOTES.

It is not often that the author of a play publishes a book of the same name on the day of that play's production. But this was done recently by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy in the case of "If I Were King."

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In an article in the September "Macmillan's," apropos of Sir Leslie Stephen's "George Eliot," Mr. W. A. Sibbald says: "Twenty years ago a literary plebiscite would undoubtedly have resulted in awarding the premier place among George Eliot's novels to 'Silas Marner.'" That is a suggestion, remarks the "Academy," which we have heard before, but we doubt its accuracy. It is true that the late Sir Walter Besant called "Silas Marner" the most perfect novel in the language, but that was an individual opinion which could not go unchallenged. We believe that at no time would serious literary criticism have given "Silas Marner" the first place, and certainly in popularity it has not equalled several of George Eliot's other works.

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We gather from a County Kilkenny contemporary that close on two thousand persons were present at the production of Mr. Standish O'Grady's Irish historical play "Hugh Roe O'Donnell," at Sheestown, in the demesne attached to the residence of Captain the Hon. Otway Cuffe, Vice-president of the Kilkenny Branch of the Gaelic League, one evening towards the end of last month. The play was produced by "The Neophytes," Cave Hill, Belfast, who, for a number of days previously, were encamped on the banks of the Nore, in the Sheestown demesne. The dramatis personæ were as follows:—Hugh Roe O'Donnell, Samuel Turner; Sir John Perrott, Gordon Parrott; Art O'Neill and Henry O'Neill (sons of Shane an Diomas), John Robinson and Fred Hughes; Dudall (owner of the ship "Popinjay"), Fred Hughes; Captain Bermingham, Art Kavanagh, and Sir Hugh O'Donnell (Lord of Tir-Connall), Philip Reynolds; Garland (Secretary to Perrott), Franciscan Abbot, and MacSwine's Seneschal, Herbert Hughes; Turlough O'Hagan (Lord of Tullahoge), and The MacSwine of Fanat, William Foster; The Lady O'Donnell (Eileen dhu), and The Lady Rose O'Byrne, Herbert Grant; Maplesdeane (the jailer), Harold MacDonald; Hostages in the castle, all the Neophytes; soldiers, drummers, etc., Kilkenny boys; horse boy, Davin; harper, Owen Lloyd; piper, R. L. O'Mealy; reciter of pedigree, Standish O'Grady.

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The late Mr. Philip James Bailey may be said to have been a man of one book. Since "Festus" first appeared he has written several poems, but most of these were ultimately incorporated in his great work. Mr. Bailey first conceived the idea of "Festus" in the early thirties, and most of the poem was written at his father's house at Old Basford, then a village just outside Nottingham. Here he spent three years on the work, and the book was published anonymously by Pickering in 1839. "Festus" at once leaped into popularity, and several of the leading literary men of the time cordially joined in the chorus of approval with which it was greeted. Bulwer called it "a magnificent production"; Thackeray described its writer as "an author of much genius"; while Tennyson said, "I can scarcely trust myself to say how much I admire it for fear of falling into extravagance." In America the poem ran[illegible] "caught on," and some thirty editions were issued there, against about half that number in England. For the American editions we believe the poet never received one penny. In its present form "Festus" is much longer than when it first appeared, its author having between 1864 and 1889 added some sixteen thousand lines to it. Mr. Bailey had been a pensioner of the Royal Literary Fund since 1856.

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C. K. S., of the "Sphere," prints the following interesting notes supplied to him by Dr. W. H. Drummond, who is now on his first visit to England. Dr. Drummond's work is perhaps hardly as well known over here as it deserves, though both "The Habitant" and Johnnie Courteau" have been issued in London:—"I was born in the West of Ireland, and came to the province of Quebec at ten years of age, in the year 1869, when the lumbering interest was at its height. I lived in a typical mixed-up village—Bord a Plouffe—composed of French and English-speaking raftsmen, or 'voyageurs' as we call them—the class of men who went with Wolseley to the Red River and later accompanied the same general up the Nile—men with rings in their ears, dare-devils, Indians, half-breeds, French Canadians, Scotch and Irish Canadians—a motley crew, but great 'river men,' who ran the rapids, sang their quaint old songs—'En Roulant,' 'Par Derriere Chez ma Tante,' and 'Dans le Prison de Nantes'—songs forgotten in France but preserved in French-Canada. Running the rapids with these men I learned to love them and their rough ways. As a boy I was always very fond of outdoor sports, fishing, shooting, etc., and have never 'lost touch' with the class of men referred to. I wrote a lot of stuff in the way of verse, but never seriously; and much of it became lost. Only a few years ago, on the advice of friends, I published 'The Habitant,' of which I believe some 35,000 copies have been sold. 'Johnnie Courteau' followed six months ago, and is also very popular."

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At a meeting of the Institute of Journalists held recently in the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, Mr. A. F. Robbins read a paper on "Shakespeare as a Journalist." Shakespeare, at one time and another, has been proved to have been most things, and it is not difficult to demonstrate that he had something of what we now call the journalistic habit, which simply means that he kept his eyes open to passing events, and made use of them as subjects or illustrations. Beyond that, he was as little of a journalist as Darwin. When Mr. Robbins comes to applying certain of Shakespeare's lines to journalism he is more interesting. We take the following from his address:—"Shakespeare has provided words of wisdom or description for all branches of journalism. The sub-editor, who is 'gone, in pity of his misery, to despatch his nighted life,' may appropriate those lines to himself, while from the paper for which he works may fairly come the remark, ''Tis fresh morning with me, when you are by at night.' The weeklies can tell their purchasers, 'You take your pennyworths now,—sleep for a week'; while the purchasers may reply to those who offer the greatest prizes and the largest insurances, 'Your pennyworth is good, and your goose is fat.' The ladies' journals, of course, will not admit the truth of the description—

'For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints;'

though the Society journal's editor must often have to exclaim, 'If, sir, you come with news from the Court, I take it there's but two ways—either to utter them, or to conceal them'; while the prescience of Shakespeare may be held to be further shown in some obvious advice, when races are proceeding, to the watcher of the stop-press and the artist of the 'fudge.'

'Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop
Not to out-sport discretion.'"

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In the current issue of the "Academy" there is an interesting article on "The Old and New in Ireland," the writer of which traces the beginnings of the Irish literary movement from its beginnings in 1892 down to the present time. Ten years ago (we read) all, or nearly all, the writers who have since done well—W. B. Yeats, George Russell, Standish O'Grady, Edward Martyn, Lady Gregory, and Douglas Hyde, were at work, but so obscurely that they were quite away from the eye of the general public. It is not easy to realise the change these years have made. In those days, if an odd undergraduate of Trinity felt a vague longing to know more of Ireland and her past than he could learn from his teachers or companions, he had to wander on Aston's quay and Bachelor's Walk, picking up ugly pamphlets with Grattan's speeches in them, or Davis's poems, or the true History of Ireland from before the Flood. If he wished to learn a little of the Irish language, and went to the professor appointed to teach it in Trinity College, he found an amiable old clergyman who made him read a crabbed version of the New Testament, and seemed to know nothing, or at least to care nothing, about the old literature of Ireland, or the fine folk-tales and folk-poetry of Munster and Connaught. In the libraries he could find a few books on the antiquities of Ireland that had interest and scholarship, and with a few other volumes, such as W. Stokes' "Life of Petrie," the antiquarian, he could make the beginning of an intellectual atmosphere for himself that gave life to Dublin. Most of the figures he called up were respectable students and scribes; but there were one or two men, like Clarence Mangan, who had the peculiar restlessness that goes everywhere with artistic life. Those days had the incitement of the early spring in Ireland when there are wild evenings that are filled with uneasiness and hope, because they promise everything and give nothing but their promise. Now everything is changed. We have fine editions of books by W. B. Yeats and other Irish writers in all our bookshop windows. One evening we can read the "Shadowy Waters," and catch a tenuous sadness, such as we find in "Aglavaine et Selysette," and the next evening we can go on to some new writer in the Irish language, and read some little work like "Faith and Famine," by Father Dineen, where we have vigour and talent, using a form and pyschology that recall the predecessors of Titus Andronicus or Tamburlaine.

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The "Academy" then asks what will be the influence of the Gaelic movement on the culture of Ireland? Will the Gaelic stifle the English once more, or will the English stifle the new hope of the Gaels? Our contemporary hazards the opinion that the latter contingency will occur, and goes on to remark:—"If, however, the Gaelic League can keep the cruder powers of the Irish mind occupied in a healthy and national way till the influence of Irish literature, written in English, is more definite in Irish life, the half-cultured classes may come over to the side of the others and give an intellectual unity to the country of the highest value. For the future of the Anglo-Irish writers everything is hopeful. The Irish reading public is still too limited to keep up an independent school of Irish men of letters, yet Irish writers are recognised, to some extent, as the best judges of Irish literary work, and it may be hoped that we have seen the last of careless writing addressed to an English public that was eager to be amused, and did not always take the trouble to distinguish in Irish books between what was futile and what had real originality and merit. Religious questions, also are beginning to put less restriction on Irish culture. Everywhere the Catholic population are becoming more alive to intellectual matters, and the harder forms of Protestantism are losing ground. There have been many fine scholars of this latter persuasion in Ireland, due to the influence of Trinity College, but as a class they have too often shown their kinship with the early reformers of whom Erasmus wrote: 'Evangelicos istos, cum multis aliis, tum hoc nomine praecipue odi, quod per eos ubique languent, fugent, jacent, intereunt bonae literae sine quibus quid est hominum vita?'"

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

It is said that by June, 1903, the Tehuantepec Railroad, across the isthmus of that name in Mexico, will compete with the Panama route and the American overland lines for a share of the shipments between the Atlantic seaboard and the Pacific coast.

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It is announced that a company has been formed, with a nominal capital of £175,000, for the purpose of operating the Armstrong-Orling system of wireless telegraphy. Factories are to be erected in Buckinghamshire and in France. The step is the outcome of experiments made in Hughenden in the autumn of 1901, when electrical impulses were sent through the ground without wires and without poles.

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Considerable prominence has lately been given in the press of the world to the fact that not a passenger on the English railroads was killed during the year 1901. It may prove of interest to know that on the Mexican National Narrow Gauge Road, from Corpus Christi through Laredo to the city of Mexico, with its branches amounting to more than 1,200 miles of operated road, for more than twenty years no passenger has been killed. This, in the face of the fact that this road climbs more mountains, and turns more curves than any road in the United States.

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Experiments by the American Government have shown that no matter what the process of cooking, meat loses a great deal of its bulk, owing to the evaporation of the water, which constitutes a large part of all flesh. This loss is greater in small pieces than in larger ones. In a lean piece of beef weighing from one to one and three-quarters of a pound, the loss of weight was 45.6 per cent., while in a piece weighing from five to five and three-quarters pounds, the loss was only 39.8 per cent. The loss of nutrition is not nearly so great, however, as that of the weight would seem to indicate.

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Most of the railroads reaching the recently developed oil fields in the south-western States of the Union are actively engaged in making the necessary changes, or have preliminary arrangements under the way, whereby oil will be used as locomotive fuel on the equipment operating locally in this territory. There is economy in the use of oil in comparison with coal in this district, where the cost of coal is above and the quality below the average, but just how much is as yet undetermined from reliable information. Conservative estimates, says the "Railway Age," place the saving at from 15 to 20 per cent. This reduction is not based on the relative cost of actually producing one horse power by use of coal or oil as fuel, but involves the comparative cost of the handling of both, and it is from this source that the greater proportion of the economy must be looked for, as in some instances the actual cost of the amount of oil used for fuel has exceeded the cost of coal in performing similar service. This may possibly have been due to improper combustion, but it illustrates the fact that care must be taken in the selection of the proper appliances for using oil to effect an economical consumption.

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The production of pig iron in the first half of 1902 was 8,808.574 gross tons., against 7,674.613 tons in the same period of 1901 and 8,203,741 tons in the second half of 1901. The production of pig iron in the United States for the first half of 1902 was more than a million tons greater than the production of either Great Britain or Germany during the whole year of 1901, the total production of these countries being 7,761.830 and 7,736.663 gross tons during that period. The production of Bessemer pig iron during the first half of 1902 was 5,105,932 gross tons, against 4,582,187 tons during the same period of 1901. The production of basic pig iron during the first half of 1902 was 1,053,274 gross tons, against 645,105 tons in the same period of 1901. Charcoal pig iron production for the first six months of 1902 was 186-098 gross tons, against 194,231 tons in the same period of 1901. The stocks of pig iron unsold in the hands of manufacturers on June 30, 1902, amounted to 29,861 tons, against 70,647 tons on December 31, 1901, and 372,560 tons on June 30, 1901. The total number of furnaces in blast June 30, 1902, was 286, against 259 at the same period of 1901.

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Prof. Bohuslav Brauner contributes to a recent number of the Journal of the Russian Physical and Chemical Society a paper on the position of the rare earths in Mendeleeff's periodic system of elements. After mentioning his experimental and theoretical work concerning the elements lanthanum, cerium, praseodymium, neodymium, thorium, etc., the author discusses the position of these elements in the periodic system, and the four different ways in which it may be attempted to place them in it. With Mr. Steele, of Melbourne, he comes to the conclusion that this group of elements represent a sort of node in the periodic system, between cerium and an unknown element which has the atomic weight of 180. This interperiodic group is a continuation of the eight series, which ends with the platinum elements; gold appears in such case as the first member of the ninth series, and not of the eleventh. In the twelfth series the first members are, probably, radium, thorium and uranium. This addition seems, in Mendeleeff's opinion, to deserve serious attention.

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Messrs. Thornycroft, the well-known ship builders, of Chiswick, London, have been carrying out elaborate experiments with a new oil engine, the invention of a Swiss engineer named Berthan, the patents of which they have purchased outright. The motor is specially adapted for small craft. In the ordinary oil engine the machinery has to be set in motion by outside means, generally by the application of manual power. In the Berthan engine reservoirs are placed beneath the seats of the launch, and while the engine is at work a proportion of the gas or vapour generated passes into them, where it is stored ready to start the engine the next time the boat is required. Another notable feature is the reversing gear. At present the system of reversing, where oil motors are used, is not to reverse the engine, but to shift the power from a cogwheel on the crankshaft to one bevelled another way, and by this means to alter the direction of the screw. In the Berthan engine a simple movement of a handle is all that is necessary, as this operation causes the propelling vapour to enter another set of valves, and in ten seconds the engine is working full speed in the opposite direction. The new oil motor occupies half the space of the steam engine. Power can be developed in ten minutes, as compared with half-an-hour which is required in the case of steam.

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Osmium has the highest melting point of any metal, viz., about 2,600 deg. C., and it can, therefore, be used at a higher temperature than carbon in an incandescent lamp, making the efficiency correspondingly higher. The lamp is the invention of Dr. Auer von Welsbach, and the Auer Company, who are making it, will shortly be letting out lamps on hire. Owing to the rarity of osmium, it is found worth while to employ the metal remaining in the filaments after they have burned out. The chief difficulty appears to be the low resistivity of osmium. Owing to this, up to the present lamps of 25, 35 and 50 volts only have been produced, and the smallest candlepower of a 35-volt lamp has so far been 40. Experiments have been made with a 20-volt lamp at different pressures. At 20.5 volts the lamp gave 22 candle power, and required 1.48 watts per candle. At 25 volts the efficiency rose to 0.99 watts per candle and the candle power to 46. At 30 volts the figures were 0.654 watts per candle and 99 candle power; at 35 volts 0.487 watts per candle and 171 candle power; at 40 volts 0.38 watts per candle and 275 candle power; and at 50 volts 0.32 watts per candle and 460 candle power. At this pressure the lamp burned out. A life test was made on another lamp at its normal pressure. This lamp required 1.5 watts per candle at the commencement, dropped gradually to 1.36 and 1.32 watts per candle, and finished at 1.4 watts per candle after 1,100 hours. During this time the candle power, which started at 14.8 rose gradually to 16.8 after 250, and then dropped to 15 candle power after 1,000 hours' use.

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One of the most important substitutions of electric for steam traction in Italy has been carried out by the Mediterranean Railroad Company upon a system of lines starting from Milan. The main branch goes from Milan to Gallarate, 25 miles, and thence start three separate branches which supply the Lago Maggiore region and have their termini at Arona, Laveno and Porte Ceresio, with lengths of 16, 19 and 20 miles. The Milan-Gallarate line passes through a densely populated region, and the traffic is constant throughout the year, while the three branches supply the tourist traffic, which is considerable in the summer and autumn. In order to meet the competition of the local tramway lines the company was obliged to change its system. Since the new system was inaugurated last October the passenger traffic has increased 50 per cent. The direct current system is used for the motors, and the trains have a speed of 50 miles an hour. The energy is supplied by a hydraulic and a steam plant on the Tessin, which generate 3-phase current at 12,000 volts, and this is fed to the line by substations of 650 volts. The third-rail contact system is used. The hydraulic plant, at Tornavento, is under construction. Meanwhile the road is fed from the steam plant. A fall of 25 feet is obtained here by a branch canal, which delivers 140 cubic yards per second, representing 11,000 horse power. The dam upon the Tessin is constructed upon the Poiree movable system, with 179 sections. The canal, which is over 40 feet wide and 12 feet deep, is navigable. The station has eight large turbines, which drive the alternators, and two smaller ones for the exciters. The main turbines generate 1,200 horse power and the dynamos 742 kilowatts. The steam plant will be used as a reserve when the hydraulic station is finished; it has eight boilers and three horizontal Corliss engines of 1,400 horse power, which drive triphase alternators. The latter give 13,000 volts at 25 reversals.

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From the station the current is transmitted by two main lines at high tension, and these supply the five sub-stations for the road, where the current is transformed to 420 volts direct current by sets of rotary converters. The third rail, carrying the current, is supported along the road every 12 feet upon earthenware insulators protected by a cast-iron cap, which receives the rail flange. The rolling stock consists of 20 motor cars and 20 trailers, of 55 feet length, having two first-class compartments containing 24 passengers, and two third-class containing 39. The cars have a vestibule at each end, in which is also the motorman's cab. The motor cars will hold in all 75 passengers, and the trailers 90; the former have four Thomson-Houston motors per car, which take current from the side rails by four sliding contacts. The express trains make a speed of 55 miles an hour, and the ordinary trains 20. The road started last November with 38 trains per day, but since January 42 trains have been running.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16.

The heinous practice, now too prevalent in this city, of kidnapping children in order to have them sent to the American plantations, is of the most alarming tendency, and calls loudly for prevention. No later than Sunday evening a woman was detected in Dorset street with a beautiful boy, gagged, and leading him off, but was prevented by two men who were eye-witnesses to the transaction; the woman was, however, suffered to depart without any punishmnet whatever. Surely no species of torture is adequate to the crime of those wretches, who, in a free country, and in the face of day, thus rob fond parents of, perhaps, their only child, and hurry it off to a land of savages, to the great affliction of its parents, and perhaps loss of the child's life, as those wretches care not how it is used when in their possession. If the magistrates will not put a stop to this worse than savage practice, it behoves every citizen to unite in order to stop the further progress of this alarming grievance, as he knows not how soon the case may be his own.

Never was any remark more truly or more humanely made than that of Lord Earlsfort, with respect to the City Marshalsea. And as the noble Judge so emphatically feels for the distress of the poor debtors in that prison, and as the public are so fond of relieving their miseries, we confide that we shall soon see its miserable inhabitants liberated—at least, those who cannot pay.

A strict adherence to the duties of office must insure regularity and success in every station of life, and the well-being of our fellow-citizens, so peculiarly depending on the due observance of the police, we cannot but express our abhorrence of the violence lately offered an active magistrate employed on a very laudable occasion, and most particularly on the Sabbath. Such an exertion was in the highest degree to be wished for, as riot, dissipation, and the most scandalous species of gambling, fraud, and profanation have too long existed in the city outlets with impunity; to give them a check was truly commendable.

THURSDAY, MAY 17.

Last Tuesday evening the election at Cavan ended, when on casting up the poll, a majority of 27 appeared in favour of John Maxwell, Esq., who was accordingly chaired in the usual form.

A Privy Council was held at the Castle on Monday after the rising of the House of Parliament, in consequence of a despatch from London; we have the pleasure of finding that the said Privy Council was on the subject of declaring our ports open to the full operation of the French treaty, a proclamation for the purpose having been since issued.

Sunday evening two gentlemen belonging to the garrison, having had some difference of opinion, met with pistols in the Horse-barrack; both were wounded, and one, it is feared, mortally.

We are informed, on the best mercantile authority, that by a very late alteration in the Spanish rates, Irish linens will henceforth be received into Spain on the same terms with those of the most favoured nations.

The certainty of matters being speedily settled with Portugal, has induced several of our merchants to speculate largely upon its consequences, and are, therefore, proceeding in several branches of manufacture, to prepare cargoes for that market. This pleasing prospect has occasioned the employment of many hands more than usual in the Liberty, particularly on the lower priced woollens, in which this kingdom can, and ever will, be able to undersell any competitors.

Some gentlemen we hear, in the neighbourhood of Belfast, where are extensive strata of the finest clay for the pottery business, and large quantities of which are yearly bought by English potters, and exported, have united for the very laudable purpose of engaging from England some knowing hands in the business, and establishing for it an Irish factery. One thing is manifest, that if the English potters can turn out a profitable trade, after being at the great expense of importing so heavy an article as clay from the North of Ireland, the pottery business must necessarily prove far more advantageous to us, who are in immediate possession of the raw material.

Garret Farrel was greatly bruised by a cart being overset upon him at Rathfarnham. Thomas Russel, riding a horse at Glassmanogue, the horse fell and dislocated his leg, and otherwise greatly bruised him. Robert Cooke, late of Clonmel, watch-maker, one of the debtors who made their escape from the Four-Courts-Marshalsea early on Tuesday morning last (by a rope suspended from the top of the wall), it broke when he got hold of it, when he fell from the top, by which his leg was broke, and his right knee shattered in a shocking manner, and was otherwise severely hurt; they were carried to Doctor Stevens' Hospital.

Last night the Turnpike Gates on Malahide road were cut down by some villains, who also fired two shots into the area of the house of Major Archbold, one of the Trustees of that road.

COUNTRY NEWS.

TRALEE, MAY 14.

With pleasure we inform our readers that on Friday morning last, between the hours of one and two o'clock, the noted offender, John O'Donnell, alias Sergeant O'Donnell, was apprehended near Abbeyfeale, in the county of Limerick, by our very active and spirited magistrate, George Gun, jun., Esq., who, on the evening of the same day, safely conducted him to his old lodging in Tralee jail, where he now lies loaded with irons. It is to be remembered that this unhappy man was a prisoner under sentence of transportation in August last, when he, together with seventeen or eighteen others, having made a breach in the arch on which the jail is built, and, with the most unexampled brutality putting the jailer, Patrick Hands, to death, effected their escape, and then dispersed into different parts of the country.

CORK, MAY 17.

Yesterday Catherine Hodnett, convicted of petit larceny, was publicly exhibited in several parts of the town, on our new moving pillory. This pillory has been constructed according to the orders of our Chief Magistrate, who in every instance has proved himself spiritedly determined strictly to have the laws executed. It has two wheels, and is drawn by a horse, the culprit placed quite erect, and the machinery goes on swivels so as to have the face viewed in every direction. This mode of punishment is not a mockery of justice as heretofore, but is serious and intimidating to all thieves, pickpockets, shoplifters, and perjurers; and another great good will accrue, that shopkeepers will become acquainted with such shoplifters as are thus exhibited, and be on their guard against them.

DUBLIN, TUESDAY, MAY 22.

Yesterday a petition was handed about the House of Commons, but not presented, from James Preston, Esq., commonly called Count Preston, eldest surviving brother of the late Lord Gormanstown, setting forth his innocence with respect to any knowledge of the suppertitiously taking away the minor out of this kingdom, and praying to be excluded from the penalties contained in the Bill now pending in Parliament.

So little has the late gold coin act taken place in the country, that the traveller who shall be so unlucky as to take money with him any ways deficient in weight, will find himself a considerable loser, at least to the amount of two shillings for a guinea, and a shilling for half a guinea. If the Commissioners of his Majesty's revenue would humanely order the collectors of each district to change gold at its real loss of weight, and then cut it as the Act prescribes, trade would be much benefited, the King's revenue experience increase, and the subject be freed from the most iniquitous impositions.

A few days since was taken by four of the petty constables of Stephen's green division two notorious offenders of the name of Goff; they made a stout resistance for a considerable time, having two bags of fat, which they had the night before taken out of a number of sheep. The persons of the police guard who stopped these villians deserve a liberal and permanent reward from Government. The Right Hon. the Attorney-General has held out the noble example by rewarding the men with no less a sum than 50 guineas; the names of the men who apprehended these villains are Thomas Morgan, William Edmonds, Peter Walsh, and Thomas Walker, belonging to the police horse. The exertions of Mr. Morgan ought to be recollected by the citizens of Dublin, for when a dangerous gang of highwaymen infested the vicinity of the metropolis (having hired his horses) he pursued in the course of a night, and apprehended four desperate robbers, who were brought to condign punishment.

On Sunday last a set of villains found means to break into the wardrobe of Crow street theatre, and from thence, by cutting a panel out of a door, made their way into a room belonging to the Shakespeare Tavern in Temple lane, out of which they took the table-linen used at Tholsel dinners, some large lacquered candlesticks, a number of books, and a quantity of valuable china. Mr. Loughlin, the owner of the tavern, was in the country on particular business the whole day; and, as the villains got clear off with their booty, it is not exactly known at what hour the robbery was committed; but by some theatrical dresses which they dropped, probably in the hurry of their departure, it appears that they had pillaged the wardrobe also. Mr. Loughlin yesterday gave notice to the Commissioners of Police; and as strict search is making after these daring freebooters, it is hoped they will be shortly apprehended and brought to justice.

As the continuation of the South Wall to the lighthouse is now going forward with the utmost despatch, we have every reason to hope that this work, which will be of such very great importance in both clearing and deepening the channel, and, of course, making it much safer for ships of burden, will be effected in a shorter period than what is generally imagined. In process of time this wall will be brought entirely across from the lighthouse to the land, a little above Irishtown, by which some thousand acres of ground will be gained from the sea, and the harbour will be very much improved in every respect.

(To be Continued.)

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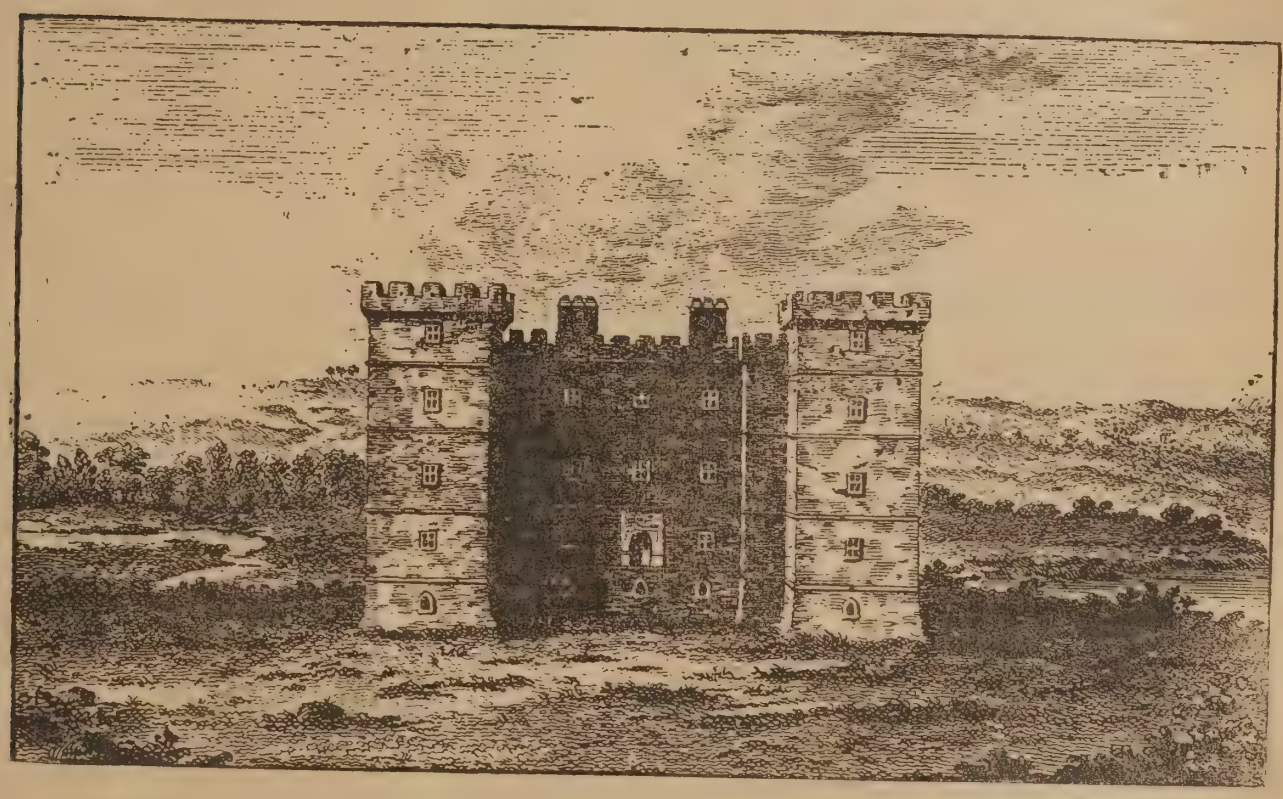
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THE ANCIENT STRONGHOLD OF THE MacDONOGHS.
(FROM SMITH'S HISTORY OF CORK, 1774).

THE LORDS OF ELLA: THE MACDONOGHS OF DUHALLOW.

By WILLIAM F. DENNEHY.

Father Hogan, S.J., in one of the many copious and admirable notes with which he has given illustration and consecutiveness to the ancient "Description of Ireland in 1598" (1), which is still preserved in Clongowes Wood College, and which he edited and published in 1878, says:—

"Two of the McCarthies claimed to be McDonogh: Dermot McOwen and Donagh McCormac. . . . I regret that I could not find any pedigree of the McDonough Carthies." (Ibid, note, page 175).

Perhaps we may be permitted to endeavour to cast some light upon the origin and history of a family who in their day held no mean place among Irish chieftains, whose swords were never laggard in battle, who fought and lost and suffered in common with their fellows for the sake of faith and fatherland, and whose escutcheon, though supplanted in their olden halls by the banner of the stranger knight, was never dimmed by shadow of dishonour.

In order to clearly understand the matter now before us, it is necessary to recall the fact that the founder of the great clan Carthy was Carthach, Prince of Desmond, in the early part of the eleventh century. Cartach was son of Justin, king of Munster, and a direct descendant of the celebrated Oilioll Oluim. His son, Murcadhach, was king of Desmond, and his grandson, Cormac Muimhnach, was monarch of the Two Munsters. The son of this Cormac, Dermod Mor na Cille Bain, born in A.D. 1098, was in his turn king of Cork and Desmond. This latter prince passed through some various vicissitudes, and in spite of much warring lived to be treacherously murdered at the age of eighty-seven by the English settlers of Cork. Dermod was succeeded by his son,

(1) "The Description of Ireland and The State thereof, as it is at this present." In Anno 1598. Now for the first time published. From a MS. preserved in Clongowes Wood College. With copious Notes and Illustrations by Edmund Hogan, Priest of the Society of Jesus. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son. London: B. Quaritch. 1878.

Donal Mor-na-Curradh, who won an important victory over the English of Limerick and Munster in A.D. 1196. Donal was followed by Cormac Fionn MacCarthy Mor, who, born in A.D. 1170, died in A.D. 1215, aged forty-five years. Cormac Fionn's third son, Dermod MacCarthy, was the first lord of Duhallow (2), and was succeeded by Donagh MacCarthy McDonogh, Cormac Oge, who died in 1380 (3). Donogh, and Donogh Oge MacCarthy MacDonogh, who signalised himself in 1486 by the incidents recorded in the following words by the "Four Masters":—

"The Barry More (of Cork)—i.e., John—the most worthy young man of the English of Ireland, was killed on Christmas Day by Donogh Oge MacCarthy(lord of Ella, he having gone to plunder him." (Ibid, page 308.)

In 1501 this redoubtable wielder of the sword and maintainer of the freedom of his clan was gathered to his fathers, and was succeeded by Cormac MacDonogh, who was alive in 1516 (4), and who was followed by Cormac Oge, who, in 1524, defeated in battle O'Conor Kerry, who, in his turn, had been tempted by the richness of the possessions of the MacDonoghs to invade them, and who, it is pleasant to know, suffered due punishment for his action, for his forces were routed, while he himself, sorely wounded, was made captive (5). The MacDonoghs were men to strike hard when urged by wrong to action, but none can scan their history without seeing that they were far oftener engaged in war for self-defence than for aggrandizement. Their record in this particular is far more pure than that of most of the Irish chiefs.

We read in the "Annals of the Four Masters," under date 1585, that—

"A proclamation for a Parliament was issued to the men of Ireland, commanding their chiefs to attend in Dublin precisely in May, for most of the men in Ireland were obedient to their sovereign. Thither came the chiefs of Tirconnell and Tyrone, O'Doherty, Lord of Innishowen; Macmahon, Prince of Oirgiall. Thither also went the two who were in contention with each other about the Lordship of Duitche Ella—namely, Dermod, the son of Owen, son of Donogh-an-Bhothair (the road), son of Owen MacDonogh, and Donogh, son of Cormac Oge, son of Cormac MacDonogh."

There can be no doubt but that by descent Donogh was the rightful MacDonogh, and that this Dermot who contended with him claimed what he had no right to. We have, however, sought in vain for any record as to how or when their conflict was decided; but that Donogh kept the lordship is undoubted, beecause we find that in 1589 MacCarthy Mor mentioned as one of those true friends who were ready to give bail for him, "Charles MacCarthy, son "and heir of Donogh MacCarthy, alias "MacDonogh, Chief Lord of the Countrie "of Duhallow, in Cork." (6)

Perhaps this is as good a place as any to mention that the MacDonoghs of Cork were in no way a branch of, or connected with, the MacDonoghs of Sligo—those of the latter country deriving their descent from the MacDermotts, and those of the former, as we have shown, from the MacCarthys. This name "MacDonogh," to the English spelling of which we have for the sake of clearness thought it as well to adhere, is, however, merely to Anglicise a name which to English ears and tongues must have been somewhat puzzling. The correct spelling of the name of the Lords of Ella was "MacDonnocha or MacDonnochaidh, pronounced Donnoghy" (7)—a pronunciation which has led in latter days to a still further alteration of the old Irish surname, when it became "Denahy" and "Dennehy."

MacCarthy Mor in a letter to Lord Burghley on the 16th March, 1594, speaks of a Dermod MacOwen MacCarthy, whom he calls "the young MacDonough," and as none knew better than Florence MacCarthy who was rightful Lord of Ella then, we may take it for granted that in the six years which had elapsed since 1589 Both Donogh and his son Charles had died, the heirship to the title and estates descending to Dermod MacOwen. This Dermod MacOwen was to be the cause of much anxiety to poor Florence MacCarthy during his imprisonment, and did not scruple during 1600 to lay claim to the title and estates of Mor (8), but in his belief it may well be urged that he raised no contention on this account until his good cousin, Donal MacCarthy, had first claimed the rank and land, and that both contended while Florence was buried in an English dungeon, and while they knew not whether he would ever return to his rightful territory. Dermod was son-in-law to Fitzgibbon, the White Knight. On the 13th August, 1601, that stern old warrior, Lord President Carew, wrote Cecil that Dermod MacOwen MacDonogh was "a gentleman of great land, of Florence's surname, his cousin-germane in blood, and married to his cousin-germane." Such a man was hardly likely to be regarded as a safe neighbour by the governors of the Queen's dominions in Ireland, and whatever chances he may have had in this respect had been utterly destroyed by the erection of "a strong and regular fortress" at Kanturk. This castle still exists, and has been thus described by a modern writer:—(9)

"Its plan is an oblong of one hundred and twenty feet by eighty, flanked at each angle with a square and embattled tower; the main building four storeys high, the windows small but numerous, and the window cases, the coignes, and the battlements all of hewn stone. This structure is believed to be the finest ever erected by an Irish chieftain; it stands a monument of the increasing taste for architectural improvement which begun to be experienced by a race who formerly has been signalised by turbulence and warlike asperity." (Parliamentary Gazeteer of Ireland, vol. ii., page 337).

Tidings of the work the MacDonogh was engaged in were quickly wafted to England, and the Lords of her Majesty's Council were soon sitting in anxious debate over "the regular fortress" of the Irish chieftain. The outcome of their consideration was the issuance of a mandate that the work of erection should be stayed. This order, all accounts agree in stating, MacDonogh obeyed. It may have been that he knew that the moment was drawing near when the olden warfare between the two nations would be renewed upon more equal terms than was then possible; that he saw no use in desultory or local insurrection; or that—and this we think the most likely supposition—the funds which paid the expenses of this great building were borrowed from a certain prudent English lender of whom we shall have more to say hereafter. Such a one dare not, unless he wished to risk the losing of his money, continue to aid in the erection of a building condemned by the English authorities. Whatever the reason may have been, MacDonogh did not proceed with the building of his castle.

In that bigoted and anti-Irish, although in some respects useful, work, generally known by the abbreviated title of "Pacata Hibernia," we find the following passage:

"You have already perceived that this cunning hypocritical Traytor (i.e., Florence MacCarthy) hath written Letters to the Arch-Traytors, James fits-Thomas, Tyrone, and Odonnell, and, besides, 'hath sent, or at least procured, Letters to be sent to the King of Spaine, moving and intreating him to invade Her Majesties kingdome: And now for a per a perclose of all you shall behold (Ne quid desit ad summan impudentiam) that hee might equall, if not exceed, the most impudent and barbarous Traytor; his letters sent to his holy Father, the Pope, the contents are as followeth." (Pacata Hibernia, vol. ii., page 308; Dublin edition of 1810.)

The letter quoted by the writer of the "Pacata Hibernia" was an humble supplication signed by O'Neill, Desmond, MacCarthy Mor, and MacDonogh, to the Pontiff, requesting him to exercise his deposing power in the case of Elizabeth, and assuring the Holy Father that her government was as bad as Pharaoh's, and worse to the Christians than that of the Turks. The historian of the conquests of the fierce old Lord President, after quoting this letter, every word of which was sad and sober truth, becomes quite excited, and exclaims:—

"I only will demand one question, whether that man which shall suggest that Her Majestie's subjects are in worse case than the Christians under the Turks, that Her Majestie's government is more tyrannicall than that of the Egyptian Pharaoh, that shall prefer suppliction into the Court of Rome to have his annoynted Prince excommunicated as an Heretike and deposed as an Usurper; whether this may bee adjudged to carie a loyall heart to that prince, or deemed worthy to live in that commonwealth?"

MacDonogh, no more than Desmond or MacCarthy, made any pretence of having "a loyal heart" for Elizabeth. They rightfully regarded her as the unrelenting foe of Ireland, of her faith, and of her people, and they only waited for foreign aid, and that high sanction which would help to bring this aid, in order to meet, blade against blade, and breast to breast, the soldiers of the false and brutal woman who sat upon the throne of England. The times, however, were those of a kind wherein men should act warily and prudently, no matter how keenly they might resent the seeming humbleness the part given them imposed upon them. Irish chieftains, as well as ordinary Irishmen,

(2) Life and Letters of MacCarthy Mor, page 452.
(3) Annals of the Four Masters, page 165.
(4) Four Masters, page 374.
(5) Ibid, 385.
(6) Life and Letters of MacCarthy Mor, page 70.

(7) Unpublished letter of the late Owen Connellan, translator of the Annals of the Four Masters, in the writer's possession. See Life and Letters of MacCarthy Mor, page 98.

(8) Life and Letters of MacCarthy Mor, pp. 271, 291, etc.

(9) In Smith's History of Cork, published in 1750, there is a large engraving of this building.

owed something to those near and dear to them, and could not afford to disdain those arts of diplomacy which are even now as well as they were them, the ordinary accompaniments of politics. Time changes many things, and what we would now regard as unfair would not have presented itself in quite the same light to an Irish noble contending with Lord President Carew. But, in truth, MacDonogh's conduct in his transactions with Elizabeth's viceroy needs no apology. He was, beyond doubt, looking to the Spaniard for aid and asking from the Sovereign Pontiff that benediction upon his efforts against the imposition of heresy at the sword's point which the usage—to employ no stronger word—of Christendom justified him in seeking; but, nevertheless, he was educated sufficiently in the art of war to know full well that the few remaining independent chiefs could not, either separately or unitedly, contend with the stranger. They should have help, both men and gold, from beyond the seas ere they could meet in the open field the trained and tried soldiers who sustained the banner of England. There was another point—MacDonogh was in debt, and this to an Englishman. Until he could take his place in battle line with his countrymen he had to deal as best he fairly could with things as they were. Hence it is that we find the following record from the pen of Lord President Carew:—

"Dermod MacOwen, Lord of the Countrie called Dowalla—a man for wit and courage nothing inferior to any of the Munster Rebels—by his letters directed to Captain Roger, bearing the date the 26th aforesaid (26th August, 1600), made humble suite unto the President (Carew), that himself, MacAwley and O'Keeffe (Tributaries and subordinates to MacDonogh, who sought no grace for himself in which his friends could not participate), with all their followers, might be received into her Majestie's gracious protection, promising both for himself and them from thence forward to remain loyall and obedient subjects, and for the performance of same they would put in sufficient security, which humble suit the President not long after granted."

So we are told in "Pacata Hibernia," which, however, testifies to the manful bearing of the chieftain of Duhallow, even while he bowed to the fulfilling of the legal formularies which were necessary if he were to keep the rank his fathers left him or the lands they had ruled through so many years. The English set down a law or rule of their own making, and MacDonogh, because he should; obeyed it; but he scorned to lie, and made no secret of his hopes. Hear Carew's eulogist:—

"I may not here omit to relate unto you a passage which passed between Donogh MacOwen Mac Donogh aforesaid and the Lord President, when he was first taken in upon protection. He did not swear and protest he would remain a good subject; 'but,' said the Lord President, 'if the Spaniards invade Ireland what would you doe then?' 'Your lordship puts mee,' said hee, 'a hard question, for, if that should happen, let not your lordship trust mee or the Lords Barry or Roche, or any other whatsoever that you have best conceit of, for if you doe you will be deceived." (Pacata Hibernia, vol. ii., page 315).

Two months later the Spaniards (10) landed at Kinsale, and were speedily joined by Florence MacCarthy and MacDonogh, who marched with O'Donnell to join them. MacDonogh brought more than five hundred fighting men. There followed his standard three hundred and sixty kerne, eighty gallowglasses, and one hundred and sixteen cavalry soldiers.

There is no necessity to travel in these pages, at present at all events, over the sad story of the Spanish invasion and its disatrous results; suffice it to record that Dermod MacOwen MacDonogh, after doing all that a brave man might in order to avert defeat, shared the fate of his fellows, bared his wrists to English shackles, and bore the weight of English gyves. For full four years he rusted in captivity, until at last, in 1604, he made his peace with the Government of King James, who, by a letter dated at Westminster, 23rd July, 1604, restored him his freedom and his lands. This act of restitution was still further confirmed by letters-patent in 1615, and which are thus summarised in "Smith's History of Cork" (Vol. I., page 20):—

"Anno 13th of James I., letters-patent were passed to Dermot MacOwen MacCarty, of the town and lands of Keantwirk, Lohort, and divers other lands, etc, containing the greatest part of the territory of Duhallow with a chiefrie and other duties and customs out of the territories of Poble O'Callaghan, Poble O'Kief, and the lands of Donough-Oge, with the royalties of all waifes, strays, goods of felons, court-leet, and court-baron, view of frank pledge, etc., a weekly market and annual fair, with power to impark 550 acres, to have free chase and free warren throughout the said territory, and divers other ample privileges, to be held in free and common soccage of his Majesty's castle of Dublin. Dated at Dublin, June 6, 1615."

One would have thought that MacDonogh might now have rested content. After many risks of total loss, he was in full enjoyment of power and place again; he had only to remain a loyal subject of England, and before many years an English-given coronet would deck his brows, and English honours bless his forgetfulness of Ireland. It was not so, however. 1641 found him battling againt his olden foemen, and his kernes and gallowglasses ranged with those of O'Neill. His two brave sons were with him. The MacDonogh had taken sides again, and again it was the losing cause he championed. What followed may be told by the following extract:—

"Upon the first of February, 1666, it was certified by the Court of Claims that Sir Philip Perceval, knight, deceased, had lent more money to Dermont MacOwen Carty, alias MacDonough, upon the territories of Duhallow and manor of Kanturk, than they were worth; and that the said Sir Philip was in actual possession of them upon the 23rd of October, 1641. That the equity of redemption, which was of no value, was forfeited by the said Dermot's engaging with the rebels; and that Sir Philip Percival, bart., then a minor, grandson and heir of the said Sir Philip the elder, was legally entitled to the said lordship and manor." (Smith's History of Cork, vol. i., page 20.)

It may be observed that it was as creditors of MacDonogh that the Percevals claimed his possessions, and that it seems absurd to suppose that their seizure of these psosessions in satisfaction of a money debt could give them any right to the personal titles of the former owner; yet, in spite of this objection, they did assume all the honours of the ancient Lords of Ella, and even up to comparatively recent times did not scruple to hold them forth to the world as their own (11).

The new owners of the lands of Duhallow evidently felt uneasy as to the stability of their possession. MacDonogh had never had fair opportunity of having their money claim investigated. Judgment had gone in default, but default in such a case was no admission of debt. Therefore, we find the Percevals year after year making renewed efforts to secure their hold upon the fair territories they had seized. In 1667 they passed a patent for the lands to themselves and their heirs "for ever;" in 1675 they passed another patent for another eternity; and yet again in 1683 they sought legal sanction for a third perpetuity. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," we all have heard, but how many declarations of right "for ever" give sanction to ill-gained ownership it were hard to tell. The Percevals, at all events, seem to have been in doubt, but people in their position might well be excused a sense of insecurity. They obtained grants of land forfeited by Irish Papists to the extent of one hundred and one thousand acres.

Although the actual ownership of the lands and castle of the MacDonoghs passed into strangers' keeping, the old family still retained hold on the hearts of the people, and the Percevals were only masters of the mere soil they claimed to have paid for. While all went fair with the English Crown, there was little chance of fair play for such as the lords of Ella, but when the shadows of misfortune came upon the last of the Stuart kings of England, things were somewhat altered, even though only for a time. James the Second, driven to Ireland by the plots of traitors and his own blunders, was compelled to seek to enlist the aid of the leaders of the Irish people. Ireland could no longer be held to the Crown of England by the English colony, for the English colony were rebels—rebels, at all events, to the legitimate king. On the 10th April, 1690, James issued a commission for applotting £20,000 per month on personal estates and the benefit of trade and traffic "according to the ancient custom of this kingdom used in time of danger." Of this tax one of the assessors for the county of Cork was "Charles MacCarthy, alias MacDonogh" (12). In the same year this Colonel Charles MacDonogh was appointed Governor of Cork; he was also a deputy-lieutenant of the county.

If proof were wanted that amongst the native inhabitants the MacDonoghs were still counted the rightful owners of Duhallow, the following letter, written on October 29th, 1690, by Lord Barrymore to

(10) Calendar State Papers, Ireland, 1603-1606. p. 187.

(11) In Lodge's Peerage of Ireland (1754), the titles of Perceval, Earl of Egmont, are given as "Sir John Perceval, Earl of Egmont; Viscount Perceval of Kanturk; Baron Perceval of Briton; Baronet and Lord Paramount of Duhallow, and of the Territories of Poble O'Callaghan and Poble O'Keeffe." Sir Bernard Burke, however, does not credit the Earl of Egmont with the titles of the defeated MacDonogh.

(12) Dalton's King James's Irish Army List, page 33.

the Duke of Wirtemberg, might well be quoted:—

"I have within these two days received a very humble petition from Colonel MacDonogh, Chief of the country called Duhallow, between Mallow and the County of Kerry, and of another Chieftain of a country called O'Callaghan, in order to obtain the protection of their Majesties. It is of great consequence to draw over people of their quality and interest who will bring with them over one thousand men and at least seven or eight thousand cows." (Clarke's Corresp. MS. T. C, Dublin, quoted in Dalton's Army List, page 868).

Thirty years had elapsed since the MacDonoghs' lands passed to the Percevals, and nearly one hundred since the Lords of Duhallow had leagued with the Spaniard, and yet, such was the potency of Celtic clanship, they could in their poverty have raised against King William double the number of men they armed againt Elizabeth. The submission of MacDonogh was reciprocated as might have been expected. The attainders of 1691 included his name. His kinsman, O'Callaghan, attainted too, carried his sword to Spain, and won high honour in the war of 1710. MacDonogh remained in Ireland, preferring honourable poverty in the land he loved to the choicest gifts of the stranger, hopeful for the coming of a time when peace and justice would reign anew in Ireland, and bequeathing to his posterity the recollection of the wrongs and losses of the Lords of Duhallow—a recollection, perhaps, only profitable now in so far as it throws some light upon some of the problems of the present.

TO ELODIE.

Nay, weep not! mid those orbs of light,
There surely is some world more bright—
A world of bliss,
To which our souls shall wing their flight,
When done with this.

And there, beneath its azure sky—
The pain, the grief of days gone by,
Will only seem,
To memory's retrospective eye—
Like a sad dream.

And thoughts and words to memory dear,
Which chilled by woe and sorrow here—
Have perished,
Shall surely be revived there,
And cherished.

And hope which cheered us on our way,
A transient flash—a meteor ray,
Yet fondly prized,
Will in those glorious realms of day,
Be realised.

Oh! when our spirits burst the chain,
Which binds us to this world of pain—
And from it sever,
How sweet in bliss to meet again,
And live—for ever!

A recent issue of the United States "Patent Office Gazette" contains thirteen patents on wireless telegraphy apparatus which have been granted to R. H. Fessenden, who is an expert of the Weather Bureau at Washington. Among the patents are included a device for signalling by magnetic waves, a current-actuated wave-responsive device, and also a conductor for wireless telegraphy apparatus. This is the apparatus employed by Mr. Fessenden in competitive tests of the wireless system which were made on the Carolina coast some little time ago. It was stated at the time that the results secured by Mr. Fessenden's device were superior to those of any other systems included in the tests.

THE O'NEILLS, OF SHANE'S CASTLE.

The interesting article republished in the "Dublin Penny Journal" of 26th July from a number of the year 1832, concerning this famous habitation, contains some inaccuracies, to which I am sure you will be good enough to accept these corrections.

In the first place, the author presupposed that the Earl O'Neill, at that time proprietor of Shane's Castle, was the only remaining descendant of the "once powerful family." At that time, indeed, the Earl O'Neill, second Viscount O'Neill, who died unmarried in 1841, had only one brother, John Bruce Richard O'Neill, who became third Viscount O'Neill and succeeded him in the possession of Shane's Castle, and died subsequently without issue.

Other branches of the house of O'Neill of Clannaboy, however, were, and are still, in existence, and one of them established in Portugal for nearly two centuries represents today, as it represented in 1834, the senior branch of the O'Neills of Clannaboy.

The pedigree of this family, and its connection with the Earl O'Neill of 1834, can be found in Burke's Peerage, as well as in O'Hart's "Irish Pedigrees," and we are aware that in the archives of the Portuguese family several precious documents of Irish origin have been confirmed and acknowledged by the College of Arms. Therefore it is clearly proved that in 1834, and in more recent times, the O'Neill family of Clannaboy is well represented.

But, in addition to this mistake, the author of the said article makes another, still more significant, when he sketches the origin of the O'Neill family, as follows:—

"The family of O'Neill are of Gothic descent, having sprung from Belus, a Gothic King of the Orkneys. They came into Ireland in the latter part of the 9th century, and were called Nial, O'Nial, or Hy Niall, which signifies a chief or prince,"

It is almost needless, now-a-days, to affirm how completely groundless and erroneous are such assertions, as the Royal pedigree of the house of O'Neill is known to-day in Ireland as well as the pedigree of King Edward himself, and anyone who takes an interest in these things can find the complete pedigrees of the O'Neill family from remote Pagan times down to its modern representatives.

Indeed, the pedigrees of the four great Irish monarchial families, namely—the O'Neills, the O'Connors, the Macartys, and the O'Briens, constitute, in the opinion of the best genealogists, such as Sir William Betham and Sir Bernard Burke, one of the noblest documents in genealogical history, and would alone suffice to place the Celtic nobility at the head of European aristocracy for antiquity of blood.

In the most concise form, the pedigree of the O'Neills, of Shane's Castle, as it is to be found in all Irish histories having authority, and as it is confirmed by the College of Arms, runs thus:—

1. Niall, of the nine hostages; 379-405, King of Ireland.
2. Owen; converted to Christianity; 465, P. †
3. Moredachus; P.
4. Muriartus; A.D. 504, K; 527, King of Ireland.
5. Donaldus; 559, P.
6. Aodh; 601-607. K.
7. Maolfritic; 627, P.
8. Maolduim; 705, P.
9. Feargaih; 709-718, K.
10. Niall II.; 791, K.
11. Aodh II.; 817, K.
12. Niall III.; 844, K.
13. Aodh III.; 879, K.
14. Niall IV.; 917, K.
15. Murdach; 941.
16. Donald; 978, K.
17. Murtough; 975, P.
18. Flathbeartach; 1005, P.
19. Aodh; 1033, P.
20. Donal; P.
21. Flaithbeartach; P.
22. Connor; P.
23. Rige; P.
24. Murchedach; 1160, P.
25. Aodh; 1177, P.
26. Aodh; 1230, P.
27. Donal; 1234, P.
28. Aodh Buidh; 1283, P.
29. Brian; 1295, P.
30. Henry; 1319, P. C.
31. Murchedach; 1395, P. C.
32. Brian II.; 1425, P. C.
33. Aodh; 1493, P. and P. C.
34. Constantine; 1492, P. and P. C.
35. Niall Mor; 1512, P. C.

† Note.—K. means King of Ireland.
P. Prince of Tyrowen.
P.C. Prince of Clannaboy.

This Niall Mor was the proprietor of Eden-Dubh-Carrig, now called Shane's Castle, and was the father of five sons, whose names appear in history in the following succession, and whose descents run thus:—

1st.—Hugh, who died P. C. in 1524, leaving two sons—Owen and Niall—whose descent is extinct.

2nd.—Brian Ballagh, who died P. C. in 1524, killed by Cormac MacQuillin, and is the ancestor of the O'Neill family, who settled in Portugal and have occupied high dignities at Court. (See Burke's Peerage, the Four Masters, and State Papers vol. II. apnd., A.C. 1580).

3rd—Niall Oge, whose posterity is extinct.

4th.—Felim Baccagh, who died in 1533, and does not appear to have ever been sovereign of Clannaboy. His son, Brian MacFelim, however, became a renowned chieftain, and settled in Shane's Castle under the same auspices. This castle was, till then, called Eden Dubh-Carrig; i.e., the brow of the black rock.

Brian MacFelim was succeeded by his son Shane, who was chosen by the English to be chieftain of Clannaboy, to the detriment of the elder branches, because "he was a modest man that spoke English." Shane rebuilt or restored the castle, and gave it its name.

This is, therefore, the origin of Shane's Castle. Shane's posterity is now represented in the female line by the present Lord O'Neill. The posterity of the 5th son of Niall Mor Murtagh is limited in history to his sons Hugh and Niall.

Your readers can judge by this short genealogical sketch—the elements of which are to be met with in any Irish History, such as the "Annals of the Four Masters," Mac Geoghegan's History of Ireland, Keating, O'Hart, etc., and in the State Papers—now erroneously the origin of the O'Neill family is attributed to "Gothic Kings of the Orkney Islands," an assertion that could only be made by one not acquainted with the history of this country.

A FRIEND OF OLD IRELAND.

The time-honoured rule that moss grows on the north side of a tree, a rule which forms part of every woodsman's catechism, and which he would no more dispute than one of the Ten Commandments, has received a few sharp blows from Henry Kraemer, of Philadelphia. An investigation which he has conducted shows that on 10 per cent. of the trees which he examined moss grew on the west side; 10 per cent. on the north-west side; 20 per cent. on the north-east side; 35 per cent. on the east side; and 25 per cent. on the south-east side. What becomes of the old rule after such iconoclastic investigation

OUR WEEKLY STORY

THE HINCKLEY CHINA.

The old Hinckley house was set well back from the road in the village of Dunham Center. From the small-paned windows of the house you could look across Skilling's Cove to the railway terminus where passengers for Bar Harbour left the train for the ferry-boats. The few passengers for Dunham trusted to chance to get "set across" to their destination. Generally these passengers were old residents, who were expected by their families, and were met by a small row-boat.

Dunham had had seasons of undesired activity. One year an enterprising young man had mortgaged his ancestral home, built a large wooden structure on Pratt's Hill, and advertised for summer boarders. A dozen or more hopeful persons had arrived, and the young man appeared to flourish, but only for a season.

The next year only three wanderers responded to his glowing advertisements, and it was said by the well-informed that the "table" was not all that summer boarders had a right to expect. At the end of three years old Mr. Hinckley foreclosed the mortgage he held, and the wooden box remained a blot on the landscape.

Then there came another year of possibilities. Gold was discovered at North Dunham. Big crushing mills were built. A small steamer made daily trips between Dunham and the railway terminus; a newspaper was printed; the wondering farmers sold their rocky acres cheerfully, and put the money into United States bonds; and in two years the gold had given out, and trusting stockholders were penniless.

Through these brief seasons of change old Mr. Hinckley kept on the even tenor of his way. He discouraged Enoch Pratt when the young man borrowed money to build the hotel; but he sold him groceries, and foreclosed promptly when the mortgage fell due. When gold was discovered he sniffed doubtfully, but brought his own rocky pastures to market, and added the money they brought to his already comfortable property.

But the hope that "folks would let Dunham be" was frequently expressed to his neighbours and customers, and he stubbornly refused to lease the hotel or to sign a petition of his townspeople for a steam ferry-boat.

"Dunham don't need no hotel nor no steamboat, and I don't want to live to see 'em," he would aver.

Mr. Hinckley's two daughters had married Dunham men, and were comfortably settled in homes of their own within sight of the Hinckley place. When Martha married Captain Silas Hall her father had given her a desk and bureau of solid mahogany, brought to Dunham from the Hinckley home in Connecticut. To Eunice, who married Abner Field, he had given money.

"Eunice don't value things as Martha does," he said, when the mother suggested that the old pink-and-gold china be given to Eunice, "and she can't have that china; money is good enough for her. I don't propose for any Hall or Field to have that china. I intend George to have that."

George was the only son—a mild, inefficient youth who helped in the grocery store or on the farm, and occasionally taught a district school in the winter. When his father referred to George as the prospective owner of the china and other valued possessions of the family, Mrs. Hinckley would smile cheerfully.

"There won't be any danger of his wanting them," she would say. "The girl who gets George will have to do the proposing;" and both the old people had a comfortable reliance upon their son, and an unspoken hope that he would be in no haste to wed.

But when George was twenty-five years old he married Olive Ward, a dark-eyed, buxom woman nearly eight years older than himself, and brought her home. His parents told the neighbours how pleased they were, but George sometimes wondered why his father looked at him in such a strange manner; and old Mrs. Hinckley locked the china-closet, which was, fortunately, in her room, and said nothing to Olive about the pink china.

It was toward the end of the first winter that Mr. Hinckley carried a silver pitcher, marked "Joel Francis Hinckley, 1784," to Abner Field's house, and secretly gave it into Eunice's keeping.

Old Mrs. Hinckley passed more and more time with her daughters. Olive was an active woman—"a born manager," her proud sister was apt to assert—and the older woman found little to do at home. Under Olive's influence George became more interested in the farm and in the store, and began to suggest to his father that "he take things easy."

At first Mr. Hinckley received these remarks as an evidence of his son's affection; but the repetition became irksome, and on one occasion he turned upon his son with a decision that remained unquestioned, and which reduced George to his accustomed place of "helper."

Olive did not make any claim to authority in the Hinckley home, but gradually old Mrs. Hinckley found that there was not work enough to keep two women busy, and she began to sit in her own chamber instead of in the family sitting-room. It was a large, comfortable room, with two western windows, near one of which stood Mrs. Hinckley's rocking-chair and a small round table.

The broad mahogany bedstead and the polished bureau were valued reminders of the family's early importance. The old lady frequently enumerated the valuables of the family as she sat there alone:

"Desk and bureau safe at Martha's; silver pitcher at Eunice's; Grandma Hinckley's pink china and silver spoons safe in my own china-closet."

Many of the neighbours congratulated Mrs. Captain Hall and Mrs. Field on their brother's marriage. "She takes all the care right off your mother's shoulders," they would say, and the two daughters assented cordially to their sister-in-law's virtues, although they sometimes confided to each other that they did wish "Olive would let mother run her own house!"

They noticed the lines coming about their mother's mouth, and the little appealing look that had come into the faded brown eyes; and Martha finally decided that she would watch Olive carefully, and, if need be, "father should be spoken to," for none of the Hinckley family questioned the power of Joel Hinckley in his own house.

A week after Martha's decision old Mrs. Hinckley hurried into her daughter Eunice's house full of trouble. Her very gown and bonnet indicated dismay. Her daughter helped her mother's trembling effort to untie her bonnet-strings, and tenderly smoothed the thin hair.

"Why, mother, you're all of a tremble! What is the matter?"

The old lady clasped her wrinkled hands over her daughter's plump arm. "It's Olive," she said, brokenly. "Olive, she's got the key to my china-closet, and she's using Grandma's pink china! She had her folks there to tea last night, and had the china all out."

"Well, I never!" Eunice's voice expressed surprised indignation. "Did she ask for them?"

"No, Eunice, she didn't. I was over to Martha's in the afternoon, and I didn't get home until they were sitting down, and when I saw that china I 'most dropped in my tracks. I didn't suppose Olive knew I had any dishes except those in the dining-room closet. I never spoke to her about the pink china, and I have kept the closet locked ever since she came into the house.

"She got the key out of the pocket of my blue gingham," continued Mrs. Hinckley. "O Eunice, she goes searching about whenever I'm out of the house; I know she does for I find my things meddled with; and there ain't a place in my own house where I feel welcome to sit except in my own bedroom. I haven't said a word, for I didn't want trouble with George's wife; but Grandma's pink china taken right away from me!" and Mrs. Hinckley began to cry.

Eunice wiped her own eyes sympathetically. "What I want to know is what my father says to such actions?" she questioned.

"Your father don't know, Eunice. If I should tell him how Olive has pushed me out of her way I don't know what he would do. You know George ain't to blame, and father would be severe on both of 'em."

"George!" sniffed his sister, scornfully. "I wasn't thinking of George. I suppose father saw the pink china?"

"Yes; and at first he acted about as I did, but before tea was over he spoke about it to Olive's sister Jane, told her how Grandma Hinckley's father brought it from France and gave it to her for a wedding present; then he praised Olive's cooking."

"Well, I never!" Eunice's exclamation was more forcible than before.

"And your father told Olive," Mrs. Hinckley went on, "that he wanted her to ask her sister's folks there for next Thursday to tea, and said he would be pleased if she would ask you and Abner and Martha and Silas, and he hoped she'd use the pink china and silver spoons; and Olive seemed real pleased, and said she would."

"Think of father asking if he could invite his own children to his own house!" exclaimed Eunice. "He's crazy!"

"No, dear, but father wants to live in peace," said the old lady, in a pathetic voice. "Old folks have to be patient with what they can't help," she added, meekly.

The two sisters passed an unhappy week. They saw no way to rescue their mother from their brother's wife except by an open rupture, which they both dreaded.

"I never thought father would submit to such an imposition," said Martha. "Look at all the fuss he stirred up when they tried to have a steamboat come here; and now to let George spend his property and treat mother as if she was a beggar! I shall speak to father and tell him what I think."

And Martha did speak to him. The old man listened with approving eyes. "You are a good girl, Martha," he responded, "but don't you worry about mother and me. We'll come out all right. You and Silas be on hand Thursday, sure, now!" he concluded, with as happy a smile as if he were bidding his daughter to a wedding feast.

"Father is losing his faculties," Martha announced to her husband that evening, as she told him of their conversation, and Silas nodded hopelessly. That Joel Hinckley, who had managed the town affairs of Dunham so nearly to his own liking, should be vanquished

by his son's wife seemed a sufficient proof of Martha's words.

The eventful Thursday found the expected guests assembled at the Hinckley house. Olive met Eunice and her husband at the door, and welcomed them warmly. For the first time during her reign there were visible signs of triumphant authority.

"Sister Jane will take your things," she said; and Jane, a robust, good-natured woman, delighted at the evident importance of her sister, came cheerfully forward.

Martha and Silas were late in coming. They had stopped at the store for Mr. Hinckley, and the three had walked silently down the lane together. "You treat Olive well, Martha," her father said, as they went up the steps; and, for the first and last time in her like, Martha looked at her father with contempt.

"It's like a funeral," Eunice whispered to her sister, as they greeted each other.

Old Mrs. Hinckley did not appear until Olive called her from her own chamber; but she came into the dining-room in state, leaning on her husband's arm. Both the old people were carefully dressed in their best, and Mr. Hinckley greeted Jane and her sons cordially, and shook hands with Olive's brother, a smart young sailing-master whose schooner had arrived in the harbour that day.

Mr. Hinckley glanced over the table appreciatively. "I tell you, Olive, you can set a table about right," and Olive beamed, well pleased that the entire family should hear her praised.

"I believe she could run a hotel and make money," he continued, turning questioningly to her brother, and the young sailor responded heartily:

"Indeed she could, sir; I never knew Olive to fail yet." And he nodded to his sister, who sent him a little glance of reproof.

Mr. Hinckley again told the story of the china, and then, turning to Olive, he said: "I don't know, Olive, as George has had a chance to tell you his plans yet, so I may have a surprise for you."

"He's going to give her the pink china," said Martha, audibly, and Olive smiled hopefully.

"Of course we know," continued Mr. Hinckley, "that you and George don't plan to stay here with us all your lives, that you want to be earning a home for yourselves, and mother and I won't stand in your way. George," and the old man's voice grew sharp as he turned toward his son, "you can tell the folks what your plans are."

George did not look at Olive, and he spoke somewhat indistinctly, but his father's eyes were upon him, and he did not hesitate. "I am going to open the old hotel for summer boarders. Father has got the railway company to promise to run a boat across to connect with all the trains, and he thinks I can do well."

There was a moment's silence, and Martha reached for her mother's hand under the table, and squeezed it affectionately. Eunice was the first to speak.

"Well, I'm real glad for you, Olive," she said, "and if there's anything I can do in the way of helping you to get ready, you just call on me."

Sister Jane's congratulations were even more cordial, and Olive's brother declared that it was "fine"; that Dunham would be another place with a hotel and a steamboat, at which Mr. Hinckley winced visibly.

"How soon are you going to move?" questioned Captain Silas, anxiously; and George responded, "Father thinks I had better get settled right away."

"You see, I thought it would be pleasant for Olive to have a sort of a farewell party," remarked Mr. Hinckley, "and I expect that is why mother wanted her to use the pink china. You see we never use this china except on important occasions," and the old man looked at Olive smilingly.

"Now, Olive, I'll help you with the dishes," urged Eunice, as they rose from the table; but Olive refused sullenly. For once her plans had come to naught. From the very pinnacle of her ambition as mistress of the Hinckley house she had fallen to the level of a pensioner on the Hinckleys' bounty; and she moved about the big kitchen with revengeful thoughts.

In the sitting-room evident peace and goodwill reigned. Olive's relatives were pleased and flattered to have been invited to a family gathering, and they looked upon George with more approval than he was accustomed to receive. Martha confronted her father with a whispered "Well done!" at which the old man chuckled responsively; but she could not refrain from adding "Steamboat!" apprehensively, at which his smile vanished.

When the guests left the house that evening it was old Mrs. Hinckley whom they thanked for her hospitality, and it was she who urged the young sailing-master to come again. Martha and Jane walked down the lane together, while Eunice followed with Olive's brother. Captain Silas and Abner Field walked more slowly behind them.

"We've had a real good time," said Jane, heartily, "but poor Olive felt so bad to think she broke your mother's pink china teapot!"

"What!" exclaimed Martha.

"It slipped right out of her hands into the sink," concluded Jane, impressively.

MEMORY.—A FRAGMENT.

While others sweetly sing
Of lights from memory cast,
Which heavenly radiance fling
O'er the pleasures they have past,
Be mine to tell the sadness she brings,
When her weary flight she steers,
O'er the waste of cheerless years,
And deep in bitter tears—dips her wings.

Age, in her peaceful vale,
Where tranquil joy still dwells,
May smile to hear the tale
That memory sweetly tells,
Of pleasures, which, in youth we have known:
But joyless is the lore
That memory hath in store,
Of pleasures, which no more—are our own.

For, memory grief renews,
When I think of joys gone o'er,
As the shipwreck'd sailor views,
From the tempest-beaten shore
The barque that bounded, once, o'er the wave:
Or the mother, whose chill tear
Trickles down, if she hear
The name of baby dear—in the grave.

—L.

We learn from the American "Bookman" that the following books have been in the greatest demand in the States during the past month:—

The Virginian. Wister.
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan.
The Mississippi Bubble. Hough.
Dorothy Vernon. Major.
Ranson's Folly. Davis.
The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle.

It will be noticed that only one of these, and that the last in popularity, hails from England. Not long ago things were just the other way about. America seems determined to supply her own literary needs, at any rate in the way of fiction.

SOME OLD SHIPS.

Investigations recently made show beyond a doubt that the oldest warship extant is the "Victory," Admiral Nelson's flagship at the battle of Trafalgar. The "Victory" was launched in 1765, and is now 137 years old. She has passed many a year tied up to her dock at Portsmouth, and the tooth of time has left its destructive mark upon her. Not so long ago the British Admiralty spent a considerable sum of money in saving the old ship from ruin. As a general rule, the lifetime of a ship built of the very best materials scarcely exceeds 120 years. To be sure, there are exceptions. Perhaps the most remarkable of these is the case of the whaler "True Love," of Hull. The "True Love" was a barque of 248 tons, and was built in Philadelphia in 1847. After she had sailed for a few years under the American flag, she was purchased by an Englishman and converted into a whaler. When she was 97 years old, old enough to be retired, she still voyaged to the Arctic Ocean. After changing hands once again she was still in active commission for forty-four years as a carrier of wood in the Baltic Sea. Finally, after an active life of 139 years, she succumbed to the inevitable axe. Still another hoary ship was the sailing vessel "Betsy Cains." The exact date of her launching is not known. But it is definitely recorded that in 1688 she bore the name "Princess Marie," and had the honour of carrying Prince William of Orange to England. She was then used for a time as a pleasure yacht by Queen Anne. After her period of royal usefulness had passed, she was sold and rechristened "Betsy Cains." Her end was pathetic. She was shipwrecked at Tynemouth in 1827, after she had carried the English flag uninterruptedly for 139 years. A long life was also granted to the three-masted schooner "Three Sisters," a contemporary of the "Betsy Cains." She had taken part in 1689 in the siege of Londonderry. At the beginning of the last century, after she had attained the respectable age of 130, she was still voyaging in the Irish sea. In an account —of old ships the brig "; Brotherly Love," which carried Capt. Cook on many a notable voyage should not be omitted. After a service of 140 years she sank in a collision in the harbour of Hamburg. In November, 1892, the Danish ship "De Tree Sostrene" cast anchor in the harbour of Dundee. Some curious person hit upon the idea of looking up the history of the vessel. The investigation proved that the Danish ship was built in 1772 in Rudkjobing, and was at that time 120 years of age. The "Success," which voyaged from one English port to another, was launched in 1789. As late as 1895 she made a voyage to Australia, and later crossed the Atlantic Ocean. An investigation carried out some time ago by the shipping register officials of Great Britain showed that on their books were recorded twenty-four English ships over a hundred years old, and thirteen over ninety-five years old. A ship twenty-six years old was reckoned "middle age." It is, of course, difficult to ascertain what is the maximum term of service of a steamship under the most favourable conditions. It is remarkable, however, that of the steamers built from 1815 to 1830, not a single one seems to be in existence. This is, perhaps, due not so much to a lack of endurance in the steamship as to the fact that the cost of running a modern vessel is less than that of an old-timer. The oldest vessel of the English merchant fleet is the sidewheeler "Sir Charles Ogles," of Halifax, built in Dartmouth in 1830. The oldest English iron steamer is the Cardiff ship "Swift," which is now 71 years old, and is still in active service.

EUGENE O'CURRY.

BY EBLANA.

II.

When the Catholic University was founded, O'Curry was appointed, unsolicited on his own part, to the Chair of Irish History and Archæology. He even felt timid about accepting it, as he says that his studies had always been of a silent kind—he was engaged in underground work.

However, he was induced to yield by the Rector, Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Newman, and other distinguished persons.

The time and opportunity had now arrived for utilising the rich store of knowledge he had been for years acquiring, and which his connection with the Ordnance Survey in particular had placed in his way. He prepared a course of lectures on "The MS. Materials of Irish History."

Having paid a tribute to previous labourers in the field, who had done much in particular directions, O'Curry said:

"Still the great sources of general historical and antiquarian knowledge lay buried in those vast, but yet almost entirely unexplored compilations which to my predecessors were inaccessibly sealed up in the keeping of the ancient Gaedhlic, the venerable language of our country. It is the first effort made to bring within the view of the student of Irish History and Archæology an honest, if not a complete, analysis of all the materials of that yet unwritten story which lies accessible indeed in our native language, but the great body of which—the flesh and blood of all true history of Ireland—remains to this day unexamined and unknown to the world."

In his first lecture O'Curry described the disastrous effects on Irish MSS. through the drowning and burning of them by the Danes and after their expulsion by the conflicts of the natives with their Anglo-Norman invaders, who likewise burned immense numbers of these valuable records, added to which, the old practice of copying and of adding to them was suspended.

It had been even found necessary by the invaders to enact penal laws against the Irish language and literature, especially during the reigns of Edward III. and Henry VIII. Nevertheless, as O'Curry said: "Not only the old Irish nobility, gentry, and people in general were lovers of their native language and literature, and patrons of literary men, but even the great Anglo-Norman nobles themselves, who effected a permanent settlement amongst us, appear from the first to have adopted what doubtless must have seemed to them the better manners, customs, language, and literature of the natives; and not only did they munificently patronise their professors, but became themselves proficients in these studies, so that the Geraldines, the Butlers, the Bourkes, the Keatings, and others, thought, spoke, and wrote in the Gaelic, and stored their libraries with choice and expensive volumes in that language."

Still the statutes in force had gradually had their effect; but it was not till open force was superseded by the more subtle arts of intrigue, bribery, and derision that the sinister ends of the enemy succeeded.

Even so late as the close of the 18th century the possession of an Irish MS. was sufficient to make the owner a suspected person, and often occasioned his ruin.

This has come down almost to our own day, according to Professor Sullivan and Canon Bourke, who say that "an Irish MS., in the reigns of Queen Anne or of George I. and George II., was, if found, much more dangerous for an Irishman than the possession at the present day of a revolver or a rifle without licence in a proclaimed district," and that "the yeomanry became willing instruments in the hands of a destroying power."

O'Curry said:—

"With such various causes, active and long-continued, in operation to effect its destruction, there is reason for wonder that we should still be in possession of any fragments of the ancient literature of our country, however extensive it may once have been. And that it was extensive, and comprehended a wide range of subjects—justifying the expression of the old writers who spoke of 'the hosts of the books of Erinn'—may be judged from those that have survived the destructive ravages of invasion, the accidents of time, and other causes;" and adds that "if we judge the value and proportions of the original literature of our Gaelic ancestors—as we may fairly do—by what remains of it, we may justly be excused the indulgence of no small feeling of national pride."

In all, he delivered twenty-one lectures on this subject alone, and an inexhaustible one it seemed.

He gave a full account of the chief Irish MSS. and their contents, derived from personal investigation, and very often from his transcription. The chronicles, historical romances, imaginative tales and poems, civil and ecclesiastical records, genealogies, medicine, astronomy, mathematics, and law.

This latter subject he dealt with in the ninth lecture. He had translated 8,000 quarto pages of matter on this subject alone, which was only part of the Brehon Laws.

These lectures were delivered during the years 1855 and 1856.

He paid a tribute to the Rector, the Rev. Dr. Newman, who was a constant attendant, and who encouraged him in every way, having the deepest sympathy with the wrongs and the hopes of Ireland. He also acknowledged his indebtedness to Drs. Todd, Graves, and Lyons, and Messrs. J. E. Pigott and Whitley Stokes.

The conclusion he arrived at was that "the history of ancient Erinn is yet entirely unwritten, and her antiquities all but unexplored."

It is well known that Thomas Moore wrote a History of Ireland. But when he paid a visit to O'Curry and found him surrounded with such books as the Annals of the Four Masters, the Speckled Book, the Books of Leinster, of Lecan, and of Ballymote, etc., he turned to Dr. Petrie, who was present, and said:

"These large tomes could not have been written by fools, or for any foolish purpose. I never knew anything about them before, and I had no right to have undertaken the History of Ireland."

The Catholic University was the first public institution in Ireland to erect a Chair of Irish History and Archæology.

To it also belongs the credit, not only of giving to O'Curry the opportunity of enriching his country with the results of his genius and labour, but also of liberally providing for the expense of printing and producing the work in a permanent and accessible form.

The volume of twenty-one lectures, when printed, contained more than 700 pages. On the suggestion of Dr. W. K. O'Sullivan, he added a complete set of examples of handwriting of Gaelic scribes, including that of St. Columkille, from the earliest period to the beginning of the 18th century.

The Appendix contains more than 150 extracts from MSS., with translations from the Gaelic, all made by himself.

The work was published in 1860.

He remarks that he little thought that the efforts of his pen would ever pass beyond the walls within which the lectures were delivered.

His successor (Professor O'Looney, of the Catholic University), and Professor O'Mahoney, of Trinity College, compute that there are still extant 1,000 volumes of Irish MSS.

In his preface to the work, O'Curry pathetically alludes to "the crushing succession of domestic afflictions and of bodily infirmities with which it has pleased Providence to visit me during the last three years."

Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, in a poem entitled "Sursum Corda," endeavoured to comfort him:

"Health and comfort! may thy sorrow
Pass as lifts the mournful night,
Bringing in the calm to-morrow,
Thoughtful, dutiful, yet bright.

Though the new-made graves should thicken,
Though the empty chairs increase;
Still the wakeful soul must quicken,
Still, through labour, seek for peace.

Turn for solace to those pages
Where your hived-up lore we read,
To that company of sages
Who for you have lived indeed.

Think of him who strove to smother
In his books a noble's grief;
Think of the poor footsore brother,
Of the Masters Four the chief!

Think what life the scald of Lecan
Led through evil penal days;
Let his gentle spirit beacon
Yours to render greater praise.

Sad must be your fireside, only
Sadder still the wayside inn
Where he perished, old and lonely,
By the Letcher of Dunflin."

O'Curry, among his valuable and extensive collection, had the manuscript of a poem composed in 1603 by the Bard, Owen MacWard, who accompanied the Princes O'Neill and O'Donnell in their flight to Rome after the fall of Ulster. It refers to the past glories of their families and territories, and to the many defeats their ancestors and themselves had inflicted upon the English.

This MS. O'Curry gave, with a literal translation, to James Clarence Mangan, who, in his own superior style, rendered it into English verse. It was published in the 'Irish Penny Journal."

Meanwhile O'Curry delivered his second series of lectures, in the Hall of the Catholic University, the subject now being "The Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish."

In the first lecture of this series he described the civilisation of the country.

In the second, its legislation.

In the six following, its education and literature.

In the 9th and 10th, its Religion and Druidism.

In the next seven, its war weapons.

In the 18th, its military education.

In the four following, its buildings and furniture.

In the subsequent seven, its dress and ornaments.

And, in the final nine, its music and musical instruments.

These lectures, which were delivered between 1857 and 1862, were published (after O'Curry's death) in 1873, having been edited by Dr. O'Sullivan.

They contained a vast collection of information on public and social life in Ireland in past times. There were also many extracts, with their translations, and many texts.

For the Rev. Dr. Reeves' "Ancient Churches of Armagh" he gave texts and translations, including part of the Dinneseanchus, or History of famous places in Ireland.

He varied his labours, however, by excursions into the country; but these, so far from being a hindrance, were a help.

As we have seen, one of his lectures was devoted exclusively to music. He had also, from his earliest youth, cultivated a talent for it.

Dr. Stokes, in his Life of Petrie, says:—

"In 1857, after the visit of the British Association to those next neighbours of America (the Aran Isles), Dr. Petrie remained for some time with the author (Dr. Stokes), Mr. Ferguson, and the late Professor O'Curry, to examine in detail some of the relics of the past, and particularly some monumental inscriptions, the readings of which had been debated. The village of Kilronan was their head-quarters, near which an appointment could be made to meet parties known to possess and sing some of the old airs. To this cottage, when evening fell, Petrie, with his manuscript music-book and violin (on which he was an accomplished performer), and always accompanied by his friend O'Curry, used to proceed. Nothing could exceed the strange picturesqueness of the scenes which night after night were thus presented. On approaching the house—always lighted up by a blazing turf fire—it was seen surrounded by the islanders, while its interior was crowded with figures, the rich colours of whose dresses, heightened by the fire-light, showed with a strange vividness and variety, while their fine countenances were all animated with curiosity and pleasure. It would have required a Rembrandt to paint the scene. The minstrel—sometimes an old woman, sometimes a beautiful girl or a young man—was seated on a low stool in the chimney-corner, while chairs for Petrie and O'Curry were placed opposite; the rest of the crowded audience remained standing. The song having been given, O'Curry wrote the Irish words, when Petrie's work began. The singer recommenced, stopping at a signal at every two or three bars of the melody to permit the writing of the notes, often repeating the passage until correctly taken down, and then going on with the melody exactly from the point where the singing was interrupted. The entire air being obtained, the singer gave the song continuously, and then Petrie played the air on the violin, as he alone could play it, the people listening with rapt pleasure, and, when the music ceased, murmuring their delight in their own native language."

But, as a rule, O'Curry spent most—indeed all—of his time at his laborious, though beloved, literary occupations, the extent of which this slight sketch is so inadequate to convey.

It is much to be regretted that Sir John Gilbert—who contemplated writing a life of O'Curry and his works—should have been called to join in his reward ere he could put his project into execution.

Nevertheless, besides the multiplicity of his literary avocations, O'Curry found time to lend the aid of his knowledge and experience to fellow-labourers in the field.

Among others, the Rev. Dr. Cogan, in his "Diocese of Meath," pays him a tribute. He says that together they went over his (Dr. Cogan's) MSS., and afterwards, on the 18th July, 1862, O'Curry wrote him a letter of praise and encouragement.

A few days later, Dr. Cogan, as he tells us in his introduction, sat with the Professor for an hour, and he renewed a promise of joining the excursion of the Young Men's Society, on the first Sunday of August, to Gormanstown.

On the evening of the 29th July Dr. Cogan's Appendix was received by O'Curry for supervision, and the author believes that it was the last MS. that he ever held in his hands.

O'Curry had certainly been in ill-health for some time. There is little doubt that he overworked himself.

At all events, Dr. Cogan, to his amazement and distress, received a letter from one of his children announcing his death, on the Wednesday, the 30th July.

The 2nd August was the day fixed for sending him the MS. of Dr. Cogan's introductory lecture. "But, alas!" writes the latter, "on that day all that was mortal of Eugene O'Curry was consigned to the tomb." He adds:

"Who that beheld the venerable Ollamh in the pride of his intellect, seated beside the Archbishop of Armagh on the memorable day of the Catholic University demonstration, could ever apprehend that in a few days the good and great O'Curry would pass away—would leave us just when Ireland began to know and to value him?"

They had had a mutual salute on the Demonstration Day. He winds up:

"Our great Irish scholar is gone, and there is no one to fill his place. The key of antiquity is lost, and much of the learning of ancient Ireland is now a sealed book."

Heart disease was the immediate cause of his death.

According to the "Freeman" of Monday, the 4th of August, his funeral took place on the previous Saturday, leaving his late residence, 2 Portland street North, at an early hour, for Marlborough street Cathedral, where Office and High Mass was celebrated.

Amongst those present who afterwards followed the remains to Glasnevin were, besides his son and brother, Messrs. J. J. and A. O'Curry and Mr. Russell, the Professors and students of the Catholic University, a large number of the members of the Royal Irish Academy, with the Vice-President (Dr. Petrie), and preceded by the mace-bearer, the mace covered with crepe—and a great body of clergy and people.

Amongst those who specially deplored his loss were—Dr. Reeves, Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore; and Sir Samuel Ferguson.

"His death," said the "Freeman," "leaves a blank in the Gaelic language equalled only by that caused a few months ago by the decease of his great fellow-labourer, Dr. John O'Donovan," and added that an exact picture of O'Curry was in possession of its painter, B. Mulrennin, in the Royal Hibernian Academy.

He was interred in the new O'Connell Circle, where a beautiful Celtic cross was afterwards, by public subscription, erected to his memory. Inscribed upon it in Irish characters in the following:—

"Ir beannaighe na maith.
Noc do ghein bar ir in Tigearna."

Then underneath, in English:—

"Pray for the Soul of
EUGENE O'CURRY,
Professor of Irish History and Archæology
In the Catholic University of Ireland,
1854—1862.
Born 11th November, 1794.
Died 30th July, 1862.
May he Rest in Peace."

Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee composed a long and beautiful Requiem on the dead Ollamh, a verse from which heads this sketch. Let us cite two more ere we conclude:

"No more the widow'd glen repines,
No more the ruined cloister groans;
Back on the tides have come the shrines,
Lo! we have heard the speech of stones,
In the mid-watch, when darkness reigned,
And sleepers slept, unseen his toil;
But Heaven kept count of all he gained
For ye! lords of the Holy Isle!

. . . . . .

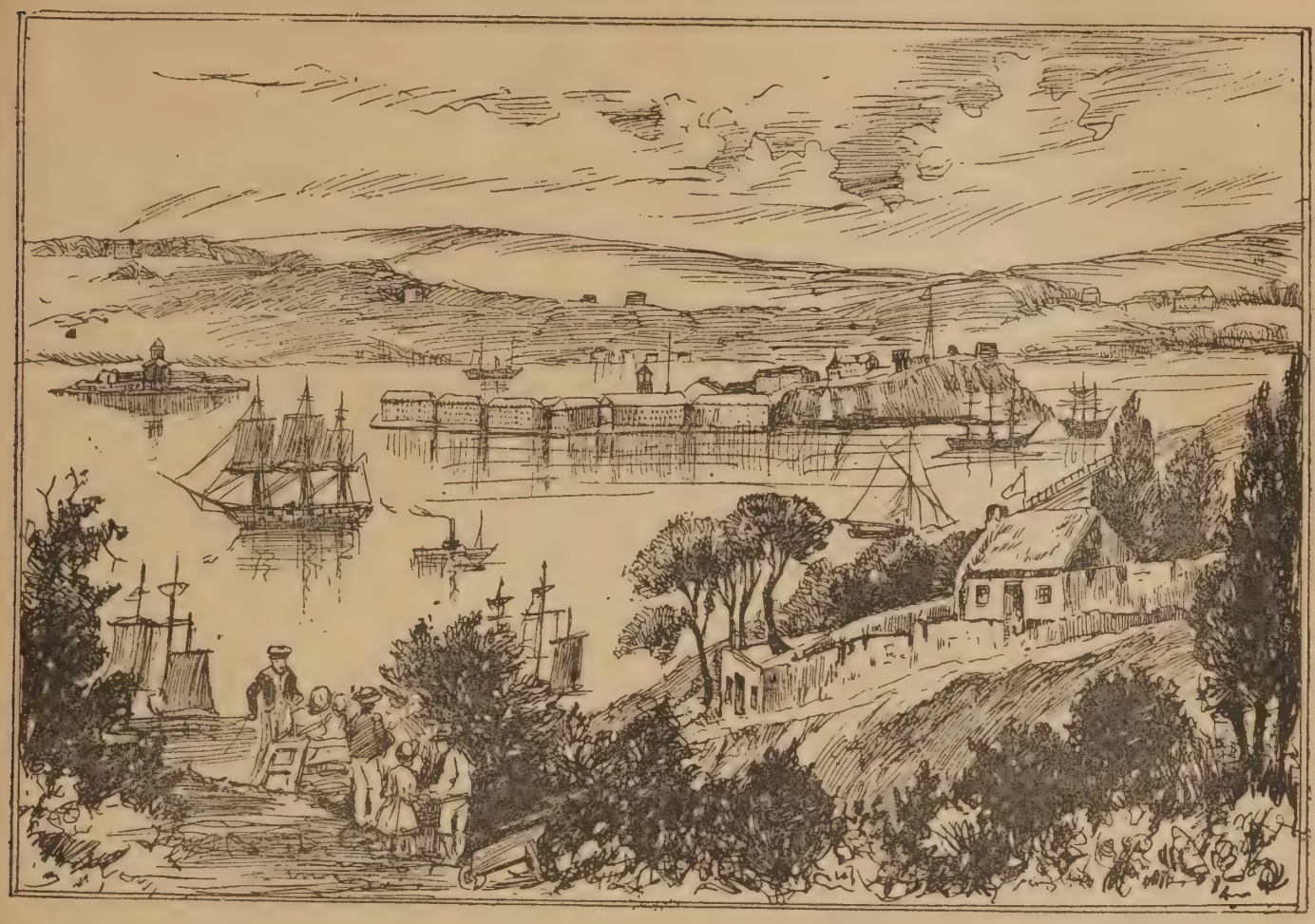
May Angus of the festal lays,
And Marian of the Apostle's hill,
And Tiernan of the Danish days,
And Adamnan and Columb-kille
Befriend his soul in every strait,
Recite some good 'gainst every sin;
Unfold at last the happy gate,
And lead their scribe and Ollamh in."

(The End.)

HORROR OF THE GUILLOTINE.

A Paris correspondent writes—All Paris seems to share the horror of the 14th Arrondissement for the guillotine. There was, not long ago, a movement among the Town Councillors of that district and of other quarters of the town where it was proposed to cut off heads, to confine the operations of Deibler to the courtyard of the Sante Prison. The capital sentence against Bidaure has thrown the subject, as I have already reported, into sharp relief anew. As Bidaure is at La Sante, he may be taken to the Place Saint Jacques, immortalised by Victor Hugo in "Le Dernier jour d'un Condamne," the most powerful work ever writen against capital punishment. All executions by the guillotine during the First Empire and the reigns of Louis XVIII., Charles X., and Louis Philippe took place at the Place Saint Jacques. There is still, at the corner of that place and of the Rue de la Tombe Issoire, a mean-looking wineshop and eatinghouse, painted red, in which Sanson had the use of a room on the mornings of public executions. It is on the first floor front, and approached by dark, rickety stairs. Sanson used to stand at an open window to direct the mechanics and other persons employed to set up the guillotine. When all was ready he and his aides went to the Bicetre for "the toilette" of the convict, and to fetch him to the Place Saint Jacques. I heard Victor Hugo give a description of the rearing of a guillotine that he witnessed under the direction of Sanson in the mean looking red house. He spoke of it as a sight horribly ignoble. The manacled prisoner, more dead than alive, mounted thirteen steps to the scaffold, or was, rather, hauled up by Sanson's assistants. Sanson's father—an executioner not from choice, but from hereditary compulsory duty—beheaded Louis XVI. The executioner, whom Victor Hugo saw, "a timorous, unhappy creature," who reminded the poet of "an unhealthy jackal," assisted him. What came home most strongly to Victor Hugo's mind was the following reflection:—"What right has society to delegate to any human creature a task in fulfilling which he becomes baser than the criminal he executes? When one considers the complex motives of many a murderer, and the effects on his moral nature of violent passion, one cannot hold him so vile as the wretch who coolly cuts off his head for wages, and, when he has done the job, goes to eat a meal. I saw Sanson descend thirteen steps from the scaffold on the Place St. Jacques, return to the red house to order a beef steak and fried potatoes for his breakfast, and then signal from a window to his aides to take the decapitated body to the turnip field for burial. He lived, yet was dead, for moral sense had long died out in him. The publican noticed that he ate with better appetite after than before an execution. He generally dined with police agents, at the red house, on the eve of executions.

THE COVE OF CORK



AS IT WAS HALF A CENTURY AGO.

(REPRODUCED FROM HALL'S IRELAND.)

THE COVE OF CORK.

ITS HISTORY AND TRADITIONS.

From Hall's "Ireland."

The town of Cove faces the entrance to Cork Harbour, from which, however, it is distant about five miles. It is built on the side of a steep hill, and rises from the water's edge, terrace above terrace, the more elevated parts commanding a magnificent bird's-eye view of the extensive anchorage. The town has, therefore, natural advantages of a rare order, so manifest are they, indeed, as almost to justify the prophecy of an English traveller, that in time it would supplant the prosperous city; "for here," he adds, "the merchant may discharge his cargo in the sight of his own store-houses." Cove has a southern aspect, and the climate is consequently mild during all seasons; from the nature of the site on which it stands. Cove is almost always clean—a fall of rain carrying its impurities into the Atlantic. On all sides the shore is covered with villas—the trees, usually stunted on the coast, grow gracefully and majestically: the islands, and fortified headlands, are so many imposing objects within view; and the gay yachts, which a tourist described a century ago as 'little vessels, that for painting and gilding exceed those of the king at Greenwich," give animation and variety to the exciting scene.

"The Yacht Club" of Cork is said to be the oldest association of the kind in the United Kingdom, and it probably is so. With its "rules and orders," printed in 1765, under the name of those of the "Cork Water Club," is given a list of the OLD members of 1720; and reference is made to its "ancient rules and constitution;" one of the early regulations provided that no long-tailed wigs, large sleeves, or ruffles should be worn by any member. In 1830 it received the prefix of "Royal," and in 1831 the French Government conceded to it the privilege of free access to all the ports of France. The Club has of late years successfully laboured to improve the construction, appointments, and management of vessels of all descriptions, and the commonest craft of the harbour may now vie with those belonging to any English port; the skill and hardihood of the Cove boatmen and mariners are proverbial; and if the kingdom shall again require sailors to maintain the supremacy of the British flag, and give emphasis to the almost forgotten line "Britannia rules the waves," the Cove of Cork will supply, at least its quota.

Previous to the war between England and her American colonies, Cove consisted of little more than the mud cabins of a few fishermen. Dr. Smith, whose county history was published in 1750, describes it as "a village built under a steep hill, inhabited by seamen and revenue officers." And in 1752 John Wesley records that "there was nothing to be bought there—neither flesh, nor fish, nor butter, nor cheese," and adds that he was obliged to be "well contented" with some eggs and bread." The present population of Cove exceeds 7,000, and its character is that of a thriving and improving town.

During the early part of the last cen-

tury, numerous are the anecdotes related of the daring exploits of hostile privateers and pirates, performed actually within Cork Harbour, and in full view of the town of Cove—if town it could then be called—and its population. In one instance the Custom-house officers were made prisoners and carried off "to larn them to spake French," as was jocularly remarked. In another, after the enemy had taken on board supplies of water and fresh provisions, they cut out such merchant-vessels as they considered to be worth the trouble of carrying off. Soon after this occurrence, insulting notices were posted in the city of Cork boasting of the achievement, and inviting the citizens generally, some of them by name, to an entertainment on a particular day, which was appointed, as an acknowledgment of the ready sale their goods had met with; and, strange as it may seem, the entertainment took place. These and similar outrages, conceived in the most wanton spirit, and executed in the most reckless manner, were, almost without exception, the acts of Irishmen intimately acquainted with the localities, who had entered into foreign services. Some of such enterprises were executed under letters of marque (of which we have seen one) from the Pretender; and many very romantic stories are told of the semi-warlike, semi-friendly intercourse carried on between the residents upon the southern coast of Ireland and "the wild geese," as the Irish metaphorically termed their expatriated relatives and friends.

So late as 1780, Cove had scarcely advanced beyond the dignity of a fishing hamlet. Soon afterwards, however, the value of Cork Having been appreciated, its Cove gradually rose into importance; houses were built, fortifications for defence constructed, government stores established, and it became the naval station of an Admiral's flag. Bustle, activity, and a thriving trade followed. It was no unusual sight to behold from "Spy-hill," as the highest point of Cove was called, three hundred sail of merchant vessels assembled, waiting for convoy; nor was it a rare occurrence to hear the booming of distant cannon from some daring privateer that like a shark had watched the harbour's mouth, until it was brought an honourable prize into port. Cove was then all gaiety: the steady officers, the light-hearted and thoughtless "middies," and the "jolly Jack tars," paraded up and down at all hours. The pennant floated in the breeze, redolent with dust, pitch, whiskey, and music; the fiddle and bagpipes resounded in a district named, for what reason we know not, "the holy ground," unless that it was sacred to every species of marine frolic and dissipation—a spot, by the way, from just above which Mr. Creswick's view is taken. Many are the odd stories told in illustration of the proverbial recklessness of the sailor; and if the traditions of "the holy ground" could be collected, rich, indeed, would be the exhibition of mingled nautical humour and Irish wit. With "dove-like Peace," the glory of Cove departed. Notwithstanding the arguments and remonstrances of its inhabitants, Cove was reduced from an Admiral's command to a mere naval station for the supply of water and provisions. Nowadays, the appearance of a ship of war is an event of rare occurrence, and the arrival of a cruising squadron an era of so much importance as to be celebrated in song.* But the natural beauty of the situation of Cove, the salubrity of its sea-breezes, its vicinity to Cork (the distance being about ten miles), and the facility of the communication by means of steam-boats, have averted the anticipated ruin of the place; and now instead of the gallant seaman or giddy seaboy full of health and animal spirits, we too often encounter the poor maiden upon whose cheek a hectic flush speaks of an early tomb; or some youth, whose feeble step and emaciated person are evidences too strong to be doubted that consumption will triumph, and that his removal to a genial climate had been too long deferred. The mild air and warm southern aspect of Cove, added to the advantages of sea-bathing, strongly recommend it to invalids, by whom, from all parts of Ireland, it is now visited.*

*"Your welcome—you're welcome,
Vice-Admiral Malcolm,
To anchor your squadron at Cove;
And, moreover, the stronger
Your force, and the longer
Your stay—the more welcome, by Jove," etc.

THE HOSPITAL CHILD.

When gentle sunset floods the sky,
And just before the gloam,
They take me to the window high,
To see the hills of home.

I look beyond the city street,
Above the grimy roofs,
Far from the pavement's noise and heat,
Far from the clanging hoofs.

And eagerly my eyes discern
The hills remote and green,
And then I stretch my arms, and yearn
O'er vales that intervene.

One hill more green and high than all,
I love to look upon.
There stands a house, and voices call
A weary little one.

There by the lamp my mother sits,
My father reads his book,
My little sister plays or knits,
My dog is in his nook.

Amid the oaks, with pleaant eaves
The house stands, white, secure.
Its form is hidden by the leaves,
Yet it is there, I'm sure!

Some day this door shall open wide,
And forth my feet shall go
To find the house the branches hide,
That all my heart shall know;

To find the dwelling marvellous
My dreams have made so fair—
For though I cannot see the house,
I know the house is there!

*Mr J Windele, the author of an interesting and valuable work, "Notices of Cork and its Vicinity," supplies the following table, kept for ten months of the year 1833-4, with a view to exhibit the slight range of variation of temperature that had taken place at Cove; and argues, upon safe grounds and upon good authority, that those who seek to renovate health in continental climes may perceive how attainable it is nearer home, where extremes of heat and cold are alike unknown:—

Mean highest—April, 53; May, 63; June, 63; July, 70; November, 57; December, 52; January, 49; February, 50 degrees.

Mean lowest—April, 47; May, 50; June, 50; July 56; November, 47; December, 46; January, 43; February, 43 degrees

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.

BANDON, or BANDONBRIDGE, a borough, market, and post-town, partly in the parish of Kilbrogan, barony of Kinalmeaky, but chiefly in that of Ballymodan, partly in the barony of Kinalmeaky, and partly in the east division of the barony of East Carbery, county of Cork, and province of Munster, 15½ miles (S.W.) from Cork, and 141½ (S.W. by S.) from Dublin; containing 9,917 inhabitants. This place derives its name from the erection of a bridge over the river Bandon, and owes its origin to the English planters on the great Desmond forfeitures in the reign of Elizabeth. It is first noticed in 1609, when Jas. I. granted to Henry Becher, Esq., the privilege of a Saturday's market and two fairs at the town lately built on the south side of the river Bandon, near the bridge; and in the grant made to Becher, in 1612, of a moiety of the territory of Kinalmeaky, which was erected into the manor of "Castle Mahowne," power was given to him and his heirs to appoint a clerk of the market in the newly-erected town called Bandon-Bridge, or in any other town within the said territory, with the privilege of licensing all tradesmen and artisans settling therein. These grants were shortly afterwards purchased by the first Earl of Cork, whose exertions in promoting its growth and prosperity entitle him to be regarded as the founder of the town, which he peopled with a colony of Protestants from Bristol, and which in a few years, from a mere waste of bog and wood, became a spacious, handsome, and well fortified place, continuing to flourish and to increase in extent and importance. At the commencement of the civil war in 1641, the town was placed under the government of Lord Kinalmeaky, son of the Earl of Cork, who took possession of it January, 1642, and mustering all the inhabitants put it into an excellent state of defence. As it was the only walled town in this part of the country, it became an asylum for the English of the surrounding district, and by its own resources maintained four companies of foot, raised a corps of volunteers, and made every preparation both for offensive and defensive warfare. On the 18th of February a party of Irish under McCarty Reagh approached, when Lord Kinalmeaky sallying out with 200 foot and 60 horse, a severe conflict ensued, in which, without the loss of a single townsman, more than 100 of the assailants were killed. The inhabitants soon afterwards, in conjunction with a troop from Kinsale, defeated another party that had lain in ambush to surprise them, and in a short time took several forts in the adjacent territory which had been held by the Irish; they also killed fifty who had made an attempt to carry off their cattle; but on Cromwell's approach in 1649, they declared for parliament. In 1688, hearing that the Earl of Clancarty was advancing

with six companies of foot of the army of Jas. II., to reinforce the two companies of foot and the troop of horse already stationed here, the inhabitants disarmed the garrison, killed several of he soldiers, took possession of their arms and horses, and shut the gates against the Earl. At length, however, they were obliged to yield for want of provisions, but refused to give up any of their leaders, and consented to pay £1,000 as the price of their pardon; on their submission, the walls were razed to the ground, and have never been rebuilt. The manufacture of camlets, stuffs and other woollen goods prevailed here to a great extent at the close of the last and beginning of the present centuries, and was succeeded by the spinning and weaving of cotton, which continued to flourish till 1825; spinning mills were erected on a large scale, and more than 1,000 persons were employed in weaving, but both branches have fallen off, insomuch that the mills are in ruins, and not more than 100 weavers are employed. The inhabitants were incorporated by charter of the 11th of Jas. I. (1614), and by letters patent of the 19th of Chas. II. (1667) received a grant of lands in the baronies of Ibane and Barryroe. Jas. II., in the 4th of his reign, granted a new charter founded on the seizure of the franchises, which soon became inoperative. The corporation is styled "The Provost, Free Burgesses, and Commonalty of the Borough of Bandon-Bridge." The borough sent two members to the Irish parliament prior to the Union. The corporation formerly possessed lands under the patent of Chas II., amounting to about 1,340 statute acres, which having mortgaged at different periods, they finally disposed of with a view to pay certain debts in 1809, since which period they have had no income or property of any kind.

The parish churches of Ballymodan and Kilbrogan are both in the town: the former is not distinguished by any architectural details of importance; it contains a handsome monument to Francis Bernard, Esq., one of the justices of the court of common pleas, and an ancestor of the Earl of Bandon. The church of Kilbrogan, commonly called Christchurch, was begun in 1610 by Henry Becher, Esq., and finished by the first Earl of Cork in 1625, as appears by a date on a stone in the south wall: it is a cruciform structure, and occupies the site of a Danish encampment; in the churchyard are the graves of three of Clancarty's soldiers, who were slain in the attempt to take the town for Jas. II. Sir Richard Cox, an eminent statesman and historian, born in 1650; Dr. Nicholas Brady, who assisted Tate in composing a new version of the Psalms, born in 1659; and Sir William Jumper, a distinguished naval officer, were natives of this place. The town gives the titles of Earl, Viscount, and Baron to the family of Bernard, Earls of Bandon; and the inferior title of Baron of Bandon-Bridge to the family of Boyle, Earls of Cork and Orrery.

(To be Continued.)

SIR WALTER SCOTT IN IRELAND.

THE "WIZARD OF THE NORTH'S" VISIT IN 1825.

From the DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL, 1832.

The general life of Sir Walter Scott does not properly come within the objects of our Journal, and besides must be already familiar to most of our readers; but there is one portion of it which belongs peculiarly to our country, and which has been but little noticed hitherto—his first and only visit to Ireland, in the summer of 1825.

That he had long viewed Ireland with feelings of considerable interest, there can be little doubt; deeply engaged in antiquarian research, his attention could hardly have failed to be arrested by her well known claim to the highest antiquity, and still further, by the connection of her ancient history with that of Scotland. He had, besides, many old and valued friends here, who had long and urgently solicited him to visit them; and at length his son (the present Sir Walter Scott), to whom he was much attached, being quartered in Dublin with his regiment, the 15th Hussars, affording an additional inducement, on the 14th July, 1825, Scott arrived accompanied by Mr. Lockhart, his son-in-law, and his daughter, Miss Scott.

Our national poet, Moore, was expected in Dublin about this time, but he did not arrive during Scott's stay. Mr. Hallam, the talented historian of the "Middle Ages," was in Ireland, but was just at that time engaged in a tour through some of the Northern counties. Sir Humphrey Davy, and the learned Dr. Adam Clarke, were indeed here, but the former appears to have been engaged with the promotion of his brother's election to the office of Professor of Chemistry to the Dublin Society, about which he had come from England, and the latter, with the performance of his clerical functions among the Society of Methodists, to which he belonged, and accordingly neither of them appear to have met Scott in society during the short period of his sojourn in this country.

For nearly a fortnight after his arrival, Scott was occupied in viewing the public buildings and institutions of Dublin. Among the rest, St. Patrick's Cathedral, so closely connected with his editorial labours and recollections of Swift, attracted his earliest attention; he lingered long before the monumental tablet to Swift's memory, and with much feeling translated to the ladies who accompanied him the nervous Latin epitaph inscribed on it, which records Swift's own words, his hatred of oppression, and exertions in the cause of liberty. The humble memorial of Mrs. Hester Johnson (the unfortunate Stella), did not escape his notice; nor a small slab which Swift placed near the southern entrance, anciently called St. Paul's gate., in memory of the "discretion, fidelity, and diligence" of his faithful servant, Alexander M'Gee. At the Deanery House he was shown the fine full length original portrait of Swift, which is preserved there, having been painted by Bindon, in the year 1738, at the expense of the Chapter, whose property it is.

In passing from the Deanery to the adjacent library, founded by Dr. Marsh, Scott was shown the ancient residence of the Archbishops of Dublin, which, however, was not deemed worth a visit, as the exterior of the building alone retains any interest, it having been some time previously converted into a barrack for the horse police of the city. In Marsh's library he was much interested and amused by some marginal autograph notes, written chiefly in pencil, in Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, by Swift, in his most caustic and abusive style, containing the fiercest invectives against the Scottish nation. His notice was also called by the librarian to a desk of rather rude workmanship, which had been long used there by his deceased friend, Maturin, who, being in the habit of reading in this library for several hours every day, had, with his own hands, constructed this little desk for his convenience. On this, it is said, the greater part of his novel, "The Albigenses," as well as some others of his works had been written. Of Maturin's genius, Scott had long entertained the very highest opinion; they had corresponded for a long time, and he had invited Maturin to Abbotsford, but it does not appear that they had ever met. To his widow, Scott hastened to pay an early visit of condolence, and endeavoured to mitigate her sorrows by an act of munificent generosity. He had previously offered, in the most friendly manner, to edit Maturin's novels, or selections from them, with an introduction by himself, on his return home from Ireland; but before he could carry his intentions into effect, the disastrous consequences of his connection with the house of Constable and Co., which met him almost on his arrival in Scotland, compelled him to relinquish his design, and he wrote back to Mrs. Maturin in the kindest terms, assuring her that nothing but the imperative necessity of devoting his exclusive attention and energies to his own pressing affairs, should have made him give up the task he had undertaken.

While Scott was in Dublin, he hoped to have been able to make some valuable additions to his library, of rare books and tracts relating to Irish history, which he supposed he would more probably have met with here than elsewhere; and he was accordingly indefatigable in his search at shops and standings where second-hand books are sold. More than once he sallied out by himself, at an early hour after breakfast, on his quest. Upon one occasion he was observed to remain at a bookstanding upon the quay, leading to the Custom House, for a considerable while, nearly a quarter of an hour, and during that time he never took down a single book from its place, or even removed his hands from behind his back, contenting himself with patiently and carefully going over the titles of the books inscribed on their backs. He expressed much disappointment at being unsuccessful in his search; and in despair at his ill-fortune, he went the day before he quitted Ireland to the shop of Mr. Milliken, the bookseller, in Grafton street, and there expended upwards of £60 in the purchase of books relating solely to the history and antiquities of this country.

For some time before his visit to Ireland, a very general notion prevailed that he was the author of the celebrated Waverley Novels, and this idea certainly was far from diminishing the popularity he had acquired by his previously acknowledged works. This was most strikingly manifested in Dublin, not only at the theatre, where he was compelled by the reiterated calls of a crowded audience, to come forward and return thanks for his flattering welcome, but also through the streets, where his carriage was followed by crowds in every direction, who pursued it, anxious to catch a glimpse of him from whose writings they had derived so much gratification. It is said he was much pleased, as indeed was most natural, by these unequivocal demonstrations of public estimation and favour.

Various tokens of respect and esteem now poured in from every quarter on the distinguished stranger; of many invitations he accepted, but they were invariably from private individuals; those from public bodies were politely but firmly declined. The freedom of the Guild of Merchants was conferred upon him soon after his arrival, a deputation from the Guild having waited upon him at his house in Stephen's green for the purpose; and soon

after he was presented by the University with the degree of Doctor of Laws. He had also, some time before, been elected an honorary member of the Royal Irish Academy, and on the occasion of his visiting Cork, on his return from his tour in the South of Ireland, he was granted the freedom of that city at the same time with Major-General Sir George Bingham, Admiral Plampin, and Mr. Serjeant Lefroy. He paid a visit of some days at Old Connaught, the hospitable residence of the Lord Chancellor, then Mr. Plunket; shortly afterwards he dined with the Lord Lieutenant (Lord Wellesley), at Malahide Castle, where he resided for his health during the summer.

The first excursion Scott made to the country was to the county of Wicklow, several of the most picturesque spots of which he rapidly visited. No beauty of sylvan scenery, however, seems to have arrested his attention, or excited his interest in the same degree as the ecclesiastical ruins at Glendalough, Holycross, and the Rock of Cashel. At "that inestimably singular scene of Irish antiquities," as he afterwards termed it in an article in the Quarterly, the "Seven Churches at Glendalough," he remained an entire day, with great apparent pleasure, and examined these moulder-ing monuments of the ancient monastic splendour of Ireland, with an excited enthusiasm, which appeared extraordinary to the companions of his tour, to whom he frequently observed that he had never before seen ecclesiastical remains of equal antiquity or interest. He also, with all the ardour of a youthful mind, despite his lameness, boldly ascended the cliff and entered that extraordinary hermit's cell, called St. Kevin's Bed; and after the fashion of its visitors, inscribed his name upon the rock as a memorial of his daring.

Stopping at the inn, at Roundwood, he sent for the well-known Judy, and entered into some conversation with her; the circumstances of which interview she since details with great delight to many an attentive auditory; and before dismissing her, he gave her a more substantial cause to remember his visit than mere words.

The wild and rocky scenery of some parts of the Wicklow mountains proximate to Dublin, reminded him of some of the scenes of his native Scotland. From the Phœnix Park, where he was present at a review of part of the garrison, he had already noted these mountains, forming, as he said, "a beautiful screen" along the southern boundary of the county.

There is a spot about four miles distant from Dublin, on the mountain road to Glencree, from which a singularly interesting view of our city is obtained, to this Scott's attention was directed by a friend who was with him. The place we allude to is one of almost desert wildness; nothing but heath and rock surround the spectator; while before him is extended, in all the pride of cultivation, and dotted all over with villas and beautifully wooded demesnes, the fertile plain in which Dublin is situated. Spread along the entire horizon lies the city, its spires and lofty buildings rising from among its less distinguished structures, till on the right, Howth, and the magnificent Bay of Dublin, terminate the prospect. Struck with the sudden transition from the lonely and desert heath to the cultivated and busy plain, he expressed, energetically, his surprise at the contrast, one so remarkable as which, he said, he had never before taken in at a glance.

It happened that rather a singular circumstance took place before he had well quitted the spot. He was at the time on his way with one of the most intimate and valued of his friends, about to make a short visit to a beautiful little rustic villa he had built in the very wildest part of these rugged and desert hills, on the verge of the singularly picturesque mountain lake of Lough Bray; and the carriage was stopped while they alighted to admire the remarkable features of the landscape to which we have just alluded. As they were about to resume their journey, they perceived a vast number of the peasantry appearing suddenly on the surrounding hills, nearer to them, women and children rushing out of the houses, and an unusual commotion evidently taking place. A small detachment of police were on the road, evidently remonstrating with some of the people, and presently a troop of Dragoons galloped up. As they approached the place where the police stood, they perceived them endeavouring to persuade the people to separate and return to their houses peaceably. One fellow, however, resisted more strenuously than the rest, perhaps under the influence of valour-inspiring whiskey, and opposed himself to the police with all the characteristic hardihood of his countrymen; he threw open his coat, exposed his bared breast to their bayonets, which, however, they were far from attempting to use, and, with the most frantic gesticulations, he called out—"Kill me now, do!—arrah, why don't ye kill me?—just do, now; kill me if you dare!" One of the police calmly thrust him back with his hands, and his wife and some other females clinging about him, gradually took him away. The whole terminated quite peaceably in a short time. The people, overawed, retreated to their homes, and the military and police soon drew off. A short explanation sufficed to clear up the matter. There had been a turn-out of the workmen of an extensive paper factory in the neighbourhood, established there by a Mr. Pickering, which gave employment to numbers of the peasantry of the surrounding country, and, in consequence of some difference with their employer, they had threatened the demolition of his factory, which they possibly would have effected but for the timely interference of a protecting force. While this explanation was being obtained, Scott gravely turned round to his host, and with infinite humour thanked him most warmly for all his hospitality and solicitude for his entertainment since his arrival in Ireland, and added, that above all he felt indebted to him for his kindness in having so obligingly got up a little rebellion for his especial amusement.

The situation of Lough Bray is very remarkable; embosomed in the mountains, which almost on every side overhang it precipitously, its vicinity is quite imperceptible to the stranger, till a sudden turn in the road abruptly presents it in all its wildness and solitary beauty. "Ah!" said Scott, the moment he caught the first view of it, "this is surely the lake of the Arabian tale, where the enchanted fish were, of the situation of which it appeared so incredible to the Sultan and his Vizier that they should be ignorant, it being but a short distance from their capital."

The amazing retentiveness and fidelity of Scott's memory has been often noticed; one instance in which it was very remarkably exhibited about this time has come within our knowledge. It was occasioned by his happening to ask the friend of whom we have been speaking, had he ever heard of a namesake of his, a young Irish officer of great wit and talent, who had been much spoken of in Scotland, where he had been many years quartered with his regiment, and had left behind him some poetical fragments, evincing taste and spirit. Scott's friend quickly recognised him as a younger brother of his father's, and in a passing way repeated the following little effusion of his, which he just then happened to recollect.

ON MISS WHITING.

Since Whiting is no fasting dish,
Let priests say what they dare,
I'd rather have my pretty fish
Than all their Christmas fare!

So gay, so innocent, so free
From all that tends to strife,
Thrice happy man, whose lot shall be
To glide with her through life.

But Venus, goddess of the flood,
Does all my prayers deny,
And surly Mars cries "D——your blood,
You've other fish to fry!"

Nothing further was said at the time, but several days afterwards, meeting at the house of a mutual acquaintance, Scott being, after dinner, in the drawing-room, he took his friend's arm, and walking up and down the room, recurred to these verses, and said he nearly remembered all, but wished to be quite certain that he had them correctly. He then rapidly ran them over, but at the line

"So gay, so innocent, so free,"

he paused, uncertain as to the word "gay," for which he substituted "bright," and this slight difference being corrected, he repeated the whole without the slightest mistake of even a syllable.

The museum of Dr. Tuke, a physician of some eminence in Dublin, which Scott visited about this time, afforded him more gratification than even that of the Royal Dublin Society. At the latter he had vainly looked for a national collection illustrative of Irish antiquities and history, and expressed much disappointment at finding the Museum rather poor in such remains; instead of which he was shown a fine arrangement of minerals, which, as he observed, he was already familiar with in other places; and it is not a little remarkable that the Russian Archduke Michael on visiting this museum expressed a similar disappointment, and stated that he was himself possessed of a much finer and more extensive collection of the antiquities of Ireland. At Dr. Tuke's house, on the contrary, Scott's anxiety to see some specimens of the weapons, ornaments, etc., of the ancient Irish, was abundantly gratified. He remained there some hours, evidently much pleased, and on his return to Scotland he sent Dr. Tuke a present of two antique brazen vessels which had been found there, but yet bore considerable resemblance to some of this country, which he had seen in Dr. Tuke's collection.

The following morning (Friday, the 29th) he left Dublin at an early hour for Edgeworthstown, to pay a long promised visit to our celebrated and talented countrywoman, Miss Edgeworth, who, after he had remained a few days, set out with him on his tour to the Lakes of Killarney. The first object of his attention on his arrival there, was the venerable ruin of Muckross Abbey, which he visited in the afternoon of the day he reached Killarney. The following morning he was early on the water with his party, though the weather was by no means favourable, there being a stiff north-westerly breeze during the greater part of the day, which came in strong gusts down through the mountains surrounding the upper lake, for which they had embarked. They amused themselves for some time waking the slumbering echoes of the rocky cliffs of the Eagle's Nest by the music of the bugle, or the less harmonious, though grander sounds produced by the discharge of small pieces of ordnance, the reiterated reverberations of which exactly resemble a long succession of thunder claps. There were several parties on the Lakes, all anxious to catch a glimpse of "the great unknown." After threading the narrow and highly picturesque channel that divides the Upper from Tore Lake, the party landed at Dinis, one of the most beautifully wooded among the innumerable islets of these Lakes, and here they dined. They cannot, however, be presumed to have been guided in their selection of a place for that repast by the similarity of its name to that of the little island, inasmuch as it is very generally fixed on by parties visiting the Lakes for the same purpose. The following day was occupied by the Lower Lake, O'Sullivan's Cascade, etc., and thus in less than three days Scott despatched his survey of Killarney, which, indeed, seemed to fall short of the expectations he had formed, and at all events failed to draw forth those expressions of enthusiastic pleasure excited by the antiquities of Glendalough and Cashel.

From Killarney he returned to Dublin, visiting in his route Cork, where, as we have mentioned, the freedom of that city was con-

ferred on him; from thence, proceeding by way of Holycross, Cashel, and Johnstown, to Kilkenny. At Cashel, it is said, his purpose had been simply to have changed horses, and during the time occupied by this, to have paid a hurried visit to the celebrated monastic ruins there. But no sooner had he caught a glimpse of this majestic and venerable pile standing in so striking a position on the summit of a lofty and precipitous rock, than he proceed that day, and a messenger was at once despatched to countermand the horses, and to order dinner; and when asked at what hour he wished it to be on the table, Scott instantly replied, not till after dusk should have rendered it useless to linger longer among the ruins. At Kilkenny Scott made a somewhat longer stay, for the purpose of seeing at leisure the fine old castle, so long the residence of the Ormond family. The following day he was taken to the Convent, the Black Abbey and Cathedral, and afterwards to the celebrated Cave of Dunmore, three miles from the town.

On Sunday, the 14th of August, being the anniversary of his birth, Scott entertained a large party of his friends at dinner at his son's house in Stephen's Green. This was in some degree saddened by the recollection that it was a take-leave party. On the Wednesday following he sailed from Howth, in the Harlequin packet, with the late Captain Skinner, whose melancholy fate his friends, in common with every one by whom he was known, and consequently valued and esteemed, have so lately had to deplore.

It seems that it was a weakness of Scott (a pardonable one, no doubt) to be a little vain of the coincidence of his birthday with that of Napoleon; they were born on the same day, the 14th of August, 1771. A similar feeling was excited by the fact of the initials of Shakespeare's name being those of his own. A friend who was staying at Abbotsford happened accidentally to be struck by this coincidence on seeing a bust of Shakespeare in the library, the pedestal of which simply bore the letters W.S.; and on mentioning to Miss Scott what had occurred to him, she replied that the coincidence had been some time before noticed to her father, and that he appeared not a little pleased at the circumstance. Byron, it is said, in like manner, took pleasure in remarking that the initials of his name, Noel Byron, were the same as those of Napoleon Bonaparte.

There is certainly a great deal about the writings of Scott, and especially his inimitable novels, which cannot fail to remind every one of his great predecessor, and probably, in no slight degree, master in fiction, the mighty and still unrivalled Shakespeare. Whether on the one hand we look at his vast and intimate knowledge of human nature, and of all the various springs of human action, or on the other, his astonishing facility of composition, together with the brilliancy and forcible truth of his delineations of personal character, of the scenery of nature, and the surprising individuality of the actors of his histories, which place so livingly before our mental vision the very bodily shapes of the men he portrays, all combine powerfully to bring to our recollection triumphs similar to those of the great dramatist. In this respect, the eulogium of an Italian poet, Anton Franceso Doni, who died in 1574, on the "Novelle Stupende" of Ariosto, are strictly applicable to the great novelist.

We must, however, admit, with a writer who long since noticed the striking points of resemblance between those two great masters of the imagination, that Scott is not for a moment to be put in competition with Shakespeare, as respects the richness and sweetness of his fancy, or that living vein of pure and lofty poetry which flows with such abundance through every part of his composition. On that level no other writer has ever stood, or perhaps ever will stand. Notwithstanding, in Scott's works there is, beyond all question, fancy as well as poetry enough, if not fully to justify the comparison between a writer of our own day with the immortal Shakespeare, at least to save such comparison, for the first time for two centuries from being altogether ridiculous.

On leaving Ireland, Scott proceeded to Cumberland, to join a large and distinguished party of visitors at Storrs, the elegant and picturesque residence of Mr. Bolton on the banks of Lake Windermere, among whom not the least eminent was Canning, and after remaining there for but a few days, he returned to Abbotsford.

O'DONOVAN'S IRISH FAMILY NAMES.

WHAT IS THE CORRECT INTERPRETATION OF "DIARMAID"?

By Rev. J. F. Lynch.

The explanation of Diarmaid as "freedman" in O'Donovan's article on Irish Family Names (D. P. J., p. 355) has been rejected by Celtic scholars of our day. Professor Rhys ("Hibbert Lectures," p. 529, note 2) says "that hitherto no successful attempt has been made to explain his (Diarmait's) name as Celtic." The explanation of the name Conchobar also given by O'Donovan, has been rejected, and O'Donovan's explanation of Cormac is not correct. Cormac, or Corbmac, is the Oghamic Corpimaquas, and the corb, or corp, of this name occurs in such names as Cu Corb, Mogh, Corb, Fer Corb, and O'Curry (Lectures, p. 482), explains corb as body, and says that "Corbmac Mac Cuilennain gives a different meaning to Corb, that of 'corrupt,' or 'chariot,' but neither of these could be well compounded with Cu." It appears to me that O'Curry's explanation must also be rejected (compare "Calendar of Oengus," p. Lxxxv), but it is with the name Diarmaid I wish to deal in this note. It is now well known that Diarmaid is the Irish Adonis, and Professor Rhys ("Hibbert Lectures," p. 511) says—"So the noble Diarmait, beloved of all, and the grisly boar were the offspring of one mother they represent light and darkness." In Trans. Os. Soc., vol. v., p. 64, William Hackett says—"Thamuz was another name for Adonis, whose history is the same as that of Diarmaid." Thamuz is the Chaldœan Dumu-zi, and Maspero ("Dawn of Civilisation") says that Dumu was the earth of spring and that zi means life. Diarmaid was, however, in Ireland an early personification of light, and it appears to me that the name is an extension of Diar, or Der, just as Cermaid, son of the Dagda, comes from Cer, or Ciar, for, as I have noted in a previous article, we must, in order to explain the old Irish sacred names, compare name with name, and the old names of Ireland must be compared with the old names of other lands. Professor Rhys ("Hibbert Lectures," p.p. 40, 41), says:—"It may be hazardous, perhaps, to construe in the same sense the words from the Rig-Veda about Dyu or Dyaushpitar as a god of mighty works. I refer to a hymn to his son Indra, who mostly superseded him, and the passage is thus rendered by Prof. Max Muller: 'Dyu, thy parent, was reputed strong, the maker of Indra was mighty in his works; he (who) begat the heavenly Indra, armed with the thunderbolt, who is immovable, as the earth, from his seat.' But there can be no such doubt with regard to the Teutonic Tiu, whose name, Anglo-Saxon Tiu, gen. Tiues; old H. German Ziu, gen. Ziuves; old Norse Tyr, gen. Tys, is etymologically identical with Zeus and Dyu, while all the little that is known of him makes him the war-god of the Teutons, before he was surpassed and superseded by Woden: witness the name of the day which Frenchmen and Welshmen call the day of Mars—English Tuesday, Ger. Dienstag, formerly Ziestag; old Norse Tysdagr and Tyrsdagr." We thus see that Tuesday means day of the Anglo-Saxon Tiw, the old H. German Zio, Old Norse Tyr, Sanskrit Dyu, Div, or Dyaus, Greek Zeus, and Latin Jupiter (Gen. Jovis). The Irish Diar, or Dir, to which I have reduced Diarmaid, is identical with the Old Norse Tyr, but in Tyr the letter r is a suffix for Old Norse Tyr is identical with the Sanskrit Dyu, Diu, or Div, and the well-known Irish name Duach is the genitive of Diu, Dui, Dai, Du, or Di, which is the oldest form, and so it appears that Da, Du, or Di, is a very old word for light, and the base of the two names Duach and Diarmaid. Professor Rhys ("Hibbert Lectures," p. 505) mentions that Diarmaid was son of Corc, and grandson of Duben, the mother of Corc, and wife of Cairbre Musc, and he says that in the story of "The Pursuit" Diarmaid's father is called Donn, but that in the Munster poem, quoted by the editor of "The Pursuit," the father of Diarmaid is called Corc, and the grandfather is Cairbre, and, accordingly, Professor Rhys thinks that Corc was named Corc Donn, but this is a mistake, for it is Diarmaid that is named Diarmaid Donn in the Fenian poems, and in the poem to which Professor Rhys refers we read—

> "Diarmaid was son to Corc,
> He suffered gloom and woe.
> Donn was son's son to Cairbre."

Corc being son of Cairbre, the son of Corc, that is, Diarmaid—that is, Donn—was son's son to Cairbre.

Duben, of which the genitive case is Duibhne, was a goddess of the race who named themselves Corca Dhuibhne, which became Corcaguinny, the name of a barony in Kerry. Corc was reared in Inis Boi, or Island of Boi, the nurse of Corc. This island was also called Tech Duinn, or "house of Donn," and it is now called Dursey Island (doirse, "doors"), from being, as it were, the entrance to Ireland. In the story of the "Pursuit," Diarmaid is constantly termed grandson of Duben, and he is also called son of Donn, grandson of Donnchadh. (See also "Hibbert Lectures," p. 505). In "Silva Gadelica" Diarmaid is termed grandson of Duben, son of Donnchadh. In "Silva Gadelica" Diarmaid is also called Diarmaid na mban, or "of the women." In Smith's "Smaller Classical Mythology," p. 121, we read—"How Hephaestus revenged himself for her (Aphrodite's) fondness for Ares has been already related, as also how her attachment for the beautiful Adonis procured the restoration of the youth to earth. In honour of the latter, a festival called Adonia was held in many parts of Greece, which lasted two days, and was celebrated by women only. On the first day statues of Adonis were laid out like corpses in the streets, and the women bewailed and lamented his death. This was done to typify his sojourn with Persephone in Hades; the second day was spent in merriment and feasting, to celebrate his return upon earth to Aphrodite. These customs were analogous to and, perhaps, derived from, the worship of Thammuz on the banks of the Adonis, in Syria, which is thus described by Milton:—

> "Thammuz came next behind,
> Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
> The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
> In amorous ditties all a summer's day;
> While smooth Adonis, from his native rock,
> Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
> Of Thammuz yearly wounded."

Announcement is made that the United States War Department has arranged with Ehrhardt, of Dusseldorf, to re-arm the United States field artillery with Ehrhardt's new piece. The gun which the United States has acquired the right to use is said to be an improvement on the models supplied to Great Britain, of lighter weight, and of longer range.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Robert Barr is to return to the editorship of the "Idler," of which he and Mr. J. K. Jerome were the founders and joint editors. The "Idler" has seen so many changes that it has been difficult to follow them, and its price has varied as well.

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M. Jules Verne was recently reported as thinking that the novel will disappear in fifty or a hundred years. The "North American Review" has been sounding some American novelists on the subject, and prints their opinions in the number for the present month. Mr. James Lane Allen traverses the reasons M. Jules Verne gave for arriving at his conclusion. One of these was that novels were declining in merit. While admitting that this is true of some countries, Mr. Lane Allen thinks it by no means follows that it will keep on declining everywhere till it is finally extinct. "The history of no art is a long dead level or a long dead gain. It consists of movements, of periods of renascence and decadence. If the novel were now declining in merit throughout the world, in such a fact would be the simple presumption that in the future it will be revived."

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Mr. W. D. Howells also takes up a position antagonistic to the distinguished Frenchman. "The year 1870, say, no more marked a decline in fiction or in the passion for it than any other year of our era, or any of these years of the world that run back to the beginning:—" The cave-dweller, sitting at his cavern door in the cool of the evening, and absently picking out the simple chords of stone-age music on the sinews stretched upon the thighbone of the brother he had eaten, listened with the same rapture to the tarradiddles of some gifted neighbour as the twentieth-century maiden feels in hanging over the page of the largest-selling book of the actual summer; and when time is getting ready to be no more, the Last Man shall say to the Next to the Last, 'Now that we are not likely to be interrupted, here is a little thing of mine in three volumes that I would like to read you before we die'; and the Next to the Last Man will gather himself into an attitude of comfortable attention, and cling to each fleeting breath, in the hope that the universal asphyxiation will spare him till he knows whether They get married."

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Hamlin Garland believes that the only really dangerous rival of the novel is the drama. The novel may change, but it will never disappear. Hamilton W. Mabie says: "So long as life is dramatic, and men have imagination, they will delight to tell and to hear stories, and the dreadful possibility of a world in which the 'Arabian Nights' and 'Vanity Fair' have been expelled by the newspapers may be dismissed." "It may be that the novel is about to expire in a blaze of popularity, but it is more probable that M. Jules Verne has been making another journey to the moon. It is a course of travel which literary prophets have taken before his day and will continue to take to the end of time."

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Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, on the other hand, believes that the novel is passing, and that in a hundred years from now there will be no such form of literature, or at least not as we know it. The literature of the future will be "induced by pills taken before retiring, and acting immediately thereafter." "The man who wants a poem of a certain kind will swallow what, for the lack of a better term, we may call 'The Alfred Austin Pellet,' and live the resulting poem in his dreams. Then there will be 'Caine's Capsules for Creepy Creatures,' each guaranteed to contain ten grains of gloom, and absolutely free from humour, lightness, sunshine, or other deleterious substances, and which, taken three times a day, will enable every man to be his own "Manxman." "Some clever druggist, Mr. Bangs goes on to say, "will meet the literary necessities of the hour, and put up 'all literature that anybody can want in small doses, in every variety, and at a price which will bring it within the reach of all.' This will be a great boon, and will enable thousands of men who might otherwise have been novelists or poets to 'turn their back on letters and take up some really useful occupation.'"

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As fiction had a knowable beginning, it will never, Mr. Howells asserts, have a knowable end.

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The American "Book-Buyer" has a way of running authors by means of the camera. This month it gives us a photograph of "Richard Harding Davis (in London)," which shows the author of "Soldiers of Fortune" with every appearance of a commonplace citizen. This is followed by an article and a series of photographs illustrating Mr. Davis's work. These include the Beef Steak Club and "The Lion and the Unicorn," which latter is described as a "loan-shop in Cranbourne street." Then comes "The Devon of Mr. Eden Phillpots," with photographs of general scenery not in the least illuminating. But the "Book-Buyer" surpasses itself in "Literary Life in India." "His Highness, the Nizam of Hyderabad—song-writer," appears in the somewhat unlyrical costume of a hunter sitting on a dead tiger, and there gazes out upon us the benign countenance of "Syed Ali Bilgrami," who "recently resigned high public office to devote his life to literary work at Oxford."

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Apropos of the new "library" biographical edition of Dickens, which Messrs. Chapman and Hall have in preparation, the publishers have, says the "Daily Chronicle," been looking into the sale of his books. They find that the annual sales for many years past have averaged a quarter of a million copies. The first in point of popularity is "Pickwick"; then, with but slight difference in numbers, comes "David Copperfield." The increase in the sale of the "Tale of Two Cities" Messrs. Chapman and Hall attribute to the production of "The Only Way." The publishers state the interesting fact that when that play is being performed in the provinces they can trace the course of the tour by the orders received. When it is remembered that many of the novels are out of copyright, and have been issued in various forms by other publishers, it will be seen how enormous the sale of Dickens continues to be.

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The production by Dr. Elgar, at the Worcester Festival, of Newman's "Dream of Gerontius" may serve as an occasion to recall two letters relating to the poem. Cardinal Newman acknowledging the gift from the sister of Frank Power of the copy of the little book which General Gordon had given to her brother, wrote: "I was deeply moved to find that a book of mine had been in General Gordon's hands, and that, the description of a soul preparing for death. I send it back to you with my heartfelt thanks." A facsimile of General Gordon's scored copy sent in 1888 to Mr. Gladstone by Mr. L. Dillon, of the Manchester Reference Library, brought the following reply: "I must thank you for the 'Dream of Gerontius.' I rejoice to see on it, twenty-fourth edition. It originally came into the world in graveclothes, swaddled, that is to say, in the folds of the anonymous; but it has now fairly burst them, and will, I hope, take and hold its place in the literature of the world."

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There is every indication that the autumn publishing season will be a full one. In the lists already received we note the following volumes:—"The Life of Dr. Martineau," by the Rev. James Drummond; "Poems," by A. C. Swinburne; "Just So Stories," by Rudyard Kipling; "Biographical Sketches," by James Bryce; "Side-walk Studies," by Austin Dobson; "Historical Essays and Reviews," by the late Bishop of London; "Historical Essays," by the late Bishop of Oxford; "The Story and Criticism of Italian Art," by Bernhard Berenson; "Rochester and other Literary Rakes," by the author of "The Life of Kenelm Digby"; "Some Eighteenth Century Men of Letters," by the Rev. Whitwell Elwin, some time editor of the "Quarterly Review"; "The Complete Works of Charles Lamb," edited by E. V. Lucas; "The Eldorado of the Ancients," by Karl Peters; "Contemporary France, 1870-1900," by J. Hanotaux; "Laughter and Humour," by James Sully; "London in the Eighteenth Century," by Sir Walter Besant; "James VI. and the Gowrie Mystery," by Andrew Lang; "The Romance Book," edited by Andrew Lang; "A Literary History of Persia," by E. G. Browne and Sir Thomas Adams; "Rural England," by H. Rider Haggard; "Tolstoi and Dostojevski," by the author of "The Forerunner"; "Of Aucassin and Nicolete," by Laurence Housman.

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Some striking examples of the effects sometimes achieved by untrained writers are to be found, says the "Academy," in the recent Blue Book concerning the late volcanic eruptions in St. Vincent and Martinique. The matter is so terrific that any attempt at literary embellishment would ring false; the statement of bare fact is all that is needed, and nothing in its way could be more suggestive than the narrative of Mr. Freeman, of the British steamer "Roddam," which escaped:—

"The captain approached, and saw the steamship 'Roraima' and the 'Grappler' in the bay, riding quietly at anchor, so he dropped his anchor close to the shore. At about 8.15 he was in the chart room; a good many of the sailors were leaning over the side of the vessel watching the distant mountain, which was emitting dense clouds of smoke and occasional flashes of light. Mr. Campbell was talking to Mr. Plissoneau on the deck. On a sudden, he (the captain) heard a tremendous noise, as though the entire land had parted asunder. Simultaneous with the noise there was a great rush of wind, which immediately agitated the sea, and tossed the ship to and fro; he rushed out of the chart-room, and, looking over the town and across the hills, he saw a sight he cannot describe. He remembers calling out to Mr. Campbell and saying 'look,' and then an avalanche of lava was upon them. It immediately caught the town afire as it passed over it, likewise the shipping. It struck his ship with the terrible force of a mighty hammer, and the lava rained upon the deck. Everyone, as far as he could see, sought shelter at once, but the heat was so great and the air so suffocating that Mr. Campbell and many of the crew—among whom was the chief mate—threw themselves, in despair, overboard. Some crawled from where they had hidden themselves on the deck to obtain a breath of air, and were roasted upon the fiery hot ashes. He did not lose his head; his first thought was to try and save his ship and such of his crew as were still alive. He rang the bell for full speed astern, and the heroes below turned on the steam. He had time to slip his anchor, and he was off. As his steering gear was rather difficult to manage, he once or twice nearly ran foul of the steamship 'Roraima,' which was on fire. He saw two still figures standing on the bridge with arms folded, heroically awaiting their end. One of them waved a good-bye to him."

There is no touch of artifice there, but every word tells. A similar instance of simplicity of effect occurs in Lieutenant Gibbon's letter describing his part in the Belgian ride. Speaking of his horse, he says: "He was given a little beer, after which he went on again, I walking, the horse being apparently much refreshed. About six hundred yards from the end he suddenly stopped, shook his head, and fell down dead." The last sentence is worth half-a-column of picturesque reporting.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

The radiations of radium have proved to be of rare value in medicine. It is found that a metallic screen interposed between the eye and a vial containing radium in no way prevents the healthy eye from seeing it. If the retina of a blind person be healthy, it will be affected by radium rays, even though the cornea be opaque to light rays. Consequently the radiations from radium can be used to discover whether or not the retina of a blind person is healthy.

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The New York Central Railroad has tested the experimental instalment of the Miller visible engine signal and direct-circuit on all its trains running through the Park Avenue tunnel. The test is said to have been very successful, the engine signals working perfectly and duplicating the block signals. There are two sets of signals in the cab of the engine, one in the front and the other in the rear, to be used when the engine moves back. When the track is clear a white light is displayed, but as soon as danger threatens the red light in the lower bulb glows red, no matter what the indications of a block-signal may be.

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The British Government has been requested to sanction the construction of an important railroad from Berbera, on the North Somali coast, to a spot adjoining Harrar, just inside the Abyssinian frontier, to provide rapid communication between the latter country and the sea. The distance is about 220 miles. The railroad is to be a lightly built one, and will cost £750,000 to construct, unless the promoters follow a route over the formidable Harrar escarpment. On this outlay the Government is asked to guarantee a return of 3 per cent.—a relatively small sum. The Emperor Menelik favours the construction of the line, which would tap the trade of a most wealthy district and afford an easy and direct route for the conveyance of British manufactures into Abyssinia, in which country there is a heavy demand for such goods.

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The President has consented to authorise the Pacific Commercial Cable Company to lay a cable across the Pacific to the Philippines, thus ending the fight which has been waged for fifteen years by rival firms. The Mackay-Bennett Company will probably soon begin work. The route to be followed extends from San Francisco to Guam and thence to Manila. The estimated time of laying the cable is fourteen months from the beginning of the work. Heretofore all messages have been sent to the Philippines over an English line from Hong Kong. The owners of this line have a franchise monopoly granted by the Chinese Government. Under the favoured nation clause of the treaty between the United States and China the American Government has the right to claim a similar franchise for an American cable company. It is expected that advantage will be taken of this treaty relation, for by getting a terminal in China the cable company will obtain 700 miles of new cable lines. The Pacific cable will then connect with the Atlantic cable lines in China so that messages can be sent to all parts of the world by American cables.

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How does a spider spin a thread from one bush to another at a height from the ground and then draw it so tight? Everyone who has ever walked through a country lane early in the morning has felt the strained threads upon the face, and often these threads are many yards long, but the way in which it is done remains a mystery. He does not fly across, drawing the thread after him, for he has no wings. Neither does he descend to the ground and then climb the opposite bush, for this would lead to immediate and hopeless entanglement of the gossamer filament. How then does he do it? M. Favier, a French scientist, has discovered that a thread, one yard long, will support by its own buoyancy in the air the weight of a young spider. It would thus be in the power of a juvenile to spin a thread of that length and trust to air currents to carry it across and attach it to an opposite bush so that he himself could then pass over and draw it tight. But many of these threads, to judge from their strength and consistency, are not the work of young spiders, and, as every observer knows, they are often many yards long and drawn so tightly that the face is instantly aware of their presence when breaking them. The work is nearly always done in the night time, so that observation is difficult.

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The commission for the Galileo Ferraris award, which was instituted in 1898, composed of representatives of the Executive Committee of the Association of the General Italian Exposition, in Turin, 1898, of the Chamber of Commerce and Arts, of the Royal Academy of Sciences and of the Royal Italian Industrial Museum of Turin, has decided to reopen an international competition for the conferring of this premium on the occasion of the inauguration of the monument to be erected in Turin to this illustrious scientist. The premium consists of 15,000 lire and interest from 1899 up to the date of the assignment, and will be conferred upon the author of any invention from which results a notable progress in the industrial applications of electricity. Competitors can present papers, projects and drawings, as well as machines, apparatus or constructions relating to their inventions. The jury nominated by the association above named will have the most ample powers to execute practical experiments with the inventions presented.

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A Swedish invention which ought to have a good future is a system of oiling piston rods, cylinders, slide rods, and slide guides on locomotives, which had been invented by T. F. Malmros, of Gothenburg, locomotive engineer on the State railroads. Formerly cylinders and slide guides have, at best, received necessary lubrication from the central steam-lubricating apparatus, but piston rods and slide rods with packings have been lubricated by means of old-fashioned oil cups, with wick feed, which method, for many reasons, has proved unsatisfactory—especially when metal packings are used. Mr. Malmros, by introducing intermixed oil and steam, coming from the central steam-lubricating apparatus, through gland bushings expressly constructed for this purpose, has effected a good and economical lubrication of packings and rods, as well as of the cylinders and slide guides. The system has for five years been tested on one of the express engines of the State railroads—used for the fastest train in Sweden, with a speed considerably exceeding 37 miles per hour—and with good results. The State railroads have applied the new lubricating system to a number of the old and new locomotives.

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The expedition despatched last summer to Gambia, on the West Coast of Africa, by the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine has discovered another malaria-spreading animal, the parasite trypanosoma. This parasite resembles a minute worm, and is very similar to the blood parasite which is the cause of the devastating disease prevalent among cattle, horses, etc., and in Africa, India, and other tropical countries known as the tsetse fly disease, nagana and surra. In the case of animals it has been proved that these diseases are communicated through the agency of certain biting insects, such as the tsetse fly. The expedition discovered the typanosoma parasite in the blood of a native child. Since the return of the expedition a special study of the question has been made at the laboratories of the Liverpool school, and a new expedition to the West Coast will investigate the conditions in which the disease occurs in both Europeans and natives and its distribution, and also to ascertain how it is conveyed from man to man; whether by biting insects or by other means.

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Owing to the severe competition with which the English railways are threatened in their suburban traffic around the big cities by electric street railroads and deep level electric tubes, one or two of the big railways are preparing plans for the electrification of their suburban tracks to meet the competition. The Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, which serves several busy cities, such as Liverpool and Manchester, have prepared elaborate plans for the conversion to electricity of many of their short tracks. The first experiment with this system is to be made upon a branch line running from Manchester to Liverpool through residential districts. The population is more dense in this area than in any other part of England except London. Between Liverpool and Southport there is already a fifteen minute service, and around Manchester some branches have trains nearly as often. With electric traction a four or five minute service or less would be inaugurated; and by having motors fitted to each car, the train could be made long or short according to the exigencies of the traffic at different hours of the day. When the Mono Railroad between Liverpool and Manchester is completed, by which the journey of 36½ miles is to be accomplished in 20 minutes, the electrification of this section of the main track of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railroad will probably be completed in order to meet the mono-rail competition. The journey with steam traction occupies at present forty to forty-five minutes. The North-Eastern Railway Company, another large concern serving the busy portions of North-east England, are going to convert to electricity at once a number of their branch tracks, commencing with the Newcastle to Tynemouth, the Gosforth to Ponteland, and the Quayside branches. The North-Eastern will be the first great English railway to adopt electric haulage, though the other trunk railroads are contemplating a similar conversion upon an elaborate scale.

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The Zoological Gardens in London has lately received a young animal known as the Panda. This animal, a small mammifer of the Procyonidae family, constitutes a unique species in the genus Aelurus (A. fulgus), and comes from the Himalayas, where it is found at altitudes varying from 6,000 to 11,000 feet. It is also found in the mountains to the north of the Assam as far as the Yuman region. Its ordinary name is "red cat-bear," the name being due to its appearance and its plantigrade walk, also to the reddish colour of the fur. The Aelurus genus exists in the fossil state, and one species, that of the A. Anglicus, is found in England in the pliocene layers. The Panda is not often seen in Europe. The first specimen which arrived in London was sent in 1869, but its two companions died en route. The survivor did not live longer than seven months. It was made the subject of careful observations by zoologists, especially by Sir William Flower and Mr. A. E. Bartlett. It is interesting to note that the Panda now in London often uses his forepaws like arms and hands. Mr. Hodgson, who observed the species in the East Indies, never saw the Panda act in this way and use his anterior members to seize objects. A second Panda was sent to London in 1876. The habits of the animal are nocturnal, and during the day he sleeps almost constantly. He seeks his nourishment in the evening or very early morning, living upon herbs, buds, roots, and will also eat eggs and insects. The character of the animal is rather mild; the large claws with which his fingers are provided are used not for attack or defence, but mainly to climb trees, in which he passes a good part of his time, except in the periods when he seeks his food, this being generally obtained on the ground.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

DUBLIN, THURSDAY, MAY 24.

His Majesty's birthday will be celebrated at the Castle of Dublin on Monday, the 4th of June, when there will be an ode and levee; and it is to be hoped that the nobility and gentry who shall appear there on that day will be dressed in the manufactures of Ireland.

The incomparable powers of Mrs. Crawford are to be called into action but once more this season. Our fashionable amateurs are accommodating themselves with seats, and we have no doubt that the last performance of this great actress will be before as resplendent an assemblage as have for many years graced our theatre.

The only precedent for re-hearing a decree in the Journals of the Lords of Ireland was the case of Mr. Vernon, of Clontarf, the 14th of June, 1705, as cited by Lord Mountmorres, with his usual accuracy and information—it is entitled the case of Vernon against Vernon, and is as follows:—A decree of the Court of Chancery was reversed June 14, 1705; next day a petition to rehear the case was offered; the reception was met by a previous question which passed in the negative; the prayer to be reheard was negatived by the equality of voices according to the rule of the House of Lords, but proxies were called for, and the rehearing of the cause was carried by them—however, much to the honour of the Lords, by a standing order in 1783, proxies are forbid on all judicial matters and private Bills.

Lord Pery's conduct in the case of Lord Muskerry and Magrath reflects the highest honour on his head and heart; it was difficult to determine whether the great lawyer or the sympathising feeling of humanity was more conspicuous in his statement of his case. In final decisions in cases of property it is much wished that as many peers would attend as possible, as "in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom," and the more numerous the judges, the less room there must be for exception to their determination.

The Law Courts now building on the site of the old Cloisters, which had been once the residence of James the Second when in this kingdom, is going forward with the most remarkable despatch and will be the most complete erection of the kind in any part of his Majesty's dominions. All the necessary departments and offices relative to the business of the law will be comprehended in that very large and stately pile of buildings, which must prove a circumstance of the utmost utility both for the despatch and regularity of all legal proceedings.

A gentleman who has of late made a tour through a great part of the country, both on business and amusement, declares that it afforded him infinite pleasure and satisfaction to view such a number of plantations of young trees, both ornamental and useful, as in a variety of places presented themselves to his view. The spirit of planting is everywhere diffusing itself through the kingdom, which will be necessarily attended with the most pleasing and salutary consequences.

The unfeigned joy and exultation demonstrated by all the inhabitants of those places that Prince William-Henry graciously vouchsafes to visit must be a circumstance highly flattering to the Royal youth. His whole demeanour and deportment evince, in the most striking and emphatical manner, that he is possessed of every manly virtue, and likewise adorned with all the graces of true politeness.

From the circumstance of there being no address to the Lord Lieutenant voted by either of the Houses of Parliament now at the conclusion of the Session, it is generally imagined that his Grace means to meet another Parliament in order to accomplish his full time. Indeed the Duke of Rutland seems to have conceived an affection for the people of Ireland, their hilarity and truly convivial disposition being congenial to his own.

The manufactures of this metropolis have felt a severe loss in the absence of her Grace the Duchess of Rutland; but it is hoped the nobility and gentry, by appearing on the next birth-day, dressed in the manufactures of Ireland, will give life to the shuttle, and employment to the industrious poor.

It was with great justice observed, in the Session before last, by Sir Lucius O'Brien, in the House of Commons, that while we lamented after the inferior trade of Portugal, the object of a Spanish trade was forgotten, though it was, in fact, the only one in Europe which commanded the respectability of our attention in commerce. In respect to manufacture, the Spaniards are the most backward of our neighbours in Europe; the immense empire they hold in America, their great possessions in the Philippine islands, their islands on the African coast, and the other diversified extent of dominion Spain holds on the scale of the world, demand a wonderful consumption of manufacture, particularly linens. How much, therefore, should a trade with Spain be the object of Irish attention?

Sackville street is entirely cleared of the parapet wall and stone columns which sustained the lamps, and the flags and paving of the whole raised upwards of a foot above the old level. The middle will consist of crown pavement, and when the magnificent colossal statue of Neptune, presented by his Grace the Lord Lieutenant, and its compartments, are added to the intended fountain, it will form one of the finest streets in Europe.

DUBLIN, FRIDAY, MAY 25.

Wednesday, about one o'clock, a daring footpad stopped Lord Charlemont in his own domain, and robbed him of two guineas and a half, and made off, though closely pursued. He had a case of brass-mounted pistols.

The report of the day is, that a young gentleman, well known in the fashionable world, and not a little remarkable for the singularity of his bets, lately tossed up with another gentleman, his house in Stephen's green against ten thousand pounds. It is said that he was so fortunate as to win, and that he instantly received four thousand pounds of the sum in cash, and the remainder in bills.

Every day convinces us of the utility of that national undertaking, the Grand Canal, by which not only the necessaries of life are become easy, but travelling is rendered both cheap and commodious, as to pleasure and charge. To pass for thirty miles along a country delightfully beautiful, as any perhaps that Europe can boast, where villas, groves, meadows, flocks, fields of corn, all that can please or gratify the eye, are sure to meet the sight, at the same time that the public are so amply supplied through its medium, is a consideration truly pleasing to the real friends of every description of Irishmen, and well merits the ample protection of those who have means to encourage the patriotic work.

The navigation of the Grand Canal increases daily, at a rate that will render it, in a great measure, as useful to the public as the most celebrated in Holland and Flanders. A gentleman just returned from a tour through the counties of Kildare, Carlow, and Kilkenny informs us that the bounty for provisions brought to Dublin by this conveyance has operated so speedily, that cars loaded with corn, flour, etc., arrive daily from very distant places as Monasterevan, where they are stored, till an opportunity offers of embarking them on the canal for the consumption of the Metropolis.

As no general good can take place without some partial evil, our inland navigation has begun to affect the inn-keepers in town and country in a sensible manner. Several persons in the public line, once esteemed rich, or safe in their circumstances, finding great part of their usual trade transferred to the canal boats, have been obliged to shut up, or engage in some other business. Nor is this decay of trade confined to the roads, for one of the most eminent hotel-keepers in Dublin has resolved to let his house and concerns for a brewery, and retire to the country, rather than continue in a state of comparative inaction.

We hear that an opulent company are now forming for the patriotic purpose of supplying the city of Dublin with Irish coal. Six vessels, of two hundred tons each, will be employed as a beginning, and, as subscriptions increase, the number will be augmented. Every subscriber of one hundred pounds or upwards to be of the acting committee, who are to be changed every three months. The present objects of this trade are Ballycastle and Ballintoy, in the county of Antrim, which, if properly encouraged, may, with the intended junction of the canal and Shannon, bring such a supply to the Metropolis as to reduce the price of English coals to twelve shillings a ton the year round.

Though individuals may suffer from the reduced demand for barrelled beef, yet in those enlightened days, almost everyone is sensible that the provision is far from being a general benefit to this kingdom; for it not only keeps up the price of fresh meat at home, but induces farmers to lay down great tracts of country in uninhabited and desolate pastures, giving a bare and wretched existence to a few miserable herdsmen, instead of maintaining thousands of industrious, well-fed, and comfortable labourers, by turning the land to the more salutary uses of tillage and agriculture.

(To be Continued.)

ALL CORK MEN

SHOULD READ THE

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COMMENCING IN THE

DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

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CORK IN 1760.—PANORAMIC VIEW.—GIVEN GRATIS.

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AUGUSTINIAN ABBEY, ADARE,



WITH THE CASTLE OF THE FITZGERALDS AND THE FRANCISCAN ABBEY.
(FROM HALL'S IRELAND.)

Adare, about eight miles from Limerick, is a neat and apparently flourishing town; immediately adjoining which are the remains of several monastic edifices, the greater number of them being within the walls of the Earl of Dunraven's beautiful park. One of the old abbeys has been converted into a church, and another into a chapel; and both retain traces of their original grandeur, although modern "improvements" have essentially changed their character. The erections of these abbeys, churches, and a castle of the Desmonds, which "much incommoded the English" during the Elizabethan wars are not of very remote dates. A house was founded here for friars of the order of the Holy Trinity, for the redemption of Christian captives, in the reign of King Edward the First, by John Earl of Kildare. The Augustinian Friary, called also the Black Abbey, was founded in 1315, and King Edward the Second confirmed the grants made to it, A.D. 1317. The house of Grey Friars was founded in 1465, by Thomas Earl of Kildare, and Joan, his wife—and they were both buried in the choir.

Of the Augustinian Abbey, the Rev. T. Walsh says, in his "Ecclesiastical History of Ireland" (New York, 1855):—

A great part of this friary still remains in good preservation. The steeple is

supported on an arch; the choir is large, with stalls, and the nave answerable thereto, with a lateral aisle on the south side. To the north of the steeple are some beautiful cloisters, with pointed windows, within which, on three sides of the square, are corridors, and on most of the windows are escutcheons, with English crosses, ranged alternately with saltire ones. The workmanship is simply elegant, the principal parts being of hewn stone, which appear so fresh as to give it a modern yet venerable appearance. Adjoining the cloisters were several apartments, which seem to be more ancient than the other parts of the building.

TO SUPPLANT AGRICULTURE.

Senator Berthelot, the well-known French chemist, has published an interesting paper anent the chemical synthesis of aliments, in which he foresees in the difficulties it still presents the economical emancipation of the human race, and the transformation of this planet into a vast pleasure ground. The more the conquest of electrical energy advances the nearer it appears to M. Berthelot that mankind approaches toward the substitution of chemistry for agriculture. Just as agriculture was evolved from the hunting, fishing, and pastoral stages of primitive mankind, so chemistry now sets up to displace with its products agricultural industries based on the production of living organisms, animal and vegetable, by the creation of nutritive matters. The farm is already being edged out by the factory, and engineers and mechanics will soon take the place of peasants and field labourers. It is not long since the possibility of creating by synthesis all the organic matters was held to be chimerical; now the possibility has been demonstrated so often as to render it undeniable. Alimentary stuffs may be broadly divided into three fundamental classes—fats, sugars, and albuminoids. As early as 1854 M. Berthelot by chemical synthesis created bodies exactly similar to natural fats by means of substances related to them—namely, glycerine and acid. He also generated these two substances with hydrocarbons. Sugar can now be produced in the chemist's laboratory by similar combinations. Chemical synthesis has not yet created the albuminoids, which are more complex and more liable to spoil. There is no doubt, however, but this feat will shortly be accomplished. Chemical discoveries have already given rise to changes in agriculture. Madder has gone out of cultivation in the south of France, indigo in the West Indies, and vanilla in other tropical places, owing to the chemical substitutes, and chemical foodstuffs are no more an impossibility than chemical dyestuffs. M. Berthelot, however, utters a note of warning against the illusion of thinking that food can be condensed into lozenges and pills, and that one's meals can be carried in a small chocolate box in one's waistcoat pocket. The human organism has its habits which are tantamount to necessities, and among its habits is that of burning from 250 to 300 grammes of carbon daily, and of eliminating from 15 to 20 grammes of nitrogen. Allowance must also be made for the waste in the body of about one-seventh of the food it consumes. A certain bulk or weight of food will, therefore, continue to be indispensable, and though this may be chemical food, it is not likely ever to become so condensed that a man can carry a week's rations on the march without inconvenience, as is sometimes suggested.

NATIONAL MONUMENTS.

WHAT THEY ARE WORTH.

When Dr. Johnson visited Iona, and the sacred associations of the island cast their spell upon him, he wrote: "Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground that has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. The man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warm among the ruins of Iona."

Since Dr. Johnson's day the world has grown smaller, and the distant in space has become familiar through the general popularity of travel:

We glance, and nod, and hurry by,

spending a great deal of time and force upon mere movement, but gaining opportunities for wider observation and sympathy if we have wit and thought enough to use them. Meanwhile, amid the hurry and variety of actual circumstance, it is difficult for the past to lay hold upon the minds of men. Long vistas of distant millenniums open out before the explorer and the archæologist; fresh facts and fresh revelations of character reward the student of ages less remote, but most of us lack time to make this wealth of knowledge our own. Still more we lack the sense of leisure and mental freedom which is all but essential if the imagination is to brood over the past, and if the mind is to be saturated by its influence. The reality of a far-off time comes home to us slowly and laboriously. It is difficult to think much about anything except the present—peculiarly difficult to the hard-worked and imperfectly educated masses; and so the past, with all its weight of moral meaning, is to society a less effective educator than the distant, which easily excites the curiosity of travellers. Yet the long story of a noble nation appeals powerfully to the heart and the imagination; and, if the story be of our own race, the appeal finds deep and passionate repose, for, whether we would have it so or not, we must admit that patriotism remains more potent than any wider, cosmopolitan philanthropy, and the fire of patriotism may be both purified and energised by memories of the past.

Whether monuments are natural objects or the result of human toil and skill, their value is inestimable, because they embody national memories, and make the past real, stirring, generous emotion, and arousing vivid interest without artifice or effort. Only men and women of coldest philosophy or dullest imagination can gaze unmoved upon "ground that has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, and virtue." After the scene of some memorable national conflict, whether it were an heroic failure or an instance of triumphant self-devotion and achievement, even a stolid and matter-of-fact Englishman may go away with a new sense that it is worth while to live and suffer for other than narrow personal aims.

Architectural or artistic monuments are more sure of their effect than natural scenes. We may forget that famous persons and events are associated with certain features in a landscape, if those persons or events have left no trace, but where the hand of man is visible the idea of struggle, development, change, is forced upon us, and the effort of the imagination to give the past a place beside the present is more natural and spontaneous. Many British soldiers, for instance, will see the river Nile without a thought of the world-famous men who have gazed upon it before them—Moses and Herodotus, Alexander and Mark Antony, St. Louis and Napoleon Bonaparte; but even the ignorant and apathetic must be startled into curiosity by the sight of the Sphinx, with its comeliness not of this world, or not of this time; even to the unawakened intelligence such relics of an ancient civilisation may bring some dim sense of vast changes that may be in the future.

Our own island story is written upon the stones of churches, halls, and fortifications. Every neighbourhood has some ancient buildings within reach and each will reward study; each gives food for the historic imagination, and helps to withdraw us from the dominion of the present. Every old tower, or bridge, or gateway, if it has not been too much tampered with, retains something of this subtle educating power for those who pass by it or over it, though, perhaps, we know nothing about it except that it has existed for ages and seen generations come and go. Generally some special associations will be found in each case if we take the trouble to search for them.

And most readers will agree that it is good for us to be removed from the dominion of the present; that anything which makes real to us the past, the distant, and the future, enlarges our minds, broadens our sympathies, and "advances us in the dignity of thinking beings"; that, in the endeavour to educate ourselves in this way, we are assisted by visiting historic sites associated with great events, and, still more, by monuments which are the workmanship of past generations; and that, if we are wise, we shall prize every opportunity of bringing ourselves under such influences. There may be men with imagination so vivid and patriotism so warm, that they can dispense with such aid for themselves; but, if they think of the Jew's devotion to the Temple of the Moslem's pilgrimages to Mecca, and if they remember the world-shaking movement of the Crusades, they will admit that in multitudes of people this sentiment of association is among the toughest and the strongest that we have to reckon with, and one that ought to be made useful in the service of humanity.—"National Home-Reading Union Magazine."

A SUMMER NOON.

The dog-star reigns! no wandering cloud
Festoons the clear, unpillared sky;
Gold-bosomed fields, hills grassy-browed,
The lazy river, stream-beds dry,
Are flushed with Sol's fierce effluent tide,
Poured from his flood-gates far and wide.

They leave their prandial boards who toil,
To drowse in sun-excluded bowers;
Bees, anther-bronzed, slow sleek their spoil,
Sounding their needs to th' fainting flowers:
The garish jay, the fussy wren,
Find refuge in the mossy glen.

Flocks, herds, to wood- aisles have strayed,
Soft and subdued the insects' hum;
By th' feverish air no leaf is swayed,
Silent the grouse's fluttering drum:
Lone midnight's hush enthralls wan noon,
And nature rests as in a swoon.

Hezekiah Conant, who died a few weeks ago at his home in Central Falls, R. I., was an extremely useful and benevolent man. He had accumulated a great deal of money, and during his lifetime was noted for the generosity with which he made use of his wealth in order to help his fellows. In his early manhood he devised a number of minor implements which enabled him to cultivate his taste for invention, and in 1857 he designed and patented several mechanical improvements for the manufacture of thread of all grades, and ten years after he was head of a large business concern which bore his name at Pawtucket, R. I. This has been since consolidated with the Scotch firm of J. and P. Coats. The establishment at Pawtucket now covers about forty acres of land, and is valued at £800,000.

DUBLIN'S OLD THEATRE ROYAL.

(HAWKINS STREET).

HOW IT CAME TO BE BUILT.

SOME HISTORIC PERFORMANCES.

By H. CALCRAFT.

[The following are some of the "Leaves of Manager's Portfolio" written by one whose ame has not yet left the memories of old Dublin laygoers, the actor-manager, Calcraft.]

1.

The history of national amusements, and re-eminently that of a national drama, has een pronounced, by many deep-thinking philo-ophers and statists, to comprise, in a great easure, the history of national manners, aste, and civilisation. Individual objections ave been raised from time to time, which, so obscure riders to private Parliamentary ills have passed into currency, as being con-dered too unimportant for debate or oppo-on. The question, in all its details, has been orn so threadbare, that any argument on the bject now would be, as Sir W. Napier, the eat historian, has elsewhere expressed him-lf on self-evident deductions, "a sinful waste words." The small section of our readers no may think differently and take no interest the matter, can pass those pages over, re-mbering that their perusal is, according to ston in Lubin Log (on donations to stage-ach drivers), "quite optional," and an affair free-will election.

When Mr. Henry Harris came over to Dub-in 1820, with a patent in his pocket, which had obtained through personal interest with e then Duke of York, he was very anxious take a lease of the old theatre in Crow reet. It proved fortunate for him in the uel that he was foiled by the impracticable nper of the parties concerned, with whom found it impossible to treat. Crow street eatre was then in a state of tottering dela-lation, which should have required nearly much outlay as building a new one, and was ally pulled to pieces by instalments, in 24-5. I stood on the stage, soon after my ival in Ireland, in October, 1824. The nery was gone, and there were sundry ts and chasms in the roof. The audience t of the house was still tolerably perfect, many detachments of unlicensed plunderers e busily employed in all directions (appa-tly with no one to interfere), knocking out panels of the boxes, tearing up the benches firewood, and carrying off all bodily, for h other purposes as pleased their fancy. was a painful, a humiliating scene, with a found moral lesson attached to it; a strik-illustration of "sic transit gloria mundi," ch called up before the mirror of the mind, odied thoughts of all beauty, rank, and ion so often congregated in that mouldering ple of the Muses, with the departed talent came to admire. This theatre was ori-ally built by Barry and Woodward, on the of an old music-hall, which, with other cent edifices, was pulled down for the pur-. It was opened on the 22nd of October, 3, and the final performance occurred on 13th of May, 1820. On the 11th Decem-in the preceding year, Miss O'Neill made last appearance there on any stage, in the acters of Juliet, and Maria in "The zen." The building existed altogether r-six years. The only tangible record that remains is the great bell (transplanted to kins' street), which Barry imported from London, to toll for the death of the conspira-tors in the last act of "Venice Preserved"; a theatrical relic of considerable interest, well worthy of inspection, and with a much better authenticated pedigree than the tomb of Juliet at Verona, so carefully preserved for the especial benefit of curious and credulous English travellers.

The interior of Crow street Theatre pre-sented, in its days of splendour, a very hand-some and imposing area, capable of holding, at the good old prices, nearly £600. The out-side was an unshapely mass, and the avenues of approach so incommodious that, during the spring tides, the audience had to flounder through (not pellucid) water, reaching con-siderably above their ankles, before they could get from the pay-office to their seats. But in those days people frequented the theatre from pure love of the art; nobody minded trifling inconveniences, and the incumbent generation, patient of little defects in the social system, were content to take the world as they found it, without seeking to hand it over to posterity in an improved state.

When Mr. Harris arrived in the Irish metro-polis, and issued his prospectus, he had nothing to do but, as Lord Byron says of himself in his latest verses, "to look around and choose his ground," which he did at last in Hawkins' street, a more ineligible locality, if possible, than that of the old theatre; more abounding in objections, more out of the gangway of fashion, and cooped up in a corner, which it requires some study of the map of Dublin to find out. There stood a pile of buildings, then the Mendicity, formerly the Dublin Society House, on ground belonging to Trinity College, and subject to the trifling rent of £600 per annum, Irish currency—a perpetual, irremov-able incubus, weighing down the property, and producing strangulation and paralysis more effectually than the old man of the sea slung round the neck of Sinbad. This rent has since been reduced to £400 British, during pleasure, being about double the value according to most competent estimate, and the half of which it is very unlikely to bring, if engulphed in the Encumbered Estates Court, or in the muta-tions of worldy affairs, appropriated to other than theatrical purposes. The landlords, as a matter of course, will not believe this until ex-perience proves its truth, The writer has some grounds for venturing an opinion on the subject, having for twenty-one years suffered almost to death, under this fundamental error of the original patentee. There were situa-tions in Dublin a thousand times preferable, the rent of which exceeded not one quarter of the sum above named. But Mr. Harris was a stranger in a hurry, imbued with very ex-panded notions of expenditure derived from a long apprenticeship at Covent Garden; and he had, moreover, the misfortune to fall into the hands of interested and incompetent advisers. He was taught to consider Dublin an inex-haustible dramatic El Dorado, but he lived to discover his mistake.

The theatre in Hawkins' street was run up at railroad speed, in ninety-five days. The pre-siding architect was the late Mr. Samuel Beazley, well known also as a successful dra-matic writer. His English version of the "Sonnambula" keeps the stage in every theatre throughout the kingdom. He erected several Thespian edifices in London, full of strange errors and inconveniences. This is only one of his construction in which the entire auditory can see and hear in every compartment. When looked at, in the interior, it may almost be considered a model as to shape and size, al-though much too large for the resources of the Irish capital. Of its outward pretensions, the less that is said the better. It has a very commodious arcade, and if finished according to the proposed plans, would have been an or-nament to the city, were it easy of discovery. The theatres in Dublin have ever been an ex-ception to the other public buildings, which are as remarkable for their external beauty as for the commanding prominence of their situa-tions. The London architects might study these with advantage, and take profitable lessons, where they are often more disposed to the Revels, on the 19th of June, 1820, with a very efficient company, who continued to per-form with good success until the 21st of De-cember in the same year. During these six months, eighteen new pieces were produced—a reasonable amount of novelty, although it would be found insufficient to satisfy the cravings of the public in the present day. The most successful were—"Henri Quatre," "Vir-ginius," "A Roland for an Oliver," "Don Gio-vanni in London," and the pantomime of "Harlequin Gulliver." The stars were Miss M. Tree, Mr. R. Macready, Mr. J. Wallack, and the inimitable Grimaldi. In the meantime the new theatre rose almost as rapidly as Alad-din's palace. The enchanter's wand appeared to multiply human labour. Mr. Harris, being unprovided with superfluous capital, was ad-vised to raise £12,500 on one hundred trans-ferable debentures, thus adding another formi-dable incumbrance to his patent and property, already subject to the enormous ground-rent we have mentioned before. After a few years, more than half of these admissions began to be sold nightly by public advertisement, at re-duced prices—a proceeding not contemplated in the original contract, but teeming with ruin, although unfortunately there was no legal remedy or restriction, as such an attempt had never been foreseen. It was not until the year 1839 that this suicidal practice, having reached its full measure of mischief, was finally abolished by a new deed, setting aside certain provisions in the former one, and establishing fresh conditions. Transferable free tickets, given judiciously, are not so injurious as may appear at first sight. They often induce others to join a party and pay, and help to make a respectable show in the boxes on what are called slack nights, when Diogenes and his lantern would find it difficult to stumble against anything but empty benches. But when sold, and, above all, at reduced prices, each becomes a mortal aphis vastator, drink-ing up the sap, and eating into the vitals of the very body from which its own existence is derived. As a commercial mistake this was soon tested by the fact that a debenture, ori-ginally costing £120, could, with difficulty, obtain the market price of fifty, and for one of these it has, more than once, been considered by prudent capitalists a rash investment to involve twenty!

On Thursday, the 18th of January, 1821, the new theatre opened, being scarcely more than half-finished, and many workmen still busy both before and behind the curtain, when the audience were admitted. Mr. Harris made an involuntary first appearance, being dis-covered on the stage, by an accident, and told the public, in a brief impromptu, that he was very happy to see them, and hoped they would often repeat their attendance. The theatre is

now in its thirty-first year, "a ripe age," as Toushston says to William of the Forest. During these six lustra, it has been twice in the jaws of Chancery; once put up to public auction (without bidders), by the renowned Robins, as a "mine of wealth;" and has been governed by five successive sovereign—Mr. H. Harris, who ruled five years, with an interregnum; Mr. W. Abbot, two years; Mr. Bunn, three years; Mr. Calcraft, twenty-one years; and Mr. J. Harris, the present lessee, who has only just commenced his bold experiment.

On the first night, the occasional address we have subjoined, was spoken by the stage-manager, Mr. Percy Farren (since dead), and written by no less a personage than the celebrated dramatic author, George Colman:—

Hail, generous natives of green Erin's isle!
Welcome, kind patrons, to our new-rais'd pile!
Three fleeting months have scarcely slipp'd away,
Since a mere waste this scene of action lay.
Not long the block was laid, which all must own
Damps eagerness—the slow foundation stone
Ere, expectation kept no more aloof,
The architect was Hope-crown'd with the roof.
Brisk went the work, exertion still increasing;
Hods, trowels, hammers, chisels, never ceasing;
Labour was wing'd on expectation's plan,
And every labourer—an Irishman!
After a brick-and-mortar chase, so hot,
Take our historic outline of the spot.
Here once a market rear'd its busy head,
Where sheep, instead of Tragic heroes, bled.
Bright cleavers form'd a band to charm the ears,
Joints dangled in the place of chandeliers;
Stout butchers, stern as critics, had their day,
And cut up oxen, like a modern play!
Soon science came—his steel the butcher drops,
Removes, with awe, the shambles and the shops,
And learning triumph'd over mutton-chops.
Then, in the school of patriotism rear'd,
Arts, agriculture, chemistry appear'd,
Botanic lore, and studies all too great
For our inferior powers to emulate!
No merit we in agriculture claim—
To cultivate your favour is our aim;
Which gain'd, by learned chemists we are told,
It turns, by play-house alchymy, to gold;
While all the botany we dare to boast,
Lies in those plants your breath may cherish most.
Again the scene was chang'd by wisdom's rule—
Want's refuge then succeeded learning's school.
No more in streets the shivering beggar stood;
Vice found correction here, and famine food;
Morality rejoic'd at sloth's defeat,
And pity smil'd to see the hungry eat.
At length, and following these wretched elves,
Behold another race—we mean ourselves;
Who, leaning to our predecessors' laws,
Now beg, most heartily, for your applause;
Beg you, brave Erin's sons, and Erin's fair
To make your nation's Theatre your care.
Two wonder-working virtues, 'tis confest,
Lurk'd in the lamp Aladdin once possest;
Beyond all common method or device
It rais'd both house and money in a trice.
Our building, the first wonder keeps in view,
The second miracle, remains with you!
Crowd hither nightly, then, from every quarter,
'Till coin, in speed, has rivall'd brick and mortar.

It must be admitted, this address is rather flimsy and commonplace, below the reputation of the writer. The occasion should have inspired him with a little poetic fervour. Many native bards might have been readily invoked, who would have sung with superior grace and melody. The opening performance consisted of Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" (to which the two Dromois of Williams and Johnson gave an attraction), beginning and ending with themselves; with the farce of the "Sleep-Walker." As an historical document scarcely attainable, a copy of the bill may not be without interest:—

The New THEATRE ROYAL Will Open
On Thursday, January 18th, 1821, when His Majesty's Servants will perform Shakespeare's
COMEDY OF ERRORS,
With incidental Songs, Duets, and Chorouses, taken from his works, and adapted to the Stage,
BY BISHOP.

Solinus, Duke of Ephesus.	Mr. Armstrong.
Ægeon	Mr. Cunningham.
Angelo	Mr. Rowswell.
Cleon	Mr. Digges
Dromio, of Ephesus	Mr. Williams.
Dromio, of Syracuse	Mr. Johnson.
Ctesiphon	Mr. Bedford.
Abbes	Mrs. Vaughan.
Lesbia	Miss Cunningham.
Adriana	Miss Byrne.
Antipholis, of Ephesus	Mr. Humby.
Antipholis, of Syracuse	Mr Farren.
Balthazar	Mr. M'Keon.
Dr. Pinch	Mr. Chippendale.
Cerimon	Mr. A. Lee.
Chares	Mr. Horrebow.
Officer	Mr. Leonard.
Hermia	Miss Curtis.
Luciana	Miss Humby.
Kitchen Maid	Mrs. Gray.

The following new Scenery will be exhibited in the course of the evening:—The Drop Curtain will represent the Acropolis at Athens—Dixon. A Corinthian Palace—Whitmore. A chamber in the house of Antipholis—T. Grieve. The mart at Ephesus—W. Grieve. A chamber—Phillips. A garden—T. Grieve. Street in Ephesus—Whitmore.

Previous to the play, an address will be spoken by Mr. Farren (written for the occasion by George Colman, Esq).

To conclude with the popular farce of the

SLEEP-WALKER.

Sir Patrick Maguire	Mr. Homerton.
Alibi	Mr. Chippendale.
Somno	Mr. J. Russell.
Jorum	Mr. Leonard.
Squire Rattlepate	Mr. Humby.
Spy	Mr. Roswell.
Mrs. Decorum	Mrs. McCullagh.
Sophia	Mrs. Simon.
Susan	Mrs. Johnson.

Boxes, 5s. 5d.; Pit, 3s. 3d.; Middle Gallery, 2s. 2d.; Upper Gallery, 1s. 1d.

Tickets and places (for the present) to be had of Mr. Lowther, at Mr. Willis's Music Warehouse, 7 Westmoreland street.

Of thirty-four persons, including the painters, named in this bill, not more than five are now in existence. The box-office was not available for use until the 23rd of April, and the saloon, which might have been dispensed with altogether, or at least much curtailed in its unnecessary dimensions, was first opened to the public on the 18th of July. Wednesday, August the 22nd, 1821, is a memorable epoch in the annals of the Dublin stage. On that evening, his Majesty King George the Fourth visited the theatre in state, and was received with a perfect tempest of enthusiastic loyalty, such as an Irish public only can be worked up to when they are in the mood. Throughout the performance, Earl Talbot, then Lord Lieutenant, stood beside the monarch's chair (such being the court etiquette), which somewhat lessened his viceregal importance. The receipts amounted to £520 Irish currency, being the largest sum ever returned from the Hawkins' street Theatre. The house would not fairly contain this sum, allowing for the debenture-holders' tickets, and a numerous press free list, with the loss of two public boxes for the state accommodation. But hundreds were content to perambulate the lobbies, or thrust themselves into corners behind the scenes, catching an occasional glimpse at the unique exhibition of royalty; and many, when the doors first opened, paid box-price, ran up stairs, and jumped over into the pit, where they obtained comfortable places without trouble. The rush and crush at the ordinary entrance impeded the legitimate customers, who, as usual, were exercising their accustomed privilege of trying as hard as they could do to prevent each other from getting in. They arrange these little details much better in Paris. There, no crowds are permitted, no bonnets are squeezed to death, and no skirts of coats are immolated. A sturdy gens-d'arme shouts "a la queue, mesdames et messieurs, a la queue!" as each successive reinforcement arrives; which being interpreted, means, "ladies and gentlemen, fall into the rear!" And thus a long line is formed in Indian file, resembling an uncoiled serpent, which glides in imperceptibly in very little time, and without apparent effort, as if by the operation of vis inertiæ. A little dapper Dublin attorney, now defunct, once described this in a company where I was present, with graphic distinctness, and in all the exuberance of his native vernacular, the only language with which he held communion. "Bedad," said he, "if you attempt to push or jostle at the door of a French theatre, you'll get the worst of it, for a big lump of a John darme comes up, and cries out 'Ally kew, mounseer,' and you must ally kew; for if you don't ally kew at once, he'll make you ally kew in a moment."

Subjoined is a bill of the performance on the command night of King George the Fourth. The selection certainly did not show the strength of the company to much advantage, and, with one or two exceptions, was singularly weak; but the audience cared little for the actors or acting, his Majesty being the cynosure and attraction of the evening. Of the individuals included in the dramatis personæ, we know but of three spared by the relentless scythe of time at this present writing. Miss Curtis, many years since, married and retired from the stage; Paul Bedford, still flourishing in full bloom at the Adelphi Theatre in London; and Miss Stephens, now the Countess Dowager of Essex:—

NEW THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN.
By Command of His Majesty.
This Evening, Wednesday, August 22nd, 1821, His Majesty's servants will perform Sheridan's Comic Opera, called
THE DUENNA.

Don Carlos—Mr. Duruset (of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden). Don Jerome—Mr. Fullam. Don Ferdinand—Mr. Bedford. Don Antonio—Mr. A. Lee. Isaac Mendoza—Mr. Johnson. Father Paul—Mr. Chippendale. Lopez—Mr. Rowswell. Louisa—Mrs. Austin. The Duenna—Mrs. McCullagh. Isabella—Mrs. Chippendale. Agnes—Miss Cunningham. Clara—Miss Stephens (of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden).

To conclude with Sheridan's Farce of
SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.

Lieutenant O'Connor—Mr. Hamerton. Justice Credulous—Mr. Fullam. Dr. Rosy—Mr. Chippendale. Sergeant Trounce—Mr. Rowswell. Countrymen—Messrs. Good and Hart. Drummer Crackskull—Mr. Sutcliffe. Soldier—Mr. Turner Robin—Mr. Swan. Mrs. Bridget—Mrs. McCullagh. Lauretta—Miss Curtis.

This first season concluded on the 11th of September, on the one hundred and eighty-second part of Shakespeare's "King Henry the Fourth, to which was appended a facsimile of the coronation of George the Fourth, most gorgeously produced, with the grand banquet in Westminster Hall, and the entry of the champion, in complete armour, on horseback. This pageant had been repeated eleven nights with corresponding attraction. On the 14th of December, in the year 1822, the celebrated "bottle row" took place on the first state visit of the Marquis Wellesley, who had succeeded Earl Talbot as Lord Lieutenant. Mr. Harris, at the end of four seasons, grew tired of management. He had reaped all the harvest, of which he discovered symptoms, and apprehended the coming stubble. He was an absentee sovereign, governing by a somewhat indolent viceroy, to whom very limited powers were entrusted. His visits were like those of angels, "few and far between," and he cared little to busy himself with studying the peculiarities of Irish character—a book of many pages and diversified composition. He admitted but a small circle of intimates into his cabinet councils, and they were not particularly well adapted to enlighten him. I became acquainted with the majority of them at a later period, and soon discovered that

their knowledge was obscured by prejudices, and although living in Dublin, they were unsafe authorities as to the social, political, or theatrical tendencies of their native city. Mr. Harris had great experience and remarkable tact in collecting together effective performers. But his notions of management were exclusively London notions. These he endeavoured to engraft on Dublin, by the same parity of reasoning, and with much the same chance of success, through which some legislators have sought to persuade themselves and the community, that a measure which works well in one country, must of necessity be equally suited to another.

(To be Continued.)

CHANGE.

A dusty hollow where the pond once lay,
A withered bank once green with moss and shade;
But yonder in wide meadow-lands the hay
Stands straight and tall to wait the mower's blade.
A silence, morn and noon among the trees
Where all day long the robins used to sing;
But life has sweeter uses now for these.
Why should we mourn the spring?

A dry sharp stubble where the grain-fields gold
Spread out of late their wealth in waving pride;
But press and garner keep the manifold
Rich treasure of the autumn countryside.
The sunlight waning with the waning year,
The sting of frost at twilight and at dawn;
But hearth and woodland glow with scarlet cheer.
Why mourn for summer gone?

A veil of mist across the purple hills,
A hush of snow along the forest aisles;
A brooding peace that through the silence thrills
Above the whiteness of unbroken miles.
A sealed hope beneath the clasping snow,
Hope sure to quicken soon at springtime's breath.
The world shall wake again when south winds blow;
Life shall be born of death.

DEATH VALLEY.

California can certainly claim the greatest natural wonders of the world. Its Yosemite Valley, its big trees, petrified forests, and other attractions substantiate the claim.

One of the wonders rarely spoken of is Death Valley. This is the unpleasant name of an unpleasant place in Inyo County, but a remarkable natural curiosity.

Imagine a trackless waste of sand and rock, shimmering under the rays of a more than tropical sun, hemmed in on all sides by titanic rocks and mountains, whose very impress is that of eternal desolation, and you have a fair idea of Death Valley. Geographically it is the sink of the Amargosa river, which is quite a marvel in itself. It rises in the Western Sierras, about two miles from the California line, and flows southward for ninety miles, when it disappears from sight in the bed of an ancient lake at the foot of the Resting Spring Mountains. A little further south it reappears and continues another sixty miles, when it again returns to its subterranean channel. Still again it reappears, and flows nearly one hundred miles, when it finally disappears in the sink of Death Valley. Quite a remarkable river.

Death Valley is eight miles broad by thirty-five miles long, and comprises about three hundred square miles of the most desolate country in the world.

It looks as if suffering from some terrible curse, such as we read about in the Scriptures. It lies far below the sea level, in some places one hundred and sixty feet. No friendly clouds appear to intercept the scorching heat. The thermometer registers 125 degrees week after week. No moisture ever falls to cool the burning sand. Bright steel may be left out night after night, and never be tarnished. Nothing will decay; a dead animal will simply dry up like parchment, and remain so seemingly forever. No sound is ever heard; the silence of eternal desolation reigns supreme.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

THE HERO OF THE REGIMENT.

BY CLARENCE MAIKO.

There was only one Private Jens Jensen in the United States army, and the officers and men of the —th Regiment of Infantry used to say it was a very good thing for the service that there was but one. Mind you, they do not say so now, which shows that the opinion of an entire regiment concerning a man may all be wrong. There are plenty of men wearing medals of honour in the army to-day who were never suspected by their most intimate friends of being heroes, and many a gawky recruit lives to give orders to those who laughed at him doing the "balance-step" in the recruit school. The ways of the army do not change, for they are the ways of human nature, and remain the same for generation unto generation.

When Private Jens Jensen swore to bear "true faith and allegiance" to his adopted country, his earthly endowments consisted of a magnificent physique, a Scandinavian brogue, and a determination to carry out all the lawful orders of his superior officers at any cost. In the course of time he lost his Scandinavian brogue, but he kept his superior physique; and the manner in which he held to his determination to obey all orders to the very letter was truly remarkable. Strange to relate, he frequently found himself in trouble because he obeyed orders too well. He often made himself the laughing-stock of the regiment, and he became the despair of his officers.

The first thing a soldier must learn is to obey orders, and the second is to exercise a certain discretion in doing so. Private Jensen was never able to learn the second.

He distinguished himself on the day he first joined the company by a remarkable performance. While crossing the parade-ground he encountered the adjutant and saluted as prescribed, raising his hand to the vizor of his cap. The adjutant suddenly remembered that he had forgotten something at headquarters, turned abruptly on his heel and walked off, neglecting in his haste to return Private Jensen's salute.

Now the orders for saluting are that a private must keep his hand at the vizor of his cap until the officer returns the salute or until the officer passes. Private Jensen obeyed orders, and with his hand still raised in salute to the vizor of his cap, he marched across the parade-ground to Company F's quarters.

From the porch of the company quarters the members of Company F witnessed the incident, and when Private Jensen reached the quarters he was received by a jeering crowd of soldiers, but he was not disconcerted. He marched through the quarters with his hand raised in salute, unmindful of the laughter of the soldiers. He hunted up the first sergeant, and asked him if he could take his hand down from the vizor of his cap. All the explanations of the first sergeant did not make it plain to him that he had any right to let his hand fall from his cap. He took the matter very seriously, and lost much of his respect for the authors of the army regulations in consequence.

A recruit gets his character from what he does when he first joins his company, and after this incident Private Jensen was considered a joke. But he was never molested or persecuted by his comrades, for his magnificent physique and his willingness to "go outside" and give personal satisfaction to any one who demanded it commanded respect.

There was a certain officer at Fort McBride who was in the habit of ignoring the challenge of a sentry. He liked to sneak up to a sentry in the dead of night and surprise the man, whom he often accused of being asleep on post. Men dreaded to "do a guard" when this officer was the officer of the day, because they were likely to get into trouble.

Every soldier knows that there is an order in the Manual of Guard Duty for sentries to fire on persons who ignore a challenge, and every soldier knows that in times of peace the order is not carried out. Nevertheless Private Jensen carried out the order and put a bullet through the hat of the officer, who ignored his challenge one night on guard.

Jensen was promptly arrested, and locked up in a cell at the guard-house. For a few days things looked very grave for him, but the commanding officer made a careful investigation of the case, and decided that Jensen was in the right, and had only obeyed orders. Guard duty under the officer in question was a pleasanter task after this incident, and for this the enlisted men of the regiment were thankful to Private Jensen.

During Jensen's three years' term of service as a private of infantry his performances were an unfailing source of amusement to the enlisted men of the regiment, but his superior officer regarded him as a nuisance. It frequently happened that he was chosen as orderly for the commanding officer, because he was the cleanest soldier on guard, but the colonel always shuddered when Jensen reported as orderly, for he knew, by sad experience, that it was dangerous to trust Jensen with any order which called for discretion in execution.

When his term of service was drawing to a close every officer in the regiment called him a fool. At regimental headquarters he was spoken of as a crazy Norwegian. Still, all might have gone well with him, if he had not committed an act which incurred for him the stern displeasure of his own captain.

The captain owned a bull-terrier which had won prizes in bench shows all over the country, and which he valued very highly. One day the captain gave the bull-terrier to Jensen to hold, with orders not to let the dog loose under any circumstances. A stray cur tried to make friends with the bull-terrier during the absence of the captain, and trouble ensued.

Jensen managed to hold the terrier, but in doing so he was severely bitten, and in order to protect himself he was obliged to choke the animal. He did not wish to strangle the brute, but when the captain returned to relieve him of his charge, he found his dog had been choked to death, and he was not pleased. This unfortunate affair was Jensen's undoing.

"I will not have this man in my company any longer," said the captain to the first sergeant, a few days after the incident.

"He has some good qualities I admit," continued the captain. "He is sober, clean, honest, and willing, but he lacks common sense. You can tell him, sergeant, that he need not apply for re-enlistment. He is only fit to work on a farm."

Thus it happened that the deed was done, and the word was spoken which blasted all Private Jensen's hopes of winning military glory. The news broke his heart. He first heard it in the railroad train which was carrying the regiment to a little city in a Rocky Mountain territory. It was a rough place in which a strike of miners had been made the excuse for all sorts of violence by its turbulent population.

It seemed that the captain had been as good as his word, and had given Jensen a character on his discharge papers which would effectually

prevent his re-enlistment. Of this fact the soldier was duly informed by the first sergeant, as the army regulations require. In a few days his term of service would expire. His discharge papers were already made out, and were locked up in the company field-desk. On his dischage was written in cruel black letters: "This man is so stupid that he is useless as a soldier."

The first sergeant felt sorry for Private Jensen, and told him that he had the right to ask for a board of officers to investigate his record, and pass upon his character; but Jensen thought of the captain's bull-terrier, and the officer at whom he had fired when on guard, and was silent. He had done his best to be a good soldier, he had been faithful in the performance of every duty, and he could not understand why he was being turned out of the army branded as a fool. As he gazed out of the car window at the flying brown landscape, for the first time in his life tears came to his honest blue eyes.

After the soldiers had been at Jones City for three days, so peaceful was the aspect of the situation that their presence seemed to be unnecessary. There were those, however, who predicted that if the troops were withdrawn riot and bloodshed would follow.

On the last day of his term of service as a soldier in the United States army Jensen was detailed for guard. Since the regiment had arrived at Jones City he had hardly spoken a word to his comrades, but they all knew what troubled him. Every man in Company F knew what the captain had written on his discharge papers, and every man felt sorry for him. The men tried to show their sympathy in many ways, but as they did not succeed in cheering him, they considerately left him alone to brood over his misfortune.

Private Jensen had postponed making any plans for his future until the last minute. He was a member of the third relief, and went on post at three o'clock in the morning. The post to which he was assigned was situated far out of the line of sentries, in a little hollow in the rolling plain, and there was nothing to distract one's thoughts on this post but a little square brick building, which looked like a tiny fort. The special orders for the sentry on this isolated post were not to allow any person to go in or out of this little building.

As there was no one in the vicinity of his post and no one inside of the building, he did not have to exercise great vigilance when he began his lonely guard at three o'clock in the morning.

When the sergeant of the guard had left him, he began to pace up and down in front of the little brick building, and formulate plans for his future career. At twelve o'clock the following day he would discard the uniform he loved so well, forever, and it was necessary for him to choose another vocation.

The first sergeant had advised him to go to work on a farm, but the farming was not congenial to this man of arms. Some of the men in the company had spoken in glowing terms to him of the life of a cowboy, but from what he had seen the cowboys he did not think he should like to be one. The truth was, Jensen was a born soldier, and he did not care to be anything but a soldier. The hours dragged on uneventfully, and he was unable to decide what he would do when he was discharged from the army. He was so sad and so depressed that he did not care what happened to him.

The dawn was breaking, and it was time to expect the sergeant of the guard, whose duty it was to relieve the sentries, and still he was undecided as to his future career. Then the sun came up over the eastern horizon, and he patiently awaited the coming of the sergeant of the guard. Higher rose the sun, but the sergeant did not appear, and Jensen wondered what was the matter. Growing anxious, he shouted lustily for the sergeant of the guard, and when he perceived that the shouts were not answered, he was seriously alarmed.

After he had exhausted himself shouting for relief, it dawned on him that he was forgotten on post, but there was nothing that he could do, except wait until some soldier passed, by whom he could send word to the sergeant of the guard or the officer of the day. So he waited while the sun rose higher in the sky and the minutes flew by, but no person appeared at the lonely post. The minutes became hours, and no help or relief came to Private Jensen, who was tied down to his post by inexorable orders. Any other soldier in the regiment would have abandoned his post in the circumstances, but Private Jensen always obeyed orders, and it proved to be a good thing for Jones City that he did.

Shortly before the noon hour a party of a dozen men came down into the little hollow where he was posted, and expressed their astonishment at finding a soldier there on guard.

"What are you doing here?" inquired the foremost of the party.

"I am on guard," replied the soldier.

When they heard this, the men laughed loud and long.

"You don't mean to say that the army has gone away and left you here to preserve law and order, do you?" sneered one of them.

"I guess it has," answered Jensen, with a smile.

"Well, surely you won't stay here?" said another, and to the astonishment of the miners Private Jensen replied: "Yes, I will stay until relieved."

"But they can't relieve you, man! The soldiers went away on a train early this morning!" cried another of the fellows.

But the only thing Private Jensen said was: "That does not make any difference."

"Look here!" cried one of the men in an angry voice. "You fellows quit this fooling! This soldier is crazy. We came here to get the stuff, now let us go in and get it."

Private Jensen had placed himself in front of the door of the little brick structure which he was instructed to guard. The men advanced to enter the building, but they halted abruptly when the soldier levelled his rifle at them and said: "I will shoot the first man who tries to enter this building!" The others knew, by the look in Jensen's eye, that he would keep his word, and they drew back and held a consultation.

Although Jensen did not know it, the little brick building he guarded was the dynamite magazine of the mining company. The instant that the troops left trouble had occurred, and now the evil element which often misrepresents strikers planned to blow up the mines. It was to get dynamite for the purpose that the malicious party had come to the dynamite magazine, but their calculations had been upset by Private Jens Jensen.

After consulting among themselves for a few minutes the crowd went away. One of the party called back to the soldier, derisively: "When you get hungry come to town and we will feed you." Then the men disappeared, and for a while Jensen was left alone with his thoughts, which were not pleasant.

He did not know that the sergenat of the guard had suddenly been taken ill, and had forgotten to tell the new sergeant to relieve him. He did not know that he was not missed until the regiment was one hundred miles away, and that when he was reported absent the captain believed that he had deserted, without waiting to receive his discharge papers, which were useless to him. But even if Private Jensen had known all this, it would not have made any difference, he would have been just as faithful to his trust.

Even if he had not expected that his absence would be discovered, and a detail sent back to relieve him, he would have stayed on guard just as he did. Then men who expected that he would desert his post because he had been abandoned by his regiment, and because he was tired and hungry, did not know him. All day this soldier remained at his post without a morsel of food to sustain him, and with only the fetid water in his canteen to drink. At noon his term of service in the United States army expired, but he did not choose to consider it so, as he had not received his discharge.

During the afternoon a rough crowd collected about the dynamite magazine, with the evident intention of forcing an entrance. There were some open advocates of violence. Cries of "Shoot the soldier!" "String him up!" and similar expressions were frequently heard by Private Jensen; but wiser counsels prevailed, and he was not molested. They were not afraid of the man, but they were afraid of his uniform. Behind that uniform was the federal government of the United States.

Efforts were made by the besiegers to accomplish by diplomacy what they did not dare to do by force. Plausible arguments were made to Private Jensen to allow the miners to enter the magazine, and every effort was made to induce him to abandon his post. They refused to give him food or drink when he begged for them, in the hope that hunger and thirst would conquer him if nothing else could; and thus the day wore on and night fell, but Private Jensen remained on guard, in front of the door of the little brick house.

During the night the roughs posted a cordon of pickets about the dynamite magazine, and no person was allowed to communicate with the lone soldier on guard there. Many of the strikers would have been glad to feed him that he might be enabled to save from destruction the mines to which Jones City must look for future employment.

Private Jensen passed the night sitting on the door-step of the magazine, rifle in hand, watching his watchers. The men on guard were relieved every few hours, but there was no relief for him. When morning came he began to lose hope. He came to the conclusion that he had been reported as a deserter, but even then, after he had abandoned all hope of being relieved, he stayed at his post. Through another long, hot day, although famishing with hunger and tortured with thirst, he remained on guard, and prevented the malicious element from blowing up the mines.

What would have happened to him if there had not been a riot at Jones City that afternoon, it is impossible to tell. Orders were sent by telegraph which brought the soldiers back to the scene in a hurry. When the troops arrived, one of the first orders issued was to put a strong guard at the dynamite magazine, and a detail of Company F was assigned to this duty. The captain of the company, who had written on Private Jensen's discharge papers: "This man is so stupid that he is useless as a soldier," marched the detail, in person, to the dynamite magazine.

Private Jensen saw the soldiers coming, but he was too weak to rise and greet them. The soldiers also saw Private Jensen, and they marvelled greatly. Some of them shouted to him, in defiance of discipline, and laughed, but the laughter died on the lips of the soldiers when they reached the door-step and saw the haggard face of the man sitting there. Weak as he was, Private Jense tried to stand up and salute the captain. He also tried to

speak, but no sound came from his swollen lips.

In a voice that was reverential one of the soldiers said: "Captain, Jensen went on guard here three days ago."

The captain thought of what he had written on Jensen's discharge papers, and he blushed. Then there appeared on the scene a miner who told the captain that Jensen had stood guard over the dynamite magazine for three days and nights; how the rioters planned to blow up the mines, and how they were foiled by Private Jensen's heroism.

The captain is an impulsive, warm-hearted man, and it is said of him that when he heard the story of the miner he cried like a child.

Tenderly the awed soldiers carried Private Jensen to the field hospital. For several days he was sick and delirious. When he recovered and was himself again there were several surprises in store for him. He was informed that during his sickness he had been re-enlisted. Then an order was shown to him, appointing him colour sergeant of the regiment.

But it was what was written on his discharge papers that most surprised Private Jensen. He found that the captain had written in a bold hand on the face of his discharge: "This man is a hero!"

THE OKAPI IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

It was a bold stroke of imagination on the part of Sir Edwin Arnold in his recent poem, "The Voyage of Ithobal," to appropriate the remarkable discovery of Sir Harry Johnston in the forests of Central Africa, and to make his Phœnician mariner describe to the King of Egypt the strange quadruped now known as the okapi, from the name given to it by the natives of Uganda. But truth is often stranger than fiction, and fiction not unfrequently is an "intelligent anticipation of scientific discovery. Was the okapi really known to the ancient Egyptians, and, if so, can it be found upon their monuments? Professor Wiedemann, of Bonn, the most eminent living Egyptologist, believes that he has solved this question in the affirmative, and in the current number of the "Orientalistische Litteratur-Zeitung," of Berlin, details his reasons for this solution.

There is an ancient divine ideogram in the Egyptian monuments, which has been explained in a great variety of ways. This is the so-called animal of Set." All that is certain about it is that it represents a quadruped living in the desert. Some Egyptologists have taken this creature for the desert fox, fenek; others for the jerboa, the musk-rat, for some other kind of mouse, for a kind of dog, or even for a fabulous creature made up of the gazelle and the ass. Wiedemann himself held it for a conventionalised camel, or for a figure influenced by the shape of the giraffe. In the hunting scenes at Beni-Lassan, a creature very like Set's animal occurs, and is there called "she." It is not altogether clear whether it is meant to pourtray a real animal of the chase or a fabulous being, inasmuch as both a griffin and a panther with a long neck like a snake occur with it. But the Beni-Lassan reliefs belong to the Twelfth Dynasty, and it is known that the artists of that epoch often went back for their motifs to the earliest times, and so very likely may have depicted extinct animals which were known to the artists of earlier centuries, and had since disappeared. A case in point is that of the rhinoceros, which at that time was no longer known in Egypt itself, and whose form was, therefore, very incorrectly reproduced, with much too long a horn. Much the same may be said of the ostrich. Possibly, therefore, the figure of the Set animal, or the "she," may have had a similar history.

Now a comparison of the various representations of this creature on the monuments shows very characteristic peculiarities, especially in head and neck. The body itself seems somewhat conventionalised, and influenced by the form of the jackal, sacred to Aphat, as this animal was to Set. The tail, however,, always ends in a kind of tuft. The neck goes off at rather too sharp an angle from the trunk, the face is long and narrow; the lips are protruding, the upper lip projecting beyond the lower, so as almost to give the appearance of an incipient trunk. The nostrils are forward and close beside the upper lip. Over the eyes is a bony, horn-like protuberance, recalling somewhat that of the giraffe. The ears are long, the epiphysis of the aural muscle narrow, the upper termination of the ear almost a straight line. The colour, when indicated, seems yellow or reddish. The general impression is that of a rather large animal.

Professor Wiedemann believes that the prototype of this hitherto unidentified creature was no other than the ocapia Johnstoni. The size of the latter is about that of an ox, the neck longer than that of the horse the head recalls that of the tapir, the ears are as long as those of the ass, the eyes like those of the hart. Moreover, the legs are long, and the tail ends in a tuft. "If we compare the head and neck of the okapi, especially in its characteristic profile view, with those of Set's animal, they will be found to correspond perfectly. Only the form of the ear differs in this respect—that in the okapi the ear-tip is not flat, but ends in a blunt point. But no animal known to us has a rectangular flat top to its ear, so that is clearly a case of conventionalisation in the Egyptian drawing." Again, the okapi has short hair and a reddish skin. It is true that the nose is marked by a black stripe, legs and feet are cream-coloured and striped like a zebra's, but the predominating tone of colour agrees with that of Set's animal.

As for the disappearance of this animal from Egypt, Wiedemann remarks that the okapi is easily caught, and if it ever lived in the Nile valley must very soon have fallen a prey to the Egyptian hunters, or have sought refuge in the deserts of the interior. This very circumstance would have led to its being taken for the incarnation of the god Set, who dwelt in the desert. Later on in the Twelfth Dynasty the artist, who no longer knew the animal from nature, misrepresented it by giving it the flat feet of a beast of prey instead of hoofs. Later still it was more or less identified with the wild ass. "In conclusion," declares the eminent German Egyptologist, "I believe that the discovery of a new large mammal in Africa, which has been such a surprise for zoologists, is also a fruitful one for Egyptology, and that we must definitely recognise the prototype, especially in the remarkable head, of Set's animal in the head of the okapi."

L. C. C.

HALF-WAY TOWN.

BY FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

An easy road runs smoothly down
To Half-Way Town;
For everything that's but begun,
And everything that's never done,
Just rolls aside and, one by one,
Goes into Half-Way Town.

Half-finished walls are tumbling down
In Half-Way Town.
Half-finished streets are always lined
With half-done work of every kind;
And all the world just lags behind
In dreary Half-Way Town.

Keep straight along, and don't look down
Toward Half-Way Town.
They say, if every one should try
To keep on moving, brisk and spry,
We should discover, by and by,
There'd be no Half-Way Town.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.

CASTLEBAR.

CASTLEBAR, a market and post town, and a parish (formerly a parliamentary borough), in the barony of Carra, County of Mayo, and province of Connaught, 44 miles (S.W.) from Sligo, and 125¼ (W. by N.) from Dublin; containing 11,805 inhabitants, of which number 6,373 are in the town. The place owes its rise and importance to the ancestor of its present proprietor, Sir John Bingham, who, in 1609, obtained for it the grant of a market and fair. In 1613 Jas. I. granted the inhabitants a charter of incorporation, under which the government of the town was vested in a portreeve, fifteen free burgesses, and a commonalty, with power to hold a court of record every Monday for the recovery of debts not exceeding five marks. The charter also conferred upon the portreeve and free burgesses the right of returning two members to the Irish Parliament; and in 1620 the inhabitants received a grant of a second annual fair. After the quelling of the disturbances of 1798, in the autumn of that year the French, under the command of Gen. Humbert, having landed in the bay of Kilcummin on the 22nd of August, made themselves masters of that town, and proceeded to Ballina, of which they took possession on the 24th. On the following day, Gen. Hutchinson arrived at this place from Galway, and being joined on the evening of the 26th by Lieut.-Gen. Lake, every disposition was made for the reception of the invaders, who, after an obstinate contest, made themselves masters of the town, of which they kept possession for some days; but learning that the Marquess Cornwallis was approaching with his army, Gen. Humbert abandoned this place, and retreated with his force towards Sligo.

The town is situated on the river of Castlebar, which has its source in Lough Lanark, and on the mail coach road from Ballinasloe to Westport: it consists of one principal street nearly a mile in length, from which diverge several smaller streets and lanes; and in 1831 contained 909 houses, some of the best of which are built round the green, which forms a pleasant promenade; the streets are paved and kept in repair at the expense of the county. Under the charter of Jas. I., the corporation continued to return two members to the Irish Parliament till the Union, when the borough was disfranchised, and the sum of £15,000 awarded as compensation was paid to Richard Earl of Lucan. At the head of Lough Lanark, near the town, is an ancient burial-place, commanding a fine view of the distant mountains; and on the other side of the lake are the ruins of a fortified residence.

(To be Continued.)

THE NEW BRITISH ACADEMY.

By ELLA MacMAHON.

A British Academy of Letters has long been talked about, yet possibly the announcement that the King has granted a charter of inauguration to such an organisation at last has come more or less as a surprise to the public in general. The wording of the Royal charter declares the new Academy to be "for the promotion of philosophical, historical, and philological studies," which appears to mean what is briefly comprehended by the term "Letters." The analogy which is instantly presented is that of the French Academy. Exactly how far the new British Academy will conform to the French model remains to be seen, and whether its foundation will have any marked influence upon English literature and letters also remains to be seen. As a matter of fact, in France the influence exerted by an esoteric organisation of this sort has not been very tremendous; indeed, if the French Academy never existed, letters and art in France would probably have been, and still be, precisely where they are, speaking generally. Where Academies possibly do accomplish something is in the spirit of emulation which they foster among their members. Every man of science, for example, in Britain's domains—and outside too—longs and hopes to write F.R.S. after his name. It is the blue ribbon of his career—the hall-mark of his acquirements. All the same, Academies are, if one may say so, more or less counsels of perfection; and counsels of perfection, as a rule, look best on paper; reduced to practice they fail surprisingly, and even ignominiously. The Academy of France is, no doubt, the most illustrious organisation of its kind on earth, yet this tribunal which so complacently arrogated to itself supreme power of judgment has earned undying fame by its rejection of Corncille's "Cid," and its refusal to admit Moliere and La Bruyere within its august limits! Such mistakes, however, are perhaps inevitable in any organisation that has its roots in human direction, and the new British Academy will be lucky indeed if, during its existence, it escapes or avoids similar blunders. Already, indeed, so far as the list of those goes which have gained admission, there is more than one notable omission observable.

Historically the Academy has a long record. Every schoolboy knows the derivation of the word, and has heard of the Garden of Academus, where Plato treated his pupils to those philosophic monologues which the philosopher chose to call conversations. From those discourses of Plato sprang the succeeding schools of philosophy, which were, of course, not schools in our ordinary acceptation of the term, but societies of scholars for treating some especial branch of study, or even a particular method or set of opinions held by scholars on a given subject. Later came the idea of forming specific organisations for promoting any particular branch of learning. The earliest organisation of this kind was, indeed, the celebrated "Museum" founded at Alexandria in the third century. The Alexandrian Academy was the model of others founded by the Jews and the Arabians, and even of those in the Middle Ages that were of Moorish origin. Alcuin, that wonder of learning, suggested to his famous pupil, Charlemagne, the foundation of the society which was associated with the Emperor's name and formed in his palace. In the 15th century, however, after the conquest of Constantinople drove numberless refugees to Italy, the Greek conception of an Academy of Letters or Art first took root in Europe. Fostered by princely patrons, the Medici, the Academies of Florence, lit the torch-light of the Renaissance, and though in themselves they afterwards declined, they gave an impulse to study and scholarship that remained. Almost every country in Europe followed the classical model, and founded Academies for the promotion of learning. Among the best known may be mentioned those which, converted by Richelieu into a great national institution, form now the French Academy; the Berlin Academy of Arts and Sciences, formed by Frederick I., with Leitnitz as its first President; the Imperial Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg, planned by Peter the Great, under the advice of Leibnitz and Wolf, and actually founded by Catharine I. and liberally supported by her; the Academy of Sciences at Stockholm, founded in 1739, among the six members of which it originally consisted being Linnaeus; the Royal Academy at Copenhagen, founded in 1742; the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, dating from 1780; and the Academies of Munich, Mannheim, Lisbon, and Vienna, all dating from the 18th century. To these may be added the Royal Society and the Royal Irish Academy, which, founded in 1782, has since held a distinguished place among European Councils of learning. As regards the more restricted term, Academies for the promotion of specific branches of learning are innumerable, but they partake of a professional character, and are open only to members of particular professions. Whether the British Academy will gradually include within its borders departments other than those already specified is not yet indicated. Following, apparently, the precedent of the French Academy, it seems to restrict itself to the line of letters. But it is possible that, following the French prototype, a wider range may follow. Richelieu's original object was the cultivation of the French language, and the first work of the Academy was the preparation of a dictionary of the French language. Then Louis XIV. founded the Academie des Inscriptions, for the immediate object of examining his collection of medals and other antiquities; but the taste for antiquities—which was very marked in France in the 17th century—ere long led to its extension. The third French Academy—that of Sciences—the most distinguished in the world even to the present day, was founded by Colbert, in 1666, and Le Brun founded the Academy of Painting in 1648. The Directory suppressed these Academies by the barbarous edict of 1793, but they were practically re-incarnated two years later, and formed into what has since become the Institute of France. That organisation consists really of five divisions, namely—the Academie Francaise, Belles-lettres, Sciences, Beaux Arts and Sciences, Morales et Politiques. It is, as will be seen, more comprehensive than the British institution. Moreover, the French Academy has at its disposal many valuable prizes, not the least of these being the fund for distribution to meritorious authors whose means are straightened. The French Academy, besides French members, includes foreigners also, a practice that no doubt the British Academy will follow in due course.

CORK IN 1760.

A PANORAMIC VIEW.

[OUR GRATIS SUPPLEMENT.]

We present gratis to our readers this week a picture which we are sure they will regard as of no ordinary interest. It shows the City of Cork as it was in 1760, and is a faithful reproduction, as to size and in every detail, of the beautiful steel engraving with which "The History of the County and City of Cork," by Charles Smith, M.D., was embellished. It is taken from the second edition of that work, which was printed and published in Dublin in 1774.

THE MAID OF CLOGHROE.*

ANONYMOUS.

As I roved out at Faha one morning,
Where Adrum's tall groves were in view,
When Sol's lucid beams were adorning,
And the meadows were spangled with dew;
Reflecting, in deep contemplation,
On the state of my country kept low,
I perceived a fair juvenile female
On the side of the hill of Cloghroe.

Her form resembled fair Venus,
That amorous Cyprian queen;
She's the charming young sapling of Erin,
As she gracefully trips on the green;
She's tall, and her form is graceful,
Her features are killing also;
She's a charming, accomplished young maiden,
This beautiful dame of Cloghroe.

Fair Juno, Minerva, or Helen,
Could not vie with this beautiful dame;
Hibernian swains are bewailing,
And anxious to know her dear name.
She's tender, she's tall, and she's stately,
Her complexion much whiter than snow;
She outrivals all maidens completely,
This lovely young maid of Cloghroe.

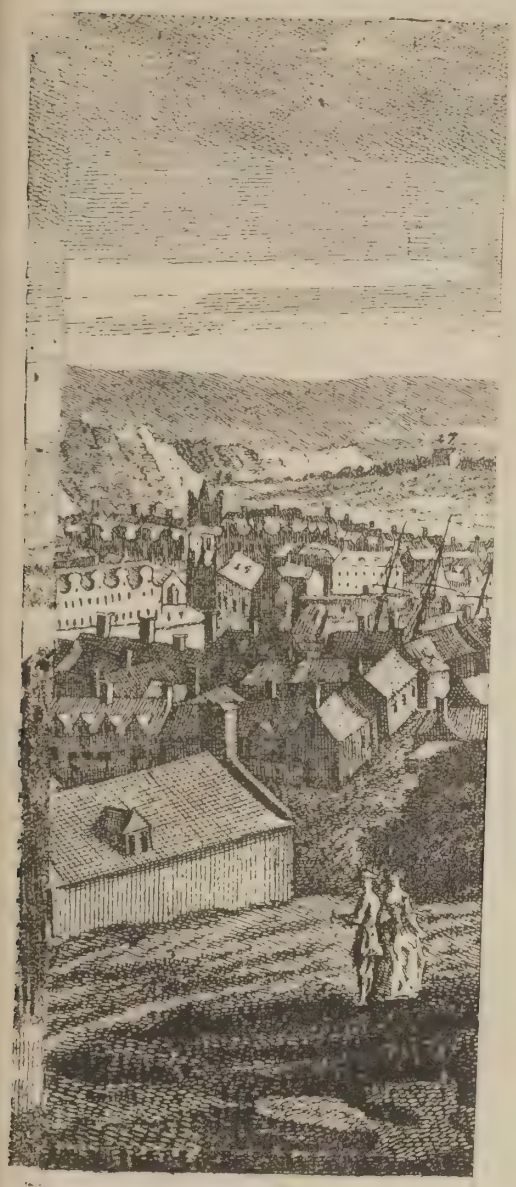
At Coachfort, at Dripsey, and Blarney,
This lovely young maid is admired;
The bucks, at the lakes of Killarney,
With the fame of her beauty are fired.
Her image, I think, is before me,
And present wherever I go;
Sweet, charming young maid, I adore thee,
Thou beautiful nymph of Cloghroe.

Now, aid me, ye country grammarians!
Your learned assistance I claim
To know the bright name of this fair one—
This charming young damsel of fame.
Two mutes and a liquid united,
Ingeniously placed in a row,
Spell part of the name of this phœnix
The beautiful maid of Cloghroe.

A dipthong and three semivowels
Will give us this cynosure's name—
This charming Hibernian beauty,
This lovely, this virtuous young dame.
Had Jupiter heard of this fair one,
He'd descend from Olympus, I know,
To pay court to this juvenile phœnix—
This beautiful maid of Cloghroe.

* An imitation of the more pretentious kind of street ballads once much in vogue in Dublin.

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of the County and City of Cor



CORK IN 1760—Panorama Reproduced from Smith's "History of the County and City of Cork."

THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK.

BOOK I.

Containing a Natural, Civil, Ecclesiastical, Historical, and Topographical Description thereof.

By CHARLES SMITH, M.D.

Æquum est enim meminisse & me, qui discerem hominem esse, et vos, qui Judicetis ut si probabilia dicentur nihil ultra requiratis.
Cicero Univers.

In Two Volumes.

VOL I.

The Second Edition, with Additions.

CHAP. I.

Of the ancient Names of the Territories and Inhabitants of this County, together with those of the middle and present Age.

PTOLEMY (1) places several people in this country, since known by the names of the counties of Cork and Desmond, and calls them Coriondi, Udiæ or Vodii, Velabori, and Uterini, which seem to be a corruption of the name Iberni, and are, according to Baxter (2), only synonymous names for one and the same people.

The Coriondi, whose name still bears some affinity to the Irish name of this tract, were the inhabitants of the middle part of the county, particularly near the present city of Cork. They seem to be derived from the ancient Coritani, a British tribe, whom Cambden places in Northamptonshire, Leicestershire, Rutland, Lincolnshire, &c., or, according to that other celebrated antiquarian, Llhuyd, who makes them only to be a small colony, inhabiting Lincolnshire. But whether our Coriondi be a colony of the British Coritani (3) or not is, at this distance of time, no very easy matter to determine. It is certain that many of the ancient British people retired into Ireland, upon the invasion of the Romans, in the reign of the Emperor Vespasian, about the year of Christ 76, during the government of Petilius Cerealis in Britain. And Cambden adds that they fled hither, some for the sake of ease and quietness, others to keep their eyes untainted with the Roman insolence, and others again to preserve their liberty.

The Irish to this day call all marshy places bordering on rivers, corcass grounds. The boats made of wattles, covered over with raw hides, in which the old Irish, as well as the ancient Britons used to sail, were called, in the Irish tongue, curraghs, in the old British, corcog, which comes very near the Irish name for Cork, viz., Corcach, signifying in the Irish language, a marshy place, or, rather, a naval place, or a place of curraghs, i.e., boats (4). Hence the Latin name of those people, Coriondi, i.e., navigators, from corion, leather. The Welsh to this day call skins Crugh, from the Greek Χρῆς, and also in the Latin, Corium. If we may give any credit to the old Irish chronicles, the first who made use of leathern boats in Ireland was Eochaid Vairceas, king of Ireland, A.M. 3394, the surname, Vairceas, signifying an open skiff or boat. They add that this prince was banished two years before he came to the throne, but, with a number of his followers, kept the sea (5), in several vessels, from which he often landed his men, to spoil the inhabitants, in these kind of boats. They are mentioned as a sort of miracle, by Festus Avienus (6), describing the Oestrymindes, or isles of Scilly.

Non usque navibus turbidum late fretum
Et belluosum gurgitem oceani secant,
Non hi carinas quippe pinu texere,
Facere morem non abiete, ut usus est,
Curvant phasello: sed rei ad miraculum,
Navigia junctis semper aptant pellibus,
Corioque vastum sæpe percurrunt salem.

Yet not in ships they try the watery plain,
And rouse the shapeless monsters of the main.
For neither gallies fram'd of lofty pine
They know to make, nor weaker fir to join
In barques; but wondrous! skins to skins they sew;
Secure in these to distant regions go,
And pathless seas with keels of leather plough.

The method of making those boats is also described by Lucan (7), thus:

Utque habuit ripas Sicoris, camposq; reliquit,
Primum cana falix, madefacto vimine, parvam
Texitur in puppim, cæsõque induta juvenco
Vectoris patiens tumidum superenatat amnen.
Sic Venetus, stagnante Pado, fusoque Britannus
Navigat oceano: Sic cum tenet omnia Nilus,
Conferitur bibula Memphitis cymba papyro.

Cæsar the champaign leaves, and spreading ground,
When Sicorean waves his troops surround;
The twisting willows to the keel he joins,
And reeking hides cements, and close the lines.
Proud of their crew, they waft them to the shore,
Such Venice knows, such Britons had before,
And such as river Nile to Memphis bore.

From Cæsar's own description of this passage in his Commentaries, it appears that he had learned the method of making these boats from the Britons. For, says he "cum in his angustiis res esset, atq; omne, vice ab Afranianis militibus, equitibusq; obsidirentur, imperat militibus Cæsar, ut naves faciant, cujus generis eum superioribus annis usus Britanniæ docuerat. Carinæ primum, ac statumina ex levi materia fibant, reliquum corpus navium viminibus contextum Coriis integebatur, &c." When things were brought to such extremities, and all the ways guarded and shut up by the soldiers and horsemen of Afranius, Cæsar ordered the soldiers to make such boats as he had seen used in Britain formerly: the keels whereof were made of light stuff and small timber, and the upper part formed of osiers, covered with hides. And Pliny (8) says, "ad eam Britanni vitulibus corio circumfutis navigare." We have an example, also, of another place taking its name from a boat or vessel, viz., the country of Liburnia, being a part of Croatia, from Liburna, a kind of ship used by these people.

The Vodii or Udiæ, were a people which Baxter (9) will have to inhabit the inland parts of Munster. They took their name from their situation in a woody country, the British words Vydheiu, Guydieu, denoting wood. Ptolemy, if the maps handed down to us be his, places those people on the coast, between the mouths of the Lee and Avenmore (which last I take to be the Daurona of that ancient geographer) S. of the Coriondi. So that the great Cambden's conjecture for placing them in the county of Kilkenny, founded only in the likeness of the sound of the words Vodii, or Udiæ, to Idou or Idouth, a territory in that county, comprehending the modern barony of Fassaghdining, cannot be admitted; as the position of that barony is very remote from the S. coast of Munster. Nor need we seek elsewhere for those Vodii than in the very spot assigned them by Ptolemy, viz., the barony of Imokilly, which in the Irish tongue, signifies the woody territory, the same as the word Vodii, a Latin termination of the British Vydheiu, also means. The chief place in which tract is Youghal, in old writings called Ochella, derived from the words O-chill, or Y-chill, the place of a wood. In all ages, whole countries, cities and towns, have been denominated from trees, as Cyparissa in Greece, Cerasus in Pontus, Laurentum in Italy, Myrhinus in Attica: as also ports, mountains, and eminent places, as the Viminalis, Æsculetum, &c., probably from the spontaneous growth and abounding of such trees in the respective soils.

Ptolmey places, near the Notium of

(1) Geograp. lib. 4.

(2) p. 134.

(3) The name Coritani might easily be changed for the word Coridani, which last our people have been called, by a mere transmutation of the letter t into d, a change frequent in language, as Alexanter to Alexander, etc, and many examples might be given of this also in the Irish, was it proper to enlarge on so needless a criticism.

(4) Cork harbour was, in ancient manuscripts, called Bealach Conglac.

(5) The ancients called our ocean by the name of the Vergivian sea; which sea was called, by the Britons, Morveridh, i.e., the Irish sea; for Mor in the British tongue, signifies the sea, and Everdhon Ireland; and hence Llhuyd thinks the ancient name Vergivium is derived. But Cambden will either have it from Morveridh, or Farigi or Fairrge, (the letter F being pronounced like a V consonant), which signifies, in the old Irish, the seas. Marcianus Heracleta, who wrote a geographical treatise in Greek prose, called περιπλεῖς, says, that Ireland has 16 nations, 11 famous cities, 5 remarkable promontories, and 15 principal rivers.

(6) De oris Maritimis.

(7) Lib. 4.

(8) Lib. 4. cap 16.

(9) Gloff. page 283.

Munster (which is now called the Missen-head, and, in Irish, Mullavogy-head) a people named Vellabori, in some copies of this geographer they are called Ουελλέβοροι and also Ουελίβοροι. We can neither seek for the original of those people, nor of the former, as they both take their names from the nature of the country; for Bel, or Bel Abor, in the old British, signifies the head of a bay probably Biar or Bearhead.

The same geographer calls those people which inhabited the more western parts of this county, viz., about Bear-haven and Bantry, Uterini; and, in some editions, Iberni. That these Iberni had their origin from the Iberi, or Spaniards, who, by the Irish writers, have been said to send early colonies into Ireland, is very probable, not only from the affinity of the name, but also from those parts of Ireland lying nearer, and more opposite to the Spanish coast than any other. The distance between Cape Ortugal in Spain, and Cape Clear in Ireland, being but 150 leagues, almost opposite to each other N. and S., and as far as to Ushant in France, which is two-thirds of the way, may be, in a manner, coasted, the usual method of sailing in those ages, they not daring to venture far to sea, not having the use of the compass to steer by, but observing the sun by day and the stars by night to direct them. Yet, notwithstanding these difficulties, many of the ancients undertook long voyages, as the Phenicians and Carthaginians, which last nation had many colonies in Spain, who often sailed to Britain, and other northern climes. Certain it is that in Aristotle's time (10) the Greeks had some notion of this island, which limited their knowledge of the western world. I make no doubt but the northern and eastern parts of Ireland were peopled from Britain, those parts lying opposite and contiguous to each other, the navigation being short and safe, even in open boats. Yet, if all the kingdom was originally inhabited this way, it would be hard to conceive how there should remain such a diversity of manners, customs, and dialects between the northern and southern parts, which diversity being common to all the other nations of Europe, can be owing to nothing else but to the different colonies they were first peopled with.

I should not dwell so much on this subject, but that many modern English writers treat this colony of the Iberi, under Milesius, as a fable. But the contrary appears from the testimony of all the old Irish MSS., which, like other early histories, are blended with truth and fable; besides, the remains of the Irish tongue is still spoken among the Vascones and Cantabrians, as is shown by Llhuyd in his Archeologia, where we may also meet with many singular customs of theirs, which agree with the Irish, as wearing bonnets, short skeins or durks. In Cantabria, the peasants still wear Irish courrans, or rough shoes, without heels; use their pipes, tunes, and ways of dancing; and in their shape and features resemble the tall, thin make, and black, slender hair of our Momonian Irish, a very different kind of bodied men from the squat, short, thick-limbed people of the eastern coasts, resembling the Welsh, from whose country they undoubtedly came (11).

(10) De Mundo, cap. 3.

Having given some account of those people mentioned by Ptolemy in this country, I shall next collect together what I find, by any good authority, related of the ancient Irish septs, dispersed in this large county, with the names their different territories went by, before the arrival of the English.

Cork, before the arrival of the Strongbonian conquerors, was a kingdom of, itself the kings of which were the Mac-Cartys, that family being found in possession of it by the English. Diarmuid, who was Mac-Carty-More, king of Cork or Desmond, swore fealty, gave hostages, and subjected his kingdom to a yearly tribute to King Henry II., in the year 1172 (12). This kingdom comprehended all that tract of country from Lismore to Brandon hills, in the county of Kerry, where they face the eastern part of that county. Besides the county of Cork and the western parts of Waterford, it also comprehended another county, formerly called Desmond, which county, being now part of those of Cork and Kerry, it may not be amiss to mention its extent. It was divided into three tracts: 1st, Clancare, which lay next the sea, between the bay of Dingle and Kilmaire river; 2nd, Bear, lying between that river and Bantry; and, 3rd, Iveragh or Evaugh, situated between Bantry and Baltimore. There was also another part of it, which lay near the Shannon, being the small barony of Iragticonner. Desmond, in the Irish language, signifies South Munster.

The Irish antiquarians allow but eight families of royal extraction in Munster, of which they place four in Carbery (13),

(11) It may not be amiss to quote a very ancient writer in this place, * who says that Eberus, Erimon. Ir, Don, Amergius and Calptha, were the six sons of Milesius, who landed in Ireland. From Eberus sprang the Momonii, or people of Munster. From Erimon, were derived the people of Lethlenii, and the Lagenii, or people of Leinster. The Ulides or people of Ulster, sprang from Ir. From Don, the territory of Teach Duin, in the western parts of Ireland; and from Calptha, the river Inber Calptha was called, where the Bodanus empties itself. These ancient accounts differ much from each other; some only making three sons of Milesius to land in Ireland, whom Keating † follows, but the landing of these, as well as of Partholanus, they all place in the bay of Bantry, which they call Inber Sceine.

*Prima vita sanct. Patric. scholia veteris scholiast.

† Page83.

(12) Ware's Ann. p. 7.

(13) The territory of Carbery took its name from an ancient Irish chief, so called. There were three brothers, according to the Irish antiquarians, 1. Carbry Riada, 2 Carbry Muse, and 3. Carbry Bascoin, who are said to be sons of Fiachad, who was brother to Eana Aighnach, monarch of Munster. They, and their posterity, were called Earniade Mumhan; from the first of these, this barony is said to take its name; and some add, that from him, or his race, Dailriada, in Scotland, was called. The second brother is said to give his name to Muskerry, as did the youngest to Corca Bascoin, a territory where the city of Cork now stands. In reign of Oilioll Olum, king of Munster, Carbry Muse presented a poem to the king, wherein he celebrated the valour, generosity, and magnificence of that prince, who so greatly liked the performance, that he rewarded him with the two Urmhumhains i.e., upper and lower Ormond, called afterwards, from this Carbry, Muskery, and contained all the country from Ossory to Carrignashure. Keating.

which comprehended all the S.W. part of this county; and these were, besides the Mac-Cartys above-mentioned, O Mahon, or Hahown, O Donovan and O Driscoll (14). Those Mahowns derive their pedigree from Kean Mac-Moyle More, who married Sarah, daughter of Brien Boruma, king of Munster, by whom he had Mahown the ancestor of all that sept. For in that king's reign, surnames were given to the Irish, and were commonly deduced from the name of their principal ancestor, with O or Mac annexed. It is from this Kean that the village of Inniskean, in Carbery, has its name, and from this sept that Bandon is called sometimes Droghid Mahon, and the castle near it Castlemahon. The head branch of the family resided in west Carbery, and were called O Mahownfune, alias Owinyerer, or of the west, where they had many castles, the chief of which were at Ardintenant and Three Castle-head (15). This family had also anciently possessions in part of the modern barony of Muskery, viz., the parishes of Kilmurry, Moviddy, Caneboy, Aglish, &c., which bore the name of Ive-flan-lee, from Flan, one of the Mahonys nursed there, who conquered almost all this tract, as appears from those ancient Irish lines:

O Glaise crithe fuair flan
Na ciocha thuaig adteorinn
Mar ar shaig cuan achros
Gan chios uatha ach deaglais.

West from the stream of Glaisecrithe brook,
To Muskery's paps, where holy Patrick struck
His crosier; thence unto the southern main
The conquering Flan o'er all this tract did reign,
No rent, or tribute, for this land he paid,
But to the church alone, his offering made.

From this Flan descended Beake, from whom, according to the Munster Annals, the territory of Kinalmeaky (16) took its name, which was anciently part of Carbery (17).

The family of O Donovan (18) was the next mentioned as allowed to be of royal extraction; their territory in this county went formerly by the name of Clancahill, a part of west Carbery, comprehending the large and mountainous parish of Druma-

(14) According to the genealogical tables added to Keating, all the tribes and septs of the O'Mahonys, in the counties of Cork and Kerry, are descended from Cas, brother to Nadfraoch, and son of Corc, kings of Munster.

In an ancient life of Saint Kieran, quoted by Archbishop Ussher, Carbery is called Corcaluidhe.

(15) Vide a note of the names of all the plowlands belonging to O Mahown-sune in Duaghe, a part of west Carbery, in the Lambeth library, L. fol. 105.

The division of the territory of Ivagh (a part also of Carbery) among the O Mahonys, may also be seen, in the manuscripts of the same library, X. X. fol. 10.

(16) Kinalmeaky signifies the head of the noble root. From Kean a head, Neal noble and Mecan a root, in old Irish, probably alluding to this sept of the Mahonys.

(17) The last of this sept, who was called Coroner O'Mahony, was slain in Desmond's rebellion, and died seized of the seigniory of Kinalmeaky. Cox, vol. 1. p. 383.

(18) The O Conailles and O Cullinanes also derive their pedigree from the same origin as O'Donovan. What is remarkable of this last family of the O Cullinanes, is that it was never known without one or more physicians in it, which is remarked by Cambden; insomuch that when a person is given away, they have a saying in Irish, even O Cullinane cannot cure him. Which profession still continues in the family.

legue, and other tracts, in which parish they had their chief residence, at Castle-Donovan. This family came hither from a barony in the county of Limerick, called Coshma, where they built the famous castle of Crom, which afterwards fell to the Kildare family, and from which the motto Crom-a-Boo, still used by that noble house, was taken. The representative of this ancient family has his seat at Banlaghan, in west Carbery. Another ancient sept, also said to be of royal extraction, are the O-Driscolls (19), who took this surname, as they pretend, from Heidersgoil, son of Fin, who sprang from Ith, son of Bregoan, which Ith, they will have to be uncle to King Milesius. Other antiquarians, with more probability, say they had their name from Conary More Mac-Eidriscoll, King of Ireland. But be that as it may, this sept had possession of a large tract both in this county and in Kerry, called Iveragh, and also Cothilia, in old Irish records, being a very considerable country on the S.W coast. They had in it several strong castles, viz., Dunashad, now Baltimore; and opposite to it, in the island of Inisherkin, Dunelong castle, in which island Sir Florence O-Driscoll founded a Franciscan abbey, anno 1460. The island of Cape Clear also belonged to them, the castle of which place, together with all their other castles, were, by Sir Fineene O-Driscoll, delivered up to the Spaniards, anno 1601, but were re-taken by the English two years after. In order to ingratiate himself with Queen Elizabeth, a fleet of English ships of war were supplied for a considerable time with fresh provisions by this Sir Fineene O Driscoll, who also nobly entertained all the captains and other officers in his castles. The Queen, being informed of it, pardoned his joining the Spaniards, and sent for him to court. But before he arrived there, the Queen died; and during his absence, great part of his possessions were intruded into by Sir Walter Coppinger, which caused this ancient family to fall to decay.

I have already taken notice that the Mac-Cartys were kings of Cork, but the chief of this name in Carbery was Mac-Carty Reagh, who was also the chief person in the whole territory of Carbery. He is not only in the Irish chronicles, but also in several patents and records, styled Prince of Carbery; and it is certain that he enjoyed a chief rent, more or less, out of the greatest part of this barony, computed to be £300 per annum, which, for the most part, was paid in hogs, beeves, sheep, and the like, and was counted a greater and more noble chiefry than was received in those times out of any other seigniory in Ireland.

It is also manifest, from the honourable marriages (20) and noble alliances of this family of Mac-Carty Reagh, that it was always esteemed amongst the most considerablo in Ireland; nor was there any of this house in rebellion against the crown of England, until the unhappy year of 1641, which makes it strange that so great a man as the head of this house was, had then but £1,200 per annum. But the Irish gave two reasons for this: the first is that tho younger sons of the family had drawn off many tracts from the patrimonial estate; and, another, that in the infancy of Daniel, who was called Nipipy (21) (who was Mac-Carty Reagh by tanistry), his uncle, Sir Donogh Mac-Carty, gave his own son, Florence, a better estate in Carbery than he left to the heir, or than his son got by Mac-Carty More's daughter. For he gave him Tough Carriganassig, containing 12 plowlands; Tough mountain, being 7 plowlands; and Tough Iniskean, 12 plowlands. So that he left Mac-Carty Reagh only the 10 plowlands of Kilbritton (22), 3 of Coolmain, 2 of Downdaniel, 4 of Ballynadee, 1 of Burrin, 2½ of Gorticlogh, now Skibbereen, one plowland of Knockandee, and some other parcels, besides his chief rent.

(To be Continued.)

(19) Keating's Tables.

(20) Donald Mac-Fineen Mac-Carty Reagh was married to Elinor, daughter to Gerald, the eighth earl of Kildare, who was lord lieutenant of Ireland, anno 1496, by whom he had four sons, 1. Florence, commonly called the deaf, who died without issue male. 2. Cormac Mac-Carty Reagh, ancestor to the family of Banduff in Carbery. 3. Sir Donogh, alias MacCarty Reagh, ancestor of Charles Mac-Carty More, who lived in the reign of King William, and of Donogh Mac-Carty, of Carigypheeaghane, in Kerry, Esq; 4. Sir Owen Mac-Carty Reagh, ancestor to the family of Trale in Carbery, and of Owen MacCarty, lieutenant-colonel in 1689, to MacCarty More. Sir Donogh and Sir Owen were Mac-Carty Reagh during their lives. Thomas, their elder brother, had issue Donald.

(21) This Donald Ni-pipy, was so-called because in his time some pipes of wine were cast on shore at Burrin, and consequently, were his right, being a wreck, and accordingly he had them, which, in those superstitious times, was reckoned very fortunate; the wreck being esteemed (as the Cornish mens' phrase) is God's goods. His grandson, Donald MacCormac, was high sheriff of this county, and a Protestant, anno 1635. The additional name of Reagh was annexed to this family, from the time of Donald Reagh, one of its ancestors, to distinguish it from the other family of Mac Carty More.

(22) Kilbritton belonged to the lords Kingsale, long before Mac Carty Reagh possessed it. For, by a composition of Walter de la Haye, the king's escheator of Ireland, anno 23 Edw. I. 1295, the manor of Kilbritton and Ringrone, with the mills, fisheries, etc, thereto belonging; the lands of Corrotsheran, Holderness, Lisfynin, Tathax, Lysedie, and Kingsale, in the county of Cork; and other places in the extent roll taken on the occasion, being seized into the king's hands, upon the death of John de Courcey, who was slain by Mac Carty in the same year, in the island of Inchydonny (as appears by a certificate of Samuel Mollineux, Ulster king at arms, concerning the said battle. This Walter restores the said lands, etc, on a composition of £12 12s. to James Keating, per brevi domini regis, etc. And the said Walter de la Haye restores the country of Glynardall, and other lands in the county of Kerry, to the said Keating, for the use of the heir of the said John, lord Courcy. Concordat cum original. in thes infra Cast. Dubl. rememb. Philip Percevall. penes dominum de Kingsale

SCIENTIFIC DEVICES.

The Societe Francaise de Physique, recently held its annual exhibition in Paris, when a large variety of the inventions of the numerous ramifications of science, devised during the past year, were displayed. Notwithstanding the apparently exclusive name which it bears, this institution is international in its operations.

Some novel and interesting devices were exhibited. One contrivance was a wall of rippling and constantly changing colours of light, the effect being produced by a different series of electric lights, alternately switched on and off by a revolving wheel. This was intended as a startling attraction for fetes or advertisement purposes.

One room was devoted to a practical exhibition of the varied utilisations of acetylene gas, among which the acetylene blow-pipe stood prominent. A practical example of how well acetylene gas is adapted for welding steel was given by an engineer. His eyes were protected with goggles similar to those utilised by automobilists. The blow-pipe was then brought to bear upon the requisite pieces of metals to be welded, and so terrific was the heat produced that the operation was accomplished in a few moments.

The two most valuable contributions to the show, however, were the devices of Professor Curie and Professor Pellat respectively. The former, who has long been engaged in the investigation of radium, exhibited the peculiar luminous properties of the substance. He had a small piece of radium measuring about one cubic inch, and which had cost 2.000 dollars to produce. A German firm, when they received news of Prof. Curie's discovery some months ago, offered to extract a sufficient quantity of the substance from the salts of barium, at their own expense for the purpose of this exhibition. Several tons of the salt were required to produce even a cubic inch. This substance shines like a lamp, and also imparts a phosphorescent effect upon certain materials with which it is brought into contact, such as zinc sulphide. This is not a chemical, but purely a physical, influence. Prof. Curie displayed a retort containing a quantity of zinc sulphide, and connected the upper tube of the vessel with another retort containing a solution of radium. Immediately the zinc sulphide emitted a bright light. A small particle of radium renders phosphorescent a volume of zinc sulphide a thousand times its bulk. Another curious feature of the substance is that the zinc sulphide retains its phosphorescence for some time after the radium has been removed.

Prof. Pellat suspended a Crookes tube between two magnets. The effect produced was exactly the same as that which he obtained by transmitting a current through the tube. The colours in the tube varied, as the latter was turned one way or the other, thus showing the direction of the magnetic field.

Among the various X-ray contrivances exhibited was M. Benoit's "radiochromometer," an ingenious device for registering the degree of the penetration of the Roentgen rays. This invention consists of a series of discs of aluminium of various thicknesses, each layer being numbered consecutively from one to twelve. The depth of the penetration of the rays is determined by the number of layers through which the rays penetrate. Thus if the rays penetrate through five layers the photo is a 5 X-ray picture.

IN VAIN.

Sang the maid to the hour,
To the bee called the flower,
To the brook called the lea,
"Return thou to me";
But the brook wandered on to the sea,
No flower-sweets brought back the bee,
While the hour passed to eternity.

THE ANCIENT IRISH JUDGE.

By REV. F. R. MONTGOMERY HITCHCOCK, B.D.

From the earliest ages on record Irishmen have always had a taste and genius for law. In that domain they find scope for their natural eloquence, their love of argument, and their keen ingenuity. Their oratory is more of the forensic style than the judicial, possessing rather the quality of sweet or cogent persuasiveness than the merit of clear and calm statement. In olden days the Irish were just as fond of laying down the law. They had a hereditary caste of lawyers called Brehons, who were people of very great importance. Every prince had his own Brehon, who acted as his assessor, his adviser, and his herald. The Brehon was always called in when there was a dispute, and the occasion was not passed over without notice. For then, as now, numbers thronged to hear the debates and the decisions. The poet, Spenser, in his "Discoverie of the State of Ireland," describes how he saw their meetings on the ancient hills, which they attended in crowds armed to the teeth. The blackthorn stick of the present day can hardly be called a weapon of war, but it is questionable whether, when wielded by the muscular sinewy arm of an Irishman, it has not proved as effective as the sword or pike of the happy days of the olden time. The custom of going armed to the seat of judgment was, however, no reflection on the authority of the court, for popular opinion was on the side of the Brehon, and any one who refused to abide by his decision was visited with punishment in the shape of "erics" or fines of so many cows, which were distrained by the predecessors of the modern bailiffs. But if the offender was unable to pay, the whole family to which he belonged was compelled to settle with the plaintiff. In this case the defendant was deprived of his civil status and all his privileges as a member of the tribe, especially his allotment of ground, which was handed over as part of payment to the creditors. The Brehons were taught to be scrupulously impartial and just. Moran, the King of Ireland, the chief Brehon of the land in the first century, is described as wearing a collar of gold (Iodhan Morain or Moran's Collar), which was said to possess the property of choking an unjust judge. Mageoghan thus describes the law the Brehons administered: "This Fenechus or Brehon lawe is nothing but the civil law which the Brehons had to themselves in an obscure and unknown language which none could understand except those that studied in the open schools. Some were judges, and others were admitted to plead as barristers, and for their fees, costs and all, received the eleventh part of the things in demand of the party from whom it was ordered; the loser paid no costes."

The Brehon generally gave his decision seated on a stone within an ancient rath, around which were gathered an eager, excited crowd of listeners, who followed every turn of the case with interest, enjoying keenly, as Irishmen only can, the wordy strife and the battle of arguments. Near Canterbury, in England, I believe there is an old fort called Daingean, where the ancient Brehons gave judgment. Before the Brehon families brought their quarrels, and townships their feuds, and the judgment given, the contending parties, after submitting to the decision, withdrew. The judge had his fees, which were very high; it being not unusual for him to receive fifteen cows and ten days' entertainment for his services. But if an appeal was lodged against his sentence, and he was convicted of giving a partial decision, he was branded on the cheek.

An Englishman named Campion, who travelled through Ireland in Queen Elizabeth's day, has left us this interesting account of the Brehons and their schools: "They speak Latin, like a vulgar language, learned in their schools of leechcraft and law, whereat they begin children, and hold on sixteen or twenty years conning by rote the aphorisms of Hippocrates and the Civil Institutes, and a few other parings of those two faculties. I have seen them where they kept school, ten in some one chamber, grovelling upon couches of straw, their books at their noses, themselves lying prostrate, and so to chaunt out their lessons by piecemeal, being the most part lusty fellows of twenty-five years and upwards."

We can almost imagine we can see those stalwart lads of the days of good Queen Bess, working away at their law quite oblivious of their sordid surroundings, and when school was over rushing out to air their brains and brace their muscles in a vigorous game of hurling, which has always been popular with Irish "boys."

The Brehon code which they studied was spoken of by some of the earlier English authorities in terms of the greatest contempt, while it was declared by Irish writers to be a mine of wisdom and equity. But now that we are able to read it in a translation, we find that the arguments on both sides were exaggerated; for it was neither a divine code nor a diabolical custom. The system and principles of the Brehon law were adapted to the tribal organisation of the people, and bears much resemblance to the laws of other Aryan nations in the same stage of development. Originally it was handed down by word of mouth, but in the course of time, the various customs, usages, and decisions were collected and codified, and after the introduction of Christianity were revised. It may interest our readers to be initiated more fully into the principles of the law which prevailed in Ireland for thousands of years down to the reign of James I. In the "Senchus Mor," which claims to have been compiled under the auspices of St. Patrick, we have the following description of its origin:—"How the judgment of true nature which the Holy Ghost had spoken through the mouths of the Brehons and just poets of the men of Erin, from the first occupation of the island down to the reception of the Faith, were exhibited by Dubhtach to Patrick, what did not clash with the word of God in the written law and in the New Testament, and with the consciences of the believers, was confirmed in the law of the Brehons by Patrick and by the ecclesiastics and the chieftains of Erin. For the law of nature had been quite right except the faith and its obligations, and the harmony of the Church and the people."

The fundamental ideas of the code were two—arbitration and compensation. The source of all judicial authority in the tribe life lay in the interference of the public in the interests of peace. A crime was looked upon as a personal wrong, not as a public offence. There was, in fact, no state to be offended, no state authority to be upheld. The community merely intervened in the matter as arbitrators. Consequently, the legal system pointed not to sentence but settlement. The object of the arbitrators was to bring about a compromise. And consequently corporal and capital punishment were out of the question. The compensation was made according to a scale of damages. Murder and outrage were atoned for by payment to the family of the injured. It was the function of the Brehon to assess the amount of damages in the action. This was a work of great difficulty, as every circumstance in each particular case had to be taken into account—the rank and motives of the defendant, the rank and conduct of the plaintiff, the nature of the injury and the place where it was inflicted required consideration. In the course of time, as the cases and judgments multiplied, the study of the law and its precedents became a very absorbing and complicated matter. But, as we have seen, the post of Brehon was a lucrative one, there was a great encouragement to men of ability to enter the profession, which eventually became hereditary or confined to certain families.

We shall now say something about one particular family of Brehons who were greatly distinguished in the annals of Ireland—the MacEgans. This family had a good and pious record. The chief Brehons of Ireland, especially thos of Munster and Connaught, sprang from its branches. It was especially renowned for learning and hospitality. Galway was the headquarters of this clan Diarmada, which was widespread. It had possessions in the neighbourhood of Lorrha. At Coillte Ruadha, now Redwood, the MacEgans, Dionysius, and Darius had a castle. And at Killaleigh, the modern Sopwell, the residence of Captain the Hon. Cosby Trench, the MacEgans had a large castle, which is maintained in splendid preservation. Cromwell, who dispossessed MacEgan, gave his ancestral halls to the famous Colonel Sadleir, and accomodated the evicted family with a residence on the lake. One of the national bards has eulogised the MacEgans in the following verses:—

> Precedence for his valour and fame
> Be given to MacEgan the noble;
> Record him for the activity of his warriors,
> Of his prosperity and great renown,
> The Clan Diarmada, north and south,
> To place them in my poem is a duty.

The Four Masters give several interesting notices of this remarkable family. In 1309 a MacEgan, who rejoiced in the name of Giolla-na-need, or servant of the saints, and held the post of Chief Brehon of Ireland, and was considered to be the most learned judge of his time, was killed. Ninety years afterwards died Boetius MacEgan of Ormond, learned in the laws and in music, and eminent for hospitality. Thirty-one years passed away, and another MacEgan died. This was Fergal, Chief Brehon of North Connaught, "a man learned in the laws and sciences, and who kept a house of hospitality for all persons who came to his place, and died after a well-spent life." And after thirteen years died Hugh MacEgan, a man who added eloquence to all the hereditary gifts of knowledge, of law, hospitality, and goodness. We can with confidence point those who speak of the wildness and barbarity of the ancient Irish to this record of a family which would be a credit to any nation, and which was an honour to those by whom it was honoured.

The Castle of Annameadle, near Toomavara, was the chief seat of the family of Ormond; Ballymacegan was called after it, and Ballyoughter was its burial-place. Lislea, (Greyfort), and Lisleabeg (little Greyfort), around Borrisokane, now in the possession of the Saunders family, also belonged to the Mac-Egans. Such was a race of Brehons who administered the law, and who carried their decisions without any executive save that of moral force. To their justice and equity foreigners, like Spenser, bore ungrudging testimony. Of their love for their law, Sir John Davies (1610) in his letter to Robert, Earl of Salisbury, gives evidence, wherein he describes the first assizes that was held in Fermanagh among the ruins of the Abbey in the island of Lough Erne, when the venerable Brehon of the McGuires, who had possessed the land from time immemorial, drew from his breast, with trembling hands, the ancient roll, with which he refused to part, until the Deputy, Sir Arthur Chichester, gave his word to return it. It was at this date that the Brehon law was suspended in Ireland, and the

English judges, who had been hitherto confined to the Pale, were now sent through all the country.

There was one peculiar custom which deserves mention in connection with the Brehon. It was the system of levying kincogues, or "kindred moneys." In the days of the Tories, or the dispossessed landlords, who turned brigands and cattle-lifters, and supported themselves in their mountain retreats on the cows and sheep of the English occupiers of their lands, this cusom of kincogish was made law. And it worked in this way. When a band of outlaws swooped down from the hills upon a man's herd and carried them off, compensation was made to him by fines levied on the members of the guilty family who were living under English protection. But as it was often impossible to raise a great sum of money from a few poor people, all the Irish of the barony in which the outrage was committed were held liable for the damages, which were extended over other baronies through which the outlaw had been allowed to escape. Although Spenser objected strongly to this law, there was a great deal of common sense in its principle, for it acted as a preventive of sympathy with crime, and, therefore, of crime. The same principle to a certain extent operates now-a-days. For the county has to pay for any malicious outrage that is committed by unknown persons. But as the majority of the ratepayers are respectable, law-abiding folk, and the criminal class is generally exempt from taxes of all kinds, the innocent have often to suffer for the guilty. Still the interests of justice are, on the whole, furthered by this procedure. The arrangement, however, of costs under the Brehon system, by which the loser in a case paid no costs, is one we would not gladly see introduced again; for it would tend to prevent poor people who had a just claim or a righteous cause from seeking the assistance of the law.

In their schools the Brehons calculated the amount of damages to be levied for a cat stealing milk, or bees stinging a stranger, with mathematical precision. They recorded the provisions that regulated the boundaries of land, the preservation of roads, woods, watercourses, bees, dress, and hospitality. But in those palmy days there was no game law. The sportsmen had it all their own way. At a time when in England a man dared not hawk or hunt on his own estate, a right which was only wrested from the absurdly wicked King John by Magna Charta, the Irish never knew the meaing of the Forest Law or Game Law, and would not allow it to be imposed upon them. On this truly sportsmanlike characteristic of the Irish chieftain and his men, Sir John Davies made this grim comment. When lamenting that the English had not succeeded in making the Irish give up their sport, he says: "If they had, it might have been the means of conquest; for they might have turned the Irish out of the wild places where they dwelt in freedom, and might have given them up to the beasts of the chase, less hurtful and less wild than they." It would, however, have taken the Norman Kings all their time to preserve the game in Ireland, and to reduce the Irish to such a degree of servility that the very birds would appear to know that they were under the royal protection, as they did in England. There is an interesting account given by one of John's mercenaries of the way in which the birds in England would not fly from the traveller, but merely move on and continue to feed. One might safely wager that a few Irish boys would soon have taught them to keep at a respectable distance.

But though the Brehons had not to adjudicate in cases of infringement of the game laws, they had sometimes very curious quarrels to settle. We shall conclude with an account of one historic and important judgment given by a Brehon. It appears that a well-known Irish saint, in the seclusion of a monastery, ventured to make a copy of a Psalter belonging to his host, who was so enraged by an action that was truly laudable in itself, but which was considered in that unenlightened age as a breach of privilege, that he brought the matter before one of the principal Brehons of the land, who gave the extraordinary decision that the copy should be returned to the owner of the book; "For," he argued, "as to every cow belongs her own calf, so to every book belongs its own copy." But Columba would not return the book, and the consequence was a battle, in which many men were slain.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

COMPREHENSIBLE DEFINITION AS TO WHAT IT IS.

There is nothing very mysterious about it, and there is no reason why it should not be within the mental grasp of those most uninstructed in matters of science, so long as they have sufficient imagination to comprehend the fundamental hypothesis on which all later theories of electricity are based. As is now well known to every intelligent, well-informed person, between star and star, filling up a seemingly boundless void, and there is also between molecules of all substances, whether solid, liquid or aeriform, something which is vaguely known as ether. Of course, this something, this ether, cannot be handled— it is not tangible; we can best infer it only from the fact that light, according to the latest scientific discoveries, is produced by extremely rapid vibrations in an elastic medium.

It is by means of this ether, however, that we are now able to telegraph without wires. It was shown by Hertz that if sparks are allowed to pass between two conductors of a certain shape, electric oscillations are set up which extend to a considerable distance in all directions. The effect is, in fact, very like that produced in a pond when one throws a stone into it. It may seem, at first sight, as if the medium in which those oscillations are produced might be the air. But if any object impermeable to air, such as the wall of a room or a house, is interposed in the path of such oscillations, they pass through it as if it were not there.

There can, therefore, be no doubt that the medium of transmission is the ether, and that we can not only transmit signals through it in all directions, irrespective of intervening objects, but to almost any distance, provided we can only make the oscillations sufficiently violent.

The usual means of producing these oscillation-creating sparks is the Ruhmkorff, or induction coil, whereby a rather feeble current of a voltaic cell or battery is transformed into one of enormous intensity. It is possible to make coils that are capable of producing oscillations that will extend for thousands of miles, but they are somewhat impracticable, owing to technical difficulties. This, therefore, imposes some limits upon the use of wireless telegraphy.

This setting up of electric oscillations, or Hertzian waves, may be likened to the waving of a flag by a signaller anxious to attract the attention of a comrade on a distant height. In the latter case, however, the observer has his eyes to help him, while the Hertzian waves are not perceptible by our unaided senses. As they are given off every time that an induction coil, or the Wimshurst electric machine, or even one of the electric gas-lighters in common use, is worked, it is evident that they are passing through and around us every day, without our being aware of the fact. Something like an artificial eye is necessary, therefore, to fulfil the same office as the telescope which the observer of flag signals calls to his aid when the distance is too great for his unassisted vision.

This first assumed practical shape in the "coherer" invented almost simultaneously by Professor Branly of Paris and Principal Oliver Lodge. It consists of a glass tube filled with metal filings which, though they offer a strong resistance to the passage of an electric current at ordinary times, have the singular property of becoming an excellent conductor when the Hertzian waves fall upon them, and of relapsing into their normal condition on receiving a light tap.

Signor Marconi conducted his earlier experiments with his "coherer," but he now prefers to use a soft iron core surrounded by a coil of copper wire, near which a magnet is kept in constant revolution by clockwork. The core is alternately magnetised and demagnetised, and a corresponding electric current is set up in the surrounding wire, of which one end is connected with the recording instrument and the other end in the earth. By the impinging of a Hertzian wave upon the apparatus a slight extra impulse is occasioned, sufficient to set the recording instruments in operation.

There remains to be said how it is possible to confine the ether waves sent out by the transmitting station to those instruments by which it is intended that they should be received. It is reported that an enterprising Frenchman, who set up his own wireless apparatus, had become the unwitting recipient of messages passing between warships of the British northern squadron.

There are many ways in which the problem may be overcome, and Principal Oliver Lodge has shown that with apparatus so simple as two parallel wires and a sliding ring connecting them it is possible to "tune" an electric circuit so accurately that it will omit sparks in sympathy with another one of exactly the same adjustment with which it is not in contact. The Italian Navy claims to have overcome the same difficulty by the substitution of a globule of mercury between two carbon plugs for the recording instrument. Signor Marconi is employing somewhat different means for achieving the same result. There is ground to believe that, before a great while, the wireless system will transmit human speech over moderate distances, and replace our present clumsy telephoning methods completely. Scientists are now discussing the question whether ether may be utilised for the transmission of mechanical power, or of light. Wireless telegraphy has brought us face to face with many new, almost romantic, problems by its use of ether as transmitting power.

THE LARGEST WATCH IN THE WORLD.

At the American Waltham Watch Factory, the largest watch ever designed was recently completed. To build this gigantic timepiece cost several thousand dollars and several weeks' time. Special machinery and tools were required for its construction. The watch is a model of the new model 16-size Maximus, three-quarter plate watch, enlarged ten times, perfect in every detail, and as highly finished as the finest watch. The diameter of the pillar plate is 17 inches, and the movement is 2½ inches thick. The balance wheel is 6½ inches in diameter, and the Breguet spring which controls its action is 8 feet long, 0.08 centimetre thick, and 0.25 centimetre wide. When running the balance makes a vibration in 0.7 second. The pallet stones are of sapphire, and exquisitely polished. The actuating or mainspring is 23 feet long, 0.17 centimetres thick, and 2.9 centimetres wide. The mammoth model is as completely jewelled as a watch of the finest grade. The plate jewels, which are as large as the smallest movement made, are fine rubies, about ten lines in diameter, but bushed with sapphires. The polish of the wheels, pinions, and other steel work is perfect, and the damascening on the plates is most beautiful. The pendant and winding crown are of fine bronze, brilliantly polished. Every portion is made on the exact scale of the watch it represents. No dial has been made for this movement, as it is designed to show not only the action of the train, but the stem-winding and stem-setting mechanism as well. The movement stands on a bronze pedestal, and from its base to the tip of the winding crown is twenty-six inches.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Herbert C. Fyfe's "Submarine Warfare: Past, Present, and Future," is to be added to the officers' and seamen's libraries on board his Majesty's ships. We are glad to hear that Mr. Fyfe's excellent summary of the submarine's history and possibilities is being appreciated in the right quarter.

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During the twelvemonth ending with August 31, Arch House, the humble dwelling in Ecclefechan, in which Thomas Carlyle was born, was visited by 1,238 persons. Of this number, forty-six represented the United States, ten Canada, thirteen South Africa, nine New Zealand, six Australia, three Germany, five the West Indies, and one Switzerland.

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The portrait of Charles Lamb, by Meyer, which the India Office has lately bought from Miss Talfourd, the daughter of his friend and biographer, Judge Talfourd, was painted in 1826, the year following Lamb's retirement on a pension from the East India Company's service. For thirty-three years he was a clerk in the India House. "My printed works," he used to say with his old stutter, "were my recreations; my real works may be found on the shelves of Leadenhall street, filling some hundred folios." These have long been destroyed.

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There is still in the Accountant-General's Department in which he worked a pin-bowl with his name scratched upon it; also in daily use an old book of interest tables, on the fly-leaf of which may be seen in Lamb's handwriting the following imaginary extracts from reviews of the day criticising its contents:—

This is a book of great interest, but does not much engage our sympathy.—The "Edinburgh Review" for October, November, and December, 1818.

This is a very interesting publication.—"Gentleman's Magazine" for July, 1819.

The interest of this book, unlike the generality which we are doomed to peruse, rises to the end.—"British Critic" for August, 1820.

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The picture will be placed in one of the committee rooms of the India Office, which already possesses a very interesting collection of letters, prints and statues of persons and events connected with the Government of India. A view in the background of the old East India House in Leadenhall street, where Lamb's official life was spent, gives an increased interest to the present addition to the collection. A small badly executed copy of the picture hangs in the National Portrait Gallery.

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, Twenty separate works—thirteen in prose and seven in verse—have came from the pen of Mr. Edmund Gosse, LL.D., who entered upon his fifty-fourth year yesterday. It is almost thirty years since his first volume of poems, "On Viol and Flute," was published, and his earliest prose work, "Northern Studies," appeared in 1879. For eight years—1867-75— Mr. Gosse was assistant librarian at the British Museum.

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Dr. Andrew Balfour, who has been appointed bacteriologist and expert adviser to the Governor-General of the Soudan provinces at Khartoum, like Mr. John Buchan, spent some time in South Africa. He has written a few short stories with the local colour of the veldt since his return. He is author of a book on public health, and his best known novel is "By Stroke of Sword." He has another novel in manuscript.

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What we mainly admire in our new Academy is the perfect success with which "literature" (in the popular sense) has been excluded (says Mr. Andrew Lang in "Longman's"). Mr. Lecky, I think, is the only poet on the list; it is remarkable that, among so many eminent men, he alone, to my knowledge, has publicly struck the lyre. All have miraculously abstained from adding to the fiction of the age—at least, under their own names. Mr. Morley and Sir Leslie Stephen, indeed, have dallied with the Muse of Essay, but always with extreme dignity; they never remind us of Charles Lamb or Hazlitt.

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Thus the new Academy avoids all occasion of public excitement, continues Mr. Lang. None of the members appeal to the general in sixpenny editions. The young lions cannot roar over the exclusion of their favourite poets and romancers. In fact, there is room for another and a popular Academy, containing novelists, dramatists, poets, and popular divines of all denominations. What are they to do? Cannot half-a-dozen of them meet in one of their palaces, and elect themselves and their friends? Then, indeed, there would be "wigs on the green," and lively matter to write upon.

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The wanderer in the holidays mainly battens upon sixpenny literature, Mr. Lang remarks. A sixpenny Academy would be a lively Academy. For President I would, if consulted, select Mr. Nathaniel Gould, who shines by a candid simplicity of style, and a direct and unaffected appeal to the primitive emotions and our love for that noble animal the horse. After a profound study of Mr. Gould's romances a man feels incapable of reading anything else. Mr. Guy Boothby appears relatively, "un raffine." We begin to think that "ex-officio" means "unofficially," and that "urbs in rus" is correct Latin. These gems of fiction I find in my favourite sixpenny novelists; but one of them, in "Tit-Bits," quotes Richard of Cirencester. This erudition is out of place; the sixpenny standard is sensibly lowered. Mr. Nathaniel Gould never quotes Richard of Cirencester, nor writes the word "begin," always preferring to say "commence, which is more worthy of an Academician and of the dignity of literature.

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The first studio of Mr. John Hassall, the famous poster artist, was away in the backwoods of Canada. Some years before Mr. Hassall had made an attempt to get into the Army, but Fate had another career for him. He was not successful at Sandhurst, and in his despair he emigrated to a Canadian farm. In the dark monotonous evenings he found a method of amusing himself—and his partner—with pen and paper. "Send them to London," was the advice of his friends when they saw his strong, clear pen and ink drawings. He did so, and one of them even got into "Punch." Then his friends urged him seriously to consider whether the artist's studio was not to be his workshop. He considered, and came back to England.

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The works of Goethe and Schiller—the former in thirteen volumes and the latter in eleven volumes—edited by Nathan Haskell Dole, well known for his previous work in connection with translations of both authors, will shortly be published by Mr. John C. Nimmo. The best translations, such as Thomas Carlyle's "Meister" and Sir Theodore Martin's "Faust," have been selected, and the volumes will contain over 120 photogravure illustrations, reproduced from the works of contemporary German painters, printed on Japan paper, the text being printed on antique deckle-edged laid paper. Eugene Sue's works, in twelve volumes, with fifty-nine etchings by Mercier, Poiteau, Bicknell, and Adrian Marcel, and otherwise uniform with Goethe's and Schiller's works, will also be shortly ready.

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The current "Harper's" prints an interesting article on "Macaulay's English," in which the writer points out the enormous care which Macaulay took to perfect the form of his own work. Taine, one of the historian's most out-and-out admirers, suggested that he owed much of his accuracy and precision to the study of French models. We imagine that he went further back than that, to Latin models. Certainly there is nothing essentially Gallic in the flow and even construction of his rolling sentences. "I spent," said Macaulay, referring to the "History of England," "nineteen days working over thirty octavo pages"; and again, "In two years from the time I began writing I shall have more than finished the second part (vols. III. and IV.), then I reckon a year for polishing, retouching, and printing." The writer in "Harper's" continues:—

> Few people, however, are aware that after all this toil; after the first four volumes were printed; after they had been received with a welcome more enthusiastic than had ever been given to any serious literary work; after fifty-six tons of vols. iii. and iv. had failed to meet the first demand in England; after the fiercest criticism had failed to lessen the popularity of the work; after the purity and clearness of the English had been universally recognised—he sat down to undertake a complete and thorough revision of the four volumes, making a thousand corrections in spelling, grammar, punctuation, the use of capitals, arrangement of words in sentences, omitting words in some places, inserting them in others, adding sentences and whole paragraphs, and making some alteration in small details.

A less enthusiastic admirer might suggest that some of this time would have been better spent in correcting unjust inferences and matters of fact.

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The Edinburgh "Evening Despatch" prints an article called "The Secret of Swanston: the Truth about Stevenson." Two friends, one of whom has just been reading "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," visit Swanston together. There they meet two Swanston natives, and, in reply to a question concerning visitors to the place, one of them says:—"Yes, we've a lot of visitors out here now." This in response to our inquiry. "An American the other day told me he came here first after landing. It's a' aboot that Stevenson an' his bukes. There's nothing in them. Noo, there's Burns," he said, "that's poetry. That wis wark." "Aye," chimed in the other Swanston man, "Stevenson would dae naething but lie about the dykes. He would'na wark. He was aye rinnin' aboot wi' lang Todd, amang the hills, getting him to tell a' the stories he kent." "Todd?" broke in my friend. "Is that the roaring shepherd?" "I believe," was the reply, "he had the impidence to ca' him that in his bukes—though Todd was the makkin' o' 'im. Gin Todd had kent what Stevenson was ta dae wi' it he wouldna have tell't him so much." The narrative continues:—"We walked half way home in silence. Suddenly my friend broke out, 'There were two Stevensons—Stevenson the Worker, Stevenson the Idler—Stevenson the Scot, Stevenson the Frenchman—polar twins—continually struggling in the agonised womb of consciousness.' 'That's from "Jekyll and Hyde,"' I replied! 'Yes,' he said slowly, 'that's my explanation. It wasn't Deacon Brodie at all. In the story, Hyde, the worst one, wins. Henley, in his estimate of Stevenson, makes out that the later Stevenson, the friend of the missionary—the believer in prayer—was not the real Stevenson. The Stevenson who quarrelled with his father of the revolt period—that, to him, was the real Stevenson. All the time Stephenson was coming to himself—to his best self. In real life Jekyll won, and not Hyde.' 'That,' said he, as we parted, 'is the secret of Swanston—the truth about Stevenson—at last.'"

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

After having vanished from view for more than a year, the planet Eros has been rediscovered. The planet was first observed in 1898 by Witt, of the Urania Observatory, Berlin, and given the name which it bears. Until 1898, as far as telescopes could show, Mars came nearer to the earth than any other planet, but after Witt's discovery it was found that Eros reached a point a little more than a third of the distance from earth to Mars. The honour of the rediscovery belongs to Professor G. D. Ling, of the Chamberlin Observatory, Colorado.

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At Westfield, Chautauqua County, N. Y., the remains of a great mastodon were unearthed. Various bones among which are the following, were found—Shoulder blade, with socket for articulation of foreleg; hip bone; section of spinal column containing four vertebræ; sections of both extremities of spinal column; knee cap, nine ribs and some other bones. The ribs are 4 feet 3 inches long and 4 inches wide. Two mastodon skeletons have been previously found in this county, one at Sheridan and one at Jamestown, but both in an advanced stage of decay.

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In the streets of Paris there may soon be installed a novel apparatus for rendering first aid to the injured. A model of the device was recently tested. According to reports which have been received from Paris, the contrivance resembles a lamp-post letterbox, and contains a small medicine chest, folding stretcher, and is equipped with a telephone apparatus for communication with the nearest ambulance station. In order to obtain access to the box, a glass panel is broken, as in some fire alarm systems.

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A curious astronomical phenomenon was observed in the south of England recently, a short time after sunset. From a bank of clouds hanging over the horizon to about 35 degrees, a clear pillar of light, about 5 degrees in width and perfectly cylindriform, shot up. It was distinguishable almost to the zenith, and was deep crimson in colour on the horizon, dissolving to the sky colour through orange as it ascended. This appearance was nearly stationary and perpendicular to the horizon, and what slight movement could be detected was with the sun, but the column remained perfectly upright. This remarkable light faded down rapidly in about eighteen minutes from the time when it began to decrease, although it had rather the appearance of being withdrawn below the horizon than fading, for the colour did not decrease in intensity in the same proportion that the column decreased in size. This phenomenon was seen on an evening following one of which there was a vivid display of zodiacal light and Eastern night glow.

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One of the New York Central Company's new tandem compound locomotive recently hauled a train of 108 loaded cars from De Witt to Albany in eleven hours. The 108 cars were loaded with 4,500 tons of freight. This s the greatest tonnage ever moved by a single ocomotive on any railroad in the world. Some dea of the size of the load can be gathered when it is realised that 9,000,000 pounds of reight were moved. The engine was in harge of Philip Eberhardt, of Albany. The ame locomotive has also drawn 100 cars over he division. In the 100 cars there were 4,200 ons. The hauling capacity of the locomoive is enormous. It drew 50 loaded cars up he Schenectady hill without assistance, an nheard of feat among Central enginemen. he increased power of the monster is gained y the use of steam four times, that is, one ompound cylinder placed ahead of the other, ence its name tandem compound.

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M. Henri Moissan has been making experients with silicide of calcium in order to determine its properties, and especially to find out whether it possesses any analogy with carbide of calcium in the formation of compounds like acetylene. Although the silicide of calcium has already been prepared in a more or less pure state its properties have been but little known. M. Moissan prepares it by heating in the electric furnace a mixture of calcium oxide and pure silicon. The mixture is heated in a carbon tube closed at one end, using a current of 600 amperes at 60 volts. The melted mass is not homogeneous, but is surrounded by an external layer of carbide of calcium and below the striæ of crystallised silicate of lime, while in the centre is a brilliant mass of silicide of calcium, mixed with varying quantities of silicon. The reaction is thus represented:—

$$2\ Ca\ O + 5\ Si = 2\ Ca\ Si_2 + 2\ Si\ O_2$$

The silicide is then separated by an appropriate treatment; it is easily characterised under the microscope by the formation of yellow crystals of silicon on contact with weak hydrochloric acid. As to its physical properties, the mass of silicide may be pulverised in an agate mortar. It has a metallic appearance, and is made up of crystals of undetermined form. The crystals are of a grayish colour and very brilliant. The density of this body is 2.5. It is insoluble in alcohol, ether, benzine, or ammonia.

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It presents some chemical reactions of interest; it does not combine with hydrogen at redness, but takes fire when cold in fluorine gas, giving off fluoride of silicon and forming a fluoride of calcium which is partly melted by the heat. Chlorine does not attack it cold, but when heated in a current of the gas it becomes rapidly incandescent, and produces chloride of calcium and silicon chloride. When heated in air or oxygen it is but slightly attacked, but under the oxyhydrogen blowpipe it burns with incandescene, forming lime and silica. When the silicide is heated in the electric furnace for 10 minutes in the presence of carbon, using a current of 800 amperes at 60 volts, it is completely transformed into carbide of calcium and silicide of carbon. Melted copper dissolves it slightly, while on the contrary aluminium dissolves it readily but also decomposes it, forming silicide of aluminium. The latter body, when acted upon by hydrochloric acid, gives off hydrogen silicide gas which is spontaneously inflammable. Cast-iron infusion decomposes this body into silicide of iron and carbonundum. The action of water upon the silicide has been specially observed, owing to its analogy with carbide of calcium. When reduced to powder and placed in water the decomposition is very slow and even requires several months. In this case it gives off hydrogen and does not form any products resembling acetylene. The acids act upon this substance to a greater or less degree; one of the most striking reactions is that of hydrofluoric acid upon its powder. In this case it becomes incandescent, giving off fumes of silicon fluoride and producing silicon of a yellow colour.

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The report of the Parliamentary Committee which was formed some time ago in England for the purpose of investigating acetylene generators in the interests of public safety, has been published. Various types of generators, the greater proportion of which belonged to the automatic class, were examined, but the latter type are not recommended as being the most secure. In the automatic generators the object is the gradual generation of the gas as used, thus dispensing with the necessity of the gas holder. This principle of generation is claimed to be more advantageous and convenient than the non-automatic type in which the gas is evolved in a short time from a given charge of carbide, and has to be stored in a gas holder. The committee, however, point out that the advantage of the automatic type is emphasised only where skilled supervision and favourable conditions are assured, but the varied conditions of use, especially with unskilled labour, these advantages are completely nullified, while many automatic generators were condemned as being of too complicated design and deficient in constructional strength to be of practical utility. On the whole, having regard to the conditions of use which must often prevail, the committee have advised that a generator conducive to the greatest safety should comprise the following desiderata: Simplicity of construction and design, strength of construction, high efficiency as indicated by the yield of gas per pound of carbide, low pressure in generator, and facility of removal of the residue.

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In the "Popular Science Monthly" Professor Woodward discusses the progressive cooling of the earth and its relation to the length of day. Whether the day was formerly shorter than now, and whether it will be longer in future, depends upon the mass of the earth, for the meteorological dust constantly falls upon the surface and increases the quantity of matter. Laplace concluded that there had been no sensible change in the length of the day for nearly 2,000 years. Repeating this calculation with new data Professor Woodward finds that the day has not changed so much as half a second during the first ten million years after the beginning of the solidification of the earth's material. When the cooling of the earth is finally determined the change will be marked. Professor Woodward finds that the ratio of the change by day to its initial length is two-thirds of the product of the loss of temperature multiplied by its cubical contraction. If the primitive temperature of the earth, for example, was 3,000 degrees C., and if its cubical contraction was that of iron, the day will be finally reduced about 6 per cent; that is to say, about one and a half hours. In order to bring about so pronounced a change, an enormous lapse of time is necessary. About three hundred thousand millions of years, according to Professor Woodward, are required for a 95 per cent contraction to take place. After the expiration of one million million of years the length of the day will not be sensibly affected.

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One of the most ancient industries in existence at the present time in Europe is the production of zinc in Silesia. From the sixteenth century calamine was obtained in the manors of Beuthen and Jagerndorf; it was used in the local manufacture of brass, and it was exported to the countries adjoining the Oder and Vistula. During the Thirty Years War, when the workmen, mostly Huguenots, had abandoned the mines, this industry disappeared, and its exploitation did not recommence until the eighteenth century, when George de Giesche, a Breslau merchant, obtained in the year 1704 from his sovereign Leopold the privilege, for 20 years, to extract calamine in Silesia. The first zinc foundry established in Silesia was that of Lydagnla, which existed from 1809 to 1900. At first prices were very high, £4 7s per quintal. As the production increased, which in 1816 reached 20,000 quintals, prices dropped to 15s, and in 1820 to 9s 5d. This year proved fatal to the high furnaces, some of which were obliged to shut up. At that time the article was exported to Asia via Brody and Russia. In 1820 the English route was employed for shipment to India, where it proved a powerful competitor to the Chinese zinc. This exportation gave fresh prosperity to the Silesian mines. Since 1830 the production has continued to increase. In 1837 there were 32 works, employing 1,091 workmen, in activity, and the production reached 207,707 quintals. At present it exceeds 2,000,000 quintals, and requires nearly 8,000 workmen. The exportation in 1897 amounted to 496,004 double quintals, and in 1901 to 533,129 double quintals. The nominal price at Breslau is now from 13s.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

DUBLIN, FRIDAY, MAY 25.

A few days ago a young man of genteel manners and appearance was taken by a party of the Cork True Blues, at a publichouse between that city and Robert's Cove, charged with defrauding a merchant of Bristol of a large quantity of goods by tendering in payment a draft on Messrs. Goold and Mills, of Bridgewater, for five hundred pounds sixteen shillings sterling, which, on inquiry, was found to be forged, together with the acceptance, which was dated the 10th of May instant. The manner in which the sharper happened to be discovered was as follows: A young gentleman, brother to the Bristol merchant, who had been present when the draft was offered, and the goods taken away, came over to transact some business with a correspondent in Limerick; he landed in Kinsale, and, standing one day at the door of the Exchange coffeehouse, in Corke, saw the identical person who had defrauded his house pass by; he immediately sent a porter to watch his motions, and soon received intelligence that he was at the above-mentioned publichouse. The gentleman then set out with a few of the True Blues, and caught the sharper napping. He was lodged in the South jail till an opportunity offers of transferring him to Bristol.

The new method of victualling ships for long voyages has so much lessened the demand for the Irish provision beef in several foreign markets that great quantities of the last season's beef remain there unsold, a mere drug, particularly at Bordeaux, from which place several of the proprietors are actually shipping parcels on their own accounts for the French West India Islands.

How are the people of Ireland indebted to those patriotic characters who, rejecting the splendour of foreign courts, expend their princely fortunes at home? But how few are those virtuously independent gentlemen who thus promote the welfare of their native land, and how rarely do we meet a Leinster, a Conolly, an O'Neill, etc., whose noble incomes circulate so importantly and so generously to cheer that peasantry, who contribute to their ease and convenience, and without whom the Lordlings of Ireland would cut a sorry figure indeed?

In a late debate, on the necessity of an absentee tax (that adoption on which the safety of this country so materially depends) it was speciously argued that it would be circumscribing liberty to tax a gentleman for spending his time where he pleased. To the fallacy of this refined argument we have only to answer, that it is the fortunes, not the personages, we regret to lose; for, indeed, those characters who despise the land of their birth are as contemptible as those mushrooms of an hour, who blush to own their parents.

An uncommon species of fraud has lately been practised, with success in a few instances, by a set of sharpers, against persons advertising in some of the public prints. By some contrivance they learn, or suspect, that accounts are kept with the publishers, and accordingly wait on the advertisers with bills for the different insertions. If previously discharged, or if no credit has been sought for, an apology is made for the pretended mistake, which is artfully imputed to an unavoidable hurry of business. The public are, therefore, particularly cautioned to circumspection on demands of this nature by unauthorised persons, lest a loss should be sustained by this novel species of swindling.

It has often been remarked that the Irish landlords are, in general, chargeable with a greater severity towards their tenants than the landlords of other countries; those of the southern parts of Ireland fall more particularly under this censure, as a system of tyranny is established there, which, in the Senate even, at a time when laws were framing to check a riotous spirit amongst the peasantry, was universally admitted. If landlords could be brought to survey their real interests, leaving humanity out of the question, experience would soon convince them that they proceed injudiciously towards themselves and those poor sufferers, who certainly are entitled to a little comfort and convenience for their labours; these, however, they assuredly do not enjoy, and the consequences are often injurious to the man of fortune, while they overwhelm with distress the miserable objects destined to submit to labour without pity or an adequate recompense.

Dr. Thomas, in his observations on some late pamphlets, has the following remarks on the above subject:—"In the province of Munster the men of fortune enforce payment of the rent from their tenantry as regularly as at each half year it becomes due, and the wretched farmer is obliged to thresh and bring his corn to market in the month of October, at which time he obtains for it from the merchant less than one half the sum for which it would sell in the ensuing March. By this means, in contradiction to sound policy, the merchant rapidly accumulates a fortune, and without any exertion, while the industrious husbandman does not enjoy the common necessaries of life. But the landlord, not content with injury, adds insult to it, slanderously asserting that those oppressions are occasioned by the villainous characters of the lower orders of the people, who, if they were entrusted with a half-year's rent, would drive away their cattle, and immediately run off with the money in their pockets; a charge in general notoriously false, and which, if in some instances true, must be ascribed to the force of brutal severity."

There does not, happily, appear at present any complaint among the working people of the woollen branch for want of employment, but, on the contrary, they have as much as they can possibly execute. This certainly is a very pleasing piece of intelligence, and more especially when we call to mind those times which must be still fresh in memory, when above two-thirds of the working people of those branches were entirely idle, and they and their families in a most wretched and starving condition; but, notwithstanding this flattering circumstance, there, however, are not half the looms employed in this city that were about forty years ago, though our ports are now open to a foreign trade with other nations, which was not then the case. At that period the wool was comparatively cheap to what it is at present, provisions moderate, and the rates of mechanic labour not so high as of late years; independent of these considerations, superfine cloths were not so much called for, but refines worn by the most eminent citizens, and the writings of Swift conduced to give a preference in many instances to the consumption of Irish manufactures.

Since the erection of the lighthouse and the adjoining part of the South Wall, the bank called the Eastern Bar, which before that time had only four feet of water at ebb tides, in like circumstances is now covered with nine feet, as appeared by soundings taken about two years since; and the ford near the Pigeonhouse, called Nightingale Ford, which was dry when the tide was out about thirty years ago, is now covered with from four to six feet water in the lowest ebbs. As soon as the South Wall is joined to the lighthouse it must tend to make the channel much deeper and safer than it is at present, and, of course, admit vessels of greater tonnage up the river. When, therefore, this grand object is completed, the course of the River Dodder diverted into another channel, and the pier of Dunleary lengthened to about double its present projection into the sea, our harbour will be improved, it is hoped, to a degree highly beneficial to the trade of the metropolis, and remove the unfavourable impressions of many foreigners.

We felicitate the public on the approaching theatrical after-season. Our Manager, whose unremitting care in providing every novel entertainment and every capital actor, has made, we hear, very liberal engagements for our amusement this summer. The celebrated Miss Brunton, a dramatic star of the first magnitude, though not exceeding the age of nineteen, is, we are informed, to make her first appearance, in a few days, in this city. Mr. Holman, also an actor from whose intrinsic abilities we have often experienced infinite pleasure, is also, we hear, to contribute to the consequence of the after-company; from such an union of theatrical excellence we are induced to augur most favourably of the theatre, and have no doubt but Mr. Daly's diligence in the public service will, as it deserves, secure extensive and ardent patronage.

SATURDAY, MAY 26.

Though the sixpenny loaf is not reduced two pounds, as thrown out in some of the public prints, yet it is rather unaccountable why it should suddenly sink two pounds and upwards in the twelvepenny, after a cheap year, and an ensuing promise of a good harvest. There is no actual scarcity, and notwithstanding all the puffs of the Canal agents, the evil of monopoly exists in this city, which is sufficiently mischievous to produce the effects of hardship. Mutton is still four pence halfpenny a pound, a circumstance inimical to manufacture, and unfriendly to every class of the community.

The inhabitants of Patrick street owe the greatest obligations for the timely and effectual assistance and protection afforded them through the activity and zeal of Mr. Sheriff Fleming and Alderman James, at the dreadful fire of Mr. Wall's warehouse, which from the immense quantities of spirits, etc., contained therein, as well as in the numerous and adjacent stores, threatened inevitable destruction to their properties on the one hand, and by the callous hearts and hands of an unfeeling mob prompt for devastation and plunder on the other; but rescued from both by these worthy magistrates, whose judicious disposition of the soldiery and police guard, together with their own anxious and unremitting care even at the peril of suffocation, preserved that regularity so necessary to overcome the first, and effectually to check the last, so as to completely secure both life and property.

We hear that the scheme of turning the River Dodder is totally relinquished, and that notice to that effect has been sent to the Grand Jury of the City in order to their presenting a sum of money for rebuilding Ringsend Bridge; and that the three premiums of 50, 30, and 20 guineas offered for the best plans, etc., have been adjudged to Mr. William Chapman, engineer, Mr. Christopher Myers, and Mr. Whitmore Davies, architects.

The Church-Wardens of St. Werburgh's Parish acknowledge the receipt of a large quantity of light bread, seized by Mr. Sheriff Thompson, which was distributed among the poor widows in the Alms-house, and sincere thanks are returned to that worthy and active magistrate.

(To be Continued.)

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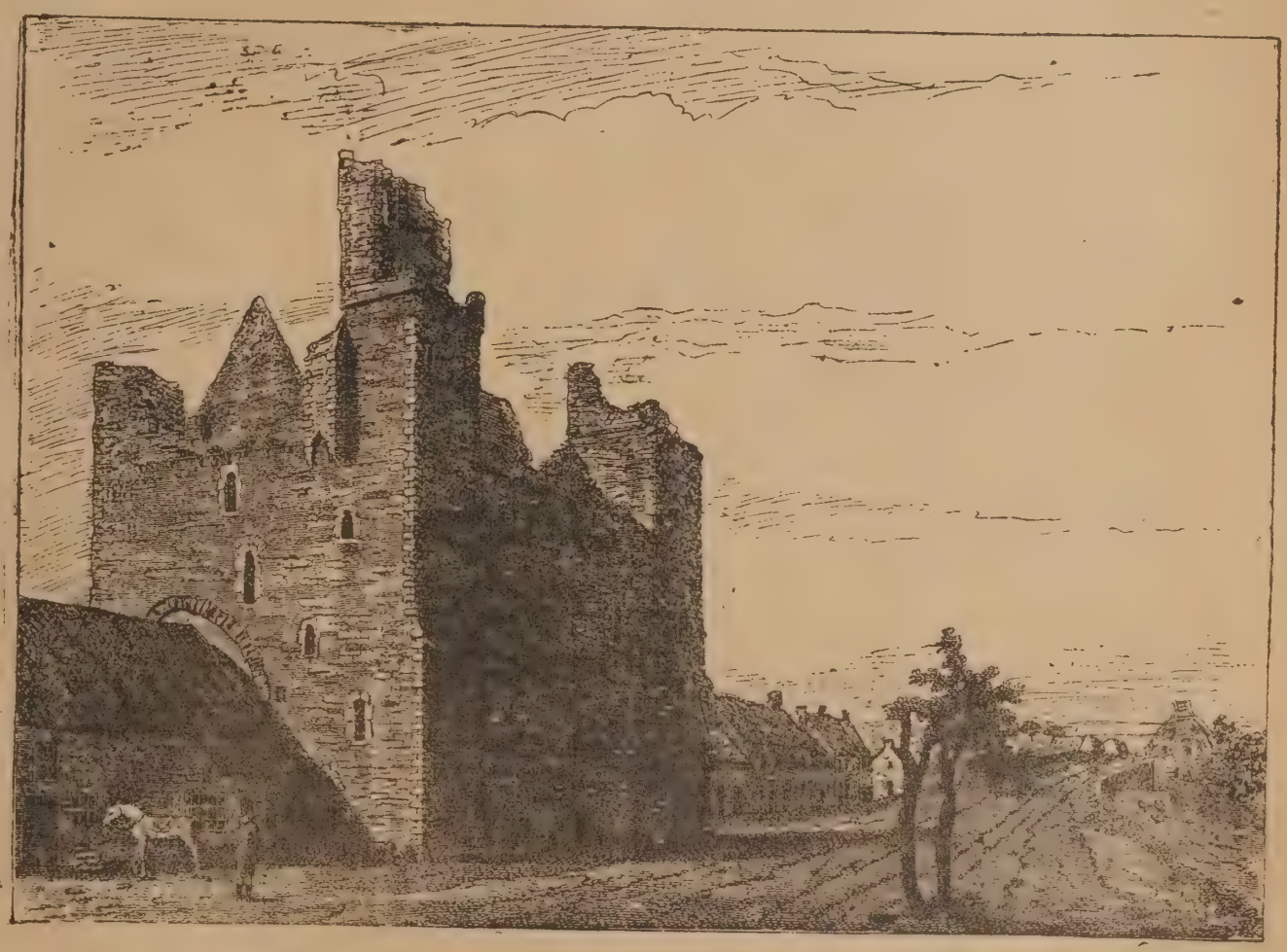
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ARDEE CASTLE.



FROM GROSE'S "ANTIQUITIES OF IRELAND," 1792.

This fortress was erected by Roger de Pippard, styled Lord of Atherdee (shortened into Ardee), about 1207. In 1538 O'Neal, with his associates, invaded the English pale, and burnt Ardee; and a descendant of his, Sir Phelimy O'Neal, in 1641, procured this town to be surrendered to him. The same year Sir Henry Tichborn advanced against it: when he was about a mile from the town, the enemy were described to be drawn up in two divisions, and above a thousand in number; however, Sir Henry drew up his soldiers in battle array, sending a forlorn hope to scour the ditches, in doing which they fell into an ambuscade, but their valour triumphed, and they slew above four hundred of the enemy. They then fled to Ardee, where Tichborn found resistance at the foot of the bridge, from musketeers placed there in a tower; however, passing the river and attacking them in the rear, the enemy fled and left the town and castle.

The castle stands in the middle of the town; the east and west fronts are defended by projecting towers, which rise above the other parts of the building. On the north sides are turrets; the whole is, except the front, surrounded by houses. The castle serves for a gaol.

This view, which represents the north-west aspect, was drawn by Lieutenant Daniel Grose, anno 1792.

MAGH FEIMHIN.

TWO MUNSTER ROYAL OXEN.

By REV. J. F. LYNCH.

I have put together some notes on Sliabh na m Ban and Magh Feimhin for the "Dublin Penny Journal," and in that paper I have given Keating's important item concerning Magh Feimhin, which I took from Dr. Joyce's edition, but since I wrote the article which is now in the hands of the Editor, I have seen Mr. David Comyns's recently published and splendid edition of the first part of Keating's "History," and I think that it as well now to discuss more at length, before the publication of the notes on Magh Feimhin, this important particular given by Keating.

In the section of his History in which Keat gives an enumeration of the noblest of the Tuatha De Danann, he says:—Eire agus Fodhla agus Banbha, tri h-inghiona Fhiachach, mhic Dealbhaoith mhic Oghma. Badhbh, Macha, agus Moirrioghan a d-tri bain-dee. Danann agus Beuchuill an da bhanthuathaigh, agus Brighit bain-fhile. Ag na bantuathaibh Seo bhadar an da riogh-dhamh, eadon, Fe agus Meann a n-anmanna; is uatha ainmnighthear Magh Feimhin isin Mumhain. Is aca fos baoi Triath-ri-thorc o raidhtear Treitheirne Mumhan.

The passage is thus rendered by Dr. Joyce—"Eire and Fodhla and Banbha, three daughters of Fiachaidh, son of Dealbhaoth, son of Oghma. Badhbh, Macha, and Moir-rioghan, their three goddesses. Danann and Beuchuill, the two bantuathachs (noble females), and Brighit, the poetess. Among these noble females were the two royal poetesses, viz., Fe and Meann their names; it is from them is named Magh Feimhin in Munster. Belonging to them also was Triath-ri-thorc, from whom is called Treitheirne of Munster."

After Oghma Mr. Comyn inserts the following clause from MSS. H. and F. Eirnin inghean Eadarlaimh, mathair na m ban sin. "Eirin, daughter of Eadarlamh, mother of those women."

In the case of Danann and Beuchuill, or "Wife of Coll," Mr. Comyn renders Bantuathaigh "female chiefs," which is also rendered by Dr. Joyce (note p. 123) "female-rulers," and Keating says that tuathach and tighearna (lord) are equivalent as are tuath and tighearnus (lordship). The latter portion of the extract is thus rendered by Mr. Comyn.

"Appertaining to these noble females were the two royal institutes—i.e., Fe and Meann (being) their names; it is from them is named Magh Feimhin. It is among to them also was Triath-ri-thorc, from whom is called Treitheirne Mumhan."

Referring to the first sentence Mr. Comyn says, note 1—"This sentence is very obscure, and the translation is merely tentative," and with reference to Triath-ri-thorc, he says—"This is obscure, and doubtful whether a personal or a place-name," and he adds that Treitheirne of Munster has not been identified.

In the "Book of Rights," pp. 42, 45, O'Donovan describes the position of Muscraidhe Treitheirne, or Muscraidhe Breoghain, or Muscraidhe Ui Chuirc, the country of O'Cuirc, in Clanwillam. Treitheirne consequently included the district of Cnamchoill, now Clieghile, about a mile and a half east of the town of Tipperary, which is also named Foi in Cormac's Glossary. The celebrated lake on the Galtees named Loch Bel Sead, Loch Bel Dragain, Loch Crotta Cliach O'Curry's "Lectures," p. 427, and now called Lake Muscry, was in Treitheirne. Triath-ri-thorc may have been the old name of the districts of Kilfeacle and Cnamchoill, or Foi, and it may have included Sliabh na Muice, "Mountain of the Pig," south of Tipperary. Triath, which signifies king, chief, or boar, is said to have been son of Ugaine Mor, and it is said that the district of Triath-ri thorc, so named from him, was bestowed upon him. For Sliabh na Muice see "Boyish Exploits of Finn." It may be remembered that I have explained Ugaine as an extension of Ugh, which is a form of Oc or Ac. Triath ri-thorc means "Triath, King of the Boars," and I think that Triath-ri-thorc must be equated with Roighne Rosgadhach, or Roighne (Raighne) the Poetic, who is said to have been son of Ugaine Mor. The district of Cnamhchoill and Sliabh na muice was one of the great centres of the Druids of Munster, and there in the sacred wood was the pillar stone of Tlachtga, daughter of Mogh Ruith (O'Curry's "Lectures" and Hibbert "Lectures"). district there is no tradition of it. Professor Rhys (Hibbert "Lectures") quotes from "Revue Celtique" a tale which connects Oenghus mac Ind Oc with Loch Bel Sead, and Bodb Derg, Ind Dagda, Boand, and Coerabar are mentioned in this tale. Several local legends are still told about this lake and the serpent. Keating's explanation of Femen cannot be accepted, but the two oxen, for da rioghdhamh means two royal oxen, and not two royal poetesses, or two royal institutions, are mentioned in "Silva Gadelica," p. 529, and in the notes on Magh Feimhin. I have given particulars of them. These oxen are also mentioned in Cormac's Glossary, voce Feimhen. The Museraidhe, from whom were named several districts in Munster, are said to have descended from Cairbre Musc, father of Corc, by Duibhne, from whom were named the Corco Dhuibhne, or old inhabitants of the district of Corco Dhuibhne, now Corkaguiny barony, in Kerry. Cairbre Musc is made the son of Conaire ii., Joyce's Irish Names, Vol I. p. 132, and Silva Gadelica, pp. 487, 535. Dr. Joyce ranks Cairbre Musc amongst historical personages, but see Hibbert's Lectures, by Professor Rhys. In the notes on Magh Feimhin I have forgotten to give the following quotation from Dr. Joyce's "Irish Grammar," p. 100—"Is binne a ceol na lon 'sna smol," ("Sweeter is her voice (music) than the blackbird or thrush"). Here we have smol instead of the extended and present form smolach, and the quotation also shows that the smol, or thrush, and the lon, or blackbird, were regarded as the two chief songbirds of Ireland. In "Silva Gadelica," p. 344, Clanna Smoil and the Fianna are stated to have been bound in the cave of Keshcorran, and in "Silva Gadelica," p. 378, Clanna Smoil are said to have been present at the banquet at Almahain.

There is also another matter to which I would like to refer in this note. Keating (Introduction, p. 13) says that Cambrensis asserts that King Arthur, when at Caerleon, in the year 519, imposed a tax on the Irish, and he adds that Campion sets forth in his chronicle that Gillamar, or Giolla Mor, was then King of Ireland, but Keating defies anyone to produce proof from the ancient records of Ireland that there was ever a King of Ireland named Giolla Mor, and at page 49 he quotes from Hanmer that the person whom authors call Gillamar, King of Ireland, was son to the King of Thomond, but adds that the confutation which he has already given this thing he deems sufficient.

I have mentioned that John Hayes at Lough Gur has an Irish manuscript copied by his father from one belonging to John Collins, of Myross, and in that manuscript, which contains an Irish poem about death, the name Caherguillamore is written Cathair Ghiolla Mhoir, or "fort of Giolla Mor." John Hayes was of opinion that Giolla Mor was the White Knight, having confounded the White Knight with Richard White, who rented the lands of Caherguillamore from the last Earl of Desmond, as mentioned in one of Queen Elizabeth's State papers, in which the name is written Cahergillamore. The fort named Cahergillamore is at the west side of the avenue leading to Caherguillamore House, as identified by John Hayes, and I think that it must be Cathair Chinn Chon, fort of Cencon, or "Hound's Head." In "Battle of Magh Rath," p. 177, Cennconn is said to be the name of the faithful servant (Gilla tairisi) of the lordly hero Congal, and he is sent forth by Congal to reconnoitre the phalanx of the race of Conall before the battle of Magh Rath. O'Donovan "Magh Rath," p. 22, note w, says—"Maelduin the son of Aedh Bennain—According to the Annals of Tighernach, the father of this Maelduin, died in the year 619. He was the ancestor of the famous family of O'Moriarty, in the county of Kerry, as mentioned in all the genealogical Irish books. Maelduin himself was defeated in the battle of Cathar Cinn Con, in the year 640, and burned to death in the year 641, on the island of Inis Cain." In "Magh Rath," p 279, Maelduin is said to be the son of Aedh Bennain, King of Desmond, and at p. 313 Maelduin mac Aedha Bennain is stated to have cut off the hand of Congal in the battle of Magh Rath."

"In Chronicum Scotorum," at year 639, we read—"Battle of Cathair Cinn Conn in Mumhan—Aengus Liathana, from Glenn Damhain (Glanworth, Co. Cork), was victorious, and Maelduin, son of Aedh Bennain, was put to flight. . . . Burning of Maelduin, son of Aedh in Inis Cain." Hennessy, who was only once at Lough Gur for a few hours, not long before his death, says that Cathair-Cinn-Con was a stone fort, near Rockbarton, Co. Limerick. In the Book of Rights, Cathair Chinn Chon is mentioned as one of the royal forts of Munster, and O'Donovan says—"Cathair Chinn Chon, Anglice Caherkincon, a Cyclopean stone fort near Rockbarton, the seat of Lord Guillamore, in the barony of Small County, and county of Limerick. There are extensive remains of such stone forts in this immediate neighbourhood, which indicate its having been anciently a place of importance."

In "Silva Gadelica," p. 235, it is stated that Eogan MacAngus MacNadfraech, having with him Patrick and Caeilte, progressed to another Raith Chinn Chon, in south part of Magh Femin, and in Lios an bhanntrachta, or "fort of the women folk," asked why were this rath and lios called by those names. And then Caeilte replied that Cellach, son of Dubh dead, or "black toothed," was a royal hospitaller, whose wealth and substance when they were numbered covered all the great plain of Femen, but in the world was not a man better endowed than he was with churlishness and niggardliness, and that when Finn and the Fiana visited him he heeped upon the Fianna insult and reproach, and thereupon said Cuinnscleo, son of Ainnscleo, King of Britain in the east: "A mighty ready bit of dog's head snapping and snarling this is to which the boor has treated Ireland's Fianna," Then, said Finn, "Thou hast lighted on a happy word by way of name for him, fix Cenn Con or 'dog's head' on him." But Raith Chinn Chon in the northern part of Magh Femen is said to have been named from the hound of the three young warriors of Ioruath, or Norway, which cast up treasure. Cuinnscleo is said to have been the tinnmedoir or "carver" of Finn ("Silva Gadelica," p. 101), The first Lord Guillamore made many alterations in the grounds of Rockbarton and Caherguillamore, and several old monuments were destroyed, and so it is well nigh hopeless now to expect to bring to light the old things of this place. I have tried by the method of comparison to throw some light on the place from Magh Feimhin. In "Silva Gadelica," p. 354, Dil is described as a blind druid dwelling on Druim

Dile, in Ossory, and he and his daughter Moncha and Eoghan Mor are stated to have driven to Magh Cliach, which is the same as Magh Aine. Moncha, who acted as her father's charioteeress, is stated to have become wife of Eoghan Mor, and mother of Fiacha Muilleathan, who is connected with Badamar, near Cahir, Co. Tipperary, and was present with Finn at Oenach Culi Mna Nechtain, and is also stated to have been born on a stone in the Suir, which is a very old word for river. This birth of children on flag stones is often referred to in the Irish tales, and appears to have been a very old custom. It is referred to by Dr. Whitley Stokes in Tripartite Life of St. Patrick. See also Life of St. Columcille. In "Silva Gadelica," p. 359, however, Moncha is said to be the daughter of Trethan Mac Bicidh, and she is in that passage also said to have been wife of Eoghan Mor, son of Olioll Olum. It is well to remember that the father of Oilioll Olum was also Eoghan Mor. And so, through the identification of Dil, the blind druid, son of Dachreca, with Dil, daughter of Lugh Mannair, or "famous Lugh," given in notes on Magh Femin, may appear to many as absurd, it is, however, one of the things of the mythology about which I feel most certain, and analogous cases may easily be obtained from the mythologies of old races.

Work at present must be destructive, but we cast down only to rebuild, and the flash of the Mac an Loin will be followed by the sound of the Mac an Smoil.

THE FISHERMAN.

By Ethelwyn Wetherald.

The fisher's face is hard to read,
His eyes are deep and still;
His boots have crushed a pungent weed
Beside a far-off rill.
Oh, early lifted he the latch
And sped through dew away,
But when we ask him of the "catch"
That was to mark the day,
He lifts his empty hands and smiles:
"I fished for hours, I fished for miles."

The fisher has an open mind,
A meditative heart;
He walks companioned by the wind,
Or sits alone, apart,
Within some stream-enchanted dell.
The fish about him play
In sweet content. They know full well
That friends of his are they.
Dame Nature all his soul beguiles
With murmurous hours, with emerald smiles.

But one who trod the path he took
By fragrant woodland ways,
To where the cold trout-haunted brook
Ran thick-leaved from the gaze,
Heard him but sigh, "How fair it is!
My God—and what am I
That Thy most secret harmonies
Should flood the ear and eye?"
At eve, with empty hands, he smiles:
"I caught the best of hours and miles."

There has been a decided boom in the cultivation of rice in the past year or two and many great plantations have been taken up and are being put in shape for business through the southern States of America. A large factory for the manufacture of the rice polishing machinery is about to be started in Baltimore, Md. This company has acquired a number of patents, mainly those of Oliver R. Welch, of Baltimore, which makes use of a system of wire mesh belts and screens, and which is said to do the work of polishing the rice grains better and cheaper than by the old process of using belts of sheepskin, known as the "skin process." Rice in the hull is almost black, and when the outer skin is removed the grain is dirty yellowish in appearance. Rice is used almost over the entire world, and the custom of polishing it is general except among the Chinese, who eat it in the yellow stage.

DUBLIN'S OLD THEATRE ROYAL

(HAWKINS STREET).

HOW IT CAME TO BE BUILT.

SOME HISTORIC PERFORMANCES.

By H. CALCRAFT.

II.

In 1824 the theatre was let to Mr. W. Abbott, of Covent Garden, at the enormous and unpayable rent (as he soon discovered) of £4,000 per annum. He entered on his career in high spirits, and with a host of introductions, which carried him at once into the best society, where he became a general favourite. He was a very agreeable, versatile actor, an unrivalled table companion, with exhaustless spirits, and a gentleman of accomplished mind and manners. But, unfortunately for himself, he was not a man of business. He loved a lord with more devotion than even Mrs. Heidelberg did, and bowed down before the spell of aristocratic notice. Society held him as completely in her thralls as Venus was enmeshed by the net of Vulcan. Nothing could induce him to look into a ledger or face an account, while answering letters was in his eyes an utter abomination. His neglected correspondence lay piled on his table for a month, and then he disposed of it in a twinkling, by a holocaust. On these quicksands, added to the accumulated abuses and enormous expense under which he found the theatre groaning in every department, his vessel was wrecked. The resources of all the Rothschilds could scarcely have extricated it. Nevertheless, his his receipts in two years exceeded £40,000. If any of his successors could have averaged this sum, a large fortune might have been realised in a gallop. That fatal year of panic, 1825, has left impressions not yet obliterated.

Mr. Abbot, by his personal interest, brought back to the theatre the Marquess Wellesley, who had been driven from it by the bottle outrage. He gave a command soon after his marriage. The house, as might have been expected, was crowded in every part. There was much curiosity and anxiety as to how he would be received. He came down alone to the front of the state-box, as bold as Achilles, bowed his acknowledgments to the reiterated plaudits with which he was greeted, and gallantly handed in his lady, who looked, as the Page describes Jane de Montfort, in Miss Baillie's play:—

"So queenly, so commanding, and so noble,"

that her appearance caused the whole theatre to ring with acclamations. In grace, in beauty, and in dignity, she might have challenged competition with the proudest of England's coronetted matrons, and filled the Viceregal chair beside her noble consort as if she had been "native and to the manner born." While I pen these lines, the scene presents itself as vividly to my memory as if it occurred yesterday. About this time Sir Walter Scott, then on a tour in Ireland, being in the theatre, was recognised by the audience, who insisted on a speech from the Wizard of the North, with which he good-humouredly indulged them. An entertaining account of this will be found in Lockhart's "Life." Early in Mr. Abbot's first season, the late Charles Mathews, an intimate friend of his, accepted an engagement in Dublin, and commenced with the character of Goldfinch and Morbleu, in Moncrieff's popular farce of "Monsieur Tonson." On the nights when he appeared in the legitimate drama the houses were thinly attended. When he gave his own peculiar entertainment they were filled to suffocation. In the farce of "Monsieur Tonson," the part of Morbleu had been originally personated with great success by Montague Talbot, an actor of long standing in the Dublin company, and still remembered by the patriarchs of the expiring generation.* During the first scene, whenever Mathews produced an effect, some half-dozen malcontents in the gallery raised a cry of "Talbot, Talbot!" which operated like an epidemic, and was speedily caught up by a few more. The actor paused, appeared astonished, and at length said, "I hear a cry of 'Talbot, Talbot,' but I am unable to follow the meaning." "We want Talbot," was the reply. "You may have him," muttered the indignant Mathews, sotto voce, bowed, and walked off the stage considerably excited. The interruption then increased to an uproar. The manager came forward and stated that his friend Mr Mathews was merely there for a short engagement to oblige him; that he performed, as a matter of course, his usual round of characters, and that he was not come to displace Mr. Talbot, or remove him from his position. This address was received with universal acclamations, which redoubled when Mathews immediately afterwards entered and reassumed his character. But in a few moments the mischievous spirits again shouted, "Talbot, Talbot!" Mathews, never the most patient of men, came forward and said, brusquely—"Either you want to see this farce, or you do not, so make up your minds at once. If I am interupted again by this cry of 'Talbot, Talbot,' I shall relieve you from my performance; but it is rather too amusing, after having acted this part with universal applause in London, and all the principal theatres in England, to come here and be annoyed by your disapprobation." Many thought he had now committed himself beyond recovery, and would be pelted off; but the audience succumbed, took it all in good part, and there was no more "Talbot" for the rest of that evening. It is amazing what the public will sometimes endure without anger, from favourite

* Talbot was a gentleman of good family and education, a graduate of Trinity College. His forte lay in light comedy and Frenchmen, but his tragic assumptions were ineffective. He is greatly lauded in the following lines of the "Familiar Epistles":—

"By art and nature chastely fit
To play the gentleman or wit;
Not Harris's, nor Colman's boards,
Nor all that Drury lane affords,
Can paint the rakish Charles so well,
Give so much life to Mirabel;
Or show for light and airy sport,
So exquisite a Doricourt."

Talbot was the original Rezenvelt in Miss Baillie's heavy tragedy of "De Montfort," at Drury lane, a character unsuited to him, and in which he made little impression. I only saw him in his decline, when his notions of acting had become very peculiar. Among other eccentricities, he played the Ghost in "Hamlet" with tin eyes, and a sort of revolving, ambient motion, under the idea that a disembodied spirit should not stand fixed on the earth, but float etherially. I have seen more than one Hamlet much disconcerted by this demeanour of his father's spirit. In 1826, Talbot's partisans concocted a "row," which lasted several nights, the object being to compel Mr. Harris to engage him contrary to his wishes.

performers, when they are either taken by surprise, or the good-humoured vein predominates. George Frederic Cooke told the people of Liverpool to their teeth that they were a disgrace to humanity, and that every stone in their city was cemented with human blood. A figurative mode of conveying that their commercial prosperity sprang from encouraging the slave trade. They saw that he laboured under his "old complaint," and forgave the actor while they pitied the man. At Washington, in America, when the President had come expressly to see him in "Richard the Third," he flatly refused to commence his character, or act before the king of the Yankee Doodles, as he called him, until the band had played "God Save the King," in addition to their own national air. And in this extravagance the stiff Republicans actually indulged him.

During Elliston's management of the Surrey Theatre, a very poor play was one night unequivocally damned. He rushed from his dressing-room on the stage, under a tempest of disapprobation, and when silence was with difficulty restored, exclaimed, with a face of bewildered astonishment, "I thought I heard a hiss—unusual sound! Ladies and gentlemen, you are under a very grievous mistake here. I can assure you (and I think you will allow my opinion is worth something) this is a most excellent piece, and so you will find out when you exercise your unbiased judgment, and have seen it three or four times. A British audience invariably give fair play to everybody. With your kind permission, therefore, I shall announce the new drama for every evening until further notice." This address was received without a dissentient voice, and procured for the condemned play a long and successful run. But the climax of public endurance occurred in the case of Edmund Kean at the Victoria, formerly the Coubourg, on the Surrey side of the water. He had been tempted into an engagement there by the large salary of £50 per night. He opened in "Richard the Third," to an enormous house, and all passed off with great eclat. On the second night he appeared as Othello, on which occasion Iago was enacted by Cobham, a prodigious Victoria favourite.

The house was again crowded as before, but noisy and inattentive. The best effects in the most striking scenes were marred by such unclassical expletives and interuptions as a Coburg audience are wont to dispense with more freedom than taste—by the incessant popping of ginger-beer bottles, and by yells of "Bravo Cobham!" whenever Kean elicited his most brilliant points. The great tragedian was disconcerted, and by the time the curtain fell, overflowing with indignation, a little assisted by copious libations of brandy and water. He was then loudly called for, and after a considerable delay came forward, enveloped in his cloak, his face still smirched, not more than half cleansed from the dingy complexion of the Moor, and his eyes emitting flashes as bright and deadly as forked lightning. He planted himself in the centre of the stage, near the foot-lights, and demanded with laconic abruptness, "What do you want?" There was a moment's interval of surprise, when "You, you!" was reiterated from many voices. "Well, then, I am here!" Another short pause, and he proceeded: "I have acted in every theatre in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. I have acted in all the principal theatres throughout the United States of America; but, in my life, I never acted to such a set of unmitigated brutes as I see now before me." So saying, he folded his mantle majestically, made a slight, contemptuous obeisance, and stalked off with the dignity of an offended lion. Then ensued an awful silence for a minute or two, until, at last, pent up revenge burst forth in one simultaneous shout of "Cobham, Cobham!" Cobham, who was evidently in waiting at the wing, rushed forth at once, bowed reverentially, placed his hand on his heart, and acted emotion and gratitude after the prescribed rules. When the applause subsided, he delivered himself nearly as follows—"Ladies and gentlemen, this is unquestionably the proudest moment of my life. I cannot give utterance to my feelings; but to the latest hour of my existence I shall cherish the remembrance of the honour conferred upon me, by one of the most distinguished, liberal, and enlightened audiences I ever had the pleasure of addressing."

Mr. Abbott abdicated in September, 1826,* when Mr. Harris, most unexpectedly, and with little preparation, was compelled to take the reins of government once more into his own hands. He finally retired in 1827,† wearied out by the disastrous result of a season which began with great brilliancy, but ended in a heavy loss—Finis coronat opus. During the year half price was introduced in the Dublin theatre. As a proof of the change of times and taste, this same half price, which was considered by many a damaging experiment, as being too low, exceeded in scale the full price of the present day. In the year following, it was denounced by the new management in the annexed paragraph, which headed the opening bills and advertisements—"The experiment of second price having proved a failure, is abandoned by general desire."

Mr. Bunn, the new lessee, commenced with a capital of £2,000, which, from diurnal demands, soon became "fine by degrees and beautifully less," dwindling before long into an infinite decimal. Yet his efforts were fully equal to those of his predecessors, his company excellent, his novelties well selected, the attractions he produced equal to any reasonable demand, and his expenditure liberal. As an instance of the latter item, he engaged a celebrated vocalist, at the rate of £50 per night for a long series of performances, to many of which the entire receipts fell below the sum claimable by the auxiliary. As a case on the per contra side, and to show the impossibility of estimating theatrical results by experience or analogical reasoning:—In 1826, Mr. Abbott engaged together Miss Stephens and Mr. Braham. His actual expense on each evening of this "unprecedented combination of talent" (as the play-bills invariably designate all exotic monstrosities), amounted to £150 before he could realise a farthing. Yet, in twelve nights, the profit exceeded £1,000; but then followed an exhausting reaction, from which the season never recovered. "These violent delights have violent ends." Read the memoirs of Charles Mathews, and will it not be found written there, how, at the close of what was called one of the most successful seasons the Adelphi Theatre ever witnessed, when the house could scarcely contain the crowds who nightly thronged the doors, the managers wound up their account with a surplus on the left hand side—simply because the expenses exceeded any possible receipts. The great secret of profitable management consists less in the sum you take, than in the sum you can contrive to keep. The old song says:—

"How happy the soldier that lives on his pay,
And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a day."

But we never yet heard of any manager disposed to join chorus in this canticle.

We presume it will be admitted by the most disputatious dogmatist as a self-evident axiom that everything which is limited must come to an end. The longest purse has two ends. Now, the best replenished manager will find his banker's account bounded by a given figure. If his private drafts are not replaced by good bills on the public treasury, his balance will soon become nil, and his book will be politely enclosed to him, labelled no effects. As the British constitution is admirably poised by a judicious amalgamation of the three estates, Sovereign, Lords, and Commons, so is a theatrical government equally sustained by its three indispensable constituencies—manager, actors, and public. In either case, the latter furnish the supplies. If they are contributed with a niggardly hand, or withdrawn altogether, the wheels of the machine will stop for want of oil, and the whole fabric falls to pieces. It cannot fail to be observed, by all who take an interest in the subject, that from the earliest to the latest period, ever since Dublin had a theatre, the constant cry has been—not as Macbeth says, "they come!" but, "they come not!" In every record, we read of gigantic efforts followed by diminitive results.

Mr. Harris's last letter, which closed a long correspondence, is now before me, dated August the 14th, 1827. In this he says—"I rejoice that your disastrous season is over—a season which must ever be renowned in Dublin for unparalleled exertions on the part of the management, and unparalleled apathy on the part of the audience." During this very season, in addition to an unexceptionable stock company, including many new candidates of established pretension, as well as old favourites, the public were treated to visits from Mrs. Waylett, her first appearance; Miss Paon (afterwards Mrs. Wood), her first appearance, in the high zenith of her reputation; Monsieur Laporte (his first appearance), Mrs. Fitzwilliam (her first appearance), Mr. Wood (his first appearance), Mr. and Mrs. Noble (formerly Miss Lupino), with a ballet company; Miss Hughes (her first appearance), Mr. Braham; and, to conclude, Madame Pasta, in nine performances, for which she received one hundred guineas per night. A system may fail, an experiment may break down, a ministry may prove incompetent or mistaken; but when successive systems invariably fail, when no experiment ever succeeds, and no ministry can be found with a pilot sufficiently able to "weather the storm," it is but reasonable to conclude "there is something rotten in the state of Denmark," and that the state vessel is unmanageable. On the inauguration of Mr. Bunn, the following highly poetical address, written by the Right Honourable Richard Sheil, was spoken by Mr. Calcraft, who continued to hold the office of stage manager, which he had filled for the three preceding years, under Messrs. Abbot and Harris. There are some pungent lines in the original copy, which bear rather heavily on the supposed puritanism of those who object to the theatre on what are called religious grounds. These were omitted (though sufficiently humorous), as not eligible for public recitation:—

ADDRESS,

Spoken at the Theatre Royal, Hawkins' street, Dublin, on Saturday, November 2nd, 1827; written by R. L. Sheil, Esq.

Why droops the Drama, in the isle so long
Fam'd for the love of laughter, tears, and song—
Amidst a people o'er whose fervid soul

* Mr. Abbot, on leaving Dublin, took the first English company to Paris. He afterwards became lessee of the Victoria Theatre, London, in conjunction with Egerton, of Covent Garden; and finally died at Charleston, in America, having been very popular, both as actor and manager, in the United States.

† Mr. Harris, who was very partial to a country life, retired with his family to the neighbourhood of Boulogne, and died there not many years since.

Pale Tragedy should hold her high control,
While over bosoms, vivid, warm, and gay,
Thalia should assert her equal sway?
On Barry's, Macklin's, Mossop's, Ryder's shore,
Why should the Actor's magic charm no more?
Say, shall the land that gave such genius birth,
In Jordan's wild variety of mirth,
And where the fond Melpomene's caress
Nurs'd fair O'Neill in tragic loveliness—
Say, shall that land neglect the glorious art
That lights the fancy and dissolves the heart,
Life's real griefs with joyous fiction cheers,
And melts the airiest spirit into tears?
Alas! the stage declines; and where, of yore,
It triumph'd, all its pride and power are o'er.
The Tragic Muse deserted on her throne,
In place of other's woes, now mourns her own;
While her gay sister, in her liveliest mood,
Looks from the boards on dreary solitude;
And her own laughter, with a hollow sound,
From empty boxes sadly echoes round.
Whence in this cold oblivion of the stage?
Alas! we live in an o'er-righteous age,
And all our pretty women are so sage!
["While laden o'er with piety and paint,
"Each rouged and wrinkled sinner turns a saint.
"When all her days of youth and joy are past,
"She takes to Mary Magdalen at last;
"And having given the devil her age of glee,
"Makes heaven her heart's residuary legatee."]
Ah, me! the sad "good people" of the day
Our innocent enjoyments scare away;
["And, to attract the soft, elected fair,
"Set up the rival playhouses of prayer.
"There, to speak truth, pleasures demure and holy
"Relieve religion of its melancholy;
"And passion, like Prometheus, from above,
"Steals heaven's best fire to light the feasts of love.
"From box to box ne'er amorous glances flew,
"One half so melting as from pew to pew.
"It is no marvel, then, that they prefer
"To ours their more convenient theatre;
"For there, in dim, accommodating light,
"That faintly glimmers through the fav'ring night.
"The 'moral agents' of each titled belle
"Who fills the mystic situation well),
"Amidst devotion's ecstacies, askance,
"On pious countesses securely glance;
"And while, in nasal uproar, to the sky,
"The Mawworms howl their barbarous psalmody:
"With eyes uprais'd, and hands discreetly down,
"Each glossy Cantwell feels—a lady's gown!"*]
But still, despite of all the boiling rage
From new-light rostrums hurl'd against the stage,
Of life and hope the Drama is not reft:
There are some staunch, unflinching vot'ries left.
The love of harmless pleasure is not fled;
The Muses only sleep—they are not dead.
Let us awake them. In a stranger's name,
Your ancient hospitality I claim.
A bold adventure here that stranger tries,
And risks his fortunes in the enterprise.
Wherever genuine talent can be found,
He'll strive to win and lure to Irish ground;
While Irish genius, with a liberal hand,
He'll nurse to glory in its own green land.
By others' losses, he arrives unscared:
Nor pains to please, nor gold, shall here be spared.
In brief and simple phrase he bids me say,
That for a noble stake he'll boldly play.
For all that labour, cost, or care can do,
He'll pledge himself—the rest depends on you.

(To be continued.)

There are some weighty remarks in the "Connoisseur" for October—an excellent number—on the value of original editions of Sir Walter Scott's works, a subject on which delusive ideas haunt the public mind. It seems that, next to "Waverley," the three volumes of "Guy Mannering," 1815, are the most difficult to obtain. The former, in the original boards, has reached as much as £10*l*, and the latter (similarly bound) £86—both "record" prices. But rebound copies, cut down or otherwise mutilated (and these are met with in profusion), are of no account; the novels must be in their original boards and uncut if they are to be of any material value. "The present-day collector of books (says our contemporary) should go about armed with a microscope if he would be in the fashion."

ELECTRIC GLASS SMELTING.

A large electric installation for the smelting of glass by the electric current, which is being erected at Deutsch Matrei in Tyrol, will be in working order in the course of a few months. These are the first works constructed for the manufacture of glassware by electricity; though several experimental plants have been laid down, and the electrical process of glass-making has been practised for some time past at Plattenberg in Westphalia, where there is an installation of 2,000 horse-power, water and steam combined, for supplying the necessary current. The first successful attempts at glass manufacture by the aid of the electric current were made some four years ago at Cologne by F. Becker, a glass-maker. Glass-making by electricity is rather a difficult process, since there is a great danger of devitrification through the heat generated by the arc being too intense. To surmount this difficulty Becker devised an ingenious arrangement of a series of arcs, and the glass in a molten state flowed into crucibles which were heated by coal or some other means. But Becker found this process of combining electrical and ordinary heat unsatisfactory. Voelker, his collaborator in these experiments, suggested another process by which he to a certain extent availed himself of the conductivity of the glass. On each side of the receptacles he ranged electrodes, and by this means kept the glass in a molten condition for some time. But in this system there was the danger of the glass being deteriorated by the crumbling carbon, by which its purity was ruined, and it was rendered unsaleable. To obviate this difficulty the electrodes were placed behind perforated diaphragms. Voelker also devised a system by which he could melt the glass, not with the arc, but by a direct current of high resistance, by making briquettes of the smelting materials and the carbon, and thus fusing the components. The Industrie Verriere et des Derives of Brussels, in conjunction with the glass works at Plattenberg, took up the invention and reduced it to practice at Plattenberg and Brussels; but at first it was not found to be a very satisfactory process. The consumption of the current was too heavy. For example, a kilogramme of glass required 4 horse-power-hours to produce it. This consumption of current, however, has now been reduced to 1½ and 1¼ horse-power-hours. The cost of production will be still further cheapened at the works of the Matrei Compagne, the electric furnaces for which are to be simpler and more durable. A potential of 3,000 electric horse-power will be utilised. Whether this electric process of manufacturing glass will become of any commercial utility it is yet too early to say; but the material at present produced by the electric current has no special advantages over that made by the conventional smelting process to recommend it.

Professor Dixon's Presidential Address at the Library Association Conference contained many felicitous phrases. One that should become classic described the contents of libraries as the "preserved verbosity of centuries."

OUR WEEKLY STORY

A RUNAWAY AUTOMOBILE.

BY ROE L. HENDRICK.

Mr. John McChesney Alport is a Philadelphia merchant and a man of wealth, who owns a handsome country place called Fairmount, on Tamarack Lake, six miles from Dupont Station. Although the good-roads movement so far had made little progress in DeKalb County, and the highways there are still rather primitive, Mr. Alport came out this summer in a new automobile, with is sixteen year-old daughter, Gladys, as a companion.

Since that time the gasoline machine has been propelled many hundreds of miles about Fairmount, and the residents of the neighbourhood are beginning to believe it can be made to run across lots and jump stake-and-rider fences, if Gladys so wills. At all events, there is no road anywhere in the vicinity bad enough to stop it.

Gladys had only the most general knowledge of horseless vehicles before she accompanied her father from Philadelphia to Fairmount, but the two-hundred-and-fifty-mile trip was one long lesson, and at its end he pronounced her an expert chauffeur. She still had some things to learn, however, although the accident that befel her a little later, of which this is the story, might have occurred to any other rather reckless person.

The Alport automobile is what makers term a [illegible] runabout. It is a sort of horseless dog-cart, with the machinery and tank partly under the seat and in part concealed beneath the top of the rear behind it. The working parts are not accessible when the vehicle is in motion, as the seat has to be turned forward like a lid to expose the mechanism.

Soon after the family reached Fairmount, Mr. Alport engaged carpenters to build a boat-house and pier at the side of the lawn, which slopes down to the head of Tamarack Lake, a sheet of water seven miles long and from half a mile to two miles in width. Dupont Station, the small village where the carpenters, Frank and Amos Lindsley, live, is near the other end of the lake.

The Lindsley brothers had nearly completed the frame of the boat-house when, on Tuesday morning, they discovered that a few more timbers and boards were needed. If the order could be got to Dupont at once the lumber might be brought up on the small steamer which was due to arrive at Fairmount that noon.

Amos Lindsley went to the telephone in the Alport house, but owing to conflicting earth-currents, or some other cause, the circuit worked badly. Short as the distance was, he could not make the proprietor of the lumber-yard understand just what he wanted, and finally he put down the receiver in disgust and rang off.

Gladys had been watching him intently. She was expecting a party of young friends the next week, and it was in her behalf that the work was being rushed.

"Wait!" she exclaimed. "I'll get out the auto and take you down there in a jiffy." Her parents made no objection, and in a few minutes the two were off at a twenty-mile speed, Amos clinging to his hat as they described a wide semicircle in passing from the driveway out upon the valley pike. This formerly was a toll road, and is still the best-kept highway in DeKalb County.

For four miles south from Fairmount it is almost level, the ground rising and falling only a few feet as the shallow creek valleys are

passed. No bridges are needed, all the tiny brook being crossed on solid culverts.

At the end of this four miles, however, and about half that distance north of Dupont Station, and the railroad, is Breakneck Hill. Indian Bluffs, about two hundred feet in height, frown down upon the water, and the pike no longer can follow the shore; so it turns inland, climbing Iroquois Ridge diagonally. The rise is fully one hundred and eighty feet here, and is nearly a fourth of a mile in length, with three level terraces to break the ascent. The middle stretch is the steepest grade in the county.

In the plateau-like summit the road again approaches the lake, finally descending in a huge capital "S," that brings one to the four corners near the water's edge, about which the village clusters. The railroad line cuts two streets just beyond the public square.

Once on the highroad Gladys said to her companion, "Now I'll show you how superior this is to a horse, or even a pair of them. On such a road as this one can rival an express-train."

She grasped the speed lever and thrust it forward to the farthest notch. The automobile sprang ahead like a living thing. To their previous rate of a mile in about three minutes, fully fifty per cent was added on the instant. Along the level road they flew, with now and then a sudden lurch as a rut was crossed, but otherwise smoothly, except for the all-pervading sense of vibration which made every fibre of the vehicle quiver beneath them.

Amos, although still in his twentieth year, was a sober, steady-going young fellow, who took no delight in risky exploits. The pace alarmed him.

"Is it safe?" he asked, looking steadily at his companion.

"Perfectly," she replied, with a merry laugh. "Besides, we must catch that steamer, you know."

"There is plenty of time," he said, after glancing at his watch. Then he added quickly, 'If you can stand it, guess I can." He did not wish to appear cowardly before this bright, courageous young girl, however little he might relish the experience.

They were approaching Breakneck Hill. Till now they had met no one, for the turnpike is not greatly travelled, but near the foot of the slope they saw a farmer approaching with a heavy load of fire-wood. Although his load entitled him to the main roadway, he saw no chances of a collision, but swung far out to the right. They shot past him like a rocket, the slight swerving nearly throwing Amos from his seat. Gladys was clinging to the levers.

"I think we'll slacken up a little here," she said; "put on more power and less speed."

Amos was well pleased to hear this, but in a moment he noticed that their progress seemed to be checked very little by the ascent.

Gladys was tugging at the speed-lever, by means of which the automobile is also stopped and started. She did not seem able to move it.

The young carpenter sat still. He had been taught that, as a passenger, he must not interfere with the driver, even of a runaway team, under any circumstances, unless the latter calls for help; and he sensibly concluded that automobile rules should be the same. He was not enjoying the ride, however, especially when they dashed across the first terrace, and he clung to the seat only by grasping its front edge with both hands. His hat flew off, but he had neither time nor inclination to notice where it went.

"I-I'm af-fraid you'll have to hel-lp me!" Gladys ejaculated, between bumps on the stony ground. "This thing's s-stuck!"

Amos grasped the lever, first with one hand, then with both, and pulled his hardest, but it refused to budge.

"Hur-ry!" his now thoroughly alarmed companion gasped. "We-'re al-most at-t the top!"

The sturdy young man braced his feet and pulled with back and legs, as well as with arms, like a rower. Suddenly he sat down very hard, and but for the stout back of the seat would have tumbled out behind. The lever had bent towards him at the floor, and as he attempted to thrust it back it broke short off. He held the now useless bar of steel in his hands and stared blankly at the girl .

"We're in for it!" he ejaculated.

They had reached the level summit and were rushing headlong towards the "S" that led down to the valley beyond. Could they make it at that express-train speed A breakdown of a collision meant almost certain death.

The automobile did not jolt so badly now, and by speaking quickly a whole word could be uttered unbroken. "How much gasoline's in the tank?" Amos asked.

"Filled last night; enough for ninety or one hundred miles."

"Keep running till it's used up, I suppose."

"I'm afraid so."

"Well, there's nobody on the hill that I can see"—he stood half-erect for a second and surveyed the slope. "Hold her in the centre and swing the corners as widely as possible, while we throw our weight to the inside. If we can make this hill we'll head for Salem on the straight road west, and then come back Newbury way. Two hours should tire her out at that rate."

Amos would have taken masterful possession of the steering-lever but for the expression on the girl's face. "She's a thoroughbred!" he said to himself, forced to unwilling admiration by her courage. She fully realised their peril, but her first momentary alarm had been succeeded by a determination to do her best, and thus atone as far as possible for her previous recklessness. This Amos saw, and he believed she would be equal to the emergency. Besides, he felt that her experience better qualified her for guiding the machine. This was his first ride in an automobile, and he mentally resolved that it should be his last.

Now they had reached the descent, just as another idea came to the carpenter, and he asked if there was any way to get at the naphtha-tank. She shook her head. "It's—under—seat!" she shouted, looking straight ahead at the flying ribbon of roadway.

Downwards they shot, not running smoothly like a wheeled vehicle, but making mighty leaps across every depression. Sometimes the wheels barely touched the ground for several rods.. Amos wondered if there was friction enough beneath them to permit even the widest turn to be made.

They slowed round the upper loop of the "S" in some fashion, although the rear of the box scraped against a bank on the lower side, where, fortunately, a deep cut had been made in grading the road.

The automobile had been made to order at one of the largest factories in the United States. With the exception of the broken lever, all parts seemed to have been made equally strong, like the famous "one-hoss shay," and so it successfully withstood the severest test to which such a machine could be subjected. Amos, who was a good mechanic himself, paid some regretful mental compliments to the skill of the fellow craftsmen who had done such excellent work.

As they dashed down the nearly straight bar leading to the lower loop of the "S" a new danger became apparent. Out from the deepest part of the cut, which previously had concealed him, came a boy on horseback. No, on muleback. The boy looked up to see Amos frantically waving the lever towards the left—the boy's right.

The lad understood what was wanted, but the mule did not. The small rider dug his bare heels furiously into the animal's flanks while he jerked on the bridle, whereupon the contemplative beast flattened his huge ears against his neck and stopped short. The boy slid off and ran for the fence, clucking and shouting at his stubborn steed, which remained unmoved.

Time was counted by seconds just then, and very short seconds, too, it seemed to the occupants of the runaway vehicle. Gladys bore as far to the right as she dared, between Scylla and Charybdis, represented respectively by the mule and a black ash-tree. As the mule was apparently the softer of the two, she steered so as to graze him, although hardly doubting that a collision with either obstacle would be equally fatal.

When ten feet distant she shut her eyes, only to open them immediately to see the animal make a surprisingly active jump, his heels clearing Amos's head by a hairbreadth. He had awakened to the situation just in time.

The lower curve being wider than the one above, and avoiding the mule having thrown them as far to the right as it was safe to go, they made this turn much easier than the other, although now, owing to the long descent, they were going at terrific speed. At the foot of the hill neither doubted that they exceeded a mile a minute, although there was no way of registering the rate accurately.

Alarming as the situation still was, they drew a simultaneous sigh of relief as they emerged upon the straight stretch, still descending slightly, that led through the village. Then Gladys clutched Amos's arm with her disengaged hand and screamed, "The ten-fifteen express! Look!"

At the same instant a whistle sounded, and Amos saw the long, west-bound passenger-train, which had been standing beside the depot, start slowly ahead. The cars blocked both streets leading west and south from the square, and so slowly was the locomotive gathering headway that neither road would be cleared by the time the automobile reached the track.

In emergencies requiring instantaneous action, people do not reason out conclusions. They have to depend upon the inspiration of the moment, and Amos employed it now.

"Turn to the right!" he shouted.

"But the lake!" the girl gasped, without taking her eyes from the crawling train.

"Turn to the right!" he repeated the command almost menacingly. There was no time to explain his plan, but she obeyed.

A hundred persons had seen their arrow-like approach. The car windows were filled with peering faces, and half the residents of Hill Street came runing to their front porches. A runaway automobile affords a spectacle not seen every day. Gladys felt their combined gaze rather than saw it; she heard only the rushing wind, although the clamour of shouts and screams filled the air.

Water Street is narrower as well as shorter than the three others that branch off from the Dupont public square; and to make the turn successfully, even at a moderately high speed, requires a quick eye and careful discrimination. Gladys swung as far to the right as she dared. Another inch, she felt sure, would throw

them over, although Amos was leaning far over the left wheel.

It was not quite enough, and she made the final turn a mere thousandth part of a second too late, but fortune favoured them. Upon the board sidewalk they went with a bump and a spring, just inside an iron hitching-post. They cleared the side wall of a brick building by a fraction of an inch, and after following the walk for a hundred yards, regained the roadway.

There they ran over a yelping cur that with foolish bravado dared them to an encounter. He will carry a crooked tail for life, but, in the circumstances was a most fortunate dog.

Fifty yards lower down, the street ends at a tottering wooden pier, which projects a hundred feet into the lake. Beside it lay the little "Carrie Sutphen," with steam up, ready to start for the head of the lake. There was nothing else to be done, owing to the tight board fences on either side, so Gladys held straight for the pier, and the group of passengers and idlers gave them a clear track.

They left the solid ground with undiminished speed, and with a whir and a rumble shot across the clattering planks. Then with a mighty splash they struck the water six feet below, and skimmed over its surface as if the automobile were a new and fast nautical device.

The swiftly revolving wheels churned the water into lines of foam. The automobile was heavy, but its momentum, with the buoyancy of its box and large pneumatic tyres, kept it from sinking at once. Gladys turned the lever to the left and released her hold.

"I can't swim—much!" she said.

"I can," Amos replied. "Don't be afraid; a girl with your grit is safe anywhere."

The vehicle had described two-thirds of a circle, and was headed diagonally for the receding shore of Lapham's Cove, when at Amos's last word it suddenly sank beneath them with a hiss and gurgle as the water reached the heated cylinder and extinguished the gasoline flame.

Gladys felt herself submerged, but in an instant Amos's arm was about her, and she was drawn backwards towards the shore with only her head above the surface. "Don't cling to me," was all he said, and she passively entrusted her safety to his skill. In a moment he was able to stand upright on the shallowing bottom, and then side by side they waded ashore.

Several boats put off, and within ten minutes the automobile had been dragged to the beach. It was trundled aboard the "Carrie Sutphen," not much the worse for its headlong flight and subsequent bath. When the bustling little steamer made her usual trip just before noon she carried two dripping passengers, wrapped in blankets, to keep the wind from their wet garments.

Amos, with calm singleness of purpose, had secured the lumber he needed, while Gladys, through the agency of the captain, had arranged to have a repair man accompany them to put he naptha runabout in order again.

Gladys laughingly declared she would take another trip the following morning, and she was as good as her word, but her father accompanied her, and fifteen miles an hour was the utmost limit of the speed he allowed. Amos was heard to vow that he would not be a passenger again for a million dollars, but he certainly changed his mind, for within a week he was taken from Fairmount to Dupont in exactly twenty-four minutes, including all stops and slow-downs.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.

CARLOW.

CARLOW, an incorporated borough, market, and post-town, and a parish, in the barony and county of Carlow, and province of Leinster, 18¼ miles (N.E.) from Kilkenny, and 39¼ (S.W. by S.) from Dublin; containing 9,597 inhabitants, of which number, 9,114 are in the borough. This town, called, till within a comparatively recent period, "Catherlough," or "Catherlagh," is supposed to have derived that name, signifying in the Irish language, "the city on the lake," from its proximity to a large sheet of water which formerly existed here. The erection of the castle has been variously attributed to Eva, daughter of Dermot Mac Murrough; to Isabel, daughter of Strongbow; and to King John; but with more probability to Hugh de Lacy, about the year 1180. In the reign of Edw. II., the castle belonged to the Crown, and was made the headquarters of the seneschalship of the counties of Carlow and Kildare, instituted on account of the disturbed state of these districts. About the year 1361, Lionel, Duke of Clarence, established the exchequer of the kingdom at this place, and expended £500 in fortifying the town with walls, of which at present there is not a vestige. James Fitzgerald, brother of the Earl of Kildare, seized the castle in 1494; but it was soon afterwards invested by the Lord-Deputy, Sir Edward Poynings, to whom, after a siege of ten days, it was surrendered. In 1534 it was taken by Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, during his insurrection; and in 1577 the town was assaulted by Rory Oge O'More. James I. granted the manor to Donogh, Earl of Thomond, whom he also made constable of the castle. In 1641 the whole country was overrun by the insurgents, and the castle of Carlow was invested by a strong party and reduced to great extremity; a number of Protestants had taken refuge within its walls, and the garrison was about to surrender, when it was relieved by a detachment of the Earl of Ormonde's forces under the command of Sir Patrick Wemys. On his approach, the insurgents raised the siege, and, after burning the town, took flight, but 50 of them were killed in the pursuit. This place was constantly exposed to the assaults of the insurgents; and the castle, after sustaining a siege for nearly a month, ultimately surrendered in May, 1647. It was, in 1650, closely invested by Ireton and the republican army, and after a severe cannonade which greatly injured the castle, the garrison surrendered on conditions to Sir Hardress Waller, whom Ireton had left to conduct the siege. After the battle of the Boyne, in 1690, Wm. III. led his army southward through this town; and during the disturbances of 1798, it was assaulted by the insurgents on the morning of the 25th of May. The garrison, consisting partly of regular troops and partly of yeomanry, amounting in the whole to 450, repulsed the assailants, though 2,000 in number, with the loss of 600 of their men, on which occasion they were obliged to burn several of the houses, in order to compel the insurgents to abandon them.

The town is pleasantly and advantageously situated on the eastern bank of the river Barrow, over which is a bridge of four arches connecting it with the extensive suburban village of Graigue, in Queen's County: it is surrounded by a rich agricultural district, and sheltered by some ranges of hills well cultivated to their summits. The river Barrow is navigable from Athy, where the Grand Canal from Dublin joins it, and thence to its confluence with the river Suir below Waterford.

The earliest charter on record relating to the borough is that of William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, granted about the close of the 13th century. It created an open community of burgesses endowed with considerable privileges, including a guild mercatory and other guilds, with exemptions from tolls and customs throughout the Earl's whole lands, except the towns of Pembroke and Wexford; it also mentions a hundred court as being then in existence in the town, and ordained that it should be held only once in the week. Jas. I., in 1613, granted a charter of incorporation, conferring, among other privileges, a right to return two members to Parliament; and the present governing charter was obtained on petition from Chas. II., in 1674. Jas. II. granted a charter founded on a seizure of the franchises by a decree of the exchequer, which being declared void, it soon became inoperative. Under the charter of Chas. II. the corporation is styled "The Sovereign, Free Burgesses, and Commonalty of the Borough of Catherlagh;" and consists of a sovereign, twelve free burgesses, and a commonalty, assisted by a town-clerk, two serjeants-at-mace, a weighmaster of butter, and a bellman. The borough returned two members to the Irish Parliament till the Union, since which period it has sent only one to the Imperial Parliament.

The remains of the old castle consist only of one side of the quadrangle, at each end of which is one of the massive round towers that flanked its angles; the walls show that it must have been a fortress of much strength; and from the loftiness of its elevation and the commanding position which it occupies, it has a striking appearance of majestic grandeur. Near Oak Park was a small Franciscan Friary, founded by the Croke family, formerly proprietors of that estate. Browne Hill and Viewmount both occupy the site of an ancient religious establishment, called St. Kieran's Abbey; and in the vicinity are the remains of a cromlech, of which the table stone is 23 feet in length, 19 in breadth, and at the upper end nearly 4½ feet thick; it is supported at the east end on three upright stones, 15 feet 8 inches high, and at a distance is another upright stone standing by itself. Carlow gives the inferior title of Viscount to the family of Dawson, Earls of Portarlington.

(To be Continued.)

THE SCHOOLS OF IRELAND
IN THE
SIXTH, SEVENTH, AND EIGHTH CENTURIES.

From M. H. D'ARBOIS DE JUBAINVILLE'S "LITTERATURE CELTIQUE."

By J. C.

The second half of the sixth century, the seventh, and the eighth centuries, form the great epoch of classic literature in Ireland. The culture of Greek or Latin letters had ceased in Gaul since the Germanic conquest, in the fifth century; whilst Ireland, which at that period had not yet been invaded by the piratical hosts from the countries lying to the north-east of Gaul, appears to have become the refuge of those students and scholars who had been driven out of Gaul by the arms and savage rule of the Burgundians, Visigoths, and Franks.

The precise date at which the study of the Latin classics began in Ireland cannot be fixed; but it appears to be coincident with the introduction of Christianity. The year A.D. 432 seems that in which St. Patrick's apostolate began; but St. Patrick was not the first founder of the Irish Church, for, in the preceding year, Pope Celestine the First had sent to Ireland Bishop Palladius, who, it is said, built there three churches, and whose mission was, according to the Chronicle of Prosper of Aquitaine "to the Scots (i.e., the Irish) believing in Christ." As Prosper was the contemporary of Pope Celestine I. and of Bishop Palladius, and his chronicle ends with the year 455, his testimony proves that in the year which preceded the mission of St. Patrick, viz.:—431, there were already Christians to be found in Ireland.

Previous to this, Saint Jerome, who died in 420, complained of the attacks made on one of his books by a Scot; that is to say, an Irishman. It is, therefore, certain that there were Christians in Ireland before St. Patrick's apostolate began, and that one of their number—St. Jerome's antagonist—evidently possessed, besides a knowledge of Latin, some literary culture as well.

It is, however, to the creation of Armagh as the religious capital of Christian Ireland that we must date back the first efforts of an organised system of teaching theology and the classics in Ireland. The exact date of this great event is not definitely known; but it can be traced back to about the middle of the fifth century, whilst its results did not become clearly manifest till a century later, when the more important of the great Irish monasteries were founded, those literary as well as religious centres, whence set forth to the different parts of Great Britain and the Continent that were still Pagan or had again lapsed into barbarism, bands of Apostles bent on the propagation of Christianity and the culture of classic literature.

Of these we shall only instance Clonard Abbey, founded by St. Finnian, who died in 563; and Bangor, which dates seemingly from 558. From Clonard went forth St. Columba, to whom is due the foundation of Iona, in Scotland, one of the principal religious and literary centres of Great Britain. At Bangor was reared St. Columbanus, who is celebrated for his monastic foundations in Eastern Gaul and the North of Italy. From 563 dates the commencement of Iona Abbey, whilst a few years later began the apostolate of Columbanus on the Continent, which ended with his life, in 615. His success as a Christian missionary does not come within the scope of our subject; but it shows incidentally the literary superiority of this Irishman over the best-instructed Gallo-Romans of his time. . . . St. Columbanus and his disciples arrived in Gaul some twenty years before the death of Gregory of Tours, one of the most eminent of the Gallic clergy of that day—the earliest and one of the most illustrious of our national chroniclers; yet it only needs a glance at the writings of St. Columbanus to perceive at once his marvellous superiority over Gregory of Tours and the Gallo Romans of that period.

He was as keen a student of the classic authors as those later erudite writers of the 16th century must have been, to whom he certainly is not equal, and yet forms a sort of pioneer. This austere and ascetic monk, famed for his severe fasts, who repulsed with indignation the adulterous offspring of a Merovingian King, was the author of an ode addressed to a friend in Adonic verses, imitated from the ancients, reprinted in Migne's "Patrologia Latina," tome 80, col. 292; and in five short Latin poems of his we find quotations from Virgil, Juvenal, and Homer.

Jonas, who wrote the Life of St. Columbanus shortly after the year 615, the date of this celebrated Abbot's death, states that the latter was, from his early youth in Ireland, devoted to the study of grammar and letters, and St. Columbanus's Latin verses bear substantial witness to the value of the teaching he then received. That the fantastic grammatical theories put forward by the grammarian, Virgil of Toulouse, towards the close of the sixth century found their way into Ireland has been clearly shown, of which the "Hesperica Famina" furnishes a proof; but St. Columba has none of that pretentious obscurity which characterises Virgil and his school. In him we find that sound classical tradition which his contemporary Gregory of Tours and other Gallo-Roman writers had lost.

The grammatical and literary lore of the illustrious Irish abbot appears not to have formed many disciples in Gaul. We find, however, that Bishop Agilbert, of Gallo-Roman birth, who filled the Episcopal See of Paris from 667 to 675, had studied in Ireland. It was not till the Carlovingian period that the great results of Irish teaching in regard to classical studies began to be felt. This commenced under Charlemagne, when Clement, an Irishman, became professor of grammar in the Palace School, about the year 780, nearly two centuries after Columbanus and his Irish fellow-countrymen had, for the first time, introduced into Gaul the methods of classical studies which they had acquired in their native land.

But it was in the succeeding century more especially—during the reign of Charles the Bald—that Irish classical lore seems to have migrated to the Continent. Ireland was then laid waste by the Danish pirates, who burnt and destroyed her monasteries, whose King, Turgesius, finally made the ecclesiastical metropolis Armagh his capital city, whence, so that he might live without let or hindrance, he expelled the clergy. This was about the year 841, the very time that St. Columbkille's foundation, Clonard Abbey, was destroyed. The havoc and destruction of all kinds wrought by these barbarian hordes after landing from their ships from the westward, form, in fact, almost the only events in the history of luckless Ireland of that period.

A considerable number of Irish monks and savants now sought an asylum in Gaul, under the benevolent sceptre of a prince friendly to literature, viz:—Charles the Bald, whom the monk Heric congratulates on the progress made in learning, due to his stimulating patronage, in this wise:—"Greece," he says, "is jealous of it; and almost the whole of Ireland, with its numerous philosophers, despising the sea and its dangers, transfers itself to our shores. The more learned and able an Irishman is, the more ready is he to exile himself in this way in response to the invitations of our new Solomon."

What surprises us most in regard to these Irish who sought refuge on the Continent during the 9th century is that they knew Greek. In all Western Europe, they alone appear to have known it. They had Greco-Latin glossaries, Greek grammars, and books of the Bible in Greek, accompanied with Latin translations. One of them, known as John Scotus Erigenus, translated the aprocryphal works of Denis the Arcopagite from Greek into Latin. He was a disciple of Plato, whose Timeus he appears to have read from the original text; and on the doctrines of this celebrated Greek writer Erigenus, or John the Scot, founded a system of philosophy as astonishing for its time as it was dangerous for its rashness. At this period, and for some centuries previous, it was considered a point of good taste to introduce Greek words into the Latin texts of the compilations written. John the Scot was the most daring in this fashion, and wrote whole verses in Greek.

This development of the classical studies amongst the Irish only became fully known to us at the critical moment when, the culture of letters having become no longer possible at home, on account of the inroads of the Danes, all the learning of Ireland betook itself to Gaul—that learning of which Columbanus in the latter years of the sixth century, and Clement at the end of the eighth, had only given us a superficial idea. So that we only began to fully know the extent of classical teaching as imparted in the great schools of Ireland just at the moment these schools had all but ceased to exist, and their last scholars had taken flight to the Continent.

The same epoch in which the study of the classics flourished with such marvellous success in Ireland is precisely that in which the oldest and most curious specimens of Ireland's national literature were committed to writing in the Irish language. Of the two earliest collections of profane literature that Dublin possesses, the Leabar na h'Uidre and the Book of Leinster—which date from the end of the eleventh and middle of the twelfth century—Zimmer, in his "Keltische Studies," writes that they are collections of the debris of a rich manuscript literature, which was annihilated at the same time as the monasteries by the Norse invaders of the ninth and tenth centuries. These two collections contain many pieces composed prior to these invasions; and even amongst the manuscripts of the 14th, 15th, and 16th century, literary works of an earlier date than the 9th century are to be met with in abundance. One cannot otherwise account for the persistency with which these MSS. preserve, in numbers of words, letters that had ceased to be pronounced at the time they were being copied out on parchment.

The earliest catalogue that we possess of these ancient Irish manuscripts appears to have been compiled about the year 700 A.D. In the form in which it has now reached us it contains 187 titles, one of which was added in the first half of the tenth century, and another one (disfigured probably through a bad transcription in the twelfth century), which, rightly or wrongly, has been assigned to the cycle of King Arthur and the Round Table. Other than this there is nothing in it foreign to the national literature of Ireland, and no

ANOTHER "WATTY COX" CARICATURE.

FROM THE
IRISH MAGAZINE AND MONTHLY ASYLUM OF NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY, 1811.



LORD A— GOING OUT IN THE MORNING.

mention occurs in it of any event that took place subsequent to the middle of the seventh century.

The most recent facts therein referred to occurred two hundred years previous to the reign of Charles the Bald, and that migration of classical knowledge from Ireland to the Continent caused by the incursion of the Danes. The Irish literary compositions whose titles are grouped in this catalogue must have been written a very long time prior to this migration.

At the time when the files or bards gave to these old narratives that form in which they have now come down to us (with the exception of various alterations due to later scribes and some more or less intelligent revisers), the study of the classics, banished from Western Europe by the Germanic conquest, flourished in Ireland with incomparable brilliancy, and two kinds of literary culture—the one national, the other Christian and Roman, existed there side by side, occasionally no doubt rivals, but usually extending towards each other mutual support.

It would be quite wrong to suppose that there was then in Ireland, between the savants—who were devoted to the classic letters or to theology, at that period their inseparable associate, and those men of letters whose calling was the cultivation of their national literature, that insuperable line of separation which is noticeable on the Continent throughout the Middle Ages.

In the fifth century, the file (bard or poet) Dubthad condemned to death the murderer of St. Patrick's coachman. When the celebrated apostle intended for the first time to confer the episcopal dignity on an Irishman, he took counsel of this same Duothad, and, acting upon his advice, his choice fell on another file, Fiacc, who founded the bishopric of Sletty.

In the sixth century, St. Columbkille, one of the head monks of Ireland, composed verses, we are told, in the national tongue. His own monks, in their severe and pious solitude at Iona, did not lose their love of their national poems, and deemed it lawful to gratify it.

Adamnan, the biographer of Columbkille and one of his successors, who wrote about a century after his death, relates that one day an Irish file or poet visited the monastery, and left it after the sermon. "Why was it," said the monks to Columbkille, "that you did not ask him to sing us a poem to one of those pretty airs that are so well known to people of his profession?"

The Abbot was not scandalised at their question, but replied: "If I did not ask him for a joyful song, it was because it would have been cruel of me to do so, knowing that on his exit from the monastery the unfortunate fellow was to be slain by his enemies."

Towards the close of his life Columbkille gave the Irish many letters of that day, a most striking proof of his sympathy and regard; for, in spite of his age and infirmities, he quitted his beloved abbey, made the voyage to Ireland, and repaired to the national Convention of Drumceat, so that he might get the sentence of banishment pronounced against the file or bards by King Aed, the son of Anmur, revoked, which he succeeded in doing.

Amongst the oldest known manuscripts containing Irish verse is No. 904 in the Monastic library of St. Gall; and another in St. Paul's Monastery in Carinthia. Both were written in the 9th century by Irish monks who were as well informed in respect to classic literature as they were in that of their own country. One of these MSS. contains Priscan's Grammar, overladen with Irish glosses; in the other there is a Greek vocabulary, paradigms of Greek declination, and a treatise on astronomy.

The Irish monks who devoted themselves to these learned studies did not, for all that, look down on the literature of their native land. Later on, Cormac MacCullennain, bishop and also file or bard, who died at the commencement of the tenth century, was the composer in Irish of a valuable glossary of the difficult words in that tongue, and some poems which he wrote in Irish still exist.

Whilst the French monks and clergy, who were but poorly acquainted with Latin letters, despised their national tongue, or looked upon it as a degenerate offshoot from the Latin, the Irish monks, whose classical studies were far more advanced, esteemed in the highest degree the language and literature of their country.

If we, now-a-days, are beginning to know something of old Irish, we owe it most of all to those glosses written in their native tongue

with which the Irish monks used to interline the Latin manuscripts, grammatical, theological, or literary, which fell into their hands, and also to their custom of singing hymns to the saints in Irish as well as in Latin.

The Book of Hymns of the Irish Church, besides poetical compositions written in Latin, contains versified pieces in Irish, several of which are undoubtedly of an earlier date than the ninth century.

In the seventh century, when Agilbert, the future Bishop of Paris, went to Ireland to follow a course of study of the Holy Scriptures, and when English students flocked to its theological schools, there were then in Ireland, side by side with Latin schools of Christian foundation, other educational establishments devoted to the study of that traditional lore which dated back to pre-Christian times and to the earliest known periods of Celtic history.

An interesting manuscript bearing on this subject is that relating to Cennfaelad, an Irishman of letters of that period. Cennfaelad was one of the warriors who were wounded at the battle of Mag Rath, in 636 A.D., in consequence of which, having to abandon the military profession, he retired to Tuam Drecain, where he devoted his life to study. In this locality there were three schools—one for Christian and Latin letters (scol leigend); one for Irish national law (scol feinechais); and one for that course of national literature which was chiefly attended by the file, or bards, and was known as the scol filidechta. Cennfaelad followed the course of instruction of all the three schools, and at night rehearsed in his memory all that he had heard during the day. He committed his recollections to verse, which he first wrote out on stone, then on boards, and finally on parchment.

In old Irish there is a distinct word for designating those young students who were preparing themselves for attaining the highest rank in that learned body the file, or bards. This word is ecsine, the diminutive of ecs, which means doctor or learned man. Cormac's glossary has preserved the fragment of an ancient epic composition in which Senchan Torpeist, the supreme head of the bards of Ireland in the seventh century of our era, appears surrounded by a numerous crowd of followers, which included fifty ecs or doctors, without reckoning the students, ecsine. Another passage in the same glossary exposes the ignorance of an ecsine who had not yet mastered the secrets of the learned tongue in which the file conversed amongst themselves.

If we are to rely upon the Irish treatise known as the Book of Ollam, the Bards' complete course of study lasted twelve years, during which they were taught Oghamic writing, the highly complicated laws of versification, the glossary of words that had fallen into disuse, Irish grammar, and the scel, or epic narratives, which were held to be the authentic history of the country. It may seem extraordinary that in the Ireland of the seventh century should be taught the grammar and a glossary of the national tongue. But it is quite certain that, along with the grammatical terms of Latin or Greek origin to be found in the Irish manuscripts of the ninth century, Cormac's glossary has further preserved other grammatical terms of Celtic origin borrowed from treatises now lost or else unpublished. We have, furthermore, fragments of a glossary of old Irish in verse, which was probably intended to be got off by heart.

These debris carry us back to days prior to the Scandinavian invasion—to that period of prosperity, when the study of the national literature and that of Latin-Christian letters flourished side by side, affording each other mutual support, and producing that quantity of curious literary productions which has since been in great part destroyed by the Norse barbarians who devastated Ireland in the ninth and tenth centuries, and by civilised (?) beings who put them to fire and sword in the sixteenth and following century. The remains of this vast literature now preserved in our libraries may be compared to those gigantic ruins which still bear witness to the greatness, and power, and civilisation of long-vanished nations. Enough of it is left to enable us to judge what must have been, in its entirety, that great literary body of which we have now got merely the incomplete fragments—enough, also, to prompt us to begin its study with mingled feelings of curiosity and admiration.

THE FOOTPATH AND THE RIVER.

By Martha Baker Dunn.

A silver line the river flows
Past hills and wooded hollows,
And everywhere the river goes
The little footpath follows.

The river is a sun-bright thing,
A child of mist and laughter,—
She little heeds the following
Of that brown footpath after;

But in and out, and all about,
The footpath tries to reach her,
To join her errant, frolic rout—
The lovely, laughing creature!!

With pouts and dimples, becks and smiles,
Her face is all a-quiver,
She has a hundred winning wiles,
This winding, winged river.

To her the wood-thrush warbles free,
Above her skim the swallows,
So many love her—why should she
Heed the footpath that follows?

The sun comes down and kisses her,
He sets her all a-glimmer
With diamond's flash and jewel's stir
And robes of rainbow shimmer.

Here grows the feathery ferns in beds
To deck her mantle's edges;
A starry fringe of arrow-heads
Shines white among her sedges.

The very stars of heaven bend down
And in her depth's repeating,
Like golden clasps upon her gown
They move with her heart's beating.

And then the music of her tongue,—
That liquid laugh of water,—
She sings the very songs she sung
Of old when Daphne taught her.

So sweet she laughs, so undismayed
She glides past hill and hollow,
No wonder that through shine and shade
The footpath still will follow;

When sun and wind and bird all woo,
When stars stoop down above her,
What can a little footpath do
But follow her and love her?

And she may smile and jest, and vow
That he shall never find her,
May wreathe the mist about her brow
And never look behind her.

But where her leaping heart beats fast
With tumult all a-quiver,
Beneath the great elm-tree at last
The footpath finds the river.

No more to seek, no more to roam,
He springs to her embraces,
To find her fair breast all a-foam
With milk-white marriage laces.

An errant thing, a vagrant thing
Love may be, ever moving,—
A wild bird always on the wing,
Yet there is hope in loving;

And love may flee by night and day
Past airy height and hollow,
And ne'er be caught—but all the day
The winged heart must follow.

Who follows Love with single mind,
All loving things shall greet him.
And in some charm'd hour he may find
That love will turn and meet him.

HOW DO WE SLEEP?

The man who is kept awake by pain, or who suffers in any other way from lack of sleep, can usually obtain it by the use of a drug. Such sleep, however, is generally regarded as unnatural, and hypnotic drugs are avoided when possible. But now comes Mr. Raphael Dubois, a French physiologist, who tells us that all sleep is the result of drugging, the sleep producer being carbonic acid formed within the system. This substance, he says, which has been usually looked upon as only a waste product, is really the great automatic regulator of the organism, preventing violence in operation and sudden changes, and compelling us to take rest when we need it. Dr. Dubois has explained his theory in various publications, including a book entitled "Mechanism of Thermogenesis and Sleep in Mammals."

The following paragraphs are from a brief article by him in "Cosmos," July 26. Says Dr. Dubois:—

"By numerous experiments I have shown that the sleep both of animals and vegetables is a carbonic self-narcotism, resulting from their periodic growth, alternately by night and by day; and that the sleep of hibernation itself is but an exaggeration of ordinary sleep. A close study of hibernating animals has also enabled me to demonstrate the restraining influence of carbonic acid on heat-production, and to prove that it is the most admirable of heat-regulators.

"We know, in fact, that its antithermic power is considerable, and as its production increases precisely as the causes of heat-excess, such as muscular work, and, generally speaking, proportionately to oxidation. . . . there results a remarkable automatic compensation. . . .

"Everyone knows of the close relationships between work, heat-production, and fatigue, and the influence of this last on sleep; but, besides this, we can prove by experiments that fatigue is due to carbonic acid acting directly on the system, even when this has not used up its reserves of potential energy. We may show this by loading the organism with carbonic acid by breathing it mixed with air, or better, with oxygen. . . . At the end of a time, which varies with the proportions of the gaseous mixture and the state of the subject, there comes on a fatigue so great that the subject has the greatest trouble in standing upright in walking, as if he had made a long forced march. This is the sensation of fatigue that is well known to everybody; and yet the carbonic acid, instead of provoking a waste of reserve force, has, on the contrary, lessened its consumption, as is indicated by the sensation of cold and the tendency to chill that follows its prolonged inhalation. We have then, at the same time, economy by restraint of waste, and the production of a sensation of intense fatigue."

How can we explain this action of carbonic acid? Dr. Dubois believes that it is due to the acid's general anæsthetic effect on living matter. It is thus a wonderful automatic regulator of all the phenomena that have to do with life and energy, especially those that depend in any way on oxidation.

Carbonic acid, he says, is the counterpoise of oxygen, serving in all organisms to prevent sudden waste of power. It is this property that we make use of in extinguishing fires with it, although the mechanism is not the same in the two cases. At any rate, Dubois is sure that we ought no longer to consider carbonic acid as only a waste product, useless, if not injurious.

THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE
OF THE
COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK.

BOOK I.

Containing a Natural, Civil, Ecclesiastical, Historical, and Topographical Description thereof.

By CHARLES SMITH, M.D.

Æquum est enim meminisse & me, qui discerem hominem esse, et vos, qui Judicetis ut si probabilia dicentur, nihil ultra requiratis. Cicero Univers.

In Two Volumes.

VOL I.

The Second Edition, with Additions.

Chapter I.—Continued.

Of all the Mac-Cartys of Carbery, the above-mentioned Florence Mac-Donogh was the most famous. He was a man of extraordinary stature, and as great policy; he had competent courage, and as much zeal as anybody for what he imagined to be true religion and the liberty of his country. He married Ilen, daughter and heiress to the Earl of Clancare (23), and, purely by his merit, dispossessed her bastard brother, Donald, of the name and title of Mac-Carty More, which he himself assumed, by the unanimous suffrages of Tyrone, the clergy, and the people: this is the more strange, for in Ireland they usually preferred bastard sons before daughters, in order to preserve the name and the family, as in the Roman adoptions, and to defend the country. For this marriage, without the Queen's licence, this Florence was sent to the Tower of London, where he was kept eleven years; and then, being set at liberty, he joined in Tyrone's rebellion.

The other clans of the Mac-Cartys, in Carbery, and their territories, were, first, the branch of Clancrimine, so called from Mac-Crimin, a sept of the Mac-Cartys, whose seat was at Ballynorohor, anciently one of the best castles in this county, which he justly forfeited, together with his life, for a barbarous murder by him committed, anno 1641. A second branch of the Mac-Cartys posessed a tract, called Glawnacrime, being the parish of Fanlobush, now Dunmanway, near which place they had their residence, in a castle lately demolished by Sir Richard Cox. This family was famous for extravagant hospitality, a practice formerly much applauded in this county. The last of this house was called Tiege O-Downy, who, besides the forenamed castle, had another, which is still standing, called Togher. A third branch of this family had the surname, or rather the sobriquet of Rabagh, i.e., the hospitable.

West of the last territory was another small tract in Carbery, called Clandonel-Roe's country; the Mac-Cartys also possessed it, as did another small branch of the surname, a little territory to the east of Dunmanway, formerly called Mac-Inganauras, though some give this last to the Collins's.

These were the chief Irish septs in this large barony of Carbery, which is the greatest in Ireland; nor could I hear of any other who possessed any considerable territory in it, except the O-Crowleys, who inhabited a tract called Kilshallow, which lay west of Bandon, on the river of that name. This family derived their descent from Diarmuid, of Mylurig, in Connaught. Their country, in old MSS., is described to have been woody and mountainous: and mention is also made of a smart skirmish happening in it between the Mac-Carty's of Carbery and the O-Learys of Muskerry, anno 1600.

I have already observed that Kinalmeaky was part of Carbery, as was also the modern barony of Ibawn and Barriroe, which, though divided by an arm of the sea, comprehends but one small barony. The tract called Ibawn, i.e., the fair territory, was, after the coming in of the English, wrested from the old proprietors, by Lord Arundel, commonly called Lord Arundel, of the Strand, and from him it fell to the Barrymore family. There are the remains of an ancient castle on the strand of Cloghnikelty, formerly called Arundel Castle (24), but now Rine Castle. Barryroe has its perfect name from a branch of the Barrys (25); but anciently it belonged to the O'Cowigs, who have been quite extinguished by the conquerors; yet there are some remains of them in a promontory, called Dun O'Cowig, which was fortified with a small old castle. They were originally descended from the O'Driscolls, before mentioned. There was also a sept of the O'Donovans in those parts, named O'Hea, whose residence was at a castle called Ahimilly, and they had a territory called Pubble O'Hea in this tract. The residence of the Barrys in this barony was called Rathbarry, which was a stately castle in its time; it is now called Castle-Freke, and is the seat of Sir John Freke, Bart. All this tract fell into English hands, anno 1642, being taken by Colonel Myn.

Another Irish sept, west of Carbery, are the O'Sullivans, who were distinguished into the names of O'Sullivan Bear, and O'Sullivan Bantry (26). Bear, probably, retains its name from the Iberi, beforementioned. Bantry (in ancient times named Bentraighe) was reckoned a part of Carbery, and is said to have its name from Beannt Mac-Farriola, a person descended from the O'Donovans and Mahonys. A son of his, called Bair Briver, possessed the small, rugged tract, called by the name of Minterbairr, being now the parish of Killegrohan. I find, in latter times, the O'Dalys had this territory, who were successively bards or poets to the O'Mahon and the Carew family. O'Glavin, who was also their termon, or steward, possessed a part of it. By these names, Daly and Glavin, I design the family, and not any particular branch of it. In Bantry Bay there is still a place called Adragoal, probably named from a clan of the Gauls or Celtiberi, who landed here. Ardgoal, or Ardgyle in Scotland, is the same name. A colony of the clan of Gaul, or Celtiberi, sailed over from Ireland to the western isles, and gave the country of Argyle, in Scotland, their name. They called the country Gael Albenich, from old Albania; and those of Ireland, Gael Erinich; both nations to this day retaining the same language, manners, and customs.

Kerricurihy and Kinalea are now one

(23) Donald Mac-Carty More, earl of Clancare (a territory in the county of Kerry), was created by Queen Elizabeth, anno 1566, having resigned his estate to her, and then had it restored, to hold of the crown of England, by fealty, after the English manner. He was, at the same time, created baron of Valentia, an island adjoining. Cambden says he was a man eminent, of great power in those parts, and a bitter enemy to the Fitz-Geralds, who dispossessed his ancestors, kings of Desmond, of their country.

In a manuscript, called a Breviate of the getting of Ireland, etc, in the College library, E. Tab. 3. N. 18., Mac-Carty More, of Desmond, and these following, are enumerated among the chief Irish captains of Munster. Mac Donogh, of Duhallow. O Donogh, of Ross, by Loughlean, in Kerry. O Donnōgh of Glanfleske. O Kief, of Drumtariff, in this county. Mac Awly, of Clan-Awly. O'Callaghan, of Clonmeene, in the same. O Sullivan-More, of Dunkerron, in Kerry. O Sullivan-Bear, of Dunboy, in this county. Mac Gillicuddy, of Doneboo, in Kerry. Mac Fyneen, of Ardentully, etc. These were all followers of Mac-Carty More; they brought into the field 60 horse and 1,500 foot. They, and all other of MacCarty's followers, with his own forces, were to be at the call of the earls of Desmond. Mac-Carty Reagh, of Carberry, could raise 300 footmen and 60 horsemen; his territory extended in length 50 miles, and in breadth 30 miles. Those following were his followers. O Driscoll, of Baltimore. Barry Oge Roe, and Barry-Oge, Oge, O Mahon, of Ardintenan, O Donovan, Mac-Patrick, O Crowley, O Muirian, etc. He was also subject to the call of the earls of Desmond.

(24) Spencer, in his view of the state of Ireland, observes that the lord Arundel, of the Strand, who was anciently a great lord, and had an estate of £3,500 per ann. was, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a tenant to the lord Barry, to whom he performed those services which were only due to the queen.

(25) The great part of this tract is now in the Barrymore family. In the Lambeth library, MS. X. X. fol. 25, are the lord Barry's titles to the lands of Barryroe.

(26) Vid. An inquisition concerning O'Sullivan's lands in Bear and Bantry, preserved among the MSS. of the Lambeth library X. X. fol. 13. Vid. also, an account of the particular forces of O'Sullivan in this part of the country, in the same library, manuscript X. X. fol. 105.

In a manuscript called a Breviate of Ireland, and the diversity of Irish in the same, preserved in the college library, E. Tab. 3. N. 8. wrote by Philip O'Sullivan Bear and presented to the king of Spain, anno 1618. by Florence, titular archbishop of Tuam; after O'Neill, and O'Donnell, the author sets down Don Dermitius O'Sullivan among the ancient Irish seculars in Ireland. This Dermod was then at Madrid, and assumed the title of earl of Bearhaven.

barony; the former was anciently called Muskery, Millane, and was possessed by the Mac-Cartys, but granted, after the conquest, to Richard de Cogan, as I shall show hereafter. It is, in old manuscripts, called Long a Gowganig, i.e., Cogan's Ship, and comprehended not only the tract now called Kerricurihy, but also the barony of Imokilly, in which last the Carews, soon after the English conquest, likewise settled. In Queen Elizabeth's time it went by the name of Kerry-wherry. The other part, called Kinalea, was anciently named Insovenagh; and being also a territory of the Mac-Cartys, was granted to Robert Fitz-Martin, by King John (27), anno 1208. But, in latter times, it was possessed by Barry-Oge.

Having thus far treated of the ancient tracts and septs of the maritime parts of this county, I now proceed to the inland territories. And first, of the large barony of Muskery, which still retains its ancient name, and was, according to the conquests of the Irish upon each other, sometimes of a greater and other times of a lesser extent. Kerricurihy, called, as before, Muskery Millane, being once a part of it, as was also Muskery Donegan, a tract lying round Baltimore. It was anciently a wild and wooden country, and so continued till the days of Cambden. The Mac-Cartys (28) were, for many years, the chief proprietors of it, and so continued long after the conquest of the English: the head of this branch being created Viscount Muskery, and Earl of Clancarty, which titles have been forfeited since the revolution.

The other Irish septs of Muskery were the O'Learys, who had a considerable territory in the west of this barony, called Iveleary, and many castles. Also the Swinys, Riardans, and Murphys, who were all followers of Mac-Carty. The modern barony of Barrets was also a part of Muskery, as was formerly the present barony of Barrymore.

The eastern extremity of Barrymore was called, in the English grants, the cantred of Olethan, also Ivelehan: part of it had the name of Coshbride, which territory extended into the county of Waterford, and there still retains its name. Besides the Mac-Cartys, who possessed the western part, which belong to Muskery, the O'Lehans, an ancient Irish sept, inhabited the eastern, whose chief seat was Castle-Lehan, now softened into Castle-Lyons. This country was granted, soon after the English came over, to the Barrys, who were for some ages called Lords Barry, of Castlelehan. The great, anciently called Arda-Neimhid, was also possessed by the same family.

The modern barony of Duhallow, in some old manuscripts Alla, is a large tract, of which Mac-Donough, a branch of the Mac-Cartys (29), was chief. He is, in several old chronicles, styled Prince of Duhallow, and lived in this country, with his followers, in great splendour, till the year 1641. His dependents were O'Kief, chief of Poble O'Kief, a country in the north-west part of this county; Mac-Auliff, chief of the Clan Auliff; and O'Callaghan, chief of the territory, called Poble O'Callaghan (30), west of Mallow, being the present parishes of Kilshanick and Clonmeene, where the chief sept of the O'Callaghans lived, and where a descendant of the family still remains. Mac-Donough's chief residence was at Kanturk, near which are the sumptuous ruins of one of his castles (31). Anno 13th of James I., letters patent were passed to Dermot Mac-Owen Mac-Carty, of the town and lands of Keantwirk, Lohort, and divers other lands, &c., containing the greatest part of the territory of Duhallow, with a chiefry and other duties and customs out of the territories of Poble O'Callaghan, Poble O'Kief, and the lands of Donough-Oge, with the royalties of all waifs, strays, goods of felons, court-leet, and court-baron, view of frankpledge, &c.; a weekly market and annual fair, with power to impark 550 acres, to have free chase and free warren throughout the said territory, and divers other ample privileges, to be held in free and common soccage of his Majesty's castle of Dublin. Dated at Dublin, June 6, 1615 (32).

The large tract, now known by the names of the modern baronies of Armoy or Fermoy, Orrery and Kilmore, and Clangibbon, was, before the arrival of the English, a principality of the O'Kiefs, called Fearmuigh, which, say the Irish antiquarians, is a contraction of Fera Muighe Fere, which Flaherty interprets viros Mogruthii Militis, and adds, this Mogruth was a Druid, who, for services to his prince, had those territories given him, vid. Ogygia, p 336, or, according to others, it is a contraction of Fera Muigh fene, signifying the husbandman's grassy plains, and thus Colgan calls it (33). The princes of this tract did sometimes so enlarge their territory, by conquest, that this whole country, in some Irish manuscripts, is called Fermuigh, the patron saint of which was, in ancient times, St. Molac (34), whose festival was on the 30th of January. But of this saint and his church, recorded in old manuscripts to have been so famous, there are now no traces here. The O'Kiefs of this country pretend to be descended from a brother of Feidlimid Eochaid, second son of Aongus, monarch of Ireland.

Anno 954, Donough Mac-Kief, King of Fermoy, commanded the Irish forces in an expedition against the Danes, under Kenedy, Prince of Munster, whose father, Callaghan, with his brother Duncan, were retained prisoners by them. Donough, with the assistance of an Irish fleet, pursued the Danes into Ulster, and, after an obstinate battle, rescued the prisoners, who were then on board a Danish vessel (35).

Keating mentions another prince of this territory, called Dubhagan, who was slain in a battle, fought by Flan Fiona, monarch of Ireland, assisted by the Leinster forces, against Cormac Mac Cullinane, King of Munster, in the plains of Magh Ailbhe, near Leighlin. This battle was fought about the year 908, in which King Cormac,

(27) Ware's Annals.

(28) I purposely omit giving a particular account of this branch of the Mac-Cartys, called the Clancarty family, in this chapter, as they will frequently occur in the historical part of this work.

(29) Vid. a note in the Lambeth library, manuscript X. X. fol. 15. concerning the several septs and lordships of the Mac-Cartys, of Carbery. Also the division of Duhallow, among the Cartys, X. X. fol. 43. 97.

(30) By an inquisition taken at Mallow, on the 25th of October, 1594, before Sir Thomas Norris, vice-president of Munster, William Saxey, Esq; and James Gould, Esq; chief and second justices of the said province, by virtue of a commission from the lord deputy and council, dated the 26th of June before, it is found, among other things, "that Conogher O'Callaghan, alias the O'Callaghan was and is seized of several large territories in the inquisition recited, in his demesne, as lord and chieftain of Poble-Callaghan, by the Irish custom, time out of mind used; that as O'Callaghan aforesaid, is lord of the said country, so there is a tanist, by the custom of the said country, who is Teig O'Callaghan; and that the said Teig is seized as tanist, by the said custom, of several plowlands in the inquisition mentioned; which also finds that the custom is further, that every kinsman of the O'Callaghan had a parcel of land to live upon, and yet that no estate passed thereby, but that the lord (who was then Conogher O'Callaghan), and the O'Callaghan for the time being, by custom time out of mind, may remove the said kinsmen to other lands; and the inquisition further finds, that O Callaghan Mac-Dermot, Irrelagh O'Callaghan, Teig Mac-Cahir O'Callaghan, Donogho Mac-Thomas O'Callaghan, and others, were seized of several plowlands, according to the said custom, subject nevertheless to certain seigniories and duties payable to the O'Callaghan; and that they were removable by him to other lands at his pleasure." In the reign of king James I. tanistry was condemned as a lewd and barbarous custom. Vid. Davis's Reports, p. 28, etc.

(31) Penes Comit. de Egmont.

(32) Upon the first of Feb., 1666, it was certified by the court of claims that sir Philip Perceval, knight deceased, had lent more money to Dermot Mac-Owen Carty alias Mac-Donough, upon the territories of Duhallow and manor of Kanturk, than they were worth; and that the said sir Philip was in actual possession of them, upon the 23rd of October, 1641. That the equity of redemption, which was of no value, was forfeited by the said Dermot's engaging with the rebels; and that sir Philip Perceval, bart, than a minor, grandson and heir of the said sir Philip the elder, was legally entitled to the said lordship and manor.

On the 20th of February, 18 Car. II. 1667, the said sir Philip Perceval, bart, passed patent for the said lordship and manor, to him and his heirs for ever.

On the 10th of December, 27 Car. II, 1675 the said sir Philip Perceval, bart, lord of Duhallow and Kanturk passed another patent for the said lordship and manor.

On the 15th of January, 36 Car. II, 1683, sir John Perceval, bart, lord of Duhallow and Kanturk brother and heir to the said sir Philip Perceval, passed another patent for the same. From whom the same descended to John, late earl of Egmont, etc, son and heir to the said sir John Perceval, bart, from whom it descended to John, now earl of Egmont, etc, lord of Duhallow and Kanturk, son and heir to the said earl. Penes Comit. de Egmont.

(33) Act. Sanct. p. 148.

(34) Ib. id.

(35) Keating, p. 548.

who was also Bishop of Cashel, lost his life.

Keating also says (p. 264) that this country was bestowed, by Fiachadh Muileethan, King of Munster, upon an eminent Druid, for delivering his army out of the power of his enemy. This fable is still believed and reported in this country, and all their antiquaries add it was given to this Druid for causing the sun to stand still, an hour or two, till the above-named monarch's foes gained the victory; and so by synderosis, they will have it called Fermoy. But this country was also named Armoy, i.e., the fresh field, and sometimes Urmagh, which has the same signification. This territory, after the conquest, was granted to Flemming, and by the marriage of his daughter, Amy, came to the Roches, or de Rupe, who were Lords Viscount Fermoy, and anciently Barons of Poolecastle, alias Castlelough; and all this tract is yet called Roche's country (36). Another part of the ancient Fermoy, now Condons and Clangibbon (37), was, after the conquest, granted to the Cantons, alias Condons, one of whom was called Baron of Ballyderawne, now a ruined castle, near the exit of the river Araglin. Orrery, after the English conquest, was possessed by the Barrys, from whom, in old records, it has been called Orriara-Barria. They had several castles in this tract, which they held till the general rebellion of 1641. The northern parts of it, near Limerick, were possessed mostly by the Fitz-Geralds till the same time.

(To be continued.)

NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE O'NEILLS OF COUNTY TYRONE.

(To the Editor "Dublin Penny Journal.")

Sir—Referring to the article on the O'Neills in the last number of the "Dublin Penny Journal," it may interest your readers to know that in the graveyard of Lower Langfield, near Drumquin old church and abbey, which was a branch of the old monastery at Omagh, there are two grave stones of the O'Neills, of ancient date—No. 1. "Here lieth the body of Fardoragh O'Neill, who departed this life March the 20th, 1733, aged 99 years." No. 2. "Here lieth the body of Charles O'Neill, who dyed Desember 8, 1739, aged 23 years." On No. 1 are the arms of O'Neill but the motto is illegible. Near this graveyard, in the townland of Kerlish, there was a castle of the O'Neills. It appears that some years ago descendants of this ancient family, who now live in Portugal, visited the neighbourhood to see the castle and tombs of their ancestors.—Yours truly,

T. W.

(36) It is said that Roche, who married the heiress of Flemming, first ingratiated himself, by killing one of the Condons, against whom Flemming employed him as his champion; and that he slew this Condon, by a cross-bow shot in the thigh; which part happened to be uncovered, by the rising up of his cuirass.

(37) The White Knight, otherwise styled Clan-Gibbon was descended from Gislebert, or Gilebert, called, by the Irish, Gibbon; the eldest son, by a second wife of John Fitzgerald, ancestor to the houses of Kildare and Desmond. From whom also descended Mac-Gibbon, of Mohawnagh. They had large possessions in this territory; a part of which is now the estate of the right hon the lord baron of Kingston, whose grandfather, sir John King, was September 4, 1630, so created by king Charles II. This first lord married Catherine, daughter to ir William Fenton, knt, and dame Margaret Fitz-Gerald his wife, sole heiress to the family called the White Knights, from whom the estate is descended to the present lord.

MORTALITY FROM THE BITE OF POISONOUS SNAKES.

By Charles H. Coe, in the "Scientific American."

The mortality throughout the world from the bite of poisonous snakes is unknown. From partial statistics, however, covering many years, some idea may be had of the number who met death in this terrible manner. India reports a death rate from this cause that is appalling to contemplate. There are many species of venemous serpents within her borders, but only five are especially destructive to human life. These are as follows:—The cobra de capello (Naja tripudians) or hooded snake; the hamadryad (Ophiophagus elaps); the krait (Bungarus caeruleus); the kuppur (Echis corinata); and the chain viper (Daboia russellii). The cobra is common throughout the country; its cast-off skin has even been found at an altitude of 8,000 feet in the Himalayan Mountains. The others are more or less common, according to locality. In a small division of this vast empire, containing only 13,855 square miles, and a population of 7,000,000 souls, more than 1,000 persons, according to the Report of the Commissioner of Burdwan, annually die from snake poisoning. When the extent of the country (1,560,159 square miles) and its immense population (nearly 300,000,000) is taken into consideration, together with the statement just made, it will not surprise the reader to learn that an average of 20,000 persons annually succumb to venemous snake bites in India alone. The actual number of deaths during the decade 1880-1890, according to the latest available statistics, varied from 18,670 to 22,480 per year. For many years past the Government of India has offered rewards, or "head money," for the destruction of venemous serpents. Notwithstanding the payment of large sums for this purpose, however, neither the supply of snakes nor fatalities from their bite seem to have decreased. During the above-mentioned decade the number of snakes (poisonous) killed varied from 212,776 to 578,415 annually. France has had a similar experience in this latter direction. In three departments, or counties, a premium of 25 centimes was offered for the destruction of vipers, which reptiles were responsible for many deaths. According to official reports, the number of snakes killed in one year (1864) was 1,934, while in 1890, 26 years later, 67,620 vipers were destroyed, or a total of 294,577 during the whole period. In both cases, instead of diminishing in numbers, the snakes seem to have actually increased under the bounty system. It has been stated that in some localities the people have resorted to breeding certain poisonous snakes for the sake of the rewards offered. The truth of this oft-repeated assertion is very doubtful, however, especially in regard to the former country, where the reptiles are so numerous that their capture is effected with little difficulty. In North and South Africa there are several highly venemous species, the most dreaded being the African cobra (Naja haja), the spitting snake (Sepedon roemachates), and the sheep stinger (Causus rhomblatus). Australia has about twenty poisonous species, five of which are extremely deadly. Among the latter are the brown-banded snake (Hoplocephalus curtus), the brown snake (Diemenia superciliosa), and the black snake (Pseudechis porphyriacus). Tropical America, including several islands in the West Indies, notably Martinique and St. Lucia, contains a number of pit vipers, the largest and most formidable known. The terrible fer de lance (Trigonocephalus lanceolatus) is confined to the islands, where a bounty has had little or no effect in diminishing its numbers. It is regarded with the utmost fear by the natives. The mortality from snake poisoning in Africa, Australia, and tropical America is not specially recorded. While it is known to be small in comparison to that of India, it is still considerable, according to the reports of travellers and notices in the public prints. The fer de lance alone, in the West Indies, is the cause of many deaths annually. In the United States there are four genera of venemous serpents, as follows: the rattlesnake proper (Crotalus), the copper head, and the moccasin (Agkistrodon), the coral snake (Elaps), and the ground rattlesnake (Sistrurus). Of the former there are several species, and at least two of the coral snake. The huge diamond rattlesnake (C. adamanteus) and the copperhead (A. Contortrix) are the most deadly. The former species of rattlesnake is undoubtedly the cause of more deaths from snake poisoning than any other in the United States. This is due to its large size (not infrequently seven feet in length and three inches in diameter), and to the great length of its fangs and the copious amount of venom injected into its wounds. There are no means of ascertaining the annual mortality from snake poisoning in the United States. It is not large, and fatalities are now mainly confined to the South and the West. In these sections the country newspapers contain occasional reports of deaths from this source. Perhaps the total number would not exceed fifty. Not a year passes without one or more deaths from rattlesnake poisoning in the State of Florida. Perhaps 30,000 would be a fair estimate of the world's annual death-rate from the bite of venemous snakes, notwithstanding the long and practically fruitless efforts of science to discover an antidote.

DOOM OF THE SPHINX.

IRRIGATION CAUSING FAMOUS EGYPTIAN MONUMENT TO CRUMBLE.

The present is a period of vanishing of monuments which have stood for thousands of years. The other day Venice lost one of her famous relics of past days, and many other buildings in the lovely Queen City of the Adriatic are threatened with destruction.

And now comes the news that an even more famous, an infinitely more venerable monument, is likely to disappear. It is said that the Sphinx, which has stood on the bank of the Nile since the shadowy days of the Pharaohs, cannot long withstand the crumbling occasioned by modern conditions in Egypt.

Since the British have been in control in Egypt they have altogether changed the face of the country. Land that was once desert is now smiling with verdure. Irrigation has reclaimed thousands of acres, and the great dam at Assouan will result in a marvellous increase in the size of the region under cultivation.

All this has resulted in so modifying the atmosphere of the country that the dry air which allowed the preservation of the Sphinx no longer exists. Everyone knows that the preservation of the monoliths in London and New York, however carefully they be watched, cannot be continued indefinitely, and it is said that the same trouble which caused so much discussion here in regard to Cleopatra's Needle is threatened in the case of the famous figure that has inspired so many poems and pictures.

The Sphinx was built before the Great Pyramid, somewhere about 4,000 years before Christ. It is a recumbent man-headed lion, 188 feet long, hewn out of a natural eminence in the solid rock, some defects of which are supported by a partial stone casing. There is a temple in front of it, but all efforts to prevent the sand settling over the building have failed.

In front of the breast of the Sphinx originally appeared an image of a god, the weather-worn remains of which may still be made out. The head of the Sphinx was a work of art of the highest type known to the Egyptians, and finished with the greatest care. It is now greatly mutilated, but, in spite of all its injuries, its calm, majestic, pensive expression still appeals to the most thoughtless of travellers.

Perhaps means may be found to avert the threatened ruin of this noble figure, but the battle between modern conditions and ancient monuments is one that usually results in only one way.

LITERARY NOTES.

The earliest references to pens (says "Great Thoughts") are probably those in the Bible, and are to be found in Judges v. 14, I. Kings xxi. 8, Job xix. 24, and Isaiah viii. 1. But these chiefly refer to the iron styles which cut out the characters in the tablets of limestone or soapstone. There is a reference to pen and ink in the third Epistle of John xiii. 5, which was written about A.D. 85, and as pens made in brass and silver were used in the Greek and Roman Empires at that time, it is probable that a metallic pen or reed was alluded to. In the Far East, and perhaps in Egypt, the camel's hair pencil was substituted for metal implements, but the quills of geese and crows were discovered to be more useful than either the reed or brush, and were introduced, it is thought, about A.D. 56.

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The first attempt to visualise Christian to the reader was made in the frontispiece to the edition of 1680, and Christian himself occupies but a small share of the page. The foreground is occupied by a portrait of the dreaming author, while in the distant background are the subjects of his dream. Christian, although small, is vigorously drawn setting out from the City of Destruction with his burden on his back. In 1681 appeared the first really illustrated edition, which contained thirteen copper plates—crude and ill drawn. In 1767 there was published an edition illustrated with woodblocks; these, too, were miserable productions, and quite unworthy of the book. The original frontispiece (of the 1680 edition) was again utilised, but it was considerably weakened by the process. It seemed, indeed, as though the publishers did not consider the book, in spite of the great demand for it, worthy of adequate illustrations.

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Among announcements of forthcoming books are no fewer than four from the untiring pen of Mr. Andrew Lang—a circumstance which almost lends colour to the allegation of the humorist who declared that Mr. Lang is not a person but a syndicate! Mr. Lang's record in the British Museum Catalogue is growing to remarkable dimensions; we find no fewer than 176 entries under his name. In the same connection may be recalled that a year or two ago Mr. C. M. Falconer, a Dundee gentleman, who had formed a large collection of Mr. Lang's writings, issued for private circulation a catalogue bearing the quaint title, "Catalogue of A 'Lang' Library," which comprised volumes in the possession of the compiler, besides others which should be in a complete collection of Mr. Lang's works. The catalogue enumerates 495 titles and embraces 658 volumes. Truly a "lang" list!

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There must be something in heredity, after all. Mr. Herman Merivale, who at ten years old wrote a play in which a cook poisoned a whole Royal family at once, tells us in his fascinating autobiography, just out, of a small niece of his who has lately embarked on a similar experiment. It is one of the plays which will never be seen on any stage, although, to judge by the sample discovered in the juvenile dramatist's room, it might be relied upon to produce no mean sensation. Here is a scene from Act I., as Mr. Merivale gives it in his book—

King Edward I. and Courtiers discovered.

A Courtier—My Liege, a gentleman awaits below.

King Edward—Oh, tell him to be d——d. I want my lunch.

Mr. Merivale adds the quite superfluous note that his niece is "very young and rather puritanic."

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The formation of a committee for the erection of a bust of Shakespeare at Festmere is fresh testimony to the world wide appreciation for the genius of Hamlet's dramatic creator. The site selected for the monument has a special appropriateness as directly facing the "Hamlet Terrace" of the castle of Kronborg, where the conversation of Hamlet with his father's ghost traditionally took place, and in the immediate neighbourhood the visitor is still shown not only "Hamlet's grave," but also "Ophelia's brook," so that Shakespearian associations in the neighbourhood are as thick as blackberries. They will presumably be sufficient to annul the unromantic propinquity of the railway station, near which the monument, as candour compels its promoters to assert, will have to be erected. Denmark knows more about Shakespeare, in all probability, than Shakespeare knew about Denmark, and it is refreshing to find a committee resolved, in spite of recent scepticism, to put up a monument to Shakespeare as the creator of the King's Ghost, and not to Bacon's ghost as the creator of Shakespeare.

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Literary fun is becoming delightfully frequent in "Punch." Last week's "Mr Punch's Sketchy Interviews" overtook Mr. Stephen Phillips.

"How do you do your work?" I asked. "The readers of 'Mr. Punch's Sketchy Interviews' are dying to know."

"I compose best on the typewriter," he said. "A Bar-Yost, free-wheel. I bought it cheap from the Orthopædic Hospital, which may account for some of the criticisms of my metre. It's a wonderful worker, good stepping action, but when it takes the bit between its teeth, I'm done. That's when those long soliloquies get in."

"Don't you get fearfully tired?" I remarked.

"Oh, yes, but then I take plenty of exercise. I adore ping-pong. But cricket is my true vocation. When things come to the worst, by which I mean when every theatre has its 'Ben Hur,' I shall take to cricket, like C. B. Fry, and describe matches from the pitch in blank verse."

"And have you no other relaxation?"

"Ah, well, an occasional burglar is very refreshing. I get quite slim with them. But when they corner me, I reason with them: failing that, I rhyme."

"And what is your new play to be called, Mr. Phillips?" I asked, as he held the door open and lifted one of his redundant feet in a valedictory spasm.

"Molasses; or the New Beerbohm Treacle," he said.

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The comments on the constitution of the British Academy of Letters, sarcastic and otherwise, that have appeared in the Press, would make a little volume. Mr. Andrew Lang is always amusing on the subject. "What we mainly admire in our New Academy," he remarks in "Longman's Magazine," "is the perfect success with which 'literature' (in the proper sense) has been excluded. Mr. Lecky, I think, is the only poet on the list." C. K. S., who printed in "The Sphere" his notion of how the New Academy should be constituted, remarks in the current issue of that periodical that he has received many letters in reference to his list. We can well believe it. C. K. S. adds—"I have no doubt that its personnel was very wrong, but it was the scheme of sections that I was really in love with, and I here I believe that I was right. It may be, as correspondents suggest, that Mr. Andrew Lang should be placed under Folk-lore, and that the names of Mr. Watts-Dunton and Mr. Edmund Gosse should have been added as representative critics. These are but details." Details, possibly, but detail of rather an interesting nature to Mr. Lang, Mr. Watts-Dunton, and Mr. Gosse.

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The methods of book advertisement over here, the "Academy" remarks, seem to be approximating to the standard of which even America is beginning to tire. The publisher of Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's new story, "Fuel of Fire," after telling us that the book is "full of life and movement and romance . . . a brilliant story of contemporary manners," and so on, proceeds to quote some "Wise and witty sayings" from it. Here they are:—

There are some things which are absolutely necessary to a man's well-being and peace of mind, and one of them is pointing out the faults of his female relations.

Love is the one disease that is the worse for being cured.

I don't see why, as the Irishman said, the reciprocity should be all on one side.

If I had wings and covered them, people would only say what a bad figure I had and how badly my clothes fitted; but if I had cloven feet and went barefoot, everybody would smile and pity rather than blame.

Falling in love is an ideal sort of thing; and if you fell in love with a person, and then found he was sordid and commonplace, it would be like seeing an angel and then finding the angelic robes were made of cheap calico.

This kind of advertisement, however, often defeats itself, for if the publishers have not done Miss Fowler grave injustice in their selections, all we can say is that they could hardly have done the book a greater disservice. We can see nothing in those five sentences either wise or witty; they are merely commonplace.

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No signature is appended to these delightful skits, says the "Academy," but guessing is inevitable, and we think that a passage like the following almost betrays the authorship—

You speak of my "kind wish to read your novel." Here, I fear, the pardonable enthusiasm of early authorship has carried you a little beyond the record. I have no copy of my former letter. My dear wife used to spend a good deal of her time in copying my letters into large volumes of MS. which were bound at the end of the year, and filed in the library. But the asthmatic wheezing (to which she was habitually subject was so much increased by the habit of perpetually poring over a desk as to become positively distressing to all around her, and (though I need hardly say that on other accounts I deeply deplored her loss) the cessation of this painful sound was an actual relief to my nerves; and of late years my letters have remained uncopied. I am, therefore, not in a position to state with precision the terms which I employed in my former letter, but, so far as I can recall them, they did not amount—certainly they were not intended to amount—to more than this, that, when your novel was completed, I should be willing (in compliance with your expressed desire) to examine—I would not say the ethical propriety, but rather the "convenableness"—of a particular chapter, with respect to which you yourself seem to be in considerable doubt.

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The "Pilot" has, from the first, had a liking for delicate satire, and "Mr. Woodhouse's Correspondence" now running in its pages is an amusing study of two fatuous persons, a neurotic young woman who proposes to lead a free and literary life, and is at present deeply anxious about Chapter 50 of her first novel (she is afraid she may have gone too far), and her god-father, whose present and past selfishness and general weakness are delightfully revealed to the reader, though not to his god-daughter, who, in her gratitude for the sympathy he has given her up to date, writes—

May I venture in my gratitude, to send you this little sonnet, which is addressed to you, and expresses my feelings better than any prose:—

TO MY GODFATHER, A. W. W.
In Thanks for . . .

Broken am I upon the Wheel of Life,
A Cistern of strange Forces—full of sap—
But thou hast acted as my Water-tap,
Cooling my Soul, and all its seething strife.
Sweet are the drippings of thy sympathy,
Like a great shadow in a weary land;
For when from out the Wilderness I cry,
Thou, thou alone, hast ears to understand.
So shall I conquer, holding by thy hand,
Since I am dowered with Love, and Fear, and Hate.
It is the Weak who sink; the Strong command,
For Man is Man and master of his fate,
And we too—like waves upon the Strand—
Will foam and break upon the Ultimate.

Do you care for Wordsworth, I wonder? If not, you may not like the line about the Water-tap. But I confess I adore Wordsworth's simplicity. I have always formed myself half on Wordsworth and half on Shelley; but, after all, however small one may be beside the great, one is in the end purely and simply oneself.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

All patriotic Americans are disappointed to learn of the failure of the Baldwin-Ziegler expedition to the North Pole. This expedition, it will be remembered, started out with a most complete equipment. Money was not spared in the purchase of the explorers' outfit, which comprised the very best of all that modern science could suggest. The cause of Mr. Baldwin's failure to reach the North Pole is ascribed to the ice which blocked all channels through Franz Josef Land, and prevented the establishment of depots by steamers last fall. The breaking up of the ice early in June compelled the use of reserve supplies, and hence it was necessary to leave Camp Ziegler on July 1. However, as Mr. Baldwin puts it, he has been "baffled, but not beaten," from which we are led to expect that a second attempt will be made next year, which it is hoped will meet with better success. The chances are very favourable for another "dash to the pole" because of the enormous depots of condensed food which were established by means of sledges at important localities this year.

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The fitting out of the Scottish South Pole Expedition, which is to be carried out under the auspices of the Scottish National Antarctic Expedition, is rapidly approaching completion. The expedition is to be under the command of Mr. W. S. Bruce. The Norwegian whaling vessel "Hecla," renamed the "Scotia," purchased to carry the party, is now being reconstructed on the Clyde, at Troon, under the superintendence of Mr. G. L. Watson, the well-known yacht designer. The "Scotia" is a barque-rigged auxiliary screw steamer of about 400 tons register. New deck-houses are being built, a larger one aft and a smaller one forward divided into a laboratory and cook's galley. A second laboratory and a dark-room are being fitted between decks. The ship is being specially fitted to carry on oceanographical research, both physical and biological. Two drums, each, containing 6,000 fathoms of cable, for trawling in the deepest parts of the Southern and Antarctic oceans, are being taken. The expedition intends to follow the track of Weddell, and to explore the Ross Deep, working eastward from the Falkland Islands.

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Every spring the lighthouses of the United States are given a coat of whitewash of a composition which is enduring and able to withstand the attack, not only of the elements, but also the corrosive action of salt water. The east end of the White House, which bears the brunt of the strong moisture-laden winds of Washington, is annually coated with this wash. The wash is made as follows: Slake half a bushel of lime in boiling water, covering during the process to keep in the steam. After straining this through a fine sieve or strainer add to it a peck of common salt, previously dissolved in warm water. Three pounds of ground rice should then be boiled to a thin pasty mass, and, while hot, stirred into the above, one-half pound of Spanish whiting should also be added, and then one pound of glue, melted in a glue pot, should be put into the composition. After adding five gallons of hot water to the mixture, it should be allowed to stand for a few days, securely covered to keep out the dirt. It is claimed that this whitewash is very efficient if heated before applying. In order to make a careful estimate of the amount of wash needed, it must be remembered that a pint properly applied will cover a square yard.

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In many mountainous regions a steel rope railway constitutes the only means of transportation. On this slender support, and suspended 2,000 feet in the air, freight and passengers are daily carried. One of these aerial tramways was recently built by A. Leschen and Sons Co., of St. Louis, Mo., at Ouray, Colo. The line is 4,200 feet long and runs up 2,000 feet to the mouth of a gold mine. The line consists of two stationary sustaining cables, securely anchored at each end. The loaded buckets run on a rope 1½ inches in diameter, while the empty buckets return on a 1 inch rope. An endless steel wire rope ⅝ of an inch in diameter propels the buckets, an 8-foot sheave being used at the terminals of the line. The buckets are attached and detached automatically to and from the traction cable. The weight of the loaded buckets travelling down is sufficient not only to operate the tramway in gravity, but also to bring up supplies to the mine.

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M. Enginitis, in a paper read before the Academie des Sciences, describes a series of novel effects which he observed in the case of the spectra obtained by an electric spark passing between different metals. He finds that by introducing self-induction into the circuit the spectra are modified in a striking manner. In one case he used two poles of aluminium wire of 0.04 inch diameter, covered to within 0.1 inch of the ends with a small quantity of metallic sodium. The wires are connected to an induction coil and a spark is passed for a few seconds. By introducing into the circuit a series of solenoids, the self-induction may be given any desired value; the resistance of the circuit is kept constant at 3 ohms. Ordinarily the spectra of the spark contain the aluminium and sodium rays, but when the self-induction is increased the aluminium rays diminish in intensity very rapidly, while the yellow rays become stronger. A small coil 2 inches in diameter with a few turns of wire shortens up most of the aliminium rays, and on increasing the self-induction they almost disappear; meanwhile the sodium rays become more and more brilliant, and finally reach a remarkable intensity. In this case the sparks have a bright orange colour, due to the vapour of sodium, and the poles are surrounded by a halo of considerable extent. The values of the self-induction which eliminate the aluminium spectra are greater when the distance between the poles is increased, but in general diminish as the capacity of the circuit is greater.

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Other experiments of a like nature were made using sodium or potassium in connection with platinum, iron, tin, and other metals. In some cases the elimination of the spectra of one of the metals is difficult and not always possible; this occurs, for instance, in the case of a sodium-mercury combination. The elimination may also be obtained without the immediate presence of another metal on the same pole. In one case the experimenter used one pole of platinum and the other of mercury, contained in a glass tube; here the platinum rays were eliminated while the rays of the mercury were reinforced. Sometimes the mercury rays presented a curious appearance. Each of the rays was divided into two parts of different intensity. The most intense portion correspond to the mercury itself, and the ray passed briskly from one part to the other as if the spark-gap had been half filled with mercury vapour. It may be remarked in general that the metals whose spectra are diminished are those which give but a small quantity of vapour, while the metals whose spectra remain or are increased in intensity are very volatile.

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Several prizes have recently been awarded in connection with various contests organised by the Society for Encouraging National Industry in France for important discoveries in many ramifications of science. The prize of £80 for the invention of a cement capable of agglomerating diamond dust for mechanical purposes has been awarded, while £120 was given to the inventor of a steam superheater, which is considered to be a great advance upon any yet placed on the market. An offer of £80 for what is described as an important progress in the mechanical transmission of work is also made. A prize of £40 is offered for the practical utilisation of any by-product used in chemical processes which is now wasted, and medals are now offered for the publication of papers useful to chemical industry and metallurgy. Prizes are also offered for an apparatus suitable for domestic use, and capable of sterilising drinking water, and for an effective remedy for freeing the vine tree from an insect parasite which does great harm to it.

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During the last ten years (says "Cassier's Magazine") a great many mines have replaced animal haulage with compressed air motors, which lend themselves splendidly to the work desired. There are, in general, two systems—the low-pressure system, in which air is compressed to five or six hundred pounds; and the high-pressure system, with air pressure of 2,000 pounds and over. The former system can be used in large galleries or tunnels or drifts where the width is ample and the track reasonably straight. This permits a large receiver on the motor, 30 to 40 inches in diameter and from 8 to 16 feet long, to be handled with ease. The high-pressure system is used where the drifts are narrow or the curves on a small radius, permitting only a small wheel-base on the motor. Large receivers are, therefore, impracticable, and steel tubes must be used and charged with high-pressure air to get sufficient volume. Compressed air may be used cold on either of these motors, or the air may be passed to small tanks of hot water supplied to the motor at the charging stations. The air and hot water combination does almost double the work that cold air will do. These motors can carry sufficient air for any ordinary run desired, and haul tremendous loads. Two miles and return, with fifteen or twenty loaded cars, is not an extraordinary effort, and from the general results obtained, the cost of haulage is from one-half to one-third of the cost of the animal power. The air escaping from the exhaust of the motor engine adds to the ventilating effect in the mine, and the whole system harmonises thoroughly with the power outfit in the average mine.

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The Societe Nouvelle des Etablissements Decauville has devised a handy portable electric generator applicable for domestic purposes. It is convenient for lighting premises which cannot obtain the necessary current from central stations. The dynamo is driven by an oil or gas engine. The pipes delivering the liquid fuel, and those for the inlet and outlet of the cooling-down water, run under the flooring, at the foot of the engine. Adequately effective means are provided for the escape of the gases of combustion. The base-plate is cast in one piece, and is fitted with a two-cylinder engine, all the motive parts of which are cased in. Automatic lubrication is provided. The dynamo is mounted beside the engine, on the same base-plate. A compensating flywheel is placed between the engine and dynamo, forming an elastic coupling, which insures the independence of both the engine and dynamo shafts, and also regularity in the working. A noticeable feature of the apparatus is a contrivance for insuring fixity in the degree of light, whatever may be the number of lamps in service. The engine can be easily and quickly dismantled and transported, while it does not require much attention when running—two essential features of the invention. The cylinders are 3½ inches diameter. The oil to lubricate the mechanical parts is supplied from a hand pump, and the cooling water is delivered under pressure, a suitable tank fed by a pump forming part of the installation, to insure a regular supply. The generating capacity of these engines is sufficient to supply current for forty 16-candle power lamps. The switchboard contains an exciting rheostat, and is made for direct lighting.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

COUNTRY NEWS.

TRALEE, MAY 21, 1787.

Thursday night last, about ten o'clock, George Gun, jun., Esq., called out a party of 12th Light Dragoons, quartered here, with whom he set off for a place called Scortaglin, about fourteen miles from this town, for the purpose of apprehending one Ulick Roche, against whom there were informations given before Thomas Stoughton, Esq., that he, together with many others, assembled as Right or White Boys, on the night of the 17th October last, and set fire to a quantity of tithe hay and oats, on the lands of Dromultinmore, whereby twenty-five cart loads of the former and six carts of the latter were destroyed. He is likewise charged with being at the head of a party who, on the 20th of said month, burglariously entered a house on the above lands, in search of a tithe lease which the owner held, and on not finding it, with destroying some of the furniture. A few moments before Mr. Gun's arrival at that house, Roche received some intimation of his approach, on which he quitted his bed and took to the fields almost naked, but being closely pursued, was soon apprehended, and about five o'clock next morning was safely lodged in our gaol. It is unnecessary to remind the public, that to the indefatigable exertions of this spirited Magistrate we are chiefly indebted for the restoration of that tranquillity which at present reigns all over this country.

LIMERICK, MAY 24.

Thomas Burke, Henry Clarke, and Margaret Egan, alias Clarke, who robbed Mr. Daniel Molony at the corner of Bridge street of 53 guineas in money, a watch, and about twenty pounds worth of goods, have been apprehended and lodged in Galway Jail; they were pursued and identified by George Adams and Henry Grey, whose wife is in custody for receiving some of the goods.

DUBLIN, MONDAY, MAY 28, 1787.

A man of the name of L——ch, who lived in Smithfield, was arrested by two bailiffs on Saturday evening last, for a debt said to be of a trifling amount, and passing through a lane in their progress to the Marshalsea, one of the bailiffs discharged a ball from a holster pistol, which went through his body near the heart; the man instantly dropped, and it is reported that he afterwards expired. The excuse alleged for this violent action is that the man offered resistance, and refused to accompany the bailiffs. They have, however, been apprehended and lodged in the New Prison.

Friday morning Mr. Osborne, of the county Cavan, was stopped within three miles of Dublin by a single highway-man, who robbed him of his purse containing 64 guineas, a pocket-book with sundry orders for goods, and an old gold watch.

TUESDAY, MAY 29.

The next meeting of Parliament will be on the 12th January next, and Mr. Orde's system of education will be the first measure introduced in the House, when, contrary to the invidious assertions thrown out in the papers, the Roman Catholics will be comprehended in a liberal participation of the Act, consistent with the security and spirit of the Constitution.

On Friday night last, a fellow took the following unusual precaution to commit a robbery in Crampton court. Fixing his eye upon silver spoons and other articles of value in a window, he deliberately took off one of his garters, and fastening one end of it to the shop door, and the other to the side of the window, he effectually guarded against the door being opened; he then thrust his hand through the glass, and made off with a considerable booty. The person who happened to be in the shop, notwithstanding she was in a manner barricaded, contrived to give the alarm, and he was pursued and overtaken; the spoils were got upon him, and the garter upon his leg was found correspondent to that with which the shop door had been fastened.

Last night, at eleven o'clock, as Mr. Murray, of Winetavern street, and his wife, were returning from the Black Rock to Dublin on horseback, accompanied by a brother of Mr. Murray's on foot, they were attacked near the Circular road, on their way from Ballsbridge, by three robbers, who knocked Mr. Murray's brother down, and took from him ten shillings in silver; one of them clapped a pistol to Mr. Murray's head, and another made a pull at his watch, but only brought away part of the chain, after which they made off precipitately.

Mr. Daly's adherence to the custom of the London theatres respecting the taking of seats in the boxes, renders his conduct highly creditable; and it is with pleasure we find the most respectable frequenters of the theatre unite in paying due respect to this necessary regulation. The lodging of half-price can be of no inconvenience to such ladies and gentlemen who seriously intend favouring the theatre with their presence; and surely the precluding the ridiculous parade of these vain gentry, who have hitherto exhibited themselves as supporters of the drama, without spirit or inclination to render it a service, from indulging in so nonsensical and injurious a procedure, must, while it adds to the convenience of the public, be of a very lucrative advantage to the manager.

Yesterday the grand annual review of Volunteer Corps of this city took place in his Majesty's Phœnix Park, before his Excellency the Earl of Charlemont, Reviewing General, when they went through their different evolutions and manœuvres, with their wonted dexterity and discipline, during which they discharged thirty-six rounds of cartridges.

The eldest of the two fellows that had been capitally convicted on Friday last for robbery, was not eighteen years old; and though so young in age, they were both notwithstanding old offenders, having been several times before, within these three years past, committed to prison on different charges, but escaped either through neglect, or perhaps the mistaken clemency of their prosecutors. This, however, will not be any longer a cause of public complaint, as by the Act lately passed for the better collection of his Majesty's revenue, with respect to forfeited recognisances, those who give in bail to prosecute must do so, or else the sum will be required without delay, or even the smallest mitigation or reduction of the fine.

The Margaret, Flannigan, and the St. Anne, Butler, laden with a considerable quantity of manufactured goods from this port, pursuant to the new adjusted treaty of commerce and navigation with France, we hear arrived in Bordeaux, on the 13th and 15th of this month; all well.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 30.

The late unhappy accident which happened in consequence of an arrest for debt, naturally reminds us of the fate of Fanning, the constable, who was executed about thirty years ago, for shooting his prisoner on the way to a spunging-house. It is a pity that the right of a bailiff over the person of a debtor after caption, has not been clearly understood, as many fatal acts have been committed, from a mistaken idea, that the prisoner may be killed to prevent an escape. Our law gives no wanton power of taking the life of a subject in such cases, unless an attempt of rescue be made, with a force that might endanger safe custody. It seems strange, however, that the same law which would acquit twenty rogues rather than hang one honest man, should yet put a trifling pecuniary demand in competition with the life of a fellow creature. Why does it not also say, better the plaintiff should lose his debt than the prisoner be destroyed. Of many such inconsistencies is our law made up.

We have the pleasure of hearing that the price of mutton, and consequently every other species of butcher's meat, will get a very considerable fall in a few days, as numbers now sheering will be sent to market the next or the following week from all parts of the kingdom; after which we may expect a large and regular supply for the remainder of the year.

We hear that a labourer raising sand at a place called Sleevardahg, in the county of Wexford, struck against a hard substance, which being disengaged from the surrounding earth, was found to be an iron vessel, containing about two quarts; the mouth was covered with a thin plate of tin or iron, soldered quite round the edges. On opening the vessel a number of Jacobusses, worth twenty-five or twenty-six shillings each, appeared carefully lapped [illegible] leather, a crucifix marked T. D., and [illegible] fashioned gold ring, with a red stone in the form of a seal. The man was honest enough to bring the whole to his master, who generously rewarded him with half-a-guinea!

The fishermen in general from the nature and tendency of their petitions to Parliament, seem to think, that a preference being granted this session in favour of the quantity caught, more than on the tonnage of the vessels, will leave no encouragement for them to pursue their avocations, from a supposition of a similar failure with that which happened not many months since; but since the bounties are three times as great upon the take as they are upon the tonnage of the vessel, there is every reason to suppose that those crews which lay themselves out with diligence and attention for obtaining fish for the supply of home and foreign markets, will get much greater advantages by the present regulation than they could possibly obtain by receiving only the one-third duty on tonnage, which the course of a few months will make entirely evident to them, and instead of promoting smuggling, as is frequently mentioned, it will rather strongly tend to obviate and set it aside.

(To be Continued.)

IRISH MANUFACTURES.

A COUNTY ROSCOMMON PRIEST writes:—I feel grateful to the person who recommended me to try "Pigott's Preparation," since it seems to me to be really efficacious in strengthening weak hair and preventing the hair from falling off; whereas, so far as I can see, all the puffed hair preparations on the market, so far as the promoting of the growth of the hair is concerned, are simply frauds. I have tried several of them, and know by experience their utter valuelessness. In fact I had given up all hope that anything could arrest the continual falling out of hair; and, therefore, it looked as if I should have a clean, bald pate in a very short period. Thanks, however to "Pigott's Preparation," my hair has now stopped falling out, and is growing and increasing in quantity. I shall surely recommend "Pigott's Preparation" whenever opportunity arises; and I hope to see this valuable specific with as large a sale as those imported preparations, which are of no value compared with it, yet command, I am sure sales by the million. I trust the Cork International Exhibition will be the means of extending the fame of "Pigott's Preparation."

P.S.—If you should publish this eulogy, you may give my name to any inquirer who may call at your office.

CAUTION.—Pigott's Preparation (Lotio Crinalis) can only be had genuine direct from the Proprietors and Sole Manufacturers, J Pigott and Son Hair Specialists, 36 Marlboro' street, Cork. Post free, 2s 10d and 4s 10d per bottle.

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AN ANCIENT IRISH BOROUGH.



KILMALLOCK, CO. LIMERICK.

FROM THE "DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL," 1832.

Giving the above picture, the "Dublin Penny Journal," 1832, accompanied it with the following description:—

A few years since, Kilmallock presented to a reflecting and imaginative mind a scene of singular, and we might add, intensely romantic interest—that of a noble town, walled, turreted, and filled with stately monasteries castles, and houses of cut stone, all ruined, silent, and deserted; some wretched peasants had indeed here and there taken up their residence in the corner of a tower or mansion, which, like a solitary figure in a mountain scene, only added to the effects of sadness and desolation. It was at this period that the prefixed sketch was made. Kilmallock has since assumed a different aspect: it has become again a scene of life and animation, and though it has lost much of its poetic and pictorial interest, it will give greater pleasure to the eye of the philanthropist.

Kilmallock has been a place of some distinction from a very remote period, and like most of our ancient towns is of ecclesiastical origin, a monastery having been founded here by St. Maloch in the 6th century, of which the original round tower still remains. It is said to have been a walled town even before the arrival of the Anglo-Normans, but at all events it became a place of great strength and celebrity under the Desmond branch of the Geraldines, and ranked as their chief town. Much, however, of its present ruined magnificence is of a period subsequent to the fall of that great family, as the majority of the houses are of the reign of the 1st James, and none of them earlier than that of Elizabeth, when stone mansions first came into use in the chief towns in Ireland. Many of the castles, and the gates, and the surrounding walls, are, however, connected with the Geraldine power.

Kilmallock has been designated "the Irish Balbec" by Dr. Campbell, a writer of considerable learning and some imagination; and this high-sounding epithet is not undeserved, if properly understood as applying only to a great assemblage of Irish ruins, as their magnificence will, of course, bear but little comparison with those of the Eastern city. These consist at present chiefly of a street of stone-built houses, frequently of three stories in height, and having windows and doorways of cut stone; the former have stone sashes called by architects, mullions, and label mouldings, and the latter are usually arched. These houses have also curious and grotesque spouts, and above the first storey, frequently an ornamented architrave.

There were anciently four great entrance gateways of lofty and imposing character,

of which two still remain; and there are also some smaller towers remaining in the surrounding town walls. Outside the town, and on the banks of the beautiful stream called the Cammogue, stand the ruins of two truly splendid monasteries, in which there are several curious and interesting sepulchral monuments.

Kilmallock has been in a state of desolation and decay since the time of the usurper Cromwell, when it was dismantled and otherwise greatly injured by the Parliamentary army. The recent return of population is fast hastening the devastations of time, and, excepting its ecclesiastical remains, in a few years it will have but little vestiges of its former splendour. Antiquarians as we are, however, we shall regret this change but little, if it brings industry, wealth, and peace to a spot that has been for a long period the dreary abode of wretchedness and want. Of its sufferings during the year 1817, when typhus fever raged so dreadfully in the south of Ireland, take the following anecdote from the interesting tour of the unfortunate J. B. Trotter—the truth of the circumstances here detailed may be relied on:—

"In one part of the ruins, where a fine arched side-aisle was very perfect, my guide showed some terror. I soon learned from him the cause. A person ill of fever had been left there the day before, lest he should communicate the infection to the family where he lodged. He was left to expire! His hollow voice plaintively implored some drink; I assured him he should have it, and be taken care of, and hope revived at the moment life was ebbing fast away. In another part of this monastery I saw a hat of a departed victim of fever exposed some time ago, and at our Inn I heard the following story:—An American gentleman, totally a stranger, well clad and of pleasing appearance, came a few months ago to Kilmallock. He went to no Inn, but wandered about the ruins, till at last entering them he was observed no more, and perhaps forgotten! He was ill, and fever burned in his veins; but where can a penniless and forlorn wanderer turn in a country where he is without friends or money? It happened that a gentleman was ill at the Inn, and required the attendance of a person to sit up every night. The Innkeeper's son performed this humane office frequently; and very early one morning, as the stars were fading at the approach of twilight, he walked out to the monastery to refresh himself with the morning air; he heard a murmuring noise of some human being. It was two or three days after the American gentleman's disappearance. He recollected this, and advanced—but can I go on? Extended on his back in a recess of a ruined aisle, the unfortunate stranger lay speechless and expiring! one hand clenched the mouldering wall, the other his hat. The young man, terrified and shocked, ran for assistance. On his return, this victim of misfortune was no more! Fever had arrested his steps."

We shall only add a hope that no future traveller may ever have it in his power to record such instances of the wretchedness and inhumanity of Kilmallock.

As Kilmallock was one of the Ancient Boroughs of Ireland, we take from Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland" (1837) the account of it he gives:—

Kilmallock, an ancient corporate and post-town, and a parish, forming a liberty, in the county of Limerick, and province of Munster, 15¾ miles (S.) from Limerick, and 109½ (S.W.) from Dublin, on the high road to Cork; containing 2,834 inhabitants, of which number, 1,213 are in the town. This place, called anciently "Killocia" and "Kilmocheallog," derived its name from an abbey founded for Canons Regular by St. Mocheallog or St. Molach, in the beginning of the 7th century. Its early history is involved in great obscurity, and of its progress to that state of distinction and importance which, from the magnificence of its ruins, obtained for it, long after its decline, the appellation of the "Balbec" of Ireland, little is known. It appears to have been inhabited at a very early period by several of the chief nobility and gentry, and to have been a corporate town either by prescription or by charter, granted at a very early date, as its privileges as a borough are recited in a charter of Edw. III., by which that monarch granted to the provost and commonalty certain tolls and customs towards the repair of its fortifications. It was surrounded with a stone wall of great strength, fortified with mounds of earth, and having four gateway towers of lofty and imposing character, called respectively St. John's Gate, Water Gate, Ivy Gate, and Blosom's Gate, of which only the last is now remaining. In 1291, a Dominican monastery was founded to the east of the town, by Gilbert, son of John of Callan, Lord of Offaley, which was soon after amply endowed. A general chapter of the order was held in it in 1340, and it continued to flourish till the dissolution, when it was granted by Elizabeth to the corporation. The inhabitants obtained a grant of tolls for murage in 1482; and in consideration of the losses they had sustained in defending the town against the assaults of the enemy, they were again incorporated by Edw. IV., who also made the town one of the cities in which he established a royal mint. In 1483 it is enumerated among the principal towns in which a coin of Rich. III., then recently struck, was by Act of Parliament made current. During the wars in the reign of Elizabeth, the town was a principal military station of the English, and the garrison was frequently employed in the most important services. It was taken by surprise in 1568, by James Fitz-Maurice, who put the sovereign and several of the principal inhabitants to death, and burned the town, in order to prevent its occupation by the Lord-Deputy, who was marching against him from Buttevant. It was, however, restored by the encouragement of Sir Henry Sydney, Lord-Deputy, who left a garrison for its defence; and in 1572, Sir J. Perrot, the first Lord-President of Munster, compelled Fitz-Maurice to surrender, and to make his submission to the Queen's mercy in the church of St. Peter and St. Paul. In 1579, Sir W. Drury came hither with a force of 900 men, to oppose Sir John of Desmond with his Spanish and Irish forces, and issued a proclamation summoning all the nobility and gentry of Munster to repair to his standard. Sir W. Pelham, who succeeded him, also issued another proclamation to the same purpose; and Gerald, 16th Earl of Desmond, declining to obey, was declared a rebel unless he surrendered himself within 20 days, on failing to comply with which his vast estates, consisting of 570,000 plantation acres, were forfeited to the Crown, and the Earl and his Countess suffered the severest hardships, secreting themselves in the woods and mountains around the town. Sir Nicholas Malby, who succeeded to the command of the forces, leaving a garrison of 340 men here, pursued, with the remainder of his forces, the troops under Sir John of Desmond, whom he defeated at Manister-Nenagh; and in 1582 a detachment of the garrison attacked the Earl in his retreat at daybreak, slew his servants, carried off his provisions, and would have taken himself and his Countess prisoners, had they not escaped by concealing themselves in the river, immersed up to their chins behind one of its banks. In 1584, after the death of the Earl, Elizabeth granted the town a new charter, with some extensive tracts of land and various tolls and customs; empowering the inhabitants to elect a sovereign, to hold courts of record with jurisdiction not to exceed £20, to levy assessments for the repair of the fortifications, to grant licences for making spirituous liquors, and various other privileges, as ample as those of Kilkenny and Clonmel, with exemption from all taxes except those assessed by Parliament. In 1590, James Fitzgerald, who had assumed the title of Earl of Desmond, laid siege to the town, at the head of a formidable body of native Irish, but was compelled to retire by Sir Thomas Norris, Lord-President, assisted by the Earl of Ormonde; and in 1600, James, son of the late Earl, who had been educated in England, where he had been detained as a hostage, was sent over to Ireland by the English Government to destroy the popularity of the chieftain who had usurped the title. The young Earl was received with loud acclamations by the inhabitants of the surrounding country; but on his attending divine service at the Protestant church on the following day, these demonstrations of joy were changed into expressions of abhorrence and disgust. The garrison soon afterwards surprised and defeated the forces of James Fitzgerald, killed 120 of his party, and took all their arms, cattle, and horses. In 1642, the Irish army, under the command of Lord Mountgarret, Lord Purcell, and Garret Barry, took possession of the town, which in May of the following year was beseiged by Lord Inchiquin with a force of 700 men, but without success. The Earl of Castlehaven, Commander-in-Chief of the Irish army, in 1645 deposited all his military stores in this town, which afterwards fell into the hands of the Parliamentarians; and the fortifi-

cations were soon after dismantled by order of Cromwell; they were subsequently restored by order of the corporation, but were again destroyed by the Irish forces under the Duke of Berwick, in 1690.

The town is pleasingly situated on the western bank of a small stream called the Lubach, and its walls enclosed a spacious quadrilateral area, in which were several castellated mansions inhabited by noble and wealthy families. They were all built of hewn stone, and communicated by noble castellated gateways with the streets of the city, inhabited by the trading and commercial classes, of which only the foundations can now be traced. Considerable portions of the walls are still remaining; but of the ancient mansions and castles only two have been preserved, one belonging to the Earl of Buckinghamshire, and the other to the family of Godsall. In the centre of the present town is the noble castle with its gateway, through which the road, now diverted to the east, formerly passed, and in which the Earl of Castlehaven deposited his military stores; it is still in good preservation, and was before and subsequently used by the corporation, whose property it is, as an armoury and citadel. On the south-west is Blosom's gate, through which the Charleville road passes; it is in good preservation, and from it is continued the ancient wall, nearly perfect, for about a quarter of a mile. By charter of the 27th of Elizabeth, the corporation consists of a sovereign and an unlimited number of burgesses, of whom 12 form the council, assisted by a town-clerk, serjeant-at-mace, and other officers. The sovereign, who may appoint a deputy, is annually elected from the burgesses on the Monday after Michaelmas-day, by the council, and immediately on his election appoints 12 of the burgesses to be of the council for the ensuing year; and by this body all the corporate functions are performed. The sovereign is justice of the peace within the borough, and also one of the county magistrates, who have concurrent jurisdiction. The burgesses are elected by the council; there is no separate class of freemen distinct from them. The corporation continued to return two members to the Irish Parliament till the Union, when the borough was disfranchised, and the sum of £15,000, awarded as compensation, was paid to Richard Oliver, now Richard Oliver Gasgoigne, Esq. The church, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, and formerly collegiate, is an ancient and spacious structure, built in various successive styles of English architecture, and consisting of a nave, aisles, and south transept, which have been roofless since 1567, when it was partly destroyed by Cromwell, and of a spacious and lofty choir, which is fitted up for Divine service. The nave is separated from the aisles by a series of massive square pillars, supporting lofty pointed arches, and the choir has an east window combining five lancet-shaped lights. In the aisles and transept are altar-tombs to the Fitzgeralds, Verdons, Healeys, Blakencys, and Coppingers; they are generally of the 17th century, and rudely sculptured; the figures are sunk, and the inscriptions in relief. In the choir is a handsome monument to the family of Coote, of Castle Coote. The exterior of the church is embattled, and at the west end of the north aisle is an ancient round tower, pierced with numerous windows, and differing greatly from others of that class. The remains of the Dominican monastery, situated on the banks of the Lubach, are extensive and beautifully picturesque; they consist of the lofty square central tower and the choir of the church, the former in a state of great dilapidation, and the latter tolerably perfect; the east window is of the lancet form, combining an arrangement of five lights, and the windows on the south side are enriched with delicate tracery; the choir is unrivalled for symmetry and elegance of design, and contains the broken tomb of the last of the White Knights, the representative of whom is the present Earl of Kingston; parts of the conventual buildings on the north are still tolerably entire. Close to the banks of the river are the ruins of the abbot's private residence, which after the Reformation was the residence of several of the sovereigns of the borough, and afterwards inhabited by the White Knights, in 1604. About half a mile to the north of the town are some ruins of ecclesiastical buildings, and the site of an ancient hospital for lepers is still called the Spital field. There are several traces of military encampments around the town, and great numbers of human bones have been discovered in the grounds of Mount Coote, which have been collected and interred near the spot where they were found, under a monument erected over them by the proprietor of the demesne. Kilmallock formerly gave the title of Viscount to a branch of the Sarsfield family, by whom it was forfeited in consequence of their adherence to Jas. II.

SONGS OF LOVE AND SPRING.*

(Words from the German of Geibel.)

I.—The Hero Spring.

The hero Spring for battle bound
Rides forth in martial manner,
A Royal rose on greenest ground
The blazon of his banner.

His sunbeam sword, fresh dipp'd in dew,
With tireless ardour flashes,
Till Winter's icy armour through
Victoriously it crashes.

And while from every hill and vale
Enraptured songs are ringing,
With herald note the nightingale
Above his helm is winging.

Then every heart at his appeal
Obeys a law immortal,
And though encased in triple steel
Must open wide its portal—

Must open wide in homage free,
And yield delighted duty
To her who hath Spring's heart in fee—
The queen of love and beauty.

II.—When Young Love Comes Knocking.

When with sap the vine's a-thrill,
Then expect the swallow.
When proud eyes with pity fill,
Love's not far to follow.

All the hearts of all the flowers
Love is now unlocking.
Nut-brown Maid, take heed to yours
When young Love comes knocking!

—Alfred Perceval Graves, in the "Westminster Gazette."

*The musical rights reserved.

A GREAT ELECTRIC POWER PLANT.

A company has been organised in Los Angeles to build a large power plant on the banks of Feather River. This plant will be the largest electrical power development scheme yet undertaken or proposed in western America, and will rival that of the Niagara power plant. It will be located in Plumas County, Cal., from which point current will be transmitted to San Francisco, a distance of 180 miles. The water supply is to be obtained from the North Fork of Feather River, and impounded in two reservoirs of unusual size, one of which will cover 8,000 acres, and the other, in Butte Valley, a few miles distant, and some 250 feet lower, will cover about 2,000 acres. The watershed area tributary to these reservoirs is about 600 square miles, on which the most prominent elevation is Lawson's Peak, a region of perpetual snow. The average rainfall of that region for the last twenty years has been about 67 inches, and for the twenty years previous to that about 70 inches, with a range of from 33 inches as a minimum to 103 inches as a maximum. It is well known that Feather River is the largest tributary of the Sacramento, and only second to the Sacramento in discharge of any of the streams of the State, while the greater portion of the flow of the Feather comes from the watersheds tributary to the reservoir sites purchased by the new company. These reservoirs, when constructed, will be without parallel in the western half of the United States, and will be so designed as to equalise the flow of the stream available for power to about 1,500 cubic feet per second. From the main reservoir in Big Meadows it is proposed to construct a canal about 10 miles in length to the Butte Valley reservoir, the water being delivered into this reservoir, whence it will be carried along the edge of the canyon of Feather River by a series of tunnels for a distance of five miles to Mosquito Creek, where it will be given a vertical fall of 1,600 feet, producing a total of about 270,000 horse-power. The favourable character of the dam sites for these reservoirs and the absence of serious engineering obstacles on the conduits will render this enormous undertaking comparatively inexpensive and vastly cheaper per unit of power than any other power plant yet constructed in the West. It will enable the company to deliver the power, even at the long distance of transmission contemplated, in successful competition with other plants. When it is remembered that the total development of power at Niagara thus far has not exceeded 100,000 horse-power, a better conception of the magnitude of this new enterprise and its possibilities may be had. A corporation has been organised, to be known as the Western Power Company, with an authorised capital of 5,000,000 dollars, whose headquarters will be Los Angeles. The feasibility of transmitting electricity over 180 miles has been fully demonstrated. Only a short time ago the Bay Counties Power Company completed connections with San Francisco over lines of the Standard Electric Company, and is now transmitting power to that city via Oakland around the head of San Francisco Bay with a pressure of 40,000 volts over a distance of 223 miles.

PRINTING IN PERSIA.

Printing from type in Persia is not regarded with popularity. This country is at the present day entirely dependent upon lithography for the native production of books and journals—which are very rare. A short time ago a press with movable types was set up, and upon which a certain number of books was printed. The effort, however, met with no encouragement, and had to be abandoned. The unpopularity of type-printing in Persia is due to two principal causes: First, the straightness of the lines offends a Persian's artistic sense, and secondly, in printed books the character of the letters is entirely lost. The Persian reader prefers a well-written manuscript, and, failing this, he contents himself with a lithograph, which is usually the facsimile of the writing of some fairly good scribe.

DUBLIN'S OLD THEATRE ROYAL

(HAWKINS STREET).

HOW IT CAME TO BE BUILT.

SOME HISTORIC PERFORMANCES.

By H. CALCRAFT.

III.

Mr. Bunn retired at the end of three seasons, finding that the receipts would not enable him to meet his prescribed condition of £3,000 per annum rent. The theatre was then offered to Mr. Calcraft, at what appeared a tempting reduction, £2,000 annual payment; which sum was subsequently much modified; and, after an abortive attempt on the part of the lessee to purchase the entire interest in the property, finally resolved itself into a percentage on the receipts. Had it been on the profits, he would have made a more propitious bargain. Mr. Calcraft had no desire to grasp this truncheon of command. "It lay in his way," like Hotspur's insurrection, according to Falstaff, and circumstances induced him to pick it up. His views had pointed in a different direction; and far happier would it have been for himself and those belonging to him, had they ripened into reality. When the Vice-Chancellor decided the Covent Garden litigation in favour of Mr. Harris, he made his arrangement to place himself once more at the head of that important establishment. His intentions were to appoint Mr. Calcraft his acting manager and representative, with a large fixed salary, and other contingent advantages. But Lord Brougham reversed the decree; Mr. Harris retired for ever into the privacy of domestic life, and all these stately visions "vanished into thin air."

The public voice in general predicted success to the new lessee. There was a lull in politics, and trade had begun to revive. He entered on his task under very promising auspices. The Duke of Northumberland, the retiring Lord Lieutenant, sent him, with a complimentary letter, a handsome present, as a token of good will. His successor, the Marquis of Anglesey, was in the height of his popularity, just commencing his second Viceroyalty, and known to be a liberal encourager of the drama. Many abuses and incumbrances had been progressively swept away, although there still remained in that line, as David Gam reported to the French army at Agincourt, "enough to spare." His rent was low beyond former precedent; six years' experience had given him ample knowledge of his ground; he had diligently studied the tactics of his predecessors; his footing in society was established; he was supposed to be universally popular, and the press were enthusiastic in his favour. That powerful engine continued to support him steadily and effectively during a long series of years, with the occasional exception of one or two growlers of the nil admirari school—individuals who pass through life without an interval of enjoyment, more constitutionally lugubrious and discontented than Heraclitus, the crying philosopher, or than even Agelastus, grandsire of the rich Roman Crassus, of whom it is recorded by Cicero and Pliny, that he only laughed once in his life, and that upon seeing an ass eat thistles. An honest expression of independent opinion in the public journals is an invaluable auxiliary, and the more so when not influenced (as sometimes occurs) by undue obsequiousness on the one side, or blinding partiality on the other.

The resources of the manager depended much on success. His available capital was chiefly invested in health and industry—an active body with a vigilant mind; while his realised estate closely resembled that of Joseph Scaliger, which, according to his own account, all lay under his hat. But he went to work in downright earnest, and pushed aside many difficulties. Demosthenes pronounced that the three components of oratory were, action! action!! action!!! Montecuculi, the renowned opponent of Turenne, paraphrased this theory in application to war:—"Pour faire la guerre avec succes, il faut trois choses, L'Argent! L'Argent!! L'Argent!!! To which may be added, in reference to theatrical speculations, that three very essentials are, Capital! Capital!! Capital!!! It being always understood that, whether in battle or business, the sinews must be directed by ability and economy.

On opening nights, final retirements, and other incidental occasions, it has usually been considered popular and graceful to court the Muses, and to propitiate the public in measured hexameters. When Garrick left the stage he broke through this conventional formula. "I, too," said he to his last admiring auditory, "had meditated a poetical leave-taking, and turned my thoughts that way; but I found myself as incapable then of writing, as I should now be of uttering prepared sentences. The jingle of rhyme and the language of fiction would but ill suit my present feelings." It has often been asserted by disparaging cavillers, that the actor's art is entirely mechanical; that he is a mere machine—a mirror which reflects on the surface, without personal impression; and that the long habit of simulating character has made him a shifting Proteus, devoid of sensibility. According to these Zoili, he either understands not, or disregards the injunction of Horace:—

'Sivis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia laedent."

If you wish me to weep for your misfortunes, you must begin by shedding tears yourself. It is recorded of Barry, in Lear, that his natural emotions so overpowered him that he became inarticulate, while Garrick, by only acting the passion of grief, retained all his power, and produced a superior effect. "You and your friend Murphy, sir," said he to Dr. Johnson, "talk so loud in the entrances, that you disturb my tragedy feelings." "Pooh, pooh, David," retorted Lexiphanes, "punch has no feelings!" A smart repartee is an irresistible temptation, and wit must have its fling; but be this as it may, it is a trying moment of practical life, to stand for the last time before an array of faces which have never turned towards you but with favour and encouragement, and to sever a tie which may have subsisted for a quarter of a century. It is also a severe test of equanimity to announce for the first time a decisive undertaking to the public, through whose agency alone you are to find success or ruin. Mr. Calcraft, on his appearance in his new capacity, following the example of responsible authorities, eschewel poetry, and addressed a crowded house in unpretending prose, and in nearly the following terms:—

Ladies and Gentlemen—After having for several successive seasons appeared before you as the representative of others, I now present myself in the somewhat novel character of my own ambassador. The situation is peculiar, but not without precedent. The Emperor Majorian personated his own envoy at the Court of the Vandal Monarch Genseric. But he stood alone amidst a host of enemies, while I on every side am surrounded by friends. The occasion on which I now come forward is the most important event of my life, and involves in its consequences all my future fortunes.

During the six years that have passed, since I first had the honour of appearing before a Dublin audience, the theatre has witnessed many changes, and gone through many vicissitudes. Before I speak of myself, permit me to do justice to the managers who have preceded me. Great exertions have been made by them, great expenses have been incurred, and great losses sustained. Each has displayed ample talent, zeal, and liberality; but the uniform conclusion has been failure and disappointment. Why, then, it may be asked, should I imagine myself capable of steering a vessel which has wandered from its course in far abler hands? I answer, the human mind is naturally sanguine in the vigour of life, and more disposed to surmount difficulties than to calculate their extent. The retrospect presents but little to cheer a new adventurer, and may argue presumption in him who embarks in so perilous and uncompromising a speculation. Let me emphatically disclaim all such feeling. Divested equally of arrogance, and despair, I rest my hopes of the result on better fortunes and improving times. Should I be enabled, through your liberal support, to place the national Theatre of Ireland on the proud pedestal of pre-eminence on which it ought to stand, I trust I may fairly then indulge in an honourable feeling of pride, in thinking I have succeeded where superior pretensions have failed, and that I have been permitted to conquer obstacles which proved too formidable for those who had hitherto grappled with them. Whether it is reserved for me to bend this bow of Ulysses, time only can determine; but to effect this object, I am aware I cannot slumber on a bed of roses, or expect to advance in an even progress on a well-trimmed lawn, without encountering a few thorns and brambles in my path. At every hazard, "I have screwed my courage to the sticking place;" my all is on the issue, and I will stand or fall, boldly and alone.

During the recess I have endeavoured to form a company, full and efficient in every department, comprising many artists who have long filled distinguished situations in leading theatres, and whose reputation will be confirmed, if sanctioned by your approval. I have also taken advantage of every moment of time, which my anxiety to commence the season permitted, to place the theatre in a state fitted for your reception. We have not yet been able to complete our preparations, but trust to do so in a few days, and to omit nothing that can contribute either to elegance or convenience. To the gentlemen of the upper regions—(here, loud cheers and laughter proceeded from the upper gallery, with cries of "Oh, boys, he's flattering us," "he has kissed the Blarney Stone," etc.)—I must now beg leave to address myself particularly. They will find that in the alterations they have not been forgotten, and that now for the first time they can both see and hear in full comfort to themselves. Gentlemen, your territories have been enlarged, and rendered much more com-

modious, and I am confident as there no longer exists either a necessity or a temptation, you will cease to feel any desire to encroach on the rights and privileges of the neighbouring potentates—(loud cheers and laughter from the gods). You will, I have no doubt, long enjoy in peace the otium cum dignitate you are thus provided with, and in which, during many a tumultuous session, I have often wished you were fully installed.*

The address terminated in the usual manner, expressing something about the deepest respect for public opinion, and a lively sense of favours to come. Mr. Calcraft was listened to with the most earnest attention, and frequently interrupted by loud applause. Let not the writer be accused or suspected of egotism for perpetuating these details. They have become historical documents, connecting a series of events, each growing out of the other, and telling a tale which would be imperfect without them.

It had often been asserted that a prominent cause of former failures was to be found in the system of exotic stars. The press loudly re-echoed this opinion, to which the new lessee yielded, backed, as it was, in some degree, by his own judgment, and the advice of counsellors whose name was legion. Accordingly, having expended at least one thousand pounds on repairs and decorations, he determined to stake his first season on the efficacy of a stock company, which included the following names:—Messrs. Vandenhoff, Sapio, Browne, Johnson, Rees, Calcraft, Montague Stanley, H. Cooke, King, Mathews, Gattie, Cunningham, H. Bedford, Maeder, Brough, Barry, Hamerton, Bland, W. Bennett, Stothard, Attwood, Coveney, Barnett, Duff, Shean; Mesdames W. West, H. Hughes, Pearce, Bland; Misses Betts, Barry, F. H. Kelly, Coveney, H. Eyre, Hamilton, Chalmers, Garbois, Milton, A. Crawford, etc., etc. Many of these performers before and since have occupied important positions with success in the principal London theatres. Such a company could not be collected together now, simply because they are not in existence. The highest war bounty ever offered would fail to enlist a similar corps dramatique, although heralded by royal proclamation, and accompanied by a flourish of more double drums and Jerico trumpets than Julien ever attempted to harmonise. These artists had been trained in the good old legitimate school, and had gone through a regular apprenticeship; whereas the young ladies and gentlemen, theatrical neophites of the present day, despise all schools, are much too self-dependent to profit by example, and expect to reach maturity all improviso, without study or training, by some Cadmean process of sudden creation. Vanity and self-approbation are besetting sins of the flesh in general, and, as it would appear, of theatrical flesh in particular. These feelings are fostered, fed, and strengthened by applause, and are weaknesses rather than positive crimes, hurtful to the proprietors, but scarcely detrimental to the general weal. Neither are they without the colour of high authority, for the wise king says, "There is nothing better than that a man should rejoice in his own works." Vanity is not only tolerably harmless, but also very comfortable. As Sancho Panza says of sleep, "It wraps one all round like a cloak." Lord Byron, who had been for several seasons on the Drury lane Committee of Management, accuses actors of hating each other with an intensity of detestation found only on the stage. The charge of the noble satirist is exaggerated. Professional jealousies have long been proverbial, but they are not more keenly exemplified in the children of Thespis than in other votaries of Apollo and Euterpe, in the followers of Æsculapius, and the disciples of Themis. While many voices are actively raised in the disparagement of actors, it ought in justice to be remembered as a well-known characteristic, that they are ever ready to assist their brethren in distress, and have hands "open as day for melting charity."

On winding up the balance-sheet of 1830-1, the ledger, that dumb but unanswerable evidence, showed a loss of £2,500! It was thus proved on full and fair experiment, that the stock company system was not the real one. This first season, which, from unusual circumstances, began much later than usual, comprised one hundred and eighty acting nights, during which thirty-three novelties were produced, many of them with all the scenery and appointments entirely new. The Lord Lieutenant gave three state commands, and four publicly announced patronages, which produced seven crowded houses. The Committee of the Musical Festival paid £530 for the use of the theatre, not being able to obtain either of the cathedrals, or any other building sufficiently large for their purpose; and Paginini, when the town was empty, received nearly £1200 for five concerts. During the winter an unlooked for incident darkened the horizon, which until then had been tolerably clear. On the first of February there commenced a heavy fall of snow, such as had not been witnessed in Ireland since the year 1814. The theatre was closed in consequence for four days, and the Lord Lieutenant's first state visit postponed. The loss sustained amounted to several hundred pounds, and turned the scale of the season, which never recovered itself after this misfortune. The attraction of the new opera of "Cinderella" was checked in the height of its popularity, and a general damp thrown on the business. During these four days no carriages could pass the streets; here and there a solitary pedestrian glided noiselessly along, and Dublin resembled a city of the dead. All was silence and suspended animation. Vast consternation was excited among the mecantile community, and bills were protested to an immense amount, owing to the non-arrival of the country mails with the expected remittances. The snow was not entirely removed for a fortnight.

Command nights in Dublin have always been, more or less, exhibitions of political feeling. An inveterate mistake, equally injurious to the theatre and to society, but one which neither argument nor coercion has yet been able to reform. Nothing can mitigate the rancour of party politics—

"Naturan expellas furca, tamen usque recurrit."

Overheated zealots seldom pause to reflect on the mischief they do to others, without any advantage to themselves. On the first command night of Lord Anglesey, the manager was assured by many anonymous and avowed warnings that his theatre would be torn down, and a riot take place, compared to which the "dog" and "bottle" rows, of historic notoriety, would sink into insignificance. Nobody pretended to assign a cause, or say why this should be, as all parties admitted that the noble Viceroy was universally and deservedly popular. But the riot was certain. Among other suggestions, the following note was anxiously penned by a celebrated barrister, dramatist, and political agitator, who was much interested in the result:—

9 Leinster street, Feb. 8th, 1831.

My Dear Sir.—I saw Lord Anglesey yesterday. He is evidently anxious to have a good reception to-morrow night. You should send plenty of orders. I think it will be of great importance to fill the upper gallery before the house opens. It is of great moment to your interests that Lord Anglesey should go often to the theatre. Therefore as a friend, I advise you to omit nothing in order to have him warmly welcomed, by which he will be much pleased. The upper gallery should be chiefly attended to. The note is written with good cause for doing so. I dread some disturbance which would greatly prejurice the interests of the stage. Orders! orders! orders!

Yours most truly,
RICHARD SHEIL.

The manager did not follow the course pointed out to him, which would have materially diminished his certain receipts, without counteracting the uncertain anger. As the event proved, the danger was quite imaginary. But he took his own precautions after a different plan, and all went off in what the London play bills used usually designate, "a blaze of triumph." It has been often and truly said, a theatre is a kingdom in epitome. Here is an instance to prove how much dramatic affairs are sometimes mixed up with the complex machinery of government. On the Continent the theatres are supported by public grants, and are employed as state engines to occupy the minds of the people with amusement, and keep them from brooding over mischievous combinations. Our legislators sneer and scoff when anything of this kind is suggested, and treat the whole subject with contempt. In Ireland the intended "ruction" of 1848 was, undoubtedly, kept down by the energetic measures of the Executive, and the loyalty of the well-disposed; but the engagement of Jenny Lind made all the world forget political agitation for the moment, and produced a very wholesome, well-timed, and social reaction. Superficial thinkers may laugh at the assumed importance of the Drama in serious affairs, but they would do well to study the question deeply before they dismiss it with a shrug of derision.

(To be continued.)

*To render this passage intelligible to the unitiated reader, it is necessary to explain that the Dublin galleries did not formerly, as now, run round the entire audience portion of the theatre, but were hemmed in on each side by upper boxes and slips called, Hibernice, lattices. On all crowded nights, particularly benefits, when more were admitted than the legitimate number, there arose a deafening cry of "Open the lattices." This confounded the performers, greatly annoyed the box and pit company, and established a perpetual casus belli between the gods and the manager.

THE RIVER AND THE MAIDEN.

To the river in the forest, shadowed from the
noonday heat,
Came a solitary maiden, there to rest and bathe
her feet;
And, while lingering, idly looking downward
into the blue stream,
Lo! the sleepy woods around her, seemed to
mutter in their dream—

"Linger, linger, gentle maiden; see'st thou not
how peacefully,
In the bosom of the river rests the shadow of
the sky;
Thou would'st break its glassy surface into ripples
spreading wide;
And the peaceful heaven no longer see reflected
in the tide."

With a tear upon her eyelash, looking round, the
maiden spake—
"Grieve not, oh! thou hidden murmur, grieve not
for the river's sake;
For, if thine appeal unheeding, I should lave my
feet therein,
Soon that shadow would return there, calm as it
had ever been!

"Yet I would that thou had'st whispered thus
into my lover's ear,
When this way we came together in the spring
time of the year:
'Trouble not the maiden's soul, for only once to
it is given,
With pure, unruffled course to flow, and take a
calm reflex of heaven!'"

OUR WEEKLY STORY

THE VIOLIN MAKER'S ADVENTURE.

BY FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

Following a fancy that he had from boyhood, my friend, Delos James, became a violin-maker. He had excellent opportunities in Chicago, where he still lives, to master the intricacies of his art. At the end of five years he was able to sell his instruments. He then began to go far afield in search of woods—clear maples for the backs and sides, and the "steeliest" of seasoned spruce and pine for the tops.

Woods for making violins are for the most part imported from Germany and Italy. Delos James desired not only to avoid the expense of importation, but to widen his range of selection. He knew that the native woods of the United States are unequalled in quality and variety. He cherished the patriotic design of making a perfect violin wholly of American products. In this ambition he has of late attained a marked success.

About three years ago his violins began to be bought by concert players of note. Their resonance and excellent tonal quality, their beauty of outline, exquisite grain and varnish—of a creamy yellow—have given their maker an enviable reputation. The spruce of which their tops is made is American timber, of a quality unsurpassed at any time in the history of violin-making. Indeed, the wood should be perfect, for it cost him time, money, and great personal danger.

"I was despairing of finding any wood at home fit for fiddle-tops," he says, "when I saw certain specimens of yellow spruce in the Colorado exhibit at the World's Fair. Examination convinced me that this wood, if found rightly seasoned, would be what I desired.

"October found me searching the mountains of Colorado for Picea Engelmanni. I tested many logs, old and new, in buildings and out. I found some fairly good wood, but it had not just the grain and fibre I wanted. In November I started for Montana, where lumbermen told me there were better specimens of this spruce. On a branch railroad in Idaho I exchanged confidence with a lumberman whom I met on the train.

"'Seasoned spruce, you say, is what you're after?' this man said.

"'Yes.'

"He slapped me heavily on the knee. 'Stranger,' he asked, impressively, 'yaller spruce beaver-girdled, standin' in a dry valley for a hundred years?'

"'Yes, yes,' I replied, much interested.

"He gave my knee another stinging slap. 'Get off at the next station—coal station,' said he. 'Get Bill Lamhorn to carry you over to Gray's Flats. Bill used to run the stage over there. He's at Pay Pocket now and got a span of mules there. Bill 'll be sure 'nough tickled to carry you 'cross the mountains and fetch back your logs.'

"So I left the train at Pay Pocket, a mining hamlet among great, barren, glaring piles of mountains, covered with nearly a foot of new snow. Bill Lamhorn proved to be a big, hulking, good-natured fellow. The trip to Gray's Flats, twenty-five miles over the mountains, was easily arranged.

"Gray's Flats was a struggling log town, built originally in the midst of considerable placer-mines, but now, since the working out of pay dirt, degenerated into that anomalous aggregation called a 'cow town.' We put up at an old 'stage-ranch'—a big log building, with a heavy partition running lengthwise through the centre, and a dining-room and bunk-room of huge proportions. 'Jane Addles, Her Hotel,' read the sign.

"Jane told me that the house had been built ''way back in '59' by a Missourian named Jerry Harris, and that her brother and partner, Sam, lived on their horse-ranch seven miles below. I registered my name in the book she kept at her 'hotel.' During my three days' stay I learned little of the other inhabitants. Bill and I were away all day in the woods.

"We found the spruce abundant along the spring-fed streams of Gray's Fork, and here and there, close to some dilapidated beaver-dam, were girdled trees of long standing; but like most forest-killed trees, many of them were weather-beaten and damaged. However, with my rifle I killed a fine bull elk with noble antlers, and felt repaid for my trip.

"On our third evening at the stage-ranch we had a hearty supper of venison. Leaning back afterwards against the partition wall, I idly whittled for a toothpick, a splinter from the nearest peeled log at hand. The quality of this splinter attracted my attention. I had supposed the house was built of the abundant pine near at hand; but here was Picea Engelmanni seasoned for forty years! I went deeper with my knife, and shouted, 'Eureka!' I had discovered what I wanted!

"Sending for Mrs. Addles, I offered her twenty-five dollars for the log. The old woman saw that a board would serve perfectly in place of the log, and took my offer eagerly. I obtained two perfect sticks, each sixteen feet long, resin-seasoned and of a beautiful whalebone fibre. A splinter a foot long from either stick could be bent until the ends touched, and would spring back again with a snap good to hear.

"When Bill and I loaded my timber and trappings upon the sled next morning, the only person to bid us good-bye was Jack, the 'stable boss' and chore-boy. I gave him two silver dollars and a jack-knife for caring for our team and helping bring in the carcass of the elk. This Madam Addles readily accepted in payment of my board.

"When Bill and I had gone about half the way back over the stage-road, the stable-boy overtook us on his bronco, which was covered with foam. We were both walking beside the sled, and we halted as he pulled up alongside. The boy's face was flushed with excitement.

"'Mister,' he gasped, 'if you know a blind trail down these mountains, you'd better be hittin' it hard! They're after you!'

"'Who's after me?' I asked, much astonished.

"'W'y, it's this a-way, mister,' said he, earnestly. 'Ol' man Addles is come up from the hoss-ranch, an' he 'lows sure 'nough there's sculduggery in this log business. He says ol' man Harris, that built the stage-ranch, had a big roll o' money hid up somewhere when he wuz took crazy an' carried back to Missouri. An' now the ol' man an' Jane 'lows that you're a brother o' Jesse James, an' you've found out frum ol' Harris where his money wus hid. They says the roll wus in them logs, or mebbe is now, an' they're goin' to have it. They say it wus like your impudence to write your own name in the book! Ol' Jane wuz helpin' to load Winchester shells when I took my saddle—'lowin' that I wanted to jine the fracas—an' lit up the creek after my pony. There's a lot of 'em comin', mister; al'ays is when there's shootin' goin' on, an' they'll git you if you don't vamose sudden! I don't like that ranch, nohow, an' I'm goin' to Montany, over in Gallatin, where I belong. So long an' good luck to you!' and before I could catch breath in my astonishment, he put spurs to his pony and clattered away.

"Then I looked at Bill. He stood, reins in hand, regarding me with a fishlike stare. I saw at once that he was a coward at heart; fear and suspicion mingled in the muddy depths of his eyes. He would go with the crowd.

"I knew my case was desperate. Such men as I had seen at Gray's Flats were sure to shoot at sight when they went after thiefs, real or supposed. At the least, they would split my precious logs to kindling-wood.

"Then I heard the whistle of a locomotive in a canyon behind us. Instantly my decision was made. A railroad station was on the mountain below. I would shoot my logs down there—ride with them if possible; if not, follow as best I could.

"Suddenly Bill spoke: 'Reckon you'd better cut dust young feller.'

"I looked at him sharply; his eyes wavered. 'Bill,' I said, 'we'll both cut dust—snow dust, straight down off this mountain. Turn your mules off the road there and down with you!'

"'W'y,' said he. 'You couldn't go.'

"'But we will go!' I declared; and I pulled my rifle from its holster among my trappings.

'Without another word Bill obeyed, and we started down the mountain. We were upon a bald ridge, a huge, barren, sugar-loaf pile. The surface was tolerably smooth, and here and there a tuft of sage-bush plucking through the snow. The descent soon became steep—twenty-three degrees at least—and its seemingly endless length melted into shadowy depths below. It was as if we were letting ourselves down over the edge of a cloud.

"The mules braced themselves at every step. Bill held the reins stiffly, while I walked behind, holding the rope which bound the logs. We had advanced perhaps eighty rods when one of the mules slipped, fell in a heap, turned half-around, in its loose harness, and slid in front of the runners until the piled-up snow blocked its progress. Bill plied the whip smartly until I bade him stop. I knew nothing could budge the creature.

"The rumble of the distant train now came to my ears like the mutter of a storm; and then, as I scanned the mountain-front below, Bill spoke again.

"'They're a-comin', boss!' he said, pointing eastward with his whip. I looked and saw, a mile away, nine galloping horsemen outlined distinctly against the snow on the side of the ridge. They would catch us in twenty minutes.

"'Quick, Bill!' I commanded, 'take your axe and cut the sled-tongue close to the roller. Don't hit the mule!'

"While he obeyed, I drew from between the logs a couple of stout ironwood poles which he had cut for hand-spike timber. When his axe had finished work, I handed him a couple of ten-dollar bills, to pay for his time and his sled. He understood, pocketed the money, seized one of the poles and began working the sled away from the mule.

"I took a firm seat, with my legs hugging the logs, at the rear end of the sled, rifle across my knees and ironwood pole in hand. And then, giving my runners a final shove, Bill gave me a look of positive admiration.

"'Good-bye, boss,' he said, in a friendly tone. Death threatened behind and before, and I was glad of a kindly word, even from a man who thought me a thief.

"For a half-mile the mountain had a tolerably even slope. I waved my hand at Bill, and saw beyond him, turning from the stage-road, my pursuers, almost within gunshot.

"I soon left them far behind. My speed,

great from the start, must quickly have exceeded that of an express-train. My sled responded to the steering-pole well enough to keep it from sluing. It ran erratically when the surface was uneven, like an arrow when the descent was smooth.

"My flight quickly became breathless, tremendous, with a pelting shower of snow-dust and a fierce jerk and grind of runners upon bare spots.

"I must have dropped down the mountain a half mile in thirty seconds or less, and was going at lightning speed, when suddenly my sled slued, and I dropped downwards as if from a tremendous height. I had a sensation of extreme lightness—my brain grew dizzy, my hold upon the logs suddenly weakened. I was blown free by the very wind of my descent, and tumbled heels over head until I finally brought up, sprawled at full length upon my back, battered, dizzy and faint—half-dead, in fact.

"When I staggered to my feet I found myself upon the bank of a deep railway cut—the bank piled against the foot of an almost perpendicular height above. How I had escaped death and broken bones heaven only knows; I cannot tell.

"One of my logs lay across the railroad track; the other stood nearly on end in the first ditch. A shattered sled-runner lay against the ends of the ties. My valise had struck the end of the bank and burst. My gun and the elk's head were nowhere in sight. I never recovered them.

"Then, hearing the heavy rumble of a train I scrambled down into the cut and reached my log as the locomotive appeared around a curve two hundred yards away. Bruised and sore as I was, I could have rolled the log off the rails, but I concluded to take no chances in stopping the train. I waved my arms.

"It was a freight-train, toiling slowly upgrade, and the engine was easily stopped. The engineer blew signals, and the conductor and two brakemen came forward.

"'Don't you know any better,' the conductor asked, severely, 'than to try to bring wood down this mountain Why didn't you kick that log off the track? We've got to run back more than a mile now to get a start!'

"And then the hatless, tumbled individual before him told his story as quickly and succintly as possible. He was a reasonable man, and saw that I was neither a bandit nor a madman.

"'I can believe you,' he said. 'There are some funny folks on these mountains—funny with a gun. We'll take you and your logs on, and fool 'em.' He motioned to his brakesmen to lend a hand.

"The logs were quickly thrown into an empty coal-car. As I mounted the caboose steps with the conductor he turned his eyes towards the top of the height. 'See,' he said, 'yonder are some of your friends now—hot as a red waggon, I guess. Lucky you fell off the mountain just as you did!'

"I looked and saw three men standing upon a projecting point, gesticulating violently. Evidently they had arrived where they were in time to see, or guess, what was going on. We left them gesticulating, and ran backwards at a rattling pace to where the track was level.

"I flung myself upon the cushions of one of the long bench seats in the caboose. My bones had been badly shaken, and I needed rest. As we ground slowly up a steep mountain grade I told the conductor all about my trip to Gray's Flats. While we were talking a brakesman rushed in at the door.

"'Say,' he shouted, 'those fellows are after us, tearing along a ridge ahead They'll catch us in the gap, sure!'

"The conductor ran to the rear platform and down upon the steps. I followed and leaned out above his head, holding to the railing. We were in time to see the men, ten of them—Bill Lamhorn with his mules doubtless of the number—riding furiously on the slope of a ridge about a mile in advance. The conductor snatched off his cap and signalled to the engineer. The engineer gave a feeble jerk and our speed quickened slightly.

"'He's doing all he can,' declared the conductor, 'and if he doesn't keep her wide open when we reach down-grade, those fellows 'll ditch this train in the gap!'

"'They wouldn't dare!' I said, in astonishment.

"'Dare!' he repeated. 'Men from those mountains hold up trains and stages as a business, and those fellows think you've robbed them, and probably that the conductor of this train is in the deal with you now.'

'We went into the car and sat down. In a few minutes we reached down-grade, and then we began to go.

"The engineer must, indeed, have 'held her wide open.'

"Both brakemen now came inside the caboose. Going to a storage room in the rear, they hurriedly dragged out several thick mattresses and some blankets and flung them upon the floor.

"Do as you see us do; there'll be shooting if we aint ditched!' yelled the conductor. I nodded. We were now going like the wind. The caboose jumped and bounded as we struck the joints of rails or rough spots on the track. And still the train ran faster and faster, rocking and swaying so that we had to cling to our seats.

"We simply thundered down the mountain, we tore through cuts and canyons, crashed over bridges, ground, jumped, swung, and swayed. And high above all the uproar sounded a shrill, unearthly whistle—a continuous, sibilant scream of defiance.

"Few men get such two rides as those I had on that adventurous day. Just as I believed we were going off the track to finish in a grand wreck of kindling wood and iron, the train shot out into the open space and upon level track, and ran more evenly.

"'Down with you now!' shouted the conductor. My companions flung themselves upon their blankets and pulled the heavy seat cushions down to shield their sides. I did as they did, but none too soon; for mingling with the roar of the train and the scream of its whistle came sounds like the popping of corn in a covered kettle. Then came a crash of glass and a shower of splinters.

"It was all over in a breath. The whistle ended its scream in a series of triumphant toots. The train slackened its speed. We scrambled to our feet unhurt. Fourteen bullets had gone through the car. The men had been near, their guns almost touched us, and their bullets had ranged upwards over the seats.

"Will you try to have those men arrested for the damage done to your car?' I asked the conductor.

"'No,' said he; 'couldn't identify 'em. Wish they'd shoot the top off this old caboose,' he added, smiling cheerfully. 'Maybe the company would send out a decent car.'

"I rode with him into Montana and brought my timber home over the Northern Pacific. The wood is worth all it cost, but I shouldn't care to repeat the experience."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

UNIQUE BOOKS UNKNOWN TO BIBLIOGRAPHERS.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Dear Sir.—The "English Literary Bookseller" for last couple of years is becoming quite an interesting and picturesque character.

"The Irish Bookseller" is not yet, in this respect, to the front, though he has had for many years a good hunting-ground for unique copies of books unknown to Bibliographers. I shall give a sample or two for your next issue, to be followed by five or six others "pour encourager les autres."

(1) "The Compleat Confectioner; or, the Whole Art of Confectionery Made Plain and Easy." By H(annah) Glasse, author of "Art of Cookery." Dublin: John Exshaw, 1742.

Mrs. Glasse, up to the publication of this letter, seemed a literary myth, her name being put in square brackets, and with note of interrogation, and described by Mr. W. Davenport Adams, in his "Dictionary of Literature" ("Eng. Authors and Their Works," Cassell), as a "Habit-maker," "a real or fictitious author," etc., and her works were attributed to Sir John Hill, Physician.

Though her "Art of Cookery" was a well-known book in Dublin in 1742, an Edition of it published in London in 1747 (folio) was and is called the First Edition, and sells for £30 or £40

Mrs. Glasse, in her dedication of this work "To the Housekeepers of Great Britain and Ireland," says: 'I have said nothing on Cookery, having already written fully on that subject in a work entitled 'The Art of Cookery Made Plain and Easy,' which, together with this book, I flatter myself will be sufficient to compleat the young and inexperienced ladies in every branch of housekeeping. I am, with the greatest respect, ladies, your most obedient humble servant—H. Glasse." (1742).

This clever lady, who made "habits" of "taste" and "skill" more durable than brass, will probably yet figure among our "Irish Worthies." Her mythical character is now dissipated, and her nationality being most probably Irish, it behoves the leisured and studious to find her a pedigree.

JAMES HAYES (Bookseller).

Ennis.

RIGHT HON. HUMPHREY FRENCH, M.P., LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Can any of your readers give any particulars of the family, etc., of Humphrey French, who was Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1732, and M.P. for the city in 1733. His portrait is in the National Gallery.

E. I. F.

THE GIRL IN GREY.

An old man seared by age, with hoary locks,
With blinking, bloodshot eyes and halting gait,
Shading his straining gaze with palsied hand,
Stood by the porch to wait.

She whom he waited came not forth, so he
Dragging his weary limbs to batter'd door,
Enter'd the threshold of that stately pile
Whence she would come no more.

"Where art thou?" came in accents torn with doubt
That echo answered mockingly. And then
Throughout the empty desolated house
Deep silence reigned again.

The bow'd and broken figure on the stair
Made pause just where a dainty foot print lay,
Then stoop'd to kiss the spot whereon had stood
Erstwhile the Girl in Grey.

Long, long ago, for one brief fleeting pulse
Of throbbing day, upon that hallow'd place,
With wildly-beating heart as youth he stood
Entranc'd by her fair face.

Her perfumed breath and tresses swept his cheek,
Now wither'd by the cruel blast of Time;
Her dark and soulful eyes were raised to his
In tender glance sublime.

Now met him but the echo of that past
Eternal-buried memorable day,
And ne'er again, except in dreams, he saw
The lovely Girl in Grey.

—H.E.G., in the "St. James's Gazette."

AN IRISH WIZARD OF STATISTICS.

THE LATE MICHAEL G. MULHALL.

By W. J. CROKE, LL.D.

Michael G. Mulhall was the third son of Thos. Mulhall, a lawyer of St. Stephen's Green, Dublin. After his studies at the Irish College in Rome, he withdrew to South America, where he published the first English book known to have been printed in that continent and a handbook of the River Plate which went through five editions. In 1861 he founded the Buenos Ayres Standard, the first English daily newspaper printed in South America. He published the following works on statistics: "The Progress of the World," 1880; "The Balance Sheet of the World," 1882; "The Dictionary of Statistics," 1884, republished in 1887, in 1892, and again in 1899; "The Wealth and Industries of Nations," 1896; "National Progress in the Queen's Reign," published in 1887, and reissued on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of her Gracious Majesty in 1897.

From 1880 onward he was a constant contributor to the North American Review and to the Contemporary Review, and to Section F of the British Association. In 1884 he was elected to membership in the council of the association. He also attended the Anglo-American Scientific Congress which was held in the same year at Philadelphia.

I have copied these data, not from public sources of information, but from certain manuscript notes of my own, for Mr. Mulhall, who was always my good and warm friend, was once my victim; he submitted to a tiresome and curious questioning, and answered while I wrote out page after page of his recollections.

These pages, which I now consult and use for the first time, were headed with a different title, but they illustrate a very important thesis. Mr. Mulhall, they show, was a self-made man: one of the greatest of the kind, but withal one of the most typical; a student who rough-hewed out of journalism the means wherewith to satisfy those necessities of his nature by which he was to become "the wizard of statistics." Stumbling blocks proved stepping stones to a giant of his skill and courage. From being an ecclesiastical student at the Irish College in Rome, he passed to be a journalist in South America.

That, indeed, it was not merely in despite of his journalism that he eventually attained to pre-eminence in the statistical science, but on account of it, he avowed in this interview: "Being for twenty-five years editor of a daily paper, the first English daily paper in South America, the Buenos Ayres Standard, I felt the want of a dictionary of statistics. So giving up the paper, I set to work. The newspapers generally seem to appreciate the usefulness of the work. I made it my aim to produce a statistical dictionary where you could find everything. It was the only one in the language. It occupied me for nine years."

"That's your international work?"

"Yes, but all my works are international. Such also was 'The Wealth and Industries of Nations' which Longmans brought out in '96."

"Have you a machine for calculating with?" I asked, thinking of the valuable statistical machine invented by Senator Bodio, of Rome.

"I've no machine. I do all my sums myself. (He had the most prodigious memory and lightning facility in his mathematical exercitations.) Yes, it's great labour. Sometimes 500 sums in the rule of three have to be done for a single page of a book. The labour is much greater than the general public imagines. One may spend a week over a page. Outside of my books I've only written in the Contemporary and the North American. Each article averages ten pages. No such production ever takes less than three weeks of steady work at ten hours a day."

He was, however, well paid for his work in the periodicals, and last year he received the offer of a thousand pounds sterling for a review of a new work.

"And how do you set about your work?"

"I first get an idea into my head, and then I work everything out by comparison. Statistics, Jevons says, are chiefly useful for comparison. If not compared, with past or present data, they are merely piles of figures."

"But you cannot compare unequal things"

"Well, now, for instance. My test of crime is not the number of crimes committed, but the number of people in prison on one day, as compared with the number of people out of prison. I sub-classify the trials and convictions. But the results are unequal, and, therefore, I have recourse to a comparison of the figures thus arrived at with the total of population."

His "Dictionary of Statistics," as brought out with a supplement in 1899, is the largest statistical work ever published, and its comprehensiveness is curiously suggestive in regard to its author's methods of work. He by no means disdained to collect newspaper cuttings. He also confessed to me that when seeking principles of classification he was in the habit of passing through Dr. Johnson's 'Dictionary,' and taking each noun substantive and verb active, and setting them out as heads for and under which statistical matter might be discovered and arranged. Here the newspaper cuttings came into play. Or, taking tobacco for an instance, he explained how he made up the principal divisions of his knowledge of the weed. As to the outline and in the rough, he described it to be this:

"First, I calculate the production of tobacco, say in Italy, by the number of acres, which, in this country are under production, by what would be the average yield per acre; then I consider the estimate of the imports and exports of each province, and last of all the consumption. For example, Italy has so many tons; it consumes so much; it has a net total of imports as over exports," etc.

Thus much as regards his own methods of work as a statistician. With regard to the common opportunities of all students of the dry, fascinating science, he said:

"Every government brings out statistics in a more or less regular form. Italy does it in a complete and compendious way, its Annuario. Its statistical office is excellent."

On a previous occasion, many years before, and then again, he had described Senator Bodio to me as "the greatest statistician in the world"—a title which long before and afterwards was generally given to himself. He found it "very hard to explain" why there existed in England such a strong prejudice against Italian science and scientists.

"In Great Britain," he said, "every one does for himself, and God for us all. The Board of Trade, however, publishes a 'Statistical Abstract' yearly. For a long time the Royal Society refused to receive among its members anyone who belonged to the Royal Statistical Society (which, by the way, now languishes), as it denied that statistics constituted a science at all. The Royal Society is the 'blue ribbon' of science; it is probably the highest scientific distinction in Europe; higher than the Academy of France. Sir Robert Giffen is now a member of it.

"America spends very much more care over statistics than England does. It publishes annually a valuable 'Statistical Abstract of the United States.' This is more complete by far than anything which we possess in Great Britain, a larger book, and one touching on more subjects than any of ours.

"In Great Britain, population statistics are obtainable from the Registrar General at Somerset House; and again from the Agricultural Department; commercial statistics are given out by the Board of Trade. Ireland and Scotland however, stand apart. Help of the sort in regard to them may, none the less, be had from the Board of Trade, and from the Custom House while the Registrar General is provided with registers of every birth, death, and marriage in the United Kingdom.

"The American production, which we have mentioned, is one of the best, but they have no vital statistics, because they possess no register of births, deaths, etc. Nothing in the world can compare with their agricultural statistics."

"Do the various national statistical offices send you their respective publications?"

"Our own government does not; eight governments do, I think; those of the United States, Canada, Australia, Italy, Austria, and Switzerland do; I have to pay for those issued by our own government. They come to Killiney Peak (his country-seat near Dublin, and, with Rome, his ordinary place of residence of late years) in the poultry cart, which brings up the provisions for our house. On them and on the other materials, I work for nine or ten hours a day, every day, namely, from 8 to 12 and from 1 to 5, and I devote a few more hours to the same study at night."

"And as to your method of procedure?"

"I add to the data afforded by these official reports such other data as are to be found in 'The Statesman's Year Book,' 'The Almanach de Gotha,' and the works of certain continental statisticians."

But much of the basis of all his work, especially at the outset of his career, was, he averred cuttings from the despised and reviled newspapers of the entire world.

To my interruption made for inquiry at this point, he replied that he consulted hardly any American statistician, unless it were "Dr. Wright, an excellent statistician, the representative par excellence of the United States of America." Such is the entry in my notes, and I take it to refer to Carroll D. Wright, of Washington.

"What has been the special tendency, and what the particular characteristic of your work?"

"I will tell you. The great drawback in statistical science hitherto has been that each government or country worked apart. My task has been the study of international statistics, the comparison of country with country. The first who took up this branch of work was M. Bloch, about 1852, a Frenchman, as you know. Then a student named Neumann-Spaillart worked very successfully on the same lines. He died about 1888. His mantle has fallen on Juraschek, a very good man, another Austrian, who is the author of a survey of the industries of mankind, 'Ueber-sichten,' etc. Two others should be mentioned in this sphere of investigation—Meyer, now retired, who was official statistician to the Bavarian government, and Herr Engel, who was the official statistician to the King of Prussia, but who was dismissed from his charge after a quarrel with Prince Bismarck. He has since died. Engel was very strong on steam statistics, and on those affecting the condition and the cost of living among the working classes. There were in all but four, or perhaps only three, others of us who laboured in this province of statistics—Levasseur, Jaures, and myself. Levasseur does very good work."

Thus frankly and simply, as well as modestly, did he characterise and sketch his great life-work and describe its direction and aim. Of its success others have spoken in unmeasured terms of praise. Not the least grateful of all tributes was the universal recognition of his super-eminence which was freely rendered to him by the Press of every land that nourishes germs of culture. It would be easy, and even appropriate, to recite some of the compliments which created for him the reputation of being a magician rather than a calculator, a seer more than a statistician; to show the marvels of his high-wrought mathematics and the exactness of his reckoned foresight—as, for instance, his almost precise conjecture of what the latest American census would prove to be the population of the United States, but this and the like tasks should be performed with authority by others who are more than mere sciolists in statistics. I content myself here with reproducing in all possible exactness the notes which I made and which may approve themselves the sole revelation ever given by the retiring and modest scholar of the secret working of his half-miraculous power.

MONASTIC ANTIQUITIES OF IRELAND.



FROM GROSE'S "ANTIQUITIES OF IRELAND, 1791.

EXPLANATION OF THE FIGURES IN ABOVE PICTURE.

The picture given above is accompanied by a brief chapter entitled "The Monastic Antiquities of Ireland," in which Grose tells us that he gives the names and number of houses belonging to each Order that formerly flourished in Ireland, as they have been collected by Harris; for the late Mr. Archdall's Work is very defective in not having such a Synoptical Table; as there are many more than stated by Harris belonging to each Order.

	Houses.
Regular Canons of St Austin	... 220
Nuns of St Austin	... 65
Canons of St Victor	... 7
Knights Hospitallers	... 23
Præmonstratensian Canons	... 8
Crutched Friars	... 13
Trinitarians	... 1
Benedictines	... 9
Benedictine Nuns	... 5
Cistercians	... 40
Cistercian Nuns	... 2
Dominicans	... 40
Franciscans, or Grey Friars	... 70
Observantine Franciscans	... 9
Third Order of St Francis	... 37
Austin Hermits	... 24
Carmelites	... 20

It is no easy matter to be exact as to the number of Religious Foundations of each, because some of them were suppressed, and others consolidated, frequently according to the will of the Toparch in whose country they were situated.

The names of the Orders delineated on the above Plate, the number of each Figure refers to its respective Order.

	Figure
An Augustinian Nun	1
A Regular Canon of St Augustine	... 2
A Nun of St Bridget	... 3
A Regular Canon of St Victor	... 4
A Regular Canon of the Præmonstratensians	... 5
A Canon Regular of St Gilbert	... 6
A Benedictine Monk	... 7
A Benedictine Nun	... 8
A Cistercian Monk	... 9
A Dominican Friar	... 10
A Conventual Franciscan	11
An Observantine Franciscan	12
A Franciscan of the Strict Observance	13
A Trinitarian for the Redemption of Captives	... 14
A Carmelite Friar	... 15
An Augustinian Hermit	... 16
A Knight Templar	... 17
A Knight of St John of Jerusalem	... 18

THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE
OF THE
COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK.

BOOK I.

Containing a Natural, Civil, Ecclesiastical, Historical, and Topographical Description thereof.

By CHARLES SMITH, M.D.

Æquum est enim meminisse & me, qui discerem hominem esse, et vos, qui Judicetis ut fi probabilia dicentur, nihil ultra requiratis. Cicero Univers.

In Two Volumes.

VOL I.

The Second Edition, with Additions.

Chapter I.—Continued.

Thus, having given an ample detail of the old Irish septs and ancient territories in this county, I proceed to lay before the reader an account of the grants made to the first English adventurers by the kings of England.

This kingdom being reduced to the power of the English, and publicly proclaimed so to be, King Henry II. distributed large possessions to the several adventurers who had assisted in the reduction of it. This monarch granted the whole kingdom of Cork to Robert Fitz-Stephen (38) and Milo de Cogan. The words of the charter are as follows:

"Henry, by the grace of God, King of England, and Duke of Normandy and Aquitain, and Earl of Anjou; to all archbishops, abbots, earls, barons, justices, and all his ministers and faithful subjects, French, English, and Irish, greeting. Know ye that I have granted, and by this charter confirmed, to Robert Fitz-Stephen and Milo de Cogan the government of my city of Cork, with the cantred which belonged to the Ostmen of the said city, which I retain in my own hands; to have and to hold them together during my pleasure ,and as long as they shall serve me faithfully. I, moreover, by this my charter, give, grant, and confirm to them and their heirs all the kingdom of Cork, except the said city and the before-mentioned cantred, which I retain in my own hands; to hold to them and their heirs, of me and my son John, and our heirs, by an exact division towards the cape of Saint Brandon on the sea-coast, and towards Limerick and other parts, and as far as the water near Lismore, which runs between Lismore and Cork and falls into the sea, by the service of 60 knights, to be performed thereout to me and my son John and our heirs; the service of 30 knights to be performed by the said Robert and his heirs; and the service of 30 knights by the said Milo and his heirs. Wherefore, I will and strictly command that the said Robert and Milo shall have and hold the government of the said city and cantred, in manner as is before mentioned: and that they and their heirs shall have and hold all the kingdom aforesaid, except the said city and cantred (which I retain in my own hands), from me and my son John and our heirs, by an exact division, as is above described; well and peaceably, freely and quietly, entirely, fully and honourably, in wood and in plain, in meadows and pastures, in waters and mills, in warrens, ponds, and fishings, in ways and paths, and in all other places and things belonging thereto; with all their liberties and free customs; so that from the aforesaid river that runs between Lismore and Cork, the whole land as far as Waterford, together with the city of Lismore, shall remain in my hands for the government of Waterford. Witnesses present: John, bishop of Norwich; Adam, bishop of Asaph; and Augustine, bishop of Waterford; Richard de Lacy, William Fitz-Adelm, my sewer, Hugh de Lacy, Hugh de Burid, Roger Fitz-Remsey, Maurice de Prendergast, Robert Dene, Robert Fitz-Eliodore Jeoffrey Poer, and Harvey de Monte Marisco. At Oxford."

This charter seems to be granted about the year 1177; for at that time, according to Hoveden (39), "the king came to Oxenford, and, in a general council there held, created his son John king in Ireland, by the grant and confirmation of pope Alexander."

Two years after, Fitz-Stephen and Cogan came to a partition of seven cantreds, which Giraldus Cambrensis (40), who lived at that time, thus describes: "Therefore, Dermod of Desmond (41), being brought to terms, and other powerful men of those parts, Fitz-Stephen and Milo divided seven cantreds between them, which were contiguous to the city, and which they then possessed in great security; three of which, eastward, fell to Fitz-Stephen's lot, and four, westward, to Milo's: the one had the fewer in his division because they were the best, and the other had the larger number because they were of worse quality. The government of the city remained in common to them both, and the tribute of the other 24 cantreds, which remained undivided, was to be equally distributed between them, when they should be brought under subjection." Cambrensis has left us but very imperfect accounts of the distribution made by Fitz-Stephen and Cogan to others, the death of Cogan, which happened in 1184, putting some stop to the undertaking. But the confirmation charters of King John, granted in the 8th year of his reign, afford some light in this matter; for he then "confirmed to William de Barry the donation made by Robert Fitz-Stephen (to Philip de Barry, his sister's son (42), and father of the said William, whose heir he was) of three cantreds in his lands of Cork, i.e., Olethan, with all its appurtenances, and of two other cantreds, i.e., Muscherie-Dunegan, and the cantred of Killede, by the service of ten knights, as the charter of the said Robert, which he had thereof, testified." Thus far the charter of confirmation, which agrees with the charter of Fitz-Stephen, except that the two cantreds of Muscherie-Dunegan and Killede, granted to Philip de Barry, are not mentioned therein by name; but he was to have two cantreds in the kingdom of Cork, such as should fall to him by casting lots. King John's charter of confirmation of Fitz-Stephen's grant to Philip Barry is enrolled (43) de anno 21

(38) Robert Fitz-Stephen was son to Stephen, constable of the castles of Abertiny and Pembroke, and Anne daughter to Rees Gruffdyth, prince of south Wales. She had been concubine to king Henry I., by whom he had a son Henry, father to Miles and Robert Fitz-Henry, who were also adventurers under Strongbow. Her second husband was Gerald ancestor to the Fitz-Geralds, by whom she had Maurice and William; which Maurice came into Ireland with Robert Fitz-Stephen, anno 1169 or 1170, and took Wexford, whereby a way was opened for conquering this kingdom. Robert had two sons, Radolph and Mereduk who died in Cork, March 14, 1179-80 greatly lamented, and was slain in 1185, with Milo de Cogan, the younger, who was some time Governor of Dublin, and joint sharer with his father in the kingdom of Cork between Waterford and Lismore, by treachery, having (according to Giraldus Cambrensis) but a little before married the daughter of Milo de Cogan.

This Robert Fitz-Stephen, after his father, was also Governor of Cardigan or Abertiny castle in Wales, and ancestor to the FitzStephens of this country, now extinct. He was the first Englishman that landed in Ireland in an hostile manner, with 30 knights, 60 esquires, and 300 foot soldiers, and after several successes, he was by king Henry II. together with Hugh de Lacy, Maurice Fitz-Gerald, his half-brother, and Robert de Bruce, made joint governors of Ireland.

(39) In vita Hen. II.

(40) Expugnanat. Hib. lib. 2., cap. 18.

(41) Mac-Carty.

(42) This Philip de Barry succeeded his elder brother Robert de Barry, who was the first man (says Cambrensis) that was wounded in the conquest of this kingdom, and was also the first who ever manned the hawke in this island. The same author gives a noble character of him, and says, "he was a man rather ambitious to be eminent, than to seem so."

This family hath afforded several eminent persons, besides the above Robert de Barry, viz., Giraldus Cambrensis, who in 1185, attended king John into Ireland, in quality of his secretary, and was Bishop of St David's, alias Mi'nevia in Wales, and refused the bishopricks of Ferns and Leighlin, in Ireland, which were then vacant. During his stay here he collected materials for his topography of Ireland, and his vatinical history of the conquest of it: but finished them in England. 2. Sir David de Barry, who was lord justice of Ireland, anno 1267. He subdued the Mac-Cartys in this county, founded the abbey of Buttevant, and enlarged the revenues of that of Ballybeg, founded by his grandfather, Philip de Barry. 3. Gerald de Barry, lord bishop of Cork, anno 1359. 4. James Barry, lord Buttevant (anno 1555.) 5. David viscount Buttevant, who did great service in Tyrone's rebellion, in 1601. 6. David, the first earl of Barrymore, who served against the Scots, anno 1639, and in the Irish rebellion of 1641, as will further be seen in the annals of this county.

There is an island, called Barry Island, on the S. W. coast of Glamorganshire in Wales; which, with a castle on the opposite shore, had their names from this family.

(43) Harris's Ware, p. 195.

Eliz., and Fitz-Stephen's grant is in the same roll; the former whereof bears date the 21st of Feb. regni Johannis 8vo (44). "He also granted to Adam de Rupe (or Roch) the cantred of Rosselihir, with all its appurtenances, save the demesnes of the bishop of that see, by the service of five knights; also to Richard de Cogan, the cantred of Muscrie-O'Millane, with the appurtenances, by the service of five knights, lying between the harbour of Cork and the port of Insovenagh, and 25 Knights fees, which he ordered to be set out to him in some other place, by the advice of Meiler Fitz-Henry, lord-justice of Ireland, and John Mareschall, by the service of 4 knights: saving to the king, and his heirs, the aforesaid harbour, and his own demesnes. Also, to Robert Fitz-Martin, 20 knights fees in the cantreds of Insovenagh, and 20 knights fees in some other place, which he ordered to be set out to him by the advice of Meiler Fitz-Henry, lord-justice of Ireland, and John Mareschall, and Philip de Prendergast, by the service of 4 knights, in full of all services." Lastly, he gave to two brothers, "Henry and Maurice Fitz-Philip, one cantred of land, in which Dunalahoth is situated, by the service of 5 knights."

In the reign of King Edward III., Thomas de Carew set up a title as heir to Fitz-Stephen, to all his share of that great estate. But by an inquisition taken at Cork, before Sir Anthony Lucy, Lord Justice, on the 31st of August, the 5th of Edw. III., it was found "that Robert Fitz-Stephen died seized of the moiety of the estate granted by King Henry II. to him and Cogan; and that the said Fitz-Stephen was a bastard, and died without issue of his body; that the claim of Thomas de Carew, asserting that he and his ancestors were heirs to Fitz-Stephen, could not be true, because the said Fitz-Stephen was a bastard, and died without heir of his body (45); and further, that the said Fitz-Stephen, in his life-time, enfeoffed Maurice Fitz-Thomas, before he was created earl of Desmond, of the castle and manor of Dunemarke, and the moiety of the estate granted to him by King Henry II. (46)"

(44) By an inquisition taken at Cork, before William de Rote, prior of the hospital of St John of Jerusalem, chief justice of Ireland, on the eve of St Bartholomew, 29 of Edward III. 1355, it appeared from the oath of Gerald FitzMaurice and others that it would not be the king's loss, nor to any others, if the king granted William Barry power to bestow one carucate of land, with its appurtenances, in Cleynboly, in the great island the the advowson of the church of Downgourney; and leave to John Barry, to give 20 parcels of land in Muscry O-Lethan, and Ibawne, and to John Fitz-Gerald, to give one carucate and half of land in Garanacor in Ibawne, and the advowson of the church of Rathratha, and two acres of land in Kylmide, in Kinaletha, with the advowson of that church, etc.

(45) A collateral branch cannot be heir to a bastard nor any one but the issue of his body.

(46) This title was again set up in the reign of queen Elizabeth, anno 1568, by Sir Peter Carew, who brought his cause before the lords of the council, and came to Ireland very welll recommended, being fully resolved to prosecute the recovery of this ancient estate; who, besides other lands in Leinster, laid claim to one half of the kingdom of Cork, viz. Imokilly, Tyrbarry, Muskery, Tyrcourcy, Carbery, Kinalmeaky, Collymore and Collybeg (two territories, near Skibbereen, in West Carbery); Ivaugh and Synnagh O-Donovan, Bantry, Bear, Minterbarry, Clandonogh, Cloigboigh, Iveragh, Kerrycurrihy, Clanmoris, Iragticonnor; (these two last in Kerry), Duhallow, and Coshbride.

This sir Peter Carew sent his agent, John Hooker, to Cork, where he had a solemn meeting with Mac-Carthy Reagh, sir Cormac Mac-Teig, lord Muskery, Barry-Oge, O-Driscol, O-Daly, and others. They proposed to advance 3,000 kine, with sheep, hogs, and corn in proportion for the present; and that if sir Peter would live among them, they would pay him an annual reasonable rent. Upon which Hooker took an house for sir Peter at Cork, and another at Kingsale. But as sir Peter was travelling to Cork, he fell ill at Ross, in the county of Wexford, and died there the 27th of November, 1575. Cox, vol. 1. p. 327.

(47) The Carews of Ireland are said, by Cambden and other genealogists, to be descended from Arnolph de Montgomery who built the castle of Pembroke, in Wales. He had the title of that earldom, and afterwards fortified his castle in the behalf of his brother the earl of Shrewsbury, in the time of his rebellion against King Henry I. They were both banished the realm, anno 1112; and this Arnolph being outlawed, the castle of Pembroke came to the crown. Odericus Vitalis, p. 573. (who was a monk of Utica, and a writer of the Norman history), says that he married Lafracoth, a daughter of one of the kings of Ireland, and their posterity took the name of Carew, from Carew Castle in Pembrokeshire.

Anno 3d Edward II, 1310, the king issued a precept to Maurice de Carew to distrain the lands of David le Barry, and Maurice Fitz-Gerald, for services and duties due to him, as lord of several of their possessions. Bibl. Lamb. L. fol. 38.

In the same place, may be seen a note of such lands as Thomas Fitz-Maurice held of Maurice de Carew, at the death of the said Thomas, which were forfeited to the king; but restored again to Maurice de Carew, anno 1312.

In the same library, there is a grant from John de Carew, lord of the manor of Castle-Cork, to Richard Fitz-Peter de Carew, of the custody of all the lands belonging to George Fitz-Adam, dated anno 1334. Ibid. fol. 23.

Anno 1340, the king issued writs to the sheriffs of Cork and Kilkenny, to possess John de Carew, of the manor of Clonmentach. Ibid. fol. 35.

Anno 1567, the possession of Castle-Cork and all other lands belonging to this family, in this county, were delivered into the hands of Richard, the son of sir Peter Carew, which amounted to near one half of the county, as appears from MSS. in the same place.

About this time, sir Peter Carew first petitioned sir Henry Sidney, then lord deputy of Ireland, and not only laid claim to a vast estate in this county, but also to the lands of Ballimaclethea, in Odrone against sir Christopher Chever; which petition, with sir Peter's answer, and the names of such lands as he claimed in this county, may be seen at large in the Lambeth Library. See also further concerning this claim, in the fourth book of this work.

(48) Hooker, p. 46. Manmer, p. 158. Brady, p. 369.

(49) Anno 1601, when sir George Carew, lord president of Munster, was in the west of this county, he and his army quartered at Dunemarke, a castle in Bantry bay; which the author of Pacata Hibern. calls Carew Castle, and says it belonged to the president's ancestors.

Anno 1304, an order issued to pardon Maurice de Carew £400 arrears, which he owed the king for his lands in Desmond, because he was serving the king in Scotland. Manuscript. in Bib. Lamb.

For want of male issue, the kingdom of Cork descended to daughters, and notwithstanding what was found by the abovementioned inquisition, which was much influenced by the power of Maurice Fitz-Thomas Fitz-Gerald, the first Earl of Desmond (47), a large part of this country came, by marriage, to (48) Robert de Carew and Patrick de Courcey, who enjoyed it, anno 20 Henry III., viz., about the year 1236. De-Courcey's part was afterwards subdivided among daughters, who were heirs general of that ancient family. The Carews were styled Marquisses of Cork, and built the castles of Ardentully, Dunkerron, and Dunemarke (49), in the west of this country; and others in Imokilly, to protect them from the natives. The chief men of this family, with many other English settled here, removed into England upon the breaking out of the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, to the great prejudice of the English interest in this country. De-Courcey, who remained in Ireland, besides dividing his lands as portions to his daughters, lost many of them by force, and, in particular, the cantred and castle of Kilbritton, which were wrested from him by Mac-Carty Reagh, who, with numbers of the Irish, attacked the few English that remained in this part of the kingdom. Notwithstanding, this ancient and noble family enjoys a considerable estate to this day, in the barony called, from them, Courcey's country, and have constantly preserved their loyalty untainted, being never concerned in any rebellion against the Crown of England. Their ancient seat was, for many ages, at Dun Mac-Patrick, so called from Patrick de Courcey, who gave the name of Mac-Patrick to his posterity. This place, in ancient records, is said to have been a royal seat of the kings of Ireland, being called Duncearma. The Right Hon. Gerald de Courcey, the present Lord Kingsale, quarters the arms of Cogan, in right of the marriage with the daughter and heir of Milo de Cogan, the first grantee of the kingdom of Cork (50).

(To be Continued.)

(50) The ancient nobility in this county, in Henry IVth's time, according to a letter than said to be wrote by the inhabitants, were, the lord marquis Carew whose yearly revenue was £2,200 per ann. The lord Barnwell, of Bearhaven, who had £1,600 per ann. The lord Uggan, of the great Castle £1,500 per ann. The lord Balram, of Emforle, his revenue £1,300. Lord Courcey, of Kilbritton, his revenue £1,500 sterl. The lord Mandeville, of Barnhelly, £1,200 sterl. The lord Arundel, of the Strand £1,500 per ann.. The lord baron of the Gaurd, £1,100. The lord Slinie, of Baltimore, £800 sterl. per ann. The lord Roche of Poole Castle, his revenue, besides havens and creeks, (which the letter takes notice all the other lords had), £1,000 per ann.

This letter says that the king had all Barry Oge's estate by forfeiture, worth £1,800 sterl; and desires that those lords and the Irish may be bound over, upon pain of life and goods, not to make war upon each other, by which the country was brought to destruction, and the Irish who were formerly drove to the mountains of Glanerought, were now returned, and became stronger than the English, of whom only the lords Roche, Courcey, and Barry then remained; and requests that proper persons may be sent over to command the English, and quiet the country. See the letter, at large, in Campion, p. 94. Sir Richard Cox, vol. 1. p. 162. says this letter was wrote in Henry VIth's time, anno 1449. But I have seen a letter from archbishop Usher, to the lord Courcey, dated at Drogheda, Dec. 12, 1626 (of which I took a copy), wherein the primate says, this letter was wrote in Henry IVth's time, and gives an account of the lords Courcey mentioned in several ancient records, which he furnished lord Kingsale with, on occasion of a dispute between that lord and sir Dominick Sarsfield, who was created viscount Kingsale by King Charles I., but was obliged afterwards to change his title for that of Killmallock.

LILLITHE.

She sleeps a dreamless sleep, my stricken flower;
Her life went out like the soft breath of rose
Or lily in its gentle evening close:
She died as violets die—my fragile flower.

The tender snow-drop nestles on her tomb,
And tearful evening-buds infold, in closing,
The latest struggling ray that gilds the gloom,
To warm the sod where my love lies reposing.

And watchful spirits through the summer air,
In bird-like forms, and hues of glorious dye,
Wing to their tuneful requiem for the fair,
And kindred joy that's perished from the eye.

THE HEAT OF THE SUN.

By PROFESSOR JOHN TROWBRIDGE.

The sun is so constantly before us that we do not often stop to consider what an enormous object it is, and what an immense amount of energy it is pouring forth every second. If the sun were a hollow ball and the earth were placed at its centre, the moon could still revolve at its distance of two hundred and thirty-nine thousand miles around the earth inside this hollow ball.

Indeed, its path would be little more than half-way between the centre of the earth and the sun's surface, which would be four hundred and thirty-three thousand miles from us, if the earth were placed at the centre of the hollow ball which represents the size of the sun. We shall see that the sun is hotter than electric arc light, which melts all known substances, and one of the greatest questions which puzzles scientific men is to account for the work which this heat does in the vast regions of space; for only the two-billionth part of it produces trees and grass and supports the life of creatures on this earth.

One of the best ways of realising the intense heat of the sun is to use a burning-glass or a lens and concentrate the heat rays on a piece of paper. One can thus speedily burn a hole in the paper.

Not long since, an old felt hat was discovered to be on fire in one of the laboratories of Harvard University. How the fire could have started in the hat was a great puzzle, for it was on a table apparently removed from every object which was combustible, and the only other object on the table was a peculiarly shaped water-bottle. The mystery was soon solved. When the afternoon sun shone into the laboratory room the water-bottle collected the sun's rays and concentrated them like a burning-glass on the hat.

Sometimes one discovers black spots on leaves of trees which are caused by the drops of dew concentrating the rays of the sun. These drops are also little burning-glasses. It is an interesting experiment to make a lens out of ice, and burn a piece of paper by means of rays which have passed through such a cold body.

We can similarly concentrate the heat of the sun by mirrors. The best form of mirror is similar to that which is placed behind the headlight of a locomotive. This mirror is not flat; it has a curved surface and it can bring the sun's rays of light to a focus—the very place where the headlight is placed. This headlight sends its rays to the curved mirror, which in turn sends out a straight beam of light along the track in front of the engine.

When such a mirror is turned to the sun it sends a straight beam into the mirror and, as we have said, this beam is brought to a focus where the light is placed. Thus the sun produces a light at the focus of the mirror, and if the mirror be large enough, can melt every known substance at the focus—can burn an iron nail like a match.

From experiments with large mirrors, we know that the heat of the sun must be capable of melting all known metals, and glass and porcelain; for the sun must be even hotter than the focus of the largest mirror we can construct, since the wall exposed to a blazing fire cannot be hotter than the fire itself.

It has often been proposed to use the great heat of the sun to propel vehicles. It is said, "Why can't we mount mirrors in such a way that they will concentrate the heat of the sun on a boiler placed at the focus—just where the headlight of an engine is placed? The heat in the boiler could be converted into steam, and this steam could be used to propel the vehicle. With a suitably constructed flying-machine the sun might lift us above the surface of the earth and draw us to himself across the ocean of space."

If this were possible, we should be frozen to death when we left the warm atmosphere of the earth, and we should be burnt up when we got as near to the sun as the moon is to the earth.

It may seem very singular that we should be frozen to death as we approach nearer the sun until we get within a certain distance, and that our bodies should then be burned as if in a fiery furnace. Once, in ascending a mountain in Switzerland, at a height more than twice that of Mount Washington, my face was badly burned, although my body felt very cold, and I should have been frozen to death if I, thinly clad, had remained long at this altitude. Thick woollen garments act just like the atmosphere of the earth. They retain the heat and prevent its rapid loss by radiating away into space.

The heat grows more intense as we approach the sun. At first the rays radiate very rapidly after they have struck, so to speak, the human body. When we approach quite near the sun the intense heat cannot be radiated away fast enough to prevent the complete burning of all known objects and their conversion into vapour.

The atmosphere surrounding the earth acts like a blanket in keeping the earth warm, by preventing the rapid radiation of heat into cold space. This atmosphere extends to a distance, certainly, of five hundred miles above the earth, but it is extremely thin at such a height, and a body at the height of five hundred miles would quickly lose the heat it receives from the sun.

The sun, too, has an atmosphere which probably extends to the enormous distance of two hundred thousand miles from his surface. This atmosphere is also like a blanket, and it hinders the radiation of heat from the hot interior of the sun. If this blanket should grow thinner the earth might grow intolerably hot; or if it should become thicker, ice might gather over the whole surface of the earth.

Perhaps slight changes in the depths of the sun's atmosphere can account for the periods of intense heat which sometimes visit the earth. Certainly a better knowledge of the changes in the sun's atmosphere is of the utmost importance to us all.

It is well to stop and think what would happen if the atmosphere about the sun should suddenly become more intense. The roar of the city, the sound of birds in the country, the movement of fish in the streams, the trains rushing over the country—all the noise, the melody, and the movement might cease, and a deadly frost descend upon the whole earth.

One of the great mysteries in regard to the sun's heat is its constancy over a great period of years. The sun shines to-day just as hot upon the Egyptians labouring in the field as it did upon the Egyptian who laboured four thousand years ago in building the pyramids, and whose mummy is now, possibly, one of those in the British Museum. We find it impossible to keep even a small fire burning with constancy or perfect steadiness on the surface of the earth. The only way to keep a steady source of heat is by means of electricity.

I have lately constructed a storage battery of ten thousand cells, which is, I believe, the largest battery at present in the world; and it has enabled me to obtain some measures of the heat of the sun and of the stars.

The cells are little glass jars, each with two strips of lead which are separated from each other by rubber bands, and the cells are charged, or filled, so to speak, with electricity by sending a current of electricity from a powerful dynamo machine through the entire battery for several hours. When the battery is fully charged, a flaming discharge of electricity three feet in length can be obtained between the wires connected to the end of the battery, and it is highly dangerous to touch the wires connected to the battery unless one wears rubber gloves.

Thirty of my cells will produce an electric light similar to the arc light on the street. In this light metals are raised to a white heat. A rod of iron can be burned by it as readily as a piece of wood in a fire. This heat is measured by the quantity of electricity which flows and which produces the arc light.

Now, the heat given out by the glowing thread or filament in the Edison lamp depends upon the quantity of electricity which we can force through it. We must have a certain pressure to force this quantity through the resistance of the carbon thread. We can measure very accurately the quantity of electricity if we know the resistance of the thread, and at the same time we can estimate the heat given out by the filament. If we substitute a strip of platinum for the carbon in an Edison lamp we know that when it is red hot it has a temperature of about nine hundred degrees centigrade, or sixteen hundred and fifty-two degrees Fahrenheit, and when it is white hot and at the point of melting it reaches the temperature of seventeen hundred degrees centigrade, or three thousand and ninety-two degrees Fahrenheit.

Suppose we keep the platinum red-hot, however, by the current from thirty to forty of our little cells, we know that we have a course of heat of about nine hundred degrees centigrade.

Let us then move a very delicate thermometer two or three feet away from this strip of platinum and read its rise in temperature. Let us do the same with an electric arc lamp, and move the thermometer until it shows the same rise as it did from the effect of the heat of the platinum strip; we shall find it to be at a much greater distance away from the electric arc.

This method has been employed with very delicate instruments, and the heat of the electric arc has been found to be in the neighbourhood of three thousand six hundred degrees centigrade. If now by the same method we compare the heat given out by an electric light with the heat given out by the sun, we arrive at the result that the temperature of the surface of the sun is about eight thousand degrees centigrade.

We cannot put a thermometer into the electric furnace or into the sun, since the thermometer would be instantly melted in the furnace, and we cannot fly to the sun to try the experiment on its surface, but we can oppose them to each other and measure the heat which they can produce at different distances. At the temperature of three thousand six hundred degrees centigrade every known substance is melted—even porcelain seems like melted wax—and it is supposed that the sun's surface is composed of boiling carbon.

There is still another method of estimating the heat of the sun and stars by means of electricity and the spectroscope.

The human eye unassisted cannot analyse the light of the electric arc or that of the sun. A very simple apparatus, however, will enable us to decide what metal is being heated in the electric arc and what metals are present in the sun. Instead of one of the two spectacle lenses of an ordinary spectacle, suppose that we had a glass prism in front of one eye—in fact, a spectacle made of one prism instead of two glasses or lenses.

If now, adjusting this new form of spectacle to our noses, we should look at a distant street arc light, we should see the arc light spread out into a coloured band of light—the so-called spectrum—with red at one end and violet at the other. Moreover, by a proper adjustment, we should see this spectrum crossed by

bright lines, and these bright lines can tell us what metals are being heated in the electric light, for each metal has characteristic lines.

In this form of spectacle we have, in fact, what is called a spectroscope, an instrument for analysing the colour given off by substances subjected to very great heat.

When we gaze at any flame or light through a prism the practised eye can estimate the heat or temperature of the light by the character of the spectrum.

We can tell, for instance, by looking through a prism at a furnace, whether it has reached the right temperature to produce a certain grade of steel. We can tell whether one star in the heavens is hotter than another. Thus, you see, we dispense with the necessity of touching the hot object by means of a thermometer or with the necessity of leading a wire across the space to the hot star.

Some very sanguine persons, reasoning from analogy, believe that just as we are beginning to measure heat across millions of miles of space, we may some day be able to measure sensations from those distant worlds which are throbbing around us but are yet unrecorded.

When we direct our spectroscope to the sun we perceive a singular arrangement of dark lines which cross the band of light produced by the prism through which we gaze. These lines indicate that certain metals are present in the sun. Let us see if we can produce a similar arrangement of lines by burning substances in the electric light.

I have tried the experiment with carbon, and careful study of the resulting spectra shows that carbon is present in the sun, and that the temperature of the sun where the vapour of carbon is present is not far from that of the vapour of carbon in a very powerful arc light.

The electric arc seems to the eye, and also to the eye assisted by the spectroscope, closely to resemble the sun. It produces the greatest heat which is possible for us to produce on the earth. If we confine it in a box made of slabs of lime we have an electric furnace. In this furnace all metals are melted into vapour, glass is melted like wax, and diamonds of very small size have been made by the application of the intense heat of this furnace to carbon.

There is still another phenomenon of the heat of the sun which we can study by the great storage battery I have constructed. In the case of a total eclipse of the sun we perceive singular rose-coloured flames darting from the surface of the sun and rising to thousands of miles above its surface.

These great flames are always rising and falling, but the intense white light of the sun prevents our seeing them every day. It is only when the moon shuts out the dazzling light of the sun that we see a portion of these flames rising behind the black disk of the moon.

The spectroscope shows that these flames are due to hydrogen gas; for when the spectroscope is directed to these flames we see a red, a green, and a blue line, and the photograph of the spectrum of the flame shows lines in the purple and violet portion. All these lines can be produced by discharging a certain quality of electricity through hydrogen gas.

Here, again, with our large storage battery we can measure the quantity of electricity which we send through the hydrogen in order to produce the spectrum hydrogen which is seen in the flames of the sun. Knowing this quantity we can estimate the heat it can produce in the gas, and we can then form an idea how hot these flames are on the surface of the sun. Perhaps few persons realise, when they stand beneath the electric arc light which is so commonly employed to light the city's streets, how interesting and mysterious that light is. We have seen that it is the nearest imitation of the light of the sun which men can produce; indeed, it can be said to be the sun's imitation of itself.

Thousands of years ago the sun's light and heat produced on the earth's surface great ferns and palms, which in some convulsion of nature were buried in the earth and turned into coal. Then the coal was dug up by man and converted into carbon rods, which again produced light and heat which had been stored up by the sun for so many thousand years.

We have studied the sun by the aid of this imitation of himself, and have endeavoured to form an estimate of the heat of the sun; and we find by means of electricity that its temperature is not far from that of the electrical furnace, in which there is boiling carbon, the heat of which cannot be far from six thousand to eight thousand degrees centigrade. If the moon should come as near to the sun as it now comes to the earth, two hundred and thirty-nine thousand miles, it would be melted like wax and converted into vapour.

BEFORE THE DAWN.

The night is calm, the sky is clear;
  The birds are silent, and the flowers,
Fresh with the heavy summer dew,
  Dream out the solitary hours.
Then, still be every whisper, lest
  The sleep of any living thing
Be broken, for in every breast
  Some little world is habiting.

The lark dreams of the coming light,
  And sings and soars in the pure air:
The flowers interpret their delight,
  With their soft odours everywhere.
Oh! endless worlds, both great and small!
  Oh! mighty depths of heaven and space,
Into my heart I take ye all,
  And give to all a resting-place!

Thy eyes are filled with tears, although
  A double sense of peace and rest
Makes all my senses to o'erflow
  With love for all things that exist—
But now the stars wax pale; and soft
  The daylight comes. Yet dream and sleep!
The sky is blue, and clear aloft—
  And my heart's peace is calm and deep.

INDIAN FALSE FACES.

The fondness of the American Indian for masks or false faces goes to prove that secret societies exist among the red men as among the whites. According to Iroquois belief, certain spirits, whose entity is comprehended in ugly visages, have the power to inflict bodily ailments and to cause diseases to afflict their people. To counteract their evil designs, the Society of the False Faces is maintained among the pagan Iroquois, in order to appease the evil spirits from whom they take their name, as well as to effect a charm against disease and to cure others. When a candidate is initiated into this strange society, the chief False Face thus addresses him: "Brothers, listen! Now you must know that we did not make this custom. The beginning is from Niyoh, our Creator, who is above the false faces. A member of the False Faces must go about among the people in the spring and fall to keep them from sickness, and must visit sick people at all times when called upon. This is all I have to say." Whereupon the new member replies: "I will act according to the ancient customs as advised by the leader of your Society, of which I am now a member." In a report made to the New York University in 1852 Lewis H. Morgan thus describes the workings of this curious order: When any one was sick with a complaint within the range of their healing powers, and dreamed that he saw a False Face, this signified that he would be cured. A feast was then prepared, the False Faces appeared, and, led by a female leader, marched in Indian file, each one wearing a mask and carrying a turtle shell rattle in the hand. On entering the house of the invalid, they first stirred the ashes upon the hearth and then sprinkled hot ashes over the patient until his head and hair were covered, followed by some manipulations over him ending with the sick person marching around the room with his queer visitors, so efficacious was the cure. The mysterious callers were then presented with food, which they took away and ate in secret, as they never unmasked themselves before the people. Among the simpler complaints which the False Faces claimed to cure were nose bleeding, toothache and sore eyes.

A LONG DELAYED PATENT CAUSE.

The report of the Special Master in Chancery in the suit of John E. Dubois against the Mayor, Aldermen, and commonalty of the city of New York has been filed in the office of the Clerk of the United States Circuit Court. This is the last step in a case which has been before the courts for the last eighteen years. John Dubois was the inventor of a caisson which, it is alleged, Roebling made use of in building the Brooklyn Bridge. The patent expired in 1884. A suit was soon after commenced against the city of New York for damages. Dubois began action against other municipal Corporations, his cases being classified among lawyers under the general title of "Dubois v. the Cities." The case of Jarndyce v. Jarndyce, of which Dickens has written picturesquesly, is no more involved than that of Dubois v. the City of New York, or more characteristic of the law's delay. In December, 1884, the demurrers to the complaint filed by the Corporation counsel were overruled. Then began the taking of testimony. Three years were then consumed by the complainant alone. Meanwhile J. Dubois died, leaving his entire estate, which consisted partly of these causes of action, to his nephew, J. E. Dubois. In 1888 the State passed a statute empowering the cities of Brooklyn and New York, and Dubois, the legatee, each to select a referee. For five years the referees sat. In 1893 they at last handed in a report adverse to Dubois. Then the referees started an independent action in the Pennsylvania Federal Courts for the purpose of recovering the large sums due to them for services. In 1897 the Pennsylvania Federal Courts decided the statutory reference illegal and unauthorised, and the referees' report therefore void. As a result, ten years' legal labour went for nothing, and the case had to be retried. For a year the cause was allowed to slumber peacefully. Then new associate counsel was engaged. When two years had elapsed, dissensions sprang up among complainant's lawyers, with the result that the courts were called upon to decide what fees were to be received by the associate counsel. The Master's report which has now been handed in is simply devoted to this question of fees, and does not in any way affect the patent litigation itself. Yet its scope is prodigious, for no less than 700 typewritten pages are needed to state what each counsel shall receive. When the patent cause itself will be decided no one can foretell.

PLUCKING OSTRICH FEATHERS.

Ostrich farming is now a paying industry in California. How successful it is in the Southern portion of that State may be gauged from the fact that about £150,000 capital is now invested in it, and that the annual output of feathers is worth about £20,000. In August the gathering of the feathers attracts many visitors from the towns to the ostrich farms to watch the process of plucking. When the time comes a man carefully examines the flock, and picks out those birds whose feathers are ripening, groups them into dozens, and pens them in, so that they cannot run about and injure their beautiful plumage. When the plucking time comes, the bird is enticed into a narrow, dark, passageway. The entrances are then closed and the bird thus imprisoned. A cloth bag is thrown over the creature's head. Then the plucking begins. Three men, perched upon platforms without the pen, reach over the board enclosure and with curious scissor-like appliances pluck off the feathers. Whatever wounds a bird may receive are immediately dressed. The tail feathers are pulled and not cut, simply because they reproduce better than other feathers of the ostrich. While the plucking is in progress the ostrich keeps up a dismal roaring. Were it not for the staunch construction of the pen the creature would kick the boards into splinters. The first plucking is the most valuable. For that reason the older ostriches are kept simply as breeders.

LITERARY NOTES.

It has been stated in the "Athenæum" that Ibsen's letters are, with his sanction, being prepared for publication.

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In the fourteenth report of the Deutsche Orient Gesellschaft, Prof. Wilamowitz-Molnendorff gives an interesting account of a Greek papyrus discovered in a sarcophagus during the excavations at Abusir. It contains the greater part of the "Persians" of Timotheus, the poet, singer, and composer, of whose works only a few fragments were known, although his name has survived. The poem includes a notice of the battle of Salamis, the last verses containing the author's name.

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The large and sensible class of readers that seeks in its novels not so much "human documents" or science or philosophy as wholesome recreation, may be glad to be reminded that last Saturday was Miss Braddon's birthday. If, as Thackeray pleaded, the author who excites and interests you deserves your benedictions, the blessings about Miss Braddon's path should be full and fervent, for few writers have ministered to this human need with a more fertile industry. And, unlike Dumas, Miss Braddon has no "devils" to help.

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In a few days a house, possessing some amount of literary and historic interest, will come under the auctioneer's hammer—viz., Tooting Hall, the well-known residence of Daniel Defoe at Tooting. It is said that in one of the back rooms Defoe wrote "Robinson Crusoe," but on the other hand, in his "History of Tooting," Mr. W. E. Morden says the house was not built until more than half a century after Defoe's death. That Defoe lived at one time in Tooting is undoubted, although he died in Finsbury, and is buried in Bunhill Fields, in the City-road.

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The venerable German poet and dramatist known as "Robert Waldmuller," celebrated his eightieth birthday at Strehlen, near Dresden, on September 17th. He deserves recognition in these countries as the interpreter of Tennyson to the Germans. His translation of "Enoch Arden," published in 1867, has reached a thirty-fourth edition, while that of "In Memoriam," under the apt title of "Freundes-Klage," published ten years later, has seen five editions. His real name is Charles Edouard Duboc, and, though he is a German by birth, his family originally came from Havre.

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It is a pity, by the way, that Defoe is not more studied for the sake of his pure and undefiled English than he is, and it would be a happy circumstance if the sale of his house could be utilised to give a fresh impetus to the reading of his works. Gentlemen in search of a style—there seems to a great many of them just now—might do a great deal worse than turn to the pages of the man who could always say in plain words exactly what he meant, and who, without the help of any "fine" writing, managed to produce one of the greatest romances ever penned.

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In addition to the introduction to the facsimile of the Shakespeare First Folio, as originally designed for the first volume which the Clarendon Press is issuing, Mr. Sidney Lee has also drawn up a census of extant copies of the Folio. This census is to be issued with the volume in a separate cover, and will have an introduction of its own. In this Mr. Lee traces the pedigree of many historical copies of the Folio, and shows the gradations which the price has gone on increasing. In the census returns, which are arranged in four classes, particulars are given of the size, history, and present condition of all the copies which research has brought to light. More than a hundred copies have thus been minutely described for the first time, in addition to those familiar to bibliographers, either as belonging to well-known libraries, or as having figured in recent sales. A detailed index will accompany the census.

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Mr. Justin M'Carthy has at last completed the history of the reign of Queen Anne, on which he has latterly been engaged, and, the final proofs having been passed for Press, publication may be expected very shortly. This will extend the field of Mr. M'Carthy's historical work over a period of some 200 years, and with the "History of the Four Georges and William IV.—written in collaboration with his son—and his own now classical "History of Our Own Times," will form the chronicle of no fewer than seven reigns—those of Anne, the Four Georges, William IV., and Queen Victoria.

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"I have bought the 'Idler.'" Mr. Robert Barr told an interviewer the other day, "and I hope everyone else in England will do the same. It will cost you a simple sixpence; I paid a good deal more." He does not say how much, but otherwise his foreword about the new-old "Idler" is most informing. Editors, Mr. Barr reminds us, always recognise the commercial value of a list of established names. He hopes, therefore, to present his readers with articles and stories by Tom Smith, Dick Jones, and Harry Robinson, when these writers brace up and let him have something worth printing. The truth, he adds, is that he does not care a rap for a great name, and he would rather print a good story by the unknown Polly Perkins of Paddington than a poor yarn from the German Emperor of Berlin. On the other hand, he has no prejudice against a great name, but it is the man and woman of the future, the clever writer at present unknown, whom he is after.

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"THIS IS MY BIRTHDAY."—SHAKESPEARE.

IVAN TURGENIEFF, October 4, 1818.

A Russian—a Russian of the Russians.—Kipling.

And yet how different is Toistoy.—Walkley.

The Russian tongue may fix facts in the mind.—Kipling.

No one will treat with indifference the principle of race.—Beaconsfield.

If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return that he may have light, have guidance, freedom, immortality?—Carlyle

Zeal doth warrant the tenour of my book.—Shakespeare.

The Czar! Pooh! I slap my fingers.—Kipling.

An exile, O brave sir.—Shakespeare.

Let it be clearly understood that the Russian is a delightful person.—Kipling.

—The "Daily Chronicle."

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The entertaining exercise of "spotting" mistakes in the works of well-known authors is pursued with zest by the correspondents of "The Saturday Review." It is particularly interesting to hear of lapses from accuracy in the novels of Thackeray, whose knowledge of the world we live in, as distinct from that of the man of letters, was so extensive. Mr. F. F. Montague, however, finds him tripping in several cases in addition to those already referred to in this correspondence. He says:—

In "Pendennis" (Vol. 2, p. 267) he speaks of "Mahemet's soldiers cutting off the heads of all prisoners who would not acknowledge that there was but one prophet of God." Of course, Mahometans admit other prophets besides Mahomet [illegible]m, Noah, Abraham, Moses, and Christ—and Thackerary should have known this as he has read his "Decline and Fall" ("The Newcomes," vol. I., p. 47), where Gibbon deals with the matter in his usual manner of solemn sarcasm.

In his "Codlingsby" Thackeray burlesques Disraeli as translating Christchurch Meadows into Cambridge ("Burlesques," p. 20), but in "Vanity Fair" (vol. I., p. 374) Jim Crawley tells his cousin his troubles at the "little-go," while Jim was from Oxford (p. 370), and "little-go" is (I understand) "at the other shop," as Jim himself says in the same chapter of Senior Wranglers.

The smeller-out of inaccuracies thus proceeds to the following curious point:—

Chaplain Sampson could not have been lawfully arrested for debt ("The Virginians," p. 352) during his attendance on Divine service (as the law books say eundo morando et redeundo). An old bird such as he was would have probably known this much of the law, and would hardly have accepted the situation with the resigned remark, "At whose suit, Simons?"

The pedigree of Barry Lyndon's horse, "Bay Bulow, by Sophy Hardcastle out of Eclipse" ("Barry Lyndon," p. 232) would, I fancy, make "racing men" grin. In the argot of the turf a colt is described as by its sire out of its dam, and Thackeray's reversal of the usual order is certainly quaint.

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This autumn Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. will publish "Matthew Arnold's Note-books," with a preface by his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Wodehouse. The originals are the slender work-a-day note-books which Matthew Arnold carried in his pocket, not only using them to jot down accounts, engagements, examination notes for his official visitations as School Inspector, and lists of books to read in the current year, but also filling the blank spaces with citations from authors he had been reading—citations curiously characteristic of the man and his work. The present publication does not draw upon all the material, which ranges from 1852 to 1888, the year of Arnold's death, but gives the literary entries of every fifth year. These passages are printed in the form and order of the original, repetitions only in the same year being omitted. Thus the little volume is at once compendious and characteristic, and ought to appeal to the many admirers of Arnold, both as a revelation of his thoughts and methods, and as the last work which can be associated with his name.

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A Paris correspondent of the "Athenæum" sends the following:—I learn from authorised sources that the Vatican after long negotiations has succeeded in buying the Barberini collections for the very moderate price of half a million lire (£20,000). This, of course, does not include the famous picture gallery, a single picture of which—for instance, the Albert Durer or the Guido Reni—would fetch easily £6,000. The collection of antiquities contains some remarkable inscriptions, and a unique collection of engraved bronze cists found at Palestrina (Prænestе) on the extensive lands belonging to the Barberini family. Two years ago Prince Barberini sold to the Louvre for 6,000 francs (£240) a fine Roman ivory panel. The library is one of the finest in Rome. So far as I could ascertain in 1900 from an inconvenient manuscript catalogue, the 60,000 printed books are valuable and well chosen. The collection of MSS. numbers over 8,000 volumes, and contains priceless treasures, such as autograph letters of Bembo and Galileo; a Latin translation of Plato, with marginal notes by Tasso and his father; 400 letters from Peiresc to Cardinal Francesco Barberini; books annotated by Manutius the younger and Scaliger, etc. The Greek and Latin MSS. are also very remarkable, and contain interesting palimpsests. The collection of historical documents made for Cardinal Fr. Barberini by Grimaldi, Aleandre, Holstenius, Suaresius, Doni, and others are of great importance for the history of Roman archæology in the beginning of the seventeenth century; they contain, for instance, several thousand Latin inscriptions. I also noticed a fine series of Armenian MSS. The MSS. have all been classed and catalogued by a learned priest named Pieralisi, who is still alive, though now very old. The library is only open once a week, on Thursdays from 9 to 3. The Vatican will be universally congratulated in this important addition to its already unrivalled collections.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

What is said to be the largest and heaviest anchor ever made was recently forged at the Charlestown, Mass., Navy Yard. It weighs over eight tons and cost nearly £400. It is fifteen feet long over all, and 9 feet 6 inches wide over the points. The palms are 32 inches wide. The cable for this anchor is unique also, as regards weight, each link weighing 60 pounds; 360 fathoms (2,160 feet) of it are to be supplied.

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It has been announced that Ernest Ruhmer, of Berlin, has succeeded in carrying on a telephonic conversation, the impulses having been transmitted along a ray of light. The facility of a light beam to carry sound was first discovered by Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, while he was at work on some features of the telephone, over twenty years ago. He abandoned experiments on this line, as the discovery seemed to have little or no practical value.

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A great deal is done in Norway to improve and preserve the provisions produced in the country, and to procure a market for them abroad. The fisheries represent one of Norway's chief industries, and quantities of fish are sold at very low rates, particularly during summer. One way in which these are utilised is by means of an invention which quickly dries and pulverises the flesh of fresh fish. The resulting product, called fish flour, is easy to transport from one place to another, and has great nutritive value.

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Over fifty species of fish never before known to scientists were discovered by the United States Fish Commission steamer in the Hawaiian waters. Most of the specimens were hauled from depths to which the light of the sun can never penetrate. Still the fish were equipped with eyes, from which the scientists of the party inferred that they saw by phosphorescence. At a depth of 1,500 fathoms a rare specimen only four inches long was captured.

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The American Park and Outdoor Art Association has compiled some interesting statistics which show what great strides have been made in improving the appearance of the large cities of the United States. Fifty years ago no municipality in the United States had reserved a single acre of land for park purposes. Last year there were in cities of more than fifty thousand population 2,360 parks and squares with a total area of 59,717 acres, the valuation being £106,314,390. In the entire United States there are about 75,000 acres of park land, for the improvement and maintenance of which at least £2,200,000 are spent annually.

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A power plant is now in operation utilising the water from the Cauvery Falls of India. The current is being carried ninety miles away, and there made use of in gold mining. The difficulties attending the erection of this plant and the transmission line were enormous, nearly all of the material being conveyed to the point by trained elephants or on the backs of mules and bulls. A path had to be cut through a jungle, infested by fierce animals, serpents, and dangerous insects. One of the most serious difficulties to overcome, notwithstanding these terrors, was the superstitions of the natives, who regarded the river as sacred, and with great difficulty could be induced to work on the project.

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The electro-chemical industry of the United States has grown up since 1890. But its growth has been rapid in that decade, indeed, so rapid as to make serious inroads on the older processes. As an example of this movement may be cited the electric production of calcium bisulphide. The substance is made by one of the most ingenious chemical applications of electricity. The process in question is the invention of Edward R. Taylor, and was put in operation in 1900. The process is continuous, the current being regulated either by the amount of conductive carbon introduced into the furnace or by reducing the working surface of the electrodes by partially submerging them in the molten sulphur.

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A comprehensive estimate of the amount of sand removed from the estuary of the River Mersey at Liverpool to maintain an open channel for the largest American liners is afforded by the last annual report of the Mersey Dock Board engineers, which shows that 28,000,000 tons of sand have been removed by dredging from the Mersey River, and 35,000,000 tons from the estuary channels since the operations were commenced, ten years ago. During the past year 27,000 cubic yards of material were dredged in the vicinity of the new river entrances to the deep-water docks. A much larger amount of general engineering work has been carried out in the docks during 1901 than during any previous year, the expenditure for the twelve months being nearly £1,500,000.

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Professor J. B. Harrison, Government geologist at Georgetown, states that diamonds have been found in three districts of British Guiana—in the north on the upper waters of the Barima River, on the Barima River about Ianna, some 60 miles to the south-east, and in the Upper Mazaruni basin, in a district which, so far as geological indications go, may extend over the tract of country between the head-waters of the Mazaruni and Peruni rivers, though up to now all discoveries have been made about the basin of the Putareng River. There is also the Omai district on the Potaro, a tributary of the Esequibo River, which lies in a southerly direction from Georgetown. This wide diffusion of the gem shows that the chances of enlarging the area in which it may be mined are favourable. The diggings at present are confined to the Putareng and Potaro districts. There are a dozen companies either mining or prospecting in the first-named district, and others are being formed.

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The Government of New South Wales has received tenders for the new huge bridge that has been designed to span the harbour of Sydney, and which when completed will rank as one of the finest bridges in the world. The structure is to be 3,000 feet in length, not including approaches, and the latter are not considered in the estimates for the bridge itself. The tenders, which are as follow, are remarkable for their variation:—Joseph Bentley, Leeds, England, £7,720,474; Alexander Findlay and Co., Motherwell, Scotland, three tenders, ranging from £1,523,837 to £1,661,865, William Arrol and Co., and Head Wrightson and Co., £1,711,688; the Cleveland Bridge and Engineering Company, Darlington, England, £1,794,118; Compagnie de Fives, Lille, France, £3,050,750; E. and C. Bridge Company, England, three tenders ranging from £1,666,000 to £1,943,875; J. Stewart and Co., Sydney, six tenders ranging from £1,112,859 to £1,933,194; Gilbert Weaver, Sydney, £1,775,207; Heaning and Hildebrand, New York, £2,000,000.

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The recently launched seven-masted schooner Thomas H. Lawson will probably receive the most remarkable canvas equipment ever prepared. Eighty-three thousand square feet of duck will be used. Of this quantity, 43,000 square feet will be employed for the twenty-five sails of the vessel, while the rest will be utilised for sail covers and awnings. Three tons of pure manila beltrope made from special stock have been used in making the ropes. When it is considered that the sails will be subjected to an enormous strain, it becomes evident that special precautions were taken in designing particularly strong fastening devices. The thimbles are retained in place by wire cringles instead of sewn tar rope. The clew rings are said to be unusually large and heavy. Eight thicknesses of heavy duck were put into the clew patches at the corners of the sails.

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The utilisation of petroleum for fuel and other commercial purposes is being more widely adopted, comparatively speaking, in the little European State of Roumania than in many other larger and more important countries. Nearly all the sugar mills, distilleries, gas works, hospitals, and manufactories in Roumania now use petroleum refuse as fuel, as well as the State railway, upon which it is employed largely for the locomotives. During the last two years the price of British coal, which was formerly almost exclusively used in the manufactories, has mounted to about £2 per ton,. Considering that the heating effect of petroleum residue is about one and a half times that of coal, and taking the price of coal at £2 per ton, the comparative value of petroleum residue is equivalent to £3 a ton. The average price of residuum, however, is about £1 12s, and crude petroleum £1 8s per ton. It is proposed to hold a Petroleum Congress at Bucharest in 1903. Before this Congress will be laid geological maps of Roumania, showing the petroliferous zones, worked and unworked; maps showing the salt, lignite, coal, and quarries existing in the country; tables explaining the growth and development of the petroleum industry, a series of geological sections of the most important works and soundings, analyses of the chemical and industrial properties of the petroleum, photographs of the chief refineries and workshops, a series of geological sections of the valleys, plans of injectors in service for the use of petroleum as a combustible as employed by the Roumanian State railways and navigation societies, and a map showing the geographical position of Roumania in regard to other countries, buyers of petroleum, the means and cost of transport, besides other matters of importance bearing on the subject of petroleum.

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The British Government is carrying out the first complete geodetic survey of South Africa. According to the recent report issued by the Royal Astronomer at the Cape, the geodetic arc of meridian has been carried to the Zambesi. The country near the Zambesi Valley has proved the most difficult for surveying. The observing season is a very short one, as transport from Salisbury cannot begin until the rain ceases in March. In many places grass 6 feet in height was encountered, and as the natives commenced to burn it in July, the smoke caused a cessation in the work, as it was impossible to carry on the observations under such conditions. In the past season's work progress was most seriously delayed by difficulty in procuring oxen for transport. The original plan was that the reconnaissance and beaconing parties should start some weeks in advance of the observing party, but this became impossible because of the delay in transport equipment. Heavy clearing work and ray-cutting had to be done in some places, and progress in reconnaissance and beaconing could not be made to keep pace with the observing. At the more Northern stations first the waggons and the carts had to be abandoned, and all transport had to be done by native carriers. As the result of these delays, two, perhaps three, of the stations south of the Zambesi yet require to be occupied with the geodetic theodolite. In the interval between the work of the last two seasons the wires used in measuring the base near Salisbury were recompared at the Royal Observatory, the measurement of the angles from the Salisbury base to the main triangulations was completed, and signals were exchanged for longitude of Salisbury. The operations northward from the Zambesi will involve an entirely new departure. Observers and supplies will be landed at Chinde and carried up the Zambesi beyond Zumbo, when transport by native carriers will be organised.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

DUBLIN, WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1787.

The respectable appearance of our Volunteers, at the annual review last Monday, is a proof that the people do not think a slight intermission of husbandry and manufacture of the least detriment to the public good, when a prudent and necessary regard for both is involved in their unanimity and perseverance in that glorious cause, which, under God, was the original of their declared right of free trade and constitutional independence. The Volunteers can surely never forget that most true of all political maxims, that power and liberty are only secured by the same means by which they were obtained; they must reflect with horror on the difficulties to which they might be exposed by a dereliction of their establishment; they will, therefore, keep their arms bright, improve in discipline, and show themselves in constitutional force as often as business will permit.

The House of Lords, like the House of Commons, was on Monday shut against all strangers, and no one admitted even below the bar. The reason of this regulation is said to prevent those crowds from entering, which were formerly so great as to be in some degree an encroachment upon order.

Four debtors were yesterday committed to Newgate, in consequence of a riot and attempt to escape on the preceding evening from the City Marshalsea.

The Church-Wardens of St. Bride's, on behalf of the poor widows in the Alms-house of that parish, return their sincere thanks to Mr. Sheriff Fleming for a leg of mutton, a breast of veal, five plaices, three pound of butter, and eight 4-penny loaves, which that active magistrate seized on Saturday last.

DUBLIN, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1,

Yesterday morning his Grace the Duke of Rutland set off on a party of pleasure to Lambay, attended by several gentlemen.

Owing to the large orders for horses from the Continent, and the promise of an approaching plentiful year of hay, cattle were never known so dear in this kingdom as at the fair of Fieldstown on Monday last, common car horses bringing from £15 to £20 each.

Yesterday two young gentlemen who were shooting in the gardens of Mr. Reilly, of Drumcondra, being remonstrated with on account of their doing much injury to the crop, one of them called to the other to fire at Mr. Reilly, which he directly complied with, and not only wounded Mr. Reilly but his son also very dangerously. One of the party was soon after taken and committed to Kilmainham by Justice Graham; the other, however, effected his escape, after making several efforts to rescue his companion.

The combination now existing among the journeymen hosiers is likely to be productive of some inconvenience to the masters of that branch; several of whom being obnoxious to the men, are in continual danger from the treats and menaces perpetually sent them; and, indeed, they seem determined to put those threats in execution, for one night this week, a number of those deluded people set fire to the shop of an eminent hosier on Ormond quay; the front door, the counter, and great part of the floor and partition were burnt before the discovery was made; it was at length happily put a stop to without any other damage; and Wednesday several of the combinators were taken by the Police and committed to the New Prison, which, it is hoped will deter any others from the like practices in future.

We feel a peculiar pleasure in acquainting the public that the health of Mr. O'Neill's (of Shanescastle) lady has been reinstated. Amiable in private and beneficent in public life, her recovery must afford general satisfaction, and her return to this country will bring along with it blessings and comfort to the poor in her neighbourhood.

COUNTRY NEWS.

CORK, MAY 28.

On Wednesday, the 23rd inst., William Murry was apprehended by Rowland Sharp, Peace-officer, for robbing the late Sir John Conway Colthurst's factory, at Ardrum, in this county, of four pair of cards, value six shillings, and for attempting to steal fourteen pounds of cotton; he was committed to the county jail by Jos. Capel, Esq. And on this day, Mr. Sharp also apprehended Robert Bouce, of Glinney, blacksmith, on a capias, for highway robbery, and lodged him in the county jail.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JUNE 2.

By accounts from the Northern parts of the kingdom, we find that the spirited manufacturers of that province are preparing to send large quantities of the middle-priced linens to the ports of France, from an almost certain hope, nay, an absolute confidence, of finding a ready and advantageous sale for that species of our staple manufacture. It must, indeed, afford satisfaction to every real well-wisher of the true interest of his country to reflect that such a spirit already pervades our manufacturers; wrich patriotic example will no doubt spread in a short time through the whole kingdom, the beneficial and salutary effects of which will be very soon most sensibly experienced by all orders and ranks of the people.

Wednesday morning last the daughter of an eminent shopkeeper near the Hay Market, about five years old, being sent with a nosegay to a neighbour a few doors off, was trepanned by one of those numerous female kidnappers who infest this city, and would have been carried away, if a sedan chairman who knew the child and hearing her cries, had not flown to her rescue. The woman attempted to escape, but the populace, whose active zeal need not be doubted on such occasions, took the business into their own hands, and tying a rope under her arms, dragged her to the river, where she received a severe ducking before they suffered her to depart.

This morning one Walsh, who had been charged with robbery, and was locked up in St. Andrew's Watch-house, made his escape by breaking through the roof.

By a letter from Clonegall, dated May 28, we learn that on the night before, about the hour of eleven o'clock, as Mr. Simon Lacy was going home in company with two lads, his cousins, he was waylaid by Wm. Farrell and Lawrence Farrell, both of Clonegall, brothers; the former was armed with an iron bar, the latter with a bayonet fixed in a pole. Mr. Lacy had no idea of such a plot being laid against his life and was unarmed, as were also his cousins. As soon as he approached one of the assassins, Lawrence Farrell, made a stab of the bayonet at his neck, but he perceived his design, opposed his arm to the weapon, and received in it a most desperate wound. Wm. Farrell immediately advanced and made a blow of the iron bar at him, which he fortunately escaped, and calling on his cousins to save themselves by flight, he ran off. The savage barbarians then fell on his cousins, one of whom received a dangerous wound in the thigh, but providentially preserved his life by concealing himself under a hedge; the other, less fortunate, a boy not quite 14 years of age (son to the late Mr. John Codd, Clonegall), they seized, and vented on him all their vengeance. One of the villains broke his skull with the iron bar, and the other drove the bayonet through his temple. Having left him for dead and weltering in blood, the inhuman monsters immediately fled the town, and have not since been heard off.

The man who was shot in Smithfield is not dead; but Strong and Darby, the two bailiffs-setters who had seized him, are confined in the New Prison to await the issue of their trial.

Previous to the late attempt to fire Mr. Potter's shop, some of his journeymen sent home ten stocking-frames, and refused to work for him under certain rates, as did the journeymen of many other employers the same. On Thursday the combinators had a meeting in a field near Crumlin, to consult on the further progress of mischief.

The fellow who had made his escape from the cart at the time the convicts were sending off from the jail for transportation, was committed to the New Jail for a robbery he attempted on the Lots leading to Ringsend; and a boy of about 15 years of age that had been turned out of the dock on Friday last, for want of evidence, was again committed to prison for an attempt to pick a gentleman's pocket in Capel street.

A dispute having arisen on Tuesday evening last between two persons of the names of M'Gowran and Law, prisoners in the New Jail, they agreed to box, and instantly carried their purpose into execution, when the former was killed on the spot.

COUNTRY NEWS.

CORK, MAY 26.

On Saturday last the Right Worshipful Samuel Rowland, Esq., Mayor of our city, accompanied by the High Sheriffs, Aldermen, Common-Speaker, Burgesses, etc., etc., waited on the Right Hon. Hugh Carleton, Lord Chief Justice of his Majesty's Court of Common Pleas, and Recorder of our city, to congratulate him on his arrival here, and on his late appointment, when the Right Worshipful the Mayor addressed him in the following manner:—

"My Lord Chief Justice.—Peculiar circumstances of very allowable delicacy preventing the Deputy-Recorder from attending in his place, the pleasing task devolves on me to express on behalf of the Corporation, now assembled, their very sincere congratulations on your advancement to the high appointment of Lord Chief Justice; a station which, as you have atttained solely by your own merits and professional abilities, must consequently reflect an high honour on our city, and from your upright discharge of your duties, I am happy to say the public will derive the greatest benefits."

To which the Lord Chief Justice replied:—

"That he was most highly flattered by the Mayor's address, expressive of his and the Corporation's approbation of him; and hoped to conduct himself in the office to which his Majesty had been pleased to appoint him, in such a manner as to merit a continuance of their favourable opinion."

DUBLIN, MONDAY, JUNE 4.

His Majesty has been pleased to appoint James Arboin, Esq. son-in-law to Mr. Paul Seguin, late of this city, merchant), Consul-General for the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland at Bordeaux.

(To be Continued.)

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THOMASTOWN MONASTERY, CO. KILKENNY.



FROM GROSE'S "ANTIQUITIES OF IRELAND," 1791.

The following description of the historic edifice depicted above is taken from Grose's "Antiquities of Ireland," 1791:—

Thomastown is a very ancient town, being built by Thomas Fitz Anthony, who accompanied Henry II. in his Irish expedition. It is in the barony of Gowran on the river Nore, and eight miles from Kilkenny. There are no indisputable documents to assure us that a Dominican monastery was erected here, and yet Burke, the histriographer of that order, has adduced some evidence not destitute of probabilty. He says that in the year 1720 there was a meeting in Dublin of the fathers definitors of the order. Edmund Burke, Peter M'Dermot, Patrick Diamond, and Stephen M'Egan, where Thomastown is expressly mentioned as wanting a superior to superintend the Dominican convent there. He adds, that at a general meeting of the order at Rome, A.D. 1656, the Irish Dominican convents amounted to forty-three from which if Thomastown was deducted there would be but forty-two.

The present church is part of the old monastery; in the ruins of the latter is a large tombstone, which tradition says covers the body of a giant.

This view was taken from an original drawing by J. G. Brien, in the collection of the Right Hon. William Conyngham.

The following additional particulars regarding Thomastown Monastery are given

in the "Parliamentary Gazetteer of Ireland," 1844:—

"We are informed by Mr. Archdall," says Mr. Brewer, "that, according to tradition, there was a Dominican convent at this place, concerning which foundation the reverend author of the Monasticon could not find any authentic account. This page of the Monasticon, as is observed in the manuscripts of the Chevalier De Montmorency, is of a very surprising character, since Mr. Archdall must have had before him the authority of Dr. Burke, Bishop of Ossory (Hiber. Dominicana, p. 337), exhibiting the fact of such an institution at Thomastown. But, if lettered information were not sufficient, a visit to the place in question could not have failed to move the scepticism of this author. The ruins of the abbey comprise five beautiful pointed arches, forming one side-aisle, together with several windows. The chancel constitutes the present church, and is far from being an inelegant specimen of the pointed style of design. The pillars are quadruple, each capital varying from the other in its ornamental particulars. The door is of a correspondent likeness with the arches, and more than usually lofty. The west window is of the narrow style that prevailed in the time of Henry III. Beneath the building is a crypt or subterranean chapel. There are many sepulchral monuments among the remains of the abbey, including the part now used as a parochial church. Several of these are of the 16th and 17th centuries; but such as bear any pretensions to antiquity are so shamefully mutilated that they could not be described without great difficulty and labour. The most curious monumental relic consists of the figure of a man, represented in gigantic proportions. This figure was dug from the ruins of the abbey church, and is believed to have formed part of an ancient tomb belonging to the family of Denne of Grenane, in the vicinity of Thomastown. Several of the monumental stones appear to have commemorated priors or superiors of the convent.

THE WANDERER.

(From the Spanish of Samaniego. By M. G.)

Oh distant Spain, my fatherland,
Can I e'er forget the time
I wandered 'neath the sunny clime,
Along the glorious Ebro's strand?
Fair land, where figs and almonds grow,
Land where abounds the luscious grape,
Where hangs the citron's tempting shape,
And in the sunlight roses grow!

Afar I wander with my lute,
From house to house, in search of alms,
For bread to still my hunger's qualms;
Yet no one heeds my prayers mute.
How cold they scan me, and how sad,
Not one kind word to cheer my heart;
But blows and scoffs become the part
Of the famished Gypsy lad.

See, dark clouds gather o'er the sun,
And hide it from my yearning view,
Alas, my heart they darken too,
And cause my tears afresh to run.
The merry songs my mother taught
Before she died, I sing no more.
Oh, God, to see my native shore—
This is my prayer, my constant thought!

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.

CARRICKFERGUS.

CARRICKFERGUS, a seaport, borough, market and post-town, and parish, and a county of itself, locally in the county of Antrim, of which it was the ancient capital and is still the county town, 88 miles (N.) from Dublin, containing 8,706 inhabitants. This place, which is of great antiquity, is by some writers identified with the ancient "Dun-Sobarky" or "Dun-Sobairchia," according to Dr. Charles O'Connor from a prince named Sobairchieus, who made it his residence; but the correctness of this supposition is doubted by others. It is thought to have derived its present name, signifying "The Rock of Fergus," early in the 4th century, from Fergus Mac Erch, a chieftain of Dalaradia, who established the first Irish settlement on the opposite coast of Caledonia. An ancient triad quoted by Dr. O'Conor, records that St. Patrick blessed a tower or stronghold of the Dalaradians, in which was a well of miraculous efficacy, called "Tipra Phadruic," "The Well of St. Patrick." It is uncertain at what period the castle was originally erected; the present structure, from the style of its architecture, was evidently built soon after the arrival of the English. John, Earl of Morton and Lord of Ireland, was here in the lifetime of his father, Hen. II. (from whom John De Courcy received the grant of all the lands he might conquer in Ulster); and his despatch to the King, dated at Carrickfergus, in which he mentions his having taken the castle, is still extant among the manuscripts in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, and is written in Latin. This castle, with subsequent additions, is still remaining, and is justly considered one of the noblest fortresses of that time now existing in Ireland. De Courcy having fallen into disgrace with the succeeding English monarchs, his castles and possessions in this county fell into the hands of the De Lacy family, who, becoming tyrannical and oppressive, incurred the anger of King John. During the contentions which arose among the English settlers, after they had established themselves in the country, this place suffered so much that Hugh de Lacy the younger, who, on the restoration of his family to the royal favour, repaired the town and strengthened it by the introduction of new settlers, has even been regarded as its founder. In 1234 Carrickfergus is mentioned as one of the haven towns of Ulster; but from that period till shortly after the commencement of the 14th century, little of its history is known. The De Lacys, again becoming obnoxious to the English monarch, and the Lord-Justice Mortimer being sent against them with a considerable force, they made their escape into Scotland, and invited Edward Bruce, the brother of the Scottish monarch, to invade the country, and become their king. Accordingly, in 1315, Bruce embarked 6,000 men at Ayr, and, accompanied by the De Lacys and several of the Scottish nobility, landed at Wolderfirth, now Olderfleet, where, being joined by numbers of the Irish chieftains, he routed Richard de Burgo, now Earl of Ulster, who had been sent against him; and having slain several of the English nobles and taken many of them prisoners, advanced to lay siege to the castle of this place. During the siege, Thomas, Lord Mandeville, who commanded the garrison, made a sally on the assailants, whom he repulsed at the first onset; but, being recognised by the richness of his armour, he was felled to the ground by the blow of a battle-axe and instantly killed. The garrison, disheartened by the loss of their commander, agreed to surrender the castle within a limited time, and on the appointed day, 30 of the Scottish forces advancing to take possession, were seized as prisoners, the garrison declaring that they would defend the place to the last; but for want of provisions they were soon obliged to surrender. Bruce, having secured Carrickfergus, advanced to Dublin, and arrived at Castleknock, within four miles of the city; but finding the citizens prepared for his reception, he entered the county of Kildare, and advanced towards Limerick, laying waste the country with fire and sword; on his retreating towards the north, he was attacked near Dundalk by Sir John Bermingham, who defeated the Scottish forces and killed their leader. King Robert Bruce arrived soon after with a strong reinforcement, but on learning the fate of his brother, returned to his own dominions, and thus terminated an enterprise which had thrown the country into a state of unprecedented desolation.

After the evacuation of the country by the Scots, Carrickfergus again reverted to its former possessors; but the desultory warfare carried on at intervals for successive ages in the north of Ireland, during which its strength and situation rendered it the centre of operations, subjected it to many severe calamities. In 1333, William, Earl of Ulster, was assassinated here by his own servants; and his countess, with her infant daughter, fleeing into England, the O'Nials, the original lords of the soil, immediately succeeded in expelling the English settlers, and for a time retained possession of the place. In 1386 the town was burned by the Scots; and in 1400 it was again destroyed by the combined forces of the Scots and Irish. In 1481 a commission was granted to the mayor and others, to enter into a league with the Earl of Ross, Lord of the Isles, who had usurped the sovereignty of the Hebrides from the Scottish crown. In 1497 the town and neighbourhood were visited by famine; and in 1504 it was resolved that none but an Englishman should be entrusted with the custody of its castle, or with that of Green Castle, in the county of Down. The town continued for many years to be a stronghold of the English, and even when the English Government was so reduced as to be scarcely able to maintain a standing army of 140 horse within the English pale, the castle still remained in their possession. In 1573 the corporation addressed a remonstrance to

the Lord-Deputy Fitzwilliam, representing that one-third of the town was then in ruins; and, in the summer of the same year, it was still further desolated by fire. In this state it remained for many years, though the Earl of Essex landed here with his train, on taking possession of the government of Ulster, to which he had been appointed; and though Sir Henry Sidney, the succeeding lord-deputy, gave the English council a forcible representation of its deplorable condition, in the account of his northern expedition, two years afterwards. The particular events by which it was reduced to this state of desolation are detailed in a "Discourse of Knockfergus," preserved among the Cottonian manuscripts in the British Museum, in which its calamities are ascribed to an early quarrel with Bryan Balloughe, chieftain of the adjoining territory of Claneboy, whose son and successor continued to harass the inhabitants till they were compelled to purchase peace by consenting to pay an annual tribute; to the repeated devastating incursions of the Scots; to the continued depradations of the O'Nials and Mac Donnels, and to various other causes. The Lord-Deputy, Sir Henry Sidney, made great efforts for the improvement and security of the town, but so greatly were the resources of the townsmen reduced that, in 1581, Lord Grey, then deputy, found it necessary to issue an express edict prohibiting them from paying to the Irish lord of the country the tribute hitherto paid to the successors of Bryan Balloughe, and called, in that document, "Breyne Balaf's Eric."

The extensive privileges enjoyed by the inhabitants of this place, and the protection afforded by new fortifications, soon caused an increase in its population and importance. On the breaking out of the war in 1641, Sir Henry Mac Neill was to have surprised the town, but was defeated by the vigilance of Col. Arthur Chichester, the governor; and it now became one of the principal places of refuge for the Protestants of the neighbouring counties. In 1642, the town and castle were, according to agreement, delivered up to General Monroe, who, having landed with 2,500 Scottish auxiliaries, to carry on the war against the Irish, made this place his headquarters till 1648, when he was taken by surprise in the castle, and sent prisoner to England by General Monk, who was, by the Parliament, appointed Governor in his place, and awarded with a gratuity of £500; and in the year following, the castle, which had been surrendered to the Earl of Inchiquin, was reduced for Cromwell by Sir Charles Coote. In 1666, the garrison mutinied, seized the castle and the town, and acted with such desperate resolution that the Government, alarmed at their excesses, sent the Earl of Arran, son of the Duke of Ormonde, by sea, to reduce them; and the latter nobleman marching also against them with the few forces on whose fidelity he could rely, the mutineers, after some resistance, surrendered; 110 of them were tried by court-martial, of whom nine were executed, and the companies to which they belonged were disbanded. In the early part of 1689, an attempt was made by the Protestant inhabitants of the neighbourhood to take this fortress, which was then held by the troops of Jas. II., but without success; in the course of the year, however, Schomberg, William's general, invested it with a large force, and the garrison, after having exhausted all their ammunition, surrendered. In 1690, William III. landed here to take the command of his army; and from this time the town was undistinguished by any historical event till the year 1760, when it was attacked by the French, under the command of Thurot. The gates were quickly closed, and though General Flobert, who led the assault, was wounded, the garrison, consisting only of one hundred men, was soon obliged to capitulate for want of ammunition. The country people, however, supported by reinforcements from the interior, rose on all sides to repel the assailants; and on the approach of an English squadron, which had been despatched on the first intelligence of the projected invasion, the French, after supplying themselves with provisions and water, hastily reembarked, taking with them three of the principal inhabitants, who were afterwards found on board the commander's ship, when she struck to the English off the Isle of Man. In 1778 the celebrated Paul Jones appeared off the town, but did not land, contenting himself with the capture of an armed vessel that had been sent to attack him. In 1785, his present Majesty, when lieutenant on board the ship of Commodore Gower, arrived in the bay; on which occasion the Carrickfergus volunteers solicited the honour of forming a bodyguard for his Royal Highness, which was courteously declined.

The town is situated on the north-western shore of Carrickfergus Bay, or Belfast Lough, along which it extends for nearly a mile, comprising three portions, the town within the walls, and two suburbs called respectively the Irish and the Scottish quarters, the former situated to the west, along the road leading to Belfast, and the latter to the north-east, along the road to Larne and Island Magee, and inhabited by the descendants of a colony of fishermen from Argyle and Galloway, who took refuge here from the persecutions of 1665. The town within the walls was formerly entered by four gates, of which only the remains of the North, or Spittal gate, now exist; of the walls there is yet a considerable portion on the north and west sides in a very perfect state. The castle, which is in good preservation, and during the disturbances of 1798 was used as a state prison, is situated on a rock projecting boldly into the sea, by which it is surrounded on three sides at high water; this rock is 30 feet in height at its southern extremity, and declines considerably towards the land; the outer walls of the castle are adapted to the irregularities of its surface; and the entrance is defended by two semicircular towers, with a portcullis and machicolation above. In the interior are barracks for the reception of two companies of foot and a few artillerymen. The keep is a square tower 90 feet high, the lower part of which is bomb-proof, and is used as a magazine: in the third storey is an apartment 40 feet long, 38 feet wide, and 26 feet high, called Fergus's dining-room. The well in this tower, anciently celebrated for its miraculous efficacy, is now nearly filled up; a quantity of old iron was taken out of it many years since, from which it may have derived its medicinal properties. The castle was formerly governed by a constable, who had very extensive powers.

The incorporation of the town as a county of itself is ascribed by tradition to King John; the shrievalty was held jointly with that of the county of Antrim. But although it existed as a separate county long prior to the time of Elizabeth, the charter of the 11th of her reign is the earliest on record containing such incorporation. Its boundaries are described in this charter and in one of the 7th of Jas. I., with a reservation of the castle and its precincts, together with the ancient liberties and royalties appertaining to it, and of sites for a session-house and prison for the county of Antrim; but the latter charter excluded from the county of the town certain lands which had been granted and confirmed to the corporation by charter of the 44th of Elizabeth. The franchise now acknowledged is stated to differ from both, and to be in conformity with a riding of the franchises made by the corporation in 1785. In 1810 it was decided, on an issue tried at the assizes, that the lands of Straid and Little Ballymena, described by the charter of Elizabeth as being within the boundary, but not within that marked out by the charter of James, though still belonging to the corporation, are not within the franchise. This is probably a borough by prescription: the earliest notice of the existence of a corporation is in the record of a commission dated 1274, in which year the Scots landed on the neighbouring coast to assist the O'Neills against the English. Hen. IV., in 1402, on the petition of the mayor and three burgesses, released them, for one year, from the payment of the annual rent of 100s. for the customs, to aid them in rebuilding the town, which had been burned by his enemies. Queen Elizabeth, in the 11th of her reign (1569), on a representation of the inhabitants that had lost their letters patent in the disturbances and persecutions of rebels and enemies, by which they were deprived of the enjoyment of their franchises, granted a charter of incorporation conferring on them, besides several special immunities, all such other privileges and jurisdictions as the corporation of Drogheda possessed; and ordaining that they should hold the borough of the King, as of his castle of Knockfergus, at an annual rent of 10s., payable half-yearly, until the fortifications should be repaired and a grant of lands made, and then at a rent of £40 per annum. The grant of lands was conferred by charter of the 44th of Elizabeth, founded on an inquisition issued to ascertain the quantity which had previously belonged to the corporation. James I., in addition to the charter of the 7th of his reign, before noticed, granted

others in the 10th and 20th, the former of which is now the governing charter, and the latter created fourteen persons and their successors a corporation, by the style of the "Mayor, Constables, and Society of the Merchants of the Staple." In the "new rules" of the 25th of Chas. II., for regulating corporations in Ireland, it was ordained that the appointment of the mayor, recorder, sheriffs, and town-clerk should be subject to the approbation of the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council.

The corporation, under the style of "the Mayor, Sheriffs, Burgesses, and Commonalty of the Town of Carrickfergus," consists of the mayor (who is an alderman), 16 other aldermen, two sheriffs (who are burgesses), 22 other burgesses, and an indefinite number of freemen, assisted by a recorder and town-clerk (who is also clerk of the peace), two coroners, three town-serjeants, a water-bailiff, sword-bearer, and other officers. The charter of the 10th of Jas. I. granted a guild merchant within the town, and ordained that all the merchants should be a corporation, by the name of the "Two Masters and Fellows of the Guild Merchant of the Town of Knockfergus," the masters to be elected annually from and by the merchants of the guild, on the Monday after the Feast of St. Michael, with power to make by-laws and impose fines. The guilds now remaining are those of the Hammermen, Weavers, Carters, Tailors and Glovers, Butchers, Trawlers and Dredgers, Hookers, and Shoemakers or Cordwainers, incorporated at different periods; but their restrictive privileges in trade have been abandoned as impolitic or useless, and they are now kept up only in form. The charters of Elizabeth and James confirmed to this borough the right of sending two representatives to the Irish Parliament, which it continued to exercise till the Union, since which period it has returned one to the Imperial Parliament.

The mayor (as also his deputy or vice-mayor) is a justice of the peace within the town, and is further (without mention of the vice-mayor) constituted a justice of the peace throughout the county of the town, being empowered, with the recorder, to hold courts of session and gaol delivery: he is admiral of the liberties, which extend northward to Fair Head, and southward to Beerlooms, about 40 miles in each direction, with the exception only of Bangor and the Pool of Garmoyle; and may issue attachments against ships and cargoes, or against persons on board, for the recovery of debts wherever contracted: he is also a magistrate for the county of Antrim, and he or his deputy is judge of the Tholsel court; he is appointed "custos rotulorum" of the county of the town, and is escheator, master of the assays, and clerk of the market; and the charter empowers him to grant licences for ships coming to the port, upon entering, to buy or forestall merchandise, and also for the salting of hides, fish, &c.

The Franciscan monastery which formerly existed here was founded in 1232, and became of so much importance that, in 1282, a general chapter of the whole order was convoked here: it stood within the walls of the town, and its site is at present occupied by the gaol for the county of Antrim. Immediately to the west of the town was the Premonstratensian priory of Goodburn or Woodburn, on the western bank of that stream; it was dedicated to the Holy Cross, and its foundation is attributed to a member of the family of Bisset, which quitted Scotland about the year 1242, in consequence of the murder of the Duke of Athol. Adjoining the eastern suburb was the hospital of St. Bridget, said to have been founded for the reception of lepers; the lands adjoining the site are still called the Spital parks. To the north of the town, a well, now called Bridewell, marks the site of another hospital dedicated to St. Bridget. Several silver coins of the reign of Hen. II. have been found about the castle. There are numerous barrows or tumuli scattered over the face of the county of the town, of which some have been opened and found to contain rude urns, ashes, and human bones; the largest of these, which are chiefly sepulchral, is called "Duncrue," or the "fortress of blood." At Slieve-True is a cairn, 77 yards in circumference and 20 feet high; a little towards the west of the same mountain is another, of nearly equal dimensions; and about a mile to the north-east is a third, exactly similar. In several places are artificial caves, probably intended as places of concealment. At a place called the Friars' Rock are traces of small circular buildings, supposed to have been friars' cells; and about two miles north-west of the town are the ruins of two churches, called respectively Killyan, or Anne's Church, and Carnrawsy. Among the distinguished persons born here may be noticed Bishop Tennison, and Richard Kane, a general in the army of Wm. III.

(To be continued.)

TRY AGAIN.

BY C. A. S. DWIGHT.

If at first you do succeed,
Try again!
Life is more than just one deed;
Try again!
Never stop with what you've done,
More remains than you have won,
Full content's vouchsafed to none;
Try again!

If you've earned a bit of fame,
Try again!
Seek a still more honoured name,
Try again!
Sit not down with folded hands,
Cramp not hope with narrow bands!
Think what prowess life demands!
Try again!

If you've won on lower plane,
Try again!
Life is more than one campaign;
Try again!
Send your guidons to the fore,
Strive to seize one standard more,
Still ungained are palms galore:
Try again!

If at first you do succeed,
Try again!
For future harvests sow the seed,
Try again!
Rise with sacred discontent,
Realise that life is lent
On highest searches to be spent:
Try again!

OUR WEEKLY STORY

A FOOL'S PARADISE.

BY ETHEL GODDARD.

Alice Hillas sat in her dainty, costly, bric-a-brac boudoir, and she matched her surroundings to absolute perfection, for she was herself a dainty, costly, bric-a-brac woman. Jewels, charms, trinkets gave a motif of pretty inutility to her attire, just as Parisian trifles lavishly scattered gave her boudoir a look of dangerous fragility; and truth to tell, little Alice Hillas's life was quite in keeping with her boudoir and her attire, for useful she was not and could not be. She was petite, golden-haired, blue-eyed, very sweet, indeed, to the eye, but the delicately coloured face, the little cherry lips, the softly rounded chin were more suggestive of a Greuze child-face than of the countenance proper for a woman.

As Alice sat in her boudoir that morning the sweet blue eyes were red, which more than ever suggested the child face, the child intelligence.

When the door opened sharply Alice started, and when a tall, dark man, powerful in build but weakly handsome in face, came towards her, tears again welled to her eyes, and her lips trembled, though for ten minutes she had been schooling herself to bravery, because "Bert" did not like to see her cry. Tears were assuredly very far from Hubert Hillas's dark eyes, and it did not seem probable that his drooping moustache hid any effeminate trembling of the mouth when Alice, held in his arms, forgot all thought of bravery and cried with childish abandonment.

"Bert—Bert," she gasped between her sobs. "I can't bear to let you go away from me to this horrible war."

Her husband was furtively glancing over the little golden head at the china clock on the mantelpiece; he was evidently hurried; he was also evidently bored.

"Alice, little girl," he said, "cheer up now, you mustn't give way like this. Look here, dearie, I have something for you, just let me get at my pocket. Now see here, it is a miniature of me. I thought you would like to have it. It isn't bad either."

"Oh, Bert, Bert, dear, it was good of you. I will kiss it every night, and think of you, I shall be so lonely. Promise me, Bert that you will kiss my photograph before you go to sleep; promise me, dear."

"Yes, girlie, yes. Now I must go; look at the clock. One kiss. Now cheer up, little one." He was gone, and Alice was left to cry alone.

Upstairs a discreet housemaid, engaged in tidying "Master's things," locked into a secret place a photograph of a dainty little Greuze lady in evening dress, "for" the discreet housemaid said to herself, "if mistress was to find that master had forgotten her photograph she'd cry her eyes out, and no mistake."

Meanwhile Hillas, the hurried, was located in another boudoir, this time not one filled with bric-a-brac and redolent of pastilles. He was standing before another woman, and this time there was distress in his eyes, and he did not appear to be in a hurry. There was no third person to comment upon the extraordinary resemblance between Hubert Hillas's wife and the woman before whom he now stood with such an unmistakable expression of gloom, but London had long ago noted that resemblance, and had testified to its strangeness by naming Mrs. Mortimer and Alice Hillas, Hubert Hillas's Jekyll and Hyde. Gwendolyn Mortimer had just Alice's golden hair, dainty shell-pink colouring, and glorious blue eyes. She, too, was petite in figure, but the

Greuze-like babyishness of expression was not to be seen on Gwendolyn's face, a difference, however, which London was not quick to see.

She held one hand out towards Hillas; she seemed to be putting some constraint upon herself. He looked frankly miserable as he took the small white hand, and there was no hint of anxiety as to time in his dark, troubled eyes.

"Gwen," he said, "Gwen, I don't want to go away and leave you."

"You must go, though, and the leaving me is not the point to be thought of. How did you leave poor little Alice?"

"Oh, Alice. Crying her eyes out, just as her sort of woman always does in emergencies."

"Listen. I want to tell you now before you go that we cannot ever meet again."

"Why not? What on earth do you mean, Gwen"

"I mean that it is not fair to Alice, that it is not right that you and I should meet so often. Alice does not know of it, and it is deceit to her. You must promise me that you will not try to see me again when you come back, my friend."

"Promise you that! No, not that, for I cannot. I must meet you, talk to you, see you. Is it not hard on me that I should be bound to have no friends simply because I have a wife—such a wife, a little doll, whom I, fool that I was, thought I could love for ever?"

"Yes, and she thought you could, too. Thought you could love her as she loves you."

"Well, I do not love her, and we are wasting time talking of her; I want to talk about ourselves, not about Alice."

"That is just why you must not come to see me any more. Can you not understand? You do, you must. You know, I am afraid everybody does, that my husband and I—well, I need say no more. I know, too, about you and Alice; but that is worse, because there is one loving one in that story. Now, I think you must see why we cannot meet any more. I was mad not to think of it before, but it was good to have a—friend."

"Yes, Gwen a friend, and you are a friend to me. Why should we banish ourselves? Gwen, this is nonsense. I think you are sorry that I am going. Perhaps something may be worrying you, too, and putting this notion into your head; but put it away, our friendship can harm nobody."

"You must promise me"? she was very pale, her lips were trembling.

"I can't."

"Be brave; just say yes."

"Gwen, Gwen, your friendship means a lot to me. Don't ask me to give it up because of——"

"Because of your wife. Yes, I do ask it. It is the first favour I have asked of you; it may be—the last."

She laid her hand on his arm and looked at him beseechingly. It was plain even to Hubert Hillas's somewhat dull perceptions that Gwendolyn felt keenly on the point. For the first time he looked at the clock, and saw that he had little time left.

"You can refuse to see me, of course," he said, "and I could not stand that from you. Gwen, if you are sure you think it right I will promise. Think well now, it means a lot to me. Are you sure?"

"I am."

"So! I will not come again. Give me your photograph. You promised it."

Gwendolyn was glad to go to her small photograph cabinet; it gave her some time to hide from his glance whilst she got her lips and eyes into better control.

She gave him the photograph then, and when he took it he kissed it. He was suffering that afternoon very keenly, almost as keenly as poor little Alice, who was sitting at home crying for the man who was standing in the boudoir of another woman, with tears in his eyes.

They joined hands for one long moment, gazing into each other's eyes, and then Hubert Hillas went away to fight, while Gwendolyn Mortimer stayed to think.

From the very day on which Hubert left, Gwendolyn devoted herself almost fervently to Alice. It had come to her one night in a flash that she was doing a wrong to Alice by her friendship for Hillas. She knew how barren was poor little Alice's mind of anything which could do more than momentarily attract a man, and she reproached herself with having perchance in her conversations with Hillas, in her ready sympathy for and comprehension of him, put at a disadvantage his wife with her doll-like smile and laugh. In her piteous longing to make restitution she visited Alice, comforted her, talked to her with aching heart of Hubert, always of Hubert. In those conversations it was more than ever forcibly impressed upon Gwendolyn's heart why she had sent Hubert away with those hard words of permanent parting, for it then came home to her even more fully, that in her heart she had wronged Alice Hillas, and that Hubert had done so, too. She knew that she had by the way in which every mention of Hubert's name seemed to stab her heart, and the more fully she realised the fact the more did she strive to make a late restitution, to one who never guessed that she was injured. Alice clung to Gwendolyn because of the gentle sympathy which she lavished on her, albeit that sympathy was for a thing unguessed by Alice.

Weary days those were for Gwendolyn Mortimer, when she was constrained to listen to Hubert's letters, Hubert's praises, the whole tale of Hubert's doings, weary days, and they extended themselves slowly to six weary months. Then one morning Gwendolyn and her husband sat together at breakfast, he silent, absorbing the contents of the newspaper; she, silent, too, thinking of the man who had come to be such a power in her life.

"Oh—oh!" ejaculated William Mortimer, suddenly, "heavy list of casualties. D——n tough chop; I wish you would speak to the cook. Let me see. Gad, Alice Hillas is a widow, pretty widow, too. I suppose she'll be inconsolable for a while. Sounds Irish that, like a bull. Eh! what!"

Gwendolyn's cup had fallen to the ground, and, being of some value, was, of course, broken into fragments; at the moment Gwendolyn felt as though her life were in much the same state.

Immediately after breakfast she went to Alice, poor little, crying, incoherent Alice, with her red eyes and her soaked handkerchief. Alice with her confused reminiscences, her many tales of "Bert," her conjectures as to how he died, her sobbing hopes that he had not wanted her too badly.

Until night Gwendolyn sat with the sad little child-faced widow, and then she went home again, free at last to think of herself, to realise fully, bitterly, what it all meant to her. Nobody would sympathise with her, nobody would guess her trouble; it was on Alice that the cards of condolence were left, to Alice that the words of pity were spoken. Gwendolyn had no sympathy, no pity save only the cruel, cutting, commiseration called self-pity, and she knew that a priceless thing had been taken from her life, that she as well as Alice was left desolate. Still her work of restitution went on; it had to go on, though every evidence of Alice's confidence in "Bert's" perfect love for her was a fresh stab, a fresh reproach. In those days Gwendolyn grew very tired, but she felt that she was doing right, that she was making atonement, and she felt, too, a great unselfish joy that Alice need never know, that she might still live in her pretty paradise.

Then came a day when, as usual, the two women sat together, talking of Bert, and Alice for once made a statement of interest.

"Gwen," she said, with tear-filled eyes, "do you know d-dear Bert's kit has come home, it will be here to-night, and, of course, I must unpack it and go over all h-his things. It will be awful; imagine, Gwen, imagine if there should be blood-stains! It is three months now since he was killed, and all the stains may be there. Oh, Gwen, Gwen, what shall I do?"

Those words sent Gwendolyn home just as lonely and depressed as usual, and with an additional pain of terror in her heart. The photograph, her photograph, it must come home with the kit! It would be worse than blood-stains to poor little Alice Hillas; it would do away with all the good of her piteous atonement, it would leave her open to reproaches, and it would desecrate that secret chamber of her heart. Gwendolyn slept but poorly that night, for Alice had told her she would unpack the dead man's kit next day, and she knew that next day the secret of the past, the secret of dear comradeship between her and one in the silent land would be known to the very one who should never have guessed it.

That night the discreet housemaid who was charged to leave all things in readiness for next morning's unpacking, violated her conscience by opening "Master's" locked wardrobe and burning the photograph of the dainty Greuze-faced lady which lay therein; "for," she reasoned, "the poor gentleman's gone, and where's the use in makin' mischief?"

Next afternoon Gwendolyn sat restless and miserable in her boudoir, tormented by the thought that Alice must know her secret, that her pitiful attempt at reparation was rendered void. Just as the time arrived when those tormented by conscience are wont to light the lamps, the door of the boudoir was thrown open.

"Mrs. Hillas, ma'am."

"Oh!" there was a catch in her breath; she looked furtively at Alice, and for once left her to originate a remark.

"Oh, do let me sit down," the little woman said. "I am so tired. I have been at B-Bert's kit all day."

Yes, there was a tone of strained intensity in Gweldolyn's voice; she leant forward eagerly. Was Alice acting?

"Oh, Gwen, it was awful"—sobs interrupted the words—"it was awful, and the, the stains."

"Yes, yes?" the voice was hard now from anxiety.

"And, Gwen, the queerest thing, the—the saddest thing, d-dear Bert had made the mistake so m-many people have made, you know. He took your photograph away instead of mine. He must have taken it in mistake for the photograph of myself that I g-gave him; I know my c-copy disappeared, and I thought that boy who was so wild about you had taken it. Oh, Gwen, if dear B-Bert had only known that he was k-kissing your face instead of mine, in that lonely Africa, he would have g-gone mad, p-poor fellow."

Gwendolyn Mortimer sang praises for the kindly strength of the fences round one Fool's Paradise.

DUBLIN'S OLD THEATRE ROYAL

(HAWKINS STREET).

HOW IT CAME TO BE BUILT.

SOME HISTORIC PERFORMANCES.

By H. CALCRAFT.

IV.

During the summer of 1832 the dreadful scourge of cholera first lowered on the Irish metropolis. The onward, unerring march of the destroying pestilence had been long predicted; but when the blow fell, everybody was paralysed, and taken as if by sudden surprise. Some of the measures at first adopted, such as publishing daily a list of cases when the mortality was at its height, were ill calculated to allay the general apprehension. It is not to be wondered at that such a heavy visitation produced a most baleful effect on the second and third seasons, and turned the thoughts of many entirely from lighter amusements. Then began to spring up political and controversial animosities, with renewed vigour, from a temporary cessation. Monster meetings, to promote unanimity by clamour, and pacification by club-law; conciliation quarrels and national grievances, interminable as a lease on lives renewable for ever; with voluntary subscriptions, coerced much after the fashion in which the one-legged beggar in Gil Blas levied charity from road-side passengers. These, and many other local difficulties, shadowed themselves out in palpable outline, and soon began to assume substantial "form of pressure." To the ordinary obstacles of a dramatic campaign elsewhere, must be added in Dublin a liberal per-centage of formidable indigenous barricades, of peculiar home construction.

On the 14th of March, 1831, Mr. Young, who had always deservedly been a great favourite, took his leave of the Dublin audience, in the character of Hamlet; and on Friday, January the 6th, 1832, Edmund Kean made his last appearance as Octavian, in the now obselete play of "The Mountaineers." He was engaged for the following season, but a contrary fiat issued from superior authority, and he returned no more. On the occasion of his final benefit, on the preceding Monday, January the 2nd, he performed an Olio, compounded of five acts, selected from different plays of Shakespeare—an illegitimate and detrimental experiment, calculated to inflame receipts, but to diminish reputation. During his last engagement, he sometimes failed from exhaustion and general debility, but the bright effulgence of genius now and then burst forth, and triumphed over decaying powers. On this particular night, although tired and beaten down by sickness, he wound up with the third act of "Othello," in a style that no other actor ever approached. It resembled the last ray of the setting sun, or the expiring burst of a thunderstorm. He electrified the audience, and reminded them of his best days, when his startling originality and epigrammatic force produced an entire revolution in preconceived opinions.

In September, 1836, Madame Malibran de Beriot was engaged for six nights. The announcement produced a most extraordinary sensation, and the box-office was literally besieged every day during the hours it was open. The operas intended to be performed were—"La Somnambula," "The Maid of Artois," and "Fidelio." Templeton, who had supported the unrivalled cantatrice with much credit at Drury lane, was secured as the tenor; other auxiliaries were engaged, all the necessary preparations were in train, and the manager indulged in a golden dream of profit. He was rudely awakened by this most unexpected communication from M. de Beriot:—

Manchestre, le 15 Sepembre, 1836.

Mon cher Monsieur.—I'eprouve le vif chagrin de devoir vous envoyer le present certificat. Mad. de Beroit est tres gravement malade et se trouve dans l' impossibilite absolue d' aller a Dublin. Son etat de souffrance est tel qu'elle ne peut quitter le lit. Croyez mon cher monsieur a tout le regret que j'eprouve de ce facheux contretemps, et recevez l'assurance de ma parfaite estime.

C. DE BERIOT.

Mosley Arms' Hotel.

Mr. Calcraft, struck with consternation, but little foreseeing the fatal catastrophe so immediately impending, hurried over to Manchester, and communicated the result to the public, in the following advertisement:—

THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN.

Mr Calcraft regrets extremely to be under the painful necessity of stating to the public, that having, on Thursday, received a letter from Manchester, informing him that Madame Malibran de Beriot had been suddenly seized with alarming illness, and was unable either to finish her engagement there, or come to Dublin, he immediately repaired to Manchester, when the accompanying certificate was placed in his hands by the medical gentlemen whose names are signed to it:—

Manchester, 10 o'clock, Sept. 16, 1836.

Madame Malibran de Beriot has passed a restless and distressing night, and the symptoms of her complaint require confinement to her room. It is our decided opinion that Madame Malibran de Beriot cannot undertake the voyage to Dublin without danger to her life. We think it necessary to add, that from the nature of her complaint, there is no probability of her being able, for some considerable time, to resume the duties of her profession.

S. A BARDSLEY, M.D.
JOHN HALL, M.D.
H. T. WORTHINGTON, Surgeon.

Mr. Calcraft regrets further to add, that in consequence of the very precarious state of Madame Malibran's health, he is, at present, quite unable to say when her engagement in Dublin can be resumed.

The gentlemen whose names are appended to the certificate were among the most eminent practitioners in Manchester, and were not then apprehensive of a fatal result. Had the patient been left in their hands all might have ended differently. In a few days more, and in the same week when she should have appeared in Dublin, the news arrived that the fair and gifted vocalist had closed her earthly career, cut off suddenly in the full bloom of youth, fortune, and professional reputation. She sank under exhaustion, produced by exertions beyond her physical capabilitiy; and as was generally believed, by the mistaken treatment of her own foreign physician, in whose skill she had the most unbounded confidence. Malibran was undoubtedly one of the greatest artists the world has ever produced. It is difficult to say whether she excelled most in acting or in singing, in comedy or in tragedy. There was a reality, an identity, an intensity in all her theatrical assumptions which have never been equalled. Enthusiastically devoted to her art, her mind was in a perpetual fever of excitement. To her may be aptly applied the impressive lines of Dryden:—

> A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
> Fretted the puny body to decay,
> And o'er inform'd the tenement of clay.*

The untimely death of Madame Malibran proved a heavy blow to the Dublin manager. He had effected the engagement with much difficulty, and after long correspondence. His expectations were raised to a flattering extent, and the expenses incurred were very serious. Then followed the most unwelcome operation of refunding the large sums received at the box-office, and paying the performers, expressly retained, whose services were rendered unavailable.

It is not the intention here to enter into a minute analysis of Mr. Calcraft's long period of managerial sovereignty, which may be reserved for another occasion; but merely to give, as is stated in the heading of the article, a cursory glance at a few leading incidents. The viceroyalty of the Marquess of Normanby stands forward among the enlivening episodes which brighten a long series of gloom and discomfiture. During four years the noble Marquess and his accomplished lady, by unremitting public patronage, and marked private attention, did everything that their powerful influence could effect, to promote the interests of the lessee, and support the national stage of Ireland. Among other delightful reunions, they gave suppers after the performance, to which the habitual frequenters of the theatre were specially invited. Their state visits were more frequent, and better attended, than any in the annals of Hawkins' street. Temporary or casual objections never kept them away, and they endured the political ebullitions of the gallery, or the interruption of a fight in the pit, with undeviating good humour and equanimity. Almost the last public act of Lord Normanby, on his recall, was a farewell command, the concluding one of three in less than half a season, the aggregate receipts of which nights exceeded £1,000. Even those most violently opposed to the viceroy in opinion on public matters, acknowledged his unequalled suavity of manner and unvarying kindness of disposition. The humble tribute of gratitude is offered in sincere respect, and in remembrance of favours never to be forgotten.

Early in the season of 1839, the successful play of "Richelieu," by Sir E. Bulwer, was produced, and acted by the stock company, without auxiliary aid. The author happening at that time to be on a visit to Dublin, was present at the first representation, and when recognised and greeted by the audience with enthusiastic applause, acknowledged the compliment in a graceful reply. On the following morning his satisfaction drew forth the following letter, highly complimentary to the manager and his company:—

My Dear Sir.—I cannot resist the pleasure of repeating to you the gratification I had in your performance of "Richelieu," and my surprise at the splendour and correctness of your decorations and arrangements. I shall be sincerely glad if it repay you. I take at the same time a liberty, which I am sure you will not misconstrue, in pointing out one or two situations that I think may produce a heightened effect, by a simple alteration in the grouping. In Act 3rd the production of Julie, by Richelieu, to the amaze of Mauprat, aways produced a great effect at Covent Garden. This was not so much the case last night—because Mauprat did not throw into his attitude sufficient surprise and consternation. He

* Absalom and Achitophel.

I shall here only take notice that (as Sir John Davis (53) observes) Maurice Fitz-Gerald, the first Earl of Desmond, raised the greatness of his house by Irish exactions and oppressions; so Gerald, the last Earl, reduced it to nothing, by the same means, and at length fell into open rebellion, where he perished, with numbers of his followers.

When this last Earl was attainted, September 25, 1582, he was possessed of a prodigious estate in the counties of Kerry, Cork, Waterford, Limerick, &c. His lands, extending 150 miles, and containing 574,628 acres of English measure, on which were many strong castles; he was lord of the regalities of the county palatine of Kerry, lord of Imokilly, in this county, &c. (54) He had a great number of vassals, and of his kindred and surname, above 500 gentlemen; raised coin and livery, shragh, &c., upon his tenants, through all the county of Limerick. He had all wrecks of the sea, through all the ports and creeks of the county of Kerry; 13s. 4d. out of every fishing-boat in the port of Ventry and Ferreters island. It was asserted that he was able to raise, at a call, 600 horse and 2,000 foot; all which possessions were utterly forfeited, and by Act of Parliament vested in the queen and her heirs; as were those (55) of his confederates, a great part of which were restored to them, as to Patrick Condon, and the white knight, their countries; also a considerable quantity to several of the Fitz-Geralds and others. The rest of the forfeitures were divided into seigniories, and granted, by letters patents, to several English knights, esquires, and gentlemen, who were called undertakers, from those grants, and their being obliged to perform several conditions mentioned in the queen's articles for the plantation of this province, an abstract of which is as follows:

"All forfeited lands (56) were to be divided into manors and seigniories, containing 12,000, 8,000, 6,000, and 4,000 acres each, according to a plot laid down. The undertakers to have an estate in fee-farm, yielding for each seigniory of 12,000 acres, for the first three years, £33 6s. 8d sterl., viz., from 1590 to 1593, and from Mrch., 1593, £66 13s. 4d. sterl., and rateably for every inferior seigniory, yielding, upon the death of the undertaker, the best beast as an heriot. To be discharged of all taxes whatsoever, except subsidies levied by parliament. Bogs, mountains, &c., not to be included till improved, and then to pay ½d. for each English acre. Licence to the undertakers to transport all commodoties, duty free, into England, for five years. That none be admitted to have more than 12,000 acres. No English planter to be permitted to convey to any meer Irish. Every owner of 6,000 acres to impart 600 for the breeding of horses, &c., and the other seigniories a rateable proportion. The head of each plantation to be English, and the heirs female to marry none but of English birth; and none of the meer Irish to be maintained in any family there.

"Each freeholder, from the year 1590, to furnish one horse, and horseman armed. Each principal undertaker for 12,000 acres to supply three horsemen and six footmen, armed, and so rateably, for the other seigniories; and each copy-holder, one footman armed. That for seven years to come they shall not be obliged to travel out of Munster upon any service; and after that time, no more than ten horsemen and twenty footmen, out of one seigniory of 12,000 acres, and so rateably; and such as serve out of Munster to be paid by the queen.

"That the queen will protect and defend the said seigniories at her own charge (57) for seven years to come. All commodities brought from England for the use of the same seigniories to be duty free for seven years. The acres to contain 16 feet and ½ to the perch, after the manner used in England. Dated 27th of Jnue, 1586, 28 Eliz."

The plot of the queen's offer for the peopling of Munster.

"For a seigniory, containing 12,000 acres, the gent. was to have for his own demesne 2,100 acres. Six farmers, 400 acres each. Six freeholders, 10 acres each; and lands to be appointed for mean tenures (of 50, 25, 10 acres), 1,500 acres; whereon 36 families, at least, must be established. The other seigniories, of 8,000, 6,000, and 4,000 acres, were laid out in the same manner and proportion. Each undertaker was to people his seigniory in seven years."

Notwithstanding no person was to be an undertaker for more than 12,000 acres, by the above articles, Sir Walter Raleigh procured a warrant of privy seal, dated Feb. 3, 1585-6, granting him three seigniories and a half in the counties of Cork and Waterford (the lands mentioned therein may be found in the history of that county) (58), and accordingly letters patent were passed, dated the 16th of October, 29 Eliz., 1586, granting the said three seigniories and a half to Sir Walter Raleigh (59), in the counties of Cork and Waterford.

(To be Continued.)

Edwin D. Brainard, a well-known inventor, mechanical engineer, and architect, died at his home in Pittsfield, Mass., on July 9. He was seventy-three years old, and his death was directly due to a shock sustained a week before. He was the inventor of the Brainard cold storage system, which has been installed all over the world for the purposes of refrigeration, which was the means of carrying his name far and wide.

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the barony 30 years, and was himself slain, anno 1556 by Dermot Mac-Teig Carty, lord Muskery. He left issue two sons and three daughters. The eldest daughter was married to Mac-Carty Reagh, the second to lord Roche, and the third to the said Dermot Mac-Teig, lord Muskery. Thomas, the eldest son, soon died after his father's murder, leaving issue Thomas Oge, who was also slain; but James, his second son, lived long after. He brought the Italian forces to Smirwick, in Kerry, and was slain by the son of William de Burgo, alias Bourk, anno 1579, for which his father was created lord baron of Castledonnel. By this rebellion, the barony of Kerricurihy became forfeited to the crown, by act of parliament, 28 Eliz. cap 7.

(53) Historical Collections.

(54) Anno 1418, the manors of Moyallow, Broghil, and Kilcolman, were assigned to Maurice, son of Thomas, the 6th earl of Desmond, by his uncle James, who usurped the earldom.

(55) The following persons were, by an inquisition held at Shandon Castle, in Cork, September 9, 1588, found to be concerned in the earl of Desmond's rebellion, and were most of them attainted by act of parliament, Patrick Condon of Cloghleigh, esq; sir John Desmond, knt; John Piggot esq; sir John Fitz-Gerald, knt, sir James FitzGerald, knt, Edmund Fitz-Gerald Fitz-Gibbon, of Curribehy, Edmund Power, of Ballyinn Donnough Mac-Cormac Oge, of Loughfaily, Dermot Oge O-Leary, of Carrignecuragh, Richard Fitz-Garret of Drumada, Dermot Mac-Edmund Oge, of Bantry, Teig Mac-Edmund Oge, of the same, Conogher Mac-Daniel Mac-Rory, of the same, Teig Mac-Daniel Mac-Rory, of the same, Teig Roe Mac-Fineen of the same, Dermot Mac-Fineen, of the same, Eugene Mac-Fineen, of the same, Daniel Mac-Conogher Mac-Mahony, of Rossbrin, Maurice Fitz-Gerald, of Carigoline Ulick Barret, of Curribehy, Cormac Mac-Carty, David Mac-Gibbon, of Coshnekily, Maurice Fitz-Edmund Garrett of Rathcourcy, John Fitz-Garret Mac-Shane, of the great Wood, Gibbon Roe Mac-Shane Oge, of the same, Conogher O-Mahony, of Castlemahon, Rory O'Donohoe, of Ross-Donohoe, John Barry, or Barrygoran, James Mac-Conogher, of Drumbeg, James Fitz-John, of Poulinkerry, John Fitz-David Condon, of Kilbree, Richard Fitz-David of Rahenisky, Fineen Mac-Art, of Downbolloge Gerald Fitz-Richard, of Ballynaclashy, Art Mac-Donnel Mac Art, of Glanprehan, Thady O-Keif, of Knockaregan, Edward Barry, of Bragoge, Richard Magner, of Castle-magner John Fitz-Edmond, of Ballymarter, John Fitz-James Fitz-Edmond, of Tymacinague, Garret Fitz-Rich Richard Fitz-Morris, of Ballintemple, John Fitz-Garret, of Dromada, Martin Fitz-Richard Fitz-Gibbon of Curribehy, John Fitz-Edmond, of Ballycrenan, Patrick Callaghan, of Clonmeene, Richard Rynferk, of Rinkinfecky, Garret Fitz-John alias Mac-Robinson, of Ballymacudy, John Supple, of Ightermuragh, Fordorough Mac-William Mac-Brien, of Kilnatoragh, William White, of Whites-island, Edmund Fitz-William Oge, of Garran-James, Richard Mac-Morris of Lisquinlan, Gerald Supple, of Ightermuragh, Thomas Mac-Carty of Kilbolane, Theobald Roch, of Creg, James Gare, of the island of Inchydonny, Tieg Muirian, of Owny O-Mulrian. In the same inquisition the manor of Glyn, alias Cullin, the castle, and 30 currucats of land of Cloghroe, the island of Inchydonny, and the ancient corporation of Ballynemony, were found to belong to the queen.

The same jury inquired into the death of James Barret of Barret's country, and made a return thereof.

They also presented the names of all persons whom they suspected were apt to work mischief, and were ill-disposed to the government. They also made a return of all the abbies and religious houses, which were in this county, and became annexed to the crown. They presented the names of such persons in this county as held lands of the queen, by knights service in capite; and died, leaving their heirs in minority, with the quantity and value of all such lands. They returned all such as alienated their lands without license; also, on account of lands concealed from her majesty in this county, which fell to the crown by escheat, attainder, suppression of abbies, and who were then in possession of them. At the same time there is another presentment of the grand jury of this county, showing how, in what manner the earl of Desmond's rents were paid, and a list of all the Irish poets, chroniclers and rhymers that were in this county. All which presentments are preserved in the Lambeth library according to a catalogue of them among the MSS in the library of Trinity College, Dublin.

The chief lords and gentlemen in this county, in Queen Elizabeth's time, were, besides those above mentioned, the earl of Clancare, the lord viscount Buttevant, the lord Muskery, the lord viscount Roche, of Fermoy, Courcy, lord baron of Kingsale and Ringrone, the Bishops of Cork, Ross, and Cloyne, Sir Warham St Leger, Sir Fineen O-Driscoll, Sir Owen O Sullevan, O'Donovan O'Callaghan Mac-Auliff; also the Barrets, Condons, Barry-Oge, the Barrys, Cartys, Flemmings (Skiddys) Meaghs, Waters, Giraldines, Russels, O'Kiel, sir Owen Mac-Carty Reagh, the seneschal of Imokilly, etc.

(56) Manuscript in Lismore.

(57) This article was not performed.

(58) Page 44.

(59) Sir Richard Cox says by mistake (led into it by the above-mentioned articles) that sir Walter Raleigh had but 12,000 acres granted him: but the contrary appears from the privy seal, and letters patent above-mentioned, which remain in the castle of Lismore.

SUBMARINE BOATS.

BY COMMANDER J. D. JERROLD KELLEY.

Last year the success claimed for the French submarine boat, "Gustav Zede," revived abroad the public interest in a war type which, with strange alternations, has been the hope and the despair of the nations open to maritime attack. All the sea powers have, at one season or another, experimented with it, and all save one are keenly awaiting the verdict. Great Britain alone waits undisturbed, for, defiant as of old and certain of her matchless fleet she watches the new development with critical scorn.

Curiously enough, France seems to think that submarine navigation is a new and French idea; but its practicability was first established over two hundred and fifty years ago, and with such promise that its pursuit has furnished to eager minds an allurement that neither failure nor ridicule has been able to destroy.

The first submarine craft of which we have any definite knowledge was built by Cornelius Van Drebbell, a Hollander, who made some curious experiments under the Thames in 1624 with a diving-boat that was propelled by a dozen oars and carried as many passengers. His secret perished with him, and it is certain that he knew how to purify the air in his vessel, to dive and come again to the surface at pleasure, and to propel the boat with fair speed either on the surface or below the water.

American inventors were busy with the idea very early in our history. Bushnell, of Connecticut, in 1775, constructed a boat which Washington described in a letter to Jefferson as "a machine so contrived as to carry the inventor under water at any depth he chose, and for a considerable time and distance, with an appendage charged with powder, which he could fasten to a ship and give fire to it in time sufficient for his returning, and by means thereof destroy it."

MECHANISM OF BUSHNELL'S BOAT.

The external shape of the boat bore some resemblance to two upper tortoise-shells of equal size joined together, and its interior was of sufficient extent to carry one operator and to afford pure air for about thirty minutes' submersion. On the outer shell over the rudder, a large powder magazine was transported. This could be exploded by clockwork at any time within twelve hours. The magazine was secured in place by a wooden screw, with which it was also connected by a stout line. When the operator reached the keel of the enemy's ship he was expected to force this screw into the plank, then to detach the magazine, and hurry his boat out of harm's way.

After numerous experiments in Long Island Sound, Bushnell made an attempt to destroy the British warship Eagle, then lying off Governor's Island in the harbour of New York. When he reached a position under the ship, he attempted to attach his magazine, but the screw struck a bar of iron. In seeking another place, he drifted away from the ship and was unable to find it again. Determined to test the explosive value of his invention, he cast off his mine, and "an hour afterward," writes Holland, "the magazine exploded some distance from the ship, throwing up a huge column of water, greatly to the consternation of those on board, who were unable to ascertain the cause of so singular a phenomenon."

Robert Fulton borrowed Bushnell's idea, and in 1801 experimented successfully with a diving-boat, which was propelled by two parallel screws and ascended and descended by means of vertical screws. He experimented with it at Rouen, Havre, and Brest, and being satisfied with the correctness of his theory, went to Paris and built a new diving-boat. With this boat, called the Nautilus, he made some interesting experiments in the Seine; and in 1801, at Brest, he remained with it in the water for three hours, moving in all directions at will. In August of that year he carried a cubic foot of compressed air, which enabled him to remain under water for four and one-half hours. But as he and his invention received no practical encouragement abroad or at home, it was not further developed by him.

In 1851 a shoemaker named Phillips launched in Lake Michigan a cigar-shaped boat, forty feet in length and four feet in diameter. This machine was very crude, but in the course of a few years he had so far perfected his arrangement for purifying the air, that on one occasion he took his wife and children and spent a whole day in exploring the bottom of the lake. He is said to have carried a six-pounder smooth-bore gun in the bow, and to have fired shots from it into hulks anchored for the purpose. Later it was recorded of Phillips that he made a descent in Lake Erie, near Buffalo, and never reappeared.

Many other experiments were made both here and abroad, the most successful being those of a Russian mechanic, who, in 1855, perfected a diving-boat in which he remained under water for eight hours. The greatest impetus given to the development of the type was the result of the part played by submarine craft in the Civil War. In 1864 the most notable of these, a boat named the David, sank the United States ship Housatonic off Charleston harbour.

This submarine boat was built of boiler plates, and shaped like a cigar, and was propelled by eight men at a speed of about four knots an hour. When advancing to attack, the top was just on a level with the water. Three trial trips were made, but each time she sank and failed to rise, and in each instance her crews were suffocated before they could be rescued. On the fourth trial she ran safely out of the harbour, but although successful in blowing up the Housatonic, she was drawn into the vortex of the sinking ship, and her gallant crew perished.

Up to the end of the Civil War, the underlying theory demanded a boat that could approach a ship on the surface of the water until it was almost within the radius of discovery. Its duty then was to sink, and when under the ship to place a torpedo, and then, after moving to a safe distance, to explode it.

But as modern warfare developed, ships could no longer anchor during bombardment, nor as a rule could they attempt to force channels and make a direct attack at night or day, because of the mine-fields and of the watchfulness of the vedettes and torpedo-boats, and as a rule blockades were maintained at distances impossible in the sail period. Hence a new type of submarine boat was demanded, in which certain qualities were essential.

ESSENTIALS OF A SUBMARINE BOAT.

The construction had to be water-tight and strong enough to resist great pressure; it had to be supplied with sufficient air; and the stability of the boat had to be determined carefully, for the conditions submerged were exceedingly different from those existing in a boat floating on the surface. Other qualities deemed essential were good engine power; a capacity to travel relatively long distances; rapid diving power to avoid gun attack; manoeuvring power to descend or ascend quickly; a size not too great to forbid working in shallow water, and a possibility of delivering attacks from a distance. A battery of small, but, good, guns was considered of value, and, most important of all, pilots had to be able, when submerged, to scan the horizon and to steer a true course without being discovered by the enemy.

Many of these qualities have been secured, but the one which yet seems almost unrealisable is the power to tell, with accuracy, the direction in which the boat is going after it has sunk beneath the surface of the water.

Mr. Holland, the inventor of the best diving-boat so far tried in this country, declares that in all save a few of the most modern types the intention of the designers was to steer the vessel by sight while under water. Formerly he was of the opinion that steering by sight while submerged was quite practicable, and thought it would be a simple matter to find the most vulnerable point in the bottom of a ship to which the torpedo could be attached. A few submerged runs soon convinced him that under water some guide other than vision, must be found to direct a boat's movements.

Until 1881 experience with submarine boats had been so limited that more difficulty in steering a straight course by compass while submerged than while moving on the surface was hardly expected. "I had no suspicion," Mr. Holland states, "that my boat could not be steered perfectly, until after making about half a dozen preliminary dives to adjust the automatic apparatus. Having become doubtful of the reliability of the compass, I had it carefully compensated, and then made a trial submerged run in New York harbour, heading the vessel toward a point which I knew was about twelve minutes' run distant. The boat dived at an inclination of fifteen degrees; and it was noticed that when she again reached a horizontal position the compass needle had swung around a complete circle, and vibrated a good deal before coming to rest. The boat was then discovered to be about 90 degrees off her course.

"It was steered again in the proper direction, and then inclined upward at a sharp angle to find whether the action of the compass would be as erratic while rising as while running downward. One end of the needle dipped to the bottom when beginning the ascent, and remained there during the rise. When the boat approached a horizontal position, a few feet below the surface, the needle swung round as violently as it has done during the boat's descent, and then came to rest again at a point that indicated the boat to be far off the true course.

"As it appeared quite clear that the run was not made in the direction intended, and that about one mile must have been covered from the start, ten minutes having already passed, the boat was brought to the surface of the water just in time to prevent her from running on rocks that lay about 20 yards straight ahead, and 60 yards down from the starting point. The boat had started to run over one mile up-stream, and the mile run ended 60 yards down-stream, with the boat heading exactly opposite to her original direction."

It is this lack of power to direct the course accurately that renders the possibility of complete success with a submarine boat doubtful. To attain this, various devices have been used, such, for example, as the camera lucida, which is carried in a tube projecting above the surface; but when this instrument is used to assist in determining the direction, it must be withdrawn immediately, lest the enemy shall be able to locate and destroy the vessel. Some modern submarine boats bring their turrets to the surface for a short time to enable the pilot to lay his course. Others claim to have secret processes. But no known method has so far proved trustworthy.

Nordenfeldt made many experiments in 1885 with a cigar-shaped steel boat. Her behaviour

ought, in fact, to be startled to the other end of the stage. His sword should fall from his grasp—and, above all, full room should be left for the Cardinal to stand in plain view between the two parties, as he pronounces the words—"Lo, my witness!"

Secondly, Act 4th, when the Cardinal, supposed to be dead, reappears, as Mauprat is to be dismissed, your courtiers ought again to express much more dismay and astonishment. I do not know if your scene admits of your coming down the middle of the stage, but you were a little too long in coming last night, and were in the midst of the courtiers before they perceived what all the rest of the audience did. The alarm and astonishment at his resuscitation, make the effect of that situation. At your swoon at the close of the act, I think you will find it more effective to omit—"Heaven save my country!" The theatrical point is at the hysterical triumph of—"How pale he is." Act 5th. I think, considering that Richelieu has been represented by Julie and Joseph as dying or nearly so, it would be better for you to mark your weakness by leaning on Joseph at your approach, and during your speech to the King. In the same scene your group again want to be admonished as to astonishment. They ought to take more interest while the secretaries tell the news of Portugal and Charles I.; turning to each other with surprise at each piece of news. Joseph does not exactly time the "Fall back, Sir, it is your turn now." He should say it before Baradas advances so near to the King, and from the back of Richelieu's chair. In a previous part of this scene, when Baradas says—"Hence to the headsman," the announcement "His Eminence the Cardinal Duke," etc., should follow directly. There was too much pause between.

I have already spoken about softening De Beringhen. He is not meant as a fop or buffoon, Frenchman. I may also add, as a small point, that Mauprat, in the first scene, ought to wear black, as Julie observes that he wears "sable." If you keep his dress, she had better say that he wears crimson. By the way, there was an effect Macready makes which you either softened or abridged last night in this scene, though I think you might use it to advantage. While the lovers are kneeling to the King, you turn to receive the felicitations of the courtiers. But at Covent Garden they form themselves into a lane, and Richelieu passes haughtily down it, with the consciousness and enjoyment of recovered power, as they bow obsequiously to right and left. This is all I venture to suggest to you, and I do so with the less scruple, inasmuch as the very points I now mention, we had the greatest difficulty with in the rehearsals at Covent Garden—viz., the grouping. This may excuse what I have said. Will you do me the favour to send the enclosed order, for twelve copies of "Richelieu," to the agent of Messrs. Saunders and Ottley (Mr. J. Cumming), with my compliments, as a very slight mark of the pleasure they afforded me.—Very truly yours,

E. LYTTON BULWER.

Morrison's, Nov. 29th, 1839.

The reader will remark in this letter the anxiety of the author that all the minute points of his play should be effectively brought out, together with his perfect insight into the mechanism of the dramatic art, and the details of stage arrangement. These are, perhaps, the most valuable qualities with which the writer of plays can be endowed. Many possess active imagination, inventive genius, and the poetic faculty of expression, but the want of practical knowledge often renders their best efforts ineffective. Sheridan Knowles and Sir E. Lytton Bulwer unquestionably rank foremost in the list of living dramatists. Of the two, we should be inclined to assign the first place to Knowles. He has written longer, and more frequently. No modern play, on the whole, can compete with "The Hunchback" or "Virginius." But Sir E. Bulwer has produced three dramas of great popularity, "The Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," and "Money." It is much to be regretted that he does not increase the number.

The ancient Romans were accustomed to distinguish their fortunate days by a white stone. In the history of the Dublin Theatre, the 20th of June, 1841, should be marked by a black one. That evening witnessed the last performance of Tyrone Power, when the crowded building re-echoed such peals of merriment as have never since been heard within those walls. In all my long experience, I know no actor who so thoroughly carried an audience along with him with such untiring spirit, such unflinching humour. He was then in the full tide of his popularity and attraction, and drew as much money to the treasury as any visitor on the list. He was engaged to appear again early in the following season, but that anticipation was not permitted to be realised. At the time when his bright career was so suddenly and fatally brought to a close, he was worth a clear thousand a-year to the manager of the Dublin Theatre.

In 1841 commenced the first series of Italian Operas on the grand scale, which, on more than one occasion, combined the talents of Grisi, Mario, and Lablache, efficiently supported in every department, and wound up to the unparalleled sensation produced by Jenny Lind and Catherine Hayes. A taste for the highest order of musical excellence was thus established, and the public appetite fed to an extent which it will be difficult to emulate, and impossible to exceed. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the decline of other branches of the art theatrical, music has reached an apex of excellence in these latter times. which it never achieved before. The days are gone never to return, when the announcement of a single name, such as that of Catalani, or Pasta, in two or three detached songs, crowded a theatre from cellar to roof-tree—when a single ballad opera, without additional chorus or orchestra, would run for fifty nights; and a comedy by Colman, Reynolds, or Morton, on which nothing was expended, comprised novelty enough for an entire season. The upholsterer, the mechanist, the scene-painter, and the property-man are becoming front-files among the leading dramatis personæ. More money is now expended on accessorial appendages than sufficed formerly to purchase the talent of a Garrick, a Siddons, a Kemble, or a Kean. Whether this system is overdone—whether it is in itself good or bad, wholesome or pernicious—is a question open to endless discussion, with as little prospect of finality, as that of Reform in Parliament. But most certainly it is inevitable, and must be persevered in by all managers who are sufficiently wise in their generation to go with the times, instead of hopelessly fighting against them.

Then let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice.

The modern demand for lavish expenditure is, at the same time, coupled with another antagonistic condition, not easily reconciled—cheap prices. You are expected to produce the best article in the market, and to be satisfied with little or no remuneration. This principle applies more potently in the leading theatres of England and Scotland, than it does in Ireland. It has never yet been observed that the Dublin public pause to consider the price, if they fancy the commodity. They will pay cheerfully for what they like, but are not to be tempted by the reduction of a shilling, if the proffered entertainment has no charms for them. The "sons of freedom," who never disburse at all, are generally the first to complain. The paying public are the real critics and true patrons of the drama. They come predisposed to be satisfied; they put their hands in their pockets with merry hearts, and draw them out to be incessant in applause. A large complimentary list operates as a damper on the general cheerfulness of the audience, and as a drag-chain on the manager's exchequer.

Our article is getting lengthy, which warns us to conclude. We shall, therefore, sum up with a brief synoptical statement, not viewed through the attractive prismatic variations of a kaleidoscope, but in the homely, unromantic form of calculated figures. During the twenty-one years expiring in 1851, six hundred and four new pieces were produced, being an average of twenty-nine in each season. There were expended, in alterations, repairs, improvements, and additional stock, £11,250; in payments to Trinity College, £10,400; for insurance, £5,800; for the service of "stars," as they are technically called, £86,923; and for law and litigation, £3,600. From this short bill of particulars it will appear that the principal beneficial interest has been derived by the ground landlords, the leading performers, the insurance companies, and the solicitors; leaving an imperceptible residue to the representatives of the patent, and their working engineer, the lessee. The latter may solace himself with the philosophic consolation of our ancient friend Dogberry, "I am one that has losses too!" But they are not unaccompanied by some balancing advantages. They have impressed on him salutary habits of reflection—have indurated some troublesome sensibilities—have satisfied him that evils which "cannot be eschewed must be embraced;" and, above all, they have taught him the inestimable price of individual friendship, and the fleeting value of popular applause. The curtain has fallen, the last note of the finale has been played, and he retires from the scene of many anxious labours—many fruitless triumphs; leaving the field to other speculators, as high in hope as he was in the dawn of his undertaking, ere "time had thinned his flowing locks," or the remorseless visitations of gout had checked his activity.

[The End.]

A LITTLE SERMON.

WEALTH.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.

Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from the shore;
Hoards even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.

Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.

—Oliver Goldsmith.

INTERESTING DISCOVERIES.

A Berlin message states that the German Oriental Society has been most successful in its explorations at Abu-Sir in Egypt, and most interesting finds will be distributed among the Berlin Museums during the course of this month. One of the most important discoveries is a perfectly preserved mummy of Jen Em Jechivet, the High Priest of the Temple, who died about two thousand years before Christ. The body was found in a family vault, which also contained the remains of his priest and reader and their wives. Only three tombs of such an age have been found in good preservation during the last century, and this is the first time that the contents have been brought safely to Europe. Jen lay in his coffin enveloped in a brown linen shroud, just as he was placed there four thousand years ago. In accordance with the fashion of the time he has small side whiskers and a longer tuft on his chin, and his eyes are made to appear unnaturally long by means of the careful application of rouge. The wig, which is large and parted down the middle, has a bluish tint verging on green, and must originally have been the colour of lapis lazuli, in imitation of the hair worn by Egyptian gods. The mummy was lying slightly on the left side as Egyptians sleep to-day, and the head rested on a support such as is still in use in the Soudan. The eyes are turned towards the rising sun. Two staffs were found beside the body, and a little wooden statue.

ANCIENT IRISH SOCIETY.

THE IRISH FIGHTING CLANS.

THE O'CONORS OF OFFALY.

By Rev. F. R. MONTGOMERY HITCHCOCK, B.D.

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PART I.

The O'Conors of Offaly claimed descent from Cathaor More or Cahir the Great, King of Leinster and Monarch of Ireland from A.D. 120 to 123. This potentate is known in connection with a curious document—a will, which is given in the Book of Leacan and has been translated by O'Donovan in the Book of Rights. Although Cahir had thirty sons, the names of ten only are mentioned in the will. Of these, Ros-failghe, or Ros of the rings, from whom the O'Conors Faily trace their pedigree, was the eldest. His valiant father addressed this prince as "my fierce Roe, my vehement Failghe," and bequeathed to him Leinster, ten swords, ten shields ornamented with gold and silver, and ten golden goblets. The descendants of this Ros Faily were called Hy Faily, or descendants of Faily, and gave their name Offaly to the eastern portion of what is now known as King's County, and parts of Kildare and Queen's County, districts that contain extensive remains of previous civilisations in the shape of Cromleachs and Cairns, sepulchral mounds and fortified raths. The ancient historians of Ireland tell us that a great battle was fought at Slieve Bloom between the Fomorians and the Nemedians, and at Geashill Hereman and Heber Fionn, the sons of Milesius, fought for the supremacy, and Heber fell to find his son Conmaol—the first of the Connors—an avenger of his father's cause. For the scene of Heber's defeat witnessed the discomfiture of Hereman's army and the death of Palpa, his son.

To descend from the clouds of myth and legend to the lowly plains of truth and reality, we find the O'Connors Faily ruling in the 14th century at the green mound of Cruachan—now Croghan—where the fair Eile, daughter of Eochy Feileach and sister of the warlike Meave, Queen of Connaught, used to preside in the first century. The bard O'Herrin alluded to this stronghold of the O'Connors in his lines:

> The Lord of Offaly, a land of mirth,
> Not known to the poets,
> Is O'Connor the mainstay of the green plain,
> Who rules at the green mound of Cruachan.

This will is also celebrated by Spenser in his "Faerie Queene." The history of the O'Connors once they emerge from the mists of romance is the record of feasts of broil and battle. The year 1305 was, by all accounts, a disastrous one to this fighting clan. Near Grasshill Castle, their neighbours, the O'Dempseys, had defeated them with great slaughter, and Sir Pierce Birmingham completed the work by treacherously putting to death O'Connor Faily, his brother and his heir the Caloach O'Connor, whom he had invited to his castle at Carbery—the ruins of which are in excellent preservation. But the clan was mustered again, and burning to wipe out this deed of shame and barbarity, hurried to attack the Birminghams, who were in great force in the district around Monasteroris, but were again defeated. Forty years passed, and these bloody memories were fading from the minds of the O'Connors, when a representative of their foeman's house was expelled from Connaught by Edmund Burke, and was forced to throw himself upon the mercy of the O'Connors, and found what seems never to have been refused to friend or foe, refuge and hospitality.

It would seem that the fighting clan had began to give trouble to the English settlers in Meath by harrying and plundering their lands and cattle. One day in the year 1385, Murrogh O'Connor, the Lord of Offaly, had led his kerns and fenia across the borders of his territory, and after spoiling the English, were returning with much booty. But the men of Meath were not long in assembling, and under the leadership of Nugent and others followed hard after their wild and stalwart foemen, who were able, as Froissart says, to overtake and pull a horseman off his horse, but who were retiring leisurely with their plunder. In the level but boggy country around the hill of Croghan they were overtaken and compelled to give battle to their pursuers. Though superior in strength and agility, the badly armed kerns were no match at close quarters with the mailed and helmeted Normans, and many of them fell. Still retreating, and fighting as they retreated, they hoped to put the bog between them and their foes. But there was naught but disaster for the fighting clan that day. Behind them were the English cavalry, around them an impassable bog, and before them a narrow causeway or tochar, across which the road to safety lay. And in their efforts to cross, numbers of them were slain by the enemy or smothered in the bog. This was the battle of Tochar Cruachan Bri Eile.

In 1394, Richard the Second landed at Waterford with 30,000 foot and 4,000 horse, and the O'Connors of Offaly with other Irish septs submitted to him in the hopes of getting favourable terms. Richard received their submission graciously, and entertained the native in Dublin Castle. He then left the country as he believed in peace, appointing Roger Mortimer, his cousin, as viceroy. But Mortimer quarrelled with the King of Leinster, Art M'Murrough, and was defeated and slain in Kilkenny by the chiefs of Leinster, with whom were ranged a strong body of the fighting clan. Emboldened by this success, the O'Connor of Offaly returned to his own country and made preparations to avenge the defeat he had suffered at the pass of the bog. Receiving information that a strong force of the English were marching to plunder his country and the seat of his ancestors, he took a wide detour, and by forced marches was able to get them in the rear, and clinging closely to them eventually made their forces converge towards the causeway that had been so fatal to his own men some years before. In the battle that ensued, the invaders were defeated with the loss of many men and horses, and the Tochar Cruaghan again devoured more people than the sword devoured. Three years afterwards the son of O'Connor succeeded in inflicting a smart defeat on the Earl of Kildare—the hereditary foe of his people—who was taken prisoner and handed up to Murrough O'Connor, who succeeded in repeating the experiment a few years after at Killucan. From this date, the O'Connors became formidable foes of the English, and such of their own countrymen who ventured to oppose them. Their forays were bolder and more extensive. Up to the very walls of Dublin they came, and Cahir O'Connor carried off a Lord Justice who was Lord Deputy of Ireland in 1439, and for whom a heavy ransom was paid. But the Fitzgeralds of Kildare were also growing strong, and they cast longing eyes on the pastures of Offaly. In 1459, Con O'Connor was defeated by the Earl of Kildare, but his warrior soul was nothing daunted by this reverse. For he spent the next two years in collecting an army, and then entered Meath with a thousand horsemen, all helmeted, fearless, and undismayed, and harassed the country far and wide. But agreeable words and even more agreeable gifts bought off the ruthless invader, and the English then began to plan a thorough extermination of this constant thorn in their side. John Fitzgerald, who was said to be "the best and most renowned general of the English," marshalled his forces in Kildare, and the Deputy, Thomas, Earl of Desmond, arranged to meet him in a certain place with the Dublin army. But Con was on the alert, and completely frustrated his enemy's plans by attacking the men of Kildare before they were joined by the Deputy and his soldiers, and defeating them with much loss. The next day he followed up his advantage by giving battle to the army that was marching from Dublin, and fighting them on his own terms, succeeded in putting them to rout.

But as we frequently find in Irish history, family quarrels were effectual where foreign combination was unavailing. The clan that was so powerful when united, lay completely at the mercy of their foes when divided by internal disputes. The beginning of the feud which eventually divided the O'Conors into the Queen's O'Connors and the Irish O'Connors may be said to date from the murder of Cahir O'Conor Faily. The latter chieftain, who is described as "a general entertainer of learned men," and "a distinguished leader among the English and Irish," was attacked near the monastery of Monasterois, which had been founded by Sir John Birmingham for Franciscans and called after

ANOTHER "WATTY COX" CARICATURE.

FROM THE IRISH MAGAZINE AND MONTHLY ASYLUM OF NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY. 1811.



DISPATCHING THE SURPLUS POPULATION.

his Irish name—Mac Feoris—for even in those early days there were English settlers who became more Irish than the Irish themselves, the Clanricarde Burkes even adopting Irish names—McWilliam Eighter and McWilliam Oughter—and affecting Irish dress and customs.

Within sight of the consecrated walls and hallowed ground of the Abbey which the hereditary foe of the O'Conors had built nearly two centuries before, the head of the tribe was slain by his own relations, the sons of Teige. This was in the year 1511.

The seed of dissension thus sown bore a bitter fruit in the family of the reigning prince of Offaly. Brian and Cahir were brothers. Of these, Brian O'Conor seemed to have been the elder, and therefore the heir. They do not appear to have been loyal or affectionate to one another. However, Brian, undisturbed by this family disagreement, arranged with the O'Moores and O'Carrolls to invade the English Pale. But the English were prepared, and managed to surprise O'Conor. Finding that resistance was hopeless, the chief retreated with all haste, leaving a strong force in his castle of Monasteroris, and in order to cause a diversion in his enemy's plans, made a dash for Westmeath, where he employed himself in devastating the farmsteads of the English settlers. But Surrey, the Deputy, following up his advantage, besieged the Irish garrison in Monasteroris with such vigour and skill, that though it was "the strongest hold within the Irishry," they were fain to escape under cover of night. After this partial success, Surrey withdrew his forces to the capital, and the O'Conor was left at peace to prepare for another campaign—the ugliest, perhaps, in the annals of Irish history. This Brian had married Lady Mary Fitzgerald, a daughter of the Earl of Kildare, who died in the Tower of London in 1535. And when Thomas, the next heir to the title and estates of Kildare—commonly called Silken Thomas—raised a foolish rebellion to avenge his father's wrongs, Brian and his followers were among his principal auxiliaries. Silken Thomas was completely crushed, and paid the penalty of his temerity by being executed in London, and his friends were scattered but not subdued. For we find that Surrey, the Lord Deputy, had to go again into Offaly to bring Brian to his senses. But this time there is a traitor in the camp—Brian's own brother, Cahir. He knew the weak places in Offaly, and accordingly leads the foreign host at once to the castle of Bragnet, the garrison of which offered but faint resistance, as Cahir had a confederate behind the walls whose treachery placed the defenders altogether at the mercy of the assailants. The fortress was seized and the garrison secured, all but Cahir's man being led out for immediate execution.

The following day the traitor led his enemies against his brother's chief fortress of Daingean, the name of which is cognate of the English dungeon and donjon. The erection of this old castle of Daingean is recorded by the Four Masters as having taken place in 1546. But they were evidently alluding to a later fortress, built after the events to which we are referring, when the headquarters of the O'Connors consisted of a huge circular mound in the midst of a marsh and almost surrounded by the bog of Allen, and to make approach more difficult, artificial obstructions had been carefully placed in the only accessible places. But Cahir's knowledge again proved of untold advantage to the English, and the military were led over the gushing bog and sinking morass up to the very vallum of Dangen, which was immediately stormed and taken, Brian not waiting to learn the result. In gratitude to Cahir for his precious services, the English Governor transferred to him the lordship of Offaly, from which Brian was duly deposed.

In connection with the taking of Dangen, it is interesting to read that the English lost their only piece of ordnance, and at once sent a message to the Governor beseeching him "to be a mean to the King's highness that there may be another sent thither with speed, or his Grace's Deputy can't prevail against Irishmen which have garrisons."

The brave Brian was not, however, discomfited by the loss of his title and possessions, and he had the apparent audacity to venture into the Pale and demand the restoration of his rights. But his cool request was not granted, while his brother Cahir was created Baron of Offaly and made tenant to the Crown. Exasperated by his bad luck, Brian once more had recourse to arms, and getting assistance from his friends in Connaught he marched into his own lands and defeated his brother, who was taken unprepared and drove him out of the country. The English court were greatly vexed by this upset to their plans. A very strongly-worded letter was written by Lord Chancellor Cromwell, Wolsey's friend, to Lord Grey urging him "eftsoons to handle that matter of

O'Connor's with such dexterity as he may be hanged as a terrible example to all Irish traitors." The writer went on to say "the expulsion of him (O'Connor) was taken very well, but the permission of him to have such a scope to work mischief . . . was neither wisdom nor good precedent. Redubit, my lord, in the just punishment of his traitorous carcase. And let his treason be a warning to you and to all who have to do for the King's Majesty there, never to trust a traitor after, but to use them without treaty after their demerits."

(To be Continued.)

NOTES AND QUERIES.

A QUESTION OF LINEAGE.

"The Editor of the "Dublin Penny Journal."

Manor House, Dundrum, Co. Dublin.

Sir.—Can any of your readers kindly give particulars of the lineage of Julian Dunn, widow of John Pagett, of Carlow and Graigue, Queen's County, whose will was proved in 1706. Was this lady a daughter of the Dunn's of Brittas, and when did her death take place?

WM. JACKSON PIGOTT.

AT THE SHIP'S SIDE.

Sing not so merrily, O little bird!
My heart is sad to-day;
Sing not so loudly of thy happy loves,—
My love has gone away.
Laugh not so blithely, dancing ocean waves!
I ne'er shall smile again;
Break not in tender kisses on your strand,—
Love's kisses bring but pain.
Beam not so brightly, O thou pitiless sun!
My life has set in clouds;
Cast not such golden floods o'er earth and skies,—
Black night my spirit shrouds.
Bloom not with mocking beauty, O ye flowers!
He called me fair as you;
But beauty cannot bring a lost love back,
Or make a false vow true.
O bird! O waves! O sun! O flowers! I know
Ye would not be so gay,
Could ye but look one moment in my heart,
And see it break to-day.

SAUNTERER.

The etymology of the word Saunterer is extraordinary enough, and somewhat romantic. In the times of the Crusades, the military spirit and religious enthusiasm of the age combined powerfully to impel men of all classes in England to press forward to the Holy War, as it was termed. A still further inducement with many was the rich and fertile country in which they expected to settle, when they should have expelled from thence the enemies of God, and they accordingly hastened to sell their lands and possessions, preparatory to setting out to join the expedition. Being thus without abode or home, they naturally threw themselves upon the hospitality which at that period was readily afforded, especially to those who declared themselves enlisted under the banners of the Cross. A frequent reply then to an inquiry as to the destination or object of any one who seemed to loiter or wander about, and to have no settled occupation or residence, was, in the Norman language of the day, that he was on his way a la Sainte Terre (to the Holy Land). From this phrase so often repeated, or else, as some have suggested, from the fact of so many having sold their property, and being therefore sans terre (without land or home), gradually grew the epithet of saunterer, now commonly applied to one who is seen idling, or, to use an expressive Irish term, "stravaiging" about without any apparent object or employment.

O'G.

THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK.

BOOK I.

Containing a Natural, Civil, Ecclesiastical, Historical, and Topographical Description thereof.

BY CHARLES SMITH, M.D.

Æquum est enim meminisse & me, qui discerem hominem esse, et vos, qui Judicetis ut si probabilia dicentur, nihil ultra requiratis. Cicero Univers.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL I.

THE SECOND EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

Besides a considerable estate, which came to Maurice Fitz-John Fitz-Gerald, by his marriage with Juliana, heiress to John, Lord Cogan of Belvoir (51), which I take to be Bellvelly in the great island Robert Fitz-Geoffry Cogan granted to James the seventh Earl of Desmond, all his lands in Ireland, being half this county (of which he possessed himself, by virtue of a letter of attorney, dated the 12th of June, 1438), to the further prejudice of the Carew and Courcey families. The Earl married in Connaught, and brought the Ne Sheehys into this county, which he retained as his life-guard, a sept afterwards very eminent both in this and the county of Limerick. The Earl, by the aid of James, Earl of Ormond, whose family he had assisted against the Talbots, obtained a patent, in 1444, for the government or custody of this county, together with those of Limerick, Waterford, and Kerry, in which he was suffered (during the government of Richard, Duke of York, who was his gossip, and of Thomas, Earl of Kildare, his kinsman) to raise upon the King's subjects the Irish impositions of coign and livery, cosherings, bonnaught, &c. Notwithstanding these illegal extortions, he procured licence to absent himself from all future Parliaments, only sending a sufficient proxy in his room; as also to purchase whatsoever lands he pleased, by what service soever they were held of the Crown. Thus, by these and other usurpations upon the liberties of the people, this family came to be the most powerful subjects of their time, and gained large possessions, not only from the natives, but also from the English, many of whom, rather than undergo such exactions, quitted the country, and had their estates seized by Desmond and his followers, who were very numerous in this county (52), as well as in Waterford, Limerick, and Kerry.

(51) This Maurice was the only son to John Fitz-Thomas, by his first wife. He married Johana, or Juliana daughter and heir to John, lord Cogan, of Belvoir, who brought into the Desmond family the estate of Carigoline, Carigrohan, Castlemore, Mallow, Rathgogan, etc. His second wife was Matilda de Barry. Those lands were mentioned, with many others, in an inquisition, taken from the 3d of Edw. III. 1310, by which Juliana de Cogan enfeoffed him in the said lands.

Stanihurst, in his description of Ireland, printed 1586, in Holling. Collect. p. 37, says that Maurice FitzThomas, a Geraldine, was created earl of Desmond anno 1300; but falsely, for he was created in 1329, as appears by his patent, dated at Gloucester. He made the following verses for him.

Eavsi tandem, jactatus fluctibus altis
Et precor in portu fit mea tuta ratis.

(52) Gerald Fitz-Gerald, grandson to the above-mentioned earl, and youngest son to Thomas, the eighth earl (who was beheaded at Drogheda for his unjust exactions, according to Davis, or, according to Russel's history of this house, which I have in manuscript, by the malice of king Edward the IVth's queen, for advising the king not to marry her), built the castle of Mocollop, upon the borders of this country and that of Waterford, and was the founder of the family of Coshbride, a territory in both counties.

He was knighted and married the daughter of Maurice, lord Roche, viscount Fermoy; by whom he had James, his heir, and Thomas, the father of John who built the castle of Kilmacow, lately fallen to ruin. There were many of the Fitz-Geralds' castles in this tract, near the river Bride; those in this county are Mogeely, once a seat of the earls of Desmond, of which hereafter. Also Connough built by Thomas Fitz-Gerald Roe, eldest son of James the fifteenth earl of Desmond, by a daughter of Maurice, lord Roche, from whom his father was divorced upon pretence of being too near of kin. This Thomas did not concern himself in the rebellion of his relations; but lived peaceably in his castle of Connough, where he died, anno 1593, and was interred among his ancestors, in the Franciscan abbey at Youghal. He had issue by Ellis, daughter of Richard Poer, lord of Curraghmore, three sons, James, John, and Gerald and one daughter, Margaret, who was married to Donald Mac-Carty Reagh, who lived at the time of the revolution.

As this sir Thomas was set aside by his father, upon pretence of his being illegitimate, the earldom fell to Gerald, who was the eldest son by a second wife, and daughter to lord of Ely O-Carrol; so that Thomas had only the barony of Kilnataloon and the manor of Castlemore, near Cork, assigned to him. Vide a grant of lands from James, earl of Desmond, to this Thomas, in the Bodleian library Laud. fol. 27.

After Desmond's rebellion was over, the eldest son of sir Thomas took up arms, joined O-Neal, earl of Tyrone, in his rebellion, and was afterwards known by the name of the Sugane earl of Desmond of whom I shall give a further account, in the third book of this work.

The Fitz-Geralds of Castle-Martyr, formerly called seneschals of Imokilly (being so appointed by the earls of Desmond, who were lords of this of this barony), derived themselves from a second son of Maurice, knight of Kerry, fourth son of John Fitz-Thomas Fitz-Gerald who was murdered at Callin, in Desmond, by MacCarty. This estate was given them by their cousin Thomas Nappah, which they enjoyed till the rebellion of 1641, when it was forfeited by Edmund Fitz-Gerald. Sir John Fitz-Edmond, of Cloyne, was also descended from the house of Desmond.

The whole barony of Kerricurihy was given to sir Maurice Desmond by his brother James, the 15th earl of Desmond. This sir Maurice murdered James FitzMaurice (who was a little before, returned out of England, to take possession of the earldom upon the death of his grandfather, Thomas Meale, earl of Desmond), in the barony of Fermoy, as he was going to the county of Limerick. This sir Thomas of Desmond possessed

at sea was excellent. Steam was used as the motive power, and by an ingenious arrangement its necessary pressure was retained during submersion, when the combustion in the boiler had entirely ceased. This was secured by the employment of a large reservoir, or hot-water cistern, which was placed in the fore part of the boat, and was connected with the boiler. Before reaching this auxiliary cistern the steam was made to pass through a number of tubes, thus gradually raising the temperature until the pressure in boiler and reservoir was the same.

The ordinary combustion was carried on while at the surface, but when about to dive the furnace doors were closed, the combustion was stopped, and the steam given off by the hot water in the boiler and cistern was used, and with such efficiency that the engines could be kept going for several hours. The boat dived through the agency of vertically acting screws, a few revolutions of which would send her under water, while the arrest of their motion would bring her to the surface.

THE HOLLAND BOAT.

Passing by the Peacemaker, or submarine monitor, which underwent trials on the Hudson in 1886, and whose peculiarity was the employment of an interchangeable boiler in which hydrocarbon fuel or caustic soda was used, we come to the specimen of the Holland submarine boat which was recently completed, and declined by the Government after very searching experiments, pending the construction of a new boat, the Plunger. This craft has a length over all of 85 feet, a diameter of 11½ feet, and a displacement of 154 tons. The guaranteed speed on the surface was to be 15 knots, awash 14 knots, and submerged 8 knots. She is propelled by triple screws operated by steam when on the surface, and by electric storage batteries and a 70 horse-power motor when under water. Her armament consists of two expulsion tubes and five Whitehead torpedoes. The steering and depth and control are accomplished by a secret automatic apparatus. She has a steel armour turret four feet high to protect the pilot and the smoke stack, and the hull will be covered by three feet of water when an attack is to be made, as a protection against rapid fire and small arms.

The French have been particularly active in their experiments with submarine boats. In 1863 Admiral Bourgeois made many trials with a boat called Le Plongeur, and achieved such success that he is said to have received an order for three hundred boats from the Russian Government, fifty of which were delivered. Spain was equally active, notably with the Peral type, but none of these, except, perhaps the Goubet, excited so much public interest as was aroused by the achievements claimed for the Gustave Zede.

THE INVENTIONS OF GUSTAV ZEDE.

The first submarine boat built by Zede was named Gymnote, and was laid down at Toulon in 1886. To all intents and purposes she was nothing more than a huge Whitehead torpedo, and her dimensions were as follow—56 feet in length, 5 9-10 feet in diameter, and a displacement of about 30 tons. Horizontal rudders enabled her to dive and to rise to the surface. She was driven by an electric motor of 55 horse-power, the current of which was supplied by a storage battery sufficient in capacity to run the vessel for four or five hours. The speed was about seven knots when submerged and nearly nine knots on the surface.

Water-tight compartments placed fore and aft secured the required buoyancy, and the air necessary for the respiration of a crew of four or five men when the boat was submerged was carried in reservoirs. Detachable ballast which could be released from the interior of the boat was carried along the keel.

The trials of this boat were so satisfactory that Zede determined in 1890 to build one of a similar type, but of larger dimensions. This vessel, originally named the Sirene, is now the famous Gustav Zede. Her dimensions are as follow—length, 147 feet; diameter, 10 75-100 feet; displacement, 260 tons. It has been found, however, that these dimensions are too great, and in the proposed boats they have been much reduced. The hull is shaped like a cigar, with long and sharply pointed ends, and its model conforms to the earlier patterns of the Whitehead torpedo. On the surface a maximum speed was maintained of 14 knots, and when submerged a speed of 8½ knots is claimed. A torpedo discharge tube is located in the nose, and lies in the fore and aft of the boat, and a supply of Whitehead torpedoes, containing a charge of 220 pounds of guncotton, is carried. Ten men constitute the crew.

For over a year experiments were carried on with alleged results which, if true, are most promising. One of the most successful was the attack made by the Zede upon the French battleship, Magenta, which was made both while she was at anchor and under way. A very reasonable suspicion exists as to the fairness of the trial, for it is stated that the evolutions of the Magenta were not such as would have been attempted during hostilities.

Later the Zede ran from Toulon to Marseilles, a distance of about forty miles, and behaved, if all reports be true, in a very good manner. After reaching Marseilles the accumulators were still sufficiently charged to enable the boat to make the return trip to Toulon, thereby proving that their capacity is equal to a continuous run of from seventy-five to eighty miles.

A new French vessel is to be an improved Zede, and while her radius of action will be greatly enlarged, her dimensions are such as more than satisfy the demands of submarine warfare. She is to be called the Narval.

The boats heretofore described are intended for war purposes, but the Argonaut, invented by Simon Lake, represents a type intended solely for the exploration of sea-shallows and river-beds. The boat is thirty-six feet long, and is shaped generally like a cylinder, although the stern is very sharp and the bow very bluff. The hull is mounted on three wheels, one acting as a rudder on the surface and a guide-wheel when running on the bottom. Two wheels are carried at the bow. The interior of the boat has a middle room, in which the machinery and other apparatus are placed. At the forward part of this space is an air-lock, which gives entrance to the driver's room without causing the air pressure to be reduced. When the boat is resting on the bottom, the explorers can leave the working-room by means of a water-tight trap door.

SONG.

They will not come to gild again
The skies of our advancing day.
Those youthful fancies, fond and vain,
That early tracked its joyous way:
Then why with cold
Disdain behold
The bliss that youth so soon must lose;
Ah! wherefore scorn
The blush of morn,
Since noon can boast no lovelier hues?

The blossom ne'er regains the bloom
That envious Summer robs it of;
Our hastening year hath only room
For one short spring of hope and love:
If Winter's blight
Must cloud its light,
And wither all the charms it brings,
Then why despise
The flowers we prize,
Since earth can yield no fairer things!

When pensive age hath dimmed our eyes
To all but calmer faith and truth,
We shall not mourn that brighter skies
Once decked the sun-rise of our youth:
Then not with cold
Disdain behold
The bliss that youth so soon must lose:
Ah! never scorn
The blush of morn,
Since noon can boast no lovelier hues!

HOW RAIN IS FORMED.

Professor Cleveland Abbe, in the "Weather Review," explains the formation of rain as follows:—With regard to the formation of rain we accept the principle developed by Espy, namely, that rain comes from clouds formed by the cooling of ascending currents of moist air. This cooling is due primarily to the fact that when the air ascends by any natural process it also expands, and, therefore, pushes the surrounding air aside. But push and expansion means that work is being done. The expansion of steam in a cylinder pushes the piston ahead and does the work of the engine, but this work is done at the expense of the heat in the hot steam, and the latter cools just in proportion as the work is done. We ordinarily say that the internal heat of the steam is converted into visible work, or the potential energy of pressure is converted into kinetic energy of motion. Just so with the rising air; it expands, does work and cools at a rather rapid rate as it rises (one degree Fahrenheit for 185 feet). If it rises until it cools to the temperature of saturation at which it can hold no more moisture than that which is carried up with it, then condensation begins, and haze and cloud becomes visible. But in this condensation the latent heat of the condensed moisture is given out, thereby preventing the air from cooling as rapidly as it has hitherto done. It therefore now begins to cool less rapidly and to ascend more rapidly.

The radiation of heat from the upper surface of a cloud at night, or the absorption of the sun's heat in the daytime, has less influence when the ascending air rises rapidly than when it rises slowly. The latter case occurs in our extended rainstorms, especially those over the ocean, where the clouds often travel at the rate of 100 miles an hour, and the individual particles of air appear to rise relatively very little, possibly a mile in that distance, but, of course, rolling over and over each other as they proceed. The laws of cooling and of the formation of cloud in such ascending currents as occur when a broad layer of air flows from the ocean landward over a range of mountains are well known. There is no doubt but that a little mixture goes on at the boundary of the ascending air between it and the neighbouring air, but, on the other hand, this is too small a matter to explain the formation of rain on the outside of a cloud, and on the other hand, it does not occur at all in the interior of a cumulous cloud where the rainfall is heaviest. Just how the particles of cloud happen to come together, or to grow into big drops, has not yet been clearly explained, but in general we know that only a small proportion, possibly one per cent., of all the moisture in a cloud comes down as rain, while the rest of the cloud evaporates and disappears.

WHERE WOOD ENGRAVING ORIGINATED.

Much controversy was at one time excited about the country that could claim to have originated wood engraving. A very simple process was known to the Egyptians for the production of stamps, and it has been asserted that the Chinese printed from blocks of pear tree as early as the tenth century. The independent origination of the art has been generally credited to Germany among modern nations. In the Cologne district a St. Christopher, which has often been reproduced, was cut in 1423, a St. Sebastian in 1437, and a Madonna has been dated 1418. Playing cards were, however, in use in France in the middle of the fourteenth century, and the figures were impressions of wood blocks. It is allowable for France to dispute the priority of Germany, and many attempts have been made to claim the art as due to French enterprise. M. Henri Bouchot, of the Bibliotheque-Nationale, now declares that a part of a block with a representation of the Crucifixion on it has been discovered in a country town of France. The costumes are evidently those worn in the middle of the fourteenth century, and it is assumed that the wood block belongs to some time between 1340 and 1350.

LITERARY NOTES.

Miss L. MacManus, the brilliant Irish historical novelist, has arranged for the publication in book form at an early date of her fine story of the Cromwellian era in Ireland, entitled "Nessa."

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Bodley's Library celebrates this week the three hundreth anniversary of its opening day. Sir Thomas Bodley was conscious that he was the right man for the part of founder, having "some kind of knowledge, some purse ability, great store of honourable friends to further the design, and special good leisure to follow the work." His confidence has been abundantly justified, his library being now the largest in the world, not being a national or royal institution.

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Sir Herbert Maxwell's literary activity is also remarkable. The latest work from his pen is an exhaustive Life of George Romney, the great English portrait-painter. The work, which will be issued by Walter Scott, at a popular price, is embellished with twenty full-page reproductions of Romney's pictures (including the famous Lady Hamilton portrait), and a photogravure portrait of the painter himself.

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The death of Mr. Lionel Johnson, who was found unconscious in Fleet street on last Monday week, puts an end to a career of which much was hoped. He was a brilliant scholar at Oxford; he showed promise of being more than a minor poet, and after he came to London he did a good deal of spasmodic critical work, which had as much of the stuff of literature as any analytic writing of recent years. He always showed the keenest sympathy with Ireland and her people. But his body had never the vigour of his mind, and it had been clear for some years past that his life must be a short one. His friends will greatly feel the pity of it.

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The 23rd ult. was the anniversary of the death of one who was not only amongst the very greatest of British men of letters, but assuredly one of the most lovable characters that adorns the history of literature in all ages. Just seventy years ago, "about half-past one p.m. on the 21st of September," to quote his son-in-law's beautifully simple description of the last scene at Abbotsford, "Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."

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It was 1832, the year of the great Reform Act, and it was surely an interesting and appropriate coincidence that the great leader of the Romantic movement, the sympathiser with Jacobitism, the thorough friend of George IV., the wizard who made the middle ages live again and idealised the rapidly vanishing semi-feudalism of the Highlands, should have passed away at the very moment when the old political order was changing, yielding place to new ideals of which Jeremy Bentham was the prophet, who by the by died just three months earlier than Sir Walter himself. The death of Scott thus marks a period of sharp transition in the political history of Great Britain, while in literature his disappearance from the scene practically coincided with the opening of the Victorian period. Carlyle had not yet come to London, Tennyson had just published his first two volumes of verse, Thackeray had recently left Cambridge, Newman was preparing for his memorable tour in Italy with Hurrell Froude. These were the men to whom the immediate future belonged, and the buds of their genius were just bursting into blossom when the author of "Waverley" was laid to rest in Dryburgh Abbey.

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Never has a more splendid homage been paid by one great man of letters to another than in the eulogy uttered by John Ruskin on Sir Walter Scott. "What good Scott has in him to do," says Ruskin, "I find no words full enough to tell. His ideal of honour in men and women is inbred, indisputable; fresh as the air of his mountains; firm as their rocks. His conception of purity in woman is even higher than Dante's; his reverence for the filial relation as deep as Virgil's; his sympathy universal; there is no rank or condition of men of which he has not shown the loveliest aspect; his code of moral principle is entirely defined, yet taught with a reserved subtlety like Nature's own, so that none but the most earnest readers perceive the intention; and his opinions on all practical subjects are final; the consummate decisions of accurate and inevitable common sense, tempered by the most graceful kindness."

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Now that "Amelia," in three volumes, and "Tom Jones," in four, have been added to the Temple Fielding, three more volumes will complete the very charming set. "I have been Tom Jones (a child's Tom Jones, a harmless creature) for a week together," David Copperfield tells us, and many book lovers who are now growing old can say the same thing. That Dicken's admiration for his distinguished predecessor in fiction was thoroughgoing is shown by the Christian names he chose for his son, now the popular K.C. Indeed (as Forster records), the novelist at first meant to call his sixth son by Oliver Goldsmith's name, but changed it to Henry Fielding's "in a kind of homage to the style of work he was now bent on beginning"—the same story of Copperfield of which mention has just been made.

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White's "Natural History of Selborne" has been (says the "Westminster Gazette") such an inspiration for more than one generation in the direction of studying nature that we hope the Selborne Society may succeed in their desire to acquire the house where Gilbert White lived. Gilbert White was a country vicar who lived a quiet life and loved the Nature around him in all its varied forms. He might be called the pioneer of field naturalists, for he noted everything he saw. He was an observer rather than a scientist, and his contributions, particularly to the knowledge of bird life, were interesting and useful, and did an immense deal to stimulate the desire to know more of the secrets of what we call the animal kingdom. With all his watchfulness, however, Gilbert White was inclined to believe in the old idea that swallows hibernated at the bottom of ponds. This idea was so prevalent a century ago that, as Mr. Oliver Pike tells us in one of his charming sketches of bird life, Dr. Johnson spoke of the habit of swallows flying round and round in September until they became "conglobulated," and then dropping in a mass under water to wait in the mud for the next spring.

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A late and interesting sidelight on the character of Edgar Allan Poe is afforded by an interview with Alexander T. Crane, who was for eighteen months Edgar Allan Poe's office boy. It was published recently in "The Sunday World Herald" of Omaha. Mr. Crane is in his seventy-third year, and lives in Harrison County, Iowa. He says that Poe was the "gentleest, truest, tenderest, and 'knightliest" man he ever knew, and he was his "boyish idol, just as his memory is the pride and glory" of his declining years. When Mr. Crane was sixteen years old he secured the place of office boy and mailing clerk of "The Broadway Journal," of which Poe was editor. He says that "Poe was a quiet man about the office, but was uniformly kind and courteous to everyone, and with congenial company he would grow cheerful and even playful."

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The poet came to the office at 9 in the morning and stayed until 3 or 4 in the afternoon, working during that time steadily and methodically. Mr. Crane once wrote a poem while working for Poe, which he submitted to him, and which the poet advised him to send to the editor of "The Youth's Cabinet," who published it. The old man is very indignant when he recalls how biographers detracted and defamed his idol. He says that Poe was a gentleman in every sense of the word, that "he was honest, generous, kind, and true," and that, although he tried to drown his sorrows in the cup, "he could never have been anything but a gentle, tender, loveable man, a thousand times to be pitied, but never to be condemned." Mr. Crane does not agree with Poe's biographers that the poet sold the manuscript of his "Raven" for ten dollars to buy medicine and food for his wife, because Poe came into the office of the "Broadway Journal" one day in winter with the actor, Murdock, and called all his employes to his desk to hear the great elocutionist read his first poem, and in the next issue of the "Journal" the "Raven" was given the place of honour.

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A correspondent of the always interesting American "Dial" gives the very curious history of the barbarous word "sockdologer," which is an Americanism for the finishing stroke in a fist-fight. The word, it seems, is a ludicrous transposition of the vocal elements of the word "doxology." Some wag noticed that the singing of the doxology dissolved the worshipping concourse, the purpose of the assembly being fulfilled; if the purpose was a fight, the finishing blow dissolved the ring of spectators and abettors. He avoided the possible irreverence of a direct comparison of the different meetings by a comical metathesis of the sounds of "d" and "s," as the Yankee farmer invoked the use of a stout needle upon the object of his wrath instead of pronouncing an eternal doom. "Sockdologer" answered the purpose as well as the more solemn word.

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A correspondent of the "Westminster Gazette" has sent that journal the "Confessions" which M. Zola wrote a few years ago in a lady's album, and which was published about six years ago in the "Revue Illustree." Here is the translation:—The distinguishing feature of my character—I do not know. The quality I prefer in a man—Kind-heartedness. The quality I prefer in a woman—Tenderness. My favourite quality—I do not know. My principal failing—I do not know. My favourite occupation—Work. My dream of happiness—Doing nothing. What would be my greatest misfortune—To be in doubt. What I should like to be—Always in good health. The country in which I should like to live—The one in which I am living. The colour I prefer—Red. The flower I prefer—The rose. The animal I prefer—All. The bird I prefer—All. My favourite prose authors—Those who see and express clearly. My favourite poets—Do. My favourite painters—Do. My favourite composers—Do. My favourite heroes in fiction—Those who are not heroes. My favourite heroines in fiction—Do. My favourite heroes in real life—Those who earn their bread. My favourite heroines in real life—Do. The drink and food which I prefer—Not to drink, and to eat sparingly. My favourite names—The simplest. What I most detest—Not to understand. The historical characters I most detest—Traitors. The military feat I most admire—That of the common soldier who dies without knowing what for. The reform I most esteem—The one which would make all men happy. The gift of nature I should like to possess—Eloquence. The way I should like to die—Suddenly. The present state of my mind—But! I don't know. The faults which inspire me with most indulgence—All, when one regrets them. My motto—Nulla dies sine linea.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

The only musk ox in captivity in America died recently at the New York Zoological Gardens. There is only one other musk ox in captivity, and that one is to be found in the Zoological Gardens of Hamburg, Germany.

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Prof. A. E. Wright, of the Army Medical School at Netley, has published the results obtained by anti-typhoid inoculation. It is demonstrated, so it is said, that fewer cases and fewer deaths occurred among those inoculated than among those untreated.

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A handsome monument will be erected to the memory of Matthew Baldwin, the founder of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, in Philadelphia, which recently completed its 20,000th locomotive. It will take the form of a bronze effigy on an imposing base, and will be placed in a small park which belongs to the city, but which faces the offices of the company.

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The steamship "Colonia," the largest of all cable vessels, reached Esquimault on September 13, having on board 3,450 miles of cable. The cable steamship "Anglia" is to meet the "Colonia" at Honolulu. The "Colonia" will lay her cable from Bamfield Creek to within 100 miles of the Fanning Island, where the end will be buoyed and moored. The connecting link will be laid by the "Anglia."

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Charles E. Yetman, a Western telegraph operator, is the inventor of a machine for sending telegraph messages by a typewriter. The idea, to be sure, is not new; nevertheless Mr. Yetman is said to have made some important improvements. His invention consists of a typewriter and telegraph instrument combined. The latter is so arranged that, by striking a key, the Morse letters are plainly and accurately produced. Wires connect the machine with the telegraph line.

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Prof. Lucien M. Underwood, of Columbia University, and Dr. N. L. Britton, of the New York Botanical Gardens, as well as other scientists, have been investigating the flora of New York State, and have discovered a new plant, or rather a new variety of an old plant. Near the salt beds of Syracuse, N.Y., they found specimens of the Cissa marina, which by no means conformed to the well-known species. The new form has been named Cissa marina Syracusana.

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A stone of granite to the memory of John Fitch, who was identified with the early history of the locomotive and the steamboat, has been erected in Warminsted township, Bucks County, Pa. The stone was presented to the Bucks County Historical Society by Edward Longstreth, of Philadelphia, and that organisation placed it on the spot where Fitch is said to have conceived the idea of propelling carriages by power. He worked on this thought for a while, and abandoned it to devote his time to a boat driven by power. The latter experiments were commenced in 1781. The memorial is nine feet high, and two feet square at the base.

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Up to the first of May there have been fifty-seven patents granted in the United States covering wireless telegraphy or the parts of the instruments used in the transmission of messages by the wireless systems. The first was granted to A. E. Dolbear on October 5, 1886. Thomas Edison received the third patent in this line, and he had another patent issued in 1891. The first one issued to Marconi was in July, 1897, and since that time he has taken out eleven others, the last of which was dated July 11, 1901. Tesla has taken out seven patents in this field of invention.

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Prof. Reginald Fessenden, the inventor of a system of wireless telegraphy with which the United States Government is experimenting, has announced his intention of resigning his position in the Weather Bureau early in September, and soon after that the company which has been organised to exploit his invention will be ready to engage in commercial business. Stations equipped with his instruments will be located along the Pacific coast at an early date, and will be used in the dissemination of the weather reports through that part of the country.

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For twenty-five years the indefatigable Catholic priest, Father Delattre, has been engaged in archæological researches on the site of ancient Carthage, and now reports what he declares the best find made during this period. It is a white marble sarcophagus, 2.09 metres in length, partially covered with designs, that on the lid being a relief portrait of a woman, of rare artistic beauty. The sarcophagus belongs to the Punic period, and is the work of a Greek artist. It is now regarded as the piece de resistance in the well-stocked museum of the Peres Blancs in Carthage. The find was made in the necropolis near Ste. Monique.

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The collection of physical apparatus which was left by the late George M. Hopkins, has been given by his widow to the Adelphi College, of Brooklyn, New York, with a few exceptions, notably his optical lantern with its various attachments, with which he performed interesting experiments on the rare occasions when he could be induced to give public lectures. This has been given to his friend, Prof. W. LeConte Stevens, Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va. The apparatus for the Adelphi College was selected from the collection by Professor W. C. Peckham.

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Capt. Charles C. Dickinson, of the General Land Office at Washington, D.C., is the inventor of a lifeboat and a new means of launching such craft, which was given a successful trial from the deck of the steamer "Kent" recently. The boat is made of steel, and with the exception of the middle is covered with a rounded top. At each end is a water-tight compartment large enough to accommodate several persons. Entrance to these compartments is secured through doors which are closed to keep out the water, and which are supplied with heavy glass to permit those inside to see out. These shelters are ventilated by funnels, which are so arranged to close automatically in case of the capsizing of the boat. The craft is so weighted that it will always right itself in the heaviest sea. The new system of launching does away with any gear or tackle or davits. The keel of the boat rests on a cradle so connected with rollers that on being slightly elevated the boat with its occupants shoots out of the cradle into the water. The tests given at Washington were successful in every particular.

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Victims of pulmonary complaints have hitherto been compelled to make inconvenient journeys to the higher altitudes in search of the pure rarefied air which is known to be so beneficial to them, but as far as the United States are concerned this is no longer necessary. It has been discovered that the air from limestone caves has all the characteristics of that of the mountains. This discovery has just been made use of in the location of a sanitarium near one of these caves, and the air for the institution is supplied from the underground caverns. This establishment is at Luroy, Va., and the system of ventilation is arranged so that each room gets its own supply direct from the cave. The aid of these caverns is of a very uniform temperature, and remarkably pure and free from all germs and dust particles. In the warmest weather the doors of this institution are kept closed, and a comfortable temperature of 75 degrees is maintained in spite of one of 90 or more encountered outside.

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D. H. W. Wiley, Chief of the Division of Chemistry of the United States Department of Agriculture, will open in the autumn, under the authority of Congress, a kind of laboratory boarding house for the purpose of testing the effects of various preservatives, colouring matters, and food admixtures upon normal healthy persons. The young men in the scientific bureaus of the Agricultural Department will be drawn upon first, and after them the resident college students of the city of Washington. Dr. Wiley intends to ascertain the relative harmfulness of various substances as a part of the movement towards pure food legislation. The effect of borax on foods has not been quite definitely determined. The German Government contends that American borax-treated meats are harmful, although its own medical authorities oppose that view. Dr. Wiley contends that the small amount of boric acid used in curing meat is not harmful. His experiments wil either substantiate or refute that belief. Each boarder is to keep a diary and record of all facts concerning himself He is to eat only what is set before him, and, in accordance with Scriptural injunction, is to ask no questions, for the sake of his conscience, if not of his stomach. Every boarder will be weighed upon rising in the morning. His temperature will be taken. A careful account of the water consumed and of the food eaten will be kept. Since it would be difficult even for a hardened boarder to eat "doctored" food continuously, a "relaxation" diet of thoroughly pure food will be served half the time.

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Shipboard, if it offer no other especial advantages for photography, provides unique oportunities of photographing clouds, according to the October number of "Travel." Insects, birds, plants, and shells we can collect and preserve for close inspection in museum cases, but the clouds can neither be preserved in spirits nor pressed and dried between paper, but the various distinct forms may easily be photographed, and thus our knowledge of clouds and their portents be gradually increased. We should soon begin to distinguish between the nimbus and cumulus, the cirrus and stratus forms, each of which is associated with certain weather conditions, and are usually the precursors of particular changes. Unless a film is being used, a "backed" plate is to be preferred. Then unless the clouds be very heavy and lowerig, an aperture of F. 22 or F. 32 and 1-25th of a second exposure on a moderately rapid plate should be correct. For the very finest results, no doubt, a yellow screen of the right destiny should be placed in front of or behind the lens and an orthochromatic plate used.

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The Agricultural Department has begun a series of exhaustive investigations into the matter of cold storage. There are a number of mysterious manifestations which take place in a cold storage warehouse, and the Government agents are endeavouring to ascertain the why and wherefore of these. For instance, it has been often noted that one lot of fruit will keep in fine condition for many months, while another immediately near will rot in a comparatively few days. This is particularly true of peaches. It has also been noticed that some peaches lose their delicate flavour very quickly in cold storage, while others are not affected in the least. In order to get at the facts, an agent of the Agricultural Department has been assigned to take a specimen carload at Fort Valley, Ga., and to make careful observation of the manner of picking, and to follow the fruit through the various stages through which it must pass on its way to a cold storage plant in Jersey City. Here the fruit will be watched carefully during its prolonged stay by the same agent, who will make a detailed report of his observations. The same programme will be carried out with other shipments of peaches as well as other fruit.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

DUBLIN, MONDAY JUNE 4, 1787.

Early on Saturday morning Mr. Justice Graham, attended by a party of the 4th Horse, surprised in their beds Patrick Weston and several other persons at Worganstown, who were charged before him with felony, riots, rescues, and with having beat, stabbed, and dreadfully wounded four men; and when the villains thought them dead they put them into a deep ditch, and threw straw over them. There are now six of those persons in Kilmainham Jail waiting their trials next Commission.

Saturday evening the jury of the Manor of Grangegorman, in their perambulation, stopped two maid servants, who had been sent for bread to a neighbouring baker's, which upon examination proved to be deficient in weight; they accordingly seized the bread, and desired the girls to return to the baker and demand their money, which he absolutely refused giving; but we are happy to inform the public that the jury are determined to publish the name of the baker, together with all who shall hereafter be found so offending.

The endowed schools in this kingdom have already undergone a considerable alteration in consequence of Mr. Orde's proposed system of education; boys have been taken in on the original foundation, whereas before the Minister took an active part in this business, none were suffered to enter without payment, and thereby the humanity of the original donor was totally defeated.

Various are the complaints of the citizens of not being regularly supplied with pipe-water. In former summers there was some colour of reason for such scarcity; but now, when the Grand Canal supplies the Basin so copiously, it must be owing to the neglect or drunkenness of the turn-cocks and other inferior officers employed by the Pipe-water Committee.

The descent of the pavement in Dame street, between Sycamore alley and Eustace street, is so extremely sudden on the south side, that hardly an hour of the day elapses without the fall of a carriage, car, or saddle horse, by which the feeling of the inhabitants are continually put to the most painful trials.

DUBLIN, TUESDAY, JUNE 5.

Yesterday evening six pieces of ordnance were conveyed from the arsenal in the Castle Yard to Chapelizod Barrack, preparative to the grand review of the Royal Irish regiment of artillery in the week ensuing.

This evening there will be a masqued ball and elegant supper at the Rotunda, where the nobility and gentry will appear in fancy dresses entirely of Irish manufacture, and we hear the Rotunda will be lighted with beautiful lamps of a new construction.

Yesterday being the anniversary of his Majesty's birthday the flag was displayed on Bedford Tower; the great guns at the salute battery in his Majesty's Park the Phœnix were fired three rounds, and answered by vollies from the regiments in garrison, which were drawn out in the Royal-square at the barracks. At noon there was a very numerous assembly of the nobility and other persons of distinction, of both sexes, at the Castle, who appeared in great splendour to compliment his Grace the Lord Lieutenant, before whom an Ode, set to music, was performed. In the evening a play was given by his Grace to the ladies; and at night there were bonfires, illuminations, and all other demonstrations of joy throughout the city.

Many persons imagine that such vessels as arrive from Oporto, or any of the other ports of Portugal, freighted with the wines of that country, will be either obliged to have them entered at the Custom House at the old duties, or otherwise wait the determination of the Treaty now pending, or perhaps already concluded, with the Court of Lisbon; but if they consider for a moment that Ireland has been so far admitted into the Metheun Treaty (still subsisting), as to be allowed the privilege of sending her woollen goods to her Most Faithful Majesty's dominions in Europe, and that in consequence an Act has been recently passed for lowering the Portuguese wine duties to the old rates, which agreeable to the tenour of that Act, took place immediately after its getting the Royal assent on the 28th of last month, it must be incontrovertibly evident that the wines will be entered in future at the old rates, without any impediment, obstacle, or delay whatever.

On Wednesday night last, a number of fellows pursued a gentleman down Cope street, and on the idea of some given insult, cut him with swords in a very inhuman manner; and late on the same night, a poor waiter was attacked by two ruffians in Anglesea street, about the hour of twelve at night, and being stripped almost naked, was left in that condition, while not a policeman was seen to aid the cries of assistance.

DUBLIN, THURSDAY, JUNE 7.

Considerable advantage will arise to the city from licensing and badging porters, as in the case of fraud or negligent delay on their side, they will be easily known, and as easily punished. When these men were screened from detection by an almost undiscoverable obscurity, their impositions on strangers particularly were numerous; but being now brought to a state of responsibility, and under the control of the Police Commissioners, we flatter ourselves that there will be a discontinuation of their long practised pranks.

The late additional clauses to the police laws of this metropolis, and which will take place in a few days, are evidently calculated for the most useful and salutary purposes, but particularly those regarding hackney coachmen, chairmen, porters, penny-boys, etc., etc., whose insolence and impositions had long been universally and justly complained of by the citizens.

Tuesday last his Grace the Duke of Rutland gave a most sumptuous and elegant entertainment to the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor and Board of Aldermen at the Castle.

From the facility with which the debtors may break out of the City Marshalsea, it is hoped that either that place of confinement may be rendered more safe than it is at present, by proper repairs and an addition at the entrance into the yards from the hatch-ways, by way of proper strength and security; or else that a new building for that purpose be erected as speedily as possible. The attempt that has been made for an escape by the prisoners the last week, and their being so near succeeding in the same, and also the riot of December last, in which the whole jail would have been demolished were it not for the military being so opportunely called in, are striking instances of the necessity of immediately adopting one of those expedients that have been proposed, otherwise more daring efforts for escape will be frequently made.

The seaports of France were opened on the 10th of last month, by a Royal edict, for the admission of British and Irish manufactures, pursuant to the treaty of navigation and commerce concluded between his Majesty and the French King.

The masquerade on Tuesday night, at the Rotunda, though not so crowded as that given before, was on the whole very entertaining. If we might judge by the number which sat down to supper in the banqueting-room, they composed little less than 400. The entertainment was excellent, the wines being the very best in kind. Though some characters were well supported, wit was the scarcest commodity in the room. Dancin gcommenced after supper, and all departed about six in the morning.

The ball and supper given on Monday last at the Mansion House was really splendid beyond conception; the Lady Mayoress's situation must, however, have been vastly distressing, from the numbers who intruded themselves there, unasked, and so crowded those who her Ladyship had sent cards to, that many people of the first fashion were for want of room obliged to go away. Strange it is that people have not better behaviour.

On Tuesday, the 29th ult., a party of the Stradbally Volunteers apprehended two robbers at the races of the Great Heath in the Queen's County, and safely conducted them to Maryborough Jail. They are charged on oath with breaking into the dwelling-house of Mr. Mulhall, near the town of Stradbally, and robbing it of cash and other articles.

DUBLIN, FRIDAY, JUNE 8.

As agriculture so materially depends on population, and as the sinews of a nation's prosperity rest on its "bold peasantry," we cannot but deeply deplore that within these seven years past, no fewer that 4,000 Irish servants of both sexes have emigrated to America.

Wednesday, about one in the afternoon, a gentleman walking in the Phœnix Park, near Sir John Blaquiere's wall, was met by two fellows armed with a cutlass and a horse-pistol, who robbed him of a pocket-book bound in green vellum, containing paper of no great value, a sapphire ring set in gold, a plain silver watch, and thirteen shillings in change. As no person appeared during this transaction the villains escaped by running towards the Range-wall adjoining the high road.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JUNE 9.

We hear with the utmost pleasure that the manufacture of earthenware and other species of pottery will shortly be attempted in several places in the Northern parts of this country; there is no doubt but such efforts will meet with a degree of success beyond the present expectancy of even our most sanguine wishes. It is from public-spirited individuals we must expect that this kingdom can possibly arrive to real opulence and prosperity, and that a proper advantage will be taken of all the internal treasures with which this island so peculiarly abounds, and from whence so many solid, permanent benefits might undoubtedly flow.

Two fellows who were accomplices in the burglary and robbery of a shoemaker's shop in this city, and for which two others are now under sentence of death, were apprehended on Wednesday last near the Tholsel, and lodged in the New Prison. It is remarkable that the young men who are to suffer in a few days entrusted the others with the spoil, who disposed of it to their own advantage, and their unfortunate and misguided companions became the wretched dupes of the others fatal advice.

Yesterday the first lodgment was made in the stores of the new Custom House, being a quantity of port wine, out of one of the three vessels lately arrived laden with that commodity. This noble edifice contains sufficient room for storage for all the import which we can successively hope for in this kingdom, the whole in Royal security, and so cheap, as must ever make it the interest of the merchant to deem it a material benefit.

(To be Continued.)

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BAGGOTSRATH CASTLE,



AN OLD COUNTY DUBLIN FORTALICE.

(From GROSE'S "ANTIQUITIES OF IRELAND," 1791).

BAGGOTSRATH CASTLE
AND THE
BATTLE OF RATHMINES.
CO. DUBLIN.

GENERAL JONES'S ACCOUNT OF THE ENGAGEMENT.

LISTS OF THE PRISONERS TAKEN AND MUNITIONS OF WAR CAPTURED.

A CURIOUS OLD DOCUMENT.

The old fortalice above depicted once stood between Leeson street and Baggot street Bridges on the east side of present Grand Canal. Dublin readers will remember that a reproduction of it was erected at Leeson street Bridge at the time of Queen Victoria's last visit to Ireland to mark the spot where the royal entry into the City of Dublin proper began. It's history is thus given in Grose's "Antiquities of Ireland":—

In the 48th Edward III., A.D. 1374, there is an order for removing William Fitz William from the custody of the manor and castle of Baggotsrath, and giving them to the Bishop of Meath. The family of Fitz William came into Ireland with King John, and had large possessions in the city of Dublin, their principal castle and residence being at Merrion A branch of the family was seated at Baggotsrath, 1527, and it still continues part of their estate. This castle is remarkable for a defeat of the King's troops near it in July, 1649, of which Borlase and Cox give the following account. Jones, the Parliamentarian General, possessed Dublin, which the Marquis of Ormonde was desirous of taking. He encamped at Rathmines, but that being too distant to prevent Jones's cavalry from grazing, it was judged proper to seize Baggotsrath, which adjoined their pasture. Major General Purcell was sent on that business, with directions to fortify it, and he had with him 1,500 foot and engineers. Had this been executed, the city would have been straitened on every side, as Lord Dillon was on the northern part of it with 2,000 foot and 500 horse. Purcell was to secure the castle, and throw up strong entrenchments in the night; and the Marquis, to favour his operations, kept his men under arms. In the morning when the Marquis visited Purcell, he found very little had been done, the latter

in excuse pretending he was misguided and had not time, when in fact he and Edmund Reilly, the titular Archbishop of Armagh, had betrayed the army. The Marquis went to repose after his nightly fatigue, expecting no movement from the city; but in this he was deceived, for Colonels Reynolds, Venables, and Hunks, the day before, had arrived from England with 600 horse and 1,500 foot, and ample supplies of money and ammunition, the garrison were encouraged to make a sally, and they soon retook Baggotsrath Castle; this brought on the fatal battle of Rathmines, in which 4,000 men were killed and 2,517 taken prisoners, all the artillery and baggage, and 200 draft oxen, and the King's party effectually ruined. Part of the castle still remains, and the entrenchments about it can easily be traced. This view, from an original drawing by Barralet, is in the possession of the Right Honourable W. Conyngham.

Amongst the contents of a curious old volume in our possession, comprising a number of pamphlets of two centuries and a half ago, we have found the subjoined, which gives General Jones's own account of the Battle of Rathmines:—

Lieut-General Jones's
LETTER
To the Council of State,
Of a Great
VICTORY

Which it hath pleased God to give the Forces in the City of Dublin under his Command, on the Second of this instant August, against the Earl of Ormond's and the Lord Inchiquin's Forces before that City.

Together with the List of all the Prisoners and Ammunition taken, and the Narrative of Captain Otway, who was in the Fight.

London, Printed for Edward Husband, Printer to the Parliament of England, August 11, 1649.

Right Honourable,

THE Lord hath blessed this your Army with good success against Ormond and his, for which God's most holy Name be ever glorified. The account of that service is thus briefly: On the first of this instant, the Enemy began his approaches to this place more than formerly, and that night was Ormond, Preston, and the chiefest of that Army, at a Work begun at Baggotsrath, about a quarter of a mile hence Eastward of the City, upon the Sea, thence they purposed to run forward to our Trenches on the Land-side, and to raise their Forts towards the Water, for hindering the landing of those supplyes and Forces expected. They had before cut off the water running from the higher grounds into the City, whereby our Mills had been driven, and in their present work would they have cut us off from all forage for our cattle: To this end was that very night, a Brest-work by them made crosse the high-way, neer Baggotsrath, whereabouts was the onely grazing-place left for us. As for the Castle of Baggotsrath, I caused it to be before demollished, so it was not capable of a Garrison, foreseeing what our prejudice might be in their possessing it.

On Thursday the second, we discovered a party of the Enemies, drawn to Baggotsrath, about fifteen hundred foot, besides horse. We found a necessity for removing them, and that speedily: and seeing the nearness of the Enemies camp at Rathmynes (less than a mile from Baggotsrath), where they might be readily relieved with greater force as occasion might require; therefore did I advance with so much a greater strength, about twelve hundred horse, and four thousand foot.

The Enemies work at Baggotsrath we soon entered, yet not without strong dispute: most of the Enemies foot were slain and taken, their horse having deserted them after the first charge.

Our horse and foot pursuing their advantages, we became at last wholly engaged with their whole Army, whom after two hours fight, we totally routed.

We slew on the place, and in the chase, about four thousand, and have two thousand five hundred and seventeen prisoners, most of them Inchiquines English, and of our run-aways. We got one whole Cannon, three Demi-Cannons, one long square gun, carrying a ball of twelve pound, one Saker-drake, and one Morter-piece (all these brass), and some Trayn-carriages, and about two hundred draught Oxen for the Trayn.

The strength of the Enemy was by themselves since acknowledged Nineteen thousand; Ormond narrowly escaped: Of our men there are not twenty missing, many wounded. The greatest loss fell on the horse, wherein my Regiment hath much suffered, which I humbly desire may be considered, together with my former losses in the same kinde in former Services, and therefore that larger Recruits may be given me: To which end I have employed thither this Gentleman Captain Otway, one, faithand forward, whom I make bold to recommend unto your favour.

This whole work is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes: By whose especial providence it was that we should thus engage, we our selves at first not so far intending it: Neither did the Enemy expect our so doing; nor would they have willingly engaged with us, if it might have been by them avoided, they reserving themselves for the coming up of Clanricard with his Connaught forces about Three thousand, and the Lord of Ardes with his Seven thousand Scots, all ready for marching; Inchiquine also being looked for, who had the week before gone towards Munster, with two Regiments of horse, for appeasing some stirrings there by Owen Roe, raised in his absence. Never was any day in Ireland like this, to the confusion of the Irish, and to the raising up the spirits of the poor English, and to the restoring of the English interest, which from their first footing in Ireland was never in so low a condition, as at that very instant, there not being any one considerable landing place left you, but this alone, and this also (without this the Lord's timely and most gracious goodness and providence to us) almost gone.

Yet is not all this any ground of Security whereby may be kept back or delayed the Supplies designed us; for most of our Garisons are yet to be taken in, and the Enemy to be speedily followed, that they recover not (which they yet may do to a considerable number) and that they either possess not themselves of this harvest, or hinder us of it. For our selves as at present, we are not in condition to prosecute this great Victory as we should and would, wanting pay for our men, and necessary provisions, which would be now made over to us speedily and plentifully, this being the time, and the occasion being now offered for a full ending of this War, by its vigorous prosecution, the opportunity whereof is not to be in any case omitted; besides the security therein rendered to your affairs there, whereunto all these movings might have been dangerously carried, as they were by Ormond and his Party intended. All which I leave to your most wise consideration, and as ever, remain

Your Honors most faithful Servant,
MIC: JONES.

Dublin, Aug. 6, 1649.

PRISONERS TAKEN THE SECOND OF AUGUST, 1649.

Field-Officers—Col. Christopher Plunket, Earl of Fingal; Col. Richard Butler, the Lo. of Ormond's brother; Lieut-Col Michael Searl Adjutant-General; Lieut-Col Aldworth, Lieut-Col Standley, Lieut-Col Tho. Fortescu, Lieut-Col Jesper Taaff, Lieut-Col Gerard Lieut to the Fuiseers, Major Roger Garland, Major Oliver FitzSimons, Major Comin, Major Henry Littell Major Charls Norwood, Major Riddar, Major to Col. Blunt; Major Fleetwood, Sergeant to the Fuiseers; Major Shalop, Sir George Bingham, Baronet.

Captains.—Daniel, Leston James Fleming, Dunn, Geoghegan, Henry FitzGerald George Cusacke Christopher Barnewell, Balthazar Newgent William Whittly, Harbert Lewis, Petty, Cosby, Jackson May, Graynier, Thomas Bourke, Daniel MacNemara, Pierce MacKee, Fergus Mageins, Thomas Pluncket, Povey Morris Harbert Townsen George Darcy, Milemay, Ofield, Aymes, Roger Flangherty, Ben Pierce, Arthur Asten Dun, FitzGerald Dillon, Capt-Lieut James Wade, Capt-Lieut Dawning Barret, Capt-Lieut Foacks Capt-Lieut John Alexander, Barth. FitzGerald Holmes, Cornee, Reformadoes. 41.

Lieutenants—Robert Coyne, Arthur Reynolds, William Dallon, Robert Lack, Nicholas Raw, Francis Coyn, Richard Andrewes, John Crisp, Tho. Whitely, James Gislyne, Henry Moss William Merrill, Paul Symons, Math. Brown, Edward Coates, Rich. Bestworth, Thomas Power, Clement Greene Francis Hill, Thomas Hill, Foxe, Barret, Hamilton, Searle, Alexander, Illwell, Mever, Gibs Harris Browne, Nevet, Andrewes, Street, Roe, Reynolds, Thomas, Towsen, Lock Barnes, Gilborn, Fay, Ross Dempsey, William Bourk Dutton, Thomas Darcy John Pollet, Garret Harbert, John O Teige Miles Bourk, Walter Hussey John Andrews, George Welsh, Richard Plunket, Carbery Higgin, Thomas Pierce Edward Dowdal, Garret Reeves. 58.

Ensigns—Henry Colepease, Southwood Nicholas Mayl, William Jewel Simon Pordon, William Sanderson William Pope, William Crosby, Peter Bulkley, Harbert Whitefield, Morton Vaughan, Henry Leigh, Robert Dreakin, George Green, Henry Bannester, George Giles, Samuel Floyd, Robert FitzGerald, Edward Jans, Palyn, Dickson Lillies, Langford, Willonton, Bradley, Rogers Brisby, James Ennis, Peter Walsh, James Finis, Richard Mealey, Patr. Bolan, Michael Taaff Patr. Boy Key, Mortogh Mac Hary, Owen Mahony, Jo. Tirrel, Edm. Mullegan, Daniel Kevanagh, Daniel Wyer, Tho. Street, Peter Smith. 42.

Cornets.—Williams, Jolliff, George Mettam, George Borray. 4.

Quartermasters.—Jones, King, Smith James Woods, Edmund Stacy, Bleckwal. 6.

Troopers.—Mr Lewis Richards Mr John Salman, Mr Henry Wilkinson, Mr Griffith Cox Mr Edward Heald Mr Gore, Mr Richard Bealing, Mr Baggot, Franci. Witherington, Mr Miles Gyncks (Gent.) 10.

Robert Hamilton, Minister, ten servants, six gunners, John Bellew, Lieutenant of the Ordnance the Clerk of the Store, six Trumpets six Chyruigions, ten belonging to the Train of Artilery, sixty-nine Sergeants, twenty Drums, fifty-six Corporals.

Fuiseers.—William Pets, William FitzGerald, John Farling, William Dowdal, Rich. Maudsley,

Matthew Simple, Betrel Vaughan, William Rowlandson, Captain Hooker, William Boyce, John Gulston, Edmund Pooley, Edward Garing, John Bryers Thomas Tobe, John Jennings, Tho. Barrow, Christopher Sherman, William Blake, William Hopkins, Edw. Jones John Williams, Pete. Cropper, John Jackson, Robert Calvect, Ralpt Goodwin, Robert Pain, Gerard Russel, Richard Ellis, Tho. Ellison, William Dextet, Henry Finch, Robert Dalvin Thomas Stanly, Francis Needham, Robert Dalligeed, Mat. Cardy, Mat. Righby, Morris Nangley, Nicho. Allen, Tho. Kemp, Henry Booker Peter Bogerd, Dennis Lord, Robert Gardner, Edward Gore Robert Gneens, John Farehurst, Thomas Farrer, Christopher Perkenson, William Windesler, Halliwary, Brasse, George Moor, John Murfy, Stephen Foxmist.

A List of Artillery, taken from the Irish at Ramnies, the second of August, 1649.

One brass Cannon, weighing seven thousand three hundred twenty one pounds, her length ten foot, her bullet weighing forty-four pound.

One brass Demi-Cannon eldest, weighing five thousand four hundred twenty eight pound, her length eleven foot and an half, her bullet weighing thirty two pounds.

Two brass Demi-Cannon of one mould, each weighing forty four hundred, their length nine foot and a half, their bullet weighing twenty six pound.

One square brass Demi-Culverin, weighing two thousand eight hundred pound, her length eleven foot four inches, her bullet weighing twelve pounds.

One small brass Saker-Drake, weighing six hundred pound, her length four foot and a half, her bullet weighing six pounds.

One brass Morter-piece, weighing nine hundred and twenty seven pounds, her shell weighing one hundred pounds.

Ja. Molyneux Mr. Gunner.

Two thousand one hundred private Soldiers, whereof six hundred Irish, the rest being of Inchequines party, and have taken up arms for the Parliament, promising faithfulness. These had quarter on the surrender of the Castles of Rathgar and Ramaynes whither for gaining conditions, they had betaken themselves.

More Prisoners taken.

William Cunningham, a noted Rebel. Mr Buggot, Deputy Pay-master. Mr John Harbert, servant to the pretended King, who landed at Galway about six days since with the King's household-goods.

Slain.—Sir William Vaughan, Sir Edward Verney, Lieutenant-Colonel Daniel, brother-in-law to the Lord Taaff. Colonel Gerrard. Lieutenant-Colenel Matthews, brother-in-law to the Earl of Ormond, Major Bretain, Lieutenant-Colonel Beverly Usher.

Captain Otway, the messenger that brought this despatch who was an actor in that service, further relates, that the enemy marched away with such haste as they left their whole camp, which was very well furnished of all provisions of victual, store of wine, silks and velvet, scarlet and other cloth both woollen and linen, and some money, all the cattle left in the quarters about Dublin as they found them there.

The enemy hath quit several garrisons upon their marching off, viz— Manouth Naas, Donahadee, and Richardstown.

Wednesday the eighth was appointed to be a of thanksgiving in Dublin for this great victory.

Thursday Lieut-General Jones intended to march out aga - with his army towards Drogheda.

FINIS.

OPINIONS.

Ralph's:

I wish that girl had been a boy!
I hoped a boy would move next door,
For girls are always prim and neat;
I know she'll be a bore!
She will not want to wade or run,
She'll never, never catch a ball,
Nor climb a tree, nor fly a kite—
Girls are no fun at all.

Winifred's:

Oh, I'm sorry he's a boy!
Two girls could have such splendid times
At sewing doll-clothes, playing tea,
Or reading tales and rhymes.
Of course he'll hit me with his ball,
And make a dreadful lot of noise,
And play at soldiers all day long
There is no fun in boys!

MARION BEATTY

WORKING IN MOSAIC.

HISTORY OF THE ART.

THE VATICAN FACTORY.

Leo XIII.'s present of a mosaic to the President of the United States recalls the controversy that waged during the last century over the artistic value of mosaics made to deceive the eye as oil paintings. It also recalls the fact that the mosaic factory of the Vatican has a practical monopoly of the best work of this kind, and that attempts by other countries to rival Rome in this respect have been futile. The Vatican factory is one of the sights of Europe. In it mosaic work is brought to the very highest point of perfection.

The first mosaic of which mention can be found among the Romans is that which Sylla had made at Praenestum, 170 B.C., and which formed the pavement of the Temple of Fortune. Mosaic work must then have become a matter of everyday luxury for the opulent Roman, for, just as we might read of an English General hauling his bath tub in his peregrinations on the veldt, Suetonius tells us that Julius Caesar took along with him in his campaigns a mosaic pavement to adorn the floor of his tent.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century mosaic work was revived in Italy and used with fine effect for the decoration of churches. But the great revival came with the Renaissance. The desire to render the pictorial masterpieces of that period imperishable by copying them had much to do with this revival. The artists and the materials were at hand.

There was at that time in existence in Venice a school of mosaic workers, which had been founded for the decoration of the Church of St. Mark. Clement VIII. called the best artists of this school to Rome and put them in charge of the decoration of the cupola of St. Peter's. Under this Pontiff and his successors mosaic copies were made of the best works of Laufranco, Perugino, Sacchi, Romanelli, Raphael, Domenichino, Guercino, and others. Some of the mosaics have as many as 10,000 different shadings, and are so finished as to be with difficulty distinguished from oil paintings.

The number of workmen in the Vatican factory varies from 20 to 50. Good mosaic artists are hard to get. This is accounted for by the fact that most important pictures are done in sections by different workers, that they involve long years of labour, and that good artists usually prefer other fields of exertion, where achievement is more prompt and individual reputation more easily acquired.

The reproduction of a large picture in mosaic requires infinite care, as the purpose is to give the illusion of an oil painting. As has been said, the work is divided into pieces among several artists. Care is taken that the lines of division do not fall on the delicate parts of the painting. As far as possible the picture is cut in sections on horizontal lines.

The basis of the picture may be wood, marble or metal. For the big pictures designed for St. Peter's slabs of pepperino stone are used. The stone is covered with plaster, and on the plaster a sketch of the picture is made. Within the lines of the sketch the plaster is partially scooped out and a section of the hollow thus formed is filled in with mastic and oil. The artist now begins to apply the smalts. He picks them out from strands, resembling printers' cases, in which they are disposed according to colour and shade; he fashions them with hammer and chisel to the shape required, and inserts them in the soft mass. When the entire picture has been filled in and hardened, the work of polishing begins.

A layer of wax is first applied to prevent the edges of the smalts from cracking under the rubbing. Sand of diminishing degrees of coarseness is first used, then emery powder. The surface is then washed and rubbed with linen cloths, and final polishing is done with red earth from Naples.

Thus composed and polished, the mosaic has not yet the aspect of an oil painting, for the mastic shows in its natural colour through the interstices of the smalts. A long and tedious encaustic process follows. Colours melted down in wax are applied with the point of a hot iron to cover up and give the desired shade to the mastic joinings. When all the parts of the picture are completed they are fastened to the church walls by means of clamps, and the different segments of the picture are united on the spot.

At Venice a much more expeditious method is often adopted. The sketch of the picture is drawn in reversed fashion on a cardboard and coloured. Smalts corresponding to the colours on the cardboard are gummed face against it. The whole is then set in the mastic, the cardboard is adroitly removed, and the mosaic picture revealed.

This method has the advantage of cheapness and rapidity, but being composed by a merely mechanical process it leaves no room for the real art of the mosaist. The prevalence of mosaic pictures put together by this system is no doubt largely responsible for the severe criticisms that are often heard regarding the decadence of modern mosaic work. Needless to say, it is never employed in the Vatican factory.

After the Fabrica Vaticana come the mosaic factories of Paris and St. Petersburg, the latter forming part of the imperial glass manufactory. But in almost all cases it is Italians who do the fine work, and mosaic composition has for the last 500 years remained a distinctly Italian pursuit.

One branch of the art, the decoration of rings, brooches, bracelets and other articles of jewellery with mosaics, has, in the hands of Italians, reached an amazing degree of perfection.

Leo XIII. has shown a watchful interest in the Vatican factory. It was something in the nature of a revolution when he took the artists from their traditional work of reproducing religious subjects of the Renaissance period and gave them themes of modern style, such as the picture he has sent to President Roosevelt.

PHOTOGRAPHING ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

Ross Limited, the well-known opticians and manufacturers, of high-class photographic apparatus, are issuing an interesting little illustrated pamphlet devoted to an examination and description of the Ross Prism Binoculars, which, as compared with ordinary binocular field-glasses, Mr. Charles Dixon points out, have the advantages of possessing higher power of magnification, much more brilliant definition, a larger field of view, longer range, and a greater degree of illumination and penetration. The gain which all these advantages mean to the close observer will be at once apparent, and in the pamphlet referred to the especial utility of the prism binoculars for those who are engaged in watching and recording the movements and habits of animals and birds, which would otherwise be beyond the range of human vision, is enlarged upon in an interesting manner. In recent times photography has been employed in like manner for portraying birds, insects, and the smaller animals, the photographer carefully watching and stalking his subject, or laying in watch, all of which means the expenditure of a great deal of time and the exercise of unlimited patience. And whilst, therefore, such a branch of photography will not appeal to most, yet there are those who, during a sojourn in the country, might systematically photograph wild life in a manner which would constitute a valuable contribution to the records of natural history.

The discovery of nitre deposits in Death Valley has started a rush to the perilous regions. Five hundred men are waiting at Ballarat for information as to which portion of the desert is the best for prospecting. It is said that the deposits are as rich as those of Chile.

FRANCE IN NORTH AMERICA

THE RELICS OF HER FORMER DOMINION.

BY D. W. PROWSE.

France in the eighteenth century had great possessions and vast possibilities; in India, Pondicherry is all that now remains of that vanished dream of eastern empire. In North America her dominion extended from ocean to ocean. With her great military powers she threatened the very existence of the English. To-day the sole remnant of New France in the North America are two rocky islands, St. Pierre and Miquelon, off the coast of Newfoundland. All the interests in the little archipelago, rests in the former. Miquelon has no harbour, and only a few hundred inhabitants. St. Pierre is a gay, bustling little town, a veritable bit of old France. The apple-cheeked women with their Normandy caps, the creak of the ox cart, the fanfare of the town crier's bugle, all remind one of the vividly picturesque Brittany, and the lovely Norman vales.

Its name, St. Pierre, appears in the early maps, and the little island has an ancient history. In its more modern annals the story of this small colony is a fragment of the history of old France, a Liliputian reproduction of that eventful and tragic story. The little island, like the Mother Country, had its revolution, its reign of terror, its tree of liberty, its Jacobin club, and, under the empire, a miniature coup d'etat. The whole was on the smallest possible scale, a veritable tempest in a teapot.

This diminutive French settlement has suffered from storm and tempest, fire and sword; it has been cast down and utterly demolished by the elements and the English over and over again. It speaks well for French energy that, after all its vicissitudes, it is to-day, for its size, as active and lively a little seaport as exists in America.

It was first occupied by the French as a permanent possession in 1662. In 1703 it came into the possession of the English under the Treaty of Utrecht. In 1763, by the Treaty of Paris, it was ceded to France, and a considerable portion of the Arcadians, who refused to take the oath of allegiance in Nova Scotia, settled in the colony. In the tremendous upheaval of 1789, the revolution was felt even in distant St. Pierre. There was a general assembly and a committee of notables. The governor and even the prefect apostolic were smitten by the Republican fever. There were probably not yet more than three or four hundred inhabitants in the island, yet, in true Gallic fashion, they constituted themselves into an assembly general, and had officers with high-sounding titles. They formed a committe of defence, and all were full of martial ardour. The next day an English frigate came into the Roads, and all the inhabitants, without firing a shot, were captured and deported to France. It turned up several times as a Jack-in-the-box. At the breaking out of every war the English took it, and when peace was proclaimed restored it. In the Waterloo year it was finally restored to France by the second Treaty of Paris. The whole population of the colony is put down as 6,200, but out of this number 1,033 are transient, sailors and fishermen. The permanent residents are about 5,000; 1,400 are natives of France, 722 are English. there are 247 functionaries and their families to govern this immense possession.

The energy shown by the French in prosecuting the cod-fishery is something remarkable. The year of the Peace of Amiens, 1802, they repaired their buildings, and 2,000 fishermen caught 100,000 quintals of fish, an average of 50 quintals per man, a notable example of their indomitable push and perseverance under difficulties. The operation of the colonial Frenshmen at one time was on a gigantic scale; there were probably over 30,000 engaged in the fishery, and the result of the voyage nearly equalled the whole English catch in New Foundland, 1,000,000 quintals, worth nearly 5,000,000 dollars. Since that time, notwithstanding the heavy bounties, the French fishery has been a failing industry. The trade of St. Pierre, which in 1885 was valued at over 20,000,000 francs, fell in 1892 to 8,500,000 francs, and the catch of fish fell from 46,240,817 kilogrammes in 1886 to 22,098,071 in 1892.

The really important business of France in New Foundland are the fisheries, employing some 7,000 or 8,000 men, and the largest number of men and greatest tonnage employed come every year from France. The vessels are chiefly owned and manned in the channel ports, more than half sailing from St. Malo and Granville. Other Frenchmen go out in steamers to work at the shore fishery, and in Pierras Banken there are smaller vessels, chiefly schooners. Next comes the shore fishery, which is carried on pretty extensively both from St. Pierre and Miquelon. The French shore business is the smallest and least important of all, employing only 458 hands, and of these more than half are lobster fishermen and canners.

One of the most important and profitable industries of St. Pierre is smuggling. Louisburg, in the old colonial times, was, and in the little French colony it the present day is, a veritable smugglers' den Canada suffers most by the contraband trade. It is calculated that half the spirits consumed in Lower Canada pay no duties to the Dominion Government. Great efforts have been made by Canada and New Foundland to put an end to the illicit traffic, but all in vain. Schooners are captured every now and then, the cure denounces the detestable business, which is so demoralising to his people; still it flourishes, and it will continue to flourish whilst the Government of France refuses to permit the residence of an English consul at St. Pierre. Every nation in the world can have its representative in the little island, only England, the one Power most interested in St. Pierre's trade, is refused. The big schooners that take the liquor from St. Pierre leave ostensibly on a fishing voyage. There is no clearance, no manifest of the cargo, no papers to show what she has aboard. The modus operandi for smuggling in the gulf of St. Lawrence is a very ingenious one, and nearly always succeeds. The larger vessel, with the contraband aboard, does not venture into Canadian waters. She meets her consorts, generally three small crafts, at an appointed time and rendezvous in the entrance of the gulf, or of Cape Breton, or on the Labrador shore, the smaller vessels proceeding to the north coast, and when well up the river the liquor is transshipped into boats or sometimes into farmers' carts. All the inhabitants of the Lower St. Lawrence are in league with the smugglers.

By the Treaties with England it is strictly enjoined that St. Pierre was not to be fortified, and there was only to be a guard of 50 men for police. But all this is evaded. The colony possesses a complete military organisation, and on the fete of the Republic it turns out in grand imposing array, artillery, engineers, and infantry. There is no cavalry. There are only about 1,000 male inhabitants in the island who are capable of bearing arms, and who would come under the conscription; but all turn out, and when the men-of-war are at port they co-operate with the colonial militia.

The ox-cart, symbol of French conservatism and of the provincial ways of old France, still remains at St. Pierre. The little colony could not, however, forever continue insensible to the rush and go and influence of Canadian and American ideas; at last she has been bitten by the tarantula of modern progress, municipalism. There is now a system of electric lighting, gas and water have been put in, and there is extensive telephonic communication. In St. Pierre taxation has thus been largely increased. The little town is no longer a free port; her revenue has to be augmented to meet the ever-growing expense of town improvements.

LIFE'S LESSON-BOOK.

On every lettered page we read
Some lesson clearer than the old,
Limned as in ancient missal-books,
Blood-red and gold.
The purple parchment of our fate writ o'er
With strange mysteriousness of treasured lore.

How tenderly just here and there,
Above the straightness of black lines,
A saint-face from the margin glows,
A halo shines!
And midst the maxims all so hard and stern
Hope's gentle finger points to help us learn.

For learn perforce we must herein
Of joy, and of the use of pain,
Of how not running aimlessly
The prize to gain,
And where around Earth's pettiness to find
A chaplet of undying flowers entwined.

AN OLD-TIME TUAM TRAGEDY.

The Mall House, Tuam, was once the scene of a barbarous murder—that of an aged clergyman by his servants (says the "Tuam Herald"). It was at first thought it was the act of robbers, but ultimately the real perpetrators were discovered, and great indeed was the general sense of relief when it was discovered that the awful deed was done by no one in the place, but was the sole act and inspiration of the servants of the unfortunate man's own household. To add to the ghastly barbarity of the crime if possible the day selected was perhaps the most awful that could suggest itself to the villains who committed it. The cold-blooded massacre of the poor man on a Good Friday of all the days of the year, and the quiet, unconcerned apathy with which the criminals who remained on in the place, with the wages of their crime under their eyes, all these circumstances show an advance in barbarous cruelty and inhumanity not often equalled in the red records of murder. No stain of the dark deed attached to the town or any inhabitant of it, for the servants were not natives of the place, and indeed introduced a crime into the place which went out with them, and found no growth or sustenance in the soil. At the early part of the last century a family named Burke lived in the Mall House, but the particular race is now extinct. There was a certain member of them, a Major Burke, well known in his time some fifty years ago as a sportsman and a hospitable, good-hearted fellow. After Dean Echlin they were the most noted occupants of this historic house. Its ivy covered walls and handsomely picturesque appearance are familiar enough to the people of the place to require any minute descriptions. It is a three-storey slated house with steps leading to the hall door, and looking directly on to the grounds of the Protestant cathedral. The Mall, whereon it stands, is somewhat fallen away from the position it once occupied as a fashionable quarter of the town. Some of its houses are unfortunately gone into ruins, yet but little would make the place as cofortable and snug as ever it was in the days of our grandsires, and the Mall has many old cherished memories associated with it to make us all wish to see it again what it once was.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

INGAR, THE DYNAMITER.

By MONTGOMERY E. M'INTOSH.

The "Keel Ridge," on the Messaba, that extraordinary range where iron ore is scooped out of the ground with steam-shovels—a process that all miners bred to a right notion of the underground workings must ever regard as irregular—came a young Swede, Ingar Nelson, when the range was new. He was a grinning penniless giant of twenty, anxious to find work. No men were needed at the mine, but there was enough for him to do in the town, where every day he saw a fresh crop of flimsy buildings springing up, on streets from which the stumps had not been grubbed.

The stout and willing Ingar was presently a man sought after. His hand was turned to every manner of work, from building a house to making Fifth Avenue capable of being travelled by waggons. Up to the time of his advent the avenue had been open to foot-passengers only, because the inhabitants had been too busy with other matters to clear out the stumps and boulders. Fifth Avenue, so named by a surveyor who had once visited New York, began at the mine hill and ended in a cedar swamp, and was destined to be lined throughout its length with miners' supply stores and saloons.

One day Ingar visited the mine, and watched the men at work there make ready for a blast. He retired with them when the danger-signal sounded from the power-house whistle, stood perlexed while the foreman put the electrical firing apparatus in readiness, and when the knob was touched, was a little shaken and entirely puzzled by the instant, decisive detonation in the mine. Back in the drift again, the litter of riven ore, torn from solid walls, made an impression on the youth that was not to be blotted out.

"I tank she bane good stoff!" he exclaimed with satisfaction, when shown some of the yellow compound that had demonstrated such power to split stone and iron.

It was at this time that Ingar took the contract for digging a cellar beneath the store of Peter Baird. Peter had been in such a hurry to begin business that he built his store first, and arranged for the excavation of the cellar afterwards. Ingar did pretty well with the digging, until he came to a boulder so big that it was beyond the strength of man or beast to get it out.

Peter Baird's disgust was extreme, but he was reassured by the contractor. "I fix um," said the laconic Ingar. Mr. Baird was busy for a time after that, and when next he saw Ingar, that herculean Norseman had just emerged from the cellar. Ingar lighted his pipe and went across the street to see how Andrew Larsen was getting on with his new meat-market.

At this point Peter Baird went into the storage shed back of his main building to fill an oil-can that had been sent in from a prospector's camp, and this was a lucky circumstance.

In the twinkling of an eye the store was rent and shaken as if a very Vesuvius had broken loose under it, and in one or two more twinklings M'Hale's bar-room, on the opposite street corner, suddenly spilled men out of every door. That was where the largest piece of the stone struck.

When his employer cautiously approached the shattered store, very white as to face and with knees not to be depended on, Ingar gravely explained the eruption that had just taken place. In disposing of the refractory boulder he had wished to put his newly acquired knowledge of explosives into effect. From a supply store he had obtained a miner's "stick" of dynamite, which looks very much like a tallow candle, and with it the necessary fuse and fulminating caps. With these it was his design to shatter the stone and surprise Mr. Baird—a statement that caused loud laughter and cheers.

"You done it, me boy, you done it!" yelled Pat M'Hale, who had just arrived, loudly demanding to know whom he had to thank for dropping three hundred pounds of very ordinary stone upon his premises. Even Peter Baird slapped Ingar on the back and called him "a bird," but the Swede never knew what he meant.

Ingar had placed the dynamite under the boulder, attached cap and fuse, and then applied the match. He had a notion that when he returned he would find the stone conveniently broken into small pieces, like the ore at the mine, and his chagrin was keen that the explosion should have made such a mess of the building. He did not make the statement at that time, but secretly held the opinion that it would have been a successful operation had he used only half the "stick." Mr. Baird patched up his store and ordered a new stock of crockery.

After that the supply of men were not disposed to sell Ingar dynamite. One day, however, he purchased some for the declared purpose of blowing out stumps, at the same time engaging in solemn terms not to employ any of the dangerous substance in the course of cellar-digging.

Ingar had lodgings at a large boarding-house on the outskirts of the town, where miners and other workmen were quartered, and in walking down the street with his formidable purchase, he thought of a particularly offensive stump on his landlord's premises. This stump, remnant of a giant pine, so firmly rooted that it had resisted all ordinary methods of extraction, was a nuisance and an eyesore.

Ingar recalled perfectly that the force of dynamite was expended vertically, for he had proved this to his satisfaction in Baird's cellar, where the stone certainly went upward and exhibited no tendency toward horizontal movement. Reasoning thus, it was clearly safe to blow up the landlord's stump, which must infallibly be lifted, broken, and dropped upon the neighbouring vacant land.

This, like the other attempt, was to be a surprise, and owing to the impressive size of the stump, and to guard against failure, Ingar placed two sticks under it.

That stump was blown squarely through the boarding-house, from side to side, and Ingar, who had retreated to a safe distance to watch the explosion, fled from what he believed to be a scene of death. Fate had ordained, however, that at the supreme moment the landlord and his wife should be in the kitchen, engaged in a high altercation with the cook, and no one was in the front of the house, which was the part devastated by the meteoric stump.

In the instant of shock, the cook departed in a cloud of dust, and refused to go near the place again, because she suspected the landlord of having arranged the whole affair with a view to getting rid of her without payment of wages due. So she sent a lawyer to collect the money, and the landlord engaged the same legal gentleman to arrange a settlement of the damage with Ingar.

The honest lad, who had striven so earnestly to emulate the American spirit of enterprise, was now called Ingar, the Dynamiter. The merchants would trust him for anything else, but with respect to explosives they regarded him as a dangerous theorist, and he could not buy dynamite in any store on the range.

In spite of all this it was another sort of experience that gave the Norseman lasting fame. It happened one day when the new powder-house had just been completed, on a spur of the mine hill and among the only trees that had been left standing on the "location."

Some Italians were engaged in transferring the powder and dynamite from the temporary premises to the new storehouse, and one of them carelessly left the door of the new building open.

Coming up the hill, the men had to turn a ledge of rock before they could see the new magazine, which was covered with corrugated iron and fresh-coated with red paint. On the first trip up, after the careless man had left the door open, they came upon a sight at which every man turned white.

Through the open door, not a hundred feet away, serenely examining the deadly stores strewn all about, was Master Norman Roberts, aged six years, son of the mine superintendent. His sister, toiling up the path and calling his name, explained the child's presence there

Master Norman, at the moment when he was discovered, had possessed himself of some dozens of fulminating caps, which he thought were excellent playthings, and had scattered the bright brass liberally on the floor.

The situation was desperate. Within the space of a few feet were hundreds of pounds of every sort of high explosive, from ordinary "giant" to the most terrific combinations of nitro-glycerine. The concussion of an exploding cap, of the sort with which the lad was playing, meant death and destruction to every soul on the hill.

The Italian who first got a view of the situation went down upon his knees—somewhat gingerly, to be sure, for he had seventy pounds of dynamite in his hands. A dozen men huddled together behind him, afraid to startle the boy by a sound, lest they might hasten the moment when those childish feet would annihilate them, and not daring to run because they knew they could not get away from so much dynamite. Besides, there was the superintendent's little boy.

Ingar Nelson, swinging up the hill path on his way to the power-house, where his brother now worked, saw the shrinking group and hurried to them. One of the foremen delegated to watch the filling of the powder-house had recovered himself enough to signal frantically to Norman's approaching sister. She astonished by the earnest pantomime and not divining the cause, stopped on the hillside and ceased to call her brothers name.

Ingar understood the instant he arrived, for he knew somthing about dynamite now. He stopped a moment, and scratched his head. The circumstances did not seem to favour conversation, and besides, Ingar was rather a taciturn man; so after an instant's pause, in absolute silence, he tiptoed steadily toward the open door.

Little Norman had his back turned to the interested spectators of his play, and was joyously tossing his new-found playthings about. The men in the path bent forward until their trembling fingers almost touched the ground. One cannot avoid some nervous agitation when he approaches a baby who is playing with fulminate among cases of nitro-glycerine, and the palms of Ingar's hands were moist before he made many steps.

Softly he stole to the door. Norman was babbling merrily and thinking it all fine fun, when he was suddenly gripped by the back of his waist. A powerful arm raised him, struggling and crying with fright, and held him high above the dangers with which the floor was spread. Then Ingar, tossing the tiny figure upon his shoulder, pranced down the hill, relieving the tension of his nerves by giving such cheerful whoops that Norman concluded it was all a lark.

Twelve crouching figures straightened, and twelve voices made so much joyful noise that all surface work at the mine was suspended,

while the day shift came to see what the clamour meant.

He is Ingar the Dynamiter still, but the name is not without honour.

He was the first man to show that something could be made with a market-garden in this far northern land, and if you will drive out on the Iron Mountain road, on a summer day, you will doubtless behold his honest blue eyes surveying you across a domain of potatoes and cabbages. Superintendent Roberts never rides that way without a friendly greeting for the man whose mettle was so well tested, and he always gets a hearty answering halloo, delivered by Ingar, Mrs. Ingar, and little Ingar—the last an eminently robust sprig of the Viking stock, already somewhat expert in the use of the hoe.

THE WINTER DREAM.

A dream of beauty; of the laugh of waves
And the bright rushing of a swollen brook;
Its bursting into light from sunless caves
Under the network of a woven nook,
Which moss-grown roots, entwined and roofed with green,
Spangled with shining stones and starry sheen!
Silent and dark within its shadowy rest
The water lay, scarce heaving underneath
The drooping brake-leaves or the trailing wreath
Of lady-fern, and moss upon its breast;
Yet, with a murmur rather felt than heard,
That told the faint heart of the fountain stirred.

A dream of spring-time; of the sunny light,
And the swift melting of the mountain snows;
Of earth's awakening from the winter's night,
When hearts grow calm, and half forget their woes.
A dream of beauty; of the arching trees
Heavy with blossoms, and the cool, fresh breeze,
Curling the foam-wreaths in the brook's bright spring,
Silent no longer; with the pleasant gush
Of gurgling waters, and the frequent rush,
Clearing the air of many a golden wing,
And the low rustling in the leaves o'erhead,
And the soft sunlight through the branches shed.

A spot of solitude; yet legends tell
Of years long past, when many a joyous throng
Came to the silence of that brook-cleft dell,
And woke its echoes with light daugh and song:
Now, carvings rude on every ancient trunk,
Time worn, and in the swelling bark half sunk,
Bear record still of each forgotten name,

That once was music to some kindred heart,
Guarded and cherished as a thing apart;
But now, alas! for constancy and fame!
Vainly these faithful oaks their memory save,
Whom human love hath yielded to the grave.

Yet the bright waters spake not of decay,
Nor earthly shadow, nor the blight of grief;
There was no sorrow in the graceful sway
Of the fair drooping willow's silver leaf,
Nor in the fragile blossom lightly flung
From the tall may-tree that the fount o'erhung,
On the swift stream, and floating silently
'Mid the long grass and mimic islets there,
Freighted with dew-drops and with perfumes rare:
What king could boast a richer argosie?
Yet was it fleeting as that idle dream
Of the cool fountain and its sparkling stream.

The vision fled with summery sight and sound,
And the stern real ruled the heart at will:
The calm dead grandeur of the mountains round—
The kingly river in his fetters still.
Winter and storm; the city's mighty mart;
The ceaseless beatings of its guilty heart—
These were instead, and darker, gloomier yet,
Towered the sky, unlit by moon or star:
What roused the vision of that stream afar—
That dream of light, with all its vain regret?
A pale and faded leaf of feathery fern,
That erst had dropped above that fountain's urn.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.

CHARLEVILLE.

CHARLEVILLE, an incorporated market and post-town (formerly a Parliamentary borough), in the parish of Rathgogan, barony of Orrery and Kilmore, county of Cork, and province of Munster, 29 miles (N. by W.) from Cork, and 114¼ miles (S.W.) from Dublin; containing 4,766 inhabitants. This town, so named in honour of Chas. II., is of comparatively recent origin, having been founded by Roger, first Earl of Orrery and Lord-President of Munster, in the year 1661. That nobleman erected a magnificent mansion here for his own residence, in which he kept his court of presidency, and by his influence obtained for the inhabitants a charter of incorporation from Chas. II., dated May 29th, 1671. Charleville House was burnt by the Irish under the command of the Duke of Berwick, in 1690, and by his order, after he had dined in it. In 1691, Col. Lumley came to this place on the 18th of August, with a party of soldiers, when the enemy posted here fled, leaving many of their men killed and wounded. Captain Massey, who had been left behind, fired his pistols at the soldiers of William's army; and he and a cornet, being taken prisoners with protections in their pockets, were hanged as deserters. The town is situated on the mail coach road from Cork to Limerick, near the border of the latter county, and on the north-east side of an elevated tract, from which stretches an extensive plain of rather cheerless aspect.

By charter granted in the 23rd of Chas. II., to Roger, Earl of Orrery, erecting his lands into a manor, this town was made a free borough, and the inhabitants were incorporated under the designation of the "Sovereign, Bailiffs and Burgesses of the Borough of Charleville." The charter conferred upon the corporation the privilege of returning two members to the Irish Parliament, which was regularly exercised till the Union, when the borough was disfranchised, and the £15,000 awarded as compensation was paid in moieties to the Earls of Shannon and Cork. The sovereign, or his deputy, is usually appointed seneschal of the manor, the greater portion of which extends into the county of Limerick; and as such he holds a court of record, the jurisdiction of which extends to the determination of pleas not exceeding £200 late currency: the proceedings are according to the usual course of common law, and actions are commenced either by arrest of the person, attachment of the goods, or serviceable writ; and under the Act of 7th and 8th of Geo. IV., cap 59, he has also a civil bill jurisdiction. Petty Sessions are held in the town every alternate Monday, by the county magistrates. The court and market-house is a small, plain building on the north side of the main street. At Belfort, near the town, is a spring of remarkably pure water, with a slight mineral tinge; it is held in great veneration by the peasantry, who resort to it in great numbers. John Macdonald, commonly called "Shaun Claraugh," an Irish poet, resided here for several years, and was buried at Ballysally, near the town.

(To be Continued.)

BOON FOR THE SIGHTLESS.

HOW THE BLIND CAN READ ONE ANOTHER'S WRITING.

A novel method for enabling the blind to read letters written by the blind has just been perfected by a Frenchman, Professor M. Dussaud. The process is so exceedingly simple that educators interested in the blind, who have waited long for a method whereby the blind may carry on a correspondence one with the other, will not wonder why M. Dussaud's plan was not thought of many years ago.

A method of enabling persons deprived of their sight to write in the same manner as they read has been vainly sought for during the past seventy years.

The Braille alphabet, designed to enable the blind to read, consists of eighty-two signs obtained by the varying combinations of six dots. These are stamped in relief on the paper, and the blind person reads them by passing his fingers over the surface. To reproduce these signs so that they can be read in their turn, the sightless writer drives a stylus into the paper and so makes a depression—that is to say, he writes these signs on the back of the sheet, so that they come out in relief on the front. Therefore, he has to write these signs the reverse way, as engravers do. In this way it will be seen that writing for the blind under present conditions offers many difficulties, for he has to learn his alphabet twice over—once to read it and in a reverse manner to write it.

He has only the combination of six dots to work with, and therefore he has to write an "e," for example, so as to read an "l," and so on. This is a maddening process. M. Dussaud employs a metal regulator divided into compartments carefully aligned. At the bottom of each compartment there are six holes, and this regulator is placed on the paper. Underneath the paper another regulator is placed corresponding to the top one, but having six points, which stick up into the six holes of the one on the top.

The blind person drives his stylus into the necessary holes to form a letter, but in place of making a hole he forces together the two regulators, and so the letter is produced in relief by the points of the regulator underneath driving the paper up through the holes of the one on the top. He, therefore, can write directly characters which can be read. The same method is applicable to writing figures or music, and it has brought about a real revolution in the lot of the unfortunate beings who are deprived of the sense of sight.

An amount of money has been raised in America sufficient to guarantee the success of the scheme to establish a John Fritz medal, to be awarded yearly to the originators of the most useful scientific and industrial achievement. An effort is being made by the projectors to make this a distinction not second to Bessemer's gold medal awarded by the Iron and Steel Institute. The medal will be awarded by a committee representing the American Society of Civil Engineers, the American Institute of Mining Engineers, and the American Society of Electrical Engineers. A year's deliberation is necessary before any award shall be made, and the sanction of three-fourths of the committee must be had. The eightieth birthday of John Fritz will be observed in New York on October 31 by a dinner which will be participated in by the leading mechanical and electrical engineers of the country.

ANCIENT IRISH SOCIETY.

THE IRISH FIGHTING CLANS.

THE O'CONORS OF OFFALY.

By Rev. F. R. MONTGOMERY HITCHCOCK, B.D.

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Part II.

This was sound advice, and it would have been well for the English governor had he acted upon it. But the O'Conors were as cunning as they were warlike. After successfully harassing the invaders' flanks, they returned without the guidance of Cahir through the wild tracts and dense forests of country which was utterly unknown to them, but every inch of which was known to him. The wily Bryan took advantage of the heavy rains, when the Deputy was practically powerless to put in a plea for immunity, and was granted a safe conduct to Dublin. Of this permission Bryan took advantage in order to obtain an interview with his brother Cahir, and became duly reconciled to him, and together with him laid deep plots for the recovery of their dominions. But their funds were well-nigh exhausted, and they had little means of carrying on the war with any hope of success, and at last were reduced to make overtures to the much-exasperated but too confiding Deputy, Lord Grey. The meeting took place at the ford of Kinnegad, the English forces drawn up on the north side of the stream, and the clansmen, full of fight and courage, lining the southern bank, the boundary of the dominion of Offaly, for which they were ready to die at a moment's notice.

The result of the interview was eminently satisfactory, according to Lord Grey's version, the said Bryan greeting him "with humble reverence, submitting to the King's highness, confessing his offences, and did utterly refuse (resign) all his title in Offaly, and in all black rents and fees that can be had of the King's subjects." In a word, Bryan promised to be a good and quiet boy again, and pay all due reverence and farm the land as a tenant of the Crown, and was pardoned and reinstated. Cahir, who had received the land from the King as his tenant, naturally, even though a traitor himself, resented this worse than "punic faith," and withdrawing his forces retired to a strongly fortified house. But Bryan now proved the traitor. With evident satisfaction, he led the English on the trail of his brother, and at last ran him to earth in one of his strongholds. It is said that the place was so closely besieged that the refractory Cahir with difficulty escaped, and only in his shirt. But the fugitive, seeing the folly of further fighting, gave in with a good grace and was received with favour again by Lord Grey, who thus missed the opportunity of making the O'Connors "terrible examples to all Irish traitors," as the King's Highness desired.

But the O'Connors could not remain quiet. Two years after (1546) we find them invading Kildare and plundering Clane and Carberry with the O'Kelly's, whose lands, then called Caellan, are now included in the county of Kildare. In retaliation, the English invaded Offaly. Thereupon Bryan, with the O'More's of Leix, burnt down the town and monastery of Áthy (Ath-brodain—the bloody ford), which was then one of the keys of the marches of Kildare. The Lord Justice then proclaimed the O'Conors traitors, and sent letters to their allies to leave them and be pardoned. This they did, and O'Conor, left alone, fled to Connaught, where he was attacked and deprived of a great quantity of his supplies by some of the Irish who were friendly to the English. In the meantime Sir William Brabazon had overrun all Offaly, and erected a castle at Dangan, the name of which was afterwards changed to Phillipstown, in honour of Queen Mary's consort. While the English Lord Justice was securing his country, Bryan O'Conor was trying to levy forces to attack him. And feeling himself sufficiently strong to do this, the next year he crossed the Shannon with his clans, but on his march to Leinster they melted away, evidently alarmed by the fact that none of their ancient allies had rallied to the banner of the O'Conors. Bryan was, therefore, forced to submit. But this time he had no mild Lord Grey to deal with, but a resolute and determined man, who brought him to England "at the mercy of the King."

Several years after, this firebrand was released at the entreaty of his daughter, Margaret. This young lady, whose natural charms were enhanced by all the accomplishments of the age in which she lived, courageously faced the perils of a voyage across the channel and a journey through England to the Court of Queen Mary, who, in consideration of her connection with the great English family of Kildare and her religion, admitted her to an interview. The heroic daughter pleaded her father's cause with such eloquence that Mary, very unwisely—from the English point of view—allowed Bryan to return to his native land.

The inevitable consequence of O'Conor's return was that the country was in a blaze again, and on this occasion the O'Maddens, the Moores, the O'Molloys, and the O'Carrolls assisted the O'Conors in carrying fire and sword through Offaly and the neighbouring districts. All the hostile septs rose like one man, and directed their operations principally against the Irish who were loyal to England, and the English settlers in Offaly, which by this time had been made shire land.

But on this occasion Norman cunning proved superior to Celtic wit. Near Athbrodain, "the bloody ford," where the men of south Leinster had defeated Carmar Cas, King of Munster, in the second century, rises a solitary hill of some elevation which had long been associated with the traditions of south Leinster. Upon its brow is found an ancient rath, circular and made of earth and of considerable extent and height. Here was held in olden times the Naasteighan—the assembly of the states (the beginning of the word still being perpetuated in the name Naas)—on this "Hill of Carmen." Upon the summit of the rath were sixteen conical mounds, on which the elders sat, while all around them lay the pillar stones and other emblems of their druidical religion. To this rath the Norman settlers, who had been given the country which had been taken by royal warrant from the native tribes, invited the principal chiefs and prominent men of the septs they wished to dispossess. And suspecting nothing, the O'Conors, O'Carrolls, O'Moores, O'Molloys, O'Dempseys, and O'Dunns came in large numbers, and presumably unarmed, on New Year's Day, 1577. Not one, it is said, lived to see another day of that year or returned to their homes, for when peaceably debating, they were surrounded by horse and foot and massacred. And the Hill of Carmen became known as the hill of decapitation, or Mullagmast.

The O'Conors found it hard to raise their heads after this cruel and cold-blooded massacre. But again the hostile chieftains owed the restoration of their lives and lands to the good offices of a woman, the ladies of the fighting clans showing as much superiority in the arts of peace and piety as their husbands did in the art of war. For Lady Mary O'Conor protected the young Earl, last scion of the Kildare family, in the forest wilds of Offaly, and Elizabeth was ultimately induced to restore the titles and lands of this ancient family to him.

Some years afterwards (1583) occurred a strange event in the annals of the O'Conor sept, which is related by Cox in his Hibernia and Anglicana, and which recalls the scenes of single combat which was so frequent in the highland clans of Scotland. It was a dispute between two of the O'Conors. Conor Mac Cormack O'Conor stated that Teige Mac Gillpatrick O'Conor had treacherously and foully murdered some of his followers. Teige, it would appear, belonged to the O'Conors who were ranged on the side of England in the stormy times of the sixteenth century, and had been only too glad to wreak vengeance on the Irish O'Conors for their extermination of his relations. And when accused by Conor before the English court, challenged his opponent to decide the dispute by mortal combat. The challenge was accepted, and the next day was appointed for the contest. When the hour for the fray was come, the two combatants were accommodated with seats at the opposite ends of the inner court of Dublin Castle. Sir Henry Wallop and Adam Loftus, Archbishop of Dublin (Lords Justices) were the judges, and there was a large sprinkling of the military element present, attracted by the remarkable character of the proceedings. The pleadings were then

read, and the oath was solemnly administered to the litigants, each of whom swore that his quarrel was just. Secretary Fenton and some attendants then approached Teige, and he was stripped to the shirt and searched to see if he carried a dagger. Conor was likewise stripped and searched. And the examination having proved satisfactory, their respective patrons armed the combatants with sword and target—the weapons selected by Teige. At the given signal—the sound of the trumpet—the combatants dashed into the lists and began the battle that was to end fatally to one or both. Teige very soon showed his superiority. He was a perfect master of his weapons, and his greater strength and coolness gave him a decided advantage over the fierce and unguarded rushes of his opponent. Three times Teige's sword passed under the shield of Conor, and pierced his body. Exasperated by the wounds, which increased instead of abating his fury, Conor madly threw away the weapons which had served him so badly, and rushing like a wounded tiger at Teige, seized him round the waist in order to throw him. But the poor fellow was already weakened by loss of blood, and Teige struck him mercilessly again and again on the head, and he fell to the ground stunned. His victorious adversary then cut off his head with his own sword and laid the ghastly offering before the justices, who must have witnessed with horror his terrible contest that would recall to them the harrowing scenes of the Roman amphitheatre.

In 1597 we again find the O'Conors in the field. There is a celebrated pass in Westmeath, a dangerous defile through a wood, which is now called Tyrrellspass, from a victory Tyrrell and O'Conor won over the English forces in this place. This Captain Tyrrell was a dashing officer of O'Neill's army, then fighting in the north. But O'Neill hearing that his territory was to be invaded by a large army from the Pale, despatched this enterprising lieutenant with a small body of men to Leinster to cause a diversion and to prevent the Anglo-Irish of the midland counties joining the army that was marching north. In this Tyrrell was successful, for a strong force who had mustered in Mullingar with a view to join Lord Deputy Burrough, at once turned their attention to Tyrrell, whom they hoped to ambush. But O'Conor Faily, a warrior of great personal bravery and skill, had joined Tyrrell, and together they devised a plan which if successful would simply annihilate their enemy. Tyrrell placed half his men under O'Conor in the hollow of the road, and waited for the attack, which was not long delayed. Retreating slowly so as to induce the enemy to press hot after him, Tyrrell succeeded in drawing them into the ambush. Then at a given signal, O'Conor and his men leaped out of their hiding-places, and Tyrrell returned, and the enemy, attacked in front, on the flanks, and from the rere, were hewn down to a man. O'Conor himself displayed prodigies of valour in this fray. It is said that from the constant use of his heavy sword, his hand swelled so much that the handle of the weapon had to be filed through before his hand could be released from the guard.

The clan now had it all their own way, for the ill-fated Essex proved as incompetent to dislodge this fighting clan from their strongholds as he was incapable of managing Ireland. With that unthinking obstinacy which persists in adopting the same hard and fast methods and tactics of warfare that have ever been found to be unavailing when dealing with a cunning though undisciplined foe, and in a strange country, Essex continued to hurl weighty cavalry into impassable marshes, where they lay completely at the mercy of their enemy. Without intelligence of the fighting clan's whereabouts, without knowledge of the country they were fighting over, although equipped with the best weapons and artillery of the age, the flower of the English host found a grave in the bogs and woods and passes of Offaly. The Earl completely lost his head, and ordered his brave but badly handled troops to be decimated for their cowardice.

We have no time to moralise on such a monstrous and unsoldierly action, for we must hasten to conclude our sketch of the fighting clan.

The last we see of this famous sept is in a hot encounter with the English of Meath and the other O'Conors and the Connaught men under Owen O'Conor. The latter were suddenly attacked by Calvach O'Conor as they were plundering a small town, and not expecting a fight, were taken completely unawares. It was indeed a case of a hundred flying at the rebuke of one, for it would appear that the Calvach had only a few men at his heels when he came upon the spoilers. An incident is said to have occurred at this juncture which shows that the Irish grasp of a grimly humorous situation was then as now racy of the soil. As the Calvach rode into the town which was being plundered by the kerns of Connaught, a man who had borrowed a cauldron from him ran up and said, pointing to one of the spoilers who was carrying off a great cauldron on his back, "There is your cauldron. You can have it back and the man who is carrying it." "I accept it," said the Calvach, "where it is," and hurled a stone at it, which caused so much noise by striking against the bronze that the spoilers fled, for in the confusion of the moment, they thought themselves surrounded and fled precipitately. The night alone put an end to the slaughter that followed, and the O'Conors returned in triumph with the chief relic of Connaught—the Buacach Phatraig, or mitre of Patrick. The last action we find recorded of the clan is the invasion of Offaly and the burning down of many of the castles of Offaly, in revenge for which the Lord Justice went down to Offaly, "with many harrows, great iron rakes, and a great deal of scythes and sickles, and cut and destroyed the crops of the country, ripe and unripe." This was in 1600. After this cruel action, the fighting chiefs and their fighting clan disappear as a clan from history.

O'Diomosaigh or O'Dempsey, of Clanmaliere, became the head of the race until 1688, when he, too, was removed.

Individuals now and again emerge from the general obscurity that has "lowered upon their house," evincing the splendid military qualities of the warrior clan which have not been diminished by untoward circumstances or unkind fortune. Killeigh Abbey, founded by St. Sencheall, who died in 550, was and is the favourite resting place of those who boast the O'Conor name. This the most warlike of the O'Conors established for Franciscan Friars. There Murrogh O'Conor, the bravest of the O'Conors, who had taken the sheriff of Meath prisoner, was interred after gaining "the victory over the world and the devil." There Margaret, "the best woman of her time in Ireland, for it was she who gave two general entertainments of hospitality in the one year to the poor," was interred. There Fionnguala, daughter of Calvagh O'Conor, the most beautiful of the O'Connors, took the veil and lived for forty-nine years "in a chaste, honourable, pious, and devout manner." There in the cemetery of the church of the field that nestles under the long ridge, Cill-achaidh-droma-fada, repose all that is mortal of the princes and princesses of the fighting clan of the O'Conors of Offaly.

[The End.]

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Sylvester.—The book you have is of course many years out of print and is now somewhat rare. To pick up a copy you should enlist the services of some of the second-hand booksellers who make a speciality of old books of the kind. Its price would run from a couple of guineas to five or six according to the state of plates, and the condition of the letterpress and binding—Ed., D. P. J.

LAST WORDS.

(Adapted from the Provencal of Bonaparte Wyse).

By M. Raymond.

Woodland ways run riot in flower;
Sunbeams revel in golden shower:
But I—I come to die,
To breathe my latest sigh;
For wearied and worn am I
Of life and its bitter sweets,
Its lies and vain defeats,
Its vainer struggles and empty cheats.

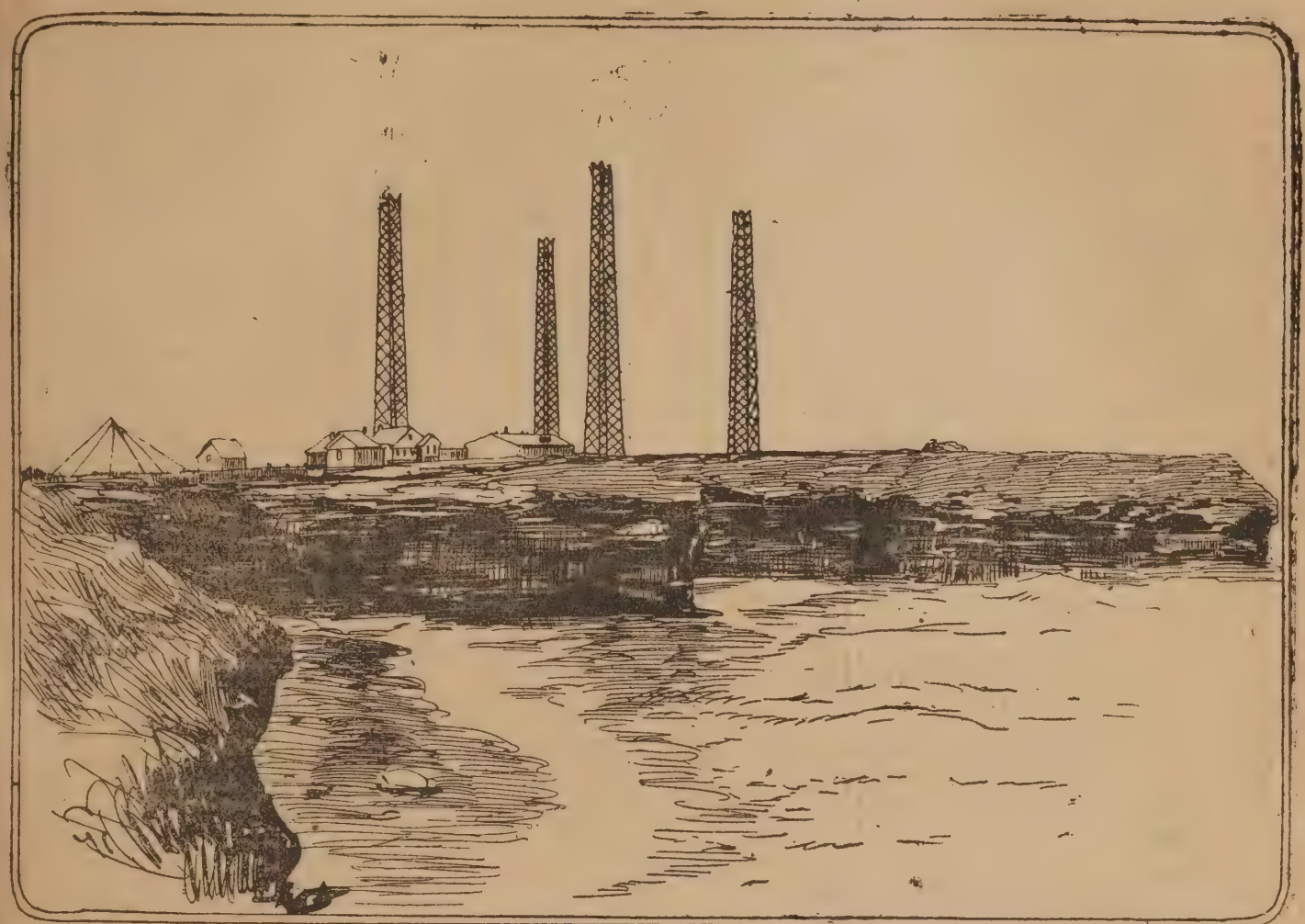
Brave blossoms bloom and shy buds cower;
Sunbeams stream into shadiest bower:
But I kiss the lips of Death,
Death, that with icy breath
The one word of comfort saith,—
The one consoling word
By sad humanity heard,—
And silence follows, deep, unstirred.

No storm-flecks now in the bright sky lour;
Red bend the roses; white lilies tower:
But death—death—how it tolls,
The word that alone consoles
Poor fainting human souls!
For elusive as shadows that loom
Vaguely through mist and gloom
Are all other words of delight and doom!

Violet-breathings the valleys endower;
Sunrays fall and flood each hour:
But I—on earth's broad breast
I lay me down to rest,
In Provence loved first and best,
Where the hills are perfumed with mint,
The blue waves dimple and dint

And the glancing sunbeams gleam and glint.
Riot, O! woodland-ways into flower!
Revel, O! sunbeams, in golden shower!
But—for me is over life's peril and power;
For me has tolled life's compline-hour!

THE MARCONI WIRELESS TELEGRAPH STATION



AT GLACE BAY, N.S., AS SEEN FROM THE ATLANTIC.

[In the above Picture the Wires from the Receiving House to the Aerial Towers do not appear. In the other Picture on page 490, these Wires are shown.]

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

THE MARCONI STATION AND INSTRUMENTS IN NOVA SCOTIA.

By a Visitor.

Halifax, N.S., Sept., 1902.

Two eminent inventors have during the past summer been making Nova Scotia the scene of their experiments, aiming to effect things that shall revolutionise the world. At his station at Glace Bay, Mr. Marconi has been striving to perfect his wireless telegraphy apparatus, while at his summer home on Bras d'Or Lake, Professor Graham Bell, the deviser of the telephone, has been dabbling in the possibilities of a flying machine. Two such inventions as these, if made to be of practical use, would obviously have a profound influence on the destinies of mankind.

In view of the wide interest taken in Mr. Marconi's invention, I recently visited Glace Bay, with the object of securing photographs of the station and the instruments it contains. The station is situated on a rugged part of the Cape Breton coast, at almost the extreme eastern bound of the island. It comprises some suitable, but not very costly, buildings, including a receiving house, and there are four lofty towers of steel, from the summits of which overhead receiving wires are yet to lead to the receiving house. One of these towers is 210 feet high. Similar structures will exist at other stations, and it is from the level of the tops of these that the electric vibrations will proceed from one station to another. The site has been selected with good judgment, and the work done there is expected to be decisive as to the practical avail of wireless telegraphy.

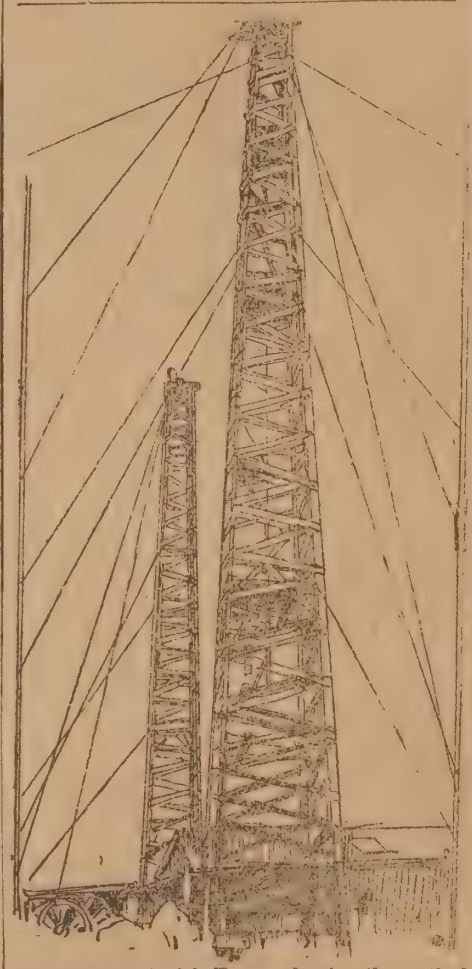
Mr. Marconi was absent at the time of my visit, but his personal friend and chief of staff, Mr. Vyoyan, to whom I presented my letters of introduction, received me cordially and talked freely on the great subject which he and his employer have nearest at heart. I was allowed to take pictures of the exterior of the station, but not of the interior of the receiving room, the most important part of the plant. During Mr. Marconi's absence, nobody is permitted to enter this apartment except Mr. Vyoyan. It appears that the new instruments installed there embody some novel processes, one of which enables the transmission of a message which can be received only by the station to which it is directed. These instruments are not yet perfectly adjusted, and they will be carefully guarded from prying eyes until they have been tested and made thoroughly adequate and patents on them have been granted. Should Mr. Marconi succeed along this line, he will have cured a defect that threatened to be fatal to the commercial value of his system. Secrecy in the transmission of despatches by wireless telegraph has not hitherto been possible.

Any receiver adapted to the purpose, within the radius of the sender's efficiency, has been able to catch the message as well as the instrument for which it was intended. Mr. Marconi has been endeavouring to specially "attune" senders to receivers, so that communications can pass only between instruments fitted to each other. It is supposed that he has now hit upon the correct method, and is simply trying to improve his mechanism.

In response to my questions, Mr. Vyoyan stated that the delay in commencing operations was due to Mr. Marconi's anxiety to have his system thoroughly tested before offering it to the public, and to the experiments he had been conducting in his efforts to preserve the integrity of individual messages. Mr. Vyoyan said that these experiments had been most successful, and the last serious objection to the wireless system would have been overcome when a public test was made. Mr. Vyoyan would neither affirm nor deny the rumour that messages had already been exchanged between his station and the wireless station at Cornwall, England, but in view of the experiments which have been conducted, it is safe to assume that the rumour is correct. He gave an emphatic denial to the statement that the delay in the completion of the station was intentional, or that operations were being suspended until such time as the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company's stock could be unloaded on the public. He did not think that there would be any public exchange of messages across the Atlantic until late in the present year. The Glace Bay station, he informed me, is subsidised to the extent of 80,000 dollars by the Canadian Government, and for this concession Mr. Marconi contracts to convey transatlantic messages for the public at the rate of ten cents a word, and Government and Press messages at five cents a word. The new instruments are expected to receive and transmit at the rate of at least one hundred words a minute.

Asked as to what actual proof there existed beyond Mr. Marconi's own assertion that a message had been sent by the wireless system from England to Newfoundland. Mr. Vyoyan stated that Mr. Marconi had an assistant with him at the time and that this assistant as well as Mr. Marconi himself affirms that the letter "S" was received distinctly several times. He instanced besides the recent exchange of messages between the steamship "Philadelphia" at sea and the station at Cornwall, a distance of 1,551 miles. At that distance messages regarding the condition of the weather at the respective points were distinctly exchanged. A greater achievement, however, he claimed, was the exchange of messages (at the time of the King of Italy's visit to Russia) between the Italian warship "Carlo Alberto" at Kronstadt, Russia, and the Cornwall station, a distance of 1,400 miles, 800 of which was over land. This, on account of the land resistance, was held by Mr. Marconi to be equivalent to 4,000 miles over sea. Mr. Vyoyan also called attention to the fact of the late exchange of "marconigrams" directly across Spain, between the Italian warship "Carlo Alberto," which is at Cadiz, and the wireless station at Poldhu, Cornwall. He said it was anticipated that a commercial line would before long be in operation between Italy and England. King Victor Emanuel has placed the "Carlo Alberto" entirely at Mr. Marconi's disposal for conducting experiments between England and America. Mr. Marconi has been on board that vessel himself for some time and will sail on her to Glace Bay and later to Cape Cod, where he will make tests of wireless telegraphy with Italian stations.

A late despatch from Rome stated that Mr. Marconi declared that he had completely solved the problem of sending wireless messages over a distance of more than 1,500 miles, and that he was confident that communication would be established between Europe and America in the near future. Mr. Vyoyan made a still more emphatic statement, saying: "So confident



Close view of Aerial Tower, showing the method of carrying receiving wires from the receiving house to a height of 210 feet.

is Mr. Marconi of the complete success of his wireless telegraph system, that he contemplates erecting at once another station in Cape Town, South Africa, and that messages will be exchanged between that point and the Canadian station direct, as easily as between the Canadian station and England." It is evident that if the inventor's full expectations are realised there will be no use for, at least, any additional ocean cables.

I called Mr. Vyoyan's attention to the recent Associated Press despatch alleging that Mr. Marconi was not the inventor of the system that bears his name, and that the man to whom the credit belonged was Marquis Luigi Solari. Mr. Vyoyan said the report was grossly exaggerated. Mr. Marconi never had laid claim to the discovery of wireless telegraphy, but he did claim the credit of putting it to practical use. He meant unquestionably to give to give Solari credit for a minor invention, patented under his own name, but beyond that there was no truth in the Press despatch. Solari was a warm, personal friend of the inventor's, and had been associated with him in his early experiments, but he had nothing whatever to do with the discovery of the Marconi wireless telegraph system.

My visit to the Marconi station was supplemented by a call on Professor Graham Bell, which required a not very long journey from Glace Bay. The summer residence of Professor Bell is situated on a neck of land running into the beautiful Bras d'Or Lake, about seven miles from the pretty village of Baddeck, Nova Scotia. If the Professor's idea was to seek seclusion, he has certainly found it there, among the hills of Cape Breton Island and out of the beaten track of the ordinary tourist. There, for the last five years, during the summer months, he has been experimenting, and the goal to which he is looking forward is the construction of a dirigible flying-machine. There are two large laboratories erected on the grounds, and the impression one has on first entering them is that they are big play-houses for boys, for they are both filled with hundreds of kites of all shapes and sizes and in all stages of construction. A glance, however, at the air current diagrams on the walls and the complicated models on the tables soon convinces one that behind all this is a scientific brain that is slowly, but surely, solving the problem set before it.

Professor Bell's theory of a flying-machine differs from that of modern aeronauts, inasmuch as he claims that the kite principle is the only one by which the air can be successfully navigated, and it is along this line that he is conducting his experiments. It was the appearance of one of these combinations of kites (constructed in cylindrical shape, about ten feet long and five feet in diameter at the centre), flying in the air and apparently rising and falling at the will of the operator that gave rise to the rumour that Professor Bell had at last completed the construction of his flying machine. This, however, is not the case. The inventor's plans are very little advanced beyond the initiatory stages, and it is understood that three or perhaps four years more will elapse before the results of his experiments are given to the public.

It is perhaps an unfortunate thing for science that Professor Bell is now a wealthy man; otherwise he might work a little harder at this project of his. At present he appears to devote to it but a little of his spare time. The Professor guards his models with the utmost care, and will not permit the picturing of them at present. He is apparently a firm believer in the eventual success of aerial navigation.

THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE

OF THE

COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK.

BOOK I.

Containing a Natural, Civil, Ecclesiastical, Historical, and Topographical Description thereof.

By CHARLES SMITH, M.D.

Æquum est enim meminisse & me, qui discerem hominem esse, et vos, qui Judicetis ut si probabilia dicentur, nihil ultra requiratis. Cicero Univers.

In Two Volumes.

VOL I.

The Second Edition, with Additions.

Chapter I.—Continued.

The other undertakers and grantees in this county were besides Sir Walter Raleigh,

To Sir Warham St. Leger	6,000 acres.
Hugh Cuff, Esq.	6,000 acres.
Sir Thomas Norris	6,000 acres.
Arthur Robbins, Esq.	18,000 acres.
Sir Arthur Hyde	5,574 acres.
Fane Beecher, Esq.	12,000 acres.
Hugh Worth, Esq.	12,000 acres.
Thomas Say, Esq.	5,775 acres.
Arthur Hyde, Esq.	11,766 acres.
Edmund Spenser, Esq.	3,028 acres.
Sir Richard Beacon, in Cork and Waterford	6,000 acres.

The grants in the counties of Kerry, Limerick, Tipperary, and Waterford were also very great. Some of the undertakers encroaching upon the loyal Irish, a proclamation was issued to restrain them. In the year 1602, Sir Richard Boyle purchased all Sir Walter Raleigh's grants (60), and not only those, but also a great part of Beecher's seigniory, on which he built the town of Bandon, and so stocked and planted the county with English that, on the 30th of August, 1611, there were reviewed, at Tallow, by Sir Richard Morrison, knight, vice-president of Munster, and the other commissioners authorised for that purpose, a troop of 30 horse, mostly gentlemen and freeholders, completely armed, besides 186 pikemen, 356 armed with shot, 6 halberts, besides drums, trumpets, &c., in all 550, being English tenants, planted on the seigniories granted to Sir Walter Raleigh by Sir Richard Boyle, afterwards Earl of Cork (61). And on the 30th of August, 1622, there were reviewed before his Majesty's commissioners at Bandon-bridge, being part of the seigniory granted to Fane Beecher, Esq.; a troop of 66 horse, well armed and mounted, commanded by Captain Andrew Kettleby, and 564 foot, well armed and trained, commanded by Captain Anthony Stawell, Captain Herbert Nicholas, Captain Richard Crofts, and Captain Anthony Skipwith, with five lieutenants, five ensigns, six serjeants, and six drums. Among whom were 125 English tenants, who had leases for 200 years, and several freeholders, all tenants to Sir Richard Boyle, the first Earl of Cork.

On the 5th of September, the same year, there were (62) reviewed at Tallow, by the same commissioners, 235 horse, in four troops, well mounted, armed, and disciplined, commanded by Sir Robert Tynte, Knt., Sir John Leake, Knt., Captain Robert Gore, and Captain Roger Carew, with 20 other officers, lieutenants, cornets, &c.; also 754 foot, in eight companies, commanded by Captain Richard Smith, Captain Thomas Mansfield, Captain John Strongman, Captain Richard Joliff, Captain Anthony Southwell, Captain John Oglethorp, Captain Gregory Segar, and Captain Gyles Bernard, with lieutenants, ensigns, serjeants, drums, &c., among whom were 18 freeholders and 30 copyholders, all tenants to the Earl of Cork, and by him planted on the seigniories purchased from Sir Walter Raleigh.

The great services performed by these forces and their descendants, under the Lords Dungarvan, Kinalmeaky, and Broghil, sons to the said Earl, upon the breaking out of the rebellion, will appear hereafter.

The long continuation of the civil wars in this country, from the year 1641 to the year 1660, very much weakened the English interest in it: but the loss was in a great measure repaired by the officers, soldiers, and adventurers, who began to settle in the country: the chief of whom, as I find them signed to a declaration, published at Cork, February 18, 1659, antecedent to the restoration of King Charles II., were Colonel Ralph Wilson, Lieutenant-Colonel John Widenham, Lieutenant-Colonel Benjamin Lucas, Lieutenant-Colonel A. Barrington, Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Foulk; Majors William Wade, William King, N. Purdon, Richard Goodwyn; Captains Andrew Ruddock, J. Wakeham, Geoffry Dillon, James Manferghe, Robert Russel, John Nicholls, Sampson Towgood, Thomas Cullen, D. Coghlan, Hump. Hartwell, Thomas Lucas, Will. Pope, Will. Hartwell, John Friend, Christopher Perkins, etc., besides several officers, who had afterwards their debentures alloted them in this country. What also contributed to strengthen the English interest in those parts, and weaken that of the Irish, was, that numbers of the latter, who had estates in this county, were transplanted into Connaught, and had lands assigned them there.

In the year 1666 the militia of this county were commanded by the following gentlemen, under the Earl of Orrery, then lord-president of Munster: Anthony Woodbiff, Esq.; Emanuel Moor, Esq.; Mr. Francis Armitage, Mr. Robert Harris, Captain Robert Gookin, Lieutenant George Syms, Mr. John Langton, Mr. William Baldwin, Captain Richard Hull, Lieutenant Thomas Beecher, Cornet Bryan Townsend, Mr. Edward Townsend, &c., officers of horse. The foot officers were: Captain John Freke, Captain John Giffard, Captain Richard Townsend, Major Boyle Hull, Lieutenant Francis Beamish, Mr. Richard Hutchins, Lieutenant John Giffard, Lieutenant Curtis, &c. Lord Orrery, in a letter to the Duke of Ormond, takes notice that the militia were all in excellent order, and well disciplined. They were undoubtedly as well officered as any militia since their time, most of the commanders having served in the civil wars. In August, 1666, the Duke of Ormond, Lord Lieutenant, made a progress through this county, and was escorted by the horse militia of each barony, who made a fine appearance, the earl of Orrery and chief gentry of the country being their officers.

In the year 1667, the militia of the city of Cork consisted of 600 foot and 60 horse, all ready for duty (63).

In the year 1681, they amounted to 500 foot and two gallant troops of horse, and might have been much larger if there had been a demand. Those in the county at that time consisted of 1,600 foot, and 26 independent troops of horse, though the whole barony of Muskery (a small part excepted) was in the Earl of Clancarty's hands, and occupied by his Popish tenants.

Anno 1691, when Sir Richard Cox was sent, by the lords justices, to govern this county and city, and the militia thereof, notwithstanding many Protestants were dispersed and lost to the country, Sir Richard raised, in three weeks, eight complete regiments of dragoons, and three of foot, which 11 regiments contained 6,000 men. This militia defended a frontier of 80 miles against the enemies forces, made irruptions into their quarters, and brought off a booty worth £30,000. Besides, when the siege of Limerick was formed, 1,000 of them guarded the important pass of Killaloe, as appears from General Ginkel's letters of thanks to them, where their courage, fidelity, and diligence are applauded.

I forbear to mention the number of the militia taken at the last arrays, anno 1746, as they do not much exceed those in 1691; whereas one might reasonably expect at least five times the number. For the cause of this decrease of the Protestant interest in this county, I refer the reader to an excellent pamphlet, called "Season-

(61) Manuscript at Lismore.

(60) The bargain and sale from sir Walter Raleigh to sir Richard Boyle, bears date the 7th of December, 1602, the 45th of Elizabeth.

(62) Manuscript at Lismore.

(63) Orrery's Letters.

able Advice to Protestants, &c." published anno 1746.

Chap. II.

Of the Bounds, Extent, Length and Breadth of this County.

This county is bounded on the E. by that of Waterford, on the W. by Kerry, on the N. by Limerick and a small part of Tipperary, and on the S. by the Ocean.

The Land's-end of England bears S.E. from the harbour of Cork, at about 120 miles distance, or 40 leagues.

Its greatest length, from E. to W., is from the harbour of Youghal to the mouth of Kilmair river, 110 English, or about 93 Irish miles. Its greatest breadth is, from the extremity of the old head of Kinsale to Charleville by an exact measurement, 56 English or near 44 Irish miles. But the difference of latitude is but 45 miles English.

This county is situated under the same parallel of latitude as several of the most southern counties in England. The city of Cork is in the latitude of 51 deg. 46 min., and its longitude from London 8 deg. 30 min. Yet most of the tables lay it down one degree more westerly.

The county of Cork is, by much, the largest in Ireland; nor is there any shire in England that exceeds it in magnitude, except that of York. Sir William Petty, in his political anatomy of Ireland, says: "this county seems, in respect of people's and parishes, to be one-eighth part of the whole kingdom; there being other counties in Ireland not above a twentieth part of the county of Cork."

This county, upon the plantation of Munster, about the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, was proposed to be divided into two parts. King James I., in a letter to Sir Arthur Chichester, dated Jan. 30, 1613, proposes "that Cork should be divided into two counties." But the project was, at that time, opposed by the first Earl of Cork. It was again renewed in the late Queen Anne's time; but the interest of the Earl of Burlington, who was likewise joined by the Lord Chancellor Brodrick on this occasion, put a stop to the design.

There are in this county four large walled towns, viz., Cork, Youghal, Kinsale, and Bandon; besides eight others that send members to Parliament, viz., Cloghnakilty, Baltimore, Mallow, Charleville, Castlemartyr, Middletown, Donneraile, and Rathcormack; and several other market towns, as Inniskean, Skibbereen, Castlelyons, Macroomp, Bantry, Killworth, Kanturk, Newmarket, &c. Its extent along the sea-coast being very large, contains ten excellent harbours, besides a great number of creeks, which I shall describe in a particular chapter. This situation gives the inhabitants of the sea-coast a great advantage by fishing, which affords employment to a good number of hands, and enables them to hold the coarse ground near the sea at great rates, especially in the W. of the county.

It is a general saying that there is more good land, and more bad, in this county than in any other in Ireland. Of the latter there are very great tracts, not only hilly, but in some places mountainous and barren, which, nevertheless are abundantly supplied with provisions by the neighbourhood of the sea, and the industry of the inhabitants; for this county abounds in fish and flesh; fowl, wild and tame; corn and cattle; butter, wool, hides, tallow, frieze, leather, woollen and linen yarn; and of late the linen manufacture begins to flourish in some places, particularly at Dunmanway, Inishonane, &c., where it is in a very thriving way. It has been also planted at Anagh, Timoleague, and other places, where, for want of proper management, it again lost footing.

Thus, this county is plentifully stored with all kinds of game, for hawking, fishing, and fowling. Nor is it defective in honey or fruit, great quantities of excellent cider being made in it of late years. The firing is, generally, turf, cut in bogs, five or six foot deep; but the seaport towns, for the most part, use coal from England, although considerable quantities of this substance have been discovered in many parts of the country.

This county is extremely well watered, not only with some very considerable rivers, of which I shall give an account in a distinct chapter, but also with innumerable rivulets, brooks, springs, and fountains. The whole county contains 1030581 acres.

It is dividd into the following baronies: Imokilly, Youghall (liberties), Kilnatalloon, Barrymore, Muskery, Barrets Cork (city and liberties), Kinalea, Kerricurrihy, Kinsale (liberties), Courcies, Kinalmeaky, The Cantred of Kilbritton, Ibawne and Barriroe, West Carbery, East Carbery, Bear and Bantry, Duhallow, Orrery and Kilmore, Mallow (liberties), Fermoy, Condons and Glangibbon.

(To be Continued.)

HYMN FOR A CHILD.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

God gave me a little light
To carry as I go;
Bade me keep it clear and bright,
Shining high and low.
Bear it steadfast, without fear,
Shed its radiance far and near,
Make the path before me clear
With its friendly glow.

God gave me a little song
To sing upon my way;
Rough may be the road, and long,
Dark may be the day;
Yet a little bird can wing,
Yet a little flower can spring,
Yet a little child can sing,
Make the whole world gay.

God gave me a little heart
To love whate'er He made;
Gave me strength to bear my part,
Glad and unafraid.
Through Thy world so fair, so bright,
Father, guide my steps aright!
Thou my song and Thou my light,
So my trust is stayed.

Whilst ordinary starch is the most businesslike and serviceable, mountant, a ready-made paste for photographs, which will keep well, is likely to be most often used. A satisfactory mountant recommended by Dr. Liesegang is made as follows:—Calcium nitrate, 20 gr.; dextrine, 80 gr.; cold water, 2 oz.

A PANTHER'S LOST BREAKFAST.

"You may go over and spend the day with Aunt Lyddy," said Mrs. Mayfield to her daughter Mary. "I'll be back by sundown, sure, and if you're here by five o'clock you'll be likely to find me. Or you can stay all night with Aunt Lyddy, if you want to. It's too bad Cousin Mildred should have been taken down sick while your father and Tom are off with the cattle. But I'll have to go to her for a day, anyway."

"Well, good-by, mother," said fourteen-year-old Mary. "I guess I can take care of myself. I don't believe I shall go to Aunt Lyddy's, either—that is, unless I get scared some way."

"It's kind of lonely; I guess you'd better," said Mrs. Mayfield, as she started to walk to the cabin of her married cousin, three miles away through the woods.

In that remote part of Michigan there were then only five families within ten miles of the Mayfields', and the neighbours seldom saw each other except on Sundays, when they all met at the little rough-board church in the valley. Each household led an isolated and self-sufficient life; but when any woman or girl was left entirely alone she felt herself to be almost as completely deserted as was Robinson Crusoe.

Mary busied herself with some household duties for a while after her mother left. Then she went out and fed the few clamorous hens, and gave her pet lamb a basin of milk. "It is so lonesome! The woods are so still, all round, that it almost seems as if I could hear the wild creatures moving in the brush. What if a bear or a panther should hear my lamb bleating in the barn-shed and come after it? I wish the little thing would keep still. Doxie, Doxie, what makes you cry so? There, pet, come out here for a little while, and see if you won't feel better."

Mary went into the shed and brought the lamb out in her arms. The little creature hushed its cries at her touch, but it began restlessly sniffing the vaporous, odorous, early morning air. Dew still decked the grass; the shadow of the eastward-wooded hill fell across the pasture and the barn-yard with a twilight effect. The sunbeams had reached the house, however, and Mary moved instinctively towards the patch of brightness, with the trembling lamb in her arms.

"Why, Doxie, I never knew you to act so before!" she cried. "What makes you so frightened, pet? Why, why——"

As the lamb struggled in her arms, Mary looked apprehensively around; was it for fear of something behind her? One backward glance; then, with a shriek, she fled towards the house.

Crouching and crawling on top of the barn-yard fence was a great, tawny beast, with cat-like head, gleaming eyes, and a long tail that lashed nervously to and fro, as the animal advanced. Mary had heard so many stories and descriptions of the panther that, although she had never seen one before, she knew this beast in a moment.

Her heart was in her mouth as she sprang for the open kitchen door with the lamb clutched to her bosom. Bewildered with fright, she did not close the door behind her, but sped upstairs and into her own chamber, dropped the lamb on the bed, slammed the door, and threw herself, panting and trembling, against it.

In a moment she realised how foolish she had been to neglect the door below, for she heard the big cat bound into the kitchen and come sniffing up the staircase, slowly and doubtfully. It could climb a tree like a squirrel, but it may have thought the staircase too suspiciously easy.

"Oh! what shall I do?" sobbed poor Mary, wringing her hands. "I can't keep him out of here! He'll break down this thin door in a minute, and eat me up, and Doxie, too!"

Her eyes fell on the narrow window of the chamber, high up in the gable, looking out

over the roof of the kitchen. She snatched a chair, ran to the window, climbed up, opened the sash, and was about to go out on the roof when the lamb bleated. Mary looked back.

"Poor little Doxie, you shan't be eaten up!" she cried, bounding back to the floor with every nerve tingling. She caught the lamb, sprang back to the chair, climbed up, and put her little pet out on the roof, just as the sound of fierce, rending claws came from the door. With a prayer in her heart that God would keep the panther back just a minute longer, she grasped the casement outside, and began to draw herself painfully through the window.

The space was very narrow—so narrow that she had to turn sidewise in order to squeeze into it at all. For a little while it seemed as if she could not get through, but she let her breath out, shrank as small as she could, and with a frantic effort that nearly tore her dress off, wriggled through and drew down the sash behind her. As yet she had not heard the panther enter the chamber, and she dared not look back to see if he were there.

How strange it seemed to be sitting out there in the broad morning sunshine, with the frightened lamb nestling in her lap, and the chimney-swallows circling around her head, the woods so peaceful, the little pasture sparkling with the dew, all outdoors so serene, so indifferent, and yet that dreadful panther in the quietness of the house seeking her life!

Suddenly Mary's heart leaped madly, and she clutched Doxie with a grip that made the lamb bleat with pain. She saw the panther crouched by the well-sweep, looking up at them. He had stolen out to the barn-yard.

The well-sweep! And the panther beside it! What if he should climb it? The great stick of timber from which the bucket was hung reached from the earth, where its box of stones weighed down the larger end, to a point over the well, within six feet of the edge of the kitchen roof. Suppose the panther should climb the sweep? Could he reach a point from which he could leap to the roof, before his weight should cause the balanced timber to tip the other way?

The crouching cat moved even more swiftly than Mary expected. With a light, lithe spring he grasped the sweep just below the point where it fitted into the crotch of the upright post. Then he began to climb quickly upward.

The girl trembled and shivered and stared, bewildered, at the blazing, hungry eyes and creeping form. The roof was her last refuge. Should the famished panther reach that, nothing but help from outside could save her life.

The beast was ascending more slowly. He seemed now to suspect the sweep, for he stopped frequently and sniffed the timber in front of him before resuming his slow and careful creeping. He passed the upright post, and still the heavily-weighted lower end of the sweep remained upon the ground.

The panther began to crouch lower, and gripped the timber more firmly with his claws. He was getting ready to spring.

But he did not leap when he prepared to do so. It seemed to occur to him that he could run lightly along this seeming branch and spring from very near the end of it. He rose higher and came on as a cat trots on a fence. Mary, staring, shrieked and shrieked. Then, suddenly, the bucket-end of the sweep went down with a rush. The weighted end went up; the surprised panther pitched head first, clawed desperately, trying to keep his hold, and did not wholly lose it and his balance until he was directly over the well. Then into the well he pitched, headlong.

Down he went, with a scrambling clatter. Then Mary heard a hollow-sounding splash, twenty feet below the ground surface, as the beast went head foremost into the water. For several minutes there was a great tumult in the well—an unearthly screaming, a frantic dashing and churning of water, and scratching at the rock-walls. But all was quiet, and the trembling girl began to draw full breaths again, long before an hour had passed.

The forenoon was far advanced, however, when Mary ventured to pry up her chamber window and slip back into the house. Taking Doxie with her, she stole down stairs, and closed and barred the heavy kitchen door. Then, feeling sick and faint, she lay down on the lounge, and presently fell asleep, exhausted by the nervous reaction.

The next thing she heard was a knock at the kitchen door, and her mother calling:

"Mary! Are you there, child? Let me in!"

As soon as she heard her daughter's story, Mrs. Mayfield went and looked into the well. Down in the gloom, projected slightly above the surface of the water, was something—she could not tell what. She let down the bucket, but it struck a solid mass, and could not be dipped. "I declare, Mary," she exclaimed, "I believe your panther is actually drowned in the well!"

May laughed nervously. "He is either drowned," she said, "or went through to China, for he certainly didn't come up again."

L. W. Lawrence.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

The following reminiscences of one whose father took a prominent part in the South America War of Independence under Bolivar may be of interest to the readers of the "Dublin Penny Journal," especilally as the Wrights mentioned in them were of Irish origin:—

"In the navy, too, of Columbia there were several English officers who served with distinction, and took part in several encounters with the enemy; and particularly in the celebrated action which was fought on the 24th July, 1823, on the lake of Maracaibo, under General Padilla, with a squadron of three brigs, seven schooners, and twelve gunboats; opposed to the Spanish flotilla under Brigadier Laborde, consisting of fourteen large schooners and fifteen smaller ones. There were 770 soldiers recently embarked in Padilla's squadron, and about 1,000 in Laborde's. After a most desperate action, with the vessels almost touching one another, in which two of the enemy were blown up, Padilla gained a most splendid victory. Eleven of the larger class of the Spanish vessels were captured; the flecheras (small schooners), escaping into part of Maracaibo. Laborde fought at a great disadvantage, preferring to receive the attack of Padilla's vessel while at anchor, for which he paid dearly. Of the English officers, Captain Chitty, who commanded Padilla's gunboats was highly spoken of, in the official report of the action. But, like too many others, he is long since dead. And of the surviving English officers who were with Padilla on that glorious occasion, we don't know of more than two: General Leonard Stagg, who was first lieutenant of one of the vessels, and Colonel Richard Wright, who was captain of marines of another. The first mentioned, Stagg, had been formerly a midshipman in the British Navy, and served as such in H M's ships, Magicienne, Redwing, Malta, and Wasp, previous and during the American War with England; and who, having continued in the service of Columbia, came round Cape Horn to the Pacific in 1830 in the frigate Columbia, as second captain, and served afterwards under Commodore Wright as captain of the ship, and in the course of the year, was promoted to the rank of post-captain. Afterwards in September, 1833, Stagg was made a general of Brigade; and, finally, having married a daughter of the President, General Floris he had to share for a time the fate of his father-in-law, being exiled for some years after the revolution of 1845; but again returned to the country, as we have already said, with the other proscripts in 1860. The other officer of whom we spoke, Captain Wright, who fought on the lake with Padilla, went to the South in 1829 as lieutenant-colonel at the close of the Peruvian war, and was made full colonel in the following year; and then served in the Republic of Ecuador on the staff, and again as governor of the province of Loja for some length of time; and was afterwards named consul-general of the Republic in London by President Rocafuerte; and, seeing the course which events took after 1845, he re-ingrafted himself on the old tree, taking the additional name of Warren, et en suite, getting married to one of England's fair daughters. Commodore Wright fought in all the battles of independence and was in Pantwons de Naugor, Boyaca, Carabobs, etc etc. He came out as lieutenant of the Rifles, and was made captain in 1819, after the battle of Boyaca. In after years, in February, 1824 he was made post captain, with the appointment of Commodore of the squadron of the south, and hoisted his broad pennant on board the Chimborazo a brig mounting sixteen 18 pound carronades, and two long twelves. During this year (1824), while Bolivar was with the army in Peru, Wright according to reserved orders he had received, was on the coast with seven transports provisioned, and in communication with Bolivar so as to be in readiness at a moment's warning, to proceed to any given point or port, to receive the army on board (or what might remain of it), in case of a reverse. At that period many persons in office thought that Wright was squandering away his time in idleness, and expressed themselves so; not knowing that he was then watching the movements of the army, as it were, and in direct correspondence with the general-in-chief. After the battle of Junin, Wright received instructions to proceed to Callas, and to place himself under orders of Admiral Guise, in case the Spanish ship of the line, which was expected in the Pacific, would come. Shortly afterwards an express came from the Admiral with the advice of the Asia's having arrived and Wright proceeded immediately to join him with his little squadron. Guise's force was very inferior to that of the enemy, having only the Prueba, a frigate of 42 guns and a small Peruvian schooner with one long gun mounted amidships; with Commodore Wright's little vessels, the Chimborazo brig, a 12-gun schooner, and a ship which had been a merchantman mounting 14 guns of light calibre, while the Spanish squadron consisted of the Asia, 72 guns, the Achilles, 20, and three other armed vessels, one of them a ship of 700 tons. An action was fought, however, off Callas in October, but without any result; as the Spanish Commodore, or Brigadier, tacked and stood into port again with all his vessels. The Chimborazo was nearly sunk, however by the Asia, in trying to single out the Achilles; but the latter could not be prevailed on to separate from the Asia, although her commander had a fair opportunity to fight the Chimborazo alone as the latter had to tack and stand in towards Callas, to raise the side in which she had received the shot-holes between wind and water, so as to be enabled to plug them.

Commodore Wright had been formerly a midshipman in the British Navy, and served as such in H. M's ship Newcastle. He served on board this frigate during the war between the United States and England, under the command of Lord George Stuart, and was on the coast of North America in that ship, and at one time in the blockade of Boston.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. John Lane announces for this season a volume to contain a selection of Mr. William Watson's poetry made by the poet himself. A new novel by Mrs. John Kane, entitled "Kitwyk," is also among the announcements of the firm.

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The will of the late Mr. Philip James Bailey has been proved at £407. The smallness of the sum, perhaps, is not remarkable, says a contemporary, when we remember the devotion of the author to his one work; but it suggests the old reflection that literature is often its own only reward.

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Mr. George Gissing, who is a sound authority on Dickens matters, has, in his abbreviation of Forster's "Life," preserved as far as possible the autobiographic matter of the original. Here and there Mr. Gissing has substituted critical remarks of his own for Forster's, and the biographer no longer writes in the first person.

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Readers of George Eliot have a treat in store for them. The programme for the new volume of the "Leisure Hour," which commences with the November number, contains an announcement of interest. The Rev. William Mottram—a cousin of George Eliot, and a grand-nephew of Adam and Seth Bede and Dinah Morris—is to tell us something about the originals of these famous characters. Dinah Morris especially is, we understand, to figure largely in the promised series of papers, which will throw light not only on these famous characters, but on the Evangelical life and teaching which formed the inspiration of the great novelist at her best.

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A "literary working man" defends Marylebone's refusal of the public library offered to it by Mr. Carnegie in these terms: "Do people really want free libraries? The ordinary man reads little but the halfpenny papers, while his womenfolk are more than satisfied with trashy novelettes. For those who desire a higher form of literature, is it not a fact that that the best novels of the day can be obtained for 4½d; and, as no one places these paper-covered books on his shelves, but passes them on to friends, do they not often serve as a circulating library?" These arguments cut both ways, nevertheless, Marylebone's obstinate refusal is becoming interesting. One would like to get a deeper explanation of an altitude which is so consistent and immovable as to add to the mysteries of London.

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Mr. Hill's estimate of the probable pecuniary rewards of a career in journalism, as put before his students, may interest others. Unless the journalist, he said, invented something which hit the public taste, or successfully reproduced, with slight variations, something which somebody else had made a "hit," journalism would give him only decent bread and butter. As a reporter he may begin with £150, and after five years earn from £250 to £300 a year. For a sub-editor Mr. Hill puts the limits as between £150 or £200 and £400. In a more responsible position the journalist might attain to £500 or £600; as a leader-writer receive from £500 to £800; and as an editor from £1,000 to £2,000. The pay in the United States, he said, was better, but the work harder, and the cost of living so much higher as to neutralise the advantage.

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It was said of Mr. Gladstone by critics both friendly and hostile to his peculiar genius that that genius would have fitted him to play the part of a great ecclesiastic even better than that of the great politician. And it is certainly interesting that the man who stood in the world's eye for so long as the responsible ruler of the British Empire should leave as his most characteristic monument a library predominantly theological. At the opening this week of St. Deiniol's Library, Lord Spencer cited Mr. Gladstone's stand for Bradlaugh's case in the Commons as a proof of his courage. It was equally a proof of his anxiety to be just, nay generous, to any cause which was not the cause of his friends. Only, as Lord Salisbury has protested, trustees (as statesmen are) have seldom the right to be generous at the expense of their trust.

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The couplet found in a stolen book—

Don't steal this book for fear of shame,
For in the book is writ the owner's name—

which was quoted in one of the London police courts a few days ago, is neither original nor complete. The rhyme, which has been long and universally in use amongst school children, runs thus:—

Don't steal this book for fear of shame,
For in it's writ the owner's name;
For if you die the Lord will say:
"Where is that book you stole away?"
And if you say you do not know,
The Lord will cast you down below.

In boys' schools the concluding rhyme has usually been more definitely lurid.

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There is a revived tendency nowadays amongst the writers of verse to endeavour to present a single idea or thought in the form of an aphorism. The scheme presents obvious difficulties, for it implies the definite thought or idea. From a volume of verse entitled, "The House Builders," by Mr. M. B Williams, we extract the following:—

Naked came the world to God,
"Clothe me, Lord, ashamed am I."
Quoth the good Lord, "Poetry,
Be thy robe and mystery."

Victory, not defeat,
Is treacherous to the feet.

To a rich world you've come
Make it your home
Nor fly to other scenes!
Beyond's a dream,
And this is what it seems.

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William Allen Butler died at his home in Yonkers last month at the ripe age of 77. He was one of the most distinguished lawyers in this country, and for more than fifty years held a record for integrity and ability in the practice of his profession that has been equalled by few men. He was a jurist who in his less busy moments turned to literary work, and it is safe to say that after his name as an able member of the New York Bar has passed into history, he will be well remembered as the author of a poem which, originally written to amuse himself, in 1857, has continued to amuse people the world over ever since. "Nothing to Wear" appeared in "Harper's Weekly" originally without a signature, but later on it became known that Mr. Butler was the author, and Miss Flora M'Flimsey, who (remarks an American contemporary)

The last time we met was in utter despair,
Because she had nothing whatever to wear.

will be in the hearts of us all for many a day to come.

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Miss Jane Barlow's Donegal sketches, now appearing in the "Pilot," show (says a literary journal) once more their author's remarkable gifts of vision and condensation. It is all very simple and unobtrusive, but the true fibre of life is there. After describing the interior of a cabin Miss Barlow writes:—"But the jewel of the house was the fire on the hearth, a pyramid of blossom-like white and pink, with a ruby glowing at its core. . . Nevertheless the "banati" apologised for her fire, on the grounds that the sods were not yet properly dry." Says the old widow, "Glory be to goodness, it's a very pleasant thing to have one's plenty of turf." It hardly needs knowledge of Miss Barlow's particular district to recognise the intimacy of her work; but to those who have that knowledge every line recalls some memory or impression.

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Much has been written of late about the inaccuracies of authors. The inaccuracies of readers would be quite well worth collecting. Mr. Andrew Lang has named a number. "For many years—nay, still perhaps—(he writes) the world thought that Mr. George Meredith was the late Lord Lytton, and that Mr. Matthew Arnold was the author of 'The Light of Asia.' A lady told me that 'The Light of Asia' was Mr. Matthew Arnold's best poem, and I replied that to my taste Sir Edwin Arnold would ever be most remembered for his 'Scholar Gipsy.' A gentleman, it is said, thanked Mr. Henry Jones for the pleasure which in boyhood he had derived from 'Darnley,' 'Gowrie,' and other romances by Mr. G. P. R. James. I have known a judge of this realm converse with the Poet Laureate under the impression that he was Mr. Austin Dobson."

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Talking of the vicissitudes of accuracy, we heard a story the other day, remarks the "Globe," on the best authority, which shows under what conditions of haste and distraction much journalistic work is done. On the death of Mr. Bret Harte a most capable journalist was suddenly called upon to write an appreciation of the author of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." Full of other thoughts which he could not altogether cast off, he sat down, wrote his article, and sent it to the printer. When it came back in proof he was appalled to see that he had written a column and a half about—Mark Twain. Time pressed: what was to be done? He altered all the book-titles, and the article went in!

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The "Dial" prints a thoughtful and well-written article on "Literary Cosmopolitanism." The writer (the "Academy" remarks) quite justly takes notes of the fact that modern literature is not so self-contained as it was a century ago, that it has incorporated tendencies and ideas outside its national borders, and become more typical of universal life than of provincial life. The influence of America in this direction he naturally considers strong; too strong, we think. That the counsel of Emerson encouraged us to broaden our view is true enough, though the active influence of Emerson upon English thought might easily be overrated. That the American translations of Goethe and Dante provided us with "a wholesome incentive to deal more seriously with the masterpieces of foreign literature," we take leave to doubt. The interest in Goethe and Dante in England was quite wide and sincere without the aid of translations, and though translations increased their readers they hardly did much for true appreciation, except perhaps, in the case of Cary's translation of Dante, which the "Dial" writer appears to have overlooked. And sometimes he asks questions which need never have been put, as thus: "May it not . . . . . be urged, and plausibly too, that each race or nation has its own peculiar genius, and that this genius will bring forth its finest fruits if left to develop in accordance with the principle of its own being." Of course, the whole history of literature proclaims the fact. When the writer set down the following, however, he was on sure ground:—

French literature alone remained until the eighteenth century in a condition of comparative isolation from outside influences, and has, ever since the times of Rousseau and Voltaire and the author of De l'Allemayne, preserved its indigenous characteristics and kept his own counsel more completely than the literature of any other modern nation.

That is perfectly true, and though French literature is now showing signs of outside influence it still remains astonishingly, and even painfully, French.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

It has been announced from Copenhagen that an American syndicate has made an offer of £120,000 for the rights of the company controlling the Poulsen telegraphone, as well as any interest in the new company.

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After a lapse of thirty years the estate of Samuel F. B. Morse has been distributed pursuant to a decree of the United States Supreme Court. The gross estate of the inventor of the telegraph amounts to 524,000 dollars. The management of the estate has cost so much that, after deducting expenses, there was left for final distribution only 346,000 dollars.

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Cornelius Vanderbilt recently made a personal test on the Manhattan Elevated Railway of New York of a smoke-consuming device for locomotives in which he is interested. The inventor of the device is W. S. Hughes, of Philadelphia. It is said that the test proved how feasible it is to do away with the smoke nuisance on locomotives.

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A Russian specialist has decided that, contrary to the general opinion, electric light plays less havoc with the eyes than other forms of artificial light. He bases his deductions on the fact that disease and damage to the eye are proportioned to the frequency of the closure of the lids. He found that the lids close in a minute 6.8 times with candle light, 2.8 times with gas light, 2.2 times with sun light, and 1.8 times with electric light.

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A recent number of the Bulletin of the French Physical Society contains a note on a new "electric valve" for transforming reciprocating currents into direct currents, due to M. Nodon. This "valve" is based on the property, discovered by Buff in 1857, that an aluminium electrode plunged into an electrolyte offers a great resistance to the passage of a current in which it is the anode. The efficiency of M. Nodon's apparatus, as measured by a wattmeter, reaches 75 to 80 per cent

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The General Telegraphic Department of Germany has tested the octuplex system of typographic telegraphy invented by the late Prof. Rowland, of Johns Hopkins University. The Government will test the apparatus on all lines between Hamburg and Frankfort. It is claimed that the octuplex system will enable 18,000 words per hour to be sent over a single wire by 20 operators. The system now most widely in use is the Hughes, by which only 2,200 words per hour can be sent.

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Captain Chevallier's electric target is meeting with marked success in France. At a recent contest held in Rouen five targets were used. So large was the number of entries at this contest that it was impossible for all the contestants to participate. From the 12th to the 28th of July 68,072 shells were fired with the French army-gun, model of 1899, calibre 8 millimeters, a test which surely speaks well for the durability and efficiency of the device. The electric target has been installed at Peronne for the purpose of testing French and foreign guns.

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One of the contemporaries of Singer and Howe, Mr. James H. Whitney, died in Boston on August 28th at the age of 80. Mr. Whitney was one of the first generation of prominent promoters of the American sewing machine industry. His interest in the business began in the interval between Howe's invention and the succeeding era, when Singer and Wilson put the Howe and Bachelder principles in practical shape

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Some of the residents of the town of Spencer, Mass, proud of the distinction which that place bears in being the birthplace of Elias Howe, jun., the inventor of the sewing machine, have erected an 18-foot sign along the tracks of the Boston and Albany Railroad, which announces this fact to the passengers in bold letters which cannot avoid being seen by the passengers in the fastest trains which pass over that road. The sign reads as follows:—"Down in the valley below, Elias Howe, jun., the inventor of the sewing machine and an illustrious son of Spencer, was born in 1819." After the words "Down in the valley," a huge hand points to the birthplace of the inventor.

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C. Henry Wernle, an inventor and maker of delicate mathematical instruments, died recently at his home, No. 2650 Bockius street, Philadelphia. He was born in Germany, and came to this country when a very young man, and for fifty years had been employed by the United States Government at the Frankford Arsenal. Many of the instruments now in use at that institution were of his invention and manufacture and his secret of tempering fine and delicate instruments is said to have died with him, for he repeatedly refused to impart it to others.

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It is announced that the speed trials on the Berlin-Zossen railway will be resumed next year, and in the meantime work has been begun on another train especially constructed for the purpose. This train will have a number of remarkable innovations. In the first place, it will be covered entirely with a series of metal plates resembling somewhat the scales of a fish, and these, it is thought, will reduce the matter of wind resistance to a minimum. This was found to be a more serious factor than had been anticipated, and is supposed will prove the keynote of success. Another innovation to be tried will be a conduit running along the top of the train to carry the smoke to the rear.

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The alligator is said to be practically extinct in the Southern States of America. To Dame Fashion may be attributed his passing away. The demand for shoes, satchels, and pocket-books of alligator skin has been such within the last ten years that natural history students will probably soon be compelled to visit our museums and zoos to hunt up the creature, which has unjustly earned an evil reputation as the terror of the Southern swamps. Mr. J. Knight Perkins, of Kalamazoo, thoroughly searched the southern portions of the country for 14 foot alligators. In all New Orleans he could but find one alligator 10 feet long. He discovered that even little alligators from 4 to 8 inches long had disappeared from the market.

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A novel steam generator has been devised by Mr. Henry Braby, an Australian inventor, wherein the requisite water tubes are bored lengthwise through flat copper blocks of 3 inch or more thickness, the ends of the holes being connected by semi-circular bends so as to form a continuous tube from one side of the block to the other. The blocks are so arranged that the hot gases from the furnace pass around a lower one, beneath a second and around this beneath a similar series of tubes in the cast-iron top of the boiler. The water is fed into the iron tube, where it becomes heated, then it passes successively through the top and bottom series of copper tubes, and enters a receiver as steam under a pressure of 100 pounds or more. It is claimed that, for the same power, this generator occupies only a tenth of the space of a multitubular boiler, and is only one-fourth the weight, while it cannot be exploded, is self-cleaning, and it can be heated to 100 horse-power capacity in ten minutes.

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Various schemes have been suggested from time to time for the practical utilisation of the power exerted by the brisk lake breezes for which Chicago is famous among other things. The latest in this line is the invention of Charles Wondries, of that city, who recently gave a public demonstration of a device invented by him. He makes use of the draught of a high chimney, and for the purpose of exhibiting his machine, placed it in an abandoned stack at Riverside, a part of Chicago. Despite the fact that the chimney was declared unsafe, quite a number of persons ventured inside to witness the operation of his machine. A strong west wind was driving at the time, and it blew into the opening of a canvas chute at the base of the chimney. It was carried up with increasing velocity until it reached the top, where it was directed against the blades of two wheel fans, which in turn drove a large flywheel. The power produced is said to depend on the height of the chimney. Wondries says he has been driving a sewing machine at his home for six months by this means, using a very small stack.

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With the approaching completion of the second power house of the Niagara Falls Power Company, and the construction of another great power plant on the Canadian side of the river, the development of the energy of the Falls is proceeding at something like the rate which was predicted many years ago at the time of the inauguration of the first Niagara Falls plant. The old station of the Niagara Falls Company contains ten 500 horse power turbines, giving an aggregate of 50,000 horse power. This will be developed by eleven turbines, operating eleven generators, each unit, as in the old house, being of 5,000 horse power capacity. The new wheel pit is 178½ feet deep, 18½ feet wide, and 464 feet long. It is excavated out of the solid rock, and discharges into the great tunnel which was driven to serve as a tailrace for the first power house. The total length of the new power house is 560 feet, and its width is 70 feet. At its completion the plant of the Niagara Falls Power Company will be the largest in existence, having a total of 105,000 horse power, which is more than is actually developed by any of the great power houses in New York city, although some of the latter, when completed, will exceed this figure.

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The Canadian Niagara Falls Power Company has commenced work on its new plant, which will be located in the Victoria Park, about 1,500 feet above the Horseshoe Falls. Its general features will be similar to those of the American plant, its discharge tunnel opening through the cliff at the foot of the Horseshoe Falls. The power will be transmitted to Toronto and other Canadian cities that are within economic range, and to factories located on the Canadian shore. In view of the large ultimate output of the plant, and to secure economy of space and reduction in cost of development per horse power, it was decided to use units of the great capacity of 10,000 horse power each. The frequency will be 25 cycles, and the generators will be wound for 12,000-volt three-phase current. In addition to the economy of space, there will be other advantages in the use of such large units, such as simplicity of operation, owing to the reduction in the number of units and the reduction in the cost of maintenance. For the present three generators have been ordered of the General Electric Company. They are of the internal, revolving-field, vertical-shaft type. The speed of revolution will be 250 per minute, and as result the generator will be relatively small, its extreme diameter being 19 feet. The weight of the revolving portion of the machine is 141,000 pounds. It will be a considerable step from the 2,300-volt, two-phase of the American plant to the 12,000-volt, three-phase current of the Canadian plant; but this high voltage was selected because of the economy in distributing to power users located near the power house. For long distance transmission to different Canadian cities, the voltage will be raised to 22,000, 40,000, or 60,000 volts.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JUNE 9.

Yesterday evening, between four and five o'clock, a young robber (who had been discharged from Newgate the morning before), had the audacity to go into the apartments of a lodger in Bride street, took a silk cloak, and was proceeding to plunder a beaufet of some articles of plate, when fortunately he was overheard by a lady in an adjoining room, who instantly came out and seized the villain, found the cloak concealed upon him, which after some struggle he threw in her face, and was attempting to make his escape down Ship street, but was overtaken, and soon after committed to Newgate by Alderman Sheil.

DUBLIN, TUESDAY, JUNE 12.

Saturday last, in the course of the argument of a case which was postponed until the Monday following, Lord Earlsfort observed that some of the gentlemen of the bar had stated theirs to be a case of compassion. In that particular case he had received letters from persons of consideration, pointing out circumstances of commisseration as to the object whom they recommended. Every application of this sort, he observed, was an insult upon the judicial situation, and if attended to, would be an infraction of the oath which he had taken as a judge; he, therefore, once for all, thought it necessary thus publicly to declare that if any application of the sort was made to him in future, he would acquaint his brother judges thereof, and have the person committing such an offence laid by the heels.

The above declaration coming from so high an authority, must give the public singular pleasure, as it clearly evinces that neither station or rank in life can possibly warp the unbiased integrity or justice of the present learned sages on the bench.

Wednesday last the Earl of Claremont, President of the Royal Irish Academy, waited on his Grace the Lord Lieutenant, at the Castle, with a memorial from the Academy, soliciting possession of the Navigation House. His Lordship was attended by the following members of the Council:—Rev. Dr. Kearney, Rev. Dr. Stock, Rev. Mr. Hall, Rev. Mr. Elrington, Dean Hamilton, Dr. Percival, and J. C. Walker, Esq.

At the late examination held in the University, the following gentlemen obtained Scholarships:—Smith, Magrath, Stanton, Fay, Prior, Ormsby, O'Flanagan, Gabbot, Vanhomrigh, Maturin, Donovan, O'Callaghan, Millekin, and Casey.

It is with unfeigned satisfaction we are informed that orders have actually been received here for some of our manufactures, to a considerable amount, in consequence of the Commercial Treaty with France, which goods are to be shipped for Bordeaux by the first vessels.

DUBLIN, MONDAY, JUNE 11.

Thursday morning a noted robber, well mounted, was discovered in Smithfield, by a gentleman from the county Louth, who had him immediately apprehended and lodged in the New Jail; at the time of his discovery, he was bargaining for dry cows, and pretended to be an eminent grazier from the county Westmeath.

The building of the new county gaol on Gallows-hill, Kilmainham, goes on with spirit. the wall of circumvallation is begun on the most solid and permanent construction.

Yesterday morning, between three and four o'clock, some fellows found means to enter the stores of Mr. Power, Inn-keeper, in Thomas street. out of which they took several articles of value, and made their escape undiscovered.

The stores in the new Custom House, at least such as are ready, not being sufficiently capacious to contain all the Portugal wine in the three ships lately arrived here from Oporto, one of them has come up to the old Custom House for the purpose of discharging her cargo there.

Friday evening last, as Mr. Kelly, confectioner, in College Green, and the person who carries on the hosiery business in the same shop with him, were passing Santry-wall, they were attacked by a gang of villains, who attempted to stop the carriage they were in, some having got before and others on each side; however, Mr. Kelly and the other, having brass ink-bottles in their pockets, with the greatest presence of mind pulled them out, and presenting them at the villains who attempted the side windows, swore they would instantly blow their brains out, whereupon the robbers (retreating themselves) called to those before to make off, as the men in the carriage were well armed, which they thought proper to comply with, and the carriage proceeded to College Green without further molestation.

Bloody Bridge, we hear, is about to receive a thorough repair, as well as Ormond Bridge, immediately after which the rebuilding of Ringsend Bridge will be commenced; all which expenditures will fall infinitely heavy upon the citizens of this metropolis.

Last Saturday night John Purdon, of Brenanstown, Esq., together with a lady and gentleman, were stopped and robbed on Still-organ road, the former of a gold watch, three guineas and some silver, the lady of a silver watch, and the other gentleman of a pinchbeck watch, with all which the villains got clear off.

TUESDAY, JUNE 12.

Not only the publicans will be obliged to make an affidavit that they will neither sell their porter for a higher price than threepence halfpenny a quart, nor accept of any presents directly or indirectly from the persons of whom they buy their malt liquor, but the brewer must likewise make oath that he will not make any presents to his customers on account of purchasing his beer or ale, and that a specified quantity of good malt will be made use of in brewing, in proportion to each barrel of ale, etc. Thus it may be very naturally expected that the Irish malt liquor will soon be of a superior quality to any hitherto brewed in this country. This very necessary arrangement has been entirely owing to the wisdom and penetration of the Right Hon. the Commissioners of his Majesty's Revenue.

FRIDAY, JUNE 29.

A curious idea has entered the heads of some publicans to evade the new regulation. They have persuaded themselves into an opinion that they may break their quart without breaking their oath, and accordingly sell porter only in pints, for which they demand 2d. each. The genius who discovered this salvo must have much merit as a casuist, and it will be greedily adopted by the worthy fraternity. It is true two pints make a quart, and they have sworn not to sell a quart for more than 3½d., but then they never swore not to sell a pint less than 2d., ergo what is not positively prohibited may be safely ventured upon; and thus their oath, like the will in Swift's "Tale of a Tub," may be construed to any purpose. Such are the advantages of an elasticity of conscience.

It is impossible to hear a recital of the barbarous attacks which have been lately made upon the property of Mr. Hackett, of the county of Kilkenny, without shuddering to think that, in a Christian country such things could possibly be perpetrated. It seems that a gang of ruffians first began their attacks upon this worthy gentleman by attempting to run away with his daughter, an only child; however, on their failing in that, they in one night robbed him of upwards of £2,000 worth of live stock; they afterwards planted cannon before his door, in order to terrify him. and on one of his women servants appearing at a window, she was shot dead; and so lately as the 22nd of this month (whilst Mr. Hackett was in the city, striving to take some steps in order to secure his life and property from their attacks), a gang of them broke open his dwelling-house, stables, and out-offices, and plundered him of every thing they could carry off, even to his wines and spirits. The principal ringleader of this group of villains was apprehended by the police, in a house in Great George's street, a few days ago, and was rescued from them by a number of persons, one of whom, however, was, through the vigilance of the police, afterwards apprehended and lodged in the New Prison; but on an affidavit being made, that from his state of health, confinement might endanger his life, he has been enlarged, upon giving £3,000 bail, to stand his trial for the rescue. Another of this gang of miscreants has also been apprehended, and now lies in the New Prison.

National industry and population have no doubt considerably increased within these last ten years. Cottons, calicoes, muslins, counterpanes, and several other articles of elegant and useful manufacture, brought to a state of perfection, are carried on very extensively in different parts of the kingdom, which formerly were imported from the other side. It was also deemed highly unfashionable to wear the fabrics of this country, but they are now bought by people who move in the highest spheres of life. A very few years more, it is to be hoped, will occasion a much greater revolution in the opinion of the inhabitants of Ireland; and so far from being prejudiced against its native manufactures, a decided preference will, in all probability, be given to such, above any others whatever, and, of course, ample employment will be found for our artists and mechanics, who are not inferior in genius and execution to those of any other part of the world.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30.

One P——, who was lodged in the Four Courts Marshalsea by Laurence Hacket, Esq., of Sportville, in the county of Kilkenny, for a debt of three hundred pounds, found means yesterday of making his escape from the prison in woman's clothes.

The strictest attention is paid to the New Jail by the inspector and some other gentlemen who frequently visit that place of confinement. The loaves sent in are all weighed and examined by them previous to their being distributed among the prisoners, and all complaints are heard, and if founded in truth and justice, speedily redressed. The Marshalseas will undergo the same accurate examination for the effectual reform of all abuses, and to prevent rioting and dissipation, and whatever else may have a manifest tendency to corrupt the morals and health of those who may be confined in such places.

Rev Richard Powell acknowledges the receipt of 2 guineas from Amb. Leet, Esq., towards the Sunday Schools in Saint Catharine's Parish, being part of a fine levied by him for playing cards on the Sabbath Day. N.B.—numbers admitted were, last Sunday, 632 males, and 348 females.

(To be Continued.)

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THE GRAND PARADE, CORK,



AS IT WAS IN 1830.

The late splendid improvements in the City of Cork have despoiled the Grand Parade of some of its honours: it was decidedly the noblest avenue, the Sackville street of Cork, until the opening of the New street, which connects the western road with one end of the Parade. Its rival possesses more regularity in the architecture of the houses, and, perhaps, for that reason, constitutes a less picturesque subject. The houses of the Grand Parade are of all sizes, proportions, and even colours. A handsome equestrian statue of one of the Georges claims the solitary honour of being the only specimen of the statuary art exposed to view in any of the public walks. Around are seen, in constant occupation, an economic species of covered carriage, called Travellers, drawn by one horse, and placed under an excellent and well-observed discipline. In front the Lee flows past the royal figure, bearing on its bosom the votaries of pleasure setting out upon aquatic excursions, and one of the children of industry pushing along his cumbrous boat while yet the flowing tide permits him.

THE KEEN OF THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF AN ANCIENT CUSTOM.

By LECTOR.

I.

So far back as 1844, Thomas Crofton Croker, the father of Irish folklore (who was a Cork man by birth), published in London, in which city he had long been resident, "The Keen of the South of Ireland, as Illustrative of Irish Political and Domestic History, Manners, and Superstitions." This little volume, which was brought out by the Percy Society, of which Croker was one of the founders, has now become exceedingly scarce, so that the portion of it here reproduced will probably be new to most of our readers, whilst the "Keen" itself, like many another custom of our forefathers, is now practically a thing of the past. That Croker was one fully capable of ingratiating himself with that class of the people whence he derived his knowledge on the many specimens he has translated of the "Irish Keen," is evident from the lines, from the Irish, which one David Murphy addressed him, as here subjoined, the Irish original of which and of the "Keens," hereafter given, are now probably lost beyond recall:

O! well-fed scholar of the cheerful face,
How neat your hand to plane and polish verse is!
To English turning with a silken grace,
The branchy Irish that so sweet and terse is.

Early and late once proudly sang the bard,
The glowing strains his busy brain created;
And surely on such honeyed fame 'twas hard
That none his valued stores should have translated.

But Erin's long-neglected minstrelsy
Thy skill will save, nor shall it be neglected,
A merry champion has it found in thee,
Who seeks to make our country's name respected.

Ceangal:

Go on! and prosper, make a glorious gleaning,
I pray the Fays may aid you in your "Keening."

"The name, Keen," writes Croker, "is the English form of 'Caoine,' an Irish word described in Dr O'Brien's Irish Dictionary as 'the Irish lamentation for the dead,' according to certain loud and mournful notes and verses, wherein the pedigree, land, property, generosity, and good actions of the deceased person and his ancestors are diligently and harmoniously recounted, in order to excite pity and compassion in the hearers, and to make them sensible of their great loss in the death of the person whom they lament."

Quoting further from O'Brien, "Caoine" was anciently and properly "Cine," which almost equals in letters and pronunciation the Hebrew word Cina, which signifies lamentation or crying, with clapping of hands, lamentatio planctus, ploratus, as in 2 Samuel, 1., 17, and in the plural "Cinim," lamentations as in Ezekiel, ii., 10. In Welsh "Kuyn" is a complaint. According to the Jesuit, Manoir's Armoric Vocabulary, "Queini" signifies to bewail or moan; and "Quinean," a moan or lamentation; whilst Lloyd, in his "Archæologia Britannica," explains "Caoine" as a sort of verse used in elegics or funeral poems, and sometimes also in panegyrics and satires."

As in the case of many other things appertaining to ancient Ireland an Oriental origin is ascribed to the Keen, but this is a point on which Croker does not dwell very much; and confines himself chiefly to calling attention to the great similarity existing between Irish and Abyssinian funeral ceremonies, which latter also include a kind of Keen.

As a vehicle for conveying the sentiments of the heart, the Keen, continues Croker, seems to have been completely misunderstood in England from the time of Queen Elizabeth to the days of Victoria. Take, for instance, Stanihurst's statement as to the manner of Irish burial: "They follow the dead corpse to the grave with howling and barbarous outcries, pitiful in appearance, whereof grew, I suppose, 'to weep Irish.'" In like manner John Wesley records in his "Journal," under date of May 31st, 1750, that he was greatly shocked at the Irish howl which followed the reading of the service at a funeral which took place at Rathcormac, whilst he was there on that day.

The very different kind of effect produced in an Irishman's mind by the Keen is described in the following extract, reproduced by Croker, from the "Dublin Penny Journal":—"The first time I ever heard this funeral cry I was greatly struck by it owing perhaps in some degree by it coming on me quite unexpectedly. I was riding along an unfrequented road in one of the most retired parts of the county Meath; I well remember it was a lovely morning early in spring; the trees were rapidly assuming their most brilliant clothing of green, there was a genial warmth in the air, the sun shone out brightly, and the lively songs of the birds added their animating influence at once to cheer and tranquillise the feelings; and I sauntered on in that delightful state of mind, which one enjoys when all the cares and anxieties of life for a few short moments are forgotten, one is engaged, in drinking in a variety of indefinable, but yet highly pleasurable emotions from every quarter. A faint, wailing sound so wild and indescribable, that it seemed something unearthly, came floating on the light morning breeze, but so indistinct and faint from distance, that it was repeated more than once before I could be quite certain that it was more than mere imagination. However, I heard it again and again at intervals of a few seconds, the sound becoming each time more distinct as I approached the quarter whence it came, or the wind bore it a little stronger towards me. From a sort of murmur it swelled out into a full tone, and then died away into silence. I knew nothing it resembled so much as the sounds of an Æolian harp, as they rise gradually in strength, and then sink into softest cadences. At length reaching a turn in the road, I perceived at some distance a vast crowd of people advancing towards me, and stretching along a considerable extent of ground; part of them only was I enabled to see, the remainder were concealed by the windings of the road. In the front, where the crowd was most dense, I distinguished by their cloaks (several of which being scarlet, gave a highly pictorial effect to the group), twenty or thirty females, and in the midst of them a bier carried by men, who were occasionally relieved by others of those nearest to them. I soon perceived that the funeral song was begun by some of these women that it was gradually swelled by the voices of the remainder, and the men joined occasionally their deeper tones. The effect of the whole was most striking, and had something even grand in it; the song was guttural, but by no means monotonous; and the contrast with the bright and joyous spring morning may not have rendered it more melancholy and lugubrious, I know not, but it certainly struck me as the most singularly plaintive and mournful expression of excessive grief that could well be imagined. As I drew nearer I perceived the persons who composed the cortege were affected by very different feelings indeed. Some few of those who followed close to the coffin were evidently overcome by the most heartfelt and poignant affliction. Some of the women especially gave way to the most unrestrained and vehement expressions of the liveliest sorrow, weeping loudly, throwing up their hands, and clapping them together, or striking them violently against their bosoms. It occurred to me involuntarily that it was no small trial of the true pathos of this ancient melody to see that it bore with undiminished effect so close a juxtaposition with the real demonstration of genuine and unartificial grief; indeed I fancied at times that some of them, even in the utmost abandonment of their sorrow, joined in the wail of the other women who, by their undisturbed countenances and unagitated demeanour, pointed themselves out as the professional Keeners, who assisted on the occasion.

As soon as the foremost persons came up to me, I raised my hat for a moment, and turned my horse's head about, aware that it is deemed unlucky if any person meeting a funeral passes it without turning back to accompany it at least a short distance. I am always anxious to yield to such prejudices as this among my countrymen; it costs not much trouble to show some slight respect for their feelings, and I think one is especially called on so to do upon such occasions. It has always appeared to me that trifles like these serve greatly to draw together the bonds of charity and friendly feeling between the different classes in this country, which, it is to be lamented, are often heedlessly and rudely broken through by many who, unobservant of mankind, know not that it is one of those immutable laws inherent in our very nature, and nowhere of more force than in the bosom of our warm-hearted countrymen, that a far deeper feeling of gratitude and affection is engendered by an expression of sympathy or participation in either sorrow or joy, than by laboured kindnesses which in truth are often felt as absolutely oppressive.

By reining in my horse, I gradually allowed the whole crowd to pass me by, though it seemed to be almost interminable; I was astonished at finding that it extended probably along upwards of a mile of the road, and consisted of not less than two thousand people. I then resumed my journey, and in a few minutes the intervening ground had the entire procession from my view, and the funeral wail gradually became distant, and at last totally died away. I subsequently learned that the deceased was a very extensive farmer, claiming to be a descendant of one of the old native families who derive their lineage from the ancient princes of our land; that he had just terminated a long life, spent from his childhood on his paternal inheritance, in constant intercourse with the poor peasantry, by whom he was much beloved, not only in consequence of his ancient descent, but from his having had the character of exercising lavishly the hospitality of the olden time besides possessing pre-eminently in his own person many of the other virtues and qualities which stand highest in the estimation of our countrymen."

It is an interesting fact that the famous John Philpot Curran, who from his infancy was familiar with the language of his country, and in his youthful days took especial pleasure in constantly mixing in the social meetings of the peasantry (in his native county Cork), has been known to declare that he derived his first notions of poetry and eloquence from the composition of the hired mourners (or keeners) over the dead. The remarkable influence of the keen of his native South on Curran is alluded to more fully in the following extract (taken by Croker from the "Memoirs of Curran," by W O'Regan 1817), which describes it will be remembered the Ireland of a century ago, rather than that of the present time:—"The wakes in the country parts of Ireland present an odd assemblage of different characters and of different passions. The real genius of the people is nowhere so well or so openly displayed as at those nightly meetings. It is a theatre, in which tragedy, comedy, broad farce, match-making, speech-making, etc.—all that is bizarre and comical—develope themselves with a freedom truly fantastic. Here the scenes are shifted with a rapidity of change, and an unrestrained succession quite surpassing any other drama. The transitions from the deepest and most impassioned tones of sorrow to mirth and humour, are as quick as thought. There is a melancholy in their mirth, and a mirth in their melancholy, which is often found to prevail in their music, which was a character impressed on national sensibility by successive changes of ill-fortune; and as no one passion is permitted to continue very long, they mingle and vary like shadows of light and darkness, playing upon the surface of a sullen stream. At one of these national carnivals, where the common excitements of snuff, tobacco, and whiskey, and the fruits of plundered orchards (1) were abundantly supplied, Mr Curran felt the first dawn, the new-born light and favourite transport, which almost instantly seized upon his imagination, and determined his mind to the cultivation and pursuit of oratory. It was produced by the speech of a tall, finely-formed woman with long black hair, flowing loosely down her shoulders, her stature and eye commanding, her air and manner austere and majestic. On such occasions nothing is prepared; all arises out of the emotion excited by surrounding circumstances and objects, and if Corinne has been highly celebrated by Madame de Stael, this woman has found in Curran a eulogist not surpassed by the French novelist, a recorder not less national, certainly not less touching. Some of the kindred of the deceased had made funeral orations on his merits; they mea-

(1) Orchards were much more numerous in Ireland a hundred years back than is now the case.

sured their eulogies by his bounties; he was wealthy; his last will had distributed among his relations his fortune and effects; but to this woman who married without his consent, to her, his favourite niece, a widow, with many children he carried his resentment to the grave, and left her poor and unprovided for. She sat long in silence; but at length, slowly and with a measured pace approaching the dead body from a distant quarter of the room, with the serenest calm of resignation, laying her hand upon his forehead, she paused; and whilst all present expected a stormy expression of her anger and disappointment, she addressed these words to him:—Those of my kindred who have uttered praises and poured them forth with their tears to the memory of the deceased did that which by force of obligation they were bound to do. They have been benefited; they have, in their different degrees profited by that bounty which he could no longer withhold. He forgot in his life the exercise of that generosity by which his memory might now be held regarded and embalmed in the hearts of a disinterested affection. Such consolation however, as these purchased praises could impart to his spirit I could not by any impiety tear from him. Cold in death is this head; not colder than that heart when living, through which no thrill of nature did ever vibrate. This has thrown the errors of my youth and of an impulse too obedient to that affection which I still cherish into poverty and sorrow, heightened beyond hope, by the loss of him who is now in heaven, and still more by the tender pledges he has left after him on earth. But I shall not add to these reflections the bitter remorse of inflicting even a merited calumny; and because my blood coursed through his veins I shall not have his memory scourged or tortured by the expression of my disappointment, or of the desolation which sweeps through my heart. It, therefore, best becomes me to say his faith and honour in the relations of life were just and exact; and that these may have imposed a severity on his principles and manners. The tears which swell my eyes are those I cannot check, but they rise like bubbles on the mountain stream; they burst never more to appear."

After referring to the curious custom which existed amongst the peasants of the county Cork in 1810 of dyeing their stockings black upon the death of a relative or friend, an alteration of colour which was effected by steeping them for some days in bog water, Crofton Croker relates how his own attention was first called (in 1813), to the Irish Keen: "In the summer of that year (1813), I visited with Mr Joseph Humphreys (a Cork Quaker friend of his), the lake of Gougane Barra, in the west of the county Cork. The object of our little tour was to witness what is called the Pattern, held on St John's Eve, when many thousands of the peasantry assembled there for the purpose of piety and mirth, penance and transgression. . . . We reached the lake about 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the 23rd June, and spent between four and five hours in observing the proceedings and ceremonies used by the pilgrims upon and about the

"Green island in lone Gougane Barra,
Whence Allua of songs rushes forth like an arrow."

Having satisfied our mental craving, we felt it necessary to attend to our bodily appetites, and for this purpose adjourned to a tent, where some tempting slices of curdy Kerry salmon had attracted our notice. In this tent, with the exception of about half an hour we remained located from half-past seven in the evening until two o'clock the following morning, when we took our departure for Cork. After discussing the merits of the salmon, and washing it down with some of Beamish and Crawford's porter, we whiled away the time by drinking whiskey punch, observing the dancing to an excellent piper, and listening to the songs and story-telling which were going on about us.

As the night closed in the tent became crowded almost to suffocation, and dancing being out of the question, our piper left us for some other station, and a man, whom I learned had served in the Kerry militia, and had been flogged at Tralee about five years before as a 'White Boy,' began to take a prominent part in entertaining the assembly, by singing Irish songs in a loud and effective voice. These songs were received with shouts of applause, and as I was then ignorant of the Irish language, and anxious to know the meaning of what had elicited so much popular approbation, I applied to an old woman near whom I sat for an explanation or translation, which she readily gave me, and I found that these songs were rebellious in the highest degree. Poor old King George was execrated without mercy; curses were also dealt out wholesale on the Saxon oppressors of Banba the Blessed (i.e., Ireland); Buonaparte's achievements were extolled, and Irishmen were called upon to follow the example of the French people.

Upon the conclusion of one of these songs, the old woman, who was a native of Bantry, observed to me: 'Well, if God is just and good to us, we may live to see the end of that old schemer, Moriarty and his tr'ason songs, as we did of that poor boy, Florry Sullivan;' and she proceeded to tell me some particulars about Sullivan, of which all that I now recollect is that he was her nephew, and was hanged about 15 years before, 'for nothing in life, no harm at all, only for singing a song that was not one quarter so bad.' Another old woman who sat near us, confirmed this by nods of assent, looking at me and nodding expressively, as much as to say, 'I know all this to be true; perfectly true,' and she then began reciting or rather murmuring, with a monotonous modulation of voice, about a dozen Irish verses, clapping her hands and rocking her body backwards and forwards between each verse. I asked my translator to explain the meaning of what the other old woman said. She told me hat it was a 'Keen' which Florry Sullivan's mother had composed on him; and from her dictation I noted a translation of three of the verses in my scrapbook, which I now accurately transcribe:

"Cold and silent is thy bed. Damp is the blessed dew of night; but the sun will bring warmth in the morning, and dry up the dew. But the heart cannot feel heat from the morning sun; no more will the print of your footsteps be seen in the morning dew on the mountains of Ivera, where you have so often hunted the fox and the hare, ever foremost amongst the young men. Cold and silent is now thy bed."

"My sunshine you were; I loved you better than the sun itself; and when I see the sun going down in the west, I think of my boy and my black night of sorrow. Like the morning sun, he had a red glow on his cheek. He was as bright as the sun at mid-day; but a dark storm came, and my sunshine was lost to me forever. My sunshine will never again come back. No, my boy cannot return. Cold and silent is his bed."

"Life-blood of my heart—for the sake of my boy I cared only for the world. He was brave: he was generous; he was beloved by rich and poor; he was clean-skinned. But why should I tell what every one knows? Why should I now go back to what never can be more? He who was everything to me is dead. He is gone forever; he will return no more. Cold and silent is his repose."

"Having mentioned this 'Keen' to a lady," continues Croker, she requested a copy of it for her album, and with the bad taste of a schoolboy, as I then was I attempted to improve upon some, and to embellish other expressions. Several versifications, however, were made by various hands, some of which gradually found their way into the poets' corner of local periodicals and newspapers, long since defunct. A versification of mine appeared in the "Morning Post" in 1815, forwarded to that paper without my knowledge by Mr Sainthill, then of London, but afterwards of Cork; and this Keen, having attracted the notice of the poet, Crabbe, the latter wrote a letter to Mr Sainthill, in which he thus refers to it: "Thank you, too, for the translation from the Irish Lamentation: it is pathetic I agree; and the more because there is none of the Christian consolation, none of the meeting again in some quiet country, though quiet is not the heaven of such heroes. But this is all unqualified grief; and certainly more deeply melancholy on that account. I doubt much if it would be improved by any versification. It is verse; at least it is in a certain degree measured. The sentences are all of nearly equal length; and the close is uniform. No, I do not think it improvable."

"The notice bestowed upon the Keen thus accidentally procured, induced me to make enquiries for a professional Keener, from whom I might procure more than the fragment; but I did not till May, 1818, succeed in finding a true representative of the expiring race of Bardic Ireland. This woman, whose name was Harrington (2) had come from the south-west of the county Cork. She led a wandering kind of life, travelling from cabin to cabin about the country; and though in fact, subsisting upon charity, found everywhere not merely a welcome, but had numerous invitations, on account of the vast store of Irish verses she had collected and could repeat. Her memory was indeed extraordinary; and the clearness, quickness and elegance with which she translated from the Irish into English, though unable to read or write, was almost incredible. Before she began to repeat, she usually mumbled for a short time, probably the commencement of each stanza, to assure herself of the arrangement, with her eyes closed, rocking her body backward and forward, as if keeping time to the measure of the verse. She then commenced in a kind of whining recitative; but as she proceeded and as the compositions required it, her voice assumed a variety of deep and fine tones, and the energy with which many passages were delivered proved her perfect comprehension and strong feeling of the subject. But her eyes always continued shut, perhaps to prevent interruption to her thoughts, or her attention being engaged by any surrounding object. From the 'Keens' which I took down after this woman's recitation, literal translations of four were published in 'Researches of the South of Ireland: (London, 1824)..

In November, 1818, Mr Croker left Ireland, and with the exception of a short excursion in the summer of 1821 did not revisit it until the spring of 1825, when he made enquiries after Mrs Harrington. He was told that she was four or five years dead; but, added the woman, who gave him this information, "There was a gathering of all the 'Keeners' of Munster at her funeral, and they all, to be sure, keened their best, for the loss of their queen, as one might call Mrs Harrington, and one strove against the other, and above them was a widow woman, one Mrs Leary, that none of them could come near."

Croker eagerly sought, he tells us, an introduction to Mrs Leary, which, however, was not accomplished until 1829, when, after paying her expenses from Bantry to Cork, and promising her a new shawl, she was induced to attend him and to recite "Keens" and odd talk for him.

She had a peculiarly sharp and quick expression of countenance—exactly the reverse of Mrs Harrington who was far more dignified and solemn in her manner. Mrs Leary's memory was much less retentive; but her utterance was wonderfully rapid. It was evident that Mrs Harrington adopted an artificial system for the arrangement of her thoughts, as also that she had studied the "Keen," as a poetical composition, and possessed to a certain extent a cultivated mind; but Mrs Leary appeared to recite completely independent of memory, and her extemporaneous verses, which in cases of breakdown, she fluently supplied always appeared to me to be far superior to those [illegible] learned and attempted to repeat. She seldom succeeded in getting beyond three or four verses; but if urged to proceed would improvise interminably.

(To be continued.)

(2) The Harringtons are still numerous in and around Castletown-Berehaven.

THE IMPORTANT POINT.

Stories which illustrate the Scotch habit of thrift are constantly coming to light. There was one which greatly amused the late William Black, and which his biographer, Sir Wemyss Reid, says he was fond of relating. It is a story within a story, and although one part of it is old, the rest is not. Somebody was telling a Scotchman a tale which he had just been reading of a certain Eastern potentate who, having taken offence at the doings of his Grand Vizier, had ordered him to be put to death. The victim knew he must die, but he wished to die comfortably. He was aware that his master's chief executioner was very proficient, and could despatch his victims not only with swiftness, but with no appreciable suffering. Accordingly he sent for the executioner and offered him a large sum of money on condition that he would put him to death without pain. The executioner promised to do his best, and the Grand Vizier went to his doom in a frame of pious resignation. Instead of to receive the fatal blow, he was conscious that the sword of the executioner was whirled about his head, but he felt nothing. "How is this?" he said. "You undertook for a large sum of money to put me to death instantaneously and without pain, yet you are only playing with me and prolonging my misery. Do your work quickly!" Thereupon the executioner stepped up to the condemned man and offered him a pinch of snuff. The Vizier took the pinch of snuff and sneezed, and forthwith his head tumbled from his shoulders. This is the story which, according to Mr. Black, was told to a fellow-countryman of his. The Scotchman listened, and at the end said, "Well?" "Well!" repeated the interlocutor. "What do you mean?" "I'm waiting for the finish of the story," said the Scot. "But you've got the finish," said the other. "Don't you see, the executioner was so clever that he cut the fellow's neck in two without letting him feel it?" "Oh, aye. I kent that weel enough, but that's not the point. What I want to know is, did the executioner get the money?"

ANTRIM AND ITS ANTIQUITIES.

ROMANCE AND HISTORY.

By W. J. R.

In the hope of encouraging tourists to go further afield, perhaps you will allow me space to offer a few remarks which may serve to illustrate how we abandon, unintentionally, I say, some of the most delightful rural spots, and pass them by as beneath notice, although pregnant with interests of a varied kind. In these golden days when the great "boom" is in vogue, the tourists cannot resist the temptation of visiting the Emerald Isle. The expansion of railways opening up new vistas hitherto unexplored, and the numerous hotels springing up here and there, betoken that there is an awakening. Still, there is room for more improvements. Has it ever occurred to the directors of the various railway companies to reduce pro rata fares to other places that have the disadvantage of being only inland towns. The experiment is worth a trial, and may help to quicken these towns and leave them no longer out in the desert. Peruse any of the daily newspapers during the summer months, and what do you invariably find—advertisements galore relating to the different seaside places. Then turn to the news department, and it contains further enlightenment, concerning the large crowds who frequent and promenade the beaches of Bangor, Portrush, Whitehead, Larne, and countless other seaside places, without doubt beautiful spots for pleasure-seekers to inhale the fresh sea breezes. These places, and many others, are "boomed," and rightly so, beyond compare, and as a natural sequence (how could it be otherwise?) thousands flock to them, while their less fortunate neighbours are left almost without a stranger within their gates. Are not some of our

QUAINT INLAND TOWNS AND VILLAGES

equal, if not superior, to many of our seaside places? Does it pay the tourists to neglect them altogether? If not, surely, to say the least of it, some of them deserve a fleeting visit, and I am quite confident visitors will receive equal, if not better treatment, better accommodation, and all other concomitants, and that, too, at a much more moderate figure. In a word, it has paid tourists before now to go further afield and seek out for themselves these rural haunts, affording, as they do, new interests, unheard, unuttered, and unsung. Let us, for the convenience of brevity, choose one such town as a standard to go by, say, the historic and picturesque town of Antrim—formerly the capital of the county bearing the same name. The town is pleasantly situated on the beautiful and fertile valley of the Sixmilewater—the Ollarbha of our ancient Irish poems and romances, once written Amhuin-na-Fiodh, and pronounced Owen-na-Fio, meaning the "River of the Woods." The origin of Sixmilewater originated by the English soldiers, chiefly the Earl of Essex's men, who were quartered in Antrim. They received all their supplies and ammunition from Carrickfergus, and had to make their way back as best they could to Antrim, which was their depot. When they arrived at the river it was midway—that is, six miles from Carrickfergus, and they had yet to march six more before reaching Antrim, and thus we have to this day the English interpretation Sixmilewater: not a bad one after all. The town is also situated close to the shores of

LOUGH NEAGH,

immortalised in Moore's well-known lines—

"On Lough Neagh's banks where the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the Round Towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining."

Fishing, boating, and bathing give it the appearance of a seaside place. Lovers of golf will find an 18-hole course beside the crystal waters. There are some beautiful walks and drives in the neighbourhood which would require too much space in describing. For the present I shall not mention any of them in particular, but incidently touch on them when swiftly gliding over to other subjects. A nice walk is to visit the

ROUND TOWER

at Antrim, about half a mile beyond the railway station. The perspective is superb. The tower is situated in a gentleman's demesne, known locally as the "Steeple." In addition to the Round Tower is the Witch's Stone, remarkable for the tradition ascribed to it. Miss Ann Trim, after completing the "most perfect" Round Tower in all Ireland, eclipsed her work by alighting from the top, fell on the stone, and made two impressions, which are to be seen to this day. It would be presumption on my part to fritter away space in elaborating on this ancient building, seeing that so many eminent writers have written such excellent dissertations on the subject. But being the "most perfect" specimen in all Ireland, little wonder we pause to survey it in all its weird grandeur and sublime loneliness. It cannot fail to awaken thoughts of emotion. For a long period the original town, with its great monastery and church, all were supposed to have converged close to the Round Tower. When excavating in the immediate neighbourhood, it is nothing unusual to turn up fragments of human remains, which help to vindicate the theory of a once populous district. Not far from here is Holy Well, where the devout pilgrims used to congregate. What a contrast and substitution: instead of a sacred shrine a big asylum has recently been erected in this quiet haven of retreat. The original town only commenced to fall gradually into decay with the advent of the new English and Scotch settlers, who came over here during Queen Elizabeth's reign. For a long while the native Irish did not look upon them with a friendly eye, and they had many feuds before reconciliation eventually was made amongst them. It behoved the new settlers to plant themselves in the modern town. The natives styled it Gall Antrim, meaning the town of the foreigners. So that we may safely infer from that what is now known as the town of

ANTRIM

was originated by the settlers. No doubt its site and situation was chosen for strategical purposes, because when they were hard pressed by the native Irish they could take to the "ships" which were anchored on Lough Neagh, and others of them could find refuge in Antrim Castle. Those were the troublesome days, when the town was walled in, with gates at the chief entrances. Not a vestige of these walls now remain. The present town consists of one main street and several small side ones, giving it an air of antique quaintness. The houses and shops are principally all modern, and few if any are very old. The business of the town is conducted in a quiet and unobtrusive manner. For its size the hotel accommodation is good, and there are outward and visible signs of extensions and improvements in that direction. The most ancient ecclesiastical is

THE PARISH CHURCH OF ANTRIM,

which is of great beauty and remarkable antiquity, and occupies a unique position in the town. Almost without intermission Divine Service has been conducted in it for over 300 years. Its long array of incumbents, the families of distinguished persons who met to worship here, are now beyond recall, and many of them are laid to rest beneath the shadow of the church. Of the elaborate and beautiful artistic stained glass windows one in particular is worthy of more than passing note. It is to be seen in the Massereene transept. The date of it is unknown, but is of considerable beauty and remarkable antiquity, probably brought from the Continent by a former Viscount Massereene, or it might have been taken from some ancient ecclesiastical building now extinct. It consists of two squares filled with coloured glass. The upper square has in the centre the figures of the Virgin and Child. The former is depicted standing, bearing a crown and holding a sceptre. Above her head is a cross, with the letters M.A.R. On the left is S. Hieronimus (Jerome), with a double cross wand, and on the right is S. Carolus, with Bishop's mitre and crozier. In the centre underneath is an angel preaching from a pulpit, with beneath it a three-fold flower springing from a single stalk—an emblem of the Trinity, or, if we accept it in the double sense, it gives it a two-fold meaning—the Trinity and the Irish emblem three-leaf sprig (shamrock). The lower square sets forth the martyrdom of S. John the Baptist. There are eight figures in it. In the background is Herod feasting with his lords; in the foreground the Baptist kneels with his hands joined in prayer, while the executioner with a two-handed sword is about to behead the Saint. Close beside stands Herodius holding a charger to receive the Baptist's head, and another woman stands beside her. The figures are magnificently pourtrayed in a very life-like manner. There are some splendid monuments inside the church, to the loving memory of the Massereene family. They are indeed

EXQUISITE WORKS OF ART

by eminent sculptors, and the least that can be said, they are well worth seeing to those who are admirers of the beautiful art. Around Antrim Church is the churchyard, in which there are many interesting tombstones, and many illustrious persons are buried there. Let me cite a few:—Lewis Clotworthy, Sir Hugh and his son, Sir John, first Lord Massereene; Sir John Skeffington, second Lord Massereene; Owen O'Connolly (the discoverer and informer of the Rebellion in 1641), the Revs. James Cunningham, Thomas Gowan, Wm. Adair, John Rankin, John Abernethy (who knew the system of creation better than most men of the nation); also Rev. John G. Holmes and George V. du Noyer, the geologist. It is computed that more than 10,000 persons are interred in Antrim churchyard. In a hasty survey such as this, we can only touch upon the fringe of so interesting a subject. Every step you take leads up to something new to divert attention, and I could have added a great deal more. The esteemed rector, Rev. M. F. Collis, B.D., has given a most interesting account of the church in vol. iii., parts 1 and 2, 1896-97, in the "Ulster Journal of Archæology." It was written on the occasion of the tri-centenary of the Church's usefulness. The Communion Plate has been in use for 200 years. It was the gift of Madame Abigail Parnell in the year 1701. The church has been enlarged and beautified on several occasions. The lofty embattled tower and octagonal spire was erected in 1816 at a cost of £1,500, borrowed from the Board of First Fruits. So much has been devoted

to Antrim Parish Church that I must be very brief when dealing with the other denominations, not with any degree of disrespect or disparagement as regards any or all of them, but rather to bring my remarks within reasonable bounds. The Presbyterians are a very numerous body in the town and district, and possess no less than two places of worship. One of them has the distinction of having just two ministers, although established since 1850. The Roman Catholics, Methodists, and Unitarians have one place of worship each. Quakers were a very numerous body here at one time. So far as I know none now in Antrim cling to that faith. In looking up the "Calendar of Documents Relating to Ireland" mention is made of a castle here so far back as 1215. The original site or ruins of it are all buried in oblivion. But not so as regards the present

ANTRIM CASTLE,

which was erected in 1610, and took about three years to build. Sir Hugh Clotworthy had a covenant with the Crown, and this was part of the stipulation—to build a castle, to maintain on the lands English and Scotch men, and to have them all fully equipped with weapons of warfare. This was coeval with what is known as the "Plantation of Ulster." This venerable mansion of the noble families of Clotworthy, Foster, Skeffington, and Massereene recalls to memory many an interesting episode in Irish history. Romantically situated in a sequestered vale on the left of Owen-na-View, or Sixmilewater, close to Antrim Bay, it has been a mute witness of a thousand and one stirring scenes of the past—events of paramount importance. First the settlement, and then the rebellion of 1641. The discoverer of the plot was Owen O'Connolly, who resided with Sir Hugh Clotworthy, in Antrim Castle. The Puritan Rebellion, the Usurpation, the Restoration, the Revolution, and the Rebellion of 1798 have all passed in panoramic succession before those ancient embattled walls. The earlier inhabitants of Antrim Castle did not sleep on beds of roses; they were subject to many and very great dangers. Where is there a castle in all Ireland that has not connected with it some fairy tale or legend? Antrim Castle is no exception. In days of yore many travellers passing through the town of Antrim might have noticed a figure in solid stone, representing one of that noble race of animals, now almost extinct, known as the Irish Wolf dog. There was a

DEEP AND UNFATHOMABLE MYSTERY

attached to it. How it came there, and why it was so placed, as if bent on the "look out" towards Lough Neagh? The legend is still handed down, and runs thus—"Lady Marian," the fair and beautiful daughter of Sir Roger Langford, was deeply in love to Sir Hugh Clotworthy, and they decided in the face of every opposition to join in holy wedlock. After the honeymoon, Sir Hugh was obliged to be absent for days and nights doing service for his King and country. On such occasions Lady Marian, to dispel the feelings of loneliness, took long walks along the green banks of the river, enjoying the cool and refreshing breezes. The long branches of trees formed beautiful archways from bank to bank, filled with innumerable feathered songsters, and their melodious notes, blended with the ripplings of the still waters, gave forth delicious sounds. A scene of such splendour almost baffles detion. She was charmed with the delightful scenery. Suddenly she heard a snarling growl, and was terribly frightened at the sight of a large wolf, with wide open jaws and eyes of fire ready to annihilate her. In her awful terror she fell in a swoon. During this time a faithful wolf dog intervened. It was something appalling witnessing two ferocious animals trying to conquer each other. The sight of the Irish wolf dog, panting and bleeding, soon aroused "Lady Marian," and she next beheld the wolf stretched out dead. With unbounded gratitude and a woman's tenderness she brought the suffering animal to the castle, and with her own hands bandaged up its wounds. It was for ever afterwards her dumb guardian. A fitting monument of such a noble deed deserves to be kept in great remembrance, and so long as the emblem remains about the castle the Massereene family will reign supreme, but woe betide that fatal day should some thoughtless and indifferent person carry it away! The grounds are beautifully laid out and richly furnished with seats and arbours, from which extensive views of the magnificent lakes are obtained. In this quiet haven alone with nature what could be more enchanting If the traveller should be privileged to visit Antrim Castle the stately "Oak Room" will command his highest attention and admiration, which contains

TROPHIES AND RELICS,

not alone of the Irish House of Commons, but also curios of intrinsic value. The Castle has been the home of many eminent and illustrious men in different walks of life. It has undergone many changes and vast improvements, but ceases to be—

"Like a sentinel keeping watch
O'er the valley's shining lands."

To deal adequately with the town's historical associations would alone fill pages of history. It is difficult to make a selection from the long roll of eminent men and women, who in the bygone days of the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries made Antrim their home. We shall select a few:—Sir John Clotworthy, Owen O'Connolly, Rev. John Howe, M.A., Archbishop King (he was born in Antrim), Rev. John Abernethy, W. A. Bryson, Professor Hull (born in Antrim), George V. du Noyer, Sir James W. Hogg, Rev. George Macartney, LL.D., who was for 51 years vicar of Antrim. He was a noted personage during those troublesome times of 1798. Was a magistrate, and the first to give information to the Government on the alarming state of the north-east corner of Ireland. It consists of papers seized by a magistrate in a distant part of the Co. Antrim, and they were mostly all published in p. 552 foot note). I have condensed my remarks to the town and vicinity. By going still further afield these remarks could be greatly augmented, so for the present I shall say finis.

I might add, in conclusion, that I have encountered several books containing pictures of Antrim, and they were mostly all published in London. On the other hand tourists from England and elsewhere, speak very highly of the town, the inhabitants, the courtesy and kindness they received everywhere, returning with pleasant and happy recollections of their sojourn in Antrim.

LONGING.

Of all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as Longing?
The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment,
Before the Present poor and bare
Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through our paltry stir and strife,
Glows down the wished Ideal,
And Longing moulds in clay what Life
Carves in the marble Real;
To let the new life in we know,
Desire must ope the portal;—
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

—James Russell Lowell.

At the Carlsbad Convention a new cure for scarlet fever was announced. The honour for this discovery must be credited to Dr. Moser, the assistant physician at St. Ann's Hospital for Children, at Vienna. The cure consists in the utilisation of a serum. During the last two years it was said that this serum has been tried on 400 patients, with a decrease of mortality to nine per cent.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

OUR EARTHQUAKE EXPERIENCES.

By Sewell Bartlett.

The Mount Saint Elias coast of Alaska is a vast mountain ridge, rising directly from the ocean to a height of nearly twenty thousand feet. In grandeur there is little in the world to surpass it, whether it is seen from the deck of a vessel at sea or from miners' camps near it. But it is a gloomy, desolate coast, and dark banks of cloud and heavy mists often veil the peaks from view.

As the mountain is still slightly volcanic, earthquake shocks are naturally expected; but during the eleven weeks, from June 15th to September 2nd, which we spent there, prospecting for platinum, we heard nothing from the subterranean forces. Then, early in the morning of September 3rd, there was a very distinct shock, which lasted for several seconds; but we had nearly forgotten it by the following Sunday, when there occurred the appalling phenomena which I shall try to describe.

At this time we were living in a tent with an oilskin cover at the margin of the moraine of a large glacier which extends from Disenchantment Gorge to the bay of the same name, and we had our tools and prospecting kit about us there, as is usual in such cases.

As it was Sunday morning, we were not intending to do any prospecting. I had not yet bestirred myself, but Crosby had crept out to kindle a fire, and Robertson was yawning over the task of repairing his canvas jacket, when he felt a shock as if some giant, standing below, had struck upward with an enormous sledge-hammer against the earth beneath us. Robertson was thrown forward prostrate, and Crosby pitched headlong into the tent. For a moment I seemed stunned, but I found myself on my feet, and heard Crosby calling out, "What's that?"

The rumble and vibration which followed answered clearly enough.

"It's another earthquake," said Robertson.

The sounds ceased, and we proceeded to get breakfast as usual. A thick mist shut down. There was no wind, but we heard the waves of the sea breaking heavily on the shore below.

While we were taking our coffee in front of the tent another earthquake occurred; and thenceforward, until noon or past, quake followed quake at intervals of from five to ten minutes. Crosby counted forty-five distinct shocks, each followed by a strange reverberatory roaring in the direction of the mountain, as if vast cliffs were falling.

Crosby believed that an eruption was occurring. "If only the fog would rise we should see lava streams!" he said. "It wouldn't surprise me if cinders and stones soon began to fall."

About one o'clock the fog lifted a little, so that we could look out on the bay, but the mountains behind us were still shrouded down to their bases. Then, as suddenly as the report of a carbine, we were all three thrown flat again by another of those terrific upward shocks! It was much worse this time, and when we attempted to regain our feet, the

earth was rocking up and down in a manner beyond belief.

It was impossible to keep one's feet. We reeled and pitched against each other. Skip, our hound, whined and stretched himself out at full length. At one instant the bay would seem to rise as if about to be poured on the land, but the next moment it would seem to be down in a vast hollow. The noises were indescribable. The glacier, the foot of which was in the bay beyond us, was splitting and crashing down into the water, with reports like peals of thunder; while the sea, all white and foaming, roared as if a heavy wind were blowing.

Murmurs and groaning noises seemed to rise from the ground underneath us. Strangest of all were the detonations, or else echoes, from the mountain-side. Awful volumes of sound rolled down from the gorges and ravines.

"It is merely an earthquake—a severe one," Crosby said. We were not at all terrified, yet we knew there was some danger of being overwhelmed by the sea, or swallowed up by fissures in the ground.

"We had better get back from the shore, I think," Robertson said; and during the interval of quiet which ensued, we struck our tent and began transporting our kit and tools to the top of a higher ridge, three-quarters of a mile inland. We made the two trips which were necessary to carry everything at a run. It was fortunate we hurried, for at a little past two o'clock another terrific shock occurred, which continued for nearly ten minutes, and which was followed by a tidal wave that mounted the moraine to a height of forty feet or more, and brought up enormous fragments of the ice broken from the glacier and afloat in the bay.

A tremendous rushing, roaring noise made us look toward the mountain. Water had broken loose from its barriers upon higher ground. A torrent several hundred feet in breadth swept down a ravine four or five hundred yards to the west of where we now were. The moraine where we had been camping was flooded. The noise of the boulders which the water rolled down with it was like the grinding and squealing of a long train of freight cars on a winter morning.

Rain soon began falling heavily. We hauled on the oilskin cover and kept as dry as we could in the tent, the ropes of which were tied to the stumps of little spruce trees. I can hardly describe the strange sensation when the earth gives those sudden jolts from beneath, and then squirms to and fro like some great reptile underneath. The tent twisted and shook over our heads, and on all sides the trees were cracking and falling.

It was a very strange night that we passed there. Yet at last I fell asleep, but dozed only fitfully, for I was frequently awakened by fresh shocks, or by the roar of falling cliffs.

Toward morning the glacier, a mile away, was profoundly affected; noises like those of a violent thunder-shower issued from it. The entire vast mass of ice, twenty miles in length and a thousand feet thick, appeared to be rent and torn by the rolling of the earth beneath it. I could never have imagined anything like it. It seemed to me as if primeval chaos had come again.

Shortly after dawn there was an interval of quiet, except for the occasional crash of falling rocks in the direction of the mountain. As the shades of night departed, we saw that nearly all the forest around us was prostrate, looking as if a hundred tornadoes had traversed it in every direction.

"Look at the bears over there!" Crosby said. There were four of the creatures standing together—large Saint Elias grizzly bears, rather lighter in colour than the grizzlies of Oregon and California.

It was plain they had gone out on the mossy flat ledges to escape from the falling forest. They sat up like great dogs, close together, and appeared satisfied that they had found the safest spot there was.

I took my field glass and watched them for some time. Great, grey, clumsy brutes as large as cows, they sat there motionless, and seemed to be dazed by the earthquake. Through the glass I could see them blink.

"There's another joining them!" Crosby exclaimed. A fifth bear had emerged from the brushwood and ambled out on the mossy tract.

We made shift to prepare breakfast, but a shock occurred while we were eating it, which split the ground a few yards back of the tent, making a gaping crack two feet or more in width. Again the glacier was convulsed, the tremendous crashes continuing for ten minutes or more. Hundreds of forest trees on the slopes of the mountain fell.

Soon afterwards we saw that a sixth bear, a black one, had joined its gray congeners in the open.

There was nothing that we could do to better matters, and we remained there, waiting and listening throughout the day. Other shocks occurred during the afternoon. Toward night mists shut down again, and the tremors became more severe and frequent. At about five o'clock two more cracks opened transversely across the wooded ridge where we had tied our tent. The whole surface there appeared to be in danger of collapsing.

"I believe those bears have chosen the safest place," Robertson said. "It is probably a flat, solid ledge over there, and may stand it.'

He and Crosby made their way over to it and immediately returned to urge the removal of the tent there.

"But those bears?" I said.

"They will not trouble us," replied Crosby. "They are nearly frightened to death! They seem cowed."

We again moved camp hastily, and established ourselves just at nightfall in the moss plot near the seaward side. The bears were farther away, distant perhaps two hundred yards from us. There were now nine of them assembled in a squad. They kept close together, as if for companionship in their terror, or else because some instinct taught them that the solid, flat ledges were the safest places.

It was impossible to drive tent-pins here, on account of the rock beneath the moss, and we placed loose stones on the loops of the lines. But shortly after nine o'clock, a shock brought the tent down upon us, and after that we sat on the moss with blankets and oilskins wrapped about our shoulders. Until midnight the shocks recurred every few minutes, and the frightful jarring of the ledges beneath was, if anything, worse to endure than the rocking of the forest land.

Above the rumble of earth, too, we began to notice another strange sound, which proved to be the moaning of those bears. When the heavy, first jolt deep in the earth occurred, they roared outright, and during the jar and vibration that followed it, moaned and whined continuously, and the sound of their moaning was the strangest which I ever heard. Evidently there was little danger of the bears attacking us. They were too much frightened to be hungry.

From midnight to seven o'clock of the next morning no shocks occurred, but a little after seven, when it had become light, there was a very heavy quake. Eleven bears had by this time reached the place, and we noticed that simultaneously with the roar of fear which each one uttered, it threw its body prone on the moss with outstretched paws, and remained in that position until the jarring ended, when it got up slowly. Our dog behaved in the same way.

Skip must have scented the bears, but he paid not the slightest attention to them. In the same way, none of us felt like shooting the bears; it seemed as if we were fellow-creatures, threatened by a common danger.

During that day the shocks grew lighter and more unfrequent, and had almost ceased by evening. The next morning we found that the bears had gone, and, taking their departure as a sign that the convulsions had ended, we set off ourselves to walk along the coast to Yakutat—if, indeed, any Yakutat remained.

Everywhere on our way were signs of the devastation wrought by the earthquakes. Miles upon miles of forest lay prostrate; cakes of ice as large as churches lay thirty feet above the tide mark. Enormous rocks had been tumbled about like footballs; cliffs had fallen, and on all sides along shore gaping cracks had opened in the earth.

On reaching Yakutat we found the place almost deserted. Most of the people had fled to the high lands in the rear of the village, and were living in tents. Many of the houses had fallen, and nearly all stood awry or had to be braced up with props.

A QUEER HOSPITAL.

By Carolyn Wells.

There's a hospital down on Absurdity square,
Where the queerest of patients are treated with care.
When I made them a visit I saw in a crib
A little umbrella who had broken his rib.

And then I observed in the very next bed
A bright little pin who had bumped his poor head.
They said a new cure they'd decided to try
On an old needle, totally blind in one eye.

I was much interested, and soon I espied
A shoe who complained of a stitch in her side.
And a sad-looking patient who seemed in the dumps
Was a clock, with a swelled face because of the mumps.

Then I tried very hard, though I fear 'twas in vain,
To comfort a window who had a bad pane.
And I paused just a moment to cheerily speak
With a pale cup of tea who was awfully weak.

As I took my departure I met on the stair
A new patient, whom they were handling with care.
A victim perhaps of some terrible wreck—
'Twas a squash who had fatally broken his neck.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN IRELAND.

Whilst north and south and east, wherever one travels, the ubiquitous hand camera is seen carried by tourists of both sexes, I was struck with its rare appearance lately, during a week or two's sojourn in the south-west of Ireland, says the writer of Photographic Notes in the October "Travel." It may have been mere coincidence, but I only remember to have seen two hand cameras all the time, and I never saw either of these actually used. Before going thither I tried to gather some idea of the character of the country in Counties Kerry and Cork. Of course the views of Killarney are familiar, also the chief buildings in the City of Cork, but I could find no graphic clue to what the surrounding country was like before visiting it, clearly showing that there is a comparatively untrodden field here for the photographer. And having now made its acquaintance, I do not hesitate to say that its picturable possibilities (I use the term picturable in preference to picturesque, the latter not always meaning that the scene in question will lend itself to the making of a pleasant picture) are unlimited, and fine as it all was in June and early July, and landscape becoming ripe and more mature must certainly be finer in late summer and early autumn; whilst the figure studies one might secure amongst the natives living on the hillsides above Bantry Bay would be wonderful, quite irrespective of season. For serious photographic work I should say that Eccles Hotel at Glengarriffe would form the best centre. There are the shores of the bay, the rugged hill slopes, the wild moorland higher up, the glen foliage of sub-tropical luxuriance, and the inhabitants with their cabins of extraordinary primitiveness. Travelling is easy, and neither it nor living is very costly. The west of Ireland deserves more attention from the photographer, and, indeed, from the touring community generally.

THOMAS O'CONNELLAN.

A GREAT IRISH COMPOSER AND BARD.

By Rev. J. F. LYNCH.

Professor O'Connellan (I. Trans. Os. Soc., vol. v., pp. 163-4) says: "Several eminent performers on the harp flourished in the last century, many of whom were composers of music. The melodies of Torloch O'Carrolan are well known and appreciated; but we have it from the best authorities that he largely copied from his predecessor, Thomas O'Connellan, and that many of the airs which are ascribed to the former were actually composed by O'Connellan.

Thomas O'Connellan was born at Cloonymahon, in the county of Sligo, and died about the year 1700. It is said traditionally that the composed upwards of five hundred airs, but few of them are now known to the public. To the most of these melodies he composed songs, for he was also a good poet. He was the author of the following airs:—"The Jointure," "Little Celia Connellan," "Love in Secret," "Ta dha 'Liam Daibhis ann sa n-ait so," or "Planxty Davis"—which is known in Scotland as "The Battle of Killicranky"—"The Breach of Aughrim"—also known in that country as "Farewell to Lochaber"—"If to a Foreign Clime I Go," "Gentle Mild Maiden," and that beautiful air, that spirit of Irish melody—"Realta na Maidne," or "The Morning Star," otherwise called the "Dawning of the Day," and published in Bunting's music.

If we are to judge by the following poem, O'Connellan's performance on the harp must have been of a superior order, and equal to the description given by Cambrensis of the Minstrels in his time. The original Irish poem which is given in Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy," was composed by a contemporaneous bard, but the author's name has not been ascertained. The following is an English version of it which appeared in the old "Dublin Penny Journal":—

THE ODE TO THE MINSTREL BARD, O'CONNELLAN.

Wherever harp note ringeth
Ierne's isle around,
Thy hand its sweetness flingeth,
Surpassing mortal sound.
Thy spirit music speaketh
Above the minstrel throng,
And thy rival vainly seeketh
The secret of thy song.

In the castle, in the shieling,
In foreign kingly hall,
Thou art master of each feeling,
And honoured first of all!
Thy wild and wizard finger
Sweepeth chords unknown to art,
And melodies that linger
In the memory of the heart!

Though fairy music slumbers
By forest-glade, and hill,
In thy unearthly numbers
Men say 'tis living still!
All its compass of wild sweetness
Thy master hand obeys,
As its airy fitful fleetness
O'er harp and heartstring plays!

By thee the thrill of anguish
Is softly lulled to rest;
By thee the hopes that languish
Rekindled in the breast.
Thy spirit chaseth sorrow
Like morning mists away,
And gaily robes to-morrow
In the gladness of thy lay!

It does not appear to have been known to Professor Owen Connellan that Thomas O'Connellan died at Bourchier's Castle, beside Lough Gur, when on a visit to Mr Bayly, agent to the Earl of Bath, and was buried close to Teampull Nuadh, or "New Church," at south side of Lough Gur. The people point out O'Connellan's grave, a little to the north-east of the church, and just outside the wall of the burial ground attached to the church. This church was built about the middle of the seventeenth century by the Countess of Bath, for Sir George Bourchier, General under Sir George Carew of the army of Munster in the time of Queen Elizabeth, was second son of the Earl of Bath, and received a large grant of land in Lough Gur district. Dineley, who visited Lough Gur about the year 1685, gives some particulars of New Church. The Holy Communion plate of this church is still in use in Knockaine Church, and there is an inscription dated 1679, setting forth that it was the gift of the Right Hon. Rachael, Countess Dowager of Bath. The church was termed "New" in contrast to the old church of Killalough, or Church of the Lake," built by the Earl of Desmond. The site of this church of Killalough, marked by a small mound, is a little to the east of the causeway leading to the Caislean Dubh, or "Black Castle," and the high hill to the south is named Hill of Killalough from this church.

Some of the old people have told me that the site of the oldest church at Lough Gur was not far from the Bullan or Rock Basin of the Druids near Bourchier's Castle, and situated between the Bullan and Carriggal, or "white rock." All these things appear on new Ordnance Map except the site of the old church of the Irish period, which I could not find. When the remains of O'Connellan were borne to the grave, the people say that a banshee stood on Carraig na g colur, or rock of the doves or pigeons (Irish colur is cognate with Saxon culver, dove or pigeon, which occurs in Spenser's "Faerie Queene"), and sang the death-song of O'Connellan. Carraig na g Colur is a high rock on Knockadoon, and is marked on new map. James Coleman, of Lough Gur, professes to be able to give the tune of the death-song which at Lough Gur is called the banshee's tune.

The beansidhe of Lough Gur appears to have been Ane; for in an elegy by Pierse Ferriter, of Tralee, on one of the Fitzgeralds, we read:—

Ane from her closely hid nest did awake,
The woman of wailing from Gur's voicy lake.

In "The Poems of Egan O'Rahilly," p. 202, Ane also appears as a banshee:—

Do ghuil Cliodhna trid na sgeulaibh,
Do ghuil Una a n-Durlas Eile,
Do ghuil Aoife a siog-bhrog Fheidhlim,
Is do ghuil Aoibhill sigh-bhean leith-chraig.

Do ghuil go truagh an Ruachtach caoille,
Do ghuil Aine a n-arus Greine,
Do guileadar ocht n-ochtair air aon loch,
Do ghuileadar airre an Charrainn 's an t-Sleibhe.

Cloidhna wept because of the tidings;
Una wept in Thurles of Eily;
Aoife in the fairy mansion of Feidhlim;
And Aoibhill, the banshee of Carriglea.

The slender Roughty wept piteously,
Aine wept in the dwelling of Grian;
Eight eights wept together on the same lake;
The fairy maidens of Corran and of the Sliabh wept.

I do not know why O'Rahilly says that Ane wept in the arus, or pailis, of Grian, for in the local tales the people do not connect Ane with Pailis Greine (Pallas Grean), which is a hollow moat about 170 paces in circumference at bottom, and 80 paces at top; the oblique height of Mota Greine, as it is now called, is about 34 feet, but it was formerly much higher, and there was a small castle of the O'Briens on top of it, and the mother of Mr. Joseph Cahill, of Cahirconlish, saw some of the stones of the castle on top of the moat. Dr. Joyce ("Irish Names, ii., p. 242, et seq.) gives a legend of Pallas Gream, but Grian of Pailis Greine was a sun goddess, and in the Latin "Tripartite Life of St. Patrick," Grian, the name of this district, is explained by sol, "the sun," and Cnoc Greine (Knockgream) means hill of the Sun, and Gleann Greine means sun glen, and Dr. Joyce is incorrect when he says that Knockgrean does not mean hill of the sun. On Knockgrean (the name of the range) there is a mound now called Suidhe Finn, or "Seat of Finn," and the hill of the mound is called Knockseefin (Cnoc Suidhe Finn), and on Knockgrean there is also a rock called Carraig an eithig, or "rock of the lie," said to have been cast thither by Finn, but the Carraig an eithig, beside Lough Gur, was cast by Donn Firinne Sun worship in Ireland is referred to in the Confession of St. Patrick, and the worship of the sun appears to have been the prevailing worship in Ireland when the early Christian missionaries reached the Irish shores. Colonel Wood Martin ("Traces of the Elder Faiths") considers that Ane was a moon goddess, and there is much to be said in favour of this view. Keating (Dr. Joyce's edition, p. 123), says that Brian, Iucharba, and Iuchar, "three gods of the Tuatha De Danann" (children of Dealbhaoth, p. 125, but in "Children of Tuirenn," sons of Tuirenn) were the sons of Danann, or Danu, and that it is from Danann the Tuatha De Danaan were named, and the Kerry Paps, Da Chich Dhanann, or Two Paps of Dananna or Danu. In O'Donovan's Supplement to O'Reilly, p. 572, we read: "Ana the mother of the Irish gods, said to have been one of the Tuatha De Dananns." "Ana i mater deorum Hiberniensium ro ba maith din ro biatadhsi na dee; de cujus nomine Da chich n-anainne iar Luachair nominantur ut fabulaverunt." "Cormas's Glossary." Here Cormac terms the Kerry Paps, Da Chich n-Anainne, while Keating names them Da Chich Dhanann, consequently Danu, the real nominative case of Danann and Ane, Ana, or Anu of Anainne, must be identical, so that Ane, mother of the Irish gods, and Danu, from whom were named the Tuatha De Danann ("Tribes of the goddess Danu"), are the same. Professor Rhys ("Hibbert Lectures," p. 89) says: "There remains the associate of Cernunnos on the Saintes monument, where she is represented sitting in the ordinary way near to the cross-legged god: she has a cornucopia, which implies that she was regarded there as a benignant goddess; but beyond that one knows nothing about her, not even whether she should be regarded as identical with the goddess standing on the other face of the stone. But with one or both of these goddesses may, perhaps, be compared a divinity that figures in the Irish and Welsh pedigrees of the gods. Her Irish name was Danu or Donu, genitive Danann or Donann, also written with nd for nn. The consonaltal declension was always liable to be replaced; so we have Donand and Danann used in the nominative, whence a new genitive, Danainne, was sometimes made. (See O'Donovan's note, "Four Masters," A.M. 3500, A.D. 1124.) She is treated as a goddess par excellence, in Irish dea, of which the genitive had various forms, such as de, dee, dea, and dae. So the Irish gods, who are reckoned her descendants, are promiscuously called Tuatha De Danaan, "the tribes of (the) Goddess Danu," Tuatha Dea or Dei, "the Tribes of (the) Goddess," and Fir Dea, "the Men of (the) Goddess."

In Welsh her name takes the form Don, and the gods descended from her are accord-

ingly called "the Children of Don." Professor Rhys says that Beli the Great, son of Mynogan, was regarded by the Welsh as Don's husband. Billingsgate, London, that is, gate of Billing, Bellin, Belin, Belli, Bel, or Bile was named from the Celtic sun god, or rather god of light, Belin or Bile or Bel ("Names and their Meaning," p. 217). Spenser ("The Faerie Queene," ii., x), says:—

Donwallo dyde (for what may live for any?)
And left two sonnes of pearless prowesse both,
That sacked Rome too dearely did assay,
The recompense of their perjured oth;
And ransackt Greece well tryde, when they were wroth,
Besides subjected France and Germany,
Which yet their praises speake, all be they loth,
And inly tremble at the memory
Of Brennus and Belinus, Kings of Britany.

In "Lights and Shadows," p. 251, we read: "In the justly celebrated Welsh Triads, Hu Gadarn, or 'the mighty' (Irish Hu Mor), is said to have mnemonically systematised the wisdom of those people whom he led west from the summer-land. The Kymry of Britain and the Kimbri of the Continent were all one people; and Belinus, the King after whom Billingsgate, Billingshurst, etc., are named, was brother of Brennus. . . . Their father was Dyfnwal-Moel-Meod (bald-mute Dyvnwal, one of the mythic legislators mentioned in Triads, and equivalent to Irish Domnall or Donnell; Spenser's Donwallo, or 'great deep' ('Hibbert Lectures,' p. 449), is said to have been the first King who wore a crown of god. He gave privileges to temples, cities, and ploughs, and to highways, that whosoever had need might retire thither and be safe. He is said to have founded what has since been called Bristol, which he called Caer Odor. . . ." The "Calendar of Ricart" tells us that "Bryn, or Brennus (Irish Bran), his son, builded Bristowe (probably Brinstown, that is, hill-town of Bran, and set it upon a little hill, and then Bryn repaired home over sea." Bryn's figure and that of his brother, Belinus, may be seen on the south side of St. John's Tower, Broad street, Bristol. Two miles from Bristol there is a place called Stanton Drew, or "stone town of the Druids, with three circles of stones half buried, having fallen down; near the church there is a cove, ten feet by eight, formed of three large stones, in which some of the Druids are supposed to have sat to administer justice, while others taught the young people, and others again offered up the daily sacrifice." Belinus is also stated to have built a city where London now stands, named Caer Troia (Spenser's "Troynovant," or "New Troy"). Compare the tales of the building of old Troy, Rome, and Emain Macha.

In "Smith's Smaller Classical Mythology," p. 84, we read: "The native Italian deities, who corresponded to Apollo and Artemis, were Janus (or Dianus), and Diana (or Jana), the god and goddess of light (from Dies). Di and J are equivalent to one another, and to the Greek Z. The Germans are mistaken in supposing that the Latin J was pronounced (like theirs) as Y. Etymologically, and probably originally, Janus is nearer to Zeus than to Apollo; and Diana is the equivalent of Dione, the ancient consort of Zeus." It appears that the old inhabitants of the district of Rome were a race akin to the Celts, for Corssen, the celebrated philologist, says that the name Rome (Srouma or Rouma) means stream or river city, and is derived from the Celtic sru, or ru, a river, or stream, the name having been applied to city from being built beside the river Tiber, which, I may add, is also a Celtic name, meaning water or river. In Irish there is word Ane or Aine, meaning brightness, and is probably from same root as Ane, or Danu, and consequently it is highly probable that Ane, Ana, Danu, or Don, the chief goddess of the Celtic pantheon, is identical with Juno, that is, Diana, Dione, Juna (and perhaps Dana, or Ana), the old Italian goddess, made wife of Zeus, the old god of light, of the Sanskrit speakers, Greeks and Romans, and whose correspondent in ancient Ireland was Dagda, or Decet, from same root as Zeus and Jupiter.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould has informed me that he has found traces in Brittany of the cult of Ane, who in "Cormac's Glossary," is termed, "Mater Deorum Hiberniensium," and Professor O'Beirne Crowe ("Religious Beliefs of the Pagan Irish," "Kilkenny Journal," third series, p. 319), gives a quotation from an old Irish document in Trinity College, Dublin, to the effect that the prosperity of Munster, greater than that of the other provinces, was due to the worship of Ane in Munster. I am putting together some notes on Clidna and Teite, in which I hope to be able to prove that Clidna and Teite figure at a very early period in Greek mythology.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

FIAL.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Sir—The Rev F R M Hitchcock in his article on "The O'Conors of Offaly," makes mention of some old names, which are of great importance, but in this letter I shall only deal with the name of the hill from which the parish of Croghan is named.

Lewis says that the hill of Croghan, clothed with verdure, is celebrated by Spenser in his Faerie Queene, and forms a very striking object in a very flat district, and he also says that the surface of the parish of Croghan is overspread with bogs. In the Franciscan Liber Hymnorum, quoted by Dr Stokes in "Lives from Book of Lismore," the hill of Croghan is named Cruachan Bri Ele in Ui Failge, or Offaly, and the bog north of the hill is named Moin Faichnig, or "bog of Faichnech." In Calendar of Oengus, p. lxxvi, it is stated that the church of the great Bishop Mac Caille, who set the veil on Brigit's head, is in Cruachan Brig Eli in Ui Failge. Mr Hitchcock has told us that Ros Failge means Ros of the Rings but in our Irish tales we often meet with double names, such as Ailell Aine, and in some tales Failge, from whom were the Ui Failge, is regarded as a personal name and not an appellative of Ros, and in this case Failge must be explained in the same way as we explain Aine in the name Ailell Aine. Failge, at any rate, whether it means rings, or light, or district of light, is an extension of Fal, which means ring or light and it is possible that the two meanings may be combined, and we may then explain the symbolism of the ring in the Irish tales as having reference to light regarded as a ring encircling the earth, while the Lia Fail, or Stone of Light (in one tale called "heart of Fal"), must have been a round stone as symbol of light, and this alone disposes of the claim of the Westminster stone to be regarded as the Lia Fail. Dr Joyce explains Cruachan Brig Eli, and to the cognates of Bri, or Brig, which he has given, may be added the German berg, Armenian berj, and Zend barezant. Dr Joyce does not, however, throw any light on the name Eile, or Ele, but the following passage from Silva Gadelica, p. 512, explains the form of the name. "Fial, daughter of Eochaid Feidlech; a qua Cruachan Bri Eile (Fheile) in Leinster, was wife of Dathi Mac Fiachra." We thus see that eile is really Fheile, the genitive case of Fial. In Edinburgh Dinnshenchas, p. 62, it is stated that Fir and Fial, a boy and girl, were the twins (Emain) of Macha, wife of Crunn, from whom Armagh (1) was named. Emain means twins, and it was from the twins, and not from the Eomuin Macha, or brooch at the neck of Macha that the old royal city of Emain was named. Cloann, wife of Eochaid Feidhlech is also stated to have had at one birth a daughter, named Clothra, and three sons, named Nar, Bres, and Lothur. Bres, Nar and Lothur are in the Irish tales named Na tri Finneamna, or "the three white twins," and in Mac Liag's poem (Trans. Os. Soc., vol. v.), are connected with Tlachtga. The tale of the birth of Lughaidh of the red stripes, son of the Three White Twins, is a mythological tale like that of Lughaidh mac na d tri Con. In Dr Joyce's "Irish Names," vol. 1, p. 166, there is given a tale of Fial, the wife of Lughaidh, son of Ith, from whom was named the river Feale or Fial, in Kerry. Dr Joyce (Irish Names, vol. 1, p. 136), tells us that Eile, the seventh in descent from Cian, was the ancestor of the tribes called Eile or Ely, who gave names to several districts in Muma, or Munster, such as Ely O'Carroll, Ely O'Fogarty, now Eliogarthy. In the Genealogy of Corca Laidhe, the tribes named Eile or Ely are said to have been so-called from Eile, the daughter of Eochaidh Mac Luchta, from whose one red eye, Dr Joyce tells us, Loch Dergdherc, or "lake of the red eye," now Lough Derg, was named. Eile, daughter of Eochaidh Mac Luchta, has also no doubt to be referred to the name Fial, for Eile is really Fheile, the genitive case of Fial utilised as nominative. I have referred to the custom of the old Irish of forming the nominative case from the genitive, and in preferring this genitive form to the nominative case. In Silva Gadelica, p. 544, it is stated that Muma and Eithne, sometimes written Ethlend, were the daughters of Onga, wife of Eochaidh Feidhlech, and sister of Cloann. From Muma, a very important name, the province of Muma, now Munster, was named. The writer who composed the tale of Fial, wife of Lughaid, supposed that the name meant modest.—Yours faithfully,

J. F. LYNCH.

(1) In the Dinnshenchas of Ard Macha, or Armagh, the place is said to have been named from each of the Machas, who were an old Irish triad, and Dr Joyce's explanation of Armagh cannot be accepted. The Irish Emain is cognate with Sanskrit Yama, Zend Yima, or "Twin," a combination of male and female principle.

"UNIQUE" BOOKS UNKNOWN TO THE BIBLIOGRAPHERS.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

(2) [Kelsall, Charles]. A Letter from Athens, Addressed to a Friend in England. (A Poem of 38 pp.—notes 58 pp). Brds, large quarto, L. P., printed by T Bensley, 1812, on thick vell. paper, margin 2½in.

"Some shaft 'gainst which Antigonus reclined,
To cull the fruit of Neno's steadfast mind."

That the most interesting book written by Charles Kelsall should be published anonymously, and should have escaped the scrutiny of the Bibliographers, at a time when Athens was a resort for English and Continental literary men and travellers, appears, at first sight, incomprehensible, especially as it contained two beautiful plates by Anker Smith, A R A, after H Howard, R A, and an exquisite engraving by C Wilkin, of the then famous "Ravenna Medal" (Portrait of Demosthenes). This book bears externally the rare engraved label of the "Ipswich Book-Club" (1812), and the Ex-Libris of Mr Thos Green, of Ipswich, and was, though bearing no inscription, presented by the author to the Club.

JAS. HAYES, Bookseller,
Ennis.

MID OCEAN WIRELESS TELEGRAPH STATION.

A scheme is on foot for utilising wireless telegraphy in a mid-ocean post office and signal station. It is the intention to permanently moor, at a point 110 miles west of the Lizard, a ship which will be equipped with a search-light and a complete set of Marconi apparatus. As the water at the point selected will involve the use of a mooring chain 400 or 500 feet in length, the weight of which would prevent the bows from riding buoyantly over the heavy seas, the vessel will be provided with a hawse-pipe placed in the keel of the foremast. The search-light is to have a vertical beam for the purpose of illuminating the clouds and enabling the floating post office to be picked up at night from a distance of 60 miles or more. As the vessel will be located in the fair way of the English Channel, it will be advantageously placed for the distribution of orders sent from shore by the owners of vessels which are passing in or out of the Channel. Thus a ship coming in from the west or from the south could be directed as soon as it picked up the station, to proceed either to Liverpool, Bristol, or an English Channel port. By this means pilotage and port dues would be reduced, and, of course, there would be a considerable saving of time. The vessel will serve as a floating station, which can be approached in any state of the weather, and picked up for wireless communication. The value of this form of post office is expected to be very great. Moreover, lying at the junction of the three great thoroughfares of British and Continental marine traffic, the station should prove particularly valuable in salvage work.

THE ELECTRICAL MANUFACTURE OF PEAT FUEL.



THE PLANT AT STANGFJORDEN, SHOWING THE PIPE-LINE.

IRELAND'S BOGS.

HOW THEY MIGHT BE UTILISED.

A NORWEGIAN EXAMPLE.

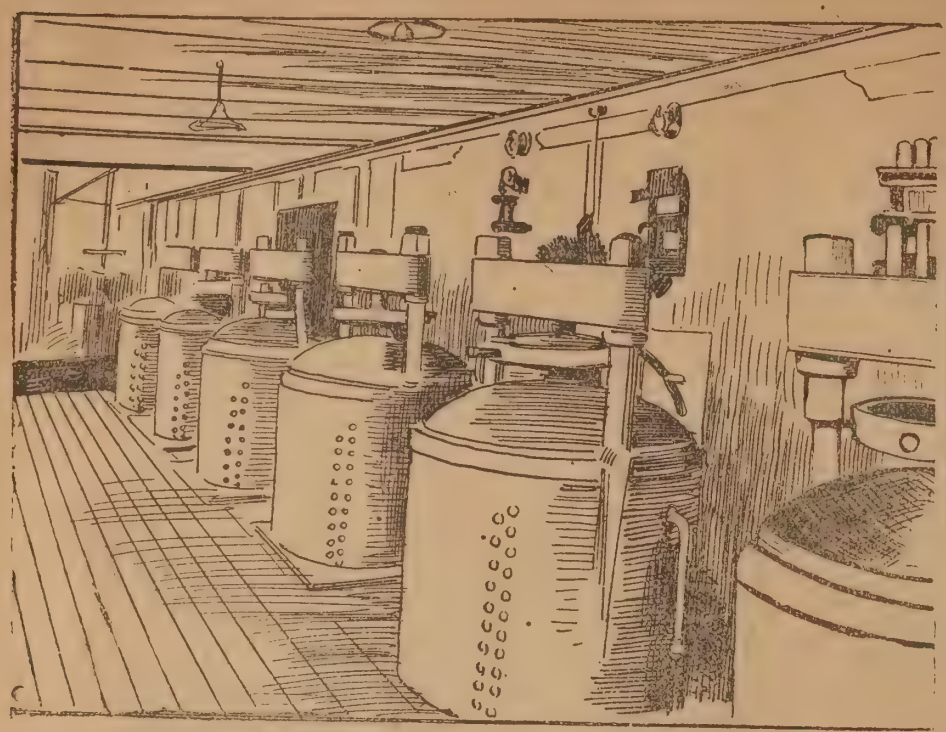
The coal strike has brought us face to face with one of the most difficult economic problems of recent years (says a writer in the "Scientific American"). Compelled to pay about 25 dollars per ton for anthracite and outrageously exorbitant prices for soft coal, the fact has been forced home that we have relied too much upon one kind of fuel. Texas is just now producing unlimited quantities of oil, but there is no way of shipping it cheaply at present to the Eastern States. Artificial fuel cannot be produced in sufficient quantities to meet the sudden large demand. We must perforce grudgingly burn either dearly bought hard coal or install smoke-consumers and burn soft coal. Coal and oil are not the only fuels in the world. The bog lands of Europe and North America contain a wealth of good peat, practically untouched. The great moors of Austro-Hungary, France, Germany, Great Britain, and Ireland could easily be made to supply a larger contingent of fuel than they do at present.

It is quite natural that technical experts make ever-increasing efforts to bring about the utilisation of such immense natural supplies. The manufacture of peat-moss litter and of turf-dust has already been developed to a very remarkable extent, and the use of suitable kinds of peat for making textiles and hygienic articles, as well as the production of peat-molasses feed, etc., promises an increasing importance of the peat industry. However, the significance of all these efforts and of the successes which have been attained is placed far in the background, if compared with the importance of the peat after it has been worked into peat-fuel, and, above all, after it has been transferred into peat charcoal.

It is generally known that pressed peat has been in use for many years as a fuel. It is true that the heating efficiency thus obtained has been small, since the crude peat itself contains but from 30 to 50 per cent. of carbonaceous matter, and about 160 kilogrammes of machine-made peat have to be used for producing the heating effect of 100 kilogrammes of coal, while the space required for storing 160 kilogrammes of peat is three and one-half times larger than that occupied by 100 kilogrammes of coal. However, by transforming the raw material into peat-charcoal a heating efficiency is obtained equal to that of coal, and nobody can foretell as yet the various purposes, especially the technical purposes, for which the fuel thus produced may be utilised.

It must be admitted that not all kinds of peat are equally well adapted for the manufacture of a valuable peat-charcoal capable of proving a successful competitor. The latter possibility depends entirely, on the one hand, upon the situation of the moor intended for the manufacture of peat-charcoal, and on the other, upon the physical and chemical qualities of the bog-peat which has to be carbonised. If a peat-bog is remote from means of transportation by rail or water, the expenses of bringing the peat from the moor and of shipping the coal will render the price of the peat-charcoal higher than that of the article obtained from peat-bogs which are more advantageously situated. A peat-bog, the situation of which allows the peat to be freed by water by a more thorough, as well as natural, and consequently inexpensive method, will offer better prospects of profit than peat-bogs having no outlet for the water; the latter yield very moist peat, so that more expensive drying plants have to be erected if the protracted air-drying process which would hinder the development of the works to a very considerable extent were not employed. It will readily be understood that the question as to the physical and chemical quality of the peat, which has to be used, is of the same importance.

Notwithstanding all the favourable chances for utilising and selling peat-charcoal, and in spite of the fact that the high price of bituminous coal, and, above all, of charcoal, increases from year to year, the rational utilisation of the peat-bogs is as yet in an embryonic condition. This remarkable state of affairs is explained by the fact that the methods for carbonising peat, which have been hitherto in use, were far too expensive. All kinds of drying apparatus and a lage variety of oven constructors have been used without, however, increasing considerably and permanently the output of the plant. This increase is the more indispensable for rendering the peat carbonising works profitable, as the period during which they may be operated, without interruption, can be estimated at from 200 to 240 days per year at the most. A new process for carbonising peat yields better results. It is the invention of P. Jebsen, of Dale, Norway. The process has been in actual operation for three years in the peat-charcoal works of the inventor at Stangfjorden, Norway, with entirely satisfactory results. According to the invention, the partially dried peat-briquettes are carbonised in hermetically closed retorts by electric heat, it being possible to heat several retorts at the same time with one dynamo machine,



THE RETORT-ROOM IN THE STANGFJORDEN PLANT

The dynamos are driven by water power with the aid of turbines. This process allows the peat-blocks to be carbonised with a proportionately much shorter time and with much more uniformity, while the peat-charcoal produced consists of a dense, very compact black mass showing the structure of peat. The specific gravity of the carbonised fuel in the broken condition is about 0.3, and the theoretical calorific value about 7,000 to 7,500 thermal units. The peat-charcoal produced according to the Jebsen process burns well. It ignites readily throughout, spreads rapidly an intense heat, and yields but little soot. The ash is similar to that of bituminous coal; it does not affect, to any considerable extent, the fuel which is not yet consumed, neither will it cover the fire and prevent it from burning, like the ash of ordinary coal and of lignite. The analysis of Jebsen's peat-charcoal, made by the Royal Norweigan High School in Christiania, gave the following mean composition:—

	Per cent.
Carbon	76.91
Hydrogen	4.64
Oxygen	8.15
Nitrogen	1.78
Sulphur	0.70
Ash	3.00
Moisture	4.82
	100.00

The power required for carrying out the Jebsen treatment at Stangfjorden is derived from five 80-kilowatt dynamos direct coupled to five turbines of equivalent—128 horse power. The power generating installation was provided by Schuckert and Co., of Nuremberg. The wet peat is brought to the factory direct from the bog by water, in lighters of about 100 tons capacity. The boats are discharged by aid of mechanical power, and the peat is submitted to the first drying and pressing operation. This is carried out in a 5 horse power press, which can turn out 2,500 pressed blocks of peat, each measuring 60 by 8 sentimetres, per hour. The average weight of dried peat in each of these blocks is 2 kilos.

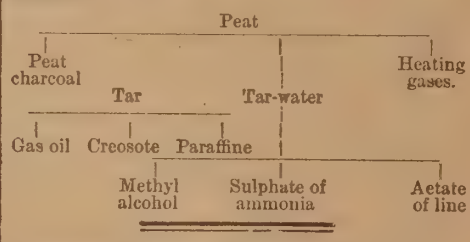
The briquettes of pressed and partially dried peat are next loaded into trolley shelf waggons specially designed for tunnel drying by an American company. Each waggon carries, when fully loaded, 140 of the wet briquettes arranged on ten shelves. The trolley waggons are pushed, when loaded, into the cooler end of the drying tunnel. The air draught which passes through the tunnel is set in motion by fans electrically operated, and is heated by the waste gasses from the retorts. The air has a temperature of 90 to 100 deg. C. at the top end of the tunnel where the waggons emerge, and one of 40 to 50 deg. C. at the lower end where they enter. As the waggons pass up the tunnel, the peat is, therefore, submitted to a gradually increasing temperature. The drying plant at Stangfjorden comprise one hot air stove, three electric fans, two tunnels, and 102 shelf waggons; 1,000 of air-dried peat blocks can be produced per day. The waggons with their charges of dried peat are next taken on tram rails direct into the retort house, and are emptied directly into the retorts.

The retorts are upright cylindrical vessels of iron, about 2 metres in height and 1 metre in diameter. Each retort has a removable cover, and a discharging hole below, and is in addition provided with gas exit pipes and a pressure gauge. The retorts are provided with spiral resistance coils of special construction, and the blocks of peat are built up in actual contact with these, until the retort is entirely filled with a pigeon-holed mass of peat, in the centre of which the heating agent lies. The top cover of the retort is now clamped down, and the electric current connections are made. Losses by radiation are minimised by lining the retorts with asbestos. The peat yields three products when submitted to this electrical heating in closed retorts. The gaseous products pass away by openings in the retort cover, and after scrubbing are employed for heating the air used in the drying tunnels. The tarry liquid condensed in the gas pipes and in the scrubbers contains tar oils, ammonia, and other compounds, and if the plant and technical skill are available, may be worked up for these products on the spot.

The peat fuel remaining in the retort after the carbonising operation is completed is allowed to cool down to 130 deg. C. before opening the retort, and is then discharged direct into waggons running beneath the retorts. The peat-fuel produced at the Stangfjorden factory is shipped direct to Bergen, where it is said to meet with a ready sale. The average yield of 100 kilos of the air-dried peat at Stangfjorden is as follows:—

	Per cent
Peat-fuel	33
Peat-tar	4
Tar water	40
Gaseous products	23

The diagram below shows the products which are obtained from the peat by dry distillation:—



PHOTOGRAPHY OF SOUND WAVES.

Mr. H. S. Allen, of the Blythswood Observatory (Scotland), has been carrying out some interesting experiments in connection with the photography of sound waves and other disturbances of the air. The method of striae devised by Toepler more than thirty years ago makes it possible, by suitable optical arrangements, to render visible disturbances in which the refractive index differs but little from that of air. In working this method for photographic purposes the source of light and its image must be of finite width, and the adjustments made so that a certain fraction of the width of the image falls on the screen, while the light from the remaining portion passes through the lens and gives rise to a uniform field. In these circumstances the upper part of the region of greater density appears against a light field, and the sensitiveness of the method depends on the relative proportion of the light stopped by the screen, and the light that enters the lens. One of the most striking applications of the method is the photography of sound waves—waves of compression set up by sudden electric discharges. The compression in one of these waves is considerable compared with that due to an ordinary musical sound. Attempts made to photograph the train of waves due to a musical note were successful, as were also efforts to secure a record of the notes from a shrill whistle, and a siren blown by a pair of foot bellows; but a number of photographs were obtained of the wave font of a train of waves from the oscillatory discharge of a condenser through a circuit possessing self-induction. In the latter case only the first wave front was secured; but although the attempt to photograph a train of waves was also in this case a failure, the result was not without interest, as it brought out very clearly the difference in character between the first discharge and the surgings that follow it when the spark is an oscillatory one. Several photographs were taken to show the formation of a vortex ring of heated air, from which it is seen that the air appears first of all to issue from the orifice in the form of a column, but the tail is gradually left behind, while the whirlpool motion of the head is accentuated. The appearance of some of these photographs showing vortex motion, as well as those of atmospheric disturbances caused by the burning of a spirit lamp and of a gas jet, resemble the published photographs of the nebulae of the heavens.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.

CLOGHER.

CLOGHER, an incorporated market and post-town, a parish, and the head of a diocese (formerly a Parliamentary borough), in the Barony of Clogher, county of Tyrone, and province of Ulster, 7 miles (W.) from Aughnacloy, and 82½ (N.W. by N.) from Dublin; containing, with the towns of Augher and Five-mile-town, and the village of Newtown-Saville (all separately described), 17,936 inhabitants, of which number 523 are in the town. This place is said to have derived its name from a stone covered with gold, which in pagan times is reported to have made oracular responses. The "Clogh-or," or "golden stone," was preserved long after the abolition of paganism; for M'Guire, Canon of Armagh, who wrote a commentary on the registry of Clogher, in 1490, says "that this sacred stone is preserved at Clogher, on the right of the entrance into the church, and that traces of the gold with which it had been formerly covered by the worshippers of the idol called Cermaed Celsetacht are still visible." There is still a very ancient stone lying on the south side of the Cathedral tower, which many believe to be the real Clogh-or. It appears to have some very ancient characters engraved on it, but is evidently nothing more than the shaft of an antique cross of rude workmanship, of which there are several in the ancient cemetery. Clogher is called by Ptolemy "Rhigia" or "Regia"; and according to some authors St. Patrick founded and presided over a monastery here, which he resigned to St. Kefteun when he went to Armagh, to establish his famous abbey there; but according to others, it was built at the command of St. Patrick in the street before the royal palace of Ergal, by St. Macartin, who died in 50 , and from its vicinity to this place both the abbey and the town appear anciently to have been called Uriel or Ergal. In 841, the abbot Moran Mac Inrachty was slain by the Danes. In 1041 the church was rebuilt and dedicated to St. Macartin. In 1126 the Archdeacon Muireadhach O'Cullen was killed by the people of Fermanagh. Moelisa O'Carrol, Bishop of Clogher, in 1183, on his translation of the Archbishoprick of Armagh, presented to this abbey a priest's vestments and a mitre, and promised a pastoral staff; he also consecrated the abbey church. Bishop Michael Mac Anstair, in 1279, exchanged with the abbot the episcopal residence that had been built near the abbey by Bishop Donat O'Fidabra, between 1218 and 1227, for a piece of land outside the town, called Disert-na-cusiac, on which he erected another episcopal palace. His immediate successor, Matthew Mac Catasaid, erected a chapel over the sepulchre of St Macartin. In 1361 the plague miserably afflicted Ireland, particularly the city of Clogher, and caused the death of the Bishop. In April, 1395, while Bishop Arthur Macamaeil was employed in rebuilding the chapel of St. Macartin, the abbey, cathedral, two chapels, the episcopal residence, and 32 other houses, were destroyed by fire; but the Bishop applied himself with unwearied diligence to the rebuilding of his cathedral and palace. In 1504 another plague ravaged Clogher, and caused the death of the Bishop. Jas. I., in 1610, annexed the abbey and its revenues to the see of Clogher, by which it was made one of the richest in the kingdom. Between 1690 and 1697, Bishop Tennison repaired and beautified the episcopal palace; and his successor, Bishop St. George Ash, expended £900 in repairing and improving the palace and lands, two-thirds of which was repaid by his successor. Bishop Sterne, in 1720, laid out £3,000 in building and other improvements of the episcopal residence, £2,000 of which was charged on the revenues of the see.

The town is situated on the river Blackwater, the source of which is in the parish, and consists of one row of 90 houses, the northern side only being built upon. Some of the houses are large, handsome, and well built with hewn stone, and slated. The episcopal palace is a large and handsome edifice close to the cathedral, on the south side of the town, and consists of a centre with two wings: the entrance is in the north front by an enclosed portico, supported by lofty fluted columns . It is built throughout of hewn freestone, and standing on elevated ground commands extensive views over a richly planted undulating country. Its erection was commenced by Lord John George Beresford, Primate of Armagh, while Bishop of Clogher, and completed by Lord Robert Tottenham, the present Bishop, in 1823. Attached to the palace is a large and well-planted demesne of 566 acres, encircled by a stone wall; and within it are the remains of the royal dwelling-place of the princes of Ergallia, a lofty earthwork or fortress, protected on the west and south by a deep fosse; beyond this, to the south,, is a camp surrounded by a single fosse, and still further southward is a tumulus or cairn, encircled by a raised earthwork. The market is on Saturday; the market-house was built by Bishop Garnett. Fairs for live stock are held on the third Saturday in every month. The market was granted to the Bishop by letters patent dated April 20th, 1629; he was also authorised to appoint two friars and receive the profits of the market and fairs. The old fairs, which are supposed to have been granted by the charter, are held on May 6th and July 26th.

At the solicitation of Bishop Spottiswood, Chas. I., in 1629, directed that, "for the better civilising and strengthening of these remote parts with English and British tenants, and for the better propagation of the true religion, the Lord Lieutenant should by letters patent make the town of Clogher a corporation." This was to consist of a portreeve and 12 burgesses, to be at first nominated by the Bishop; the portreeve was afterwards to be elected on Michaelmas Day, by and from among the burgesses. No freemen were created, and the Bishops appear to have connected a burgess-ship with each of the stalls in the Cathedral. Prior to March 29th, 1800, the Bishops had nominated the Members of Parliament for the borough without opposition, and the seneschal of their manor had been the returning officer; but at that time the Irish House of Commons resolved that the limits of the borough were co-extensive with the manor, and as the freeholders of the manor had tendered their votes in favour of two candidates, they were declared by the Irish Parliament to be duly elected, and the Bishop's nominees were unseated. At the union, the £15,000 granted as compensation for abolishing the elective franchise was claimed by the Bishop, the Dean and Chapter, and Prebendaries of the Cathedral, and the Rev. Hugh Nevan, seneschal of the manor; but their claim was disallowed and the money paid to the Board of First Fruits.

(To be Continued.)

THE HARVEST MOON.

White as an ivory shield in a rosy sky,
The harvest moon
Passes with noiseless footsteps, and is gone by.

An owl, upon mousing bent, with a doleful cry
Hovers and is forgot, as at height of noon
The night is forgot when we see Fear eye to eye.

A stoat slinks round where the rustling reeds stand high,
The wind in the reeds awakens a lonely tune,
And into our dreams the eyes of the cold stars pry.

The face of the world is changed as when Death draws nigh
The faces of men are changed; there stands in the sky
The harvest moon.

—Nora Chesson.

STORIES OF FLOWERS.

God not only gave to men the necessaries of life, but he lavished all that would please the eye and delight the taste, and we find flowers over all the earth—in the valleys, and high up on the mountains. Speaking of the beauty of the lilies, our Lord said that Solomon in his glory was not clothed like one of them; and men in all ages, appreciating this great gift of God, have mingled the flowers with their joys and their sorrows.

There is a great variety of wild flowers, but not till our day have the garden flowers been so cultivated and so multiplied. It is said that the Japanese are the oldest gardeners; they have two feasts of flowers during the year. In the spring everyone is seen carrying branches of double cherry blossoms, which bear no fruit; and in the fall is the feast of chrysanthemums. The Japanese women are taught by a regular professor how to arrange flowers, and their rooms are hung each month with hangings to match the flowers then in bloom.

The ancients did not know many flowers. In the middle ages the learned Albert the Great, after speaking of medicinal and aromatic plants, mentions only the rose, the lily, the violet, and the ancholia. Later we find the gillyflower, and, in the fifteenth century, the pink made its appearance. The rose seems to have been always a favourite. Charlemagne ordered it to be cultivated on his farms. By an old law a wreath of roses was the only dower a young girl could claim from her parents.

Upon the discovery of America a great number of flowers were imported into Europe. The tulip for a time played an important part. The first one made its appearance in Germany in 1559, but it was in Holland that there was a real craze for it. Exorbitant prices were paid for vari-coloured ones, and one man even gave a castle in exchange for certain valuable bulbs.

THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK.

Containing a Natural, Civil, Ecclesiastical, Historical, and Topographical Description thereof.

By CHARLES SMITH, M.D.

Æquum est enim meminisse & me, qui discerem hominem esse, et vos, qui Judicetis ut fi probabilia dicentur, nihil ultra requiratis.
Cicero Univers.

In Two Volumes.
VOL I.
The Second Edition, with Additions.

BOOK II.

Containing the Topographical Description of this County, including the City of Cork.

CHAP. I.

A Topographical Description of the Towns, Villages, Churches, Seats, &c., in the Baronies of Imokilly and Kilnatalloon, with the Town of Youghal.

In describing this county, I shall begin with the eastern extremity, the barony of Imokilly (1), a pleasant, fertile tract, neither encumbered with mountains, nor entirely a level, but for the greatest part consisting of two fair valleys, one extending from Cork harbour to the sea, the other running parallel to it, being a pleasant vale, extending from Middletown to Youghal. These valleys are divided by rising grounds, no less fruitful than the plains below them, affording in many places several pleasing landscapes of the seats, improvements, and plantations in the lower grounds, and several vistas between the hills, terminated by the ocean, the harbours of Cork and Youghal, and the high mountains of Tipperary and Waterford. The valleys abound with limestone, useful to the husbandman for manure, and to the architect for building; not only making excellent lime, but it is, in several places, of so close a texture, and stained with such an agreeable mixture of colours, as grey, dove-colour, white, chocolate, &c., that, when properly manufactured, few marbles are more beautiful.. This barony is terminated on the W. by Cork harbour, on the S. by the sea, having its whole length embellished with creeks, bays, and fine strands; the eastern side is washed by the Blackwater and Youghal Bay; and a range of hills divide it, on the north, from the baronies of Kilnatalloon and Barrymore. Thus, having a proper soil for tillage, and such an easy convenience of manures and water-carriage, it is properly the granary of the city of Cork; for, besides supplying its inhabitants with corn, it furnishes them with fish and flesh, and, in particular, with as fine fatted veals as any in this kingdom.

I have already taken notice of its being anciently inhabited by a people, called, by Ptolmey, the Vodii, which signifies persons inhabiting a woody territory, and is also the literal meaning of the Irish word Imokilly. The town of Youghal, formerly Ochill, had also the same derivation. From whence one may more than conjecture, that this tract, even down to the very sea, was anciently a forest.

Whoever the first persons were that visited this coast, either the Phœnicians or ancient Britons, they seem to have named it from the appearance it made as they sailed by it; which was not very unlike the picture drawn by Virgil, in the 7th Æn. If we may resemble the Tiber to our Blackwater river:

Atque hic Æneas ingentem ex æquore lucum
Prospicit: hunc inter fluvio Tiberinus amæno
Vorticibus rapidis, and multa flavus arena
In mare prorumpit: variæ circumque supraque
Assuetæ ripis volueres, et fluminis alveo,
Æthera mulcebant cantu locoque volabant.
Flectere iter sociis, terræque advertere proras
Imperat; and lætus fluvio succedit opaco.

The Trojan from the main beheld a wood,
Which thick with shades and a brown horror, stood:
Betwixt the trees, the Tiber took his course,
With whirlpools dimpled; and with downward force
That drove the sand along, he took his way
And roll'd his yellow billows to the sea.
About him and above, and round the wood
The birds that haunt the borders of his flood;
That bath'd within or bask'd upon his side,
To tuneful songs their narrow throats apply'd.
The captain gives command, the joyful train
Glide through the gloomy shade, and leave the main.

—Dryden.

The large extended strand of Youghal, as far as the lowest ebbs uncover it, and probably much farther, is no other than a common turf bog, covered over with sand and pebbles; from whence not only good turf is dug every season, but also great quantities of timber trees, as fir, hazel, &c., are found (2). Some years ago, a skeleton of a monstrous animal was discovered on this strand; I saw one of the shoulder-bones in Youghal; it is 3½ feet long, and weighs above 100 weight. The remainder of the skeleton, and (as I am informed) another of the same kind, lie still buried in the strand; but I could hear of nobody that knew the very spot they were buried in. When they were first discovered, it happened to be a very low ebb; but the sea soon flowing over the place, covered it up with sand and gravel, so that it could not be again readily found. These bones lay in a turfy soil, not far from the surface. They undoubtedly belonged to some fish of the cetacious kind, which seems the more probable from their being thick, short, and ponderous; and not to an elephant or land animal, as was conjectured by those who discovered them. About eighteen years ago, this strand was entirely divested of all its sand and gravel, and, being left quite bare by violent high winds, great quantities of roots of various trees then lay exposed to view. The sea has greatly encroached on this part of the coast, and is likely to gain more ground, as the land within the strand lies low and flat. At the entrance of the harbour of Youghal may be seen the remains of the foundation of a mill standing on a rock, which shows that the ocean has greatly exceeded its limits on this shore. A considerable tract of ground was lately banked in, by a vast buttress, built of very large stones, at the charge of the Earl of Burlington, whose estate it is; but the sea being very tempestuous hereabouts, especially with S.W. winds in winter time, no mound that art can form seems to be capable of resisting its fury. Near Ring-Point, several large horns were dug up in this strand(which belonged to the moose deer) by Mr. Hayman, near Youghal. This strand, to the land, is terminated by a large, extended bog, which was continued, before it was encroached upon by the ocean, a great way beyond the lowest ebb.

Clay Castle, on this strand, is a very bold, sudden rising ground, or rather a small promontory, composed of a loose, sandy clay, which has also been encroached upon by the sea very considerably within these few years. This hill stands about a mile S.W. from the town of Youghal, and affords a very entertaining scene to the curious naturalist; for the pieces of the bank, which break off and are washed down by the sea, are, by degrees, petrified into a very hard, firm grit, as solid as any stone. This grit, which is a species of freestone, is composed of a mixture of fine sand, and a yellow loam or clay, tempered by the sea water, which beats against the hill. I have taken up several pieces, half clay, half stone, and the sand adhering thereto. The hill seems perfectly dry, nor is there any spring in which this petrifying quality can reside; but whatever it be, it seems to exist entirely in the clay (3).

(1) It contains 24 parishes viz. Killeigh, Clonpriest, Kilmacdonough, Ardagh, part of Dungourny, Dungardonovan, Garrivoe, Boghlane, Kilcredan, Ichtermurragh, Ballyouterough, Mogeely, Ballynacorra, Inchenbaky, Inchy, Corkbeg, Aghada Garrane, Cloyne, Ballintemple, Kilmaghin, Titeskin, Rostillian, and Chore-abbey. In it are 200 plowlands, and 49,479 Irish plantation acres.

(2) Mr Charles Merret in the philos. trans. N. 223. p. 343, says that in Lincolnshire, they dig great roots of trees out of the sands at low water, near a mile from the shore, which he takes to belong to fir; the bark smelling aromatic like that wood.

(3) The same kind of petrification has been observed at Harwich, in England, where the washing of the cliffs discovers a bluish clay which tumbling down, in a short time turns into stone: there some pieces may be seen that are new fallen, as soft as the clay in the cliff; others, that have lain longer, crusted over and hard, but if opened and broke, the clay still soft in the middle; others, that have lain there longer petrified to the heart, and with those the walls of the town were, for the most part, built, and the streets

Wood and several other things dawbed over with this clay are also petrified on the spot. An ingenious gentleman sent me an account that he had a formed stone resembling a petrified mushroom, which was found on this strand. At the extreme point of Ring, which terminates this shore to the S.W. is a most extensive point of view from which may be seen a great part of Youghal bay, and the coast as far as to Ardmore-head, in the county of Waterford; as also Ballycotton bay and island. The rocks which terminates this barony towards the sea are partly limestone; and others are of a slaty kind, some of which prove very good slates.

Youghal is the most considerable town in this bareny; it is called by foreigners, Jokile and Youkelain; in Latin, Ochella. The liberties of this town contained 5,120 Irish plantation acres. They are now taxed in common with the barony of Imokilly. It was incorporated (4) by King Edward the 1Vth, in the second year of his reign, by the interest of Thomas, the great Earl of Desmond, who, the following year, 1463, was made Lord Deputy of Ireland. This family had, formerly, a great interest in this town; for they not only erected the collegiate house, but also founded two religious houses adjoining to it. King Richard III., in the second year of his reign, granted several privileges to this corporation, as did also King Henry VII., Queen Elizabeth, and King James, for the reparation of their walls and other public places.

The religious houses founded in this town were two, one at the north and the other at the south end of the town. That on the N. was founded, an. 1628, by Thomas Fitz-Maurice Fitz-Gerald, for friars preachers, who, according to friar Clin (in his annals), seated themselves here on the 5th of the cal. of August, 1271. This house, upon the dissolution, was granted first to William Welsh, afterwards to John Thickpenny, for a term of years, and then to Sir Walter Raleigh (5), in fee farm, who sold it to the Earl of Cork.

The fourth abbey was founded by Maurice Fitz-Gerald, in the year 1231; or, according to Hollingshead, in 1229; and was, in 1460, reformed to observant friars, being before that time conventuals of the Franciscan Order. The occasion of its establishment is said to be thus. This Maurice was building a castle in the town, and while they were at work about the foundation, the workmen, on the eve of some festival, came and begged a piece of money from him to drink his health. The Earl ordered his eldest son to give it; but he, instead of obeying his father's directions, abused the workmen, which his father was so concerned at that, instead of carrying on the castle, he erected a house of grey friars, took upon himself the habit, and died here in the 80th year of his age, ann. 1256 (6). This house, according to Ware, was the first Franciscan friary in Ireland. Wadding says that several religious men were interred here (7).

The church was rebuilt and beautified by Thomas, Earl of Desmond, soon after the erection of the college. It is a large Gothic structure, the nave being about 45 yards long and 22 broad, adorned on each side with six Gothic arches. The chancel has been for some years uncovered, the east window of which is very fine, being in the ancient Gothic taste. On the N. side of the church stands a square tower, about 50 feet high. On the N. side of the chancel window is a very old tomb, without date; there are two ruined chapels on each side of this chancel, and another W. of the church.

On an ancient monument, in the N. chapel, is this inscription:

D. O. M.
Domino Petro Miagh.
Civi Consuli Prætori Yocholensi Justitiæ
Cultori pietatis amatori publicæ utilitatis zelatori.
Marito suo unice dilecto uxor Philisia Nagle
Mæsta posuit sumptibus viri Petra tegit Petri cineres.
Animam Petra Christi, sic tibi divisit utraque Petra Petrum.
Vixit An. XLIII. vita functus VIII. Cal. August. MDCXXXIII.

(To be Continued.)

generally paved. Taylor's hist. and antiq. of Harwich, enlarged by Dale, p. 101, 102.

Allen in his nat. hist. of chalybeat and purging waters, p. 106 refers the production of those stones to a vitrolic juice in conjunction with the loam, because the common copperas stones are plentifully found on Harwich coast. Where the cliff was gravelly, these stones lay very thick, as well as where it was loamy.

Taylor adds, p. 104, "That the water which distills from under the cliff, petrifies wood as well as clay; and says, a large piece, sent from thence, is reserved in the repository of the royal society."

Upon the river Done, near Aberdeen, in Scotland, doctor George Gordon informs us that a little below the bridge near the river's mouth, there is a bank, the face of which is broken down, and it is full of stones, which one would think were in fieri; they are all rather round and oval, of different sizes, the faces of most of them are broken off, they are soft and will easily rub down with the hand, they are of different grits and colours and are made of different sands and clays, mingled together. The clay is soft, both to the hand and taste, in some places white and in others gray though in some places the sand and clay are hardened to the consistence and colour of such oval stones as we usually see in the fields; but where they are at the softest, the bed that each stone lies in is always hard and of another grit and colour. Philos. Transact. (N. 176, page 157.

The above petrification of Clay Castle, in many respects agrees with that of Harwich cliff, except that there are nether copperas stones found on the strand, nor are there any springs issuing out of the cliff so that the cause of those petrifications seems as yet to be quite in the dark.

(4) This town was then incorporated, and governed by a provost and burgesses, who had a grant of the custom, called cocquet, for the reparation of their walls, etc. An account of which custom was to be yearly rendered to the two burgesses and not to the king's exchequer. The town was to be one of the petty limbs of the cinque ports of Ireland and to enjoy all the liberties of any one of the king's cinque ports of Ireland. From the exemplification.

(5) By patent, dated Dublin, 3d Feb. ann. Eliz. 29th with their seigniories and a half of land, forfeited by the earl of Desmond. This priory was granted at the rent of £12 19s 6d sterl., payable at Easter and Michaelmas, with a proviso, that the act passed at Limerick, anno 33, Henry VIII for lands given by the king, shall not be prejudicial to this patent.

Signed A St. Leger. MS. at Lismore.

(6) Some place the death of this Maurice, a year before, and others later. He is said to be a very valiant knight a pleasant man, and inferior to none in the kingdom, having lived all his life with commendation; but was suspected to have a hand in the death of the earl marshal Richard, with Robert de Burgo, and others.—Cambden's Ann.

(7) This south abbey was granted by letters patent, to George Isham, dated June 16, ann. 39 of Eliz with 10 acres of ground, together with St Ann's chapel, and one acre near the same, with the town and villages of Rathnolan.

I find another grant of this house, by letters patent dated at Dublin, 13 Sept. primo Jacob I. to sir James Fullerton, knt. muster-master general, clerk of the cheque, and one of the privy council together with the chapel of St Anne, and a park, called John Mahowny's park, at £12 sterl. He sold his title in this house, and the abbey of Molana to sir Richard Boyle, knt, for the sum of £219 6s 8d Irish.

Anno 1630, this town contributed, quarterly, towards the maintenance of the army the sum of £27 sterl., of which the earl of Cork's tenants paid only £3 13s, his being privileged lands. The N. and S. abbeys, as well as the college lands being exempted from taxes, or quartering soldiers.

MS. at Lismore.

PRINTING FOR THE BLIND.

Mr. J. W. M'Laren, Edinburgh, has patented an invention which will, he says revolutionise the printing of blind books "in a manner comparable only to the difference between the printing of Caxton's Press and the speedy printing of the present day." By this invention the present laborious and costly punching of brass plates is entirely superseded. Mistakes in setting and author's corrections can be effected in an instant, a matter impossible in the older system. The printing, too, is more regular. The most important result claimed for the invention, however, is that the speed of printing is more than fifteen hundred times accelerated by this method. "For every perfected sheet turned out by the older method," Mr. M'Laren says, "my invention will turn out 1,500 copies, and this with an infinitely more regular result." A sheet of blind printing accompanies the circular sent by the inventor. He tells us it was worked from the machine at the speed of 2,000 copies per hour, and that thirty-two pages or more of similar size, and at the same speed, can be printed at one impression. The number of blind persons in Great Britain and Ireland is between thirty and forty thousand, and is has been suggested that a weekly newspaper of twenty pages might be published at a cost within the reach of all, to be circulated over the whole of the British Isles, and to be followed, should it prove a success, by a daily paper.

AMERICA'S FASTEST BATTLESHIP.

For the first time in its history the American Navy possesses a battleship with a speed of 18 knots and over. This distinction belongs to the new "Maine," which, on August 23, was sent over the Cape Ann course for her official speed trials. The contract calls for a speed of 18 knots an hour on a run of four continuous hours. The lowest speed on any stretch of the trial was on a 6-mile leg on which she averaged only 17.35 knots an hour, while the fastest stretch was made at a speed of 18.9 knots. The result was that the mean speed developed, disregarding tidal allowances, was announced as 18.3 knots an hour. These figures, however, were made by the builders of the boat, and are subject to correction when the official results are made known. Although the "Maine" has slightly exceeded her contract speed, the result for an American warship was rather disappointing, for the reason that their battleships have been accustomed to exceed their contract trial speeds by a knot or more when steaming over the Cape Ann trial course. Thus, the "Oregon" made 16.8 knots an hour, or 1.8 knots more than the contract speed; the "Iowa" showed an advance of 1.1. knot, and the vessels of the "Alabama" class are 1.1½ knots faster than their trial requirements. On the other hand, the trial of the "Maine," unlike those of some of her predecessors, was carried out under normal conditions as regards coal and stokers, and, therefore, the speed achieved is more likely to be maintained when this vessel is in regular service than that of vessels whose trials were run under abnormal conditions.

LITERARY NOTES.

There is probably no living Frenchman who has so wide and profound an acquaintance with English literature and English history as M. J. J. Jusserand, who has just been appointed French Ambassador at Washington in succession to M. Cambon. Perhaps his most important work is his "Literary History of the English People," which is to be completed in three volumes. A translation of the first volume has been published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, and the second volume is nearing completion.

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Leeds has been called the City of Libraries, and it would appear, from the thirty-second annual report just issued, that it deserves the honourable appellation. In addition to its fine Central Libraries, with 65,317 volumes for reference and 43,150 in the lending department, it has nine day branch libraries and thirteen evening branch libraries, besides numerous branches for juvenile readers. The total stock of books numbers 212.396, after the withdrawal during the past four years of 32,000 worn out or otherwise unserviceable volumes. The total issue for last year was 988,710 volumes, and the attendances in the news rooms 1,662,000.

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Each of the "Just-So-Stories" has an accompanying set of verses. To "How the Camel Got His Hump, the following wholesome jingle is appended:—

The Camel's hump is an ugly lump
Which well you may see at the Zoo;
But uglier yet is the hump we get
From having too little to do.

We climb out of bed with a frouzly head
And a snarly-yarly voice.
We shiver and scowl and we grunt and we growl
At our bath, and our boots and our toys. . .

The cure for this ill is not to sit still,
Or frowst with a book by the fire;
But to take a large hoe and a shovel also,
And dig till you gently perspire. . . .

I get it as well as you—oo—oo—
If I haven't enough to do—oo—oo!
We all get hump—
Cameelious hump—
Kiddies and grown-ups too!

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It is stated that Mr. George Douglas Brown, known to the literary world as "George Douglas," the author of "The House with the Green Shutters," has left many unpublished manuscripts, including two almost completed novels, and an essay on Hamlet from a new point of view. They are left in charge of his publisher, Mr. John Macqueen, and they will shortly be put in order for publication. A very interesting and intimate account of Mr. Brown, written by his friend Mr. Andrew Melrose, will be found in the October "Bookman." Mr. Melrose corrects the story that Brown did not greatly value the novel which made his name known, and was a little surprised at its success. He was not that sort of man at all.

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Mr. Melrose says something about the essay on Hamlet. "As a talker," he says "Brown was the most vital of any man I ever met. When all other subjects had been exhausted there still remained Shakespeare. His exposition of Hamlet, which I hope will be given to the world soon, was in substance recited to me three years ago in a fortnight's holiday which we spent at the seaside together. Yet he had not a sheet of MS. before him. I believe this will be found one of the most strikingly original and profound expositions of Hamlet that has ever been written. It will make secure the position as a thinker which Brown by his single work might have held precariously." It appears that another visit of three weeks to Mr. Howard Spicer's home, the one literary subject talked of the whole time was Hamlet, and to Mr. Spicer, too, Mr. Brown practically recited the whole of what is now the complete exposition. Mr. Brown, we are told, was also a student of Mr. Meredith and of Balzac, and, as an Ayrshire man, had Burns by heart.

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Here is an extract from a letter of Charles Dickens, unearthed by the "Publishers' Circular" from its own columns forty years ago:

That is a very horrible story you tell me of. I wish to God I could get at the parental heart of ——, in which event I would so scarify it that he should writhe again. But if I were to put such a father as he into a book, all the fathers going (and especially the bad ones) would hold up their hands and protest against the monstrous caricature.

I find that a great many people (particularly those who might have sat for the character) consider Mr. Pecksniff a grotesque impossibility; and Mrs. Nickleby herself, sitting before me in a solid chair, once asked me whether I really believed there ever was such a woman.

So ——, reviewing his own case, could not believe in Jonas Chuzzlewit. "I like Oliver Twist," says ——, "for I am fond of children. But the book is unnatural; for who would think of being cruel to poor little Oliver Twist" Nevertheless, I will bear the dog in my mind, and if I can hit him between the eyes, so that he shall stagger more than you or I have done this Christmas, under the combined efforts of punch and turkey, I will."

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The contributor to the "Academy" continues:—Here is a list of modern authors who have made their reputations by means of short stories. In every instance the books named have, I believe, sold remuneratively. In most instances they sold prodigiously, and in most instances when the author has turned to novels his reputation has suffered a decline:—

Rudyard Kipling—"Plain Tales," etc., etc.
J. M. Barrie—"A Window in Thrums," etc.
Ian Maclaren—"Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.
Arthur Morrison—"Tales of Mean Streets."
S. R. Crockett—"The Stickit Minister."
Mary E. Wilkins—"A Far-away Melody," etc., etc.
George Egerton—"Keynotes."
Henry Harland—"Grey Roses," etc.
H. D. Lowry—"Wreckers and Methodists."
W. W. Jacobs—"Many Cargoes," etc., etc.
Murray Gilchrist—"The Stone Dragon," etc., etc.
"Zack"—"Life is Life."

This list is far from complete. And here is a list, also far from complete, of authors whose reputations, both popular and artistic, owe more than a little to their short stories:—

Thomas Hardy—"Wessex Tales," "A Group of Noble Dames." "Life's Little Ironies."
Henry James—"The Madonna of the Future," etc., etc.
Joseph Conrad—"Tales of Unrest."
Eden Phillpotts—"Down Dartmoor Way," "The Striking Hours."
H. G. Wells—"The Plattner Story," "The Stolen Bacillus," "Tales of Space and Time."
A. T. Quiller-Couch—"Noughts and Crosses," "The Delectable Duchy," "Old Fires and Profitable Ghosts."

If these lists do not prove that short stories will sell, will be appreciated, and will make popular reputations, when they are clever enough, then nothing will.

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Rawlinson's "Herodotus" has, for so many generations of students, been regarded as a classic, that it may come to some as a surprise that the author survived until last week. Canon Rawlinson, of Canterbury, who, together with his brother Sir Henry Rawlinson and Sir G. Wilkinson, produced this well-known book more than forty years ago died on Monday week, within a few weeks, it is said, of his ninetieth birthday. He was elected a Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, sixty-two years ago; was Camden Professor of Ancient History in the same University forty-one years ago, and has been Canon of Canterbury for thirty years. "The Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World" soon followed after the "Herodotus," and that was followed in turn by "The Sixth Great Oriental Monarchy, or the Geography, History, and Antiquities of Parthia," "The Seventh Great Oriental Monarchy, or New Persian Empire," and a "History of Ancient Egypt." Just 20 years after his first history of Parthia, he contributed the volume on Parthia to the popular series of "The Story of the Nations." Canon Rawlinson was also an industrious contributor to Smith's "History of the Bible," "The Encyclopaedia Britannica," "The Speaker's Commentary," and many other similar undertakings.

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The 'mistakes of authors" provide a perennial fund of entertainment. A correspondent of the "Daily News" informs us that "Victor Hugo, in his 'Travailleurs de la Mer,' alluded to the Firth of Forth as the 'Premier de Forth,' having confused the word 'Firth' with 'first.'" Victor Hugo's real blunder (says the "Manchester Guardian") is more complicated than that. In part II., book 1, chap. 5, of that wonderful epic of man's contest with the primitive forces of nature Hugo writes on "the secret collaboration of the elements." Among the instances of terrible cataclysms which he there accumulates, he mentions that 'at the moment when we write these lines (1864-5) an equinoctial gale has just demolished, on the frontier of England and Scotland, the cliff Premiere des Quatre, First of the Forth." It is fairly clear that he not only made a bad shot at the meaning of the Firth of Forth, misled by a false phonetic analogy, but was also under the impression that the Firth was a rock—perhaps the Bass.

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The most interesting errors of authors are those which do not appear in the books of reference. Among these one may place that of a minor historical novelist who lately made his mediaeval hero draw his trusty horn-book from his pocket in order to jot down a few memoranda. As bad a slip was made by Macaulay when he spoke of those readers who, few and weary, are "in at the death of the Blatant Beast." It is curious that the critics who above all others loved to reprove the unfortunate author who blundered in fact should himself more than once have shown how easy it is to blunder on a gigantic scale. We all remember Sir George Trevelyan's humorous account of Macaulay's agony when he opened the "Edinburgh Review" and discovered that, by a slip of the pen, he had declared that it would be unfair to estimate Goldsmith's powers by such a mere "pot-boiler" as "The Vicar of Wakefield." His horror at having to "pose before the world for three mortal months in the character of a critic who thought 'The Vicar of Wakefield' a bad book" was so great that he wanted Napier to publish a special edition of the 'Review" to put him right, although he had finally to be content with a prominent entry in the next number's list of errata. In spite of such a warning, Macaulay took delight in pointing out the blunders into which "poor dear Goldy" fell when he tried to write history, natural or civil. His "Animated Nature" simply swarms with "all the most absurd lies which he could find in books of travel about gigantic Patagonians, monkeys that preach sermons, and nightingales that repeat long conversations."

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It must be confessed that, to a taste less severe than Macaulay's, the "lies" in question do, as Bacon thought they might, "ever add pleasure." Goldsmith's work, though hardly to be commended to the young naturalist in search of guidance, is much more readable than the "Cambridge Natural History." It must be remembered that the scientific conscience was hardly awake in his day. Even the sturdy moralist Johnson allowed that there was no reason why the author of such a book as the "Animated Nature" should take pains to test the accuracy of his statements. If he once began to make experiments, thought the doctor, life would be too short for him to get his book written. Goldsmith was always ready to take advice which shortened his toil.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

The first Pacific third rail system was opened in August. The road extends between Riverside and Van Asselt, California, for a distance of about six miles. Throughout the trial spin a speed of fifty miles an hour was made.

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The island of Guam was recently visited by many earthquakes. Some of the shocks were violent; indeed, so violent that the Government buildings have been badly damaged. A tidal wave destroyed a large part of the crops and caused much suffering among the islanders. Commander Seaton Schroeder has telegraphed that the total damage amounted to 45,000 dollars to Government property.

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In order to encourage the study of science among women, the American Association for Promoting Scientific Research Among Women has offered two prizes of 1,000 dollars each for the best papers prepared by women One is for the best work based on independent laboratory research in biological, chemical, or physical science, and the other on any scientific study. The chairman of the prize committee is Miss Ellen H. Richards. of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston.

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The United States Coast and Geodetic Survey has published a very handsome and serviceable map showing the lines of equal magnetic declination and of equal annual change in the United States for 1902. The lines of equal magnetic declination or isogonic lines are given for every degree, and are based on a new observation up to July 1, 1902. The lines of equal annual change of the magnetic declination pass through all the lines where the annual change is of the same amount.

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A woful cry is going up from the representatives of all the ologies, and one hears nothing but a doleful wail about shrinking incomes and curtailing of operations. Take the Palestine exploration fund, for example. Here the secretary laments a decrease of the society's income by nearly one-third within the past three or four years, and he attributes this in a great part to the war, the absence of so many of the most influential and wealthy officers, and the corresponding anxiety of their families.

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An experimental four-hundred feet drop of the Philadelphia City Hall tower elevator recently proved that the safety air cushion device installed will probably prevent any serious accident. Within the short distance of 84 feet the speed of the car was reduced from 2½ miles a minute to zero. In the car were placed eggs, delicate incandescent light bulbs, and rats. When the car reached the bottom most of the eggs were in found in good condition, the incandescent light bulbs were intact, and the rats alive and well. The trip was made directly under the Penn statue, 372 feet 9 inches above the bottom of the shaft. The particular safety device used is the Ellithorpe safety air cushion.

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The French Naval Department is constructing a new type of submarine boat, the invention of Lieut. Boulin, commander of the submarine "Triton." This craft is entirely different in its general design from all existing submarine war vessels, inasmuch as it is practically a submersible armourclad. The boat, which is of much greater dimensions than the present submarines, resembles a small cruiser, is propelled exclusively by steam power, and is replete with powerful quick-firing guns. When submerged it is not entirely obscured beneath the water, but the upper portion of its funnel is shown above water, and this, being painted grey, is visible only at short distances. To attack, the boat emerges from the water, launches its torpedo, discharges its guns, and again descends into the water, leaving only its funnel to be fired at, the water forming an excellent protection to the hull, which is built of chrome steel. This vessel is to be constructed at Cherbourg, and will cost £80,000.

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An attempt is being made in England to revise the standard of weights for commercial purposes. The suggestion is to create new weights of 50 pounds, 25 pounds, or 20 pounds, 10 pounds, and 5 pounds avoirdupois, respectively, to run concurrently with the hundredweight series of weights. The corn, cotton, and tobacco trades have adopted the cental system, but it is necessary to make up the cental to use the 56-pound, the 28-pound, the 14-pound, and the 21-pound weight. If two sets of weights are used, one based on the hundredweight and the other on the cental, confusion can be avoided by making the new weights, or otherwise plainly distinguishing between the two series of weights. This new system is averred to be imperative in order to accelerate and make British trade easier than it is with the antiquated system of hundredweights, quarters, and pounds. The proposal is being enthusiastically supported, and there seems every possibility of its coming into vogue.

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The many accidents recently from fast speeding in France have caused Mons. E. Hospitalier to give, in "La Locomotion," some interesting facts as to the inertia of a 2,000-pound automobile travelling at the rate of 75 miles an hour, and the braking power required to stop it. Calculation shows the inertia of the vehicle to be no less than 60.000 kilogramme-meters, or the same that it would have if it fell a distance of 196 feet, the height of the towers of Notre Dame Cathedral. This energy is equivalent to that of a complete train on the Paris underground railway, travelling at its highest speed of 21¼ miles an hour. When a brake is applied capable of a resisting effort of 551 pounds per ton at the rim of the wheels, the retarding power of this brake is, during the first instants, equivalent to 113 horse power. The mean power developed by the brakes while they are applied reaches nearly 60 horse power. And all this terrific strain is transmitted through the frail pneumatic! The wonder is that the tyres stand up as well as they do, and that accidents caused by their bursting are, comparatively, so few and far between

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The first results of the experiments made by Dr. Woodbury, for the purpose of ascertaining the bacteriological condition of the air of eNw York city, have been given to the public. At various points, selected to give strong contrasts, gelatine-coated plates were exposed for one-half hour at curb level and six feet above the curb. The micro-organisms thus collected were transferred to the usual culture medium and allowed to propagate. Exactly what the germ colonies contain has not been definitely ascertained; that they carry enormous numbers of disease germs goes without saying. But it has at least been established that the air near the curb level is much more heavily laden with what is grimly called "rich bacterial flora" than that six feet or more above the sidewalk. It is, therefore, evident that unclean streets are most unsafe playgrounds for children. A plate exposed for one half-hour in clean, residential streets with well-swept asphalt pavements, shows five isolated pinhead colonies after an enlagement of 700 diameters; whilst one exposed for the same length of time under precisely the same conditions of hour and weather, in an East Side street flanked with crowded tenements—from the windows of which tons of refuse are daily thrown—shows nearly 10,000 colonies, some as large as a thumbnail.

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While roads in the United States have been treated with crude oil to lay the dust and render them compact, in Italy the same end has been attained by using gas tar, and the experiments which have been made seem to be quite successful. Mr. G. Rimini, the district engineer at Lugo, near Ravenna, has published an account of the application of gas tar to some sections of the public road in that locality. He uses it in two different places on the provincial route near Lugo, where the circulation is very active. The first portion treated measures 40 feet long and 10 feet wide, and the second 750 feet long and 13 feet wide. In spite of the prolonged dryness, the results of this treatment have exceeded the expectations, and the surface of the road has become very hard and compact, so that it is difficult to pierce it. There is no dust, and the rainwater flows off without penetrating, and thus there is no mud formed. The colour of the soil become that of a very dark sand. It is not necessary to treat the whole surface of the road, but only a band in the middle about 12 feet wide. As to the cost of the treatment it is estimated at only £19 4s. per mile. M. Rimini is making observations of the two sections thus treated before applying it on a larger scale.

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The straits to which New York city was put by reason of the coal strike gave birth to a most curious occupation. When coal began selling at 10 dollars a ton a Bridgeport wrecking company decided that it was about time to begin the work of mining Long Island Sound. According to the "New York Tribune," the method of water mining is quite simple. The wreck of a coal barge is first located by means of the Lake submarine boat. Two boats—"wreck-finders," as they are called—are run out to the territory where the coal wrecks are supposed to be. In each boat about a mile of inch rope is contained. As the boats run alongside each other the ends of the ropes of each boat are spliced, making a continuous rope two miles long, and thereby lashing the two boats together. The wreck-finders then travel in opposite directions for about half a mile, and thereupon run parallel to each other. The rope is paid out through a ring in the end of an iron pole projecting over the stern. After sufficient rope has been reeled off, two 300-pound weights are run down the rope from the sterns of each boat. Rapidly sinking to the bottom, these weights hold the rope a short distance from the ground, so that it forms a sweep half a mile long, and is bound to catch anything that may come in its way.

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When the sweep rope catches the boats are stopped, the drums reversed, and the rope wound up. The boats travel towards each other until they are almost over the point where the sweep rope is caught. A sounding is taken, and the lead carefully examined for traces of coal. Sometimes the lead tells nothing. A harpoon is then sent down the rope. If it sticks there is wood to be found far down in the water. If the harpoon is pulled up with its end blunted, iron or rock may be expected. A diver is now sent down to explore the find. He estimates the quantity and quality of the coal discovered, and decides whether it should be taken out by buckets or by suction pump. Sometimes the diver fastens a floating buoy to the wreck, and the sweep boats proceed on their way, looking for more coal cargoes that have sunk. Now comes the turn of the lighters. By means of derricks or suction pumps the coal is raised to the surface. Not infrequently a coal wreck is found where the lighter can be worked full of coal in half a day. Indeed, a wreck that will not fill the hold of the lighter in a day is not considered much of a find. A hundred tons of coal recovered in this way is deemed a fair day's work. When it is considered that a number of coal barges are sunk during every heavy storm on Long Island Sound, it will be readily seen that the business is profitable even in times when there is no coal famine.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JUNE 30.

A new branch of manufacture is now rising in this kingdom, and promises to be brought to the highest perfection under the encouragement of the Linen Board; this is the making and finishing threads in imitation of Dutch threads, fully white. By this means the large sums formerly sent to Holland for such threads will be saved to the kingdom, and many of our own poor employed in so very useful a manufacture; particularly beneficial, as it will tend to have all our Bone-lace made at home, and rendered fashionable, by coming at a cheaper rate than that imported from the Austrian Netherlands, French Flanders, Valenciennes, Dieppe, Havre, and Honfleur, which in former times was a most expensive import to this kingdom, it being customary for bridegrooms of opulence to wear on the wedding night about £300 worth of lace on his cap, which next morning was the perquisite of the bride.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1787.

The Company of Undertakers of the Grand Canal, it is said, have in contemplation before they begin the prosecution of their North West line, to make a cut of communication between their present navigation and the River Boyne; a work that must eventually prove of the utmost utility, as it will add a communication with the interior parts of the counties of Meath and Westmeath, to the extensive one this navigation has already effected.

The expected collater communication of the River Boyne with the Grand Canal, will be attended with this particular conveniency (independent of the advantages resulting from a more extended communication with the country parts), that there will be no want of water in the navigation, even after a long series of dry weather, which very possibly might be experienced before the junction with the Shannon may be effected, and which, indeed, has been already the case. We may, however, anticipate that in time the far greater part of the kingdom will be connected with ramifications and cuts from the several navigable rivers, by which they will be united, and all of them have an inlet to the Grand Canal by their being thus joined to each other.

As a circumstance that has given rise to much political speculation, we must mention that houses of rendezvous have been opened on George's quay for the reception of sailors. In time of profound peace this is a circumstance rather unusual. It is only meant to raise about an hundred, that are wanted to man some of his Majesty's ships.

Mr. Cardiff has laid down the keel of a ship of 350 tons burthen, which, when completed, will be undoubtedly the largest vessel ever built in Dublin. It is thought she will not be long building, as Mr. Cardiff has a large supply of seasoned timber in his yards.

As the present warm weather may be productive of many diseases, particularly the malignant, putrid, and inflammatory kind, in this populous city, an eminent member of the healing faculty advises the following regimen of general diet—viz., to avoid all excess in eating, drinking, or exercise, to dine about the cool of the day on cold roast meats with salad and vinegar, which greatly resists putrefaction, and may be plentifully used; strong punch, or heady malt liquors should be drank very seldom, and in small quantities; to avoid the night dew and evening damps, which, instead of refreshing, corrupt the blood, and prepare the body to receive every infection that offers. These easy rules are the most likely, under God, to promote and continue health, in the warmest or most uncertain weather.

The new officers called Inspectors of the turnpike roads throughout the kingdom, have entered on their employments, which were to commence the 24th of June.

REWARDS FOR KILLING VERMIN.

For an otter, 5s; for a weasel, 1s; for a cormorant or kite, 6d; for a scalcrow, or magpie, 3; for a rat, 1d. The heads to be produced, and an affidavit to be made before two magistrates.

PENALTIES OF THE LAW AGAINST STEALING DOGS.

Stealing any dog, or harbouring him, knowing him to be stolen, for the first offence, 10s or one month's imprisonment; for the second offence, 20s or three months' imprisonment; for the third offence, six months' imprisonment; poisoning or destroying any person's dog, three months' imprisonment.

THURSDAY, JULY 5.

The turnkey of the New Prison having received information that the young man, who is charged with stealing or selling a great number of sheep, the property of the Right Hon. the Secretary of State, intended to effect his escape in woman's clothes, he in consequence loaded him with irons to prevent any further attempt of that kind—he has an effeminate appearnce and a pale, smooth face, which no doubt would have been very favourable to his design.

It is a singularity in the will of Admiral Moore, who died a few days ago, near the Blackrock, that he ordered his body to be buried at low-water mark. He was a man of opulence, and so attached had he been to a marine character, that from the turret of his garden the naval flags of England were always been flying, and in particular a flag for Sunday. The influence of his friends should be exerted to rescue his remains from the various revolution of the tides, and deposit them in peace on the better security of terra firma.

Some time since a large quantity of turf was brought to the Canal stores, and left at the doors of all buyers at 1s 10d a kish, estimated at 500 pounds weight. This is evidently cheaper than coals, as a bag generally sold at that price only weighs 128 pounds. Notwithstanding the difference of duration and bitumen in the quality of both, it is very evident that the advantage, for convenience and profit, lies in favour of the turf, particularly as the green bog of Clashabawn is not more than eighteen miles from Dublin, the quality rich in fuel, and of an extent that cannot easily be exhausted.

It has been wondered at why the Canal Debentures are about to be lowered from six to five per cent, but the wonder must cease when it is known that the Canal Company is for lowering the interest on the one hundred and five thousand pounds that have been raised. If a junction can be obtained with the great rivers Shannon and Boyne, no object ever appeared in Ireland of more essential consequence.

FRIDAY, JULY 6.

Yesterday an action for assault and battery was tried in the Exchequer, before the Lord Chief Baron Yelverton and a special jury, wherein a Mr. Dwyer, late a Fencing-Master, was plaintiff, and Denis O'Brien the elder, Esq.; Denis O'Brien the younger, and Connor O'Brien, and others, were defendants. When after examining a number of witnesses on both sides, the jury withdrew, and in about twenty minutes brought in a verdict for the plaintiff, with £1,000 damages and 6d costs against the three O'Briens, and acquitted the other defendants.

Tuesday, at morning tide, one of the largest sturgeons ever remembered, came up the river of Ross, in the county of Wexford; it measured six feet seven inches from nose to tail, and was of an enormous bulk in the waist. On opening the stomach, about twenty pounds weight of different kinds of small fish were found, together with an enamelled gold ring, on which were the letters I. C., 1778.

By a comparison of the market prices throughout the principal towns of this kingdom, we find the rates of mutton and beef much the same, from 3d to 4d the pound, except in Waterford and Kilkenny, where they are averaged from 2½d to 3d, and potatoes at two-pence the stone. Butter in general at 6d the pound in coarse casks, and fresh butter from 8d to 9d. This shows that the prices in Dublin is not exhorbitant in proportion to the rest of the kingdom, and the late timely rains, with the succeeding warm weather, give a promise of a plentiful season.

Yesterday morning, at one o'clock, Mr. Justice Graham, accompanied by a troop of the Green Horse, surprised in his bed James M'Nally, of Rush, who stands charged before that Justice with treason and murder, but eluded justice a considerable time, owing to the lawless neighbourhood of Rush. He is now safe in the New Prison awaiting his trial at next Commission.

SATURDAY, JULY 7.

Yesterday evening four porters on George's quay, having engaged to unload a Danish vessel at an under-rate, a number of their companions, fired with resentment, attacked them and the ship's crew in a most wanton and outrageous manner, killed one of the sailors, cut and abused another so shockingly as to afford no hope of his recovery. A party of the police immediately took four of these desperadoes into custody, and brought them in a boat to Aston's quay; but on attempting to land them, they leaped into the water, by which one was unfortunately drowned, a second escaped, and the other two were retaken and lodged in the New Prison through the activity of Alderman Exshaw.

We hear that an excellent and abundant salt mine has lately been discovered in the county of Louth.

TUESDAY, JULY 10.

One of the persons who had been wounded in the late affray or riot on George's quay is since dead, and another of them is in a very dangerous condition. The real cause of the quarrel originated from two men out of the Liberty going, without the permission of the old standers of the respectable fraternity of porters, to the Quay to earn a livelihood for themselves and families.

On Saturday night last Mr. Thomas Finny apprehended in Green lane, Clontarf, three noted robbers, at the imminent risk of his life, having but one pistol. They had robbed Lady Southwell a few nights before, and the breeches of a poor servant in the neighbourhood was found on one of them, which he had taken from under the man's head the preceding night; they were all lodged in Kilmainham Jail. Such an act of resolution in an individual, totally unaided, deserves the thanks of the whole neighbourhood.

The houses and buildings in Blackmore yard and Turnstile alley are taken down, for the purpose of clearing the area whereon the new front to the House of Commons is to be built.

(To be Continued.)

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BULLOCK CASTLE.



AN OLD COUNTY DUBLIN FORTRESS.
From GROSE'S ANTIQUITIES OF IRELAND, 1791.

We are indebted to the "History of the County Dublin" (Dublin: Thom & Co., 1902), by that eminent antiquarian, Mr. Elrington Ball, for the following account of Bullock, its castle, port, and town, and the historical events connected therewith:—

The Castle of Bullock, to which a modern house has been attached, forms a conspicuous object on the road from Kingstown to Dalkey. It stands between the road and the sea, and overhangs a creek, now converted into a harbour. Mr. J. H. Parker, C.B., an eminent authority on Gothic architecture, who inspected the Castle in 1859, formed the opinion that it was a structure of the twelfth century. He says that it is built of plain and rude masonry, and that in plan it is a simple oblong. The lower storey is vaulted throughout, and the rooms in it, he thought, were probably used as a store-house. Above the vault, the Castle is divided into two unequal portions. In the larger division there are two principal rooms, one over the other, with small, round-headed windows and doorways; each of these rooms is provided with a fire-place, and there is a garderobe in a turret at one corner, and a small closet in an-

other, with a staircase between. The smaller division of the house is divided into three stories, above the vaults, probably for bedrooms; there are no fireplaces, and the windows are square-headed. The two ends of the building are higher than the centre, but, in Mr. Parker's opinion, it is all part of one design and was built together; the battlements are in the form of steps. Under one portion of the castle there is an archway, probably used to pass from one courtyard to another, and there were, when Mr. Parker made his inspection, remains of a bawn, as well as of a tower, which has since disappeared, but which stood about 100 yards from the Castle on the Dalkey side (1).

Bullock was doubtless known in times long prior to the English settlement as the site of a rocking-stone, which stood on its lands near the Castle, until the destructive hand of man removed it, at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The Castle, as we have seen, in the history of the coeval edifice at Monkstown, was built by the Cistercian Monks of the Abbey of the Blessed Virgin Mary, near Dublin, and was erected by them to protect the fishery, which rose to such great proportions under their auspices, on the portion of the lands of Carrickbrennan known as Bullock. In return for the encouragement and protection which they gave to the fishermen, the monks exacted a toll of fish from every vessel using the port, and in the fourteenth century this custom gave rise to litigation between the Abbey and the fishermen, in which the Abbey was successful. The land immediately round the Castle, as in the case of Monkstown, was retained by the monks in their own hands, and, in 1312 the enemies of the King carried off from the grange of Bullock corn and other property belonging to the Abbey. There was frequent opportunity at Bullock for the extension of the hospitality for which the Order was famous, and many a traveller, doubtless, found a resting-place within the Castle. There, probably, the boy Lord Lieutenant, Prince Thomas of Lancaster, son of Henry IV., on his arrival from England in the chilly month of November in the year 1401, partook of refreshments, and there Henry VIII.'s Solicitor-General for Ireland, Walter Cowley, spent a night on his arrival from London, in March, 1539, with money of the State in his charge (2).

At the time of the dissolution of St. Mary's Abbey there were on the lands of Bullock, a portion of which was covered with firs and underwood, besides the Castle, two houses and six cottages. The town appears to have been strongly guarded with walls, into which at least one tower was built, and to have contained a church. Two tenants, Patrick Bermingham and John Gaban, were in occupation, and the tithes, which were payable in fish, were leased to Richard Edwards. After the suppression of the Abbey, the Castle and its lands were leased by the Crown in 1542, in consideration of the surrender of Powerscourt and other neighbouring lands, to Peter Talbot, of Fassaroe, near Bray. Thirteen years later, on St. Andrew's Day 1555, Talbot met a violent death, possibly while protecting his property from a party of kerns, such as we find some years later waging war at Bullock against the militia; and his son being then only an infant, his possessions were for a time in the custody of his son's guardian, Christopher, twentieth Baron of Howth, known as the Blind Lord (3).

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, the town contained as many as thirty houses. The Castle was in good repair, but the tower was ruinous. The port continued to be used occasionally by other vessels besides fishing craft. In 1559 the Earl of Sussex, then Lord Deputy, landed there, and in 1633 a Dutch ship, while lying under the walls of the Castle, was taken by a privateer called "The True Love," commanded by Captain Thomas Gayner, who claimed to have letters of marque from the King of Spain—an occurrence which gave rise to international difficulty. During the sixteenth century, the Castle and the lands had been assigned by the Talbots to members of one of the great Dublin mercantile families of the day, the Fagans, whose principal residence was Feltrim, near Swords, and whose ancestors had been amongst the earliest English settlers; and we find amongst the members of the family in possession of Bullock, Christopher Fagan and his younger brother, Richard, each of whom filled the high position of Mayor of Dublin (4).

When the great rebellion broke out in October, 1641, the eldest son of Richard Fagan, Mr. John Fagan, was in occupation of the Castle, and, whether from compulsion or inclination, appears, from depositions afterwards made, to have rendered the rebels much assistance. One of the first efforts to reduce to obedience the neighbourhood of Dublin was made at Bullock, and it was the scene of cruel retaliation for the outrages which had been committed. A month after the rising, a party of soldiers under the command of Colonel Lawrence Crawford, an officer of more courage than judgment, descended on the village, and, finding that the inhabitants on their approach had put to sea, the soldiers pursued them in boats, and threw them—men, women, and children, to the number of fifty-six—overboard. All through that winter the southern part of the County Dublin remained at the mercy of the rebels. Shortly before Christmas, John Fagan came from Feltrim to his Castle of Bullock, and, according to the evidence of his servant, finding no provisions ready for him, went on to Carrickmines Castle, which belonged to his relatives, the Walshes. It was the headquarters of the rebels, and to it he sent, subsequently, from Bullock supplies of fish and a small cannon which had been on the battlements. In the following March, Carrickmines Castle was levelled with the ground, and a few weeks later another descent was made on Bullock, this time by Colonel Gibson's regiment, and some of the men found there were killed and others brought prisoners to Dublin. The Castle was then seized by the Crown, and a garrison of soldiers were maintained in it until the Commonwealth was established in Ireland. At first the garrison was in charge of Colonel Crawford, but on the cessation with the Irish he joined the army of the Parliament in England, and a Captain Richard Newcomen succeeded him. In Newcomen's time the garrison consisted of seven non-commissioned officers and sixty men, under command of himself, Lieutenant Valentine Wood, and Ensign Arthur Whithead, the weekly charge for the soldiers being £7, and for the officers £1 3s. In 1644 the defences of the Castle were strengthened by the construction of a rampart, furnished with three cannon, which were conveyed to Bullock by boat under a military escort, and the erection of a guard-house. The estimated cost of this work, which appears to have been exceeded, was £25; brick was the material used, and masons, carpenters, carters, and labourers, who were fed from the regimental canteen, were employed (5).

At the time of the Battle of Rathmines, the authorities of the Parliament had friends at Bullock, and the garrison had probably joined their forces. During the Commonwealth, Bullock, owing to the anchorage of the warships near it, was, like Dunleary, a place of importance, and soldiers, doubtless, were kept in the Castle. In 1656 Captain Richard Roe who was buried at Lusk, died there, and in 1659, Captain Abraham Aldgate, who was reprimanded for giving assistance to Edmund Ludlow, and who pleaded lack of intelligence to understand the marvellous changes of the time, fled thither on horseback from Dublin, and took refuge on his ship. The inhabitants were not left without religious consolation, and in 1658 the Rev. Nathaniel Hoyle, B.D., a Fellow of Trinity College, and afterwards a prebendary in Emly diocese, was paid £100 a year by the Parliament for acting as minister of Bullock (6).

(1) Observations on the Ancient Domestic Architecture of Ireland," in Archæologia, vol. xxxviii., p. 163.

(2) "Chartularies of St Mary's Abbey," vol. i., pp. xl., xlii.; Patent and Close Rolls, p. 160; "Dictionary of National Biography," vol. lvi., p. 158; "Communication between London and Dublin," in the "Irish Builder" for 1897, p. 35.

(3) "Chartularies of St Mary's Abbey," vol. ii., p. 64; Fiants, Henry VIII. No. 283; Elizabeth Nos. 1158, 1779; Exchequer Inquisition, Philip and Mary, No. 8.

(4) "Liber Munerum"; "Calendar of Domestic State Papers" 1633; Nowler's "Life of Strafford," vol. i. p. 131; Calendar of Patent Rolls, James I.," p. 43; "Pedigree of the Fagans of Feltrim," by G. D. Burtchaell, in "The Irish Builder" for 1887, p. 85, and 1888, p. 78; Patent and Close Rolls, p. 43; Chancery Inquisitions, Jac. I., No. 19.

(5) Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion and Civil War in Ireland," Lon. 1721, p. 341; "Dictionary of National Biography," vol. xiii., p. 52; Depositions of 1641; "A True Relation of the Chief Passages in Ireland," Lon. 1642, preserved in the National Library of Ireland; Historical Manuscripts Commission, Rept. viii. App. p. 594; Rept. xiv., App. pt. vii., p. 180; Ormonde's Papers, preserved in Kilkenny Castle.

(6) Macray's "Calendar of the Clarendon Papers," vol. ii., p. 16; D'Alton's "History of the County Dublin," p. 415; "Calendar of Domestic State Papers," 1659-1660; Commonwealth Papers in Public Record Office.

At the time of the Restoration, Bullock was stated to be "a fair, ancient town of fishing;" its slated Castle and bawn were in good repair, the haven was accounted a safe one, and there was a population of fifteen English and ninety-five Irish, inhabiting some twenty houses. John Fagan had died shortly after the rebellion, in 1643, and had been succeeded by his grandson, Christopher Fagan. The latter had been of service to the Royalist Army in the latter years of Charles the First's reign, and, on the Restoration, was restored as an innocent Roman Catholic to all the family possessions, including the Castle and lands of Bullock, and the revenue from chief fish, tithe fish, customs, and fish and corn tithe. The Fagan family, however, did not long remain in possession, as Richard Fagan, who succeeded his father, Christopher Fagan, on his death in 1683, was, after the Revolution, attainted for treason at Swords, and his property all confiscated. Bullock and its lands were sold by the Crown and purchased for £1,750 by Colonel Allen, of Stillorgan, afterwards the first Viscount Allen, whose representative, the Earl of Carysfort, is now the owner of the soil. The Rectory and tithes were at the same time given to augment the vicarages of Kill-of-the-Grange and Stillorgan, then under the charge of the curate of Monkstown, and possessing no church of their own (7).

So far back as the time of Charles I., there had been a revenue officer at Bullock, and, after the Restoration, one Jenkin Hopkins applied for that position. In the beginning of the eighteenth century the office was no sinecure, and, in addition to his duties with regard to the revenue, the officer had to watch the illegal exportation of recruits for the French service. A detachment of soldiers was, in 1731, sent to Bullock, to prevent the embarkation of men thus enlisted, and only arrived in time to find that "the wild geese," to the number of forty, had flown the preceding night, in company with some French officers. The prevention of smuggling led often to serious rioting, and in 1735 a great battle took place at Bullock, in consequence of a seizure of a quantity of brandy and tea, and one of the revenue officers was wounded and two of the smugglers killed. In 1743, a Mr. Anthony Robinson filled the position of riding officer at Bullock, and displayed much activity in seizing whiskey concealed in churns, as well as chocolate, seal skins, and tortoise shell, which were being brought from Galway to Dublin (8).

One of the principal residents at Bullock in the Restoration period was Mr. Kenelm Livinglyhurst who was buried in 1685 in the chancel of Dalkey church, and on the purchase of Bullock, in 1703, by Colonel Allen, a Mr. Simon Young was the tenant. Subsequently the whole of the place was held under the Viscounts Allen by Mr. John Watson, a gentleman who exhibited much benevolence and humanity to his poorer neighbours, and to shipwrecked mariners, and who occupied a comfortable house, which he had built under the shelter of Bullock Castle. His son, Mr. James Watson, a popular and clever young man, was killed in 1760 while attending horse races at Bray, by a blow from the loaded handle of a whip. A writer of the period says that the house was remarkable for the beauty of its situation, especially during a storm, when the waves dashed against the rocks and fell back in cascades, sending clouds of foam over the roof, but that it was still more remarkable for the hospitality and politeness which reigned within, and which made it the meeting-place for all the well-bre dpeople of the neighbourhood.

Over the rocky country by which Bullock was surrounded, foxhounds in those days often pursued their game, chasing Reynard through Bullock and across the open land known as Monkstown Commons, which lay between Dunleary and Monkstown, into the shrubby woods for which Glenageary was famous. The ancient town of Bullock, though much decayed, still exhibited at that time a complete walled town in miniature, and contained remains of a church as well as of the tower. A quay of hewn stone had been built, and, towards the close of the eighteenth century, the town contained a number of cabins occupied by fishermen, who found a ready market in Dublin for the cod, haddock, herrings, crabs, and lobsters which they caught. At the beginning of the nineteenth century a lifeboat was placed there, but owing to the difficulty attending its launching, it was only capable of use in the finest of weather. As the century went on, Bullock was more and more superseded by the modern Kingstown (9).

(7) Fleetwood's Survey; Down Survey; Census of 1659; Carte Papers; Decrees of Innocents, iv., 42; Hearth Money Roll; Chancery Inquisition, Jas. II., No. 37; Exchequer Inquisition, Wm. and Mary, Nos. 2, 5, Wm III. No. 1; Book of Postings and Sale.

(8) "Dublin Weekly Journal" for 1735, p. 67; "Primate Boulter's Letter," vol. ii., p. 33; Pue's Occurrences, vol. xl., No. 49.

IRISH LACE.

Now that Irish lace is pre-eminently fashionable it is interesting to know that Queen Victoria in her girlhood days was instructed in the art of Limerick lace-making, to the great pride of the Irish world who taught her. For this lace a fine crochet needle is used. Irish lace was always a favourite dress trimming of the late Queen. Lacemaking has been in many cases a favourite royal handiwork. Queen Elizabeth, during her stormy youth, gave some of her weary hours to "ye weaving of laces," and Marie Stuart, one of the most deft in embroidresses, solaced her imprisoned hours, we are told, with "pearling," pearling being the Scotch name for a fine edging lace. Catherine of Braganza, Charles II's neglected Queen, introduced Spanish lace into England, and William's Mary encouraged Flemish lacemakers to settle in that country.

(9) Monkstown Parish Register; Pue's Occurrences, vol. lvii., Nos. 54 61; Wilson's "Topographical Description of Dalkey," in "Exshaw's Magazine" for 1790, p. 485; Mozeen's "Miscellaneous Essays," p. 33.

IRELAND AND AMERICA.

IRISH TOWN AND COUNTY NAMES REPRODUCED.

It may be interesting to give some figures and names, showing what Irish-America really means. The city of New York contains more Irish than Dublin, Cork, and Belfast combined; the city of Brooklyn contains more Irish than Galway and Waterford put together; there are more Irish in Boston than in Dublin, and more in Philadelphia than there are in Belfast. But it is in the Irish names in America that the greatest proof is evinced of the devotion of the Irish exiles to the old land. There is an "Ireland" in Alabama, another in West Virginia, another in Indiana, and another in Minnesota. There are three "Hibernias," situated in Florida, New Jersey, and New York. There are five "Erins," scattered through the states of Georgia, New York, Tennessee, Texas, and Wisconsin. There is an "Irishburg" in Virginia, and "Irish Ridge" in Ohio, an "Irish Ripple" in Pennsylvania, an "Erina" in Nebraska, "Erin Shades" in Virginia, and "Erin Springs" in Indian Territory. The names of Irish provinces are illustrated by Munster in Illinois, and Munster and Ulster in Pennsylvania. In New York there is an Ulster Park, an Ulsterville, and an Ulster County. There are 17 Dublins in the States, 18 Waterfords, 9 Tyrones, 7 Limericks, 5 Clares, 4 Mayos, 4 Sligos, 3 Corks, 3 Wexfords, 6 Antrims, 9 Derrys (four of which are called Londonderry), a Roscommon, King's County, a Queen's County, a Galway, a Wicklow, a Longford, a Kilkenny, a Kildare, a Donegal, a Carlow, a Monaghan, and an Armagh. There are twelve places styled Avoca, and six places called Avondale in honour of Parnell. There are also several places called after Parnell himself.

There is a Garryowen in Iowa, a Tullamore in Illinois, a Rathdrum in Idaho, an Achill in Roscommon County, Michigan; a Ballina in California, a Doneraile in Kentucky, a Strabane in Dakota, an Ardee in New York, and Tennessee, a Kinsale in Virginia, a Kincora in New Jersey, a Tara in Iowa, a Navan in Iowa, and another in Michigan, a Queenstown in Maryland and one in Pennsylvania; while there are 12 towns called Westport, 4 towns called Newry, 30 towns called Newport, a Valencia in Kansas, another in Pennsylvania, 4 places called Ennis, 4 called Kilgore, a Kilmichael, a Kilmanagh, a Lismore, a Lisburn, and 11 Bangors. There are 10 places called Belfast, a Boyne in Michigan, a Bandon in Minnesota and in Oregon, a Lurgan and a Fermoy in Pennsylvania, a Nenagh in Wisconsin, an Athlone in California and in Michigan, a Bray in North Carolina, a Clontarf in Minnesota, a Dungannon in Ohio, a Drumcliffe in Maryland, a Cookstown in Georgia and in New Jersey, a Boyle in Kansas and in Pennsylvania, a Ballyclough in Iowa, 10 places called Banbridge, five called Coleraine, a Green Isle in Minnesota, 2 places called Green Island, 25 Milfords, and 5 places called Adair.

Almost every state in the Union has counties called after the famous Irish-Americans of Revoluntionary fame. There are two counties, eight towns, and several lesser places called after Jack Barry, "the father of the American Navy," who was a County Wexford man. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, has 13 counties, 58 towns, and 20 lesser places called after him. Mad Anthony Wayne, another Irish-American hero, has 15 counties, 58 towns, and 15 lesser places named in his honour. In honour of John Hancock, who was the first to sign the Declaration of American Independence, there are 10 counties and 18 towns. It would be almost impossible to enumerate the towns and places named after "Old Ironsides," Parnell's grandfather. The "Starktowns" are also very numerous, some in honour of General Stark and some in honour of his wife, "Irish Molly Starks," as she was always lovingly described, who took her husband's place when was killed at the gun, and remained in command of the gun till the end of the war. She was created captain for bravery in action, but never lost the title of "Irish Molly." In honour of O'Brien of Machias bay fame, there is an O'Brien county, In Iowa, and an O'Brien in Glynn County, Georgina. In honour of Patrick Henry we have 10 counties and 18 towns. There are towns and counties ad libitum called McDonough, Sullivan, McCracken, Calhoun, O'Brien, Emmett, Meagher, Dougherty, Murphy, etc. Phil Sheridan has no fewer than 3 counties and 17 towns named in his honour: while there are several Corcorans, Burkes, Shields, Kearney, Cleburn, Mulligan, Moran, Lynch, Kelly Malone, etc.

SOME FAMOUS SLIGO DUELS OF A CENTURY AGO.

We take from Archdeacon O'Rourke's admirable "History of Sligo, Town and County"—in which it is hard to know whether the author's erudition or his industry and research are the more to be admired,—the following interesting section:—

DUELLING.

Sligo has been always too noted for this relic of barbarism. Five counties of Ireland—Tipperary, Galway, Mayo, Sligo, and Roscommon—being particularly interested in this practice, sent delegates to Clonmel, in 1775, to draw up a code of laws for the regulation of affairs of honour, which, being duly enacted, were addressed to all the fire-eaters of Ireland as "The Practice of Duelling and Points of Honour settled at Clonmel Summer Assizes, 1775, by the Gentlemen Delegates of Tipperary, Galway, Mayo, Sligo, and Roscommon, and prescribed for general adoption throughout Ireland." To make sure that no one could plead ignorance of these laws, it was ordered that a copy of them should be always kept in gentlemen's pistol cases.

This "law" gave dignity and a species of legality to the proceedings of duellists, to which the example of the first lawyers and statesmen of the kingdom lent additional sanction. Attorney-General Fitzgibbon fought Curran; Scott, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, fought Lord Tyrawley; Egan, Judge of the County Dublin, fought half a dozen people, including Curran; the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Isaac Corry, fought Henry Grattan; Lord Norbury was so practised at the pistol, using it against everyone who came in his way, that he was said in his day to have "shot up" to the bench; and, in short, there was hardly a single high official connected with the bench, the bar, or the castle, at this time, who had not to reckon affairs of honour as regular incidents or rather duties of his office.

While Galway gentlemen preferred the sword in these affairs, the pistol was the usual weapon in Sligo, at least in the encounters which took place within the last hundred years or so. Passing over the "hostile meetings" which occurred in the county before that period, when they were more frequent than later on,* the following is a list, though not a complete one, of the County Sligo duels of more recent times, and of those who fought them:—

1. Philip Caech Percival and Hyacinth O'Rorke. The affair arose from informations which Mr Percival, as magistrate, took against O'Rorke, who resented the proceeding. They fought at Kilcat, near Chaffpool, in the parish of Achonry, and O'Rorke was shot dead on the spot. A small carn of stones was raised, and still stands, where he fell.

2. The most famous duel which has taken place in the county is that between Messrs. Fenton and Hillas. In its origin, its attendant circumstances, and its result, it attracted exceptional notice; and still, vivid as the traditions about it have always been, they are in great part apocryphal, thus supplying a new proof of the utter untrustworthiness of mere oral tradition in regard to the details of remote transactions.

It is commonly thought that Mr. Oliver Burke, in his Anecdotes of the Connaught Bar, shares the opinion that the dispute arose about a question of barrister's fees, Mr. Hillas being supposed to be a counsellor, as Mr. Fenton was an attorney, whereas the fact is that the unfortunate affair was connected with a wreck which took place on the Tireragh coast, quite close to the residence of Mr. Hillas, who was a military man, a Major in some force, and not a lawyer at all. A report having been sent by a Father Burke to the Major about a vessel in distress, the latter hastened to the shore, went on board the ship, and exerted himself so humanely and effectively, that the magistrates who sat to investigate the salvage claims—Mr. Wynne and Colonel Irwin—attributed "chiefly to his humane and spirited conduct the saving of the crew and the vessel"—the captain being already drowned.

While Major Hillas was thus engaged, Mr. John Fenton came on board, and an altercation soon occurred between them, of so warm a nature that Fenton threatened to throw Hillas into the sea. The matter even proceeded so far that Mr. Fenton sent the Major a challenge, but no hostile meeting followed on this occasion. It was two days after this when Mr. Thomas Fenton, accompanied by the Castletown yeomanry, arrived, and, in spite of all opposition, took charge of the wreck—a proceeding which annoyed and irritated Major Hillas so much that, in speaking of it afterwards in the salvage court, he made use of the offensive language which brought him the challenge from Thomas Fenton.

The hostile meeting came off in Kilmacowen, John Fenton acting as second to his cousin, while Major Hillas was attended by Captain Ferrall, a noted duellist, assisted by Loftus Jones and Jack Taaffe. Ferrall, however, being old, between seventy and eighty years of age, as well as lame, Loftus Jones took on himself most of the second's duties or functions. John Fenton, who acted all through "secundum artem," and with consummate skill and coolness, placed his cousin on the ground, put the pistol into his hand, "squared" him, as the phrase is, and moved his arm so as to protect his own person and to cover that of his adversary; while Hillas, all this time, was left very much to shift for himself, the multitude of seconds being unlike the multitude of counsellors in ensuring safety—and rather illustrating the old adage, that what is everybody's business is nobody's business. Fenton was the first to fire, Hillas firing nearly at the same moment, after which he dropped down dead.

Messrs. Thomas and John Fenton were indicted on the 21st March, 1816, in the Crown Court of Sligo, before Judge Fletcher for the murder of John Hillas, the court, as might be expected, being crowded to its utmost capacity. The witnesses examined were James Moffatt, Loftus Jones, Dr. Armstrong, Robert Ormsby, Mr. Wynne, and Dr. Carter, and the proceedings were dull and languid, as the conclusion was a foregone one. In his charge to the jury, Judge Fletcher was so one-sided, and so hard on poor Hillas, as to feel the need of making some apology, and added that "he had, perhaps, entangled himself on the subject more than he ought." The jury having retired from the box, just after the Judge had pronounced the duel to be "as fair a one as ever was fought,"† came back in a minute

* "About the year 1777 fire-eating was in great repute in Ireland. No young fellow could finish his education till he exchanged shots with some of his friends or acquaintance. The first questions asked as to a young man's respectability and qualifications, particularly when he proposed to a wife, were, 'What family is he of? Did he ever blaze?' His fortune was the last inquiry, because the reply was seldom satisfactory. Tipperary and Galway were the ablest schools of the duelling. Roscommon and Sligo had many professors, and a high reputation in the leaden branch. There was an association in the year 1782, a volunteer corps, called the 'Independent Light Horse.' They were not confined to one district, but none could be admitted but the younger brothers of the most respectable families. They were 'hilt and muzzle' adepts. And that no member might set himself up as greater than the other, every member of the corps was obliged, on entering, to give his word of honour that he 'covered his fortune with the crown of his hat,' and had exchanged shot or trust before he was balloted for. Most counties could then boast their regular point of honour men, to whom delicate cases were constantly referred. Lord Norbury was supposed to understand the thing as well as any gentleman in Ireland, and was frequently referred to by the high circles."—Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, Vol. XXXIV., pp. 588-9.

There was such an epidemic of duelling in France in the time of Henry IV., that in the space of sixteen years (1590-1606), "no less than 4,000 lives were sacrificed in duels."—"Essays of an Octogenarian, Vol. I., p. 384, where authorities are quoted.

Thirty-five years ago, any one who wished to see a duel, had only to visit the fosse of the Paris fortifications in the early morning, when he was pretty sure to witness more than one affaire, the parties engaged belonging generally to the army, as commissioned officers, non-commissioned officers, or privates, who all three alike, took this way of settling their disputes.

† Some others do not appear to have been as satisfied as Judge Fletcher of the fairness of the duel. We read in Hamilton's "Only Approval Guide," containing the Royal Code of Honour, p. 119, the remark, "Mr. Thomas Fenton, when acting as the second of his relative, John Fenton, was accused of having unfairly stood too long conversing with his principal; because, while standing between the parties, he enabled John Fenton to look over his shoulder, and take deliberate aim at Major Ellis (Hillas), who fell at the first shot."

At page 239 of the "Only Approved Guide," the author makes the following additional remarks on this duel: "Messrs O'Ferrall and Fenton, who acted as seconds in the case of Major Hillas and Mr John Fenton, squared the principals, in order to present the smallest possible objects. Major Hillas threw off his coat upon the ground, and appeared with light black sleeves attached to his waistcoat, evidently with a view to present the less conspicuous object to his adversary.

"The reason that Major Hillas had black sleeves attached to his waistcoat was to make his bulk

or two with a verdict of acquittal. It is right to state that in the proceedings of the trial, the duel was admitted on all hands to be a fair one; while great commiseration was expressed and felt for the unfortunate deceased, whose "friends" were much to blame for his tragic end. In addressing a crowd assembled to witness the duel, Mr. Hillas observed, "I am sorry the mistaken laws of honour oblige me to come here to defend myself, and I declare to God I have no animosity to any man or woman on the face of the earth."

What an opening here for a peacemaker, if a peacemaker could be found in such a godless gathering, to make up the quarrel; but poor Hillas's "friends"—Captain Ferrall, who was mixed up all through his long and discreditable life with these cursed "affaires;" Jack Taaffe, who was following so constantly in the Captain's courses; and Loftus Jones, who was never known to have a hand in peace-making, or in anything else that was good, instead of desiring a reconciliation, wished rather for an encounter, just as the demoralised Roman populace longed for the bloody scenes of the amphitheatre. This precious trio were more guilty than John Fenton of the murder of their friend. In connection with duels, more than under any other circumstances, one has reason to say, Save me from my friends.

3. Rev. Mr. Gethin and Harloe Phibbs had a hostile meeting at Magheraboy, near Sligo.

4. Rev. Mr. Duke and Mr. Holmes.—They exchanged shots in Doorla, near Lacagh, in the parish of Kilmorgan. Mr. Duke was near having a meeting with a Mr. Fenton, too, but friends interefered and prevented matters from going to extremity.

5. Dr. Coyne and Dr. Carter.—They met at the Five Mile Bourne, when Coyne was wounded in the knee.

6. James Gilmor and Captain Irwin.—The meeting took place in the garden of the house in which Mrs. St. Leger now resides on the Mall. Both were hit—Irwin in the body, the ball passing through, and Gilmor in the hip; and both lived to a very advanced age, Gilmor being 86 at his death, and Captain Irwin 80.

7. Messrs. Phibbs and Cross fought at the Cartron Hill.

Messrs. Flanagan and MacDermott had a meeting at Rosses Point.

8. Jack Taaffe and Major Bridgham.—They fought in the yard of the chief hotel in Boyle. Taaffe was a great favourite with the humbler classes, and a "bete noir" with the gentry, who, it is said, egged on Major Bridgham to provoke him, and, when he escaped the Major's pistol, had him indicted and tried at the Summer Assizes of 1818, in Sligo, for arson, at that time a capital offence. Before the trial, they thought to commit him to gaol, but Robert King Duke and Gowan Gilmor, Esqrs, bailed him in £1,000 to appear at the Assizes. They strained every point to secure a conviction, going, it is said, the length of suborning false witnesses for the purpose. Suborned or not, the witnesses certainly swore false, as eventually appeared. There were two trials. In one of them, Jemmy Jordan, a confidential man of Jack's, and an alleged accomplice, was indicted for conspiring to burn Kingsfort House. The unfortunate man was convicted, and sentenced to be flogged through Ballymote—a punishment which he underwent, and underwent without flinching, throwing up his hat at the close of it, and cheering for Jack Taaffe under the nose of Bridgham, who was present and was taunting Jordan for his connection with Jack.

The people always admired Taaffe: first, because he was eccentric, and they generally love eccentricity and originality; and, secondly, because he was a thorn in the side of their enemies, the Bucks and Buckeens of the county, with his well-known maxim, which he kept always dinning into everyone's ears, "Jack Taaffe cares for no man;" but after his acquittal he was a greater popular idol than ever.

Taaffe's enemies, it is said, took their measures so cleverly, that they were confident of a conviction; but they were out in their reckoning, for when the trial came on, it was clearly proved that the witnesses perjured themselves, so that the prosecution forthwith collapsed ignominiously—to the great mortification of the wire-pullers and to the unbounded delight of the people. And to make his vindication more triumphant, the witnesses who had sworn against him, came forward in the chapel of Ballymote on the occasion of a jubilee, and confessed before the assembled congregation that they had perjured themselves.

Messrs. Kelly and Plunket, of Roscommon.—They fought in the Black Field of Doorla, in the parish of Kilmorgan. Hunted by the authorities from other places, and having got out of their reach at the Black Field, they turned in, measured ten paces, and exchanged shots, Kelly receiving a wound in the shoulder. It is told of Plunket, who was a Catholic, that before going to the ground he got some holy water in a roadside cabin, when he said to his friends, "I now defy Kelly and the devil." The poor fellow showed his faith even while violating a formidable ordinance of his Church.

11. Counsellers Casserly and Baker.—The duel came off at the Five Mile Bourne, where they were arrested after one exchange of shots. They were brought before Mr. Gowan Gilmor, a magistrate, to give securities for keeping the peace; and when he, at a loss for a word, as he was taking the informations of the police, asked playfully some one near him, "What shall I say? Shall I say 'for stealing a sheep?'" "No," says Casserly, "but for firing at a sheep.'"

12. Counsellors Walker and Ramsay.—Both being engaged in court on opposite sides, Walker took offence at an observation of Ramsay's, and then and there wrote something on a bit of paper, which he slipped quietly across the court to the Counsellor. The incident would hardly have been noticed only that Mr. Walker, after despatching the paper, fell off in a swoon. The weakness proceeded from exhaustion, and not from lack of courage, for on the following morning, when the duel came off, Mr. Walker exhibited great coolness and nerve.

13. John Patrick Somers and Captain Fawcet.—They fought on Camphill bleach green in presence of considerable numbers. The reckless Somers was ill able to keep his feet on coming to the ground, having been up all the preceding night, gambling, it is said, and drinking. Though hit at the first shot, he cried out, "Another pistol;" but Captain Fawcet's friend would not hear of it, and took away the Captain, saying, "We must not fight a wounded man." There was near being bad work after the duel, for the friends of the respective parties could hardly be prevented by the police from attacking each other.

14. Henry Griffith and Mr. Kelly, of Galway.—They fixed on Doocastle for the meeting, but as a large crowd had assembled there, they agreed to move off to a spot near Tubbercurry. Here, too, there was a mob, so that the principals and their seconds drove away to Streamstown, in the parish of Achonry, where the duel took place, and without casualty of any kind.

15. Attorney Moffett and Mr. Murphy, editor of the "Sligo Journal," the occasion of quarrel being some remark of the "Journal," which Moffett supposed to be personal and disparaging.

16. Counsellor James Wynne, a member of the Hazlewood family, and Mr. John Martin. They fought at Cleveragh. Within a few minutes of the appointed time, Collector Wynne, who was on the ground, complained that Mr. Martin, who had not yet arrived, was keeping them waiting, when Mr. —— Wood, father of the late Mr. Tom Wood, quietly rejoined, after looking at his watch, "Never mind, he has yet four minutes, and if he be not up to time, I will take his place, and Counsellor Wynne will not be disappointed."

17. Messrs. Charles Sedley and Edward Howard Verdon fought at Magheraboy. Mr. Sedley's second on the occasion was his brother, Mr. James W. Sedley.

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appear the smaller. There is another mode of lessening the object to be fired at, which is thus described by a military officer who has written on the present subject: 'By advancing the foot and inclining in the act of presenting, the body will be lowered some inches, and many is the good or the bad head that has been saved by it.'

"In the cast of Major Hillas and Mr Fenton, spud stones were placed to mark the distance, and prevent the parties from advancing towards each other."

Mr. Frank Buettner, who was the victim of an unnecessary operation at St. Alexis' Hospital, Cleveland, recently, and who died a few hours after the surgeons had completed their work, was one of the oldest and most prominent of the German residents of that city. He had been identified with most of its public enterprises, and his private charities were numerous. He was the devoted friend and constant benefactor of St. Alexis' Hospital, and contributed largely towards the erection of the institution. The manner of Mr. Buettner's death made it particularly deplorable. A severe attack of laryngitis seized him so suddenly that Mr. Buettner believed he had choked from swallowing a set of artificial teeth. An X-ray examination apparently showed the teeth lodged in the œsophagus. An operation was decided upon. After the doctors had operated for two hours the missing teeth were found in Mr Buettner's bedroom. The patient never rallied.

A RENAISSANCE ECHO.

Comprehension of the pre-Raphaelite movement has always been prejudiced by the name which the brotherhood adopted. To the unthinking or unread it has seemed to imply a reproach upon Raphael, the best beloved of all the race of painters. Nothing was further from the intention of the brotherhood. It was after Raphael that art exaggerated a distinction of its own essence. It began to worship form as the superior of spirit. Before the age of Raphael expression was deemed superior to form. In Raphael the two were so co-ordinated as to be indissoluble. No one can contemplate the Sistine Madonna and demarcate the beauty of the form from the heavenliness of its import.

The great painters who preceded Raphael were pre-eminently expressionists. They subordinated form to import. The charm of beauty in the Madonnas before Raphael was almost wholly spiritual. After the decadence of the renaissance spirit form superseded expression in art, and mere sensuousness was debilitated at last into spiritual vacuity. It was against this debilitation that the pre-Raphaelite movement protested.

The pre-Raphaelite movement was a sincere attempt to reinstate spirit as superior to form alone in art, but also to co-ordinate beauty and soul as Raphael did.

The leader of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood was by descent three-fourths a fellow-countryman of Raphael. Dante Rossetti was born in London in 1828. His father was an Italian refugee. Heredity counted decisively in his career. His father was a poet, a custodian of ancient art in Naples, and a devotee of the great Dante. Dante Rossetti's mother was the daughter of an Italian professor who had been secretary to the poet, Alfieri, and who had translated Milton's poems. Dante Rossetti developed intellectually on a nutrition composed of classical, mediaeval, and modern culture. The authors who most influenced his career were Dante, Homer Coleridge, Scott, Keats, and Browning.

It is not singular, therefore, that the pre-Raphaelite movement was an echo of the Renaissance. It presents the same conflict between the pagan antique and the mediaeval Catholic, which the great movement of the fifteenth century organised and developed into the glory of art and the promotion of a nobler and purer standard of both achievement and taste.

At fifteen years of age Dante Rossetti quitted the school where he had learned Latin, French, and a beginning of Greek and entered upon the study of the art of painting, his proficiency in which soon secured for him admission to the school of the Royal Academy, in whose antique section he rapidly became distinguished. In 1848 Rossetti co-operated with John Everett Millais, William Holman Hunt, fellow-painters; Thomas Woolner, sculptor; James Collinson, Walter Howard Deverell, Frederic George Stephens, and William Michael Rossetti, his brother, in forming the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood.

Certain principles were adopted as constitutional in the brotherhood. Wherever nature was to be used the study was to be sincere. A particular scene was to be chosen not for literal but truthful depiction. Pagan sensuousness was to be reprobated. Therefore although study from the life was to be deemed indispensable to accuracy, the undraped was never to be exhibited. For the promotion of the precedence of spirit over form the same model was to be repeatedly used in order that there should be a more determined concentration upon the spiritual import the picture was to convey. Expression was to predominate over form.

The first work exhibited by Dante Rossetti was entitled "The Girlhood of Mary, Virgin." It contains four figures, the Virgin, her parents, an angel and a dove, symbolising the Holy Ghost. The dominant idea is that the Virgin has become fit to be the mother of the deity. She is represented embroidering from a lily, the emblem of purity, set upon six volumes, each inscribed with the name of a special virtue. It will be remembered that woman's peculiarly fit industry which combines art with utility, embroidery, is also suggested in the Sistine Madonna by the embroidery on the sleeve of the Madonna's robe. The presence of the lily in the Rossetti Madonna not only was symbolic of purity, but an assertion of a dogma of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood that art should be sincere, that portraiture, ideal or concrete, animate or still life, should be directly from the natural model.

The pre-Raphaelite movement was literary as well as plastic. Every picture painted by Dante Rossetti is a poem. Every poem by Dante Rossetti is a picture. His artistic faculty exerted itself habitually doubly. He projected in verse and colour simultaneously.

In both his verse and painting there is abundant proof that the leader of the pre-Raphaelites was a devoted Raphaelite. The "Blessed Damozel" was written by Dante Rossetti before he was 20, and by many deemed the most exquisite poem in the English language, is Raphaelesque. If one may apply the term architectonic to a poem, it must be admitted that the "Blessed Damozel" owes not a little to the Sistine Madonna.

Such lines as—

"The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;"

and these appear to have been derived from Raphael's Madonna of Saint Sixtus:

"It was the rampart of God's house,
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is space begun;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

"It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night,
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

"From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce,
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres."

One of the earliest works which the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood undertook was an embellishment of walls in Oxford. In the fervour of their enthusiasm for pictorial effect they forgot to add an adhesive to their colours, and their work wholly faded. There is not a trace of it remaining. The wall of sentiment upon which the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood toiled in England was not properly prepared to retain their noble spirit. It has not, however, wholly faded from English art and literature.

A revised edition of Dante Rossetti's poems, with omissions, would be worthier his aims and achievement. His pictures are now esteemed the most beautiful ever produced by a native English artist.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

AN IMPERIAL JOKE.

FROGERE AND PAUL OF RUSSIA.

FROGERE had been a comic actor of very great celebrity, in Paris. He went to Russia, where he became the favourite and the intimate associate of the Emperor Paul. Easy and pleasant, however, as was the friendship which for so long a time subsisted between these two eminent personages, it did not happen that the player was provided with leisure and opportunity for considering the important question, whether it be altogether prudent or safe to make very free indeed with an Emperor of all the Russias?

At supper one evening, at the emperor's table, some one present took occasion to pay the illustrious host a compliment at the expense of Peter the Great.

The emperor, turning to Frogere said, "This is really robbing Peter to pay Paul: 'tis hardly fair, is it, Frogere?"

"Quite the reverse, sire," replied the actor; "for the reputation your majesty will leave behind you will hardly tempt anyone to rob Paul in return." Now though this was almost as good a thing as one need wish to say, it somehow happened that his majesty did not appear to be in the least tickled by it; and as his majesty did not condescend to honour it with his imperial laugh, no one else could presume to notice it by such a symptom of approbation. In fact the joke with all its merit was a total failure; at which nobody was so much astonished as the perpetrator of it himself.

After a short time the emperor withdrew, and the company separated. Frogere retired to his own apartment. He was anything but happy in his mind. His jest had fallen flat; and such a mishap to a professed joker is as serious a calamity as the failure of a commercial speculation to a merchant. But to what strange cause could he attribute its ill success. The joke was a good joke, there was no denying it; and, were it otherwise, the emperor was not so squeamish a critic, but that he had laughed heartily at many a worse. He thought, and thought—and thought again; but since his cogitations availed him nothing (he being still unable with all his sagacity, to discover what could have occasioned his failure), he got into bed, and like a wise man as he was, fell fast asleep.

It was the middle of a Russian winter. In the dead of the night, Frogere was aroused by a loud knocking at his chamber door. He arose and opened it, and greatly to his astonishment, an officer, accompanied by four soldiers armed to the teeth entered the room.

Frogere, having no reason to expect such a visit, naturally concluded that the officer (an old acquaintance of his, who had the honouur of being of the emperor's party on the previous evening), had mistaken his room for that of some other person. Alas! he was speedily convinced there was no mistake, but that the untimely and alarming visit was indeed to him: the officer exhibited the emperor's warrant for his arrest, and immediate banishment to Siberia!

The effect produced on poor Frogere by this terrible announcement may—to use a phrase less remarkable for its novelty than for its convenience upon occasions of this nature—"may be more easily conceived than described." The idea of a trip to Siberia had shaken firmer nerves than his. He wept—he screamed—he knelt—he tore his hair. What crime had he committed to draw down upon him so heavy a punishment? Could he not obtain a short delay? Of a day—a few hours only—merely, then till he could see the emperor, that he might throw himself at his feet? His supplications were in vain: the emperor's commands were precise and peremptory; and if ever there was an absolute monarch who allowed his mandate to be trifled with, certainly it was not the Emperor Paul. All that the unfortunate man could obtain from the officer, who was his friend, was just sufficient delay to throw a small quantity of clothes and linen into a trunk; and having done this, he was led forth.

A carriage, guarded by a sufficiently strong body of cavalry, was in waiting, and more dead than

alive, the prisoner was lifted into it: a soldier armed with a brace of pistols, and a sabre drawn, taking his seat on each side of him. The officer having seen that the windows of the carriage were carefully closed, so as to prevent the prisoner's communication with any one from without, headed the cavalcade, gave the word, and they started, at a brisk trot, on their formidable journey.

How long they travelled till they made their first halt he knew not, for he was in total darkness, and his guards were dumb to all his inquiries: they were strictly forbidden to speak to the prisoner, and few Russian soldiers are so much in love with the knout, as to disobey orders: but reckoning time by his sighs and groans, and lamentations, it seemed to him an eternity.

At length the carriage-door was opened. It was broad day; but he was not long permitted to enjoy the blessed light of the sun, for he was instantly blindfolded, and in that state led into a miserable hovel. Here the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in a small room, the windows of which being closed was dimly lighted by a solitary candle. Some coarse food was placed on a rough wooden table, and signs were made to him that he should eat. But a few hours ago he was revelling amidst the splendour and enjoying the luxuries of a palace, princes the partakers of his pleasures, a mighty potentate his boon companion. Now—disgraced; a banished and forlorn man; a wretched shed for his resting place; his fare so little tempting, he would not yesterday have offered it to a starving mendicant; surrounded by faces which, for the sympathy he would have implored, struck hopelessness down into the very bottom of his heart as he did look upon them; a traveller on a dreary, journey, which when ended no tongue would say him "welcome;" nor should his soul rejoice as he should utter "here will be my dwelling!" Siberia! In that one word seemed to be concentrated all of human suffering; as he wildly paced the mud floor of the comfortless apartment, no sound escaped his lips, save only Siberia—Siberia!

That extremes meet is somewhat a trite observation. A trifling incident converted the agony of despair—and such was poor Frogere's—into a paroxysm of joy. The officer who commanded the escort entered the hovel, attended by an estafette. Frogere had not seen him since he got into the carriage on the previous night, nor was he aware that he had accompanied him so far on the journey. He was the only person of the whole number the unfortunate man was acquainted with, and the appearance of a familiar face was to him in his present unhappy situation a source of happiness unutterable. He was about to rush into the arms of his quondam friend, but a slight movement of the hand, and a look of withering sternness, sufficiently convinced him that such a demonstration of friendship was not very cordially desired by the other party. He prepared to speak, but a finger on the lip constrained him to silence. The officer went towards the light, and sealed a packet which he held in his hand; and having delivered it to the estafette, to whom he enjoined the utmost possible speed, he ordered the guard to post themselves outside the door. Being left alone with his prisoner, and having again made a sign of silence,

"Frogere," said he, in an under voice, "Frogere, here we part; the officer who will take charge of you to the next station is in attendance. Tell me—what can I——And yet I hardly dare; the emperor's commands are not to be disobeyed with impunity; and should it be discovered that I ——No matter: to serve an old friend I will run the hazard of my disobedience. Tell me, then, what can I do for you on my return to Moscow?"

The luckless Frogere burst into tears, and instead of replying directly to the friendly inquiry, he indulged in wild exclamations on the severity of the punishment for a crime the nature of which he had yet to learn.

His companion looked at him in amazement. "Yet to learn! Are you mad, Frogere? Surely you are; and you must have been (as we all thought you) mad last night, or you never would have ventured that bitter sarcasm"—and he added in a lower voice—"the more keenly felt as it was not altogether destitute of truth."

"Good Heavens! and is it for a trifle like that that I am to be"——

"This is no time, Frogere, to waste in words: mine is the last friendly face you are likely to see for the rest of your long journey. The emperor, as you well know, is implacable in his resentments; you cannot hope for pardon; so make up your mind to bear your punishment like a man, and tell me what I can do for you at Moscow."

But the mind of the traveller was too bewildered to think upon any other service which his friend might render him, than the only one which his friend (like many other friends on trying occasions), declared to be exactly the one he could not perform for him: it was to intercede in his behalf with the emperor. It was impossible—but for any thing else, he would "raise Heaven and earth"—go through fire and water," etc, etc etc. And, truly, there were many other modes of service open, not the least important of which was the disposal of his property—for not one particle of it (saving the wearing apparel already mentioned), had he been allowed to take with him. He had money and some valuable jewels: and provided nothing to his disadvantage should come out on the examination of his papers, it was possible that those might escape confiscation. In that case had he many friends or relations in France to whom he wished they might be transmitted? In the event of a contrary result to the scrutiny, a vast deal of trouble would be saved to him and to his heirs for ever. No; he could think of nothing, he could think of nobody: his mind was all engrossed by the calamity which had befallen that one hapless member of his family who was at that moment on the high road to Siberia; nor was it capable of entertaining any other idea.

"Then," said his friend, "I must think for you, and I must act for you. Should your property, as I have said escape confiscation, I will deposit it in safe hands, and on your return you can claim it."

"My return! am I not banished for life? Is there, then, a hope that"——

"For life!" interrupted the officer; "do you imagine you are banished for life! Ha! ha! ha! No wonder, then, you are so grieved at your departure. No, my dear friend; and happy am I to be the means of pouring consolation into your bosom. Courage, courage my dear Frogere! 30 years are soon over, and then"——

"Thirty years!" groaned the luckless jester.

But there was no farther time for conversation; the fresh escort was in readiness; and the eyes of the victim having been bandaged as before, he was replaced in the carriage. His friend at parting kindly pressed his hand, and placing a small sum of money, whispered, "You will find this more useful on your arrival at the place of your destination than you are now aware of. Courage! Farewell!" The blinds of the carriage were again carefully closed, the word to proceed was given, and away went the cavalcade, much faster than was agreeable to at least one of the party.

A Frenchman is proverbially the gayest creature in the universe, and blessed with greater aptitude than the native of any other country to accommodate himself to disagreeable circumstances. His language, too, furnishes him with a set of phrases admirably calculated to assist his philosophy, when assailed by the common misfortunes to which poor humanity is liable. He loses his umbrella or his wife; his dog is stolen, or his ladylove is unfaithful; he is caught in a piece of knavery or a shower of rain, and he is speedily reconciled to the event by an "allons puisque"—or a "c'est une petite contrariete," or "un petit malheur;" (if either or all of these should fail), by that last refuge of heroical endurance, the infallible "ca m'est egal." But a "Thirty years in Siberia," albeit it makes a promising appearance on paper as a title for a new book, is something more than petite contrariete, and is not by any means egal; so that poor Frogere, finding that one of these modes of consolation applied to his peculiar case, and no other source of comfort occurring to him, he unconditionally surrendered himself to despair, and in silence unbroken but by his own unavailing lamentations; for his guards were again debarred of speech, either to their prisoner or to each other.

At length they stopped. He underwent the same ceremonies as before: his eyes were bandaged; he was led out of the vehicle; and when he was permitted the use of sight, he found himself in another miserable hut, drearily lighted by the flickering glare of two or three burning twigs of the fir-tree. Here another coarse repast was presented to him; and when he had partaken of it the escort was relieved by a party of fresh men, and again was he hurried forward on his journey. But upon this occasion the sound of no friendly voice met his ear—all were silent—all were strangers. As nearly as he could guess, he had travelled three nights and three days, with occasional halts, always attended by similar circumstances, when, on the night of the third day, again they halted. His eyes were bound; but instead of being allowed to walk, he was carried in the arms of his guards till he found himself placed on a wooden bench. Here he was left for several minutes, wondering why the bandage was not removed as usual. Presently he heard an indistinct whispering. Footsteps approached him, his hands were suddenly seized and bound together. He tremblingly asked the reason of this proceeding. No answer was returned. Rapidly, but silently, the upper part of his dress was loosened, and his neck laid bare. His heart sank within him. He began to doubt whether it was intended he should end his mortal journey by taking so cold a place as Siberia in the way. A word of command was given, and he heard the clank of musketry. The word was given to march! He was carried forward in the arms of four men; and as they proceeded he heard the regular tramp of many footsteps before him and behind.—Halt!" He was placed on a seat—his hands were unbound—the bandage was removed from his eyes—and he found himself—at the very same place, at the very same table, in the same apartment where he had cut his unlucky joke, the same persons being present, with the emperor at their head!

His wild look of terror, astonishment, and doubt, was greeted with a loud shout of laughter—and Frogere fainted. This had been a sort of Tony Lumpkin's journey, for he had merely been driven backwards and forwards the distance of about half a dozen miles on the same road; and though computed by the standard of his own melancholy sensations the time had appeared much longer, he had, in fact, been absent for but little more than four-and-twenty hours—the emperor, in disguise, being present at each of the stoppages. Though this was but a trick, the anguish and sufferings of the object of it were real; and the consequence was a severe illness from which it was long before poor Frogere recovered. It was, on the whole, a piece of pleasantry which, however humorous it may be thought in conception, few would have had the heartlessness to execute but an Emperor Paul.

Some time after this the player was supping with the merry monarch, whilst at the same hour a trick was preparing of which himself was to be the butt. Not long had they separated when the palace was alarmed. Frogere, with several others, rushed to the emperor's apartments, and there lay the imperial joker—a murdered corse!

A VERY HOT RIVER.

At one point in the Yellowstone, a stream of clear, cold water flows through the park, receiving in its course the scalding boiling springs of that region. The boiling water, as it reaches the cold stream, flows for a considerable distance along one bank before the waters finally mingle and become one in temperature. Into this spring of boiling water insects, bugs, toads, grasshoppers, and the like are continually dropping, and thus losing their lives, and all such insects are, as a matter of course, swept into the cold water stream. Now in the cold water of this stream a number of hungry trout are continually skirmishing along the edge of the hot water, taking good care not to venture too close, for the purpose of snapping up and devouring the insects brought down by the hot water, and which happen to float over into the cold water, or near enough the border for the trout to pick them up, so that it is possible for a fisherman sitting on the bank to catch a trout with hook and line, draw him two feet from where he took the hook and boil him good and done, all in the same stream and without ever lifting the fish from the water. The fisherman would, of course, have to have a scoop net to remove the boiled trout from the water, for otherwise the head would pull off, leaving the body in the water. But, barring this, it is within bounds of truth for one to say that the Yellowstone is the only place on earth where it is possible to catch and cook a fish in the same stream.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.

CLONMEL.

CLONMEL, a borough, market and assize town, and a parish, partly in the barony of Upperthird, county of Waterford, but chiefly in that of Iffa and Offa East, county of Tipperary and province of Munster, 23 miles (W. by N.) from Waterford, and 82½ (S.W. by S.) from Dublin; containing 20,035 inhabitants, of which number 17,838 are in the town. This place, of which the origin is ascribed to a period prior to the invasion of the Danes, is supposed to have derived its name from "Cluaine-Meala," signifying in the Irish language the "plain of honey," in allusion either to the character of its situation and the peculiar richness of the soil, or to the valley in which it stands being bounded by picturesque mountains that afford honey of fine flavour. It appears to have been the capital of the palatine liberty, as it now is of the county of Tipperary; and is probably indebted for its early importance to the patronage of the Butler family. According to Archdall, a Dominican friary was founded here in 1269, but by whom it is not known; and the same author states that the Franciscan friary was also founded in that year by Otho de Grandison, though the date inscribed upon it is 1265: this friary was reformed in 1536, by the friars of the Strict Observance, and having been surrendered to the crown in 1540, was, with its possessions, three years after, granted in moities to the sovereign and commonalty of Clonmel and the Earl of Ormonde: its church was esteemed one of the most magnificent ecclesiastical structures in the country. In 1516, the town, which was surrounded with walls and strongly fortified, was besieged and taken by the Earl of Kildare; and during the civil war of the 17th century, having been garrisoned for the king by the Marquess of Ormonde, it was attacked by Cromwell in 1650, with his army from Kilkenny; but was bravely defended by Hugh O'Nial, a northern officer, who, with 1,200 of his provincial forces, maintained it with such valour that, in the first assault, not less than 2,000 of the besieging army were slain, and the siege was turned into a blockade. After a resolute defence for two months, the garrison, being without any prospect of obtaining relief, secretly withdrew to Waterford, and the inhabitants surrendered upon honourable terms: the town remained in the possession of the Parliamentarians till a short time prior to the Restoration, when it was retaken by the Royalists. At the Revolution, the town, which was held by partisans of Jas. II., was abandoned on the approach of William's army to besiege Waterford.

It is situated on the banks of the river Suir, in a beautiful and fertile valley bounded by picturesque mountains, and on one of the two main roads from Dublin to Cork, and that from Waterford to Limerick. With the exception of that portion which is built on islands in the river, it is wholly on the northern or Tipperary side of the Suir, and is connected with the Waterford portion by three bridges of stone. The principal street is spacious, and extends from east to west, under different names, for more than a mile in a direction nearly parallel with the river; the total number of houses, in 1831, was 1,532.

In 1667, the plan of Sir Peter Pett for introducing the woollen manufacture into Ireland was carried into effect by the Duke of Ormonde, then Lord Lieutenant; and, in order to provide a sufficient number of workmen, 500 families of the Walloons were invited over from Canterbury to settle here. The manufacture continued to flourish for some time, but at length fell into decay, in consequence of the prohibitory statutes passed by the English Parliament soon after the Revolution, and is at present nearly extinct. A factory for weaving cotton has been established by Mr. Malcolm, which at present affords employment to 150 girls; he has also an extensive cotton factory at Portlaw, in the county of Waterford.

The corporation is of great antiquity, and probably exists by prescription. Numerous charters have at various times been granted since the reign of Edw. I.; that under which the borough is now governed was granted in the 6th of Jas. I. (1608), and, under the title of "The Mayor, Bailiffs, Free Burgesses, and Commonalty of the Town or Borough of Clonmel," ordains that the corporation shall consist of a mayor, two bailiffs, twenty free burgesses (including the mayor and bailiffs), and a commonalty, with a recorder, chamberlain, town-clerk, and other officers. The freedom was formerly obtained by nomination of a burgess to the common council, a majority of whom decided on the admission; but at present the rights of birth, extending only to the eldest son, apprenticeship to a freeman within the borough, and marriage with a freeman's daughter, are recognised as titles to it. The borough returned two members to the Irish Parliament till the Union.

Of the town walls, which encompassed only what is now the central part of the town, on the northern bank of the river, there are only very imperfect remains: the entrance was by four principal gates, of which only the west gate, which has been lately very substantially repaired and forms an ornament to the town, is now standing; and of the various towers by which they were defended, there are three remaining near the churchyard. Near the western end of the town are the ruins of the church of St. Stephen, and in the southern suburb are those of the church of St. Nicholas. Some trifling remains of the ancient castle may still be traced in what is now the office of the Tipperary Free Press. In the neighbourhood are the ruins of several castles, and traces of encampments or Danish forts; at Gurteen is a cairn or druids' altar: and near Oakland is a holy well, called St. Patrick's well; also the ruins of an ancient chapel, in which are several large stones bearing inscriptions. About half a mile to the south-east is a chalybeate spring, resorted to medicinally; and near the south suburb is another of similar kind, but not much used. The Rev. Laurence Sterne was born here in 1713; and Bonaventura Baro, or Baron, who wrote numerous works during a long residence at Rome, where he died in 1696, was also born here. Clonmel gives the titles of Earl and Viscount to the family of Scott; the father of the present Earl was the Rt. Hon. John Scott, the celebrated Chief Justice of the King's Bench in Ireland, who was created Baron Earlsfort in 1784, and was advanced to the Viscounty of Clonmel in 1789, and to the Earldom in 1793.

(To be Continued.)

NOTES AND QUERIES.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

My Dear Sir.—In reading a file of your journal, I have been particularly interested in a series of reprints of documents bearing on the career of John M'Dermott, of Roscommon. It will give me great satisfaction if you will inform me through your "Notes and Queries" column, or by letter, where I can get any additional facts regarding this interesting character.

I would particularly like to know his age at time of his execution, and the place of his burial.—Very truly yours,

F. R. PETRIE,
319 E. 6th street, Plainfield, N. J.
U. S. A.

[The matter to which Mr Petrie alludes was published in "Glimpses of the Past," in our issues of May 10 and 24, June 21, and July 26. These paragraphs told the story of the trial of John Mac-Dermott for riot and burglary at Castle Tenison, County Roscommon, in June 1793, and the last paragraph simply chronicled the fact of his execution at the Commons, Kilmainham. We shall gladly publish any supplementary information our readers may be able to give.—Ed. D. P. J.]

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Seaforde, Co. Down,
November 2, 1902.

Dear Sir—Would you or any of your readers kindly give me any information about the lineage of Robert Hoey, of Dunganstown Castle, county Wicklow, who was born about 1750. Perhaps there is a county history of Wicklow. If so, could you tell me where it could be obtained?—Yours faithfully,

HENRY R. MILES.

TRUFFLES.

The secret of the growth of truffles, which remained so long a mystery to botanists, was discovered by a French scientist, the Duc de Lesparre. The question of how truffles grow has hitherto escaped all research; in future their cultivation will be possible. The truffle may thus become a condiment at least relatively cheap, and, although it is somewhat heavy and indigestible, it possesses very savoury and nutritive properties, and its reproduction in large quantities is likely to have considerable influence on cookery in France and in every other country. The Duc had been studying the question for some years, and finally came to the conclusion that the truffle is a mushroom. The next problem was to find how it germinated. After several years of observation and experiment he concludes that the seed-cells, three or four in number, are enclosed in little bags. These must first be opened by insects or by decay, like the pods of plants. Then the seed-cells are transported by insects and deposited upon the leaves of trees, which seem to be as necessary for their growth as they are for parasites, such as the mistletoe, for instance. On the leaves of certain trees the germination begins, the spores being male and female, as in the stamens and pistils of plants. The fecundated spores then fall to the ground, work their way under the earth with the rains or by being trampled upon, and there the truffles develop at leisure. The Duc de Lesparre has demonstrated that soil is not necessary to this fecundation, and that, with care the spores can be cultivated above ground. He has also discovered a certain number of species of trees on whose leaves the seed-cells can be propagated.

THE CHINESE PRESS IN AMERICA.

By CHARLES F. HOLDER.


The Chinese World.

Published Daily by the Mon Hing Yat Bo Publishing Co.

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A SAN FRANCISCO CHINESE NEWSPAPER.



INTERIOR OF CHINESE COMPOSING ROOM SHOWING ENORMOUS SIZE OF FOUNTS.

In roaming through the famous Chinatown of San Francisco, its lanes and alleys, the stroller will perhaps observe over a narrow door a mystical sign, and beneath it the words Chung-Sai-Yat-Po, the daily newspaper; and if curious he may ascend the narrow stair and reach the editorial and other rooms of one of the several Chinese papers published in this Chinese-American city. Little Canton, as it is sometimes called. This paper was first started as a weekly, but was finally changed to a daily, and is now an influential organ of what might be termed the Americanised Chinese, or the New Chinaman. as the editor is a Chinese minister of the Presbyterian Church, a man of high cultivation from the American standpoint. He is the Rev. Ng Poon Chew, and one of his literary advisers and aids is John Fryer, LL.D., who fills the chair of Chinese Literature at the University of California; but the typesetters, the clerks, in fact all the employees, are Chinamen, some of whom are graduates of American schools. In the business office and editorial room there is little to attract the attention. American desks and chairs and telephone are the appliances of the workers; but when the visitor enters the composing room, a high, cheerless, brick-wall-enclosed room, he is confronted with the fact that here as well as elsewhere in China things are upside down. In a word, the typesetter is quite as important a factor as the editor; at least such is the impression gained by the obsevrer who faces the extraordinary cases of the Chinese compositor.

The American typesetter is obliged to be familiar with twenty-six letters, ten figures, and a few signs and symbols, as periods, dollar marks, etc., but the Chinese compositor must be familiar with eleven thousand characters of this archaic language, about which Professor R. K. Douglas says: "Every word is a root, every root is a word. It is without inflexion or even agglutination: its substantives are indeclinable, and its verbs are not to be conjugated; it is destitute of an alphabet, and finds its expression on paper in thousands of distinct symbols."

It is needless to go into a description of this marvellous language to explain the difficulties of the Chinese compositor; but one illustration is sufficient. Certain sounds often stand for several hundred words, the difference, often vital to an intelligent presentation of an idea, depending on certain diacritical marks accompanying each word. There are thousands of these symbols which are engraved, each one representing a type, but a well-regulated newspaper will require eleven thousand characters; if others are needed, they are made in the office. A font of type in the Chinese language requires eleven thousand spaces, and in the large and spacious racks

here shown each word instead of each letter, as in English has a place for itself. There is also a peculiar grouping or classification of symbols into groups to further facilitate the mental labours of the type-setters. Thus in the immediate vicinity of the symbol for fish would be found the symbols for scales, net, fins, tail, gills. This simplifies the labour, which in any event must be so strenuous that it is evident that the compositor's end of the Chinese newspaper should, if perfect justice ruled, be the highest paid.

The compositor is a staid and dignified individual, and as he slowly walks from symbol to symbol, picking up those which he requires with provoking calmness, the American compositor might well wonder when the work would be completed; and to set up the limited type required for a small four-page daily paper the constant labours of eight or nine skilled Chinamen are required for twelve or thirteen hours the entire work in every department being the antipodes of the rush and whirl and marvellous celerity of the modern American publication.

When the paper is set up, it is printed on an American press, but the type, the symbols, are all made in China.

There are three other newspapers published in San Francisco besides the one described—the "Chinese World," the "Oriental News," and the "Commercial News." Nearly all have some special object in view. Thus the "World" is a reform paper, virtually the organ of the Empire Reform Association, a club or society which is very influential in Chinese circles in San Francisco, and said to include a fourth of the entire population. The "World" opposed the Boxers, is pro-American in its ideas; its editor is Tong Chong, a friend of the late missionary, Mr. Masters; a man of high culture and many attainments, who has, by the aid of the society, of which he is secretary, attempted to reform the entire Chinese nation. He hopes to accomplish this by educating the people up to a point where they will overthrow the Manchu power seated in the Empress and with the Emperor upon the throne literally open China to reforms of all kinds. Tong Chong has found that even in America the path of the reformer is not over a bed of roses, as having aroused the enmity of the Manchu party, or that of the conservatives of the Chinese, the ultra-intolerants of reform, he has been confronted with the mailed hand of China more than once; and finally unable to reach him directly, his relatives in China were thrown into prison, charged with his crime—a lever by which the Empress hoped to change the policy of the Chinese-American journal, which is virtually the organ of the muzzled Emperor of China. Native journalism in China is still in its infancy, so far as perfection of appliances is concerned, yet the Pekin Gazette is the oldest newspaper known, having begun publication nearly one thousand years ago; so long in the past that the "original copy" has disappeared; but the many modern newspapers published in the great cities of China suggest that the beginning of a new era has dawned.

THE KEEN OF THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF AN ANCIENT CUSTOM.

By LECTOR.

II.

Through Mrs Leary's instrumentality, Croker informs us, he subsequently became acquainted with an old man named Murray, who styled himself "a land-surveyor and philomath," who had some knowledge of the Irish language. From these oral sources and from three or four manuscripts, for which he was indebted to Dr Lee of Hartnell, Sir Lucius O'Brien, and Sir William Betham, were formed the selection of "Keens of the South of Ireland," which Mr Croker published under that title, as stated at the head of this paper, from which it has been exclusively compiled. Several of these "Keens," such as "The Convict of Clonmel," "The Lament of O Gnive," and the "Keen for O'Sullivan Beare," all three versified by J J Callanan, Dr Sigerson's version of "Felix M'Carthy's Keen for the Loss of His Children," Dr Geoffrey Keating's "Exile's Farewell," and "The Miseries of Ireland," "The Keen on Maurice Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry," and the "Keen of Sir John Fitzgerald, son of the Knight of Glin," have been reprinted at various times, in the last instance in the Cork Archaeological Journal but the following specimens of the Keen are of Croker's own versification, and form probably more typical samples than those above enumerated, of this now extinct Irish mode of lamentation:

THE FAIR KEEN ON EDMUND WALSH AND ARTHUR LEARY.

This Keen, or rather dialogue, obtained from Mrs Leary by Croker, relates to a farmer named Edmund Walsh, who about the middle of the 18th century was hanged and beheaded at Cork for for the murder of his neighbour and gossip, Arthur O'Leary. Walsh, though a married man and the father of two children, had become entangled with a woman named Fahey, who urged him to murder his wife so that he could marry her. He actually went so far as to enter her room with a razor; but the sight of his children sleeping quietly deterred him from accomplishing the act. Though still incited by Fahey, he rushed forth from the house, and while engaged in a violent altercation with her on the high road, Arthur O'Leary happened to pass. Thinking that he must have overheard sufficient of their conversation to criminate him, Walsh wrenched a bar from the gate, and following Leary, struck him a violent blow on the back of the head, which felled him to the ground. Whilst he was consulting with his paramour as to the disposal of the corpse, the parish priest came up; and after him, too, Walsh rushed madly, intending to kill him likewise, so as to prevent discovery. But the priest, roused by his furious demeanour, stuck spurs into his horse, and plunging into the Ownabuoy, or Carrigaline River, escaped by swimming it across. "Ah!" you have escaped me," shouted Walsh in Irish, "God is good to you to have inspired you to ride with blessed spurs. For the skin of my neck has been tanned to-night to make leather for the spurs of the devil." which last remarkable sentence afterwards became a idiom in the district.

The priest believed that he had become suddenly deranged, and so it was reported next morning, Leary having left his home for a few days to attend a fair, and a week elapsing without tale or tidings of him, the rumour gradually spread abroad that he must have been murdered. It was finally arranged that a pack of foxhounds should be utilised for the discovery of his dead body, and on the appointed day "every man and boy in the six parishes gentle and simple, assembled at the hunt which was given out for Arthur Leary." His remains were found by the dogs in what is locally termed "a double ditch," in which they had been thrust with merely a few loose stones and sods placed over the entrance. The coroner's inquest revealing the fact that the money Leary was known to have about him was still in his pockets, so that the crime was not due to robbery, suspicion now fastened on Walsh, as the murderer of his gossip.

On Walsh being brought into the presence of his victim the corpse was said to have gushed out blood at the ears and nose. Walsh was immediately made prisoner, sent to Cork, tried at the ensuing assizes, found guilty on the evidence of Mary Fahey, who turned approver, and pursuant to his sentence was hanged at Gallows Green, and his head spiked on the south gaol of Cork.

Some years after the murder of her husband, the widow Leary met Walsh's daughter at the Fair of Carrigaline, when the following Keen or dialogue took place:—

Mrs Leary—"Is not that Ned Walsh's daughter
In the cloak blood-money bought her?"

Walsh's Daughter—"Yes, I am she, Ned Walsh's name
Is one that makes me feel no shame;
Yes, I'm his child—though you have seen
My father hanged at Gallows Green!
The Lord be good unto his soul,
It was no horse or cow he stole;
Nor was it for arrears of rent
That Edmund Walsh to gaol was sent."

Mrs Leary—"If not for these, it was for worse;
Your father had the country's curse.
By him was killed the best of men;
He, at one blow, made orphans ten,
And changed to grief their infant mirth,
Beside the mournful widow's hearth;
One heavy blow with bar of gate
My heart at home made desolate.
Huntsmen and hounds at break of day
Went forth to search all Kinalea;
And by the dogs Arthur found,
Not fairly buried in the ground;
But his bruised body headless thrown,
Like carcass that no friend would own;
Murdered he was by gossip's hand
For whom he would have staked his land."

Walsh's Daughter:—"Small would have been the wish of ground,
When no one need for Walsh be found;
My father had so much of pride,
Ten thousand deaths he would have died,
Before a favour he would take,
Or ask a boon for friendship's sake,
A blow in passion that was given,
Through Christ may mercy find in heaven."

Mrs Leary—"If I had silver and had gold,
As much as in this fair is told,
I'd give it all, and think I'd be
A gainer, could I Arthur see.
My two best cows, the gown I wore—
Aye, all I had—I'd freely give
To see again my husband live."

Walsh's Daughter—"Alas! alas! my father dear,
No sign he showed of guilt or fear,
When on the car I saw him bound,
I saw the rope his neck around;
And on a spike I saw his head,
When he was sleeping with the dead.
His corpse in Templebready lies,
Keened by the white-winged seagulls' cries."

(Templebready stands near Campden Fort at the entrance to Cork Harbour, to which its dismantled church forms a prominent landmark.)

KEEN ON MR. HUGH POWER.

(This Keen whose author was said to be one Edmund Wall, was obtained by Croker from Murray the old itinerant surveyor, before-mentioned. Its subject, Hugh Power, was "one of the brightest men in Munster and the champion of all sorts of learning, who lived mid-way between the siege

of Limerick and our times, at a place called Knockastocaune (the Hill of the Stake) east of Castle Lyons, and north of the River Bride, in the Co. Cork.")

"Last night to my sorrow,
I heard through my dreaming
The voice of the Woman (i.e., the Banshee).
Of Fate sadly screaming;
Around me they flitted,
With mourning and weeping;
And the loss of my comfort
I knew through my sleeping.

I found it this morning
My best friend was taken.
From the stock of the Powers
The best limb had been shaken—
Hugh, the manly in heart,
And the princely in sp'rit,
Who, from lofty descent
Did these virtues inherit.

O Death! you're my ruin,
My woe and distraction;
You have crushed all my hopes
By this cruel action,
As a hive full of honey,
My heart you have rifled;
And within it all joys,
Like bees, have been stifled.

O Death! you have robbed me,
And taken my treasure;
You've made me a bankrupt
For ever in pleasure;
You've struck down and trampled
My prop and protection,
And left me the victim
Of grief and dejection.

The darning of needles
Red-hot I'm enduring,
Through my heart's inward core,
Without hope of curing,
Through my lungs and my liver
I feel my disaster;
Where's the doctor can cure it
With physic or plaster?

Hugh, the lov'd son Pierce,
Who for bright conversation
All scholars exceeded
Of this learned nation.
Seven weeks at one sitting,
Without thought of tiring,
I could hear your discourse
In silent admiring.

There's grief and confusion
Both above us and under,
In the voice of the Heaven
That speaks with its thunder.
In the fall of the waters
Tumultuously rushing
Through their deep furrowed channels
So furiously gushing.

The earth that we tread on
To its centre doth tremble,
At the cry, that no cry
Of this earth doth resemble;
For the Keen of the dwellers
Of dark Cairn Thierna
Has reached Una's palace
On misty Knockfierna.

With the gush of the night-wind
So dolefully sweeping
To Knocklienah and Cashel
Is carried the weeping;
Thence onward it travels
To high Knockahannah,
Till the accents of wailing
Reach gray Slievenagranna.

From her rocky bed starting,
The hag of the mountains
With her shrill voice wakens
Hill-cries beyond counting,
Loud and long is the screaming—
The land's in commotion,
Till the full song of Death
Is spread over the ocean.

In its caves and recesses,
For Hugh there is mourning,
The deep moaning of waves,
And their heavy returning,
Comes back on Cairn Thierna
With mighty sound swelling,
Where the Women of Fate
Have their mystical dwelling.

When raising their voices
Beyond all believing,
They send forth their wild shrieks
Of uttermost grieving;
For Hugh was their neighbour,
And he would not vex 'em
By the crossing of straws,
Or sad tricks to perplex 'em.

Hugh Power was of horsemen
The best and the boldest;
He heeded not weather
The wettest or coldest.
At the tail of the hounds
When horn ceased sounding,
Over hedges and ditches
Away he went bounding.

From their dens and their burrows
Fox and badger he'd follow;
No man was his equal
At giving the hallo!
To a field of true sportsmen,
As the view it was cheering,
To see Hugh's red jacket
Among them appearing.

Hugh Power was a dealer
In wine, to small profit;
For he gave more away
Than he ever sold of it.
His house was a refuge
To the harper and poet;
But why need I tell this,
When all men must know it?

Hugh's death is a great blow
To science and knowledge.
The Latin he'd construe
With the head of a college;
The wit of the English,
Of Irish the sweetness,
No one understood with
His critical neatness.

Where now is the music
That dwelt in his finger?
What so oft has made me
Delighted to linger?
From three strings of catgut (the double bass)
More sweetness he'd saw out,
Than fror forty a harper
Could manage to claw out.

Then the pipes so melodious,
He made them quite speaking;
And not like an old sow—
Now grunting—now squeaking.
No churn of his labours,
Without once reposing,
He'd play for the asking,
The tunes of your choosing.

Who now will be foreman
Of Conogh's Quarter Sessions,
To visit with justice
All lawless transgressions.
The poor man his equal,
Will not find another,
Who'd bring in as guilty
His father or brother.

Many great lords and chieftains
To him were near cousins;
I could number them up
By the scores and the dozens.
There was Sarsfield the Valiant,
Who bade William defiance,
And the Lord Barrymore,
Of the grand Castlelyons.

The proud Duke of Ormond,
Of the lofty Kilkenny,
Lord Power, and the Roches,
Of Creg, and of Renny;
The Chief of the Barretts,
With the Smiths of Molanna,
And the Lord Grandison,
Of the lovely Dromana.

The Condons of Cloughlea,
That was sold by a piper;
May he caper in hell,
To his tune, the false viper;
And the honest MacDonough,
The Lord Cahir and MacCarties,
And the Cusheens who bullied
All men and all parties.

Pierce Power has this morning
My heartfelt compassion;
In the hunt with his brother
Again he'll not dash on,
Hugh's wife has no husband;
Her children no father,
But the corpse round whose coffin
With loud cries they gather.

Hugh's greatness and glory
Lies fallen and humbled,
Like the stronghold of Erin,
To silent dust crumbled.
Again can I never
For friend or relation
Feel anguish so bitter,
As on this occasion.

(The Cairn Thierna above-named, is a fairy-peopled hill near Fermoy. Knockfierna is a mountain in the county Limerick. The crossing of straws is an allusion to the superstition that two straws put across the fairies' path caused them to stumble. Cloughlea Castle in the grounds of Moorpark, the seat of Lord Mountcashel, which was betrayed in 1649.)

(To be continued.)

NEST BUILDING FISHES.

It is generally supposed that fishes take no care whatever of their young, leaving them entirely to the attention of nature; but the fact is much otherwise with many species. The most remarkable point, however, regarding certain fishes is, that the males do the care-taking, and not the females.

If you will go out any time during the month of August, in this latitude, you will see in streams and ponds big catfish of the common sort, each one accompanied by a swarm of small fry. In each case the old one is a male, and he is engaged in taking care of his offspring. If an intruder comes near the catfish will dash at him and drive him away.

It has been known for a long while that catfishes had this way of guarding their youth, but only lately has it been ascertained that it was the papa fish which did the care-taking.

Some time back there was a pair of catfish in one of the aquaria at the building of the Fish Commission in Washington. At spawning time eggs were laid, and one of the parents kept watch over them, not permitting the other parent to come near. The young were duly hatched and thrived, being cared for in this way until they were big enough to look out for themselves.

In their native ponds and brooks you will find large broods of young catfish as big as three-fourths of an inch in length remaining together in schools, each school accompanied by the male. Sometimes he will swim slowly along the centre of the young ones, and at other times alongside.

In laying their eggs the parent catfishes select a spot where the water is quiet, if possible, protected by aquatic plants, and there they make a nest, perhaps eight inches by six, including the spawn.

The nest has a soft outer envelope, and over it the male hovers, forcing fresh water through the mass by rapid vibrations of his fins, until after about a week the young are hatched.

Sometimes the male catfish takes care of its young in a still more peculiar manner. There is a kind found in the sea, the eggs laid by which are as large as a small bullet. These eggs are found in the mouths of the males, which do this to protect them.

After the eggs are laid the parent catfish takes them into his mouth, and keeps them there until they are all hatched, when they go out and take care of themselves.

But this method is not confined to catfishes. There are found in Africa and South Africa a species which resemble the sunfish of our own streams. These "cichlids," as they are called, are also plentiful in Texas and Palestine. They are often found with their cheeks fairly bulging with young.

In the Sea of Galilee the cichlids are so numerous that the miraculous catch of the time when Saint Peter fished there might be repeated any day, it being the manner of these fishes to move about on the top of the water in solid masses, covering many square yards, and making a noise like that of rain pouring.

THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK.

By CHARLES SMITH, M.D.

Æquum est enim meminisse & me, qui discerem hominem esse, et vos, qui Judicetis ut si probabilia dicentur nihil ultra requiratis. Cicero Univers.

In Two Volumes.

VOL I.

The Second Edition, with Additions.

BOOK II.

Containing the Topographical Description of this County, including the City of Cork.

CHAP. I.—Continued.

Containing the Topographical Description of this County, including the City of Cork.

The south wing was formerly called the chauntry of our Blessed Saviour. It was purchased from the mayor and corporation of Youghal by the Earl of Cork, March 29, 1606. By which deed he was not to molest the ancient burials in this place. He repaired the chapel, and in his lifetime erected an handsome monument for his family, according to the taste of those times, in marble and alabaster. On this monument are the effigies of this nobleman, lying at full length, on his left side, in armour, his head supported by his left hand, and below are figures of nine of his children, with the dates of their births on the pedestals, thus: 1. Roger Boyle, natus 1 August, 1606. 2. Richard Boyle, natus 20 October, 1612. 3. Galfridius Boyle, natus 10 April, 1616 (He was drowned in the college well in this town). 4. Lewis Boyle, natus 23 Martii, 1619. 5. Alicia Boyle, nata 20 Martii, 1607. 6 Sarah Boyle, nata 29 Martii, 1609. 7. Letitia Boyle, nata 23 April, 1610. 8. Joana Boyle, nata 14 Junii, 1611. 9. Catherina Boyle, nata 22 Martii, 1614.

Over the effigies of the Earl is this inscription, on a black marble:

"Richardus Boyle miles, dominus Boyle baro de Youghal, vicecomes Dungarvan, comes Corcagiensis, dominus summus hujus regni Hiberniæ thesaurarius et de privato consiolio domini regis tam Angliæ quam Hiberniæ, ex antiquissima Boylorum familia Herefordiensi oriundus, qui patrem habuit Rogerum Boyle armigerum, matrem itidem generosam Joanam Nayleram et solo cantiano profectam, cum duas sibi invicem junxisset uxores, primam Joanam filiam & cohæredem Guilelmi Appesly armigeri, nulla superstite prole; alteram preclare secundam Catherinam natam domini Galfridi Fentoni equitis, regiæ majestati hoc regno a secretis, postquam varios pro republica cepisset labores, nec immeritos honores, conscendisset, ipse jam septuaginta septem annos natus, ac mortem indies imminentem expectans sibi & posteris suis, hoc prosuit monumentum sacrum memoriæ.

Ipse de se,

Sic posui tumultum, superest intendere votis,
Parce animæ, carnem solvito, Christe veni."

Beneath this inscription are these following:

"Hicjacet corpus reverendi patris Johannis Boyle, sacræ theologiæ doctoris, episcopi Corcagiensis, Clonensis & and Rossensis, ac fratris majoris natu Richardi comitis Corcagiæ, &c., qui obiit decimo die Julii, anno Dom. 1620. ætatis suæ 57.

Hic etiam jacent sepultæ Elizabetha & Maria Boyle, hæc Richardi Smith militis, illa Piercii Power armigeri uxor, ambæ sorores predicti Richardi domini Boyle Corcagiæ comitis.

Hic jacet prænobilis David dominus Barry, procomes Buttevant, primus comes Barrymore, commissione regia pro gubernatione Momoniæ, primo designat. heros, prinlipi & coronæ Anglicanæ fidelissimus, de republica durante Hibernicorum rebellione optime mærens, verreque christianæ religionis cultor præcipuus, qui obiit 29 die Septembris 1642. annoque ætatis suæ 38."

Around the above marbles are several escutcheons of his children, near which are the following inscriptions:

Towards the top,

"Richard earl of Cork married two wives, the first Joan, one of the two daughters and coheiresses of William Apsly, esq., who died in travel of her first son, which did not survive her. The second wife was Katherine, the only daughter of Sir Geoffry Fenton, knt., secretary of state in Ireland, by whom he had issue seven sons and eight daughters."

"The lady Margaret Boyle, eighth daughter of the earl of Cork, died, and lieth here intombed."

On the right side, issuing from the above inscription, in the manner of a genealogical table, are the following:

"Sir Richard Boyle, knt., son and heir apparent of Richard earl of Cork, married Elizabeth, eldest of the two daughters and coheiresses of Henry lord Clifford, earl of Cumberland, and hath issue,

"Sir Lewis Boyle, knt., lord Boyle, baron of Bandon-bridge, and lord viscount Boyle, of Kinalmeaky, second son of Richard earl of Cork, married the lady Elizabeth, daughter of sir William Fielding, knt., lord baron of Newenham Padox, viscount Fielding and earl of Denbigh. Slain in the battle of Liscarrol, Sept. 3, 1642 (8)."

"Sir Roger Boyle, knt., lord Boyle, baron of Broghill, third son (14) of Richard earl of Cork, married the lady Margaret, daughter of Theophilus, lord Howard of Walden, earl of Suffolk."

"Francis Boyle, esq., fourth son of Richard earl of Cork, married Elizabeth, daughter of sir Robert Killigrew, knt., late vice-chamberlain to Mary queen of England."

"Robert Boyle, esq., fifth son of Richard earl of Cork."

"Roger Boyle, eldest son of Richard earl of Cork, being a scholar at Deptford, in Kent, died there the 10th of October, 1615, and there lies intombed."

"Geoffry Boyle, third son of Richard earl of Cork, died young, on the 20th of Jan., 1616, and lieth here intombed."

To each of these inscriptions are escutcheons (those who were married) impaled with the arms of their ladies, with proper differences for the several sons; and on the left hand are the underneath inscriptions, with the several coats of arms of his daughters, impaled with the bearings of their husbands:

"David, lord Barry, lord viscount Buttevant, first earl of Barrymore, married the lady Alice Boyle, first daughter of Richard earl of Cork."

"Robert, lord Digby, baron of Geashil, married the lady Sarah Boyle, second daughter of Richard earl of Cork, being then the widow of sir Thomas Moore, knt., son and heir to Garret lord Moore, lord viscount of Drogheda."

"Colonel George Goring, son and heir to sir George Goring, knt., lord baron Goring of Hurst-Pierpoint, married the lady Lettice Boyle, third daughter of Richard earl of Cork."

"George Fitz-Gerald, earl of Kildare, married the lady Joan Boyle, fourth daughter of Richard earl of Cork."

"Arthur Loftus, Esq., son and heir of Sir Roger Jones, knt., vice-treasurer, and treasurer at wars in Ireland, married the Lady Dorothy Boyle the sixth daughter of Richard Earl of Cork."

"Sir Arthur Loftus, knt., son and heir of sir Adam Loftus, knt., vice-treasurer, and treasurer at wars in Ireland, married the lady Dorothy Boyle, the sixth daughter of Richard earl of Cork."

Charles Rich, esq., second son of Robert, Lord Rich, of Leeze, Earl of

(8) In a letter to M. Marcombes, his son's tutor, directed to Geneva and dated 18 Jan., 1639, the earl of Cork says, "On St Stephen's day my son, Kinalmeaky was married, in the king's chapel in court to the lady Elizabeth Fielding, daughter to the countess of Denbigh. The king gave her in marriage unto him, and the queen presented her with a jewel, valued at £1,500, which the king, with his own hands put about her neck, and did the young couple all honour and grace."

In the same letter he says "My daughter Dungarvan was speedily delivered of a boy; and on the 12th of December, it pleased the king's majesty to christen the child, by the name of Charles, being assisted by the marquis of Hamilton and the countess of Salisbury. Your friend Broghil is in a fair way of being married to Mrs Harrison, one of the queen's maids of honour; about whom, yesterday, a difference happened, between Mr Thomas Steward the earl of Berkshire's son and him, which drew them into the field: but, thanks be to God, Broghill came home without any hurt and the other gentleman not much harmed: and now they have clashed their swords together, they are grown good friends. I think, in my next, I shall advise you that my daughter Mary is nobly married, and that at the spring I shall send her husband to keep company with my sons at Geneva."

(9) Third son then living when the monument was erected. Geoffry, the third son, being dead, was left out of the number; and yet, under his effigy he is called the third son, as he really was.

Warwick, married the lady Mary Boyle, the seventh daughter of Richard earl of Cork."

On the top of the monument are these lines:

"Precatio viventis.
Quam patre, quam prole, & gemino quam conjuge faustam
Fecisti, o faustam fac faciendo tuam."

Under which is the effigy of the Earl of Cork's mother, Joan Naylor, lying on her left side, her arm leaning on a bible. She is habited in the dress of the times; on her head is a large straw hat, and she has a Queen Elizabeth's ruff and fardingale, all of alabaster painted over. And on each side of the Earl are the effigies of his two wives, the one at his head, the other at his feet, in a praying posture, also in alabaster, placed in two niches, supported by pillars of a reddish marble.

On the south wall is a cartouch of white Italian marble, to the memory of the first Earl of Orrery, with this inscription:

Memoriæ sacrum
Rogeri Boyle, primo comitis
De Orrery, et Baronis
De Broghill;
Qui dum vixit multis pariter et fummis
Honoribus et officiis fungebatur;
Mortuus vero summo cum viventium luctu
Obiit decimo sexto
Die Octobris anno Domini 1679.
Annoque ætatis fuæ 59.
De quo non hic plura requirat lector,
Quoniam omnia de ingenio et moribus,
vel ex fama,
Vel ex operibus, deignoscere possit.

In the same chapel there is an ancient tomb, on which are the effigies of a man and woman lying at full length. At the feet is this inscription:

"Here lieth the bodies of Richard Bennet, and Ellis Barry, his wife, the first foundress of this chapel, which being demolished in the time of rebellion, and their tomb defaced, was re-edified by Richard, lord Boyle, baron of Youghal, who, for reviving the memory of them, repaired this tomb, and had their effigies, cut in stone, placed thereon, anno domini 1619."

On a stone in the same chapel, part of the inscription being covered by a wall, are these lines:

(10)—Lord president of Munster, an. dom.
(10) Lord president of Munster, an. dom. 16.
Munster may curse the time that Villers came,
To make us worse, by leaving such a name:
Of noble parts, as none can imitate,
But those whose hearts are married to the state.
But, if they press to imitate his fame,
Munster may bless the time that Villers came.
16—

On a flag stone, near the rail of the Communion table, is this inscription:

"Here lieth the body of John Fitz-Gerald, of the Decies, who departed this life, the first of March, anno dom. 1664. Also here lieth the body of Katherine, his wife, daughter of the lord John Power, baron of Curraghmore, who departed this life the 22nd of August, anno dom. 1660. Who were removed by the earl Grandison, their grandson, to his vault in the chancel, anno 1736. And here also are interred his two daughters, the ladies Anne and Katherine Villiers. Also his son, the right honourable William, lord Villiers, who died the 16th of December, 1739."

On a pillar, near the W. door, is this inscription:

"Near this pillar lieth interred the body of John Perry, esq., who departed this life October 29, anno dom. 1712, in the 51st year of his age. He was a native of this town, and, by an early application to business, acquired a very considerable fortune in the island of Antigua, and other foreign plantations. By his last will, among several other charitable legacies, he bequeathed to the poor of Youghal £300 sterl. the interest thereof, or the produce by purchase, is to be yearly distributed, May 29, at the church door of the said parish, as the lord bishop of Cloyne shall then nominate and appoint. Be merciful after thy power, &c."

I cannot quit this church without taking notice that it is as well filled on the Sabbath day as any parish church in Ireland. There are also in this town one Presbyterian and one Quakers' meeting-house. Not far from the church is the college, which was repaired and beautified for a dwellinghouse by the first earl of Cork, but most of it at present is in a ruinous condition. Near it stands an alms house and free-school, founded by the same nobleman. The first, for six poor widows, who have each of them lodging, firing, and £5 per annum. The schoolmaster has £30 a year salary. The Earl of Cork procured letters patent, and licence of mortmain, for these endowments, as well as for his alms-house and schools at Lismore and Bandon, which bear date 19 of Feb., 1613. Near this is another alms-house, built by Mr. Maurice Ronayne, of Dlaughtane, in the county of Waterford, for the support of six poor widows, who have a small stipend allowed them. Mr. Thomas Croker bequeathed £4 a year, to be distributed every St. Thomas's day; and Mr. John Spence also left £20, to be yearly distributed to the poor of this parish for ever, anno 1690.

This town from south to north is about an English mile long, consisting, mostly, of one street, intermixed with new and old houses; this street, towards the south end, is crossed by an high square tower, called the clock gate, from one being underneath, and a clock placed thereon; so that it is divided into upper and lower. The upper, which is the greater part, extends north, and the base town (as Cambden calls it) to the south. The whole is situated on the side of a hill, on an arm of the sea, with a tolerable good harbour before it. The walls on the west side extend the entire length of the town, ranged along the hill; they are flanked with some old towers which, with the wall, were weak and ruinous till lately repaired, as were also the gates. On the side of the hill, beneath the town wall, are a range of pleasant gardens that considerably add to the beauty of the prospect which the town makes from the opposite side of the river. Most of these gardens are well stored with various kinds of fruit, which, lying open to a good exposure, ripen early; so that these lines of Mr. Thomson may be here justly applied:

——— The funny wall,
Where autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought.
Presents the downy peach; the shining plumb;
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine; and dark,
Beneath his ample roof, the luscious fig.
The vine, too, here, her curling tendrils shoots;
Hangs out her clusters glowing to the south,
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.

House rent is very low, and good provisions cheap; so that people of a moderate fortune may live here very comfortably.

The entrance into the bay is dangerous to strangers, there being a bar that cannot be passed till half flood. Towards the sea the town is defended by a small fort or block-house, mounted with cannon; near it is a mole for shipping, and a quay to load and discharge goods; adjacent to it stand the exchange and custom-house: Over the former the town council meet to transact the affairs of the corporation. The revenue here is managed by a collector and other proper officers; but of late years the trade of this port is very inconsiderable, being mostly confined to vessels trading to Bristol with woollen yarn. It is said this town formerly rivalled the city of Cork in trade, and considering its situation on a fine navigable river; and its commodious harbour, where ships are no sooner almost under sail than in the ocean, it is surprising its commerce should be in so declining a state (11). There is at present a manufactory of earthenware here, which they begin to make tolerably good.

(To be Continued.)

THE CROMWELLIANS AROUND DUBLIN.

Mr. MacArthur writes:—In addition to the report given last week of the events connected with the progress of the Cromwellians near the Irish capital, we have also an account "published by authority" in 650, in London, and entitled, "A History or brief Chronicle of the Chief Matters of the Irish Warres, with a perfect Table, a List of all the Victories obtained by the Lord Generall Cromwell, Governor of Ireland, and the Parliaments Tories under his Commands there," we have the openirg of the events leading to the Battle of Rathmines given, "Captain Norway, with a party of the horse from the Lord Lieutenant and some additional horse of Dublin sallyed out and killed 40 of Ormond's men and took Mr. Eliot (who was afterwards hanged), and Captain Barkerfield, with other prisoners. August 2nd—Lieutenant-General Jones sallied out of Dublin and took Baggotsrath from the Marquess of Ormond. Afterwards, the same day, he routed their whole body, save only some horse that were then gone with the Lord Inchequeen towards Munster, at which time 4,000 of Ormond's men were slain by two hours' fight, and 2,517 taken prisoners. There were also taken 8,000 armes, 100 colours, 7 pieces of ordnance, 200 draught oxen, 500 tents, divers carriages, boardes, boxes, trunks, great store of treasure and merchandise, which was in their tents." The report then mentions on the following day the taking of the garrison of Rathgar "after that he took in Ramaines (Rathmines), then Rachfarnham (Rathfarnham) also was taken by him." Next came a raid on Maynooth, and "the garrison at the Naas," and General Jones came back to the capital and took "the Phœnix, the strong house of the late Earle of Strafford, near the City of Dublin," and the garrisons of Drumconragh (Drumcondra), and Decbragh (Cabra). Cromwell landed at Ringsend a few weeks after and made his camp at Crumlin. Henry Cromwell being made the Commander-in-Chief in Dublin, and later on was appointed by his brother Richard, Lord Lieutenant.

(10) Sir Edward Villers, knt, was lord president of Munster, anno 1624. He died September 7, 1626.

(11) Anno 1698, according to capt. South's account, there were in his town, 40 seamen, 114 fishermen, and 46 boatmen; whereas Cork had but 183 in all. Among those in Youghal, were 135 papists. Phil. Trans. numb. 261. p. 591.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Elliot Stock, of Paternoster row, London, has recently brought out a publication which has much interest for Irish readers. It consists of a collection or calendar of documents relating to the Blake family or clan, which has been compiled by Mr. Martin J. Blake, B.L., of Lincoln's Inn. Mr. Blake has performed his task in a most admirable manner. The volume contains a series of papers relating to the Blake family extending over close on three centuries, namely, from A.D. 1315 to A.D. 1600. The documents in question number no less than 173, and all of them attest in the most convincing manner the extent of the territorial possessions of a clan, the heads of which must have been men of no ordinary capacity and repute.

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One of the most interesting portions of the book consists of certain records of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, containing the probate grants of wills issued by the Ecclesiastical Court of the Archdiocese of Tuam. One of Mr. Blake's discoveries is a writ of Henry VI. setting out an Act of the Irish Parliament during the reign of King Henry IV.—A.D. 1402—which does not appear in any of the modern editions of the ancient Irish Statues, and which prohibited "forcible entry" on land. The writ in question, curiously enough, was directed against an ancestor of our last Viceroy, Earl Cadogan. This was one William Blake, a merchant of Galway. It appears that in 1810 a Miss Honoria Louisa Blake, the fifth daughter of Joseph Blake, of Ardfry, county Galway, who was tenth in lineal descent from the aforesaid William Blake, married George, third Earl Cadogan, the grandfather of the present Lord Cadogan. Mr. Blake's most useful work contains numerous ecclesiastical documents of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, among which may be noticed an appointment to the benefice of the parish of Kilmacduagh by the delegate of Denis (O'Cahan), Bishop of Kilfenora; a mandate by the Ecclesiastical Court of the Archbishop of Tuam, directing the Municipal Court of Athenry to carry out a decree of the Ecclesiastical Court, "in virtute sancte obediencie et sub penis quicbus decet canonicis"; a power of attorney from Sir John Rawson, Knight, Prior of the House of the Hospittallers of St. John of Jerusalem at "Kilmaynan, near Dublin," to Stephen, son of James Lynch, of Galway, to collect all rents and tithes belonging to that hospital in Connaught. The work, which is illustrated by photographic reproductions of numerous documents, should be on the bookshelf of every student of Irish history.

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Professor Saintsbury, in the first volume of "The History of Criticism" (of which another volume is now imminent), describes "Demetrius" as on this question of style "not far from the kingdom of heaven," by which it may be presumed he means the excellent literary ideals of the old "Saturday Review." Demetrius is, in fact, a stickler for style as distinct, though not separable from substance, and a champion of prose rhythm—"that other harmony of prose." Professor Roberts's translation may be commended to the most modern and least classical of readers, for it is full of sound maxims still curiously pertinent. Nor is the learned editor unaware of, or indifferent to the latest doctrines. He finds Stevenson's essay on style more like Demetrius than anything since the days of the classical writers on rhetoric, and quotes with approval M. Anatole France's dictum that the vice of "ecrire trop bien" is the worst vice of all.

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We have heard lately of a school for journalists, with courses of lectures on the "Ethics of Reviewing;" but there is as yet I think no special school for critics. One school for critics at least is open for "improvers." Besides the classes of literature, there are the classics of literary criticism. And in this relation one must specially commend the good work that is being done by Professor Rhys Roberts, of Bangor. His admirable edition of "Longinus on the Sublime," and of the "Three Literary Letters of Dionysius of Halicarnassus," have been already, it is not too much to say, warmly welcomed by learned Europe. He has followed them up with a similarly learned edition, with translation, introduction, notes, and bibliography of "Demetrius on Style," just issued by the Cambridge University Press; and in a foot-note herein he promises next to turn his attention to "Theophrastus on Style," to collect the chief fragments, and to review the scattered references made to the work in antiquity.

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What should be done with the houses associated with the names of our great men? (asks a literary contemporary). The question has been answered satisfactorily in regard to Carlyle's birth-place; it has not been answered so satisfactorily as we could have wished in regard to Lord Leighton's house, but time is on the side of the living. The proposition to purchase Gilbert White's house at Selborne has been very well received, but the sum required, over £8,000, is comparatively large, and a suggestion has been made that the place, when secured, should be rendered self-supporting. As there is more space available than would be required for a museum or any such definite memorial of White, it is proposed to turn the remaining rooms to the purposes of a boarding-house under the control of a competent manager. The idea is ingenious, and there seems no reason why it should not work out well, though some sort of selective principle would have to be employed to secure suitable guests. Is the membership of the Selborne Society sufficiently large to ensure a paying clientele for the boardinghouse plan? Or only subscribers to the purchase fund, or such guests as they might recommend, might be admitted to the shelter of Gilbert White's old roof.

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A writer in the current issue of the "Academy," whose object it is to refute the notion that the short story does not flourish in these countries, gives some interesting statistics regarding the output of literature of this class. "Starting," he writes, "without any theory of my own in regard to the public taste for or against short stories, I recently asked the editors of certain leading magazines and a leading fiction syndicate to tell me how many short stories they had published during the last twelve months. The figures with which I was courteously furnished are as follows:—

"Pall Mall Magazine	63	short stories.
Strand Magazine"	62	,, ,,
"Pearson's Magazine"	67	,, ,,
"Harper's Magazine"	88	,, ,,
"Tillotson's Newspaper Syndicate	200	,, ,,

Such statistics, while they indicate strongly the existence of a thriving short-story industry in Grub st., do not precisely prove that the public in passing that though all magazines print short stories in every number, some magazines will have nothing to do with serial stories."

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It seems rather late in the day to establish a Dickens Society, but, nevertheless, such a society is now in existence. On Monday week last it held its first meeting at Anderson's Hotel. The object of the organisation, we are told (remarks the "Academy"), is to unite in a bond of friendship all true lovers of Charles Dickens. Well, we should have thought that the bond of friendship might very well have been left as it was. Beyond the satisfaction of a monthly dinner we hardly see what this new society is to do for its hero or the world. Its object, says "Household Words," is inspired by a "desire to extend the power and influence for good which his writings have had throughout the English-speaking world, and to give those who acknowledge that power and influence the opportunity of meeting each other, so that they may combine in spreading that love of humanity in all its phases which was the keynote and firm foundation of Dickens's writings." But no society, we imagine, will ever make much difference either to the reading or influence of Dickens. He was essentially a writer of popular appeal, and needs this kind of exploitation less than any man who ever wrote. "Above all," said Mr Hall Caine, "Dickens stood for the love of God." That is a generalisation which does not appeal to us. It might be applied with equal force to fifty novelists, but the sentiment of Dickens made the assertion obvious, and so it was made.

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Mr. Booth Tarkington, the Indiana novelist, announces (the "Academy" remarks) his intention of signalising his entrance into the State Legislature by promoting a Bill providing for an annual literary prize contest, the State to name the judges and award the prizes, amounting to 500 dollars a year. The Chicago "Tribune," which prints the full text of the proposed Bill, furnishes also some interesting comments upon it from Indiana authors. James Whitcomb Riley and Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, it seems, favour the plan, believing it would tend to bring literature in America under such governmental recognition as is given the profession of letters in most other countries. General Lew Wallace, on the other hand, thinks that "Indiana literature would be out of place appended to the tail of a Legislature. Better leave it entirely to its own independent effort." In this opinion George Barr M'Cutcheon and Charles Major concur. George Ade—Indiana authors are many—sardonically suggests that it would be better to make the experiment in some other State than Indiana, where "every third man, woman, and child is an author in some stage—embryonic, active, or retired." Why not try Massachusetts? he suggests.

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Mr. Tarkington has at any rate provoked the newspapers to discuss his fantastic scheme more or less seriously. The "New York World" makes light of Mr. Tarkington's plans. "Bounties on beets are one thing," it declares; "bounties on books quite another." It continues: "Reasons why the book crop of Hoosierdom should not be stimulated by a State subsidy system are so numerous that we only mention a few. First, the crop is already large and amply rewarded by an appreciative public consisting of not less than 30,000,000 readers eager for good reading. Second, the average legislator of Indiana, or any other State, is not a competent judge of good literature. Third, 500 dollars is a preposterously paltry sum wherewith to fertilise the literary soil of a great State like Indiana; it would not pay the judges two dollars a day for the time they would require to give to the reading of the 'copy' that would be sent in." "Harper's Weekly" regards the proposition more seriously: "In these days when a multitude of publishers are holding out money inducements of the first order for all creditable literary work, an author with a good saleable manuscript is little likely to 'tie it up' in a State competition on the chance of winning a paltry hundred dollars and the doubtful glory of a 'blue ribbon' bestowed by a State Legislature. In which case the awards would be simply to 'the best submitted' not to the best literature produced in the State; and with none of the star producers 'in the running,' the honour of winning would be reduced to the minimum." "Whatever else may be said of Mr. Tarkington's Bill," declares the "Atlanta Journal," "it gives convincing proof of his interest in his profession and his earnest desire to promote it. If it should become law and result in developing another Booth Tarkington, its passage would be abundantly justified."

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

Dr. Gatling, famous for the gun that bears his name, has devised a motor plough driven by a gasoline engine. The truck is said to be constructed like the trucks of traction engines, except that the steam boiler is displaced by a strong platform on which is mounted the motor connected wit the traction gearing. A set of disk ploughs is attached to this truck, and these ploughs can be made to run at any depth or any angle required. It is esaimated that with this machine one man can plough from thirty to thirty-five acres in one day.

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The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company has built four miles of line in Pennsylvania, which is believed to be the crookedest railroad in the United States. This little road will extend from Boswell, Pa., to Friedens on the Somerset and Cambria branch of the Baltimore and Ohio. The air-line distance is about five miles, but the peculiar conformation of the country makes it necessary to loop a number of hills in order to get an easy grade. The new road doubles on itself four times, and at one point, after making a loop of about five miles, the road comes back to within 300 feet of itself on a grade 50 feet lower.

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In view of the vast extent of the plant and operations of the United States Steel Corporation, it will come as a surprise to many people to learn how large a proportion of the production of iron and steel of the United States is still turned out from mills and forges other than those included in the great steel trust. According to figures published by the American Iron and Steel Association, out of a total production in 1901 of 28,887,479 tons of iron ore, 43.9 per cent. was produced by the United States Steel Corporation, and the balance by individual firms. From this ore there was produced 15,878,354 tons of pig iron, of which 42.9 per cent. was the output of the corporation's furnaces. The total production of Bessemer and open-hearth steel ingots and castings in the same year was 13,369,611 tons, 66.3 per cent. of which was produced by the United States Steel Corporation. They also produced 59.9 per cent, of the steel rails, 62.2 per cent. of structural shapes, 77.6 per cent. of the wire rods, and 50.1 per cent. of a total of all rolled products of 12,349,327 tons.

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Sawdust in cake form appears to have been used as fuel in Germany with rather promising results. United States Consul A. L. Frankenthal, writing a short time ago from Berne, Switzerland, says that the sawdust cakes are octagon-shaped, 6½ inches long, 3½ inches wide, and three-quarters of an inch thick, weighing about half a pound each. In the district surrounding the factory where these cakes were made the schools were heated by them, the combustion leaving very little ash and proceeding without a large flame. No binding ingredient is said to be used, the sawdust being simply dried and pressed into the desired briquette shape, and owing thus to the absence of tarry or oily substances there is no smoke in burning. The weight of such a briquette indicates the heavy pressure under which it takes its shape, and the edges look like polished oak; in fact, it is heavier than a piece of hardwood of the same size. The demand created by the popularity of the fuel exceeded the supply of sawdust obtainable in the vicinity of the factory, and shiploads were, therefore, procured from Sweden, and cartloads from distant manufactories. Sawdust, which previously could be had for the asking, commanded a market price as soon as it was known that a certain factory could make use of it. Even then it was profitable to manufacture the briquettes; but, unfortunately, the factory was destroyed by fire, and operations came to a standstill. Making sawdust briquettes of this kind would, therefore, seem to be wort inquiring into further.

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A ten-thousand-acre rice plantation, which cannot be irrigated under the system of surface canals now used, is to be equipped at an expense much less than that at which water can be supplied through such canals in more favoured sections. Wells are to be bored, an abundance of water being obtainable at a depth of fifty feet or less in any portion of the rice belt, and the water drawn by electrically-operated pumps. Each farmer will have his own well, and will be independent of his neighbours and of drought, thus insuring an uninterrupted cultivation and a constant crop of rice. A centrally located power plant will supply power for the wells, rice mill, harvesting machinery, trolley lines, warehouse trucks and equipment, lights for the plantation roadway, store, and dwelling houses, and possibly heat in winter time as well as the means of cooking all the year round. Prof. Knapp, president of the National Rice Growers' Association, which has just closed its session in New Orleans, has long held that a solution of the costly plan of canal irrigation—receiving water supply from rivers and bayous—would be solved by the pumping process, and be followed by an increase of 100 per cent. in the rice output in Louisiana and Texas within five years.

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The city of Bahia, which is situated on the coast of Brazil, South America, has a population of about 200,000 in habitants who are housed in 17,000 dwellings. The water supply for these people has been furnished by a local company ever since 1852. It is brought from the near by mountains, and thus far the expenditure for the works, including the pipe system, fire plugs, etc., has amountd to £300,000. According to the "Municipal Journal and Engineer," the supply is not adequate to the needs of the city, and for a long time negotiations have been going on between the company, and the city for the purpose of increasing the supply. The monopoly has been renewed for a period of forty-five years, and some valuable franchises and privileges have been awarded the company. On the expiration of the contract the city will have the option to buy the company's plant at the valuation of expert engineers. Every dwelling in Bahia must use water, and the municipal officials of the city regulate the price. For the average dwelling for 422 quarts a day, five pence is charged; twenty-one quarts of water is furnished to the public fountains and hydrants at a low price. The improvements contemplated by the company will cost in the neighbourhood of £120,000, but owing to the financial crisis prevailing in Brazil, the company has been unable to obtain the money required to complete the water system, and, therefore, desires to sell its plant and privileges. The price asked is £220,000. It is estimated that the earning power of the water works, when completed in accordance with the new contract, will be £60,000 a year, and the company purchasing its rights will doubtless be awarded a contract for establishing a drainage system in the city, and for furnishing the houses with sanitary plumbing.

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An interesting letter on "the Spider at Work" appears in an American contemporary. It is from Mr. W. T. Hollis, of Rison, Arkansas, who writes:—Spiders are very shy and work mostly at night. Hence my efforts were fruitless for a long time. Finally I captured a spider, and confined him in a glass jar. I fed him bountifully, and gave him such attention as to quiet his fears. Often I would take him out into the open air and observe his actions. If it were cool, damp, or windy weather, he would reluctantly leave his quarters. But if it were warm, dry, and calm, he readily came forth, and his excited, eager actions gave evidence of the possession of that innate love of liberty peculiar to all animated creatures. On such occasions he was ever upon the alert to escape. I carried him upon my hat or walking cane, held out horizontally. He would attach a web to the cane and then drop like a flash in order to escape. I always anticipated him and thwarted his plans. He would hang by the webb, which he knew would sustain his weight, until I rescued him. I am satisfied that he estimated the distance to the ground, and that he would have succeeded in escaping had I not raised the cane. He would climb up his web and at the same time roll it up. Often I saw him take up a web, roll it into a pellet or ball and store it away, presumbably for future use. He seemed to shrink from sunshine, preferring a dense shade, and refused to work while the wind was blowing.

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His actions were most interesting when I would cast a living fly into his quarters. Cautiously he would approach it, dexterously capture his prey, and bind him. I believe, with bits of web formerly used and stored away. In favourable weather he would raise his head and turn to every point of the compass. Whenever I approached a bush he would become excited. I have always believed that spiders depended upon currents of air to transport their cables, but I lacked the proof. Finally my patience and perseverence were rewarded. One day, about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the thermometer stood at about 85 degrees in the shade, and the air was so calm that I could not feel any current, although there was a slight movement in the air from north-east to south-west, I selected a place about 12 feet from a wire fence with green bushes in the rear. Here I had the benefit of the sunlight to observe my spider. His actions proved that he appreciated the favourable situation at its true worth. Poised upon the end of my cane, he set his spinneret in motion. I could see the web floating away with every undulation, glistening in the sunlight as it went on directly to the wire. When it caught the spider stopped immediately. His subtle sense of touch told him of his success. Forthwith he began to haul away on his cable until it was taut and fastened to the cane. Then he went over the tight web like one who loves liberty and values time. I thought he had earned his freedom, and likewise that I had gained the information which I so much desired.

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A commission of Belgian army officers has recently tested a new automobile tractor which is to be used in the Congo region over the Songololo-Popokabaka route, which was laid out by Commandant Carton with 300 native labourers. The vehicle weighs 3.3 tons empty and will carry a 2-ton load, or packages of the type usually made up for Central Africa, weighing 65 to 75 pounds each. The tyres of the rear wheels are 16 inches wide. Control of the vehicle is easy, and a speed of one mile in 8.3 minutes is reached. The principal tests were made at Ensival, and the vehicle covered a distance of 13 miles, the steepest grade being 14 per cent. In these trials 5.5 gallons of an alcohol and gasoline mixture in equal proportions were consumed. The consumption was about 0.4 gallon of combustible per mile with a load of 5 tons gross, or 2 tons net, making a cost of 6½d. per ton-mile of gross load, or 1½d. for net load. The distance from Songololo to Kwango is 180 miles, this being the route to be covered, and allowing a speed of 3 miles an hour during 10 hours per day, it would require six days to make the single trip. The round trip will, therefore, require about two weeks, counting the time of loading and unloading, or per year the vehicle can make 24 trips. If this automobile is found to work successfully on the road, there is no doubt that others will be added, and it is estimated that six of these tractors would transport at least 150 tons annually, which would be a great benefit to the traffic of the region.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

TUESDAY, JULY 10.

A man, under sentence of transportation, was transmitted from Castlebar Jail, in the county Mayo, to the New Prison in Green street, in order to be sent off with the convicts. The jailor came with him in a hack-coach, and upon his being brought into prison, and the prisoners hearing from whence he came, a universal cry of "Scotch Andrew" was echoed from every side; but on their being informed by the person who came along with him that they were entirely mistaken in the man, and that Scotch Andrew would shortly arrive, they at length desisted from their clamour. All villains as they are, they would not wish to herd with so great a one, nor perhaps would his life be safe among them.

The best consequences must ensue from the researches ordered to be made by the Dublin Society for clays, fossils, and minerals. There are three miners employed in this business, who make a return of their discoveries; by these means the Fuller's Earth has been found, though a vein had been some years since opened in the county of Antrim. Various specimens of different ores and fossils are in the hands of Mr. John Clarke, of Lazer's hill, found in the mountains of Wicklow, and fine samples of copper and lead ores have been sent up from the county of Tipperary, which being smelted, afford the highest prospect of advantage.

The fatal catastrophe of a certain wealthy lottery-office keeper on Saturday is attributed to a gloomy fit of actual insanity, as he was deprived of his senses about sixteen years since, but afterwards recovered, until the late unfortunate return. His property is estimated at upwards of £30,000. He was a man of an harmless and friendly character, and put an end to his being merely from an abolition of reason.

THURSDAY, JULY 12.

Last Monday the Right Hon. the Earl of Altamont, with his new married lady, arrived at the Hon. James Brown's house in Sackville-street, from London. Lord Howe has accompanied the noble pair, and intends residing here for some time.

Lord Viscount Howe is an English as well as Irish Viscount, but neither he nor his father ever took their seats in our House of Lords.

The building of the new Courts of Justice on the Inns-quay advances so rapidly, that it is expected the pile will be completed and fit to do business in before the end of the next year.

Extract of a letter from Stradbally, dated the 7th instant.

"A most melancoly and much lamented accident has happened to Dudley Alexander Sydney Cosby, Esq. son of Thomas Cosby, of Vicarstown, in the Queen's County, Esq.—This young gentleman, being on a visit at Gillen, the seat of Mr. Armstrong, in the King's County, went to bathe but being most unfortunately seized with some fit, as is supposed, while in the water, he immediately sunk, and was not found for an hour afterwards. Every possible method had been tried for his recovery, which skill and modern experience could suggest, but all indeed to no effect. This young gentleman bore a most amiable and truly respectable character, was universally beloved and esteemed, and promised to be an ornament to his country but, alas! he was snatched in the very bloom of health and youth, to an untimely grave. He was nearly related to Commodore Cosby, and also to Lord Sydney."

We learn that the Corporation of the town of Drogheda had provided a most sumptuous and elegant entertainment for his Grace the Duke of Rutland, the Right Hon. the Speaker of the House of Commons, and several of the Nobility and Gentry, yesterday, and that the Corporation presented his Grace with the freedom of that ancient and loyal town. This testimony of regard and approbation, coming from so respectable a body, is a strong proof how much they feel themselves advantaged by the wise and prudent administration of the Duke of Rutland.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11.

Tuesday at the Police-office in Clarendon street, a coachman was fined five shillings on the complaint of Nicholas Gay, Esq, for having but one glass in his coach, and that without a string, and no check string, and the whole odiously dirty.

Yesterday Mr Sheriff Fleming gave an elegant entertainment at the Tholsel, to a number of the nobility, gentry, and eminent citizens.

Same day General Petit gave a sumptuous entertainment at his house at Kilmainham. Almost all the nobility and gentry in town were present, and the elegance of the tables could only be equalled by the splendour of the guests.

TRALEE, JULY 5.

Within these few days, a considerable quantity of brandy, tobacco, whiskey, etc, were safely lodged in his Majesty's stores; seized by the active and spirited conduct of Mr Swan, Inspector of Excise, assisted by a party of the 12th light dragoons quartered here. Smuggling has not these many years received so severe a blow.

A few nights ago a number of fellows were assisting to carry off the goods of a tenant of Mr John Patton, Inkeeper in Portglenone, when Mr Patton rose out of bed to prevent them, and received several stabs of which he has since died. His wife, in endeavouring to save her husband, also received a wound, of which we hear she is dangerously ill.

CORK, JULY 9.

Last Thursday night, Mr Tobias Gerald Fehrman and Gerald Philip Fehrman were stopped and robbed by four men armed, about three miles from this city, on the Kinsale road; the former of his watch and buckles, two shirts and two pair of stockings, and the latter of his shoe-buckles and three shillings.

DUBLIN, THURSDAY, JULY 12.

Tuesday last, the Quarter Sessions for the city of Dublin was opened before the Right Hon the Lord Mayor and Denis George, Esq, Recorder, and a new Grand Jury sworn, when Mr Recorder, in a most able, learned, and concise charge, recommended the Grand Jury the strictest œconomy in granting presentments of the public money, and a rigid inquiry into the defaulters and such parishes as were in arrear. He requested their most vigilant attention to be directed against all such traders or manufacturers as appear to be in combination, the spirit of which has been too fatally extended, and if not timely checked must prove the bane and ruin of the commercial interests of this country. He was pleased to pay a handsome compliment to the High Sheriffs for the respectable Grand Juries they had returned to the Court, to discharge the important duties of that office, and concluded with advising them to investigate every accusation that came before them, that no person might be put on his trial on a slight or or frivolous charge. The Sessions Court afterwards adjourned till to-morrow, for the trial of prisoners.

Yesterday examinations for perjury were lodged against seven of the publicans of this city, for selling porter at more than at the rate of threepence halfpenny a quart, contrary to their oath, as prescribed by the act last session. It is hoped this timely example will serve as a warning to others, and teach them not to sport with the sacred obligation of an oath.

We are informed that a number of men of opulence have it in serious contemplation of establishing manufactories of gauzes, muslins, etc, at Athlone, in imitation of those of Paisley, which from a dirty village has within a few years become populous, industrious, and wealthy, beyond any other part of Scotland. This patriotic undertaking promises success, as Athlone is the most central situation in the kingdom, and a cheap part of the country.

FRIDAY, JULY 13.

Amongst the company who honoured John Traile, Esq, High Sheriff of the Co. Dublin, with their presence at dinner yesterday, at Kilmainham, were the Right Hon Luke Gardiner, Richard Talbot, of Malahide, Esq, Thomas Baker, of Corduff, Esq; and Sir Henry Echlin, Bart, a gentleman who formerly possessed a fortune of near £5,000 a year in the Co. Dublin, but who has been absent from this kingdom for upwards 20 years.

Notwithstanding the notice given by the Commissioners of Police in the papers, several unthinking young persons annoyed the passengers in different streets last night, by throwing squibs, etc. We must observe, however, that these nuisances were not so general as on the former nights. To the timely notice given by the Commissioners, must it be attributed that no disagreeable accidents occurred, and for this mark of attention to the accommodation of the citizens, they are in a very eminent degree entitled to their thanks.

Very great quantities of woollen goods have been bought up for the Portugal market, and entries of them will appear in the course of a few days. Flannels have risen in price in consequence and are very scarce. All that appeared at the fair of Drum last week, remarkable for woollen goods, were purchased in a very short time, at very smart price.

The Portugal market is peculiarly calculated for several of our light woollens, and there is no doubt that they will be favourably received there. The orders that have already arrived are very extensive and numerous, and it is thought our traders will scarcely be able to answer them. It is customary with ministerial advocates to depreciate this trade as insignificant; but this circumstance verifies an observation, which we have often and long since made, that if the interdiction was taken off our commerce by the Court of Lisbon, and the trade once established, employ would be given our manufacturers, and market ensured for the sale of our fabrics, from which wealth and profit must certainly accrue.

SATURDAY, JULY 14.

A visitor of this city congratulates the inhabitants on the splendour of its appearance and rising consequence. That noble edifice, the new Custom House, the Law-offices, the Four Courts, the new buildings in North Great George's street, Dame street, and Harcourt street, and the intended bridge, etc, are incontestible proofs of its rising grandeur. Upwards of 150 passengers of rank and consequence have landed here from foreign parts within this fortnight; and the encouragement given by the nobility and gentry to works of genius and the fine arts, induces the possessors of each to resort to Dublin, as the second place of reward in his Majesty's dominions. A novel production particularly struck this gentleman's attention, the celebrated Mrs Ames, an English artist, lately arrived here, possessed of uncommon excellence in painting profile likenesses on glass, in a quick and surprising manner, and the merit of her performances, like Pope's idea of Virtue, "need only be seen, to be admired."

BELFAST, JULY 13.

On Tuesday, at three o'clock, General the Earl of Charlemont, attended by his Aids du Camp, Sir A Stewart, and Richard Dawson, Esq, arrived in town, under the escort of the Belfast Light Dragoons. His Lordship was saluted by the Artillery Division of the Belfast Volunteer Company, with 19 guns; the Belfast Volunteer Company having been also drawn up to receive him. On Wednesday morning the troops marched to the ground under a heavy rain, which continued without intermission till they returned in the evening. In consequence of the extreme inclemency of the weather, his Lordship ordered each line to pass him in half quick time, and after a general salute, to march off the ground. It is impossible to form a good estimate of the marching of the several corps, considering that it was performed under such discouraging circumstances; from appearances it seemed likely that their discipline is this year fully equal to what it was the preceding one. The General remained during the whole time exposed to the incessant beating of the rain; affording an animated example of true military spirit to the several bodies of Volunteer Troops under his care in this kingdom.

(To be Continued.)

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DALKEY CASTLES.



A GROUP OF OLD COUNTY DUBLIN FORTRESSES, AS THEY WERE A CENTURY AGO.

From GROSE'S ANTIQUITIES OF IRELAND, 1791.

We again draw upon Mr. Elrington Ball's "History of the County of Dublin" (Dublin: Thom & Co., 1902) for the account of the Castles of Dalkey and the history of the interesting locality in which they are situate:—

The modern Dalkey occupies the site of a fortified town, which began to decay some 400 years ago. Its port was, in mediæval times, not only the Kingstown of that age for travellers, but also the place of disembarkation for merchandise coming to Dublin, and the ancient town, which contained seven strong castles, was used as a safe place of storage for the goods until the merchants found it convenient to remove them to Dublin. Only two of the seven castles now remain—one forms portion of Dalkey Town Hall; the other is a fairly complete ruin. They were inspected by Mr. J. H. Parker, C.B., at the same time as Bullock Castle, and are, in his opinion, buildings of the same era. He describes the one since converted to the use of a Town Hall as a plain square tower-house, or castle, with a solid parapet and small windows. At the south-west corner, a staircase is corbelled out, and on the north side there is a garderobe turret, while from the parapet a chimney and small bartizan project. The second castle, then in the same condition as at present, he describes as similar to its companion; but from the fact that its battlement is in the form of steps, he considered it to be a building of somewhat later date. It is provided with a staircase, which is carried through the vaulted lower storey in the thickness of the wall, and then leads into an octagonal turret, and in the upper room there is a fireplace and garderobe (1).

(1) "Observations on the Ancient Domestic Architecture of Ireland. in "Archæologia," vol. xxxviii., p. 162.

Dalkey has a history, like Bullock, before its castles were built, and, until the beginning of the nineteenth century, rock monuments, dating from the time of the primitive inhabitants, were to be seen near the town. One of these, a cromlech, surrounded by a circle of upright stones, stood upon Dalkey Common; the other, a great rock, known as Cloch Tobair Gailline, or the Rock of the Well of Gailline, overhung a sacred wall on the top of Dalkey Hill. During the eighth century, Dalkey was the scene of a battle between two Irish tribes, and Forgartach, son of Niall, King of Ireland, fell by the hand of Cinœth, son of Ingalach, on its plain. Doubtless, the Danish invaders frequently landed at its port, and by them the Irish name of the place, Delginis, or Thorn Island, was changed to Dalkey, which is Scandanavian in its origin. The English disembarked, so far as is known, near Waterford and Wexford, but in 1171, while the Irish were besieging them in Dublin, a detachment of the Irish force was stationed at Dalkey, to guard its port, where the Irish expected their Danish allies to land. After the Conquest, Dalkey was granted by Henry II. to Hugh de Lacy, Constable of Dublin, but was soon given by the latter to the see of Dublin. The Archbishops proved themselves worthy of the trust, and under them the town rapidly developed. The right to hold a market in Dalkey every Wednesday, and a fair on the Feast of St. Begnet, the patron saint of the place, was granted to them, and at the same time power was given to them to levy tolls, to be applied to the improvement of the walls of the town and harbour, similar to those enforced in Dublin. Subsequently a fair which had been held at Powerscourt was transferred there. The town was ruled by a provost and bailiffs, who had also authority over the port, and who were sometimes appointed by the Archbishop and sometimes by the Crown. As regards the inhabitants, information is but meagre, and is only derived from the records of the Priory of the Holy Trinity, which had charge of the spirituality of Dalkey, and owned some property in the town. In 1326, John Kendal, who supplied the Priory House at Kill-of-the-Grange with fish, was the tenant of the Priory at Dalkey, and a holding at Dalkey on the west side of the church, "looking from the sanctuary," which was given in 1320 by Alice, wife of John de Dundrum, to Andrew Fitz-Richard, on his marriage to her daughter, as well as premises surrendered in 1394 by Nicholas Pyn, and others leased in 1439 by John Talbot, Lord of Feltrim, probably became portion of its property (2).

The port of Dalkey became more and more used as ships increased in size and found the navigation of the Liffey impossible. To its port was consigned, in 1244, a cargo of deer, to stock the Royal Park at Glencree, and at its port, in 1303 and 1323, ships to convey reinforcements and arms and provisions for the expeditions against Scotland, were ordered to assemble. In legal proceedings, with respect to duty on wines, in 1305, it was proved that ships were obliged to discharge portion of their cargo at Dalkey, before attempting to cross the bar of Dublin, and in 1306 it was found that wine for the King, which proved of inferior quality, had been landed there from Bordeaux, and re-shipped to Skinburness, in Cumberland—a port much used during the Scottish wars—and that to this circumstance, entailing a prolonged voyage on stormy seas from Michaelmas to Epiphany, the deterioration o fthe wine was due. Travellers of high position were constantly arriving and departing. In 1359, the officials of Dalkey were ordered to allow a Spanish ship to depart, which had been detained for the conveyance of the Prior of the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, who was then Lord Chancellor of Ireland. In 1384 John Penrose landed at Dalkey, on his arrival as Chief Justice of Ireland, a position from which he was afterwards promoted to the English Bench. In the following year Philip de Courtenay, Lord Deputy of Ireland, disembarked there, as did two years later Sir John de Stanley, an ancestor of the Earls of Derby, who was appointed Lieutenant of the Marquis of Dublin. In 1414, Sir John Talbot, Lord of Furnival, and afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury, landed there on his arrival as Lord Lieutenant. In 1427 and 1431, James Cornwalsh, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, who was "barbarously and cruelly" murdered in the Castle of Baggotrath, landed there, after spending, on both occasions, six months in England, on business of the State. And in 1488, Sir Richard Edgecombe, after he had accepted homage on behalf of the King from the adherents of the pretender, Lambert Simnel, sailed from Dalkey, having been escorted from Dublin by the Archbishop, judges, and nobility. The constant passenger traffic had disadvantages as well as advantages. A pestilence, which devastated Ireland in the fourteenth century—killing, in Dublin alone, in four months, 14,000 persons—is said to have broken out at Dalkey, whither it was conveyed by some passenger from the Sister Isle, and, doubtless, almost depopulated the town (3).

During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Dalkey rose to its greatest importance. It was able to contribute 200 men-at-arms to the county levy, and, in addition to weekly markets, seven fairs were annually held. To a traveller coming over Killiney Hill on a fine summer's day, a pretty picture then presented itself, as the town with its busy port broke upon his view. Its walls, its castles, and its church stood out clearly in the sunlight, and beneath them the blue water in the sound crowded with shipping. It is one of the fair days, and as the traveller enters the town he finds himself in an animated scene. The streets are crowded with persons intent on business. Here is a Chester merchant, just arrived with produce from the English markets, anxious to sell; there is one of his Dublin brethren equally anxious to buy. Along the causeway from the sea, carts continually arrive, laden with merchandise to await in the Castles convenient transport to Dublin, and from a barque which has just entered the omng there hurries on horseback a messenger of State with despatches for the Lord-Deputy, while several other passengers follow.

The records of the Priory of the Holy Trinity continue to afford information about the town. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Priory received from Johanna Waring, widow of Peter Bartholomew, and their daughter, gifts of land, and from James White, Chaplain of Dalkey and Archdeacon of Armagh, a house within the town. In the latter half of the century, the Chapter of the Cathedral, as the Priory establishment had then become, leased various premises, including eight houses, to Henry Walsh, of Suttonstown, who assigned them subsequently to Alderman Walter Ball, of Dublin, and a holding on the west side of the church to Thomas Morgan, who undertook to build a thatched house and to supply the Dean, when in residence at Dean's Grange, with fish. St. Mary's Abbey had also property in Dalkey, which, after the dissolution of that house, came, like Bullock, into the possession of Peter Talbot, of Fassaroe. Travellers still continued to use the port, and it was the one generally chosen by the chief governors. In 1534, Sir William Skeffington; in 1548, Sir Edward Bellingham; in 1553, Sir Anthony St. Leger; in 1565, Sir Henry Sidney, whose crossing was delayed for two months by contrary winds; in 1584, Sir John Perrot; and in 1599, the Earl of Essex, landed there; while in 1558 the Earl of Sussex selected it as the place of embarkation for the expedition against the Scottish invaders in Ulster. It was also still used for merchandise, and in 1599 the Master of the Rolls, who engaged in the manufactory of hats and tapestry was allowed to export wool from the port of Dalkey, in exchange for the materials he required for "these mysteries" (4).

The close of the sixteenth century marks the disuse of Dalkey, and the adoption of Ringsend as the port of Dublin, and from that time the town lost its importance commercially, and soon became ruinous. The principal residents then were the Morgans and the Dongans. The latter were ancestors of the Earl of Limerick, who was attainted by William III., and were sons of John Dongan, Remembrancer of the Exchequer, who was leased, in 1586, by the Chapter of Christ Church Cathedral, a moiety of a castle in Dalkey. Later on Sir John Dongan, a grandson of the Remembrancer, and Henry Walsh, were the chief inhabitants. Amongst other owners

(2) The "Dublin Penny Journal," vol. ii., p. 308: "Annals of the Four Masters;" Orpen's "Dermot and the Earl," p. 131; D'Alton's "History of the County Dublin," p. 887; Archbishop Alan's "Liber Niger"; Christ Church Deeds.

(3) Sweetman's "Calendar of Documents relating to Ireland," 1171-1251, No. 2671, 1302-1307, No. 431; Patent and Close Rolls: D'Alton's "History of the County Dublin," p. 888; Gaskins' "Irish Varieties," p. 29.

(4) D'Alton's "History of the County Dublin," p. 889; Christ Church Deeds; "Chartularies of St. Mary's Abbey," vol. ii., p. 64; Exchequer Inquisition, Co. Dublin. Philip and Mary No. 8; Liber Munerum; Gaskins' "Irish Varieties"; Harris' "History of Dublin," p. 35; "Communication between London and Dublin," in "The Irish Builder" for 1897, p. 48; Fiants, Elizabeth No. 92.

of property were the family of Barnewall, of Shankill; of Fagan, of Bullock, who succeeded to Talbot's property; of Bee, and of Kernan. In the time of the Commonwealth, only one of the seven castles was habitable, and the population was returned as three English and forty-one Irish, inhabiting thirteen houses. Captain Richard Newcomen, who has been mentioned in connection with Bullock, was then the owner, but after the Restoration, besides Christ Church Cathedral, we find the Fagans, the Walshes, the Dongans, and the Wolverstons of Stillorgan, who had succeded to the property of the Barnewalls, in possession. Subsequently, the Duke of York, afterwards James II., Viscount Fitzwilliam, and Sir Henry Talbot acquired property in the town (5).

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, on the sale of the Irish estates of Jas. II., the possessions of that sovereign at Dalkey were bought by Colonel Allen, of Stillorgan, now represented by the Earl of Carysfort. Some years later, Eustace Budgell, one of the writers of the "Spectator," was a resident at Dalkey. He was a cousin of Joseph Addison, under whose wing he came to Ireland, where he was appointed Under-Secretary of State, and, subsequently, Accountant-General, with a seat in Parliament as member for Mullingar, a position which he held for only a few years. About the middle of the century the owners of Dalkey were Mr. Bull, Sir William Mayne, afterwards Baron Newhaven, son-in-law of the second Viscount Allen; and Mr. Baldwin, who held under Christ Church. Amongst the residents was Mr. Peter Wilson, a well-known bookseller, and publisher of the Dublin "Almanac" or "Directory' of his day, who wrote a charming description of Dalkey and its neighbourhood, to which reference has already been made. He says that in the year 1770 the town comprised, besides the venerable ruins of the castles and of the church, some good houses, and about twenty cabins, which "served indiscriminately for the owners, their cattle, and their swine." Within his recollection the street, owing to its rocky surface, had been impassable for carriages, and difficult for a horse to traverse, but it had been levelled, and the old road which ran on the north side of the town was then only used on the occasion of funerals. Of the castles, six, which were known as the Goat's Castle (now forming part of the Town Hall)), the House Castle, the Black Castle, Wolverston's Castle, Dongan's Castle, and Archbold's Castle, remained. The House Castle had been converted into a dwelling by Mr. Robert Barry; the Black Castle had been made into a billiard-room; two more were inhabited by publicans; the fifth was a stable, and the sixth formed part of a cottage. The lead mines on the lands of Rochestown had been originally worked by a firm which had its smelting houses on Dalkey Common. These had been sold, in 1757,, after some hundred tons of lead ore had been raised, and were re-opened, about the year 1780, by Messrs. Darcy and Knox, but were soon again in the market. A cotton factory, which in 1781 was totally destroyed by fire, had also been established in the town, on the ground belonging to Mr. Watson, of Bullock.

At the close of the eighteenth century, the principal inhabitants were Sir John Hasler, Chamberlain to the Lord Lieutenant; Mr. William Macartney, father of Sir John Macartney, of Rochestown, who had represented Belfast in Parliament for many years; Mr. John Patrickson, and Miss Charlotte Brooke, authoress of "Reliques of Irish Poetry." There was then a scheme to build a crescent of houses, and to construct a bathing-place, as well as to make the present road from Kingstown to Dalkey, but building to any extent did not commence until some thirty years later, when speculators were attracted to Dalkey in hope of finding gold, and found wealth, not in ore, but in the value of the building sites (6).

(5) "Description of Ireland in 1598," ed. by Rev. Edmund Hogan, p. 37; Chancery Inquisition Co. Dublin, Car. I., Nos. 12, 19; "Calendar of Patent Rolls, James I.," p. 217; Down Survey; Census of 1659; Hearth Money Roll; Decrees of Innocents, ii., 122, iii, 138, i. 18, iv. 194; Certificates for Adventurers and Soldiers, i., 58, x. 514.

(6) Book of Postings and Sale; Gaskins' "Irish Varieties": "Dictionary of National Biography," vol. vii., p. 224; Wilson's "Topographical Description of Dalkey," in "Exshaw's Magazine" for 1770 p. 485; Rutty's "Natural History of the County Dublin, vol. ii., p. 140; Cooper's Note Book; Newspaper Cuttings relating to Ireland in the British Museum; Ferrar's "View of Dublin," p. 77.

JUST NOW.

Again upon the grid appear,
In garb that's awe inspiring
The heroes of the football game,
Still greater fame desiring.
They've guards on shins and ears and nose,
Their suits are thickly padded,
And to their aspect thus made fierce
Big mops of hair are added.

They line up on the measured field,
Where doughty foes they're facing,
They bend their backs, the ball is passed,
And then there's wildest racing.
The foemen meet in fearful shock,
And on the ground go sprawling—
The fellow with the ball beneath,
All others on him falling.

They're disentangled one by one,
And those with broken faces
Are sent off to the hospital,
While others take their places.
Again they run, again they fall,
More bones are dislocated;
Off goes another ambulance
With load it had awaited.

Again they're filling in the ranks,
For there are many daring
To brave all risks in hope that they
Will in the fame be sharing.
They pass and run, they punt and grab,
And through the line go boring,
And feel that they are well repaid
When triumph they are scoring.

The rooters yell till they are hoarse,
Some in their frenzy raving,
While kerchiefs and chrysanthemums
The pretty girls are waving.
The victors proudly stalk away
Amid a storm of cheering,
And nurse their bruises till again
They're on the grid appearing.

HOW INDIA INK IS MADE.

Christian Mangold in the "Farben Zeitung" describes the process for making India ink, which is translated for the National Druggist as follows:—

"As fuel for the production of the black, Chen-Ki-Son-en used a very fat oil, derived from Dryandra cordatal, and, along with it, hemp seed. The oil was submitted to a preliminary process which consisted in warming it up in contact with rasped redwood (Guinea wood), sandal-wood, almonds, grains of gardenia and appoponax, and then drawn off into bottles and stored for a long time. In the preparation of the black, the manufacturer used small earthenware bowls, which he filled with the oil, and furnished with a wick made of rush. Thus prepared, the little lamps were stood in clusters of from eight to twenty, on a tile placed in the bottom of a shallow vessel, filled with water. Above each lamp hung an inverted funnel of earthenware, glazed on the inside, which served as the collector of the soot.

"The first step in the production of the ink consists in mixing the soot with glue. The latter consists of gelatine from skins (glue) and isinglass, in the proportion of one part of the former to nine parts of the latter. Of this mixture, one part is used to every two parts (by weight) of the soot. The glue used in this mixture must be cleared or purified most carefully. Then there is added a tincture prepared out of a wide range of ingredients. Most manufacturers use, in making it, a decoction of aconite, Auchusa tinctorea and Butea frondosa. A little camphor is added to the tincture, and in some kinds of inks a little musk. The main value of the tincture, from all appearances, consists in the tannic acid existing in the plants, which hardens the glue. The mixture of soot, glue, and the other ingredients is pressed through a wire sieve, and then kneaded into little balls. These, wrapped in cloth, are put into a tightly closed porcelain pot and warmed up in a water bath. From this they pass into a mortar, where they are pounded with powerful blows for hours and hours.

"When the material is reduced to a homogeneous, impalpable powder, it is subdivided into portions and made into sticks. Each stick is then beaten with a hammer until it is perfectly smooth; the sticks, one by one, are moulded into a certain form and then put away to dry. The drying process is an important stage in the manufacture, and attention to detail is as necessary in the mixing, or, indeed, any other of the stages. Each stick is wrapped in a very thin, soft paper, and laid on layers in a box. They are so arranged as not to touch each other, and when a row of them has been put in, the space between them is filled with fresh, but well dried rice straw ashes. The ash must be changed and renewed many times a day, each time the half being taken away and fresh ash added. When, at length, the material is thoroughly dry, each stick is freed from dust, etc., and rubbed with a stiff brush until the surface shines with a half-polish. It is now slightly rubbed with a cloth slightly moistened, and a final polish is put on with an agate burnisher."

THE ROTATION OF URANUS.

Everybody who takes an interest in astronomy is aware that the two outermost planets of the solar system, Uranus and Neptune, are believed to rotate backward, that is, in a direction contrary to the rotation of all the other members of the system. But the evidence that they do thus rotate is indirect, such, for instance, as the fact that their satellites revolve backward in their orbits. Recently, however, Henri Deslandres of the Meudon Observatory has applied a method of determining the direction of rotation by spectroscopic observation, which gives direct evidence that in the case of Uranus, at least, the rotation is really backward. The method is based on the inclination of the lines in the spectrum of a rotating body, and resembles that by which a few years ago Professor Keeler demonstrated the motions of Saturn's rings. It is to be applied next to Neptune.

THE KEEN OF THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF AN ANCIENT CUSTOM.

By LECTOR.

III.

KEEN ON SIR RICHARD COX.

(This Keen was versified by Croker from the literal translation of Mrs Harrington's original Irish version which she furnished him in 1818. But instead of being composed on the great Sir Richard Cox, the historian and Lord Chancellor of Ireland, as he at first supposed, Croker was subsequently of opinion that its subject was really his grandson, who was also a Sir Richard Cox. The late Rev Sir George Cox, a prolific writer (who died in 1902), claimed to be the last descendant of the Cox family of Dunmanway.)

"My love and my darling, though I never was there,
An account most exact have I had of your kitchen,
Brown roast beef the cook would continually bear;
The black boilers were never without a good flitch in.

The cock of the beer-barrel never ceased flowing,
And should there of strangers walk in a whole score,
No person would ask them, whence coming, where going?
But place them at the table without a word more;
And there they might eat of whatever they pleased
Nor would they in the morning be with a bill teased.

"My love and my friend, through my light morning slumbers,
I dreamed that your castle fell into decay;
That no one remained in it, out of the numbers
That once were its pride—all had vanished away.
The birds they sung sweetly no longer; and leafless
The shrubs were. No porter replied to my knocks.
Our loss the dream told me that we were left chiefless,
That our horseman had perished—the noble Squire Cox.

"My love and my darling was nearly connected
With O'Donovan, Lord Clare, and Cox of the blue eyes,
And with Townsend of White Court—this day's the selected,
Yet none I see coming, of those I expected,
To mark with a green sod the grave where he lies."

(According to Bennett's History of Bandon, 1869, the Bernards (the ancestors of the present Earl of Bandon), like the Coxes, seem to have acquired a partiality for the Irish Keen, for it is stated by Bennett that on the death of Mr Bernard in Dublin, on the 7th of July, 1790, "his body was brought from that city, and interred at Ballymodan Church (Bandon), an account of the expenses attending which is still extant; comprising the supplying fresh horses at the various stages on the way down and of the payments made to "Keeners." Fresh relays of these Keeners met the funeral at specified places, and took up the "Keen" from the previous lot, who returned to their homes. In this way the lamentation was kept up unceasingly day and night, from the moment the coffin was taken out of the house where Mr Bernard died, until it was entombed at Bandon, which must have occupied at least a week, if not more.)

THE AFFADOWN FISHERMAN'S KEEN FOR HIS SONS.

(The original of this keen was the lamentation composed by a man named O'Donoghue of Affadown or Roaring Water, West Cork, for his three sons and son-in-law, who were drowned. The versification here given is not, however, that of Croker, but of a lady whose initials were E. F. (possibly Mrs Ellen Fitzsimons, daughter of the great Daniel O'Connell.)

"O loudly wailed the winter wind, and the driving sleet fell fast,
The ocean billows wildly heaved beneath the bitter blast,
My three fair sons ere break of day, to fish had left the shore;
The tempest came forth in its wrath—they ne'er returned more.

"Cormac, 'neath whose unerring aim the wild duck fell in flight,
The plover of the lonesome hills, the curlew swift as light;
My first-born child, the flower of youth, the dearest and the best!
O would that thou wert spared to me, though I had lost the rest.

"And thou, my handsome Felix, in whose eye so dark and bright,
The soul of courage and of wit looked forth in laughing light;
And Daniel too, my fair-haired boy, the gentle and the brave—
All, all my stately sons were 'whelmed beneath the foaming wave.

"Upon the shore, in wild despair, your aged father stood,
And gazed upon his Daniel's corse, too late snatched from the flood;
I saw him pale and lifeless lie, no more to see the light;
And cold and dumb and motionless my heart grew at the sight!
My children, my loved children! do you know my bitter grief?
Look down upon your poor old sire, whose woe knows no relief.

"The sunshine of mine eyes is gone, the comfort of my heart;
My life of life, my soul of soul, I've seen from earth depart!
What am I now? An aged man to earth by sorrow bowed.
I weep within a stranger's home; alone e'en in a crowd,
There is no sorrow like to mine. No grief like mine appears.
My once blithe Christmas is weighed down with anguish and with tears.

"My sons, my sons! abandoned to the fury of the waves!
Would I could reach the two who lie in ocean's darksome caves,
'Twould bring some comfort to my heart in earth to see them laid;
And hear in Affadown the wild lamenting for them made.

"O would that like the gay 'Wild Geese' my sons had left this land,
From their poor father in his age to seek a foreign strand;
Then might I hope the Lord of Heaven in mercy would restore
My brave and good and stately sons some time to me once more."

(The "Wild Geese, i.e., the Irish Brigades in France.)

THE WIDOW LANE'S KEEN FOR HER DAUGHTER.

(The following lamentation was composed towards the close of the eighteenth century, by a poor widow, who resided near Bandon on the death of Betty Lane, her only daughter, a celebrated rustic beauty. A melancholy tradition states that a Mr Henry Beamish paid particular attention to the unfortunate girl; and at an interview one morning spoke to her of marriage, when he offered to pay the rent of her mother's cabin as hinted at in the second and third verses. A quarrel appears to have subsequently taken place between the lovers; and on that very evening Betty Lane was discovered hanging from a tree in a neighbouring plantation, having probably committed suicide. The popular belief, however, was that Beamish caused her to be murdered, and had bribed his groom with three guineas to decoy her into a lonesome place, and there hang her. This is alluded to in the sixth verse. The phrase, "guns wrapped in straw," refers to the peasantry being obliged to secrete their firearms, and after depositing the lock in some secure place, greasing and wrapping up the barrel in straw or hay-bands.)

"My pet, my darling,
My gentle housekeeper,
For whose death full of sadness
I'm this day a weeper.
Your long yellow tresses,
'Twas a comb and hot water
Kept them in nice order,
My beautiful daughter.

"But Henry, the faithless,
'Twas he who betrayed thee;
'Twas his cruel deceit
That a lifeless corpse made thee;
'Twas he who admired them,
Your tresses so yellow,
As he spoke of the rent
To me, the base fellow.

"The rent of your cabin,
'Twas easy to pay it,
If you look in the depth
Of my pocket you'll say it.
But what's gold or silver,
From all we love parted;
And left weak and lonely,
To die broken-hearted?

"Yet though there's a strength
That the feeble may borrow,
Like the flash of despair,
From the black cloud of sorrow.
Revenge will I have,
Should I fail in a halter;
I'll try a true gun,
And its aim shall not falter.

Ah, Henry, you black rogue
And limb of the devil,
The day that you're hanged
That day I will revel;
I'll have thousands to dance
And to drink, and be frisky,
And to speed you to hell
With huge bumpers of whiskey.

"My curse on that villain,
Who took from his master,
A bribe of three guineas,
To cause my disaster.
I'll hunt as a ferret,
His fate I'll determine,
And hang him, though hanging's
Too good for such vermin.

"Ask ye where are my people,
The true and the trusty?
Are their guns wrapped in straw,
Or their swords, are they rusty?
They but hide for a little,
And wait for my telling,
Till they've laid my poor child
In her last silent dwelling.

Then will follow the season,
The time of my pleasure,
When my cup of revenge,
Shall be filled brimming measure.
When my friends and my faction
Around me shall rally,
And drive the destroyer,
As a wolf from the valley.

"The summer is coming,
And with it is bringing,
Fine crops, God be praised,
For the hemp that is springing!

But I pray to His throne,
That the rope now is making,
Which before the year's gone
Will be Henry's life-taking.

KEEN OF YOUNG RYAN.

(This Keen was translated by Croker from the original obtained by him, in July, 1821, which appears to have been an address from a mother to the Keeners who were hired to attend her child's funeral, and was delivered probably as the procession was about to depart from her house to the burial ground. The name of the subject of this lamentation was said to be Ryan, and judging from the allusion to the river Dowr, he was presumably a resident of East Cork, where this river runs. It breaks out from a rock a mile south-east of Castlemartyr, having taken its rise near Mogeely, and then flowing underground.

"Maidens sing no more in gladness
To your merry spinning wheels;
Join the Keeners' voice of sadness,
Feel for what a mother feels!

"See the space within my dwelling,
'Tis the cold, blank space of death!
'Twas the Banshee's voice came swelling
Slowly o'er the midnight heath.

"Keeners, let your voices blending
Long and loudly mourn my boy,
Through six counties proudly sending
Song as great as that of Troy.

"He was at the Christmas mummer,
Bounding like a ball at play;
He was as the dancing summer,
Bright and merry as the May.

"What was motion now is starkness,
What was comfort now is none:
What was sunshine now is darkness;
My heart's music, it is gone.

"There's a grief that few can measure,
All-absorbing, deep and dim;
'Tis a grief makes death a pleasure,
And that grief I feel for him.

Dark as flows the buried Dowr,
Where no ray can reach its tide,
So no bright beam has the power,
Through my soul's cold stream to glide.

"Did your eyes like holy fountain
Gush with never-failing spring!
Had ye voices like the mountain,
Then my lost child, ye might sing!

"Keeners, let your song not falter,
He was as the hawthorn fair;
Lowly at the Virgin's altar,
Will his mother kneel in prayer.

"Prayer is good to calm the spirit,
When the Keen is sweetly sung;
Death though mortal flesh inherit,
Why should age lament the young.

"'Twas the Banshee's lively wailing,
Well I knew the voice of death,
On the night wind slowly sailing
O'er the bleak and gloomy heath.

"Through the holy Mother Mary,
And her Babe our Saviour blest.
Hearts that of this world are weary,
Will in Heaven find joy and rest.

(To be continued.)

VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS ON THE MOON.

Messrs. Loewy and Pulseux, of the Paris Observatory, in issuing some additional plates of their photographic atlas of the moon, refer to the recent volcanic cataclysm at Martinique and St. Vincent, and say that study of the lunar surface leads them to think that eruptions, quite as intense as the greatest recorded on the earth, have occurred on the moon, repeated at long intervals in the same places. But, "favoured by a condition of calm and dryness they have been more durable in their effects, and the more recent deposits superposed upon the earlier ones are distinguishable by their darker tone and less extended boundary."

OUR WEEKLY STORY

HIS MOST CRITICAL CASE.

By GRACE S. RICHMOND.

The patient in Private Room 31 stirred restlessly, and lifted a feeble hand to beckon the nurse nearer.

"Seems as if Joey's a long time coming," she whispered.

"Doctor Hasbrook will be here soon now, I think," the nurse responded, cheerfully, for the fifth time that morning. "You know your grandson is very busy, and several of his patients are here in the hospital. He stops to see them all before he comes to you, so that he can give you more time."

"Seems as if he ought to get started earlier, then," complained the patient, weakly. Her faded blue eyes roved about the room indifferently, passing by the great bunch of scarlet carnations on the mantel, the coal fire glowing in the grate beneath, the pictures on the walls, and all the other evidences of her grandson's thoughtfulness, to rest eagerly upon the door.

He came at last—the big, young-looking fellow with the clean-shaven, kind face and keen eyes—came with a quiet swiftness that brought a slight smile of relief to the wrinkled face on the pillow.

"Thought I was a good while about it?" he asked, as he sat down beside her after a kiss and a touch of the thin, white hair. "Well, every last one of them had three new symptoms apiece this morning—or thought they had, which is worse. Never mind, you have me now, grandma, and I can spare you a good half-hour. And how are you this morning?"

His fingers were upon her pulse; his eyes, sharp in their skilled scrutiny, were studying her as she gave her slowly-spoken account of a sleepless night and a weary morning. He listened patiently, as if it were not an old story to which there could be but one ending.

"Seems as though," she whispered, when the old answer had been given, the answer which could never tell her that she was getting well, "seems as though, if I could just get back to the old home, I wouldn't ask for nothin' more. 'Tain't that you don't do everythin' for me, Joey—you do, dear, and I couldn't ask no better grandson. And this room's fixed up just as nice as can be with all the flowers and fixings, and Miss—Miss Eaton's as good to me as a daughter, and I know I'm having every care and kindness. But, Joey, if you was a broken-down old woman you'd know how I feel—and I don't know as I can tell you."

"Try, grandma," the doctor bade her, his voice full of the tenderness for the showing of which he was taking time from many pressing cares. His hand held the thin fingers in a close grip, his eyes were constantly upon his patient's face.

"I don't know as it could be done," the the weak voice went on, eagerly, "but I seem to feel so much stronger just when I'm thinking 'bout it I 'most believe knowing I could really start would set me up so as I'd be strong enough. And sometimes it does seem, Joey, as if I couldn't—go—from a hospital. Not that it makes any real difference, you know—and you so kind—and all—but—"

The big, warm hand tightened its grasp; the doctor bent closer to listen, because the old voice shook so that the last words were not quite clear.

"You mean," he said, very gently, "that you wish you could get to the little old home in Illinois. I think I can understand that feeling, grandma. It's very natural. No hospital can be like home. But, grandma, you remember that there's nobody in the old home now?"

"I remember that, Joey," she answered, with a sigh, but with an instant renewing of the pleading in her tone. "But—I don't know as you can understand it, dear; 'taint likely you can, bein' young and strong, and not full of fancies like me—but it seems to me as if they was all there just the same. Your grandpa's picture hangs right opposite my bed in the little bedroom, and George's and Jane's likenesses set on the chest o' drawers, and the things the children give me stand all about. And it seems as though, if I could just lie and look round, I—I wouldn't be so sort of homesick, Joey. And I wouldn't mind—going from there—"

Doctor Hasbrook leaned back in his chair where Grandma Ransome could not see his face. His fingers rested upon the feeble pulse again; this time he was estimating its strength in relation to the possibility of making a great demand upon it.

The old woman lay very still for a little, but presently she stirred with a long breath. "It ain't to be thought of, I suppose, Joey?" she questioned, tremulously.

Doctor Hasbrook leaned forward again. "I don't know, grandma," he said. "It would be a risk, certainly—but—"

"Joey," said grandma, "I don't know as I should mind so much if I didn't quite get there—if the train only just got across the border into Illinois—"

"You poor, homesick old soul," said Joel Hasbrook, under his breath, "I believe I know how you feel. That night down in the brush on the way to Santiago, after I was wounded—You shall go, grandma," he said aloud, and he got to his feet decisively. "Miss Eaton, could you arrange to take charge of Mrs. Ransome on this journey, and to remain with her in Illinois as long as she should need you?"

"I think so, Doctor Hasbrook," the nurse replied, without hesitation. But grandma was staring at them both with something like fear in her sunken eyes.

"Why—Joey, boy—" she almost gasped the words.

"Yes, grandma, what is it?" The doctor sat down by the bed again.

"Wouldn't—wouldn't you go with me, Joey?"

It was Joel Hasbrook's turn to stare, but what he saw in grandma's face turned the quick words upon his lips into a very gentle explanation. He took the shadowy old hand in his again as he made it.

"You know I am very busy, grandma," he said, "and I've some critical cases which I—I don't know how I could leave. Miss Eaton here can take charge of you better than I could. I'll make every arrangement—the ambulance—a stateroom in the sleeping-car—I'll telegraph to your next-door neighbour—Mrs. Henderson, is it?—to have the house all ready for you. Everything shall be done. I'll see you in bed on the sleeping-car, and Mrs. Henderson shall meet you at the station at Glendonville with the best conveyance they can fix up to take you to the house. Now, isn't that all right?"

There was a pitiful quiver upon the wrinkled face, and the faded eyes were shut as Doctor Hasbrook bent to look cheerily into them. A tear crept out from under the closed lids, but grandma's hand wiped it away at once. Presently she opened her eyes, and looked up into her grandson's troubled face.

"You're all I've got left, Joey," she whispered, "and if it's so you couldn't go, I guess maybe I'd better stay here with you. The home folks are only shadows, for all they seem so real to me; they couldn't close my eyes—and I sort of want one of my own to do that. I'd like to get back there, but—it's all right, dear. I guess I ain't one of them critical cases, and 'twouldn't be right for you to leave any of them for me."

Doctor Hasbrook went away down the corridor with a knit brow and a slow step. The air of genial strength which he had carried with him from bedside to bedside that morning had vanished. There was a reason why he should not go with grandma which he had

not given, but it was the most pressing one of all.

When he reached his own office on an avenue near by, he went into a private room and closed the door, evading for a few moments the patients who awaited him. He threw himself wearily upon a couch, and clasped his aching head between two hot hands.

"I think I shall be able to keep going just about three more days," he murmured. "This confounded temperature doesn't let up a degree, and I feel meaner every day. I suppose if it were one of my patients, I'd put him to bed and keep him there with a gun, but I don't see how I can spare the time to be sick. I wonder if I can get out to Glendonville with grandma before I break down. Poor old soul —she might not need me farther than Buffalo. 'If she could just get across the border into Illinois'—what a terrible longing that must be! 'I'm all she has.' And I'm in for a run of fever when I can get around to it—typhoid, I suspect. Well, now let me see if I can study this whole thing out."

"That's all, I think," said Joel Hasbrook, closing his case-book and his visiting list. "It will be a great favour to me if you will look after those special patients. I shouldn't feel easy to turn them over to anyone else. I think I shall not be away long. Mrs. Ransome may not live out the journey, though I hope she will, for I shall like to see her where she wants to be so much. Thank you, Norton, and good-bye."

He spoke in his usual hearty way, looked his friend steadfastly in the eyes, and, forgetting, held out his hand, ungloved. Doctor Norton grasped it, and a change came into his face—the professional change which recognises a symptom. He retained the hand, and laid his own cool touch upon the wrist.

"Hullo!" he said. "What does this mean? Fever! eh—and a ripping pulse? And you starting for Illinois? Sit down."

"Excuse me," objected Joel Hasbrook, pleasantly. "The patient is waiting, and the train leaves in an hour and twenty minutes."

"Sit down!"

"Some other time, thank you," Hasbrook repeated, smiling, and trying gently to release himself from his friend's firm grasp. "When I get back, if you like. I haven't time now."

"Put out your tongue!" commanded Doctor Norton. "How long has this been going on? You are sick, Hasbrook. You can't go to Illinois. You can't go to Brooklyn. You go to bed here in New York, where I can keep an eye on you. Any pain here —or here?—lots of typhoid about."

"Now hold on!" cried Joel Hasbrook. "That's all right, and I'll attend to it when I get back. I'll do well enough for a while longer. To-night I am booked for the Chicago Limited. I wouldn't disappoint grandmother now if I thought I'd die before she did. You should have seen her face when I told her I'd go with her. Norton, were you ever homesick? I've been homesick. But to be homesick and dying—good-bye, Norton. Don't worry. See the hip-fracture case first in the morning, please."

"You're a fool!" murmured his friend, in a disappointed tone as he turned away from the door which had closed with Hasbrook's decisive bang. "But—confound you—you're a mighty uncommon sort of fool," he added, affectionately.

As the train which was speeding westward reached the north-western boundary of Indiana, Doctor Hasbrook rose suddenly from his seat and came over to the berth where Grandma Ransome lay. The nurse gave him her place, and he sat down beside his patient.

"We're just crossing into Illinois," he said in her ear. In a minute now—wait—here we go. I know the place—I used to watch for it when I came home from college. We are in Illinois, grandma, and almost home—do you hear?"

"In Illinois," murmured the pale lips, and the dull blue eyes opened wide. "In Illinois —'most the old home—the old home, Joey boy. My good boy, Joey—to bring the old woman back to the old home."

He held her hand, with his fingers on her pulse, watching her anxiously, for he longed intensely now to have her reach the journey's end alive. Presently she spoke again, in a voice perceptibly stronger.

"Joey, I 'most believe Jane"—his mother —"knows you're doing this for me. She'd like to have you do it for me if she knew—and if she understood about your leaving them critical cases just for me—"

"Grandma," he said, with a tremulous little smile on his usually firm lips, "you needn't worry about those. You are my most critical case now."

Whether or not the pleasure of nearing home acted on the worn-out, flagging heart as a last stimulus Joel could not tell, but certain it was that when he carried grandma from train to carriage at Glendonville, she seemed no weaker than when she had left the New York hospital.

When he laid her in her own bed, and, sitting down beside her, gazed into her face, he felt that it had paid. His own heart was thumping tumultuously, his head was unbearably heavy, and he knew himself to be growing hourly a sicker man, but he was very happy.

"Joey," whispered grandma, when she could speak for joy, "there's Nathan, right up there looking down at me—and there's Jane—and George—and there's all the little fixin's I made for my room when Nathan and me was first married. And there's George's little chair —I can see him now, a-luggin' it round—'most as big as he was. Seems as if they was all here, Joey."

"I think they are, grandma," said Joel. The tears came running down his own cheeks now; he was too tired and ill to keep them back. To him, too, it seemed good to be here in grandma's little quaint old home, where as a boy he had spent so many happy hours. He thought of his mother, and longed for her with the longing which had tortured him when she first left him, years before.

"If I'm to be ill and 'go,' too," thought Joel, "I think I'd like it to be from here myself. Perhaps it will be. Perhaps—"

But he pulled himself together, and helped the nurse to do all things possible for the old lady's comfort. It was a great exertion now for him to get about at all, and he wondered sometimes whether he should be able to stay by his charge to the last.

She did not need him long, however; before the morning of the second day she had gone away upon that long journey on which she asked for no companionship. She went with a contented smile upon her lips, and it was "her own" who closed her weary, happy eyes.

How Doctor Hasbrook got through the next two days he never knew. He sent the nurse back, protesting, to New York, begging her to go at once to a patient of whom he had not ceased for an hour to think. Somehow he kept about, knowing that his temperature was steadily rising, and that he ran more risk with every hour he stayed.

But he did stay, by sheer force of will, and did for grandma all that the "home folks" she had so longed for could have done. When he had seen her laid away in the old family lot, he closed the door of the little house, took the key to Mrs. Henderson, and stumbled blindly away up the street to the station.

"That there Joel's either a mighty sick man," commented Mrs. Henderson to a neighbour, as she watched him go, "or else he's been drinkin' all the while he's been here—I don't know which. But I don't believe it's that. Jane's boy has got too much her look in his eyes to take to such evil ways. He's a splendid fellow, I'll say that for him—leavin' the big city practice they say he's got and comin' 'way out here just to humour a whim of Grandma Ransome's. Beats all how pleased she was, though, to think she'd got here. He can remember he done his duty by the last of his folks, that's sure."

Joel sent a telegram to the New York hospital, asking that an ambulance be in waiting for his train, climbed wearily aboard the sleeping-car, feed the porter heavily, and dropped, with all his clothes on, into his berth. What happened after that he neither knew nor cared.

When the train rolled into the station at New York, a big, well-dressed man with an expression of deep anxiety in his eyes succeeded in getting aboard the foremost sleeping-car before anybody was off. The porter, who had come by this time to feel like a father toward the man who had put a five-dollar bill into his hand and who was now lying in a semi-stupor in Section Six, approached him eagerly.

"Beg pahdon, sah. Lookin' foh de sick gentleman who got on jus' dis side o' Chicago? Yessah—dis way, sah. In Numbah Six, sah."

Dr. Charles Norton parted the curtains, and stood looking down at the still figure in the berth.

"My poor, dear boy," he murmured, beneath his breath, "you took grandma home and made her happy! But whether you haven't deprived the world of a noble soul in doing so —I'm afraid to guess."

Then he bent tenderly over Joel Hasbrook, and laid his hand upon the rumpled head.

"Hasbrook, old fellow," he said, "you're home again. Can you look up and see that Norton has you now?"

But Joel Hasbrook only stared stupidly at nothing, and muttered thickly: "If I could only just get over the border into Illinois!"

"This way, boys," called Doctor Norton to two hospital assistants who had followed him with a stretcher, "and mind you handle him gently. You never carried a more valuable load," he added, softly. One of the men assented with a nod, and the other said emphatically, "We know that, doctor."

It was a long pull, that illness of Joel's, and there was not much left of him when it was over except his big frame. His face was pitifully thin and wasted. Only by virtue of the most skilled and devoted care had he been brought through to convalescence. For the first time he could lie in a great invalid chair and look about at a room filled with evidences of what people thought of him.

"Miss Eaton," he asked, when he noted a tremendous bunch of crimson roses lately brought in and placed upon a table near by, "does it seem to you that there can be any flowers left in the florists' shops?"

"Not many," responded the nurse, with a laugh. "The florists certainly have had the time of their lives during these six weeks—not to mention silk invalid robes and chairs and cushions which the room won't hold."

Hasbrook looked thoughtful. "Just let me smell those roses a minute, will you," he requested, "and then take them down to the Children's Ward. I hope you've been sending some of these things to the old ladies for me. How is poor Donnelly? And how is—"

"Now just hold on!" cried Dr. Charles Norton, coming in. "Donnelly's doing well, and so are the old women. The question is, How is my patient?"

"Norton," said Joel, eagerly, "I've been wanting to see you. How did the fracture case—"

"Do you ever think of yourself?" interrupted Norton, impatiently.

"I do, indeed. I've been longing to see you to beg you for one inch—just one square inch —of beefsteak."

"If you will promise me solemnly not to swallow it!" laughed the doctor. "Won't it do if Miss Eaton gives you the juice from it?"

"I want to feel it between my teeth," urged the patient. "But about the fracture case, Norton?"

"On next Saturday," declared Doctor Norton, "if you are still doing well, I will give you a complete history of all your cases. Until then you are to ask me no questions. I have some authority with you left, and I shall continue to exercise it until you are safely on

your feet. It's been a hard fight to keep you with us, old man. Tell me, Hasbrook—I'm a bit curious to know. Think of the weeks you've lost out of your life, and of the weeks more before you'll get all the old strength back. You know—and you knew when you took that trip—that you were endangering your life for the sake of an old woman's sick fancy. If you'd given up and gone to bed at once, you'd have had, in all probability, a much lighter run. You're built of heroic stuff, I know, but do you honestly think the thing was worth the sacrifice ?"

"Perhaps not," said Joel, thoughtfully, "from one point of view. But from another I am pretty sure it was. It was worth a good deal to see the look on that poor old face when she lay in her own bed. I'm not sorry I did it—I'm glad. You see," he added, simply, with his eyes on his mother's photograph where it stood upon the table, "as I told you before, I've been homesick myself."

THE CALLOW CRITIC.

The "Author" reprints an article from the New York "Critic," which records the views expressed by the members of a "literary class" in an American public school on Browning's beautiful little poem called "Meeting at Night":

I.

The grey sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

II.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears
Than the two hearts beating each to each!

Some of the boys and girls to whom the poem was submitted took pains to show that it stood on a perfectly moral basis:—

I think It is a nice poem it explains going to a man walking up the sea shore in dark he is just going home from work, and as he reaches the house he tapps at the window to let his wife or friend know that it is no stranger or no body that will hurt her."

"I think it is pretty good because it is taken from life and that when a man goes home he always kisses his wife."

Another was nearer the point in saying:—

I think It is a nice poem it explains going to see his sweetheart. But I believe it would be better if the sweetheart had had the light burning previous to his arrival. The description of the waves as they beat against the boat is very good.

The "alleged obscurity" of Browning seems to have appealed to other critics. One says, for instance:—

It is fairly good, but I can see but little sence. It is well worded and the words are well connected.

Another budding Jeffrey says:—

Poor. Because it starts too quickly and because it tells nothing of where he was or how he came to be in the book and he skipped from the ocean to the moon and then back to the water.

This is blunt:—

It is no good. Because I think it is foolish.

But what could surpass the following?

This little poetry is nice because it tells the nice route of the lover and would be much more beautiful if it was longer and contained many more interesting facts.

ANTRIM AND ITS ANTIQUITIES.

The Editor D. P. J. will feel obliged if W. J. R., author of the paper with the above title, printed in the issue of 8th inst, will kindly send his name and address, which have been accidentally mislaid.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

THOMAS O'CONNELLAN.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Sir—I was informed that the grave of Thomas O'Connellan was at north-east side of Teampull Nuadh, and just outside the wall of the burial ground attached to the church, but Mr Owen Bresnan writes to me that this is a mistake. Mr Bresnan says that about forty years ago some strangers visited Lough Gur, and thought that the grave was within the ruinated church at north-east corner, but of course this cannot be where the site of the grave is, and Mr Bresnan says that portion of the ruin is occupied by an old vault of the Ivors family, who once rented portion of Knockadoon from the Fanes or Bourchiers, according to John Punch. Close to the vault of the Ivors family is the vault of the Bayly family, and a vault of the Weekes family is at the south-eastern extremity of the church. Mr Bresnan says that he never heard that O'Connellan was buried outside the wall of the graveyard, and the north-eastern corner of the graveyard is the burial place of the old family of O'Briens, of Lough Gur. Mr Bresnan thinks that O'Connellan was buried near the vestry, beneath the eastern gable of the Church, and of course outside the church.

I also have to express regret that James Butler's name was written James Coleman. Mr Butler has been very helpful to us in the difficult work of identification of the old sites beside Lough Gur, and I am very sorry that I made this mistake with regard to his name. Mr Bresnan says that he will obtain from Mr James Butler for "D. P. J." the music of the Banshee's Wail. I enclose copy of a poem on O'Connellan's grave, by Mr Bresnan, written many years ago. In connection with Carriggal, or "white rock," I forgot to mention that there are sites of three stone forts on that rock of Carriggal, a name which reminds one of the term applied to the rocks of Lough Gur in Mesca Ulad p. 14,, a n-des ra findcharrgib Locha Gair, "their right towards the white rocks of Lough Gur."—Yours faithfully,

J. F. LYNCH,
Cahirconlish Rectory, Nov. 11, 1902.

TEAMPULL NUADH.—AIR, "NELLY GRAY."

O! I love to see that church-yard on Loŭgh Gur's romantic shore,
Where the shamrocks and the ivy ever grow,
Where the wild-dove and the raven, like protecting spirits soar
O'er the green graves of silent Teampull Nuadh.

Sweet Teampull Nuadh, where our tears so freely flow,
On the graves of those who nursed us long ago,
May high heaven smile upon thee, and its choicest gifts bestow
On the shades of thy beloved sleepers, Teampull Nuadh.

By that high and hoary gable, which defies the wreck of time,
Sleeps O'Connellan, beside the shining wave.
Those who love our Irish melodies, entrancing and sublime,
Will place the wreath of laurels o'er his grave.
In sweet Teampull Nuadh, etc.

By the firesides of our fathers, in the troubled days of yore,
He turned the harp to Erin's songs of woe,
But that harp is mute for ever, and the minstrel is no more,
For he is sleeping in silent Teampull Nuadh.
In sweet Teampull Nuadh, etc.

Those ivy-mantled castles overshadowing the wave
Oft resounded his melodies also;
But their halls are long deserted, and their old defenders brave,
Slumber round him in silent Teampull Nuadh.
In sweet Teampull Nua—, etc.

Tradition says the Banshee caoined a sad and lonely wail,
With a grief human bosoms never know,
And she paced those ancient ramparts, towering o'er the sunny vale,
When they laid him in the silent Teampull Nuadh
In sweet Teampull Nuadh, etc.

May the clay press lightly on him, in his silent, nameless grave,
Where the shamrocks and the ivy ever bloom,
And the beach-trees, tall and shady, overhead him gently wave,
'Till the trumpet's sound shall call him from the tomb.
In sweet Teampull Nuadh, etc.

—Owen Bresnan.

A CORRECTION—MULLAGHMAST.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Sir—In No. 31, and at p. 487 of the "Dublin Penny Journal," the Rev F R Montgomery Hitchcock, in his interesting article on the O'Connors of Offaly, states that before the brutal and treacherous massacre of the Irish gentry of Offaly and Leix, in 1577, the ancient name of the Hill of Mullaghmast was the "Hill of Carmen," and that after the slaughter it was called Mullaghmast, or "the Hill of the Decapitation." These statements are entirely wrong, and were probably drawn from that most unreliable source, Rawson's "Statistical Survey of the County Kildare, 1807."

According to that great Irish scholar, Dr John O'Donovan, the ancient Irish name of the Danish settlement at Wexford (where that town is now), was "Carman," which in long pre-Norman times was famous for its annual fair, called the "Oenach Carman." Mullaghmast means "Maistiu's Hill," and according to the "Dindshenchas," Maistiu a princess, the daughter of Oengus mac Umor. For hundreds of years before the butchery of the Irish took place the hill was known as "Maistean," or "Mullach Maisten," as it is called in the old Irish Annals and Histories; and at the present day it is famous for its Long-Stone and Raths, Rathmore and Orandhoon, with their traditions, as well as for its having been the place selected for one of O'Connell's monster Repeal meetings, which took place there on the 1st of October, 1843.

I would not trouble you with this note, but I cannot bear to see such misleading inaccuracies repeated time after time (though given in good faith by the writers), without a word of protest.—Yours,

"OMURETHI."

UNIQUE BOOKS UNKNOWN TO THE BIBLIOGRAPHER.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Dear Sir—My first (1) unique book unknown to the bibliographer was Mrs Glasse's "Compleat Confectioner," published in Dublin, 1872; my (2) Charles Kelsall's 'Letter from Athens," printed in London, 1812, and my (3) a French book, published in Paris, 1637, and described in this letter.

(3) Macchiavel, N. (Citoyin et secretaire de Florence). Discours De L'Estat de Paix et de Guerre, Traduicts d'Italien en Francois.

Easemble un Traiete du mesme Autheur, entitute Le Prince. De nouveau corrigez, et illustrez de Maximes Politiques.

A Paris, Chez Michel Brageart, et Michel Brunet, Proches le Palais, 1637. Boards quarto. Black Letter Collation. Au Lecteur 2 pp., N. Macchiavel à Zanobe Bondelmont et Cosme Rucelay, 2 pp., Le Seigneur des Essarts N. de Herberay au Traducteur des Discours (Paune) de N, Macchiavel 1 p., Sonets de M. G. M. Al Lettore 1 p. Preface de l'autheur 2 pp, (all unpaged), Les Discours de N, Macchiavel sur la premiere Decade de Tite-Live 350 pp., Table des sommaire des Discours 10 pp. sur l'ordre des Dialogues 4 pp, Title of L'Art de la Guerre (folding plates) 1 p, Le Prince (Title) 1 p. (1637), Nic Macchiavel au Magnifique Laurens 2 pp., Text of Le Prince 98 pp., Table 2 pp.

The first issue of this translation from it into French was probably before 1550, as Herberay des Essarts, himself the translator of Amadis des Gaules (1540-1548), died in 1552, and his "tres-cher amy," the translator, was evidently a contemporary whom he highly appreciated. Herberay's laudatory poem is signed "Acuerdo Olvido," his adopted Spanish nom-de-plume, meaning "To Remember and Forget." There is little internal evidence by which to identify the translator. If the author of the "Soneto," "M. G. M," be (M)onsieur (G)uillame (M)orel, the distinguished Gr.-Lat-Francais Lexicographer (1505-1564)—the très-cher amy" of Herberay and Morel was probably an Italian Professor settled in Paris, and to compliment whom, Morel would use the Italian tongue. Morel at the time of first issue of this trans. was Director of Imprimerie Royale. Very probably the Professor "was born to blush" unrecognised, and so I leave him—to present-day bibliographers.

JAS. HAYES,
(Bookseller), Ennis.

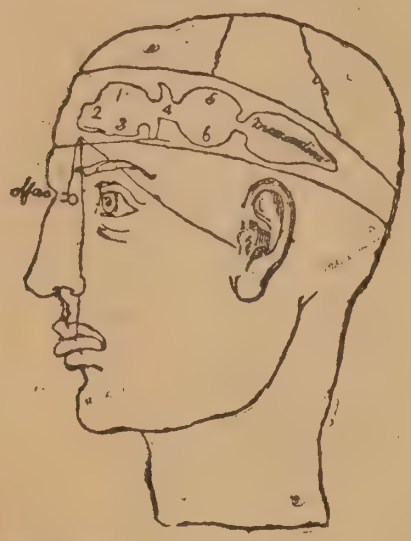
PHRENOLOGY.

AN IRISH PIONEER OF THE SYSTEM.

JOHN SCOTUS ERIGENA'S CRANIAL MAP.

(From the "Dublin Penny Journal," 1832.)

Who would expect to find in the works of an Irishman of the ninth century, the origin of the Phrenological system, which Gall asserted he had discovered? Such, however, we will show to be the fact. The accompanying sketch is copied on a re-



No. 1. Fantasia. 2. Sensus Communis. 3. Imaginativa. 4. An inscription which cannot be deciphered. 5. Cogitativa. 6. Eetimativa.

duced scale from the celebrated work of Johannes Scotus Erigena (or John the Irish Scot), called "Margarita Philosophicæ," or, de divisione naturæ" (the "Pearl of Philosophy," or, "of the divvision of nature") editio Hydelberga, 1496. We met with this curious and rare work in the house of a friend in Cunnemara (!!), whose excellent library we were rummaging over on a wet day.

This was the celebrated person who assited Alfred the Great in the foundation or re-establishment of the University of Oxford, and was the FIRST instructor of the English people in the sciences of Geometry, Astronomy, &c. Attempts have, indeed, as usual, been made to rob us of the honour of giving him birth—but the effort has been in this instance quite fruitless. Hear what the judicious and learned Mosheim says of our countryman. "The philosophy and logic that were taught in the European schools in the ninth century scarcely deserved such honourable titles, and were little better than an empty jargon. There were, however, to be found in various places, PARTICULARLY AMONG THE IRISH, men of acute parts and extensive knowledge, who were perfectly well entitled to the appellation of philosophers. The chief of them was Johannes Scotus Erigena, a native of Ireland, the friend and companion of Charles the Bald. Scotus was endowed with an excellent and truly superior genius, and was considerably versed both in Greek and Latin erudition. He explained to his disciples the philosophy of Aristotle, for which he was singularly well qualified by his thorough knowledge of the Greek language: but as his genius was too bold and aspiring to confine itself to the authority and decision of the stagyrite, he pushed his researches yet farther, dared to think for himself, and ventured to pursue truth without any other guide than his own reason. We have extant of his composition, five books concerning the division of nature, an intricate and subtle production, in which the causes and principles of Christianity are allegorically explained, yet in such a manner as to show 'their ultimate end in the union of the soul with the Supreme Being.' He was the first who blended the scholastic theology with the mystic, and formed them into one system."

Camden, also, in his account of the foundation by Alfred of the three colleges at Oxford, for grammar, philosophy, and divinity, quotes a passage from the old annals of the monastery at Winchester, in which most honourable mention is made of our countryman. "In the year of our Lord 886, the second year of the arrival of St. Grimbald in England, the university of Oxford was begun; the first who presided and read divinity lectures in it being St. Neoth, an abbot and able divine, and St. Grimbald, a most eminent professor of the incompatible sweetness of the sacred pages; Asser, the monk, an excellent scholar, professing grammar and rhetoric; John, monk of the church of St. David, giving lectures in logic, music, and arithmetic; and John (Erigena), the monk, colleague of St. Grimbald, a man of great parts, and a universal scholar, teaching geometry and astronomy, before the most glorious and invincible King Alfred, whose memory will dwell like honey in the mouths of all."

The skill which our ancestors had in astronomy, at this early period, while all the rest of Europe was in the darkest ignorance, is proved by the fact that our countryman, Feargil, or as his name was latinised, Virgilius, was the first to assert "the sphericity of the earth, and consequently, that a great part of it was yet undiscovered, and that every nation had their antipodes, or people living diametrically opposite to them." This opinion was not understood, or approved of, in those unenlightened times, and Feargil was was accused by Archbishop Boniface of propagating heretical doctrine.

John Scotus Erigena also incurred displeasure by the boldness of his opinions, in a translation from the Greek in the supposed works of St. Dionysius the Areopagite, and Pope Nicholas wrote to Charles the Bald, the friend and patron of Scotus, "that one John of the Scots' nation (so the Irish were always called) had translated the work written by Dionysius, the Areopagite, of the names of God, and of the heavenly hierarchy, into the Latin tongue; which book ought to have been sent to him and approved of by his judgment, especially since the said John, 'though a man of excellent learning,' was suspected not to be orthodox, and therefore entreats him to send the author and the book to Rome, or to banish him the university of Paris." Charles, being unwilling to offend the Pope, advised Johannes to return to his native country, which he did in the year 864. In 883 he came into England with Grimbald, on the invitation of Alfred, and in two years afterwards was employed by the king as an instrument for the restoration of literature in Oxford. His portrait as well as that of his new patron was formerly (and is perhaps still) preserved over the door of the refectory of Brazen Nose College, sculptured in stone, and of elegant antique workmanship, and our readers will not, we are assured, look at our faithful copy of his noble and intellectual countenance, without strong feelings of interest and pleasure.

Johannes had the playful wit of his countrymen, of which a good instance has been preserved but which, unfortunately, cannot be well conveyed in a translation. Sitting over a glass of wine after dinner one day, opposite to his friend Charles the Bald, in whose chamber he often slept, the



JOHN SCOTUS ERIGENA.

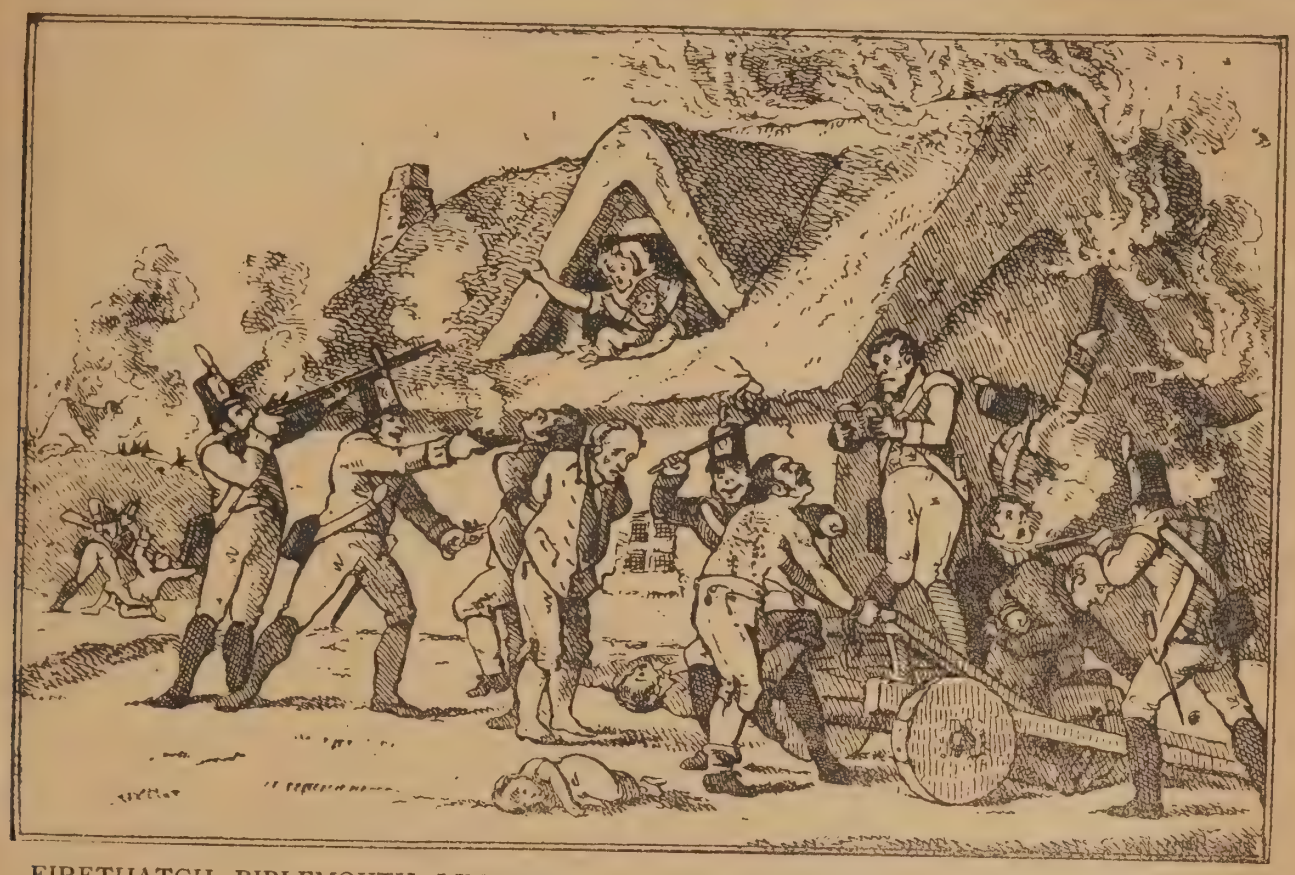
king asked him in his Teutonic dialect, "how may a Scot be distinguished from a Sot?" He answered, "by the table."

But to return to our phrenologically mapped head—the reader will perceive that it is much simpler in its division of the organs than that of the modern philosopher; and what is very remarkable, that in some respects it agrees with their arrangement. Time, the great establisher of all truths, will tell which system is the most just. For our own parts, we are inclined to believe that if the original inventor did not proceed far enough, his followers have gone farther than they will be able to establish. P.

ANOTHER "WATTY COX" CARICATURE.

FROM THE

IRISH MAGAZINE AND MONTHLY ASYLUM OF NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY, 1811.



FIRETHATCH, BIBLEMOUTH, LIMBERSHIP AND OTHER SHOOTING OFFICERS AT THEIR RESPECTIVE DUTIES.

SMITH'S HISTORY OF CORK.

NOTES AND ELUCIDATIONS.

BY REV. J. F. LYNCH.

I am sure that all readers of the "Dublin Penny Journal," but especially those who hail from Cork, feel much indebted to the Editor for the reprint of Smith's interesting and valuable old "History of Cork," and it has occurred to me that Cork men ought now to take advantage of the opportunity afforded by the reprint of this old history, and send notes illustrative of the text as well as corrections of the mistakes made by Smith; and if this suggestion meets with the Editor's approval, and if Cork men will bestir themselves, I see no reason why we should not now obtain a really valuable and quite up-to-date history of Cork. I accordingly send some notes on the first instalment of the history. Smith, who has followed Ware, appears to be incorrect in connecting the Coriondi with the Cork district. Beauford says: "But what led Ware into this mistake was probably reading Ptolemy. 'After the Coriondi above the Brigantes are the inland cities, instead of.' 'Afterwards the Coriondii above the Brigantes. The inland cities are.'"

The name Cork is the Irish corcach. "a marsh," and Dr. Joyce ("Irish Names") says that the old name was Corcach-mor-mumhan, the great marsh of Munster.

O'Reilly ("Irish Dictionary") has uairceas, meaning cock-boat, but in "Todd Lecture Series," vol. iii., p. 175, it is stated of Eochaidh Uairceas Di bliadhain dec illongais for muir. Is aire atberar uairces de. For innarba robai o Sirlam. "Twelve years was he in exile on sea. It is for this he is called Uairces (Solitary). In expulsion he was by Sirlam."

Beauford says that Ware makes the Ouodiai (Vodii or Udiœ) the ancient inhabitants of the counties of Cork, Limerick, and Tipperary, but he is of opinion that they were probably the inhabitants of Corca Laidhe, containing the southern parts of the present county of Cork. The old inhabitants of North Limerick and portion of Tipperary now included in the baronies of Owney (Uaithne) were named Uaithne, of which name various explanations are given, but ne may mean descendants, as it does in Conmaicne, and thus Uath would be left, which I take to be the same as Fotha, for the F is a variable letter, but if ne be a suffix then we must accept he explanation of Uaithne in "Corca Laidhe." Fotha or Fothadh is a name which occurs in many old Irish lists of names, and it is also in "Corca Laidhe." This name is very similar to Ouodiai, Vodii, or Udiœ, and to Foaty or Foata, the name of an island in Cork Harbour. Smith says that Cork Harbour was in ancient manuscripts called Bealach Conglac, recte Bealach Chonglais, which name has become Baltinglass, in county Wicklow; it means road of Cuglas; and of the [illegible] Cuglas(1) a legend is given by O'Curry ("Lectures," p. 586). It appears to me that cuglas means grey hound, and it is probable that Bealach Chonglais was the name of the old road leading to Great Island in Cork Harbour, and passing across an arm of the harbour, near Belvelly. Keating says: "From Ath-cliath of Leinster—leap of the sea—to Oilen Arda Neimidh, without sadness, not cowardly his conduct, was the portion of Orba, for land of his race. From the ford in which Neimidh found death to Meadruidhe." Great Island was named Oilen Arda Neimidh, or "island of the height of Neimidh," and the ford where Neimidh found death must have been the ford where now is Belvelly Bridge, for Keating says also that Neimidh died on Oilen Arda Neimidh.

Youghal represents the Irish Eochaill, and means yew-wood; and there is a local legend concerning the old yew trees of this wood. The present Irish name of Mizen Head is, I think, Ceann Carrain. Carrain means a "reaping-hook," but it is also the diminutive of Carr, "a rock." Beauford says that Mizen Head was named by the Irish Ben Moisaimh Beallen and Mullobhaghagh, the last being the equivalent of Smith's Mullavogy. Beauford says that in the Palatine edition of Ptolemy the name Ouelleboroi is written Oikai Ellibroi, and says that Ware thinks that they were the inhabitants of the northern parts of Kerry.

In the Palatine edition the name Uterni or Outernoi appears as Jouernioi, considered by Ware to be the inhabitants of Desmond. The Jouernioi are the Iberians, or Ivernians, and the name is shown by Professor Rhys to

(1) In "Book of Rights," p. 55, Eanach Conglais, marsh of Cuglas, now Killany, in the barony of Farney, is mentioned.

be the same as Erne(2), who in the Irish documents are often mentioned as residing in the west with Tara Luachra as capital, but Ivernis of the Iverni must, I think have included the Knockaine and Lough Gur district, and the Mairtine of Limerick, mentioned by O'Heerin, must have been a remnant of the old Ivernian folk who were the owners of Fermoy district, and with this people must also be connected the old inhabitants of north-east Ulster. Inber Sceine is the old name of the bay of Kenmare, and is said to have been named froom Scene, wife of Amergin, who is said to have been drowned there.

The territory of Carbery, in Cork, was named by the O'Donovans from their old territory of Ui Chairbre Aebhdha, in Limerick. Cairbre Aebhdha, from whom the O'Donovans claimed to be descended, was son of Brian, King of Desmond, son of Fiacha Fidhgente, son of Daire Cairbre, son of Oilioll Flannbeg, son of Fiacha Muilleathan, son of Eogham Mor, son of Oilioll Olum, whose monument has been recently discovered on the summit of Slieve Chlaire, now Slieve reagh,(3) about three miles south of Knocklong. Cairbre musc, from whom the muscraidhe of six districts in Munster, Cairbre baschaein, from whom Corc Bhaiscin, in Clare. and Cairbre riada. in Antrim, were the sons of Conaire Mor, by Saraid, daughter of Conn of the hundred battles. Sadb, wife of Oilioll Olum, was sister of Saraid. Enna Aighnech is aid to have slain Nia Seghamain, who slew Conall Collamrach, whose daughter, Tuag, was stolen from Tara by Fer Fi.

O'Donovan ("Book of Rights" says that "after the English invasion, about A.D. 1192, the families of O'Suilleabhain (O'Sullivans), and MacCarthaigh (MacCarthys), who had been previously seated in the great plain of Munster, were driven by the English into Kerry, and then these baronies of Corcaguiny, Iveragh, and Magunihy, were seized upon by the MacCarthys and O'Sullivans, who reduced the race of Conaire Mor to obscurity.

Iveragh or Evaugh represents the Irish Ui Eathach, the descendants of Eochaidh, son of Cas, son of Corc, King of Munster, the fourth in descent from Oilioll Olum, King of Munster. Their territory originally comprised the barony of Kinelmeaky, and they afterwards encroached on Corca Luighe, and became masters of the district called Fonn Iartharach. or western land, also called Ivahagh, which comprised the parishes of Kilmoe, Scool, Kilcrohane, Durris, Kilmacanoge, and Caheragh. The chief family of the tribe took the surname of O'Mathghamhna, Anglice O'Mahony. Kinelmeaky is the Irish Cinel-m-Bece, or "race of Bece," who was sixth in descent from Eochaidh, son of Cas, son of Corc, King of Munster, fifth in descent from Oilioll Olum. Inokilly is the Irish Hui Maic Caille, or "descendants of Mac Caille." The name occurs in "Calendar of Oengus." I do not know who this Mac Caille was, but in "Genealogy of Corca Laidhe," p. 63, a Mac Caille is stated to be son of Fearghus, son of Dallan, son of Fochta (Fachtna), son of Fothadh Airctheach, son of Lugaidh Maccon. In "Corca Laidhe," p. 43, it is stated that the Uaithne Thire (now Owney and Arra), and Uaithne Cliach (now Owney beg), were descended from Fothadh Airctheach, who, with his brothers, Fothadh Cairptheach, that is, Fothadh Canann, and Fothadh Dolus, were the three sons of Fuinnche, daughter of Nar, son of Fearmora, of the Ara Cliach." So far as I can understand the Fothadhs belonged to the Iberian race, and I think that Ptolemy's Vodii or Udiœ may be explained by the Irish Fothadh or Fotha.

O'Curry ("Lectures," pp. 591, 592) mentions two tales entitled, "The Elopement of the Wife of Ailell, the Son of Eoghan with Fothadh Canann," and "The Love of Caillech Berre for Fothadh Canann." Caillech Berre is connected with several old sacred places(4) of the Irish, and the name Berre is sometimes written Bheurtha, or Vera; and it appears to me that the borai of Ptolemy's Oueliboroi may be connected, as Smith thinks, with Berre or Bear, for Oueliboroi is the tribal name derived from Ouelibor. Colonel Conder has informed me that the mounment of Bear, or Bera, has been identified near Berehaven, and I may also mention that Colonel Conder told me that he was surprised at the number and variety of the rude stone monuments of Ireland, which he regarded as next in importance to those of Syria and North Africa.

In the poem of Gilla-Coemain, given by the Rev. Dr. MacCarthy, in "Todd Lecture Series," vol. iii., we read:—

> Received the Fotachs (Fothads) the kingship
> A year over Banba marshy;
> Fell Fotach Cairptech (charioteer),
> By Fotach Find Airgdech (Raider).

In "Silva Gadelica," p. 521, we read: "One year the two Fothas had ruled Ireland when Fotha Cairpthech fell by Fotha Airgthech; in the battle of Ollarbha in Line, subsequently the latter fell by Caeilte Mac Ronain." In "Silva Gadelica," p. 531 we read: "Fuinche of the triple breasts, daughter of Firmora of the men of Cliu (Aradh Cliach in Co. Limerick), was mother of the three Fothas, of Cahir Mor's son, Currach, and of Maeniadh's (Lugaidh Maccon) other son, Teite(5), a quo Aenach Teite (now Nenagh, i.e., An Aenach, in county Tipperary)." The Rev. Dr. MacCarthy explains airctheach or airgdech as "raider," and Mr. S. H. O'Grady says that airgtech is airgetach, from airget, argentum, or silver, in case of Eochaidh Airgtech. Dr. Joyce ("Irish Names," vol. i., p. 338) says: "In the Leabhar na h-Uidhre, it is related that Caeilte, Finn Mac Cumhals foster-son, slew Fothadh Airgtheach, monarch of Ireland, in the battle of Ollarba (Larne Water), A.D. 285. Caeilte speaks: 'The uluidh of Fothadh Airgtheach will be found a short distance to the east of it. There is a chest of stone about him in the earth; there are his two rings of silver, and his two bunne doat, and his torque of silver on his chest; and there is a pillar stone at his cairn; and an ogum is on the end of the pillar stone, which is the earth; and what is on it is "Eochaidh Airgtheach here"'" (Petrie. "R. Towers," p. 108).

Fothadh Airctheach belongs not to Irish history, but to Irish mythology, and so I think that the name Mac Caille in Imokilly is most likely the Mac Caille of the "Genealogy of Corca Laidhe.'

Lewis (Igtermurragh Parish) says: "The principal seats are . . . Castle Richard of R. Fitzgerald, Esq., near which are the remains of the ancient Castle of Inchicrenagh, a fine old tower of excellent masonry in good preservation; on the wall of one of the arches is an inscription bearing date 1592, with the initials T. G.; it was built by the great Earl of Desmond, and was the seat of the seneschals of Imokilly, ancestors of the present occupier of Castle Richard." Inchierenagh is in Irish Inis na cruithneachta, or "river holm of the wheat," and is the name of the townland, and Inchicrenagh Castle is often called Imokilly Castle, and was, as Lewis says, the residence of the seneschals of Imokilly, the first of whom was the Earl of Desmond, appointed by Edward III. about the year 1340. A curious legend is told concerning Castle Richard, or Inchicrenagh Castle. It is said that a fierce boar had his lair on Cnoc an Chollaigh, or "hill of the boar," and laid waste all the district about his lair as far as Coill na Muice, or "wood of the sow." Many warriors of the period who had endeavoured to slay this boar were killed by him. The Earl of Desmond had offered a great reward for the slaughter of the boar. At last a young warrior, named Thomas Fitzgerald, succeeded, after a terrible fight, in which he nearly lost his own life, in killing the boar. And for reward Thomas Fitzgerald was appointed by the Earl of Desmond seneschal of Imokilly, and was granted a great extent of land surrounding Cnoc an Chollaigh; he adopted as his crest a boar's head, and built Castle Richard, or Imokilly Castle. This tale appears to be a variant of a very old tale. which has also survived in connection with the Castle of Loughmoe ("reward-plain"), the old seat of the Purcells, in county Tipperary. I gave the Loughmoe legend in an early number of the "Dublin Penny Journal. William Hackett ("Trans. Os. Soc." vol. v., p. 64) says: "I have noticed in the Kilkenny paper ("Trans. Kilk. Arch. Soc," vol. ii., pp. 303-34) that the procession headed by the "Lara ban" promised all manner of happiness and blessings to the generous and bountiful, and all maledictions and misfortunes to those who did not contribute liberally to the support of the Muck olla; a long practical address was recited on such occasions, and such parties as young women anxious for husbands, newly-married couples wishing to have children, even avaricious farmers, contributed largely in hope of earning the blessings of the Muck olla. It is singular that these processions flourish most in Imokilly, in that district between Cork harbour and Ballycotton, where the achievements of Fionn in slaying the boar are most celebrated—such contradictions are frequent in the regions of legendary lore. Samhain's eve(6) was the time for making these appeals." Crofton Croker names a hill at north east side of Lough Gur, Ardancolleagh, that is, Ard an Chollaigh, or "height of the boar," and here the people tell stories of the Black Pig, or Sow, and at south side of the lake is site of the remarkable cromlech described in "Ordnance Letters" named Leaba na muice, which, most likely, was Leaba na muice duibhe, or "bed of black pig."

(2) In the "Edinburgh Dinnshenchas," p. 58, Lough Erne is said to be named from the Erne. Ptolemy has marked the Lough Erne district in the occupation of the Erdinio, that is, the Erne or Iberians.

(3) Slievereagh represents the Irish Sliabh Riabhach, or "grey mountain," and the mountain is a dark grey colour. O'Donovan ("Sup. to O'Reilly," p. 588) says that Sliabh Riach (Riabhach) is the modern name of Sliabh Caoin, but this is an error which has been adopted by several writers, including Mr. S. H. O'Grady, in "Silva Gadelica," and it tends to much confusion. Sliabh Caoin is now the Ballyhoura range of hills between the counties of Limerick and Cork. Bearna dhearg is the name of the gap in the mountain of Sliabh Caoin, but O'Donovan ("Sup. to O'Reilly," p. 582), is incorrect in stating that King Mahon was murdered here. The murder took place near Macroom, where there is also a mountain named Sliabh Caoin.

(4) O'Donovan ('Ordnance Letters") says that in county Meath he heard an Irish verse, of which he gives the following translation: "I am poor Caillech Bera, many a wonder I have seen in many a land. I have seen Carnbane a lake, but it is now a mountain." Carnbane is near Slieve na Calliagh, in barony of Fore, county of Meath.

(5) In "Genealogy of Corca Laidhe," p. 58, Teite is stated to be the daughter of Macniadh, the son of Lughaidh; and in "Silva Gadelica," p. 200, Teite is made daughter of Ragamain. In the "Bodleian Dinnshenchas," p. 26, Dartaid of Knockaine is made daughter of Ragamain or Regamain. O'Curry ("Lectures," p. 585) says that Dartaid or Dairt, was daughter of Eochaidh, King of Knockaine, and that Regamain was a chief in Burren, county of Clare. One of the houses of Emania was named from Teite ("Feast of Bricriu," p. 140).

(6) Professor Rhys ("Hibbert Lectures," p. 515) says: "The habit of celebrating Nos Galangaeaf (Samhain's eve) in Wales by lighting bonfires on the hills is possibly not yet quite extinct; and within the memory of men, some of whom are still living, those who assisted at the bonfires used to wait till the last spark was out, when, unlike Diarmait, the whole company would suddenly take to their heels, shouting at the top of their voices:

> Yr hwch du gwta
> A gipio 'r ola'!
>
> The cropped black sow
> Seize the hindmost!"

Inisherkin represents the Irish Inis Arcain, island of the little arc, or orc, that is, "boar," and Smith's Cothilia is Cothluidhe. Dr. Quarry, late Archdeacon of Cork ("Genealogy of Corca Laidhe," p. 88) says: "The name of Corca Laidhe still exists in the corrupted form Cothluidhe, which name, however, is now confined to two small districts, called Cothluidhe-mor and Cothluidhe-beag, situated on either side of the River Ilen(7), near Skibbereen. The name is known to the country people, though not appearing in the maps." O'Donovan quotes from "Annals of Innisfallen," A.D. 1215: "The English gained great power in Munster. Sleibhne built a castle at Dun-na-ngall, in Cothluighe, and another at Dun-na-sead. Barret built a castle Traghbhaile and another at Cuan-Dor (Glandore)."

According to O'Donovan, the principal families of the Corco Duibne were the Ui Failbhe or O'Falvys, of Corcaguinny, the Ui Seagha or O'Shea, of Ui Rathach, now Iveragh, in Kerry, and the Ui Congaile or O'Connells, of Magunihy. Cape Clear Island is now called in Irish Oilean na Cleire, or "Cleric Island," but the old name is Oilen Doimhle. In "Silva Gadelica," p. 510, we read: "Brendan of Birr's mother, Mainnsena, came once to Saighir, and was fain to go to Oilen Doimhle." In the "Calendar of Oengus," p. cxv., Inis Teimle is explained "island of darkness," but, perhaps, not correctly, for at p. cix., the name of this island is also given as Inis Doimhle, and in "Wars of the Gaedhil with Gaill," p. 7, the island is named Inis Temhni and Inis Doimhli Dr. Todd says that in the martyrology of Donegal Inis Doimhle is described as "between Ui Ceinnselaigh (County of Wexford) and the Deisi (Waterford)," and he accordingly follows O'Donovan in identifying Inis Doimhle with Little Island at the mouth of the Suir. The Irish doimhne means depth, profundity; and if this be equivalent to doimhle, then Little Island and Clear Island might have been named with respect to the depth of the ocean, but it is not easy to explain the name owing to the variants.

I have mentioned that the monument of Oilioll Olum is on the summit of Slievereagh, and as Oilioll Olum is such an important Munster personage, and as O'Donovan is, I think, mistaken concerning his monument, it may be desirable to give particulars. In Supplement to "O'Reilly Dictionary," p. 598, O'Donovan says that Sliabh Claire, or "Mountain of the Plain," is the conspicuous hill lying to the east of the Church of Duntryleague. This so-called Church of Duntryleague was a private chapel built by the Massy family, and is not the Church of Duntryleague, which was close to the village of Galbally. O'Donovan says that there is a large cromlech on the hill which seems to be the monument of Oilioll Olum, who died on the summit of Sliabh Claire; this monument is Dun-tri-liag, and is the monument of Cormac Cas, son of Oiloill Olum ("Sup. to O'Reilly," p. 627). In the tale of Knocklong, which is quoted in Dr. Joyce's "Irish Names," vol. i., p. 102, it is stated that Sliabh Claire is the mountain now called Slievereagh, which is about three miles south of Knocklong. In "Silva Gadelica," p. 129, we read: "Where was Oiloill Olom, son of Mogh Nuadat slain?" and he answered that "on the summit of Sliabh Claire to the southward he died." On the summit of Slievereagh, that is, Sliabh Claire, Mr. J. J. Mahony has found a small stone circle, and a dolmen or cromlech. The cromlech has table-stone resting on two pillar stones, and the table-stone inclines towards Lios Dun g Claire, that is, the fort Dun g Claire, situated on the boundary between the townlands of Glenbrohane and Glenlara; and on the Clar or "plain," a short distance north of Sliabh Claire. Keating mentions that this fort of Dun g Claire was one of the two regal residences of the Kings of West Munster; and in "Book of Rights," p. 92, it is said to be one of the seats of the Kings of Cashel. Mr. Mahony has informed me that the site is marked by a very large mound, and that the royal fort was defended by several outlying forts at short distances from it. A short distance north of the fort is the site of Templehalawe Church (8) and a little to the east of the fort, and in Glenbrohane, is a cromlech, a fort, a graveyard, and a well named Toberreendoney (Tobarrigh-an-domhnaigh, "Well of the King of Sunday").

The cromlech on the summit of Slievereagh is 180 yards W. by N. from the stone circle, which is 45 feet in diameter. The celebrated well of Tobercanvore(9), which is said to have issued forth from the spot where the spear of Mogh Ruith(10) fell, is about two miles N. by W. from the stone circle, and only a short distance in a N.N.E. direction from a group of three small artificial mounds on Slievereagh, which were also dscovered by Mr. Mahony. The site of Knocklong Castle, Tobercanvore, and the mounds appear to lie in a right line, and I think that on the site of Knocklong Castle was the "Long" from which the hill was named. The old name of Knocklong is said to have been Druim-damhghaire, which, according to Dr. Whitley Stokes (Lives from "Book of Lismore"), signifies "the hill of the troop of stags."

These important monuments on Sliabh Claire have hitherto escaped notice, and this is the first account of them in which are given the particulars received from Mr. Mahony, Superintendent of Ordnance Surveyors, who discovered them. In Smith's "Cork" there are numerous references to the stone monuments, and may I request the attention of Cork men to these monuments, and let those who are within reach of them examine them, and let us have the people's tales of the stones. When O'Curry beheld the stones of Lough Gur he exclaimed: "There are the oldest records of the Gaedhilic race."

(7) Ilen is connected with the Irish eibhle, aibhle, a spark; eibhlighim means to sparkle or glitter, and aibhell and eibhling mean spark of fire. Ilen means bright or sparkling river.

(8) According to "Tripartite Life," St. Patrick built a church near Sliabh Claire, named Cill Ratha, or "Church of the rath," and it is related that he was opposed in this district by the clans of Cairbre and Colman, and one of the forts is named Rath Cairbre. The name Brocain is also mentioned, and this may have survived in townland name Glenbrohane.

(9) "Tobar cheanna mhoir, a well in the parish of Emlygrennen (Bile Ghroidhnin), in the barony of Coshlea and county of Limerick; it is celebrated in the Irish romances about the Druid, Mogh Ruith" ("Sup. to O'Reilly," p. 714). Compare the passage quoted by O'Donovan from "Keating and Lib. Lec." See also "O'Curry's Lectures," p. 272, and Joyce's "Irish Names," vol i., p. 103.

(10) According to a Cork folk tale, published some years ago in "Cork Arch. Journal," Mogh Ruith was the tighernadh, or "chief," from whom Carn Tighernaigh, a carn on a mountain, near Rathcormac was named. Mogh Ruith's wife is stated to have been buried in Leaba na Cailligha, between Glanworth and Fermoy. See notice of Leaba na Cailligha in description of Glanworth by Lewis. Tigheruach is made King of South Munster in many tales, but it appears to me that the identification of Tigernach with Mogh Ruith is correct. Windele says that the carn has the shape of a large overturned boat, or ancient ship, and it has occurred to me that the "Long" on Druim-damhghaire may have been a ship-like cairn, for long means ship as well as encampment. I have been unable to discover the name of the wife of Mogh Ruith, but I suggest that it was Cuil, from whom the chief fort of the Fianna of Fermoy, near Kildorrery, was named.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.

CLONMINES.

CLONMINES, an ancient disfranchised Parliamentary borough, and a parish, in the barony of Shelburne, county of Wexford, and province of Leinster, on the high road from Wexford to Duncannon and Fethard, near the upper extremity of a small bay, 5 miles (N.E. by N.) from Fethard; containing 360 inhabitants. This parish comprises 1,359 statute acres, and is the property of A. Annesley, Esq., of Blechingdon Park, in the county of Oxford. The town, which is of great antiquity but is now only distinguished by its ruins, occupied an area of about 20 acres, and was surrounded by a vallum and fosse. According to Mr. Fraser, it had, in the time of the Danes, a mint for coining silver, which was found on the opposite side of the Scar, at a place called Barry's-town, in the parish of Bannow. A convent for Eremites of the order of St. Augustine was founded here at a very early period by the family of Kavanagh or Cavenagh, which was considerably enlarged and beautified by Nicholas Fitz-Nicholas, in 1385, and was subsequently occupied by friars of the order of St. Dominick. A castle was also built by one of the family of Roger de Sutton, who accompanied Fitz-Stephen to Ireland, which has been converted into a farmhouse, and it is now in the occupation of Mr. Richard Sutton, a descendant of the founder, whose family is now the only one residing within the limits of the ancient town. Ships formerly came up to this town, but the port has been blocked up by a shifting bar at the entrance. The borough seems to have been held of the king in free burgage: several inquisitions "post mortem," in the reigns of Jas. I. and Chas. I., mention the seisin of certain persons in burgages, but contain no allusion to a corporation or charter, which it appears the borough never had. It returned two members to the Irish Parliament prior to the Union, when the £15,000 awarded as compensation for the abolition of its franchise was granted to Chas., Marquess of Ely, and Chas. Tottenham, of Ballycurry, in the county of Wicklow, Esq. The ruins of the ancient town are very interesting: they are commonly called "Clonmines Castles," and consist chiefly of the tower and walls of the parish church, and a fragment of the wall which enclosed the monastery, with one of the flanking towers. Embosomed in trees, and forming a strikingly picturesque feature in these ruins, is a small chapel surmounted by two turrets leading by spiral staircases within to a parapet: it is said to have been built by a person that had risen from the humble station of a cowherd to great opulence, over the remains of his mother, and was endowed by him with a stipend for a priest to say Masses for her soul; it is still called the Cowboy's Chapel.

(To be Continued.)

THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK.

By CHARLES SMITH, M.D.

Æquum est enim meminisse & me, qui discerem hominem esse, et vos, qui Judicetis ut si probabilia dicentur nihil ultra requiratis. Cicero Univers.

In Two Volumes.

VOL I.

The Second Edition, with Additions.

BOOK II.

Containing the Topographical Description of this County, including the City of Cork.

CHAP. I.—Continued.

This town returns two members to Parliament, and gives title of Baron to the Right Hon. Richard, Earl of Burlington. Sir Richard Boyle, the first Earl of Cork, being created Baron Boyle, of Youghal, by letters patent of King James I., dated Septemb. 6, ann. reg. 14th of England, and 50th of Scotland, 1616 (12). It was in this town that the first potatoes were landed in Ireland by Sir Walter Raleigh. The person who planted them, imagining that the apple which grows on the stalk was the part to be used, gathered them; but not liking their taste, neglected the roots, till the ground being dug afterwards to sow some other grain, the potatoes were discovered therein, and, to the great surprise of the planter, vastly increased; from those few, this country was furnished with feed (13).

It is said Sir Walter Raleigh brought them, together with tobacco, into Ireland from Virginia. He also brought the celebrated Affane cherry, at the same time, from the Canary Islands (14)

(12) Original patent at Lismore.

(14) Ben Johnson, in his play called "Every man out of his humour*," mentions potatoes as a great rarity, when he wrote.

* Act 2.

(14) August 6th, 1617, sir Walter Raleigh set sail from the harbour of Cork, on his last voyage to the West Indies. In a letter to Mr Carew Raleigh, sir Walter's son, from the earl of Cork, (dated at Dublin Jan. 16, 1631), the earl says, "That sir Walter's last coming into Ireland cost him above 1,000 marks, whereof he had supplied him in ready money with £350, besides oxen, biscuit, beer, iron, and other necessaries he furnished him with. And adds, that the day he took shipping upon his last fatal voyage from Cork, he dined with him at sir Randal Clayton's house, where, at table, he let fall some speeches, as if he was not fully furnished for his voyage; which the earl observing, immediately procured him a hundred French crowns, which he knew would be current money in any place he should put in to water or victual. After dinner, he and the earl withdrawing to a window, the earl offered him £100 more, telling him, he feared from his discourse that he was not sufficiently furnished with money for his voyage, and thereupon made him this offer, which he refused, protesting that all his defects were supplied by the earl beyond his hope or expectation. Adding, that if he was driven into any harbour, he had jewels that he would sell, rather than take any more money from him. Upon which, he called to him the lord Barry, the lord Roche, his son, Mr Walter Raleigh, capt Whitney, and several others, who dined there: And taking his son by the hand, told him and the other gentlemen, how that the earl had kept a continual open house for three weeks, to entertain him and all his company. That he had supplied his ships with several kinds of provisions, and with £350 in ready money; and had given money to most of the captains of his fleet; and that the earl would now press £100 more upon him, which he did not want: And addressing himself to his son said, Wat, you see how nobly my lord Boyle hath entertained me and my friends; and therefore I charge you, upon my blessing, if it please God that you may outlive me and return, that you never question the lord Boyle for anything I have sold him; for if he had not bought my Irish land, it would have fallen to the crown, and then one Scot or other would have begged for it, from whom neither I nor mine should have received anything of it, nor such courtesies as now I have received. And thereupon the earl accompanied him to the boat, where at taking leave sir Walter repeated all the earl's civilities. And this, says lord Cork, was the last time I ever saw him."

In the beginning of this letter, the earl says, that he paid sir Walter the full of what he owed him for his estate, long before this event; which he purchased at a time when it was utterly waste, and yielded him no profit." The earl paid him £1,000 after his attainder; which debt being forfeited to the crown, he generously made choice of paying to sir Walter, rather than to accept of a composition tendered him by sir John Ramsay, afterwards earl of Holderness, who, for 500 marks in ready money, offered to procure him a full discharge, under the broad seal, for that debt; which obliged the earl to stay two months after in London to sue out a release for that money from the crown; and the expenses, he says, stood him in £200 more.

MSS. at Lismore.

(15) MS. sir Richard Cox.

(16) Ib. ib.

In this town is a barrack for two companies of foot. At the arrays, in 1746, there were 1,000 Protestants in this place fit to bear arms.

This place suffered much in the wars of the Earl of Desmond; it was taken and gained by Capt. White, it was retakenainffi gained by Capt. White, it was the same year retaken by the seneschal of Imokilly (15). White and most of his men being slain, by this means Youghal was left quite desolate, not a man staying in it, except one poor friar; but the old inhabitants were invited to return, a garrison of 300 men being left for their protection. The mayor, who had refused a garrison and had perfidiously yielded the town to Desmond, was taken and hanged at his own door.

Afterwards, ann. 1582, the seneschal of Imokilly assaulted Youghal; but was repulsed with the loss of 50 of his men.

The Earl of Cork shut himself up in this town in the rebellion of 1641, in which he suffered very great hardships, and died in it during those troubles (16). The Earl of Castlehaven besieged it about ten weeks; and though the town was far from being strong, and the garrison very weak and ill supplied, yet they had the courage to defend it bravely, with considerable loss to the Irish army, who were at last forced to raise the siege, ann. 1645. For the further historical incidents which happened there, I refer the reader to the third book, which concerns the civil history of this county.

Within three miles of Youghal, the Earl of Cork had a noble park in the parish of Ardagh; but it had been disparked several years. A little way up the river from the town, on a bold point of land, stands the ruined castle of Rincrew, once an house of the knights templars.

By the Earl of Cork's purchases from Sir Walter Raleigh, and his having the N. and S. abbeys, with the other lands granted to the second earl, for 49 arrears due to himself and others, whose debentures he purchased, the greatest part of this town belonged to this noble family. Not long since, a considerable part of it was purchased by the Right Hon. the Earl of Bessborough and others.

Half a mile N.W. of the town, the solanum officinale grows in great plenty.

The principal seats in this neighbourhood are:—1. Bally-Virgone, belonging to Bor Uniacke, Esq., a pretty plantation, where there is a liquorice tree, and a large fir brought from Newfoundland. 2. Ballydaniel, the seat of Henry Rug, Esq., recorder of Youghal, on the W. side of the bay, from whence is an extensive prospect of the sea coast and ocean; near it is a small subterraneous river, which runs about a mile under ground, but there is another more considerable one, near Castlemartyr, of the same kind. In Mr. Rug's fish-ponds is the water-lily, a beautiful flower, transplanted hither from Youghal bog, where they grow in plenty. 3. The poisonous quality of the yew tree has been experienced, by cattle eating of the branches, some years ago, in the garden of Ballymacoda (then held by Mr. Maurice Uniack), in this neighbourhood, after which they suddenly died. This castle was built by Thomas Fitz-Gerald, ann. 1521. 4. Mount Uniack, in the parish of Killeigh, the seat of Richard Uniack, Esq., from whence is an extensive prospect of a great part of this barony. In the gardens are orange trees which bear fruit, as also plantane trees and cypress.

The castle of Inchiquin stands about three miles S.W. of Youghal (17). This

(15) MS. sir Richard Cox.

(16) Ib. ib.

(17) Pleas held at Adare, before Will. de Windfor, lieu. of the king in Ireland, on the quindene of St Michael, in the 44th year of king Edward III.

The sheriff was commanded to seize into the king's hands the fourth part of the manor of Inchecoigne, with its appurtenances, the property of Thomas Roos, and the manor of Ballyderawn, with the appurtenances, the property of Will. de Canton, of which lands they were disinherited, because they did not in person, before the feast of Easter, in the 43rd year of the king, come into Ireland, nor send a sufficient number of men in their stead to defend the same; and that he should, by a jury of 12 men, return the value of said lands to the lord lieutenant, etc. By virtue of which mandate, John Lombard, sheriff of th said county, on the Wednesday next after the feast of St Denis the martyr, in the 44th year of the reign of king Edward III. by the undernamed, viz., Richard Fitz-Peter de Carew, etc, which the jury say upon their oaths, that the 4th part of the manor of Inchecoigne, with the appurtenances, which was the property of Thomas de Roos on the feast of easter, in the 43rd year of the king, was not worth above £3 3s a year, in all its issues; and that Illeger, as attorney for the said Thomas de Roos, received the profits from thence, etc. And that the manor of Ballyderawne was worth nothing by the year, because it was in the hands of rebels to the king, etc.

manor formerly belonged to the house of Ormond, and was a distinct barony in itself. Sir Richard Boyle passed patent for this manor, castle and barony, March 3rd, the 11th of James I. It was purchased from the present Earl of Burlington by the Earl of Bessborough. The manor anciently belonged to the see of Cloyne. Near this place are good plantations, particularly of witch elms, which bear feed.

Killeigh is a small village, four miles from Youghal, in which is a decent church. At this place was an ancient nunnery of canonesses, founded by St. Abban in the sixth century, where he placed St. Conchere as prioress. The rivulet that runs by it is remarkable for its serpentine course, and for its being accounted good for whitening cloth. It discharges itself into Youghal Bay. Adjacent is a well, visited by the Irish. Near it is Aghada, the house and plantations of Mr. Richard Supple. In his garden are two trees of an unknown kind; the first, a bladder nut, or the nux vessicaria or staphilodendron of Parkinson, being so called from a nut enclosed in a husk or skin resembling a bladder. The other, the arbor vitæ of Gerrard, or the thuyæ theophrast. C. B., being 15 inches in diameter and about 30 feet high. They give an handful of the leaves boiled in ale as a specific for the gravel. It appears that the castle of Aghada was built by the Carews; for Sir Thomas de Carew, the son of Maurice, granted several annuities out of the lands of Aghfadda to William Skiddy, of Cork, temp. Edward III., as appears from copies of three ancient deeds preserved in the Lambeth library of England (F. 99, 100). To the W. of this is Garan-James, Mr. Barth. Purdon's.

Castlemartyr, formerly Ballymartyr, was the seat of a branch of the Fitz-Geralds, called seneschals of Imokilly (18). In the year 1663 it was incorporated by the interest of the first Earl of Orrery, who erected it into a borough, with the nomination of the chief magistrate, recorder, town-clerk, clerk of the market, and other proper officers, to the Earl and his heirs for ever, and with a privilege of sending two members to Parliament. It was anciently called Leper's town, as it is said, from a leper-house belonging to an adjacent place, called Ballyouteragh, which was a village of some note; and there is a tradition of its having been remarkable for a copper manufactory, Ballyouteragh literally signifying a town of braziers; yet there is no copper ore near this place, but iron mines almost everywhere round it. The old church is in ruins, and the site thereof removed to Castlemartyr, by Act of Parliament, where a new, handsome church was erected on ground given by his Excellency Henry Boyle, Esq. The high road from Cork to Youghal lay formerly more to the S., and ran by the castles of Ichtermurragh, Ballytotas, &c, of which road there are still several traces. But it has undergone another alteration from the Right Honourable Henry Boyle, late Speaker of the House of Commons, who at great expense has laid out a fine, level road, and erected a handsome stone bridge to the S.W. of the town. Here is an alms-house, founded by the first Earl of Orrery, for six poor men and as many women, who have a weekly allowance, and clothing once a year; the Lady Mary Boyle, mother to Henry Boyle, Esq., bequeathed £100 to be put to interest towards buying them clothes. His Excellency conveyed to the Incorporated Society two English acres of land for ever, valued at 4s. an acre, for the erection of a charter-school near this place; and gave a lease of three lives of ten English acres of land, at 40s. per ann., which ten acres were to pay no more than an acknowledgment of 5s. a year during his Excellency's life. Also a lease of ten English acres more, at 4s. an acre. The school contains 20 boys and 10 girls. There are several voluntary subscriptions for the support of this foundation. Over the door of the school is this inscription, on a black marble:

"In the year of our Lord 1748, this charter-school was erected at the charge of the Incorporated Society, on ground given for the purpose by the Right Hon. Henry Boyle, Esq., Speaker of the House of Commons, and one of the Lords Justices of this kingdom."

Since the opening of this school, the children have proceeded in a very thriving way.

There is also a spinning school here, for the encouragement of the linen manufacture. This is a neat, small town, well watered and situated for this manufacture. Its chief beauty consists in the seat and improvements of his Excellency Henry Boyle, Esq., lord of the soil. Adjacent to this house is a castle (first built by the Carews) that belonged to the seneschals of Imokilly, and afterwards to the Earl of Orrery, but ruined in the late wars (19). Opposite the house is a large, beautiful canal, which forms a vista to that side of the country through a venerable grove of lofty trees. To the south of the house are the gardens, with fine plantations of elms, chestnut, and other forest trees of a large growth. The artificial river made by his Excellency, which surrounds his domain, as well as the town of Castlemartyr, is one of the greatest undertakings of this kind in Ireland. It is regularly banked, and its sides adorned with fine plantations, and winds in a serpentine manner, being broad and deep enough for a handsome boat to row round it; at the east of the town it is broken into several cascades, and is a great ornament to this part of the country. On this river,

——— The stately sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale,
And arching proud his neck with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier isle,
Protectice of his young.

—Thomson.

This river glides away in a clear stream, wandering through the woods on each side in several windings, shining here and there at a great distance through the trees; the mazes may be traced a considerable way, till the eye is led through two ridges of hills, where it empties itself into another river, that discharges into Youghal bay, and is navigable for about three miles up the country. A small expense, added to what his Excellency has already done, would make it navigable up to the town of Castlemartyr, for boats and lighters.

Towards the east of the town, some large human bones were lately dug up, being buried under a large stone in a small heap, in a cornfield; but not having seen them, I can say nothing about them.

(To be Continued.)

(18) Ann. 1420, 9 Henry V. James earl of Desmond was constituted seneschal of the baronies of Imokilly, Inchiquin, and the town of Youghal, during life, by James earl of Ormond lord lieutenant of Ireland. From this earl of Desmond, this branch of the Fitz-Geralds had this title.

(19) Capt Henry Boyle in the late wars, put his castle under the protection of general Mac-Carty, as did also the lord Inchiquin, his of Rostillan, who promised to secure them and their houses, which he did not perform; for Castlemartyr, with all the improvements and furniture, to the value of some thousands of pounds, were destroyed.

RECENTLY-PUBLISHED BOOKS, Etc., RELATING TO IRELAND.

"The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostal." Edited, with Translation and Glossary, by Whitley Stokes, D.C.L. (Paris: Bouillon).

"The Courtship of Ferb." Translated into prose and verse by A. H. Leahy, of Cambridge University. (London: David Nutt).

"Calendar of the Manuscripts of the Marquess of Ormonde." New series. Vol. I. Edited by C. Litton Falkiner. (London: Eyre and Spottiswoode).

"Literature of the Celts." By A. Mac'ean. (London: Blackie).

"Studies in Irish Epigraphy. Part II." By R. A. S. Macalister. (London: D. Nutt).

"The Celtic Church in Britain and Ireland." by H. Zimmer. Translated by A. Meyer. (London: D. Nutt)

"The Salmon Rivers of Ireland." By A. Grimble. (London: Kegan Paul).

"Murray's Handbook of Ireland." Sixth edition. Edited by John Cooke, M.A. (London: Stanford).

"Peplographia Dublinensis: Memorial Discourses in the Chapel of Trinity College, Dublin." (London: Macmillan).

"The Story of St. Patrick." By J. Sanderson, New York. (London: Low).

"Henry Grattan." By Percy M. Rodby. (London: Unwin).

"O'Heyne's Irish Dominicans." Edited by Rev. A. Coleman, O.P. (Dundalk: Tempest).

"Blake Family Records." By Martin J. Blake. (London: E. Stack).

"Barrymore: Records of the Various Branches of the Barrys of the County Cork." By the late Rev. E. Barry. (Cork: Guy and Co.).

"Robert Emmet." By Dr. Madden. New edition. (Glasgow: Cameron and Ferguson).

"Robert Emmet." By David J. O'Donoghue. (Dublin: Duffy).

"Robert Emmet: His Birthplace and Burial." By David A. Quaid. (Dublin: Duffy).

"Life of St. Finbarr." By Rev. C. M. O'Brien. (Cork: Guy).

"The Story of Iniscathaigh." By Daniel Mescal. (Dublin: O'Donoghue).

"List of Dublin-printed Books. Part III." By E. R. M'C. Dix. (Dublin: O'Donoghue).

"Keating's History of Ireland." Edited by Dr. Comyn. (Irish Texts Society, London).

"The Petrie Collection of Ancient Irish Music. Part II. (London: Boosey).

"Some Suggestions for a Final Settlement of the Land Question." By Michael Davitt. (Dublin: Gill).

"The Humours of Law and Order in Ireland." By Alfred Webb. (Dublin: Eaton).

"The Founding of Fortunes." By Jane Barlow. (London: Methuen).

"The Book of Ballynoggin." By L. C. Alexander. (London: Richards).

"Nessa." By L. MacManus. (Dublin: Sealy).

[We shall be glad to publish notification of any forthcoming book or publication relating in any way to Ireland if sent by its publisher or author, or by any reader.—Ed. D. P. J.]

LITERARY NOTES.

Has Mr. Chamberlain been reading Mark Twain lately ? In his speech at University College School the other day he said: "I think we Englishmen—we Britons—are perhaps more inclined to depreciate ourselves and to be pessimistic as to our own characters than any other nation on the face of the earth." This sounds uncommonly like Pudd'nhead Wilson's discovery of a mention of the British race in the Bible: " Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

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We cut the following from the advertising columns of the " Book Trade " :—

Read This: Messrs. —— now have seventeen eighteenpenny net books which are selling in thousands. If a bookseller orders 150 assorted, he gets them at 11d per copy, which gives him a profit of 63 per cent. on his outlay. If he can only take a dozen copies, he pays 1s 1d per copy, which gives him 38 per cent.

Thirty-eight per cent. is not at all bad in these days, but 63 per cent. is better. Who said that there was scarcely any profit on the sales of new books ?

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There is some little danger, it appears, that Mr. Stopford Brooke, and Mr. Henry James are about to become rivals in the production of long sentences. According to "Punch," the first sentence of Mr. James's next novel is to run serially for six months (not twelve, as "rumour" had stated) in a popular American paper. According to the "Athenaeum," a sentence in Mr. Brooke's recently published study of Browning fills 32 lines of small print, and then leaves off in the middle of a sentence.

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A tablet has been placed on the house in Victoria street, Swindon, in which Richard Jefferies, the Wiltshire naturalist and author, lived. Lord Avebury has promised to perform the ceremony of unveiling the tablet, which is to take place on the 15th inst., and Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, M.P., and Professor Story-Maskelyne will be present. The tablet is the result of the efforts of the Swindon and North Wilts Field and Camera Club, and the house on which it is affixed was occupied by Jefferies when he was a reporter on one of the Swindon newspapers. Coate, Richard Jefferies' village home, is a couple of miles from Swindon.

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We are sorry to notice (says the "Athenæum") the creeping-in again of the word " Premier " for Prime Minister, even in places where a better practice might have been expected. The Australian Premiers are past praying for. The gallant attempt of Sir E. Barton to introduce a distinction for the Commonwealth by the use of the better term has failed. But in this country Gladstone had succeeded in impressing upon the literary public his horror at the substitution of " Premier " for the classical " Minister," as describing the First Minister or Prime Minister, and the reversion to " Premier " is enough to make him turn in his grave.

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The old but ever-new question of literary style and its formation has been again under discussion in a contemporary. Many have been the principles upon which the literary artist has proceeded in the endeavour to acquire a style, but probably the most naive was that given by one of his contributors to Dickens when he was editing either " Household Words " or " All the Year Round," we forget precisely which of the two. Dickens, having remarked on the clear style which this contributor possessed, asked how he had acquired it. " Well, Mr. Dickens," was the answer, " you see, there are so many words I don't understand the meaning of, and so many words I can't spell, that I am forced to use the simplest words I can find." Such a rule might not satisfy a Stevenson, but it is certainly conducive to perspicuity.

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The complete works of John Lyly, now for the first time collected, are about to be issued from the Oxford University Press. Mr. R. Warwick Bond, M.A., has edited the volumes, to which he contributes a life of the author, whose immense importance to English literature is beginning to receive a tardy recognition. Attention to the substance of Lyly's work, and recognition of its literary bearings, have hitherto been found chiefly abroad. Mr. Bond notes that almost everywhere far more attention has been paid to euphuism than to the matter of the euphuist's work, or to the man. Lyly, it is pointed out, was the first who made English-speaking people feel that prose was an art; he was the first English novelist and the first regular English dramatist. The editor suggests that there is far more dramatic credit due, and far more influence on Shakespeare attributable to Lyly than to Marlowe or any other of those with whom the euphuist has been usually classed.

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What Carlyle and Thackeray advised the literary aspirant to do a couple of generations ago the " Saturday Review " advises him to do to-day. He must give up, says a literary contemporary, his aspirations; if he declines to do that he must be suppressed. " The truth is," says the " Saturday," " that literary aspirations should mercilessly be crushed; the only rational advice to give to anyone, especially a young man, who talks of giving up work of any kind for literature, is ' don't.' " But the " Saturday " makes the inevitable reservation, " he who has it in him to accomplish real literature will accomplish it." And that reservation, after all, begs the whole question. The aspirant does think that he can accomplish real literature, and he continues to think it when his friends have given him up. There is something in the printed word which fosters illusions; it suggests unrealisable possibilities to the people who are never more than aspirants to the end.

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The " Academy " recently originated a competition, which took the form of a request for the titles of the twelve best novels published this year. The prize, our contemporary stated, would be awarded to the sender of the list which most nearly answered to the general opinion as determined by a plebiscite. Excluding the novels that received less than four votes, the result is as follows :—

Plebiscite List.—Love and the Soul Hunters, 83 votes; The Vultures, 80; Temporal Power, 69; The Intrusions of Peggy, 66; Fuel of Fire, 59; The Lady Paramount, 46; The Hound of the Baskervilles, 41; Audrey, 38; Love with Honour, 37; The River, 31; Scarlet and Hyssop, 30; The Sea Lady, 30.—— Paul Kelver, 25; The Little White Bird, 25; Wings of the Dove, 25; At Sunwich Port, 25; The Way of Escape, 24; Felix, 17; The Success of Mark Wyngate, 16; The Hole in the Wall, 12; King's Byways, 11; The New Christians, 10; The Conquest of Charlotte, 9; The Sheepstealers, 9; The Conqueror, 9; Donovan Pasha, 8; Mystery of the Sea, 8; No Other Way, 8; Four Feathers, 7; Nebo the Nailer, 7; The Valley of Decision, 7; If I Were King, 6; The Wistons, 6; Cecilia, 5; Donna Diana, 5; The Eternal City, 4; Anna of the Five Towns, 4; A Baynard from Bengal, 4; The Westcotes, 4.

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In the current " Lippincott's Magazine " there appears an interesting article entitled "A Slender Sheaf of Memories." The writer, who disguises his personality under the pseudonym of " Senex," devotes most of his article to James Hannay, a journalist and man of letters whom this generation has practically forgotten. Hannay, indeed, did not make the reputation which his early promise seemed to have marked out for him; he did some sound critical work, edited the Edinburgh " Evening Courant," and died at forty-six. The writer of the article quotes two characteristic letters now in his possession addressed to Hannay, one from Carlyle, the other from Thackeray. Carlyle wrote apropos of a laudatory article on him by Hannay :—

If you are decided to follow literature as a practical employment—which I should by no manner of means advise if you were not decided—you will either give up such notions as these that dictated the paper on me, or else prepare yourself for one of the fiercest struggles, successful or not ! I wish you the best " success," that of growing, in this pursuit or in other fruitfuller ones, to your full spiritual stature under God's sky.

From Thackeray's letter we cut the following :—

I'm very glad you are in the country and like it. . . . And I envy a man who has freshness enough in him left to be meditating heroic satires and reading Catullus in green lanes. I fancy sometimes I could do these things, but I'm afraid it's too late now. The London literary street-walkers must come back to the flags. They are taken home and lead virtuous lives for a little—but they come back to the lamps and the gin-palace again. If you have a fair opening in a profession, for God's sake take it, and don't depend on our's. I expect myself to be done in three or four years, and then what is to happen ?

This was written in 1850, before much of Thackeray's finest work was written. In three or four years he had by no means " done."

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Every person who knows the value of maintaining a high standard of excellence in the chief periodicals of our time will regret to learn that the " Pilot " ceased publication on Saturday last.

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The editor, in " A Farewell " to his readers, writes as follows :—

We publish to-day the last number of the " Pilot." We make this announcement with the more regret because we are compelled to leave the field just when the modest success that would have contented us seems coming within sight. Some few of our readers may perhaps be interested in recalling the purpose and history of our venture. Not quite three years ago an opportunity unexpectedly offered itself for beginning an experiment which some of us thought well worth a trial. The High Church Party was almost unrepresented in the secular Press. Excellent " Church papers " had long been in existence, but a Church paper appeals mainly to those whose minds are already made up, and it has necessarily to devote much of its space to matters which interest only the clergy. What seemed to be wanted was a journal which should give no larger place to ecclesiastical affairs than any other secular paper, but handle them, when they were important enough to demand attention, from the point of view of convinced and liberal High Churchmanship. In respect of the character and variety of its general contents, it was hoped that the " Pilot " might not fall behind the best of its contemporaries. We proposed to treat politics in a serious and independent temper, and to approach social problems with an open mind and a full sense of their importance. The literature and art of the day was to be criticised with care and sincerity, and some small place found for solid learning. Competent correspondents abroad were to furnish a just estimate of those religious controversies which underlie the politics of almost every Continental country, and room was to be made, whenever possible, for reasoned and temperate statements of views opposed to our own. In addition to this, the lighter and more humorous aspects of life were not to be left out. We are conscious that these aims have been very imperfectly attained, but we are glad to place them on record. We abandon, with real sorrow, the effort to carry them out, but we have no shadow of doubt that the work the " Pilot " has tried to do is worth doing. We can only hope that it may be done at some future time by other hands with better fortune. The editor takes this opportunity of offering his warmest thanks to the shareholders and debenture-holders for their generous support, to the directors for the unquestioning confidence they have throughout placed in him, and to the many contributors for the help which has made his undertaking possible and pleasant.

It is much to be regretted that no permanent place could be found in these countries for a journal with the laudable aims of the " Pilot."

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

Father Landell is a gentleman some forty years of age, spare and ascetic in body, vivid and enthusiastic in mind. He was born in Brazil, of which country both his parents are natives, though his mother is of Scotch descent. Educated and ordained in Europe, he returned to his native country to become a parish priest and professor in the seminary until he left for the United States. Father Landell's system of telephony depends upon a new principle of light which he has discovered. "By virtue of this principle," he went on, "it is possible to transmit speech through a luminous axis without the intervention of silenium or of a microphone. Nay, even a receiver will not be necessary. All persons within the radius of reception will be able to hear the message with the aid merely of their natural organs.

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Since the invention of wireless telegraphy, scientists have been greatly interested in applying the same principle to the telephone. In the field of wireless telephony a Brazilian priest, Father Landell de Mowra, claims to be the pioneer. In 1900 Father de Mowra, who is now in New York, succeeded in obtaining a Brazilian patent for his invention, which he calls the gouradphone. This patent was expressly granted "for an apparatus intended for the phonetic transmission of speech to a distance, with or without wires, through space, earth or water." With this apparatus Father Landell, in the years 1900 and 1901, made many public demonstrations which attracted attention in Brazil, but have only vaguely and intermittently reached the ears of Anglo-Saxondom. He demonstrated that the human voice could be transmitted phonetically without wires to a distance of thirty or thirty-five miles. Father Landell has made applications to patent his inventions in the United States to the Patent Office at Washington. He recently received word that his theories were so revolutionary that patents could not be granted without the submission of working models to make practical demonstration of their verity. These models he will supply as soon as he is in a position to do so.

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In demonstrating the tonic charges of the atmosphere, H. Ebert describes some simple and instructive experiments. A plate of tinned iron two square metres in area is supported four metres above the earth's surface on insulating pillars planted on the top of a slope seventy metres high overlooking the River Isar. In clear weather the plate was first connected to earth acquiring a negative charge, then being disconnected and left to itself for some time so as to acquire the potential of the surrounding air. It was then earthed through a galvanometer, and showed a current proceeding from the plate to the earth. The charges acquired vary within wide limits by the weather, being largest in fine and smallest in foggy or damp weather. This shows that the connection of negative irons from the atmosphere of the earth varies in accordance with their mobility in the atmosphere. A rough estimate of the quantity of electricity thus conveyed on a fine day gives about 300,000 electrostatic units per square kilometre per minute.

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Some of the triumphs of the spectroscope are noted by the Rev. Fred. J. Hillig, S.J., in a special article contributed to the "Catholic Universe," Ohio. He says that the spectroscope has again accomplished a remarkable triumph in establishing a relation between the corona of the sun, the phenomenon known as aurora borealis and the newly-discovered elements: helium, argon, krypton, neon, and xenon. When these gases are enclosed in a tube and electrical discharges made to pass through them, they glow with an orange-red light similar to the light emitted by the auroras and the corona. When the light of these gases are examined through the spectroscope a great number of so-called spectral ines is observed, most of which are either identical or closely related to the lines obtained in the coronal and auroral spectrum. The result has led scientists to assume that the corona of the sun and the upper portion of our air, where the aurora-phenomenon takes place, are in the main made up of the same gases; an opinion which was confirmed with regard to the atmosphere by a spectroscopic examination of the uppermost strata of the air-ocean during the passage of meteors through these regions, when a spectrum similar to that of the aurora was obtained.

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As our knowledge of the air-ocean, at the bottom of which we are moving about, has been widened by the above-mentioned observations, it may here be the place to review briefly what is known of this subject in general. From trigonometric observations of fire-balls and meteors we conclude that our atmosphere is more than one hundred miles high. We know, moreover, that on the whole the temperature and density of the atmosphere decreases the higher we rise. And since it can be shown that in a mixture of gases of different density the denser gases tend to accumulate in the lower strata, and the higher altitudes, we are led to believe that the heavier constituents of the atmosphere gradually diminish in proportion to the altitude.

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Let us now suppose that an æronaut were to ascend from our place to the extreme confines of the atmosphere, what changes would he encounter? During the first miles of his trip he would pass through air of the ordinary composition—viz., oxygen, 21 per cent; nitrogen, 79 per cent. Water vapours and carbon dioxide would also be present, and even hydrogen in the almost disappearing quantity of the two ten thousandths. While the air grows colder and thinner, the water vapours are more and more condensed, and finally give out altogether. At an altitude of forty miles or more the carbon dioxide will meet the same fate as the water vapours in the lower regions, forming here and there thin clouds, and falling to lower levels as carbon dioxide rain. This would account for the clouds which have been seen at very high altitudes. All this time the air has slowly but persistently changed its composition; oxygen and nitrogen have considerably decreased, whilst hydrogen, which was present in the lower strata in trifling quantities, has become far more abundant, so as to turn about 12 per cent. of the gaseous mixture at an altitude of forty miles. By this the æronaut reaches the height of fifty miles, where the temperature might be about 135 degrees, the nitrogen and oxygen have so thinned out that the main constituent of the upper air which is left is hydrogen.

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In this region also helium will make decided appearance with the other rare gases, argon, neon, and krypton in its train. At a further latitude with a temperature of —220, the complete elimination of oxygen and nitrogen will take place, the last remnants of these gases being condensed, forming here and there hazes of liquid air. The æronaut now enters the aurora region, where the temperature is fast approaching the absolute zero, while the density of the atmosphere is nothing short of a Crook's vacuum. Perhaps he will arrive just in time to witness the wonderful performance of an aurora borealis, flooding the dark abyss above and below him with a mysteriously quivering rosy light. He would probably recognise this phenomenon as an enormous discharge of cathode-rays, working up the argon and xenon atmosphere in spite of its ethereal rarity into a brilliant fluorescence. From here to the absolute vacuum of the interplanetary space there is only a short distance, the description of which can be dispensed with as it offers no new features of particular interest. It is needless to say that our fictitious æronaut has to provide himself with means and contrivances which would make life possible under the absence of heat, pressure, and oxygen, otherwise his observations will soon come to an abrupt termination.

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The Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America has secured a site for a station at Eaton's Neck, Long Island, where a station will be installed, the first of a series along the Sound, and the territory adjacent to it, which will be operated for the convenience of yachtsmen. While the service will not begin until next season, several of the best known yachtsmen in America, who are identified with vast business interests, have already made arrangements to have their craft equipped with Marconi apparatus. The Sound service and the stations on the ocean side at Cape Cod, Sagaponack, and Babylon will make it possible for yacht owners cruising in these waters to keep in communication with New York whenever necessary.

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In the month of December Captain Debureaux is to commence his project of crossing the Sahara by balloon. It is intended to explore the region by a balloon containing four aeronauts, probably including Count Castillon de Saint-Victor, Jacques Balsan, and Lieutenant of Marine Hourts. Before making the attempt it has been decided to carry out a preliminary experiment with a balloon of 1,300 cubic yards' capacity which is to be furnished by the Minister of the Marine. This balloon, however, will not be mounted by aeronauts; it is provided with automatic apparatus for assuring the equilibrium and for throwing out ballast at the right time, and these will take the place of the aeronauts. The equilibrium is to be obtained by a steel guide-rope measuring 2,400 to 2,700 feet long, and weighing 550 to 660 pounds. The ballast arrangement is a water reservoir, which is provided with a simple automatic device so that when the balloon comes within 150 feet of the ground a valve is opened and the proper quantity of water discharged. An air-bag inside the balloon is kept inflated by an automatic air fan, and thus keeps up the form of the balloon should the gas leak out or contract under the influence of a lowering of temperature.

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The start will take place from Gabes, on the Mediterranean coast, about 150 miles south-east of Tunis, taking advantage of the north north-west winds which prevail constantly in the Sahara region from the beginning of October to April. These winds should drive the balloon with its guide-rope at a mean speed of 12 miles an hour. The distance to be covered, from Gabes to the Niger, is about 1,400 miles, so that the balloon should traverse this part of the Sahara in about five days. The projectors have also provided for the case where the guide-rope becomes entangled in an obstacle along the route, and for this purpose the cable possesses four points of rupture, whose resistance increases with the length of the rope, going towards the balloon. The lower sections will thus be broken first and free the balloon. Automatic registering devices will be carried, as well as carrier pigeons, which will have their cages opened by an automatic release when the car touches ground. The experiment, which is to cost about £320, has been favoured by the Government, and the Minister of the Marine, besides furnishing the balloon, will no doubt bear the expenses of the inflation, which will be carried out with pure hydrogen, as well as of the transport of the material. The Municipal Council of Paris and other bodies have also given financial aid to the project. If the first experiment succeeds it will no doubt be followed by an attempt to cross the Sahara in a balloon mounted by Captain Debureaux and the three aeronauts mentioned above.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

BELFAST REVIEW.

BELFAST, JULY 13, 1787.

On Tuesday, at three o'clock, the Earl of Charlemont, attended by his Aides-de-Camp, Sir A. Stewart and Richard Dawson, Esq., arrived in town, under the escort of the Belfast Light Dragoons. His Lordship was saluted by the Artillery Division of the Belfast Volunteer Company, with 19 guns; the Belfast Volunteer Company having also been drawn up to receive him. On Wednesday morning the troops marched to the ground under a heavy rain, which continued without intermission till they returned in the evening. In consequence of the extreme inclemency of the weather, his Lordship ordered each line to pass him in half and quick time, and after a general salute to march off the ground. It is impossible to form a good estimate of the marching of the several corps, considering that it was performed under such discouraging circumstances; from appearances it seemed likely the discipline is this year fully equal to what it was the preceding one. The General remained during the whole time exposed to the incessant beating of the rain, affording an animated example of true military spirit to the several bodies of Volunteer Troops under his care in the kingdom.

DUBLIN, MONDAY, JULY 16, 1787.

We are sorry to hear that Counsellor William Henn, son to Justice Henn, met with a melancholy accident about one o'clock on Friday, at this side of Rathcoole. On his way to the Munster circuit, travelling in a phaeton, on of the horses proved restive, and striking across the road, drew the carriage into a dangerous position. Mr. Henn thought to extricate himself by leaping out, but in the attempt fell, by which his leg was fractured in two places, and the foot shattered by one of the wheels passing over it.

Thursday night, between the hours of eleven and twelve, two gentlemen were stopped by four footpads, well armed, in Dorset street, within a few yards of Paradise row, and robbed of their watches, two guineas, and some silver, with which they got clear off.

COUNTRY NEWS.

WATERFORD, JULY 13.

Last Tuesday night the house of Edmund Flanagan, of Williamstown, near this city, dairyman, was burglariously entered by twelve men, who feloniously carried away what cash was in the house, together with all the wearing apparel belonging to the family. They were mounted on horseback, had their faces blackened, and wore white shirts over their clothes. It was a fortunate circumstance that the principal part of their money was put out of the house a short time since, in consequence of another robbery which was lately committed in the neighbourhood of this city. They were seen making off towards town.

DROGHEDA, JULY 14.

Thursday last, about half after four o'clock, his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, accompanied by the Right Hon. the Speaker, Sir John Parnell, and several other persons of distinction, arrived in town from Collon, and proceeded to Alderman Hardman's; as his Grace passed, the 58th regiment, who were waiting his arrival, presented arms, and remained on the Mall till his departure; shortly after the worshipful Mayor, Alderman, Sheriffs, Peers, and Common Council, waited on his Grace, and presented him with the freedom of the Corporation in a gold box, which he received with cheerfulness and respect, and was afterwards with his suite entertained at dinner in the Mansion House, in a superb and elegant style. The officers of the garrison and a number of the gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood were invited.

Yesterday at the general quarterly assembly, the freedom of the Corporation was unanimously voted to the following gentlemen:—Right Hon Sir John Parnell, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a silver box; Thomas Burgh, Esq.; Colonel Dundas, Hon. Captain Finch, and Major Magennis, Aides-de-Camp to the Lord Lieutenant; John M'Clintock and John Thomas Foster, Esq., in fiats.

DUBLIN, TUESDAY, JULY 17.

Kilmainham Gaol being found too small, and not laid out in separate cells for the various classes of offenders, a considerable sum of money has been raised by presentment towards erecting a new prison for the Co. Dublin on an extensive plan. The foundation is now sinking near Gallows hill, which will occupy within three perches of an entire acre of ground. The rere of the intended building will be contiguous to the river, and the foundation wall being laid two feet below the body of the river, will render an escape that way impracticable, as the aperture in the wall would overwhelm the party in such an attempt. The Earl of Carhampton, the Right Hon. Luke Gardiner, and R. Talbot, Esq., are so obliging as to superintend this useful undertaking.

Yesterday the Liberty was all in commotion in consequence of a combination among the broad-weavers. Having turned out for more wages, they began a riot in the morning, and continued knocking down individuals, and other acts of outrage, until the arrival of large parties of police, horse and foot; but they being found insufficient, a party of the army came, headed by Justice Wilson and the High Sheriffs, who apprehended from 20 to 30 of the rioters, and lodged them in the New Prison. No examples have yet been made of those riotens, who in various branches of business support the spirit of combination. Such illegal proceedings must for ever be destructive of the manufactures of this country. The rivalship of England must always maintain a substantial ground while Irish manufacturers are thus the bitter enemies of the national welfare.

Saturday last the Commission of Oyer and Terminer was opened in the usual form before the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor and Baron Power.

Yesterday the Court proceeded, according to adjournment, when Dominick Trant, Esq., who had been indicted for assaulting and wounding Sir John Conway Colthurst, at Vaucluse, in the county of Dublin, of which wound he languished till he died, was tried and acquitted, there being no prosecution.

A subscription, we hear, is entering into by a number of gentlemen to establish a Pottery in the neighbourhood of this city, that should principally be destined for an exportation trade, there being at present the greatest encouragemen to such a project, from the great demand in all parts of France for every thing of that kind, their own earthenware being ill-fashioned, clumsy, and dear. As a proof of which, a vessel lately arrived at Bordeaux from Liverpool, with a cargo of earthenware, sold its contents at a profit of 50 per cent.

The passage boats between this city and Monasterevan are become so completely the conveyance of all whom pleasure induces to travel to and from the westward of this metropolis, that they are every day full, particularly at this time, as numbers are going that way to the great fair of Ballinasloe, to which they are the more inclined, as a port coach attends occasionally to take up passengers from Monasterevan.

Yesterday being quarter day of the Guild of Merchants, we hear the freedom of that respective corporation was conferred on that ornament to mankind, the humane Mr. Howard, and on that patriotic Senator, the Right Hon. John O'Neil.

Sunday evening, between eight and nine o'clock, a lady walking to town from Clontarf, with her son, a young boy, was stopped by three footpads, on a lonesome part of the road; they proceeded to rob her, and took out of her shoes a very fine pair of set buckles; at the instant, a coach, with company, luckly came up, and they immediately fled, leaving the buckles behind them in their confusion.

On the 7th instant Patrick Coughlan, and John Collins were whipped at Cork, for heading Whiteboys and firing at Hon. Cox, Esq., and the Rev. Thomas Evans, the 26th June, 1786.

DUBLIN, THURSDAY, JULY 19.

Letters from Waterford advise that the vessels fitted from thence for the Newfoundland fishery this year have taken full cargoes, with which they have sailed for Lisbon, etc.

Many accounts having appeared in different papers relative to the affair in the Liberty, on the 16th instant, we can assure the public that the following only may be depended on, as we have it from a correspondent on whose veracity we have ever relied:—On the morning of that day a number of villains, commonly known by the name of the Liberty Light Horse, assembled on the Coombe, and proceeded through different parts of the Liberty, in order, as they termed it, to levy taxes in support of trade. They proceeded to different manufacturers, who, through fear, were obliged to pay them. On their coming to Mr. Thomas Hardford's, on the Upper Coombe, they presented a pistol to his head, held a case knife to his throat, and with oaths and imprecations obliged him to give them money, which he refused to do, until absolutely compelled thereto in order to preserve his life. They then proceeded to the house of Mr. Andrew Broghill, also on the Coombe, where they behaved in like manner, and from each of these honest, industrious men, who support a number of persons in their different manufactories, they took away their spring shuttles, and gave them the grossest abuse. They immediately, on the villains quitting their houses, applied to the Divisional Justice, Mr. Alderman Emerson, who, with his usual alacrity on such ocasions, gave these distressed gentlemen every assistance in his power; after proper examinations were sworn, he, by his clerk, Mr. Eustace, applied to Sheriff Fleming, who, as on all occasions, behaved as became a feeling man and an active Magistrate: they laid their plan so well that they surprised, with only six Police horse and a few regulars, the whole body of these villains, as they were enjoying themselves on their ill-gotten spoils of the day, in a house in the upper end of Cork street. On the Sheriff and Mr. ——'s entering the house, a bold resistance was given by these desperate bravoes, but on a few of the soldiers entering, they after a short contest submitted; upwards of twenty of the pricipal ringleaders were safely lodged in the New Prison without the smallest accident having happened. We are happy also to inform our readers that the principal ringleader, who held the pistol to Mr. Hartford's head, was the second person taken by Mr. E—— after the Sheriff had entered the house.

(To be Continued.)

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DROGHEDA.



THE OLD TOWN ON THE BOYNE AS IT WAS SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

(From a drawing by the late Geo. Petrie, R.H.A.)

(From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.)

DROGHEDA, a seaport, borough, and market town, and a county of itself, locally in the county of Louth, and province of Leinster, 57 miles (S. by W.) from Belfast, and 23 (N.) from Dublin; containing 17,365 inhabitants, of which number 15,138 are in the town. This place is said to have derived its name, "Droighad Atha," in the Irish language, signifying "a bridge," from the erection of a bridge over the river Boyne, at a period prior to the English invasion; but no notice of any town of importance occurs till after that event. At a very early period a monastery was founded here for canons of the Order of St. Augustine. It was included in the original grant of Meath to Hugh de Lacy; but in 1220, when a new grant of that lordship was made to his son Walter, by Hen. III., the town and castle of Drogheda had become of so much importance that the king retained them in his possession, allowing to De Lacy £20 per ann. from the Exchequer, and the talliage of the town, as a compensation. At that time the Boyne, which now intersects the town, formed the boundary between the counties of Meath and Louth, and the two portions of the town on its opposite banks constituted separate boroughs. In 1229, Hen. III., by charter, gave to the town on the Louth side of the Boyne certain privileges and free customs similar to those of Dublin; and in 1247 the same monarch invested the burgesses of the town on the Meath side with similar privileges and immunities, and granted them a weekly market and an annual fair for six days. A new charter was granted in 1253 to the burgesses of Drogheda in Louth, empowering them to elect a mayor, to exercise exclusive jurisdiction, and to hold an annual fair for 15 days; but the increase of the town was soon checked by

the continued aggressions of the native inhabitants of the surrounding districts. In the 7th and 24th of Edw. I., the town received grants of toll for murage; and in 1316 the king granted 300 marks for the repair of the walls and turrets. In 1317, the burgesses of Drogheda in Meath obtained a new charter for a weekly market, and the grant of a piece of ground on which to hold the same, and the decision of all pleas except those of the Crown. Mandates were issued, in 1319 and 1320, by the king to his justiciary in Ireland, to protect the mayor and burgesses of the town in Louth in the enjoyment of their liberties, and to grant remission of their fee-farm rent of 60 marks per ann., to enable them to extend their fortifications. In 1375, a mayor of the staple was appointed for both towns; but the calamity of pestilence, added to that of almost incessant warfare with the Scots and native septs, had so reduced the burgesses that, in 1380, Rich. II. granted to them certain customs' dues for the repair of the fortifications and the general improvement of the town.

This place from an early period was, in municipal privileges and political consequence, always considered as on an equality with the four royal cities of Dublin, Waterford, Limerick, and Cork; and of the numerous Parliaments assembled by the lords-deputies, some of the most remarkable were held here. Rich. II., on the 16th of March, 1394, in the hall of the Dominican priory received the submission of O'Nial, O'Hanlon, O'Donel, Mac Mahon, and other native chieftains of Ulster. In 1407, the inhabitants united with those of Dublin in a predatory warfare against their common enemies, which they extended even to the coast of Scotland. Hen. IV., towards the close of his reign, united the two boroughs into one body politic. In 1437, part of the fee-farm rent was remitted by Hen. VI., on account of the devastation of the town and the injury of its trade by the king's enemies. The Earl of Ormonde, on being removed from the office of chief governor, in 1444, assembled the nobility and gentry of the English pale at this place; and so strong were the testimonies in his favour, that he was reinstated in his office. A Parliament was soon afterwards held here; another was also held in the 31st of Hen. VI., and in 1467 a Parliament assembled at Dublin was adjourned to this town, by which the Geraldines were attainted, and the Earl of Desmond appearing to justify himself, was instantly brought to the scaffold. In 1474, when the fraternity of arms was established, the goods of the men of Drogheda and Dublin were exempted from the tax for its support; and by the statute passed in Lord Grey's Parliament, concerning the election of temporary chief governors, the mayors of Drogheda and Dublin were to have a voice in the council. In an engagement which took place at Malpas Bridge during this reign, the mayor of Drogheda, at the head of 500 archers and 200 men armed with pole-axes, assisted in the defeat of O'Reilly and his confederates, who had committed great ravages in the county of Louth, in reward of which such valiant conduct, the mayors are allowed to have a sword of state borne before them. In 1493, Lord Gormanstown held a Parliament here, but the validity of its proceedings was disputed; and in the 10th of Hen. VI., Sir Edward Poynings assembled another in this town, of which the acts relating to the adoption of the English statutes and other important matters have been more celebrated than those of any other Parliament prior to the last century. In the succeeding reign, the importance of this place appears from the duties paid at the custom-house, which in 1632 amounted to £1,428 15s.

In 1641 it was attacked by the northern Irish in great numbers under Sir Phelim O'Nial, when a body of 600 foot and 50 horse, sent from Dublin for the relief of the garrison, was defeated at Julianstown bridge, about three miles from the town. Though Sir Henry Tichbourne, the governor, had an incompetent force, and the besieging army consisted of 20,000, yet from want of military skill, artillery, and ammunition, the latter were unable to form a regular encampment; and the siege was little more than a blockade. The town, however, was reduced to great distress from want of supplies, but the numerous assaults of the enemy were vigorously repulsed, and great numbers of their men and several of their bravest officers were killed in the sallies of the garrison; and on intelligence of the approach of the Earl of Ormonde with a considerable force, the commander of the insurgent army raised the siege and retired towards the north. When Ormonde advanced towards Dublin against the Parliamentarian governors, Col. Jones sent most of his cavalry to Drogheda, with a view to cut off Ormonde's supplies; but Lord Inchiquin, coming immediately in pursuit of them with a strong body of royalist cavalry,, surprised and routed the party and laid siege to the town, which he soon obliged to surrender. After the battle of Rathmines, Col. Jones besieged the garrison placed here by the royalists, but suddenly retired on the approach of the Marquess of Ormonde with 300 men. The Marquess inspected and repaired the fortifications; and foreseeing the danger to which it would be exposed, committed the government of the town to Sir Arthur Aston, a gallant R.C. officer, with a garrison of 2,000 foot and 300 horse, all chosen men and well supplied with ammunition and provisions. Cromwell, on landing at Dublin in 1649, marched with 10,000 men against Drogheda, as the most important town for opening a passage into the northern provinces; and after a siege of two days, his artillery having made a sufficient breach in the walls, the assault was commenced by his troops, who were twice repulsed; but in the third attack, headed by himself, he gained possession of the town, and in order to impress upon the Irish such a dread of his name as might prevent all opposition, gave orders to put the whole garrison to the sword: this barbarous execution was continued for five successive days, the governor and all his officers being included in the proscription, and even some ecclesiastics who were found within the town were butchered: a few of the garrison contrived to escape in disguise, and besides these only thirty were spared from the general massacre, who were instantly transported as slaves to Barbadoes.

In the war of the Revolution, this place was garrisoned by the forces of Jas. II., who had a magazine of military stores and ammunition here; and in the immediate vicinity was fought the celebrated battle of the Boyne. On the 30th of June, 1690, King William's army came within sight of the town and advanced in three columns towards the river. King James's camp extended westward from the town in two lines along its south bank. As his army was marching into camp, William advanced within cannon range of the ford at Oldbridge, to reconnoitre, and dismounted; while Berwick, Tyrconnel, Sarsfield, and some other of James's generals rode slowly along the opposite bank. On remounting, a ball from a field-piece concealed by a hedge grazed the bank of the river, and taking a slanting direction struck his right shoulder, tearing his coat and slightly lacerating the flesh; but though a report of his death was quickly spread, William sustained no other injury than a difficulty in using his sword arm. A brisk cannonade was maintained from the opposite bank of the river till the approach of night; and on the following morning, William's right wing crossed the river at some fords below Slane, overpowering a regiment which had been stationed there to defend the passage, and made their way over a very unfavourable country to a morass through which the infantry passed with great difficulty, while the cavalry found a firmer passage on the right. The part of James's army stationed near the morass, astonished at their intrepidity, fled towards Duleek, suffering great loss in their flight. The central column of William's army now attempted to cross the river; the Dutch guards, followed by the Huguenots, Enniskilleners, Brandenburghers, and English, plunged into the stream near Oldbridge, in front of the enemy's lines and breastworks, checking the current by their numbers, and causing the water to rise so high that the infantry were obliged to carry their muskets above their heads. One squadron of the Brandenburghers was repulsed by General Hamilton's Horse, and driven back through the river, and in their retreat threw the Huguenots into disorder; but the general's cavalry wheeling through Oldbridge were cut down by the Dutch and Enniskilleners, with the exception of a small party which encountered the Duke of Schomberg while rallying the Huguenots, wounded and made him prisoner, on which the French Protestants fired into the midst of the party, and unhappily killed the Duke. The Rev. George Walker, who had so gallantly defended Londonderry, was also killed about the same time. After the conflict had continued about an hour, the Irish army retreated to Donore, where James had remained surrounded by his guards; and William, who had crossed the river about a mile above Drogheda, with his left wing, placed himself at the head of his army;

and when the enemy had advanced from Donore, almost within musket-shot of his infantry, he was seen sword in hand animating his squadrons and preparing to fall on their flank. James's troops, however, halted, and again retreated to Donore, but there charged with such success that the English cavalry, although commanded by William, were repulsed. The enemy was, however, bravely attacked by the Enniskilleners, supported by the Dutch, and ultimately by all the English army, and the battle was for some time maintained with equal bravery by both parties. But the Irish infantry being at last defeated, and the cavalry, after making a furious charge, routed, James and his troops retreated through the pass of Duleek. In this important battle, James lost 1,500 men, and William's army about one-third of that number. On the following day, King William sent Brigadier La Melloniere, with 1,000 horse, a party of foot, and eight pieces of artillery, to summon Drogheda, which was defended by a garrison of 1,300 men under Lord Iveagh, who, after a parley, accepted terms of capitulation, and marched out with their baggage, leaving behind them their arms, stores, and ammunition; and Col. Cutts' regiment immediately took possession of the place and preserved it from violence.

The town is advantageously situated on the great north road from Dublin to Belfast, and on the river Boyne, which discharges itself into the Irish sea about three miles below, and by which it is divided into two unequal portions, of which the larger, on the north side, is connected with the smaller by a bridge of three arches, erected in 1722. The streets are tolerably regular, and many of the houses are well built, especially those in the principal street and on the quay, which extends along the north side of the river. Of the ancient walls, beyond which the present town extends, the most curious and perfect portion is the gate of St. Lawrence, forming a handsome approach.

Besides the charters already noted, many others were granted by different sovereigns. The two boroughs continued till the reign of Hen. IV. to be separately governed by their respective charters, and each had its separate corporate officers, from which circumstance the merchants frequenting the town were burdened with the payment of tolls and customs to both corporations, dissensions and debates were daily springing up between the two bodies, and in their contests blood was often shed and many lives were lost. To put an end to these evils, Hen. IV., by charter dated Nov. 1st, 1412, with the consent of the burgesses and commonalties, united both boroughs under one corporation, and erected the town, with the suburbs on both sides of the river, into a county of itself. The town sent members to the first Irish Parliament ever held, and continued to return two members till the Union.

The religious foundations of this place were anciently very numerous, and of several there are still some remains. On the north side of the river are those of the Augustinian priory, of which the steeple is standing; it is more generally called the old abbey, from its remote antiquity, having, it is supposed, been founded by St. Patrick, who it is said baptised his converts at a well within its precincts, which, previously to its late enclosure, bore his name; the old abbey experienced many injuries from its Irish and Danish assailants, but was rebuilt and endowed by the English in 1226. On the road leading to Collon, near the town, is a stone called Clough Patrick, or St. Patrick's stone, on which he prayed; in commemoration of which the marks of his knee and staff were chiselled in the stone, and are yet to be traced. The hospital of St. Mary was founded early in the 13th century, for sick and infirm persons, by Ursus de Swemele, and was afterwards occupied by Crouched friars of the Order of St. Augustine. The priory of St. Lawrence, near the gate of that name, is said to have been founded by the mayor and burgesses. The Dominican abbey, founded in 1224, by Lucas de Netterville, Archbishop of Armagh, afterwards became a house of great celebrity; it was proposed as the seat of an intended university, and after the dissolution was granted to Walter Dowdall and Edw. Becke. The Grey friary was founded in the 13th century, either by the family of D'Arcy, or that of Plunket, and was, in 1518, reformed by the Observantine friars, and on its dissolution granted to Gerald Aylmer. The Augustine friary was founded in the reign of Edw. I., probably by the Brandon family; and there were two smaller foundations, known as the houses of St. James and St. Bennet. On the opposite side of the river was the priory or hospital of St. John, for Crouched friars, a cell to the priory of Kilmainham, supposed to have been founded by Walter de Lacy, a great part of the revenue of which was, after the dissolution, granted by Edw. VI. to James Sedgrave; and also the Carmelite friary, founded by the inhabitants, and which, with the houses of St. Mary, St. Lawrence, and the Augustinian friary, were, at the dissolution, given to the corporation. There was also a Franciscan monastery, of which the founder and history are not known. There are at present some remains of the old church of St. Mary, and of the Dominican abbey, in which was interred Patrick O'Scanlain, Archbishop of Armagh, in 1270. The abbey was dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, and its majestic remains consist of a square tower, in the battlement of which there is a breach, said to have been made by Cromwell's cannon. It was enacted by the Irish Parliament, in 1465, that a university, enjoying the same privileges and immunities as that of Oxford, should be established at this place, but the design was not carried into execution. The archbishops of Armagh formerly had a palace in the town for their accommodation while attending their Parliamentary duties. Divers remains of earthworks, and traces of military operations, are still to be seen at several of the stations which were occupied by Cromwell during the Parliamentary war, William of Drogheda, a writer on civil law in the 14th century, and James Miles, author of two works on religon and one on music, and who died a member of the Franciscan monastery at Naples, in 1630, were natives of this place. Drogheda gives the titles of Marquess, Earl, and Viscount, in the peerage of Ireland, to the family of Moore.

ODE TO POVERTY.

BY ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

O kind acquaintance! thou who, proverbs say,
Dost make strange fellows meet in tawdry bed—
Comrades of wistful mouth, keen eyes of gray,
Rough, world-bewrinkled face and hoary head,
They say a gulf's between us that no tread
Of thine can cross, tho' loving me so well,
Yet still I long to clasp
Thy hand with friendly grasp,
For spite of their predictions, who can tell?

What days we had, old comrade you and I,
Bright years ago, when I was gay and young;
With you I roamed the ferny mountains high,
Heard nature's voice in streams, in winds that sung,
And wood-birds warbled with melodious tongue;
With you and other just as quaint compeers,
What days and nights we had,
Well mixed of gay and sad;
What revels, and what laughter, and what tears!

Ah! many a lord of power and high renown,
Driven from his state, at last shook hands with thee;
And many a queen and mighty king, whose frown
Would shake the world, have kept thee company:
Thee they derided while I reverently
Call on thee, brother, with affection kind,
That if misfortune's pain
Should come to me again,
Thou'lt leave me still the heaven of peace and mind!

HOW THOUGHTS ARE WOOED AND INSPIRED.

Haydn was one of the most quiet of composers; he required no strong stimulus, no enlivening punch or sparkling champagne to give an impulse to his genius; but he had a familiar spirit of his own of another kind, a gentler sort of Zamiel, and this was a diamond ring which had been presented to him by Frederick the Great. Did it sometimes happen that at his studies the ideas would not flow with ease, the fault was at once laid on the ring. He had forgot to put it on; and no sooner was the magic ring on the composer's finger and its brilliants sparkling in his eye, than the spring of his awakened fancy was at once unsealed. In order for the fancy of Gluck to become enkindled, nothing would do but he must be off to some green meadow. His Dorothy must perforce have her piano lugged thither, and a bottle of sparkling champagne be placed at his side, and thus warmed by the double glow of the sun and his favourite wine, he poured forth some of the most brilliant of his inspirations. How woefully, then, must some of the writers of his life have been mistaken Inspired by Iphigenia, forsooth! nonsense, it was by the perfumes of a fresh-made haycock. Sarti went quite an opposite way to work. He shut himself up in a large dark room, faintly lighted by a single aperture, and in this abode, as melancholy as the grave, and not less silent, immured the livelong day, and frequently the night, too, would he compose those lovely airs which breathe all the freshness of the most gay and vigorous existence. The method to which Zingarelli resorted to catch inspiration seems scarcely less propitious; before sitting down to compose an opera, he would read some portion of the lives of the fathers of the desert—perhaps the history of St. Anthony's temptation in the wilderness. Salieri disdained the confinement of rooms and books, and sought his genius amid the busy hum of men. He would roam up and down the streets, with his pockets full of confectionery, and as his spirit happened to move, would note down his thoughts in his pocket-book. Paer wrote his "Sargoni," "Achilles," etc., while trifling in the midst of his friends, quarrelling with his servants, playing with his favourite dog, or wrangling with his wife and children; and Paesiello composed his "Nina," his "Molinara," and his "Barbiere de Sivinglia"—in bed.

THE KEEN OF THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF AN ANCIENT CUSTOM.

By LECTOR.

IV.

THE SMITH'S KEEN.

(The original of this Keen, got from Mrs Harrington, 1818, was composed by the sister of a young man, a smith by trade, who left his widowed mother and sisters at Killavullen, on the Blackwater, county Cork, to get married in a distant part of the county. Hearing some time after that he was ill this sister set out to see him, but before she could reach her destination night came on, and compelled her to seek shelter in a roadside cottage. Here she found the inmates preparing to proceed to a wake where her brother resided; and going forward with them, discovered on her arrival that it was her brother's wake, at the sight of whose lifeless remains she burst out with the following exclamations. The conclusion, in which she retorts rudely on the priest present at the wake Croker has not versified; whilst he affirms that it is not possible for a translator to do justice to the strain of powerful sarcasm of the original, directed against the wife of her deceased brother.)

"Oh, brother dear! oh, brother dear, your absence long from home,
It did not raise you into ease—you left us but to roam,
And found a wife to plague your life, who knew not how to prize
Your mother's boy, your sister's joy, the darling of our eyes.

"Come from afar, unknown you are; unknown your family,
For those who stand on either hand, are strangers all to me;
They only know you were a smith, and of a smith the son,
And that he dwelt where Blackwater her beauteous course doth run.

"Oh, if I had your cold limbs sad, by the Blackwater's side,
Or on the banks of the Awbeg, or by the gentle Bride,
Then Mary, Kate, and Julia, would cry for your sad downfall;
Your mother, too, would sweetly cry; and I'd cry more than all.

"Oh, brother dear! oh, brother, dear! I might have guessed my woes,
When brother dear, I did not hear your strong and heavy blows
Fall sharp and quick, and close and thick, upon the anvil's head,
Oh, brother dear! oh, brother, here! I should have thought you dead.

"My darling one—my hope that's gone, you had the cruel mark
Of a bad wife who lived in strife—she left you in the dark;
In summer dry, in winter cold, without a Sunday dress,
And fasting long, with patient song, your sorrow to express.

"You woman there, my brother's wife, you woman with dry eyes,
You woman, who are deaf and dumb, nor heed a sister's cries,
Go home—go home—go anywhere, your husband leave to me,
And I will mourn my brother's loss, and keen him bitterly.

"You woman there who in that chair, with tearless eye is seen,
Come down, come down; and I will sing for you a proper Keen,
A husband you if young enough, perhaps may find another,
But I can never find again a dear and darling brother!

KEEN ON MR. SAMUEL HODDER.

(This Keen was translated by Croker from the recitation of Mrs Leary, at Blackrock, Cork, April, 1829, according to whom it was composed about twelve or fourteen years previous to that by Mrs Mary Hodder, on the death of her husband, Samuel Hodder, of (Hoddersfield, or Ballea Castle, possibly, for Croker had forgotten which it was) near Carrigaline. This Mr Hodder, who was generally called Frank, as in the Keen, was killed by a fall from his horse at the Fair of Carrigaline Mrs Hodder having gone there to join her husband made her way towards the crowd, where she saw his horse standing riderless, and found that it was collected round his dead body. On the corpse being laid out in the evening for "waking," she is said to have spoken the following Keen, which Croker considers all the more singular, because the Hodders ranked among the gentry of the country, amongst whom the custom of "Keening" had then fallen into disrepute, and was followed out only by the peasantry.)

"My heart's love and darling,
My horseman so fearless,
Whose good word has redeemed
From the stone-pound so cheerless,
The poor widow's cattle;
And has saved from the halter,
Young men who their courses
From evil would alter.

"I see you, my darling,
In the hall of your mansion,
Or your grounds that were small
To your heart in expansion.
I see you surrounded
By the guests you've invited,
And I see all the windows
Are joyously lighted.

"There are ladies so stately
In rich silken dresses;
With sweet smiles on their lips,
And with beautiful tresses.
There is mirth and there's feasting,
There's all that's entrancing—
The sweetest of music,
And the gayest of dancing.

"From that house has departed
Its strength and its splendour,
Since the loss of my darling,
With his eyes full and tender.
The flowers of the valley
In sadness they languish;
Their heads droop with dew-tears
Of sorrow and anguish.

"The cuckoo is silent,
Though summer's returning—
The fish in the river
Partake of the mourning;
And all that was pleasant
And made sport and rejoicing,
Lies still—for that mansion,
There's now no lord's voice in.

"Frank, my heart's love and darling,
I saw you this morning,
With your head neatly powdered
Your fine horse adorning.
From Cork to Ivera
That horse would have bounded;
But before the day's ended,
With grief I'm surrounded.

"I went to the fair-ground,
All mirth and all gladness,
Nor dreamed that I'd there find
My life's bitter sadness;
I went where a great crowd
Had gathered together,
With a heart that was light
As the eider-duck's feather.

"When I saw what had happened,
And what was before me!
My husband stretched out there!
A numbness came over me.
I spoke not—I wept not—
For tears were too common;
But I stood without motion,
A statue-like woman.

"Then came the long struggle
Between silence and weeping;
No sound could I utter,
For the blow sunk too deep in,
And that which looked brightly,
Now seem'd my eyes dim in,
All, all was unsightly,
And reeling and swimming.

"At last when I roused me,
And burst into sorrow,
No mock-grief I needed
From Keeners to borrow.
I looked on my husband—
I looked on him only,
And I thought of his children,
With me left so lonely.

"Frank, my own love and darling,
You had every blessing—
A wife and two daughters,
Your bosom to press in;
A plentiful table,
With green China dishes,
And a cellar of wine
That could answer all wishes.

"The best bed and blankets,
The finest of sheeting,
And a quilt richly covered,
With birds and flowers meeting.
You might lie of a morning
Asleep or in seeming,
Till the sun's light came in
Through each small crevice streaming.

"You did not forget me
At the Spa (Mallow?) when near dying,
But willed me your fortune,
As I sat by you crying.
Your wife and your cousin,
I was doubly related,
And your lands and your money
Make me doubly estated.

"Frank my true love and darling,
Again I'll not marry;
But for your sake, a widow
Will evermore tarry.
And all you've bequeathed me,
And to me confided,
Shall between your two daughters
Be fairly divided."

KEEN ON YOUNG DRINAN.

(Mr Croker obtained the original of this Keen in April, 1829, from his nurse, who told him that it was composed about 40 years before that by the nurse of a boy named Drinan, as she accompanied his funeral from Cork to Carrigaline. Excited by the boast in the sixth verse respecting her forefathers' abundant table, another woman said to be this nurse's sister-in-law, on unfriendly terms with her husband's family, replied in a severe commentary, of which two stanzas are appended to this Keen.)

"The pulse of my heart, and the prop of my years,
The child of my breast, whom its softness had cherished
Lies there—and I see through the mist of my tears,
In the darkness of death, that my sunshine has perished.

"Had he lived open home he'd have kept for all men,
Tho' a child who that marked his high spirit could doubt him,
But he now lies as cold as the snow in the glen,
And what is this world to be left in without him.

"My gossips, the ways of the world I'll explain,
They are falsehood, and meanness, and cheating, and squeezing,
Since small bits of sheepskin will great rents obtain,
And the agent is warm, while the tenant is freezing.

"The rents they are heavy; then look at the ground,
Every foot is twice measured by learned surveyors,
No landlord in Ireland is now to be found,
Who will give the odd acre to gain a man's prayers.

"With clothing and victuals the needy and poor
My child would have helped through the cold of the winter;
In summer the thirsty would have drunk at his door;
And his nurse in no manner of thing would he stint in.

"She never was stinted, fresh fish every day,
With potatoes the largest her father was able
To give her; and honey and butter and whey,
And the best wine from France he could put put on his table."

The speaker's sister-in-law replies:—

May a heart raw and scalding be yours for the boast,
Your father, poor man, to his wits' end was driven,
Your fresh fish—the limpet picked up on the coast,
Your potatoes, the small things, to pigs only given;
Your butter, slocaune, that's the scum of the strand,
Your honey, from seacoast flung up by the ocean,
For whey—the sour milk of a dead woman's hand,
And the best wine of France? You're a fool I've a notion!

Croker makes mention in his book, of the celebrated Keen composed by the widow of Arthur O'Leary the famous outlaw, who is buried in Kilcrea Abbey, county Cork, which he was unable to see, but it has since been published together with a translation in Vol. I of the "Last Colonel of the Irish Brigade," by Mrs Morgan John O'Connell (London: Kegan Paul 1892).

That "Keens" were not always due to the tragic events which gave rise to most of the specimens reproduced in the present paper is shown by the one that Mrs O'Leary composed on the final departure of Mr Crofton Croker for London, which is too long and too purely eulogistic to be here reprinted. No genuine student of Ireland's bygone ways and days cannot, however feel other than deeply grateful to this now all but forgotten writer, to whom we are so largely indebted for the knowledged he has garnered and brought to light on so many other kindred subjects apart from his ever-interesting monograph on "The Keen of the South of Ireland."

(THE END.)

IS A POUND OF LEAD HEAVIER THAN ONE OF FEATHERS?

That old question about a pound of feathers and a pound of lead takes on new interest when we look at it in a simple scientific way. It seems absurd, of course, that a pound of one thing could be heavier than a pound of another thing, yet that is exactly what may be shown in this case—not that the pound of lead is heavier than the pound of feathers, as most persons would say, on the spur of the moment, but just the other way—a pound of feathers is heavier than a pound of lead. This apparent inconsistent statement may be quite easily proved. With accurate scales weigh a pound of lead, using ordinary shot for convenience; then, with the same scales, weigh a pound of feathers, putting them into a muslin bag for the purpose; the feathers and the bag together must weigh exactly one pound.

The next step in the operation will show, apparently, that there is no difference whatever in the weight of the two articles, for you put the shot in one pan of a balance and the bag of feathers in the other, and after a little see-sawing they will come to an exact level.

Now, however, the scientific phase of the question presents itself, and you are reminded that in weighing the articles thus in the open air you have taken no account of the buoyant power of the air, which bears everything up in proportion to the object's bulk. As the bag of feathers is of greater bulk than the shot, it is borne up more than the shot is, and for that reason it is necessary to use a little more than a pound of feathers to balance a pound of lead.

This, however, is theoretical; the practical proof is obtained when you place the balance bearing the lead and feathers on the receiver of an air pump and cover them with the glass bell. Then exhaust the air, and you will find that the pan bearing the feathers will sink and the pan bearing the lead will rise, thus showing that when weighed in the ordinary way the quantity of feathers used to make a pound is actually more than a pound.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

THE DISAPPOINTED POLITICIAN.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

"Should you like to be a queen, Christina?" said Count Piper, in a tone of affected carelessness, to his beautiful young daughter, who was reclining upon a couch, nursing a lap-dog.

"Queen of Hearts,' said the petite Venus, without raising her head.

"That empire is your already," returned the politician.

"Then I have no ambition to extend my dominions. I have more subjects, at present, than I well know how to manage."

"How! I was not aware, madam, that you had lovers. Surely you are too prudent to encourage their addresses."

"Indeed! I am not so obligingly grateful for homage which I consider as my due. There is only one man in the world for whom I feel the least tender regard."

The brow of the Prime Minister of Sweden darkened .

"And pray, who is the favoured Adonis?" Christina blushed, looking enchantingly simple, and redoubled the caresses she was bestowing upon her dog.

The Count repeated the question.

"My cousin, Adolphus Von Hesse."

"You have not been so foolish as to fall in love with that boy?"

"Boy, indeed! No, I walked into love with him, for I cannot remember the day when he first appeared lovely in my eyes."

"Nonsense! You have been brought up together. 'Tis a mere sisterly regard."

"I should be very sorry if Adolphus were my brother."

"But the youth is portionless—has no other maintenance than his commission and my bounty."

"He is handsome and brave; and, when I discovered that he had fine eyes, and that they spoke the most elegant language in the world, I never examined the depth of his purse."

"My dear girl, you must forget him," said the Count, passing his arm tenderly round her waist.

"My good sire, I don't mean to try. You are not indifferent to his amiable qualities, and love him yourself."

"Not well enough to make him my heir."

"And you will not render us the happiest couple in the world," said Christina, her fine eyes sparkling like sapphires through her tears.

"Christina, you have been a spoiled child. I have given you too much your own way; and now you demand impossibilities. You are not old enough to choose a husband for yourself. Be a good girl, and your aunt shall introduce you at court; and then you will see our brave young King."

"The rude monster! I have no wish to see him. Besides, he hates women."

"'Tis a libel. He is in love with you."

"With me! I never saw him in my life."

"But he has seen you, and he says——"

"Ah, my dear father, what does he say?"

"You do not care for the opinion of a rude monster, and a woman-hater?"

"Ah, but he is a king. What did he say?"

But the Count was determined to keep the secret; and no coaxing, in which feminine art the little flirt was a perfect adept, could wheedle it out of him. "Christina, I shall bring an officer home to sup with me: you must treat him with respect, as I intend him for your husband."

"But I will never have him," said Christina, laughing, as the Count left the room. "If I do not marry my soldier, I will die a maid."

"Bravely resolved, sweetheart," cried Von Hesse, stepping from behind the arras. "It is worth playing at hide-and-seek, to hear you advocate a cause so hopeless as mine."

"Hopeless! why the battle is half won. My father's anger is like the dew upon the grass, which the first sunny smile evaporates. Prithee, do not sigh, and hold your arms, and look so sentimentally solemn. Love will pay the piper, and we shall yet dance to a merry tune."

"You suffer hope to deceive you, Christina. I know your father better. Ah, Christina! you will not be able to refuse the magnificent bribe he will offer in exchange for the warm heart and devoted attachment of your cousin."

"I perceive that you are determined that I shall increase the list of faithless lovers," said Christina, pouting, "in spite of the late convincing proof you so treacherously obtained of my constancy."

"Dearest love, you mistake my meaning. Dry those tears, Christina: I am not Stoic enough to withstand such eloquence."

"Why did you cause them to flow?" said Christina, still sobbing. "Was it merely to indulge in the levity of kissing them away; or were you jealous of some imaginary rival? What think you of that antidote to the tender emotions of the heart, Count Ericson?"

"Ah, Christina!——"

"Why that sigh, Adolphus?"

"Your father will introduce to you, to-night, a new lover, and I—I shall be forgotten."

"You deserve the fate you anticipate for entertaining these just suspicions. But you are a man—and I forgive you."

"Then you really love me, Christina?"

"Am I to tell you so a thousand times? You must be tired of the repetition of that word."

"On the contrary, 'tis ever new to me."

"We love each other," said Christina; "but my father will not, at present, give his consent to our union; and we must wait patiently till he does."

"And if that period should not arrive?"

"Never fear."

"But, Christina, I do fear."

"Our happiness would not be increased by an act of disobedience."

"I thought as much, Christina: you have grown very prudent."

'I cannot break my father's heart."

"But mine?"

"Adolphus, if I am not yours with my father's consent. I will never wed another. But he is so kind—so good—I am his only child. No, no—I cannot disobey him."

The young soldier frowned, and walked several times hastily across the room, at every turn stopping to contemplate the fair tyrant who held his heart in her chains. Christina was trying to look grave; but the roguish dimples, which gave such a charm to her rosy mouth, were ready to expand, upon the first provocation, into a hearty laugh. It was impossible for the little beauty to look sad for two minutes together. Von Hesse was in no laughing mood. He was in the very heroics of love; and his distorted fancy magnified the reasonable impediments to his union with Christina into mountains, guarded by those hope-extinguishing monsters, ambition and avarice. Ignorant of her father's designs, and firmly confiding in his parental love, Christina saw no difficulty in the matter; and she was

greatly diverted by the perplexed and jealous askances of her lover. Von Hesse was out of humour. He dared not complain of Christina's coldness; and he, therefore, endeavoured to draw upon her compassion by railing at himself.

"Christina, I have suffered a fatal passion to mislead me. I will not repay the debt of gratitude I owe your father by robbing him of his child. Farewell, Christina. I go to join my regiment. Should I fall in battle, sometimes think of Von Hesse." His voice faltered—the tears rushed into Christina's eyes—Von Hesse was at her feet. All his magnanimous resolutions vanished; and the lovers parted more enamoured with each other than ever.

If Adolphus was inclined to despair of the success of his suit, Christina, on the other hand, was too sanguine in believing that small opposition would be made to her wishes. The influence she maintained over her father was great; but it was not without limitation. She reigned an absolute queen over his household. Her comfort, her taste, and her inclinations, were consulted in every thing; but her power extended no further. To Christina politics were a forbidden subject: the Count suffered no female interference in state affairs. But, latterly, he had retailed much of the court news to his daughter, and was always eulogising the young monarch, whose favourite he had the good fortune to be, and who was daily heaping upon him fresh marks of his affection and esteem. This brave prince, whose eccentricities had filled all Europe with astonishement ,had been introduced, incognito, to Christina, and, in spite of his professed antipathy to the sex, was secretly among the train of her admirers; a circumstance which gratified the pride, and called forth all the ambitious hopes, of her father. Nor was it unreasonable for the politician to suppose, that the youth who had commenced his reign by crowning himself, and beating the united forces of Denmark, Saxony, and Russia, would scrupulously consult the etiquette of courts in the choice of a wife. In his charming daughter Count Piper though he beheld the future Queen of Sweden.

The hint which he had dropped about the young King's admiration of her personal charms did not fail to make an impression upon the lively Christina. She knew she was beautiful; and the agreeable consciousness of the fact was displayed with such natural ease and gaiety, that what would have appeared absurd in another female, increased the attractions of Christina. Fond of admiration, she was pleased with those gallant attentions from the other sex which all women secretly love to receive. Her attachment to Von Hesse was steady and sincere; but she thought it no treason against the sovereignty of love to appear as agreeable as she could in the eyes of all men. She received their homage as a matter of course; but it was only when Adolphus approached that her voice became tremulous, the brilliancy of her eyes softened, and her heart beat with reciprocal tenderness. Christina would have died for love; but she would have retained through life a painful impression of the lost object of her early affections.

In spite of her lover's jealous fears, the spirit of coquetry induced her to bestow an extra ten minutes on the business of the toilette; and, when she entered the hall, where supper was prepared for her father and his solitary guest, with unusual magnificence, she looked perfectly captivating. The stranger advanced to meet her, and in an awkward and constrained manner, led her to her seat at the head of the table. Great was Christina's disappointment in recognising in her new lover, an old familiar face. "Count Ericson!" she muttered to herself: "what does my father mean by introducing such a dull wooer to me?"

And who was Count Ericson? Patience, gentle reader:—a tall, raw-boned youth, in a Captain's uniform, with large blue eyes, a high aquiline nose, ruddy cheeks, and yellow curling hair; slovenly in his dress, ungraceful in his movements, and so blunt and uncourteous in conversation, that he had been long Christina's butt and aversion. For some weeks past, this half-grown man had been a constant visitor at her father's table, with whom he was often closeted for hours. Christina, out of very mischief, had played off, upon this luckless wight, all her artillery of bright glances and wreathed smiles, without being able to extort from him a single compliment. He would sit and stare at her for hours, without speaking a word; and sometimes, but this was seldom the case, he had condescended to laugh at her bright sallies. Christina had given him up in despair, and great was her indignation at her father's providing her with such a spouse; and she determined to affront him the first time they were left alone together.

As if aware of her hostile intentions, the silent youth endeavoured to exert his powers of pleasing, and, for the first time, commenced a conversation with his fair enslaver, by abruptly asking her what she thought of Alexander the Great?

Christina burst out laughing, and replied, with great simplicity, that "she had never thought much about him; but she remembered, whilst reading his history, considering him a madman."

Ericson eagedly demanded her reason for pronouncing non compos mentis the greatest conqueror the world ever saw?

"Had Alexander been as wise a man as he was a great conqueror," said Christina, he would have learned to govern himself before he undertook the subjugation of the world."

Ericson reddened, and his proud eye flashed, as he replied with some warmth, "Cannot you, madam, enter into the noble zeal which hurries a brave man into the focus of danger, and induces him to relinquish life, and all its petty enjoyments, to gain the wreath of immortal fame?"

"No, indeed,' 'returned Christina, "I have no feelings in common with the destroyer. I would rather be celebrated for conferring blessings upon my fellow-creatures, than be immortalised by their curses. I have ever looked upon great conquerors as fools or madmen—a scourge to their own people, and an intolerable pest to society."

"My lord," said the Minister, striving to mollify the rising choler of his guest, "you must pay no heed to my daughter's impertinences. Her knowledge of battles and conquerors is confined to the chess-board. On that limited sphere, she enacts the General so well, that even an old soldier like me finds some difficulty in taming her audacity."

Ericson retained his composure, and, turning to the laughter-loving Christina, with more gallantry than she had imagined him capable of displaying, challenged her to play a game with him.

"With all my heart," said Christina, "but if I should beat you?"

"It would not be the first time that I have been vanquished by you, Lady Christina," said Ericson, looking her full in the face.

Christina coloured, and cast her eyes to the ground, only to flash them again upon the Count with a proud glance of mingled coquetry and disdain. But the ice was broken—the bashful youth had gained more confidence; and he met her indignant look with an expression of admiration and defiance. "There is more mettle in this proud boy than I imagined," thought Christina, as she took her seat at the chess-board; "my father has set me to play a dangerous game." She shaded her glowing cheek with her hand, and fixed her eyes immovably on the board, determined, out of pure contradiction, to play as stupidly as she possibly could, to mortify her opponent. The game, however, required no particular skill to ensure a conquest on her part. Ericson scarcely looked at his pieces. His moves were without judgment: they were rash, and easily counter-planned. "My queen gives check to the king," said Christina, with a triumphant air. "Fair tyrant," said the defeated, "do not you wish that you could make the king your prisoner?". "No, it is enough that I have him in my power." "Most completely," said Ericson, rising and pushing the board from him: "you have checkmated me."

. . . . . .

"Father, how could you impose upon me by bringing Count Ericson here as my wooer? Do not imagine that a girl of my sensibility or taste, could condescend to marry that awkward boy?"

"He is nineteen: just two years your senior, is brave, wealthy, and nobly born. What would you desire more?"

"My cousin," said Christina; "as to this Count Ericson, I detest him, and mean to tell him so the very next time I have the misfortune to spend a whole evening in his company."

But many days passed away, and Christina was too busy amused in tormenting her unfortunate lover to put her threat into practice. Besides, Von Hesse purposely absented himself from the house; or, when present, behaved in so cold and distant a manner, that Christina saw no other way of restoring him to his senses than by flirting with the Count.

"I had the misfortune to dream of you last night," she said one morning to the enamoured youth: "I wish for the future that you would not presume to disturb my slumbers by your unwelcome presence."

"I, too, had a dream," said Ericson: "I dreamt that you smiled upon me, and I was happy.' '

"You must take dreams by their opposites," said Christina. "I know better, waking, where to bestow my smiles."

"How did I appear to you last night," said the Count.

"Oh, just as agreeably as you do to-day."

"Scornful girl, teach me how to woo you," cried Ericson, suddenly imprinting a kiss upon her lips.

This freedom, the rudeness of which he was not quite aware of, was repaid by so smart a blow, that the offender, as he rubbed his crimsoned cheek, marvelled how it could have been inflicted by a hand so soft and delicate.

"Your father led me to imagine," he said, in a sullen tone, "that you would not receive my addresses with indifference."

"My father knows nothing about the matter," said the indignant Christina, "or he never would have introduced to his daughter such an unmannerly youth. But you are an object of indifference——"

Before she could conclude the ominous sentence Von Hesse stood before her.

"Who are you, sir?' 'demanded Ericson fiercely.

"A soldier," said Von Hesse, flinging his sword carelessly upon the table: "one who has bled in the cause of his country, and is ready to die in her service."

"We must be friends," said Ericson, extending his hand.

"We are rivals," said Von Hesse, drawing back.

"Does Christina love you?"

"She has told me so a thousand times. See what it is to trust to the faith of woman. You are no longer an object of indifference, and I resign my claims."

"To whom?" said Christina, the tears slowly gathering in her eyes.

"The King," said Von Hesse, turning away.

"Stay!" said Charles.

The young man reluctantly obeyed. "I have seen your face before—what is your name?"

"Adolphus Von Hesse, the son of a brave officer, who died on the field of battle, and left me no other heritage than his good name and my mother's tears."

"And where did you receive that scar upon your left temple"

"In the battle of Narva, where your Majesty, with a handful of men, defeated the armies of Russia."

"You need no other passport to my favour," said Charles, raising him from the ground, as he attempted to kneel and kiss his hand. "That glorious day made me act the part of a soldier, and feel like a man. Then turning to Christina, who had already dried up her tears, he said with an air of pleasantry, "By my sword, maiden, I am a sorry wooer. That blow of thine has frightened away all the Cupids that had taken possession of my heart. Do you love this brave youth?"

"Most sincerely."

"What prevents your union?"

"My father refuses to make us happy."

"On what plea?"

"He has higher views for his daughter."

"Umph!" said Charles, "I see through them now; but Love has outwitted the politician. Christina, if your father refuses to bestow you in marriage on the man of your heart, why—I will. Charles, though an uncourteous lover, is not an ungenerous friend."

The delighted pair sunk at his feet; and, with blunt good-humour, he united their hands. Then, bending over the blushing Christina, he pressed upon her snowy brow the last kiss of love he ever proffered to woman.

"Will your Majesty pardon me," whispered Christina, "for inflicting such a severe blow upon your royal cheek?"

"Silence," returned Charles; "have I not amply revenged the injury? My bride must be wooed in the field of battle, and won 'mid the shouts of victory!"

The week following he honoured the marriage of Christina and Adolphus with his royal presence; and the disappointed politician alone wore a grave countenance at the feast.

ODD ITEMS FROM EVERYWHERE.

About 200 young women at Waremme, in Belgium, have formed a club known as "The Swallows." Each member has given her word of honour never to marry a man addicted to drink.

The "Deer Isle Messenger" has no hackneyed social reporter on its staff. This is the way he reports a recent marriage: "Charles A. Scott came home Saturday, slipped his head into the matrimonial halter and left again Monday, taking his bride with him. Here's wishing the couple many years of happiness."

Thousands of farmhouses in Kansas are now supplied with telephones. The farmers order goods in the nearest town and the rural mail carrier delivers them.

A New Orleans bird fancier says that popular opinion is all wrong about geese. The goose, he adds, is one of the easiest fowls to train and one of the brightest.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

BULLOCK.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Newbridge, Co. Kildare.

Dear Sir—Having read that interesting article upon the old town of Bullock in your issue of last week, I do not see any mention made of the celebrated Colonel Blood, who made such a daring attempt to steal the crown of England. The people about Bullock used to assert that Blood was a native of that place, and that his father was the village blacksmith there, in the time of King Charles I. Perhaps some of your readers can tell if this be true.

JOHN V. BRUTON.

CAROLAN.

In the "Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Irishmen," by James Wills, published in 1847, in page 89 of Vol. V, will be found an account of Carolan and his habits. Suffice it for the present to quote the few following extracts of his manner of living:—

"Carolan himself was a devotee to whiskey. He took a farm at Mosshill, and launched into a course of reckless and prodigal hospitality, which was both the bent of his nature and the fashion of his time. The Irish of that day were addicted to extravagance in a degree incredible in this sober and trading age of teetotalism and railroads; the only pledges then were pledges over the punch bowl; the best kept road was the road to ruin, and a merrier and more crowded way was never known, and on such Carolan was not likely to be wanting. Among the vices of Carolan's generation there was one which was most likely to have a fatal effect upon one whose profession was in a considerable manner the essential creative of boon fellowship and hospitable profusion—it was the characteristic custom of drunkenness, which tinges the very poetry and sentiment of that day. Hard drinking was the disease and inspiration of Carolan, his love of whiskey was the love of a lover; it was the theme of his most successful strain, and he is said always to have composed his music with a bottle and a glass at his elbow."

Goldsmith, his countryman, and who knew him well, says of him, as quoted by Wills: "His death was not more remarkable than his life. Homer was never more fond of a glass than he. He would drink whole pints of usquebagh, and he used to think without any ill consequence." He then recounts the tragic and sad circumstance of his death. When calling for his glass, he tried to drink out of the bowl, but, failing, observed with a smile that it would be hard if two such friends as he and the cup should part at least without kissing, and then expired.

RICHARD J. KELLY.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST CENTURY IN DUBLIN.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Sir—I have been requested by old friends to give a few recollections of the past century in the City of Dublin. I was born in this same house of my father's 85 years ago, who commenced business life here as early as 1805.

The world only a century ago was very different from the present day. My earliest recollection was, in my fourth year, watching the procession, passing up Dame street, of King George IV., in 1821. During my school days, until I matriculated in T.C.D., what were my object lessons in the city? No gas. No police. No railways. No steam. Oil lamps hung in cups in the streets; some of the cups may still be seen attached to railings of houses in Harrington street. Night watchmen, called "Charlies," in watch-boxes, or houses, were armed with long poles, which had a curved hook at the top to trip up the fugitive transgressors of the law, and a rattle or a corncrake, the shriek of which would almost waken the dead.

There were "no motors" then to convey the ladies to their evening entertainments, but Sedan chairs were for hire at certain places (Hume street corner). They had a long pole at each side, which ran out like shafts before and behind, and were carried by nimble-limbed men in swallow-tail coats, knee-breeches, buckle-shoes, and three-corner hats. On arrival at destination the carriers lifted the roof, so that when the lady stood up to alight her tall head dress would not be crushed, and then the door was opened, and the fair dame stepped out in safety in all her finery. These carriers on such occasions always wore a huge buttonhole.

In 1836 I walked over the Kingstown Railway line ere it was opened, curious to know what a steam locomotive would be like—a carriage drawn without horses. Our G.P.O. building, in Sackville street, was only commenced in 1818, and from it the evening show "was the turnout" of the night Royal mail coaches and four, manned by burly coachmen and showily-dressed guards. They also sported large bunches of flowers in their buttonholes.

I fear to swell my reminiscence if I crossed the line into any issue of public notoriety of history, too well known to all your readers, so I briefly close with the optimistic, and not the pessimistic, aspect of this the 20th century. The early citizen of last century if he rose up from his silent tomb and opened his eyes on Dublin of 1902 would not recognise the old city. Its actual area is doubled, its civic population enlarged by 120,000, its leading thoroughfares beautified, and the main features of commercial wealth testified by the immigration of all the Northern keen-eyed bankers, following their trade in Dublin, raising princely establishments, viz., as the Ulster, Belfast, and Northern, alongside their old competitors the National, the Hibernian, the Royal, and the Munster and Leinster.

The enlargement of the city slums, the opening of new food markets, and inauguration of tramways all across the city to new townships, swelling out north and south, are patent to every eye, with a very marvellous supply of pure life-giving water from the hills of Wicklow (24 miles off). The newly-discovered results of electricity on its birth soon to follow. For a weak financial borough, during its last sixty years able to raise a fructifying capital of two millions sterling, is nothing to sneer at, and from an insolvent predecessor of the exclusive classes enjoying now a real estate of £30,000 in fee rents, with Parliamentary helps also of £50,000 more, is something to boast of, with a rating of 9s. 3d. only covering all their civic responsibilities and increasing demands of paupers and lunatics yearly.

—Yours,

H. BROWN, J.P., T.C.

Fownes's street, Dublin.

CARRICKFERGUS.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Sir.—There appeared lately in the "Dublin Penny Journal" an interesting account of the above ancient town, but very little said of its origin. Some time ago an account was given in a Belfast weekly of the town, which was hard to reconcile with authentic history. It stated that Fegus and St Patrick were there at the same time. I cannot understand why Buchanan's History of Scotland should be ignored. Buchanan was tutor to James VI, afterwards James I of England. His account should be reliable. It shows that Fergus was drowned there, so far back as 330 B. C. St Patrick's time was 432 A. D. Buchanan's history gives the several reigns and the duration of each reign from the reign of Fergus. I had better give an extract from Buchanan's History, Vol. I., Book IV:—"Fergus returning home victorious (after defeating Coilus, King of the Britons), the Scots confirmed the kingdom to him and his posterity by an oath. When he had arranged the affairs of Scotland, he passed over into Ireland, to repress a rebellion against his authority there, which, having accomplished, in recrossing, he was suddenly overtaken by a tempest, not far from the harbour, to which was given, in consequence, the name of Fergus Craig, now Craig Fergus, or Carrickfergus, and perished in the 25th year of his reign. The time of his arrival in Albion is placed about the taking of Babylon by Alexander, the Macedonian, nearly three hundred and thirty years before Christ." Fergus, the son of Ferchard, was esteemed first of all the Scots for wisdom and activity.

WM. MARTIN.

Castletown, I. O. M.

THE POET.

BY MARION MUIR.

He suffers; but his mournful days are crowned
By the diviner joy of those to be;
His heart may bleed, yet he hath power to see
All loves wherewith the universe is bound:
And tones that link the living sense of sound
With the deep secrets of infinity,
Blow through his spirit, beautiful and free.
He knows, though all the world upon him frowned
By the immortal burdens it hath borne
How lofty is the soul that in him dwells.
Life he can lay aside—a garment worn—
And smiling, walk among the asphodels;
For glory and despair, all joy and woe,
And love and action are to him a show.

ANCIENT IRISH SOCIETY.

ITS ELEMENTS.

By M. J. B.

SLAVERY—II.

(From the Ancient Irish Laws.)

Resuming our study of the slave system of ancient Ireland, we shall next consider the status of the slave.

The slave was regarded in the light of property, and the master had a right of action for the abduction of his bondman or bond-maid (i., 163). So the heir's remedy for his share in a bond-vassal is classed with that for his share in a cauldron (i., 217-227). And in another place, dealing with salvage claims for finding and restoring stray property, the slave is classed with bees (iv., 431). The master had apparently an absolute power of life and death over captive slaves (iii., 485). It would appear, however, that those in slavery on account of crimes of others or for debt could not be slain with impunity (i., 75-77; iii., 485). It would seem their tribe had some right of redemption. Notwithstanding this, slaves would appear to have had some rights. The forms of legal procedure were favourable to assisting the "fuidher" against every injustice (i., 125-139), and the duties in respective of a captive are mentioned—e.g., to guard and feed him (i., 125-137). It was also expressly provided that contracts of a bondman with his chief are not binding (iv., 55), but that the chief may repudiate it. Now, if a slave had no rights of any kind, obviously he could never enter into any contract, and such a provision would be unnecessary. It is clear, however, that slaves had some rights of property. Thus, we find it discussed whether their creditors might or should levy execution on either themselves or on their cattle (i., 107-9), and there is also a discussion as to their liability for the debts of their chief and of themselves (i., 109-111), showing they could incur debts. If injured, they were entitled to medical attendance at expense of the wrong doer (iii., 481). In the curious laws as to bees, we find that daer-persons possessed them (iv., 439). And we find mention of daer-persons possessed of real estate (iv., 471). There is also a reference to a special mode of tenure of land by slaves (iv., 17-19), but possibly this is a mistake in the translation, and the reference was intended merely to mean a base-tenure (iv., 19). The taking of holy orders operated to free a slave (iii., 31). The liabilities of slaves for their own forts are discussed in the "Book of Aicill" (iii., 175, 179, 275), but possibly the translation is here incorrect, as elsewhere it is stated the master is answerable for the crimes of the daer-person (iii., 433), which would be much more in accordance with the general principles of Irish jurisprudence.

Daer-persons themselves sometimes had servants of their own (iii., 179), which was the case in ancient Rome according to Dr. Smith (Dict. Greek and Roman Antiq. "Servus"). On the other hand, "fuidhir-labourer" lay under some incapacity to contract, but this incapacity was rather a prohibition to enter into contracts than "incapacity," as we now understand it (ii., 289-93; ii., 59). Under the ancient Irish law contracts bound not only the individuals making them but a certain circle of relatives and civil connections. Hence it was inexpedient individuals should have absolute freedom of contract, and such was not allowed to the greatest in the land (i., 51-53; ii., 283-289; iv., 55, etc.). Slaves were also under some disability in sueing without giving security—a lot they shared with all the humbler classes (i., 85, 91, 105). They were also apparently disqualified from acting in the capacity of Bailiffs for levying execution (ii., 85); at all events in cases where the debtor was of superior rank to themselves. In various places we find slaves classed with labourers and foreigners and landless persons, as if their only distinction was the want of property (i., 91; ii., 25-85, etc.), and in some places the slave is classed with the son and wife (i., 233).

When we travel outside the laws, as, for instance, into the "Book of Rights," we find still clearer evidence of the fact that slaves were regarded as property, since they are frequently passed from chief to chief as part of a regular tribute ("Book of Rights," 33, 69; 111, 127, etc., etc).

There is much information on the slave system in the Patrician documents, edited by Dr. Whitley Stokes for the Rolls Publications, but it is so difficult to weed the fictions from the truth in these legends, that probably they would afford a very unsubstantial foundation upon which to construct any theory. However, in the confession which is admittedly genuine, St. Patrick seems to indicate that the value of a slave was something considerable (p. 372), and that even children of Kings were sometimes purchased or hired (372). The letter to Coroticus is also admitted as genuine, and from this it would appear that St. Patrick preached against enslaving Christians (378). In one of the legends a reference is made to a distinction between a slave's tonsure and the tonsure of a cleric (p. 25), but, perhaps, we had better not launch into these legends.

One thing is, however, very remarkable in St. Patrick's life, namely, the fact that his old master was not apparently able to, or, at all events, did not reclaim him as a runaway slave.

Sir James Ware devotes the 30th chapter of his "Antiquities" to a short essay on the servile classes in ancient Erin, but our means of acquiring knowledge of ancient Irish society have vastly increased since Ware's time; and for various reasons, not now necessary to mention, I do not consider his remarks of much value on this head. The canons which he cites seem capable of various interpretations.

THE SONG OF HOPE.

The following poem by the late J. F. Taylor, K.C., first appeared in the "Nation" in 1876:—

Labour on, and cease complaining—
Idle whining works no cure—
Nerve, and brain, and sinew straining,
Toil and trust; reward is sure.

What are sorrows and afflictions
But the school which moulds the great?
Can the earth's combined restrictions
Chain the heart that fears no fate?

Look around! see brave men striving—
Do they waste their time with sighs?
Bonds, like cobweb links, they're riving,
Resolution lights their eyes.

All the men and states that ever
Won from time an honoured name—
Earnest, calm, and strong endeavour
Built the fabrics of their fame.

Not with sudden zeal, soon swerving,
But with trustful, patient strength,
Day by day made more deserving,
Till they reached reward at length.

Thus should we toil on with ardour;
Struggles make our joys no less;
Tougher cares and toils the harder—
Purer radiance crowns success.

Scorn the sneerer's dull derision,
And the honeyed curse of praise;
Onward, braced with man's decision,
Urge your steps in wisdom's ways!

Wasted hours and vain aspiring,
These with all your soul regret;
But with hope and strength untiring
Act, and trust for triumph yet.

Virtue seek—not cramped and frigid,
Spying flaws in others' deeds,
Ice-bound path of minds made rigid,
Churchyard-rich in venomed weeds.

Be your words no stinging lances;
Faints a brother by the road?
Lead with love his slow advances,
Never dare with taunts to goad!

Fix your thoughts on aims of merit;
Rouse your slumbering strength to life;
Cast with trust your words and spirit;
Armoured thus, who fears the strife?

Shrink not pale from sorrow's rigour—
Rocks withstand the waves' wild swell;
Be thus firm! and, roused to vigour,
Trust your strength, but guide it well.

J.F.T.

THE SCIENCE OF STOKING.

According to Consul-General Mason at Berlin, the trailing clouds of black smoke from mill and factory that hang over so many cities, darkening the atmosphere and befouling the buildings, could be eliminated if the scientific methods constructing chimneys and stoking furnaces that prevail in Germany were adopted. "It is not every strapping labourer who can shovel coal who is permitted to stoke a boiler furnace in Germany," says Mr. Mason. The stoker in that country must learn the theory and practice of economical scientific firing, whereby the coal is so distributed over the grate surface as to secure the most perfect combustion. The use of fuel briquettes for domestic purposes in Berlin also tends largely to the prevention of smoke.



THE ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE SERAPIS AND THE BON HOMME RICHARD.

JOHN PAUL JONES.

A BRILLIANT SEA DOG OF THE PAST.

By ADMIRAL PORTER, UNITED STATES NAVY.

The history of a nation is the history of its distinguished men, and we neglect a duty if we fail to do justice to the memory of those who, either in peace or war, have done honour to the country. The events of the Revolutionary War and of the War of 1812 once held a prominent place in the public mind; and it is one of the objects of this article to revive such recollections, since the nation seems to have forgotten these events as well as the men who gained laurels from the "Mistress of the Seas," and forced an honourable peace. The navy of the United States had on its rolls in 1775 and 1812 many gallant spirits who would have rivalled the fame of Blake and Nelson had the opportunity been offered them.

Although our navy has always borne a prominent and successful part in all the wars in which the United States have been engaged, yet it has never received justice from the community. It is true that while the memory of some of its triumphs was fresh in the popular mind, the service has been the recipient of temporary applause, but such momentary enthusiasm soon expired. In consequence of this, the navy has always been allowed to languish in time of peace and maintain a precarious existence, and very few monuments have been erected by the Government to commemorate its heroes or its victories.

Even the illustrious Paul Jones, who first taught the English to respect our flag on the ocean, is generally referred to as a bold "adventurer," a designation given him by our foes, and which we, to our shame, have accepted. The names of Truxton, Hull, Bainbridge, Porter, Perry, McDonough, Decatur, Preble, Lawrence, Somers, Biddle, and others, are occasionally remembered as men who at a remote period performed gallant service; but nothing has been done to preserve the memory of those distinguished officers, and it is only within a few years that anything like an accurate account of their achievements was given to the world. This is inexcusable, for few, indeed, have any conception of the hardships and sacrifices of the men who went forth to battle with the "Mistress of the Seas" upon her chosen element.

It should never be forgotten that, in 1776 and in 1812, we entered into what was generally considered a hopeless conflict with the greatest navy the world had ever seen, and that but for the gallantry of our seamen we should have been forced to agree to an ignominious peace. The successes of our navy, in the language of Byron,

". . . . . taught her Esau brethren that the flag,
The floating fence of Albion's feebler crag,
May bow to those whose red right hands have bought
Rights cheaply earned with blood."

Through the efforts of the navy in 1812 we gained what we went to war to obtain, and from that time our flag has been respected as the emblem of one of the great powers of the world. The history of that memorable struggle has been written by our distinguished countryman, Cooper, and, from his naval experience and personal knowledge of the principal actors, he was well qualified for the task; but in a general narrative of the war it was, of course, impossible to give that full account of the life of his heroes, by which alone their merits can be properly estimated.

Since the war with Great Britain, many events have occurred in which our naval officers figured conspicuously, the details of which are unknown to the general public. Most of those who were distin-

guished in the War of 1812 have since occupied important positions at home and abroad, and have letf the impress of their characters indelibly fixed upon the naval service, and the survivors who served under their command still delight in the remembrance of their career under those pioneers of our navy.

And yet, how little are those men remembered by what is called "a grateful nation!" How few of them ever received any substantial compensation! And their friends have not the satisfaction of knowing that the love and tenderness of their Government overshadowed them in their advancing years. How much better it would have read in history if their deeds had been properly rewarded!

In this country we are too apt to keep back those cheering words and rewards while expectant ears could hear them and when brave hearts could be thrilled and made happier by them. What good does it do to the heroes to pay them honours when they are gone? How much better would it be that the flowers intended to adorn their coffins should be sent to sweeten their homes while living! If they had had friends who laid away fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection and who had appreciated their daring deeds, how much better than breaking them over their dead bodies that they had been brought forth in their weary and troubled hours to refresh and cheer them in time of need!

I myself would rather have a pine coffin without a flower—a funeral without a eulogy—than a life without the solace which comes from the generosity of one's Government. Post-mortem kindness cannot cheer those who are neglected while living.

Many of the distinguished naval officers of the Revolution and of the War of 1812 died poor and literally had to ask for bread, and their Government did not even give them a stone to mark the place where their honourable remains were laid.

John Paul Jones, the subject of this sketch, died comparatively poor. Though the greatest naval hero of the United States, he has had no monument erected to his memory to refute the stigma cast upon his character by those who denounced his brave deeds as acts of "piracy." History has redeemed his name from the ignominy thrown upon it by the English, who owed it to themselves to acknowledge his bravery and chivalry.

Cooper has paid Paul Jones a handsome tribute by making him the hero of his celebrated novel, The Pilot, which will live to all time. The deeds of Paul Jones will be read in centuries to come by those who take pride in their country and desire to know more of those who laid the foundations of the Republic. It would be impossible to give a full account of the life of Paul Jones in an article of this kind, for it would require a large volume to chronicle all that he achieved, and as time rools on and future historians delve into the archives of England, France, and America, there will be doubtless glorious deeds brought to light of which we know nothing.

In 1775, when it was evident that there was no possibility of keeping up relations with the mother country, Paul Jones permanently identified himself with the colonies. "With deep interest he watched the progress of those political events which were to decide the fate of his adopted country; and when an open resistance was made to the dominion of Britain, he could no longer remain an inactive spectator. Having only just completed his twenty-eighth year, he was full of bodily vigour and of mental energy, and he conceived that his nautical skill would qualify him to be a distinguished assertor of the rights of the colonists. He was appointed on the 22nd of December, 1775, first lieutenant of the 'Alfred,' and on board that vessel, before Philadelphia, he hoisted the flag of independent America with his own hands, THE FIRST TIME IT WAS EVER DISPLAYED."

The following verses were dedicated to the memory of Paul Jones by Miss G. H. Sherburne, granddaughter of Elijah Hall, first lieutenant under Jones in the Revolutionary War:—

'Twas Jones, Paul Jones, who first o'er Delaware's tide.
From Alfred's main displayed Columbia's pride;
The Stripes of Freedom proudly waved on high,
While shouts of freemen rang for liberty.

All hail! Paul Jones, Columbia's friend in need,
In humbling Britons, thou first took the lead;
Sailing in triumph over every sea,
Proclaiming to all, Columbia should be free.

Old Neptune hailed thee as his favourite son,
With corals crowned thee for thy victories won;
Sea-Nymphs chimed thy praise in merry glee,
While meteor-like thou ploughed the foamy sea.

Through England's fleets thou dashed in bold array,
On Albion's coast spread terror and dismay;
Thy cannon's thunder shook her rockbound shore,
Her Lion trembled amid his boastful roar.

At thy dread name were tyrants made to quake,
And offer Gold for the head they could not take;
Till lowly humbled, owned Columbia free,
Home of the oppressed, blest land of liberty.

Thy triumphs, Jones, the magic muse shall trace,
Thy matchless deeds shall fire a future race;
Thy name shall live in song till time's no more,
Till ocean's mountain waves shall cease to roar.

There are conflicting accounts in regard to John Paul Jones' character, but it is certain that he was a true patriot, a thorough seaman, a good disciplinarian, and a man of literary acquirements. While residing at the Court of France, under direction of Benjamin Franklin, Jones showed considerable diplomatic ability, and so ingratiated himself with the French Court and people that he was of great assistance to Franklin in procuring ships, money, and supplies with which to carry on hostilities. Great Britain, our foe, soon learned Paul Jones' ability, which is shown in the virulent abuse showered upon him by the English Press. Had he fought upon the side of Great Britain as persistently as he did for America, they would have lauded him to the skies, and would have built him a monument higher than the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square.

The difference between Jones and Nelson was that the latter had opportunities which were never within the reach of the former. Had Jones such fleets as Nelson commanded, he would have swept the British squadrons from the seas. As it was, he did more than anyone else who ever fought on the sea for American independence.

After committing many depredations in the West Indies and Bahamas, Paul Jones was ordered, June 14th, 1777, to command the sloop-of-war "Ranger," the first ship that bore the Stars and Stripes to Europe. A short time after crossing the ocean he sailed for St. George's Channel, notwithstanding that the British coast swarmed with cruisers who never expected to see an American ship-of-war in those waters. Although he was surrounded by enemies, Paul Jones sank and destroyed a number of British vessels, sending the best of them into the French ports of Brest and L'Orient. During this cruise he captured, after a sharp engagement, the British sloop-of-war "Drake," which came out of Whitehaven with the full expectation of capturing him. Jones took his prize safely to France, and such was the excitement in favour of the American cause, owing to this incident, that Franklin was enabled to rise funds to fit out a squadron, consisting of the "Bon Homme Richard," 42 guns; "Alliance," 36 guns; "Pallas," 30 guns; "Cerf," 18 guns; and the "Vengeance" 12 guns; with the "Monsieur" and "Granville," privateers.

With this fleet Paul Jones sailed from the Roads of Groix for the English coast at daybreak of August 4th, 1779, again to beard the lion in his den.

It is not the object of the writer to relate particulars. Suffice it to say that sad havoc was made with British commerce. The performances of the squadron set the British Isles in a blaze. Paul Jones even landed on the coast, committing many depredations. Ships of war were hastily fitted out to go in pursuit, all the coast-guards were on the look-out, and every prominent point was furnished with signals to convey news of the whereabouts of the American fleet. Jones was, however, very poorly seconded by some of the commanding officers of his ships, who were inefficient and insubordinate, and a less energetic commander would have given up the expedition altogether.

After burning, sinking, or running on shore numbers of vessels, Paul Jones met with an enemy more worthy of his adventurous spirit. This affair does more to exhibit the daring character of Paul Jones than any other event of his life, and should have silenced those detractors who tried to take from him the fame he had so bravely won. It showed that his skill and determination exceeded that of any other living naval commander. About noon of September 23rd, 1779, while Jones' squadron was cruising off Flamborough Head, a convoy of forty-one sail appeared, and chase was given. The merchant vessels crowded sail for the coast, but the two ships of war in charge of the convoy bore down and showed a disposition to engage. Making signal to form line of battle, to which the "Alliance" paid no attention. Jones made every effort to close, but did not succeed in coming alongside the enemy's flagship till seven o'clock p.m.,

when, being a pistol-shot away, the latter hailed the "Bon Homme Richard," and was answered with a broadside.

The battle thus begun between the opposing flagships was carried on with unremitting fury, each side seeking to rake the other. Jones' vessel was much less manageable than that of his opponent, being at the best a dull sailer, and the latter in consequence several times obtained an advantageous situation in spite of the efforts of the Americans to prevent it. Having to deal with an enemy of much greater force, Jones was compelled to come to close action in order to neutralise the superior qualities of the British flagship in manœuvring. It was his desire to place the "Bon Homme Richard" athwart the bow of his opponent, but, losing some of his braces, Jones was unable to carry out his intention. In the attempt, however, the bowsprit of the British ship came across the poop of the "Bon Homme Richard," and was immediately lashed to her mizzenmast, when the action of the wind brought the two ships square alongside each other, the bow of one at the stern of the other, the yards interlocked, and the muzzles of the guns of one ship touching the side of the other.

This was the situation of affairs an hour after the opening of the engagement, but previously the American ship had received several 18-pound shot below the water-line and was leaking badly. Lieut.-Col. De Chamillard, commanding twenty French soldiers stationed on the poop, left his post, having lost some of his men by the fire of the British, while the rest deserted their quarters. The battery of 12-pounders, manned by American seamen and French volunteers, and commanded by Lieutenant Dale and Colonel Weibert, was the chief reliance of the American commander, but this was silenced and abandoned. Six 18-pounders, composing the lower gun-deck battery, proved to be of no use, two out of three bursting at the first fire and killing nearly all their crews. This left but two 9-pounders on the quarter-deck effective out of the battery engaged, and none of the heavier guns were fired during the remainder of the action. Purser Mease, who commanded the quarter-deck battery, having been seriously wounded, Jones was obliged to assume his duties, and, rallying with great exertions a few men, shifted over another 9-pounder from the side disengaged, and was thus able to bring three guns of that calibre to bear on the enemy.

The fire of the men stationed aloft was the only aid these three guns now received, but bravely was their assistance rendered, Lieutenant-Colonel Stack, who had charge of the maintop, being specially commended by his commanding officer. Double-headed shot from one of the nine-pounders were hurled at the enemy's mainmast, while grape and canister from the other two cleared his decks and silenced his small-arm fire. At this point, according to Jones' official report, the enemy were about to call for quarter, when the gunner, carpenter, and master-at-arms of the "Bon Homme Richard" called for quarter, under the impression that the ship was sinking, and the former ran aft to lower the colours, but they found they had already been shot away. Suppressing this attempt to surrender the ship, and giving the English Commodore a "most determined negative" to his demand to know if he surrendered, Jones fiercely continued the fight.

The British frigate had dropped anchor, and the fight so far had been between the two flagships, but at 9.30 the "Alliance" came up, and, to the dismay of the Americans, opened fire on the "Bon Homme Richard," which, in spite of hails and signals, continued until several officers and men had been killed or wounded. Some of the "Alliance's" shot struck the "Bon Homme Richard below the water-line, adding to the apparently hopeless condition of affairs for the Americans, while at the same time fire broke out, and Jones was urged by some of his officers to surrender. To add to the difficulties of the situation, the master-at-arms, on his own responsibility, released the prisoners. But in spite of all obstacles Jones continued the action. Shortly after the Englishman's mainmast was observed to be tottering, his fire slackened, while that of the Americans increased, and at half-past ten o'clock p.m. this remarkable battle came to an end, the British Commodore lowering his own colours. The prize was the new frigate "Serapis," Captain Richard Pearson.

The "Bon Homme Richard" had five feet of water in the hold, and was on fire in several places. Her pumps barely kept the water from gaining, while the fires were not extinguished until ten o'clock a.m. of the following day. The ship was a wreck, the rudder cut away, the timbers almost entirely destroyed, and, to quote from Jones' official report, "a person must have been an eye-witness to form a just idea of the tremendous scene of carnage, wreck, and ruin that everywhere appeared."

A survey of the "Bon Homme Richard" showed that it would be almost impossible to bring her into port. Still, the attempt was made, but the wind increasing, she was abandoned on the 25th, and went down. The consort of the "Serapis," the "Countess of Scarborough," was captured by the "Pallas" after an engagement of one hour. Thus ended this memorable action, one of the most sanguinary recorded in history.

The two ships were not fairly matched, the "Bon Homme Richard" being an old merchant vessel and carrying forty guns, while the "Serapis," built for war purposes, carried fifty guns, though rated as a forty-four-gun ship. The following shows the batteries:—

Serapis—20 18-pdrs, lower gun-deck. 2 9-pdrs, upper gun-deck. 6 6-pdrs, quarter-deck. 4 6-pdrs, forecastle.

Bon Homme Richard.—6 18-pdrs, lower gun-deck. 14 12-pdrs, middle gun-deck. 14 9-pdrs, middle gun-deck. 2 9-pdrs, quarter-deck. 2 9-pdrs, spar-deck. 2 6-pdrs, forecastle.

It will be seen by those conversant with the matter that many of the British guns were of large caliber for those days, twenty 18-pounders against six 18-pounders on the American vessel (which were not used after the first fire), so that Jones had to depend on his 6 and 9-pounders. The list of killed and wounded on either side does not appear anywhere with accuracy. Jones reports them as over two hundred on board the English, judging from the muster rolls, while Captain Pearson states, on what authority is not known, that Jones' list of killed and wounded was three hundred and six, and that many of the latter went down in the "Bon Homme Richard."

If doubt remains in the mind of anyone in regard to Jones' bravery and determination to win at all hazards, it should be set at rest by this dreadful battle. His glorious victory made his name a greater terror to the enemies of his country, and still more endeared him to the American people. Owing to the heavier battery of the British ship, the "Bon Homme Richard" appeared several times on the point of being conquered, but Jones determinedly refused to surrender, and would have gone down with his colours flying rather than fall into the hands of the British.

It was such men as Paul Jones who made the glory of our navy, and gave the American flag that prestige which it still retains, notwithstanding we have now no ships that can maintain its integrity upon the ocean. Others followed in his footsteps in the War of 1812, and showed that they were imbued with the spirit of Paul Jones, the founder of the United States Navy; and in years to come those who read of the deeds performed by the naval heroes of the Revolution and of 1812 will not forget the lesson taught them by those great sailors, many of whom are without the humblest monument to mark their resting-place.

SPECULUM VITAE.

BY JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

Let us look in the glass for a moment,
Let us brush off the mist from its face—
The mirror of life that is broken
When Death in our ears knells the token
To crumble in space.

We must fall whether praying or pining,
Whether fearing or mocking the blow,
Brush the mist from the mirror, then, trembling;
The grave is no place for dissembling—
There vaunting lies below.

The eyes as they glaze to earth's glory,
Peer into that mirror of pain,
Where the slain of our years lie all gory,
Bent over by grim shadows hoary,
Recording each stain.

Not a blot nor a blemish escapes them,
The sins of the lone and the crowd,
The crime where we pandered or paltered,
The dark things that lips never faltered,
They cry out aloud.

They are there, and no tempest can hide them;
They glow with accusing and shame.
Tho' the years be all dead, they are living,
'Mid the silence they cry for forgiving,
With direful acclaim.

On the wreck-plank of life is there pardon,
When joy is worn hollow in sin?
When the heart sees no light in the sparkle,
Nor gloom where the drowsy waves darkle
O'er foeman and kin?

Then brush the world's mist from the mirror
While life in our bosom is sweet,
And turn with a love of the purest,
O'er pathways the fairest and surest,
The trace of our feet.

THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK.

By CHARLES SMITH, M.D.

Æquum est enim meminisse & me, qui discerem hominem esse, et vos, qui Judicetis ut fi probabilia dicentur nihil ultra requiratis. Cicero Univers.

In Two Volumes.

VOL I.

The Second Edition, with Additions.

BOOK II.

Containing the Topographical Description of this County, including the City of Cork.

Chapter I.—Continued.

About a mile south-east of Castlemartyr, a river, called the Dowr (20), breaks out from a limestone rock, after taking a subterraneous course near half a mile, having its rise near Mogeely. Where it breaks out it forms a small lake, in some places three hundred yards over in winter time, and about an English mile in circumference. At this season of the year it is a receptacle for many kinds of wild fowl, and was, in the great frost of 1739, much frequented by wild geese and swans, which are very rare in this part of the kingdom. The halcyon, or king's fisher, is an inhabitant of this lake. The Spaniards boast much of the subterranean passage of the famous river Guadiana, in Murcia, over which they pretend is a bridge that may be passed by an army in battalia; and the same, with as much justice, may be said of our rivulet.

The castle of 'Ichtermurragh, about a mile E. of Castlemartyr, is well built, and one of the most modern structures of this kind in the country, being erected by the Supples in the beginning of the last century, who married into the family of the Fitz-Geralds, and is now inhabited by Mr. Smith. Here is a remarkable ravenry, where these birds build yearly. And at Clonpriest, about four miles more to the east, near the seat of Mr. John Haymond, there is a herony, where herons also build every year. In the parish church of Ichtermurragh are some tombs of the Supples and Pitmans. The former family removed into this country, from the county of Limerick, in Queen Elizabeth's time; Cambden mentions them among the inhabitants of that country, by the name of Saple.

Drumada, now Supple's Court, a small mile S. of Castlemartyr, is an handsome seat of Ed. Supple, Esq., on a rising ground, which takes in an agreeable prospect of a considerable tract of country, and all the improvements, and new river, of Castlemartyr. Facing the house is a pretty canal, good gardens and offices, and considerable quantities of bog-timber have been found at Ballyquirk, the estate of this gentleman.

About three miles E. of Castlemartyr is the church of Kilcredan, in which are two old monuments. That on the south side of the altar has the following inscription:

"Hic jacet corpus Roberti Tynte aurati, hujus provinciæ regis conciliis, filii quinti Edmund Tynte de Wrexhall comitatu Somesetensi in Anglia armigeri, qui honorem fuum gladio acquisivit. Hanc ecclesiam atq; monumentum fieri fecit, Dei omnipotensis providentia. An. dom. 1633."

On this monument is placed the effigy of Sir Robert Tynte, lying on his back in coat armour; and at his head and feet are two women, in a praying posture, all of painted alabaster.

On the other side of the Communion table is another monument, with the following inscription, over which are the effigies of a man and woman, in a praying posture:

"Conditur in hoc monumento Edwardus Harrisus miles & regis curiæ loci capitalis in Hybernia justicarius secundus, & cum illo Elizabethæ 4to Aprilis 1636. Illa primo Januarii 1622 hanc vitam discessit."

At the west end is a modern tomb for the family of Wallis.

The castle of Ballycrenane was built by the Carews, who also built that of Garivoe, now ruined, in the church of which is an ancient tombstone of this family, but the inscription is not legible. Ballycrenane was an old seat of the Tynte family; it is now inhabited by William Wallis, Esq., and is situated near the east end of the strand of Ballycotton; the adjacent land lies very convenient for manuring with sea-sand, and produces large crops of wheat, and excellent barley; also all kinds of garden stuff are produced here very early. The strand of Ballycotton is four miles long, smooth and level, and very agreeable to take the air on. The point of Ring forms the east side of this bay; and Ballycotton point and island, the western extremity of it. The shore towards the west rounds in a large semicircle, like the hollow of a fine amphitheatre. The island is an high, small spot, which, in the proper season, is almost covered with nests of various sea fowls and puffins eggs, that breed here in great multitudes. In this bay and coast are taken several kinds of fish, particularly excellent flat fish, lobsters, and sea trouts. There are here a species of crabs, called man-crabs, from the resemblance of a human face on the back of them. As also the spider fish, being a kind of crab, with longer claws and fewer than the common crab, observable only on the shores of this bay. From the island of Ballycotton may be seen Kinsale-head and the mouth of Cork harbour.

Two miles west of this strand is the castle of Ballymaloe, built by the Fitz-Geralds, and after the rebellion of 1641 possessed by the first Earl of Orrery, who resided in it. It is now the seat of Hugh Lumley, Esq., who purchased it from Col. Corker, and added some new buildings to the castle. In the castle hall are two pair of horns of the moose deer, one of which measured, from tip to tip, ten feet three inches, the breadt of the palm was 32 inches, from the vertex of the head to the nose 20 inches. The other pair were, from tip to tip, six feet three inches, and the breadth of the palm in proportion; yet the skull of this smaller pair was larger than the other head, which shows that this last had not come to its full growth, and also that this species of deer cast their horns annually (21).

In the same hall, on the picture of a dwarf, named Chuff, who belonged to Col. Corker, are these lines, said to be wrote extempore. He received an accidental shot in the shoulder some time before this picture was drawn:

To please a good mistress, I'm drawn as you see,
With my crutch, and my wounds, thus express'd;
A brace of hard balls in my body still be,
That will ever disquiet my rest.
Man's life, and my length, are much of a size,
Scarce either exceed a good span;
Mankind perpetually do me despise,
And the maids won't allow I'm a man.
Tho' my inches are nine, besides a fair yard;
And my years they are twenty and four;
Then pity my case, which you see is so hard,
As I ne'er shall grow half an inch more.
Plain Richard Nomane they called me dad,
And for him, a name good enough;
But as I am form'd a more dapper lad,
They call me but plain master Chuff.

Adjoining to this castle are good gardens and other plantations. This gentleman has made an improvement to cider, by boiling it before it is fermented, which greatly adds to the strength of the liquor, one-third being evaporated. He also takes particular care to have his cider well fermented before it be tunned, as also to sweat the fruit before it is ground. Mr. Philips, in his admirable poem on cider, observes that even windfalls may be ripened by

(20) Dowr, in the British language, signifies water; and Dowr, in the old Irish, has the same signification.

(21) This species of deer, which we have no other traces of in this kingdom, but from their horns and bones dug up in bogs, are supposed by sir Thomas Mollyneaux, to be the same as the American moose deer, concerning which the baron Lahontan gives the following account. "The original is a fort of elk, not much different from that we find in Muscovy. It is as big as an Auvergne moyle, and much of the same shape, abating for its muzzle, its tail, and its great flat horns, which weigh sometimes 400 weight. This animal usually resorts to planted countries. Its hair is long and brown, and the skin is strong and hard, and not thick. The flesh of the female sort eats deliciously; and it is said, that the far hind foot of the female kind, is a cure for the falling sickness. It neither runs nor skips, but its trot will almost keep up with the running of an hart. The savages assure us, that, in summer time, it will trot three days, and three nights, without intermission. These sort of animals commonly gather into a body towards the latter end of autumn; and the herds are largest about the beginning of spring, at which time, the she ones are in rutting; but after their heat is over, they all disperse themselves. The savages make canoes of the elks skins, which they sow together very easily, covering the seams with a sort of earth instead of pitch."
Baron Lahontan's voyage, vol. I. p. 57, 59.

sweating, equal to those of fruit which have been meliorated in the natural way.

———His fallen heaps
Collecting, cherish'd with the tepid wreaths
Of tedded grass, and the sun's mellowing beams,
Rival'd with artful heats, and thence procur'd,
A costly liquor by improving time
Equal'd with what the happiest vintage bears.
Book II.

Among other trees in this gentleman's gardens are the arbutus or strawberry-tree; also almond trees, that bear fruit; the arbor vitæ of Gerrard; and several kinds of myrtle, which thrive here, and flourish equal to those planted in a warmer and happier climate.

A mile more to the west is Cloyne (situated 12 reputed miles east of the city of Cork), an ancient Bishoprick, founded by St. Coleman (22) in the sixth century, who was the first Bishop of this see.

Cloyne was called Cluain Vamha, and, in the old Roman provincial, Cluain Vanian. Clone, or Cluain, signifies a den or cave, also an enclosure or retirement. Llhyud says it is sometimes taken for a park. Vamha signifies a dark place, or a place of horror. There is a deep and large cave in a park near this town, part of the domain of the see, which probably gave name to the place (23).

This cathedral (dedicated to its founder) is built in the form of a cross, and is a decent Gothic building; the choir, in which there is a good organ, is neatly finished. It is 70 feet long, and the nave about 120. On each side are lateral aisles (besides the cross aisles), divided by Gothic arches, five on each side. At the entrance of the choir is an handsome portal of wood. The stalls, bishop's throne, pulpit, and other pews are well executed, and so is the altar piece. There is a canopy seat for the Earl of Inchiquin in this choir. On the N. side of the chancel is the Bishop's consistory court, also used for a vestry room; out of this a pair of stairs leads to the pulpit. On the S. side of the altar is a flag stone to the memory of the Rev. Henry Rug, Dean of this cathedral, who was interred here in June, 1671. On the east wall of the north cross-aisle is a monument, with this inscription:

Margaritæ Corker,
Petri Wallis de Shanagary chiliarchæ
Ex
Audria Baker de Carrigrohan
Filiæ,
Piæ, pudicæ, literatæ, beneficae,
Edwardus Corker de Ballimaloe armig.
Charissimæ conjugi
Possuit
Obiit XVII die Julii A. D. MDCCXXI.
Hic etiam jacent,
Catherina Baker, matertera,
Et
Mehetable Foulke, soror Margaritæ.
Obiit Catharina XXVIII die Martii A. D. MDCCXIV.
Obiit Mehetable I die Julii A. D. MDCCIII.

Arms, argent, a lion rampant azure, impaled with azure, two hearts in chief gules. Motto, "Sacrificium Deo cor contritum."

On the N. side of the same aisle is another monument, of black marble, somewhat defaced. On the top were two images, in a praying posture, since defaced.

Epitaphium Johannis de Geraldinis militi
A.D. 1611.
Hic situs est miles magni de stirpe Geraldi,
Æterna cujus patria laude sonat.
Hospitis celebris, doctrina clarus & armis,
Digna suit virtus nobilitate viri.
Omnipotens animam, rapiat miseratus in altum
Dura hæc est animum marmora corpus habet.
Illus & gesta in pace, & quamplurima bello,
Te doceant vivi, amice lector, vale.
Obiit predict. eques
Anno ætatis 85.
Die vero mensis Januarii 15. ann dom. 1612.
Sub hoc etiam marmore
Requiescit,
Filius cum patre, qui immatura morte præripuit,
Ann. ætatis 43.
Die vero mensis Martii 10. ann. dom. 1612.
Vivimus heu si tanquam omnes, mors nulla sequatur
Et pœnæ inferni fabula vana forent.
Ergo
Mors tua, mors Christi, fraus mundi, gloria cœli,
Et dolor inferni sunt meditanda tibi.

Before the arrival of the English, we have very few remains of the Bishops of Cloyne. The following is a catalogue of the Bishops of this see.

O Malvain, Bishop of Cloyne, died in 1094.

Nehemiah O Moriertarch flourished ann. 1140, and died in 1149.

Matthew, he sat in 1171, and died in 1192.

Laurence O'Sullivan, died in 1204.

Daniel, died in 1222.

Florence, succeeded in 1224.

Patrick, a Cistercian monk, succeeded in 1226.

David Mac-Kelly succeeded, and in 1237 was translated to Cashel.

Allan O Sullivan succeeded in 1240, and in 1248 was translated to Lismore.

Daniel, a Franciscan friar, succeeded 1249, and died in 1264.

Reginald, Bishop of Down, was translated to this see in 1255; he died in 1273.

Allan O Lonergan succeeded in 1274, and died in 1283.

Nicholas de Effingham, succeeded in 1284; he died in 1320.

Maurice O Sullehan succeeded in 1320; he died ann. 1334.

John, surnamed de Cumba, from Combe abbey, in Warwickshire, succeeded in 1335.

John Brid; how long he sat is uncertain.

John Whitlock succeeded 1351; he died in 1361.

John de Swaffham succeeded 1363, and in 1376 was translated to Bangor, in Wales.

Richard Wye succeeded 1376, and was deprived for misdemeanours in 1394.

Gerald Canton, or Condon, succeeded ann. 1394.

Adam Pay sat in 1421; he died in 1430.

Jordan; in his time this see was united to Cork, and so continued for 200 years and upwards.

For a list of the Bishops after him, vide the See of Cork, down to Dr. Synge.

George Synge was consecrated Bishop in 1638; he died in 1653.

After his death, the see continued vacant, because of the rebellion, until the restoration of King Charles II. in 1660, when Dr. Michael Boyle was advanced to it, and held it, together with Cork and Ross, as did also

Edward Synge, from whose death, in 1678, the sees have been separated.

Patrick Sheridan, succ. in 1679, and died in 1682.

Edward Jones, succ. in 1682, and was translated to St. Asaph, in Wales, in 1692.

William Palliser, succ. 1692, and in 1694 was translated to Cashel.

Tobias Pullen, succ. in 1694, and the following year was translated to Dromore.

St. George Ash, D.D., succ. 1695, and in 1697 was translated to Clogher.

John Pooley, succ. in 1697, and in 1702 was translated to Raphoe.

Charles Crow, D.D., succ. in 1702, and died in 1726.

Henry Maule, LL.D., succ., and in 1731 was translated to Dromore.

Edward Synge, succ. in 1731, and in 1733 was translated to Leighlin and Ferns.

George Berkley, D.D., succ. ann. 1733, and died in 1753.

James Stopford, succ. in 1753, and died in 1759.

Robert Johnson, succ. in 1759, and died in 1767.

Hon. Frederick Hervey, succ. in 1767, and in 1768 was translated to Derry.

Charles Agar, succ. in 1768, and is the present Lord Bishop of this see.

In this town was anciently an abbey of Augustinian nuns, founded in the sixth century by St. Ite, who was the first abbess; it stood a little west of the present see-house. But it has been long since entirely demolished.

(To be continued.)

(22) The foundation of the cathedral is attributed to Saint Coleman, the son of Lenin, man of learning and piety, and the disciple of St Finbar, bishop of Cork.

The building of this church is mentioned by the author of the life of St Brendan abbot of Clonfert, in these words. "Erat hic Colemanus, filius Linini, vita atque doctrina inter fanctos præcipuus, ipse fundavit ecclesiam Clonensem, quæ est hodie cathedralis, and samosa in partibus momoniæ: claruit in seculo sexto, sed placidetandem in domino obdormivit anno 604, Novemb. 4to. Upon which day the calendar of Cashel, and martyrology of Talmac place his death. Colgan's Act, Sanct. p. 309, 310. sect. 14.

One Coleman, the son of Lenin, is said to have wrote the life of St Senin in verse; he died, according to Colgan on the 24th of Novem, 600; but whether he was the same person with the founder of this cathedral, is uncertain.

Our saint was surnamed Mittine, and was cousin-german to the celebrated saint Bridget of Ireland. In an ancient Irish martyrology, composed by Charles Macguire, the country of Imokilly, in which this is founded, is called Regio Huibliathain, being probably, then a part of Olethan, mentioned in p. 41 of this work.

23. Some writers mention another Cloyne, by the name of Cluan Vidhnech, which they translate latibulum hæderosum, i.e. the ivy cave. This place was in the diocese of Leighlin.
Colgan's Thaumaturg. p. 354.

There was also another bishoprick in the county of Roscommon called Cluin-hemain, mentioned in the annals of Donegal and said to be destroyed anno 1089. Vide Colgan's Act. Sanct. p. 339.

None of the ancient records of this see now remain. Sir James Ware mentions a pipe roll, called Pipam Colmani, begun anno 1364, when John de Swaffham, a Carmelite friar, was bishop, who was translated to Bangor, in Wales. But this roll is now lost. Ware's Antiq. cap. 29.

Doctor George Synge, who was bishop of Cloyne, mentions this roll in a letter to the earl of Cork; and says, that the manor of Inchiquin belonged to this see, and to the earl of Ormond; and that the part of the roll wherein this manor was mentioned, was defaced. This letter is dated April 8, 1641. This bishop petitioned the court of castle-chamber against his lordship, for detaining the lands of Coolemonagh, Killenleagh, and Ballymeghan, being part of the manor of Donaghmore, the ancient possession of this see. MS. at Lismore.

"The Humour of Druid's Island" is the title of a new novel by Mr Archibald M'Ilroy which Messrs Hodges, Figgis and Co, Ltd, of Grafton street, Dublin, have now in the Press and will publish shortly at a popular price. The work embraces a rich and quaint collection of droll sayings and incidents peculiar to the people of Ulster.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Justin M'Carthy has not yet exhausted his reminiscences, though he gathered these into two goodly volumes a few years ago. He proposes to illuminate that curious decade, the sixties, with a series of personal portraits containing sketches of its celebrities

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It is satisfactory to know that the late Mr. Lionel Johnson's poems, both published and unpublished, are to be collected and published, with an introduction by Katharine Tynan. His prose essays are also being gathered by Mr. Arthur Galton. Great as was the esteem in which Mr. Johnson's prose was held, it will probably be found that its publication in a collected form will procure it higher fame.

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"C. K. S.," of the "Sphere," is able to announce that we are to have an authorised life of Sir Arthur Sullivan. The work is to be undertaken by Mr. Vernon Blackburn, who was one of Mr. Henley's young men on the "National Observer." The Life, says "C. K. S.," will include, by permission, several letters from the King and the Duke of Edinburgh, and will show his Majesty and the late Prince as keen lovers of music. There is a large and valuable correspondence. The publisher of this work has not yet been decided upon.

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In connection with the "Edinburgh" centenary, a correspondent of the "Athenæum" writes:—"What would Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, or Macaulay have said if he had met with such a sentence as this which is to be found on p. 284 of the 'Edinburgh Review' for October? 'The original idea was to run the "Review" without giving any remuneration to the writers.' Perhaps the mildest remark which any of the three might have made is that the conductor of a journal or review is not 'a runner.'" True, but many things have happened to the language in the interval.

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And to literature, too. It is impossible not to ask ourselves (remarks the "Globe") how we stand in 1902 as compared with the reading public on whom those young lions (Sydney Smith was just over thirty and Francis Jeffrey was under it) launched the "Edinburgh," which, however, has been classically compared, not to a ship, but to a bird that

Spread its light wings of saffron and of blue.

When one thinks of all that was arriving then, there slips into the mind, however, unreasonably, the lament of Gifford, of the "Quarterly," when, to use Scott's phrase, he "squabashed the Della Cruscan at one blow" with his Baviad:—

Oh, for the good old times! when all was new,
And every hour brought prodigies to view,
Our sires in unaffected language told
Of streams of amber and of rocks of gold:
Full of their theme they spurned all idle art,
And the plain tale was trusted to the heart.
Now all is changed! We fume and fret, poor elves,
Less to display our subjects than ourselves:
Whate'er we paint—a grot, a flower, a bird,
Heavens, how we sweat! laboriously absurd!

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The stream of Mr. Justin M'Carthy's histories flows on with admirable persistence. The publication of his "Reign of Queen Anne" reminds us of the beginnings of that stream. It was Mr. M'Carthy's original notion to write his "History of Our Own Times" in such a way as to tell the story of the growth of the Radical party. But that narrow ideal was dissipated in talk with his friends, and it was to a broad-minded history that he addressed himself. A certain London publishing firm asked for the book, and would have had it but for the panic which seized them when Mr. M'Carthy stood for Parliament as an Irish Nationalist. They backed out of the bargain.

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Thereupon Messrs. Chatto and Windus stepped in and offered ten times the price for the book. They have published all its successors, and, as all the world knows, no political prejudices in either the author or his readers have interfered with the success of the series. Some years ago Mr. M'Carthy explained his method of writing these histories to an interviewer. "My way is," he said, "to write from my own knowledge the great big things first, filling in the others at such length as they are fairly entitled to. What I want is to avoid the dead-level of the 'Annual Register,' which would give as much space to a Whitechapel murder as to the Greek crisis. My method of taking the big episodes first may have its drawbacks, but it is my way. I write even novels thus." Mr. M'Carthy dedicates his present work to his daughter.

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In view of the approaching centenary of Douglas Jerrold, Mr. Brimley Johnson announces a new edition of the immortal "Mrs. Caudle." This is based on his edition of last year, arranged by the author's grandson, in which appeared for the first time all the ninety illustrations by Keene, Leech, and Doyle. A photogravure portrait from the painting in the National Portrait Gallery has been now inserted

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Dumas the elder is but little known as a writer of travel books. One of these goes by the name of "The Speronara," and is an account of his trip through Sicily in 1834. This tour provided Dumas with the opportunity of accumulating a mass of historical legendary lore, which furnished material for many delightful sketches and stories. A translation of "The Speronara," by Katharine P. Wormeley, forming the initial volume of a series of "Journeys with Dumas," will shortly be published by Messrs. Dent as a companion volume to their edition of the Romances.

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It is perhaps a little late in the day to discover a misprint in Dickens, but one of a singularly interesting character is the subject of an article in the November "Connoisseur," which publishes in facsimile a page of the novelist's manuscript.

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A correspondent who has just visited Dorking sends us the information that the old building there popularly supposed to be the scene of Tony Weller's ducking of Mr. Stiggins appears to be doomed to demolition. It was for many years in use as the post-office, and before that it was the King's Head, a well-known inn on the Brighton road in the old coaching days. There have been many local claimants to being the Marquis of Granby mentioned in "Pickwick," but the evidence, perhaps, is not very satisfactory in the case of any of them.

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The latest two volumes in Messrs. Chapman and Hall's biographical edition of Dickens are "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby." The plan of the edition demands chronological sequence, and it is noteworthy that even in the early days of his career, when these works were produced, Dickens had already begun to write the novel with a purpose. The introductions contain the well-known facts regarding the writing of the books, but we notice a suggestion that Vincent Crummles may have been sketched from one of the ancestors of T. W. Robertson, the author of "Caste." With its dedication to Macready the theatrical flavour of "Nicholas Nickleby" is very strong, and to a certain extent may reflect some of Dickens's own aspirations towards the stage. The remarkable fact about "Oliver Twist" is that it was being written simultaneously with "Pickwick" for some months, and once again the story of the high pressure under which Dickens worked at that time is told by "A. W.," who does not forget to quote the novelist's remark to Foster that he found Fagin "such an out and outer that I don't know what to make of him."

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Much is continually being said, and rightly said, about the pleasures of reading. But general remarks on this subject are nearly always tedious. How much better and deeper, if also sadder, is the little rhapsody on books which you find in this month's instalment of Mr. George Gissing's "An Author at Grass" in the "Fortnightly." Mr. Gissing speaks of the sudden hunger that comes over one for a certain book, and also of the hopelessness of ever finding time to read some books again. "Perhaps when I lie waiting for the end, some of those lost books will come into my wandering thoughts, and I shall remember them as friends to whom I owed a kindness, friends passed upon the way. What a regret in that last farewell!"

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An appreciation of Lord Acton is contributed to the current "English Historical Review" by its editor, Mr. Reginald Poole. Mr. Poole justly refers to Lord Acton as "the last of a generation of great historians," great in spite of the fact that he never wrote a book. Indeed, until he was sixty, he never delivered a lecture, and then as Professor of Modern History at Cambridge he began to exercise a remarkable and enduring influence. He could not and would not dissociate history and religion: "the first of human concerns," he declared, "is religion, and it is the salient feature of the modern centuries." He went to Cambridge at a time when there was some danger of modern history being treated too exclusively from standpoints of philosophy and politics. But he broke no tradition; he merely controlled the tendency by insisting on exact knowledge touching both broad issues and narrow details. Mr. Poole concludes his interesting tribute thus:—

No attempt to indicate, however faintly, the characteristics of Lord Acton's work could omit to refer to his courageous decision to pass the age of sixty from speculation to practice, and to allow one circle of students to know something of the plenitude of his powers.

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The library of the late Lord Acton, which passed by bequest into the hands of Mr. John Morley, has been presented by him to the University of Cambridge. In his letter to the Duke of Devonshire, Chancellor of the University, making offer of the gift, Mr. Morley displays that balanced style and scholarly appreciation which make his writings always strong and distinguished. Speaking of the library he says: "For some time I played with the fancy of retaining it for my own use and delectation. But I am not covetous of splendid possessions; life is very short; and such a collection is fitter for a public and undying institution than for any private individual." The only condition which Mr. Morley imposes on the acceptance of the gift is that the sixty to seventy thousand volumes which constitute the library should be kept intact and apart from other collections. Of the books themselves he says:—

The very sight of this vast and ordered array in all departments, tongues, and times, of the history of civilised governments, the growths of faiths and institutions, the fluctuating movements of human thought, all the struggles of churches and creeds, the diverse types of great civil and ecclesiastical governors, the diverse ideals of States—all this will be to the ardent scholar a powerful stimulus to thought.

In a letter almost amusingly curt and business-like compared with Mr. Morley's scholarly enthusiasm, the Duke accepted the gift.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

It will be remembered that some time ago Dr. Garnault attempted to disprove Dr. Koch's theory of the transmission of tuberculosis to human beings by animals, inoculated himself with bacilli from a consumptive cow. Dr. Garnault himself is perfectly well, but guinea pigs inoculated with the skin taken from his arm have developed symptoms of tuberculosis.

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Prof. Edmond S. Meany, of the Smithsonian Institution, is the first scientist to visit the mummy caves of the Aleuts of Alaska. Many mummies, to be sure, have been sent from Alaska from time to time, but no man of learning has ever examined the caves themselves. The report which the professor will doubtless prepare will be looked for with some interest.

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At Grove City, near Chillicothe, a perfect skeleton of the Mastadon Americanus was found. The tusks measure from 10 to 12 feet in length. Their size and the condition of the teeth, which are well worn, show that the animal was full grown when it died. Other well-preserved specimens have been found in marshy beds in Ohio; but this is said to have been found in clay, a rather unusual circumstance.

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The Scotch mineral known as Lanarkshire blackband, which was discovered in 1801, has been practically exhausted, as there are now no pits in the Lanarkshire coalfield where it is worked as a principal product, though a small quantity of a thin blackband is raised with the gas coal at one or two pits. Some blackband of excellent quality is, however, still raised in Fife and Midlothian for smelting in the Lanarkshire furnaces, while the somewhat leaner blackbands of Ayrshire are still fairly plentiful.

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In 1851 Foucault originally demonstrated the rotary movement of the earth by means of the pendulum which bears his name. The experiments were interrupted after the coup d'etat of December 2, 1851. Another demonstration was carried out on October 22 last. Foucault's pendulum, composed of piano wire, about 220 feet long, was attached to the summit of the dome of the Pantheon, and from it was suspended a ball weighing 56 pounds. The steel stylus was fixed to the bob thus constituted, and beneath it on the floor was placed a round table upon which the points of the compass were marked. A little heap of sand was run around the table. Flammarion, the well-known astronomer, and Senator Chaumie, Minister of Public Instruction, delivered appropriate speeches in the presence of a large assembly, which included numerous scientists. Then the Minister, with a taper, burned a silk cord attaching the pendulum to the side of the table, and the pendulum swung across the table, cutting a trench through the sand, each swing widening the trench slightly until the table appeared to be revolving.

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A curious fact has been ascertained during the recent survey of India—namely, that the northerly direction of the plumb-line, ascribed to attraction by the great mass of the Himalaya and the Tibetan upland, is reversed along a comparatively narrow belt between 22 deg. and 24 deg. north latitude, crossing India from east to west for one thousand miles. Here the deflection is southerly, while the northernly deflection reasserts itself farther south, and is connected so far as 18 deg. north latitude. The zone, so strangely exempted from what has been supposed to be a general law, runs across Central India from the delta of the Ganges to that of the Indus, but well to the south of the great Gangetic plain. These facts are discussed by Major Burrow in a paper read before the Royal Astronomical Society. Major Burrow's theory is that the phenomenon follows the axis of what he calls a subterranean chain of mountains, causing the greater density of the earth's crust in this particular tract. The hypothetical range would, we are at liberty to conjecture, either have foundered bodily in some great catastrophe or subsided gradually and been submerged under alluvium and silt. The fact opens up an interesting subject for the discussion of geologists.

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A farmer who lives in northern Louisiana has grown weary of peppering gray hawks with blue whistler buckshot. It takes too much time. He sat down and thought long, and finally evolved a method that does credit to Yankee ingenuity. Every one knows that hawks perch only on dead trees. This Louisiana farmer made a strong pole some 50 feet in length by nailing some scantlings together. To one end of the pole he tied a scythe blade, with its razor edge turned down. He set the pole up about 500 feet from his barnyard. An hour had hardly passed when a black hawk alighted on the scythe, grasped it with its talons, but released its hold with a suddenness that gave ample proof of an injury sustained. The bird glanced down and attached the scythe viciously. It was cut again and again, but never relented, maddened probably by its own blood, as most hawks are. After a short struggle the bird fell to the ground with its head split open. This Louisiana farmer has killed many hawks in the same manner.

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An interesting letter appears in an American contemporary from a Mr. R. H. Oliver, of Gary, Florida, with reference to the habits of mussels. Mr. Oliver writes:—Some time ago I read an article on the pearl button trade of the Mississippi and Arkansas Rivers, and in it found the following paragraph: "Authorities differ upon the question of whether mussels move or not, except as the water makes them or the fasten on to some moving object that touches them, but the fact that sand and mud deposits kill them seems to establish their inability to move without assistance." I was reared on the Tennessee River, and lived for a number of years near the Colorado, in Texas, and have had ample opportunities to make observations on the characteristics of the mussel. I can state emphatically that mussels do move. I have watched them for an hour at a time. They elevate themselves with the open part of the shell down; a mussel six inches long and three and one-half or four inches wide will make in moving, two parallel lines about one and one-half inches wide. Their method of locomotion is to protrude sufficiently out of the shell and operate on the same principle as a snake, moving very slowly. If the water is disturbed in the slightest manner they will close their shell at once and fall over. I do not suppose they can hear, but of course they have sensation. The fact that mussels are covered up by sand deposits and destroyed is no argument against their locomotion. The mussel is a very slow mover, and the debris of a river moves rapidly during a rise, and of course the mussel is unable to reach a place of safety. In the West I have seen hundreds of fish drowned in the sudden rise of a stream caused by a waterspout. It is not strange, then, that the slow-moving mussel should be killed by the same cause.

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Fuel oil has worked many strange improvements in the method of doing things in Texas and Louisiana since the Lucas gusher "came in" nearly two years ago, and it is destined to accomplish more wonderful changes, the latest and most striking of which has just been announced. One plan has as its object nothing more or less than the turning of a comparatively unimportant section of a Texas county into a thriving centre of life and activity through the agency of electricity. Harris County is that selected, and the industry to be developed is the raising of rice on an immense scale, all the power to be supplied by electricity, even to flooding the fields, harvesting the crop, milling the rough rice, lighting and heating the homes of farmers, supplying heat for their cooking stoves, and the power for transportation of product over a network of trolley car lines. In other words, almost every necessity and comfort of the people who will be brought in to settle this country will come to them through the agency of electricity. Fuel oil will produce the steam which will operate the central power plant, and through its use the cost of operation will be just about one-half of what it would be were coal or other fuel used, the oil fields being only a short distance away.

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H. Rieder reports a continuation of the experiments begun in 1898 relative to bactericidal power of Rontgen rays. The bactericidal power of the Rontgen rays was tested against the cholera spirillum, the bacillus prodigiosus and the colon bacillus. The micro-organisms were innoculated into gelatine or agar and exposed to the action of the rays in Petri dishes, the covers being removed. After twenty to thirty minutes' continuous exposure to the rays many of the bacteria were killed, and multiplication ceased in nearly all. In every series of experiments, however, a few of the individual bacteria were not affected. Experiments have shown that the bactericidal power of the rays is not due to the fluorescent light, heat, ozone, or electricity. So far as is known the culture media are not altered by the rays or made unsuitable for the growth of bacteria. Gelatine is never liquefied. It is not, however, to be assumed on the basis of the above experiments that the Rontgen rays possess any bactericidal action upon bacteria when present in the animal body. The evidence from animal experimentation is against such a supposition. As a rule, animals inoculated with pathogenic bacteria and exposed to the rays die sooner than similarly inoculated animals which are not thus exposed. It is not to be denied that in the human subject certain infectious diseases, particularly those of the skin, may be successfully treated by the Rontgen rays, but it does not seem probable at the present time that such success is due to bactericidal action.

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It is generally believed that the bite of sea serpents, or hydrophids, is not dangerous, but this is not so, and cases of death from this cause have been observed by Comtor in Japan, Fayrer in India, and Forne in New Caledonia. M. Kermorgant has published some new observations in the Annales d'Hygiéne de Medecine Coloniales. The geographical distribution of the sea serpents is very extensive, embracing a marine zone which is bounded on one side by the coasts of Asia and Africa, and on the other by the west coast of Central America; Australia is included in this region. These include the Hydrophis nigra and H. nigrocyneta, of the Indian Ocean and the seas of China; the H. chloris, of the Indian Ocean, also the H. cyanocyneta, as well as the Pelambys bicolor of the Australian coast. If the effects of their bite have not been more often pointed out it is because they are not mortal in a great number of cases. In many of the colonies of New Caledonia these serpents are found in abundance, and the opinion is so general that they are harmless that the snake charmers use them in their performances. In fact, they bite but rarely and with difficulty owing to the smallness of their mouth, and the dangerous effects are not frequent as they have only very small venom-glands and minute fangs. The head, which is small, is scarcely to be distinguished from the body, while the tail is flattened in the form of an oar. The length often exceeds three feet. A rat, when bitten by one of these serpents, dies in four or five minutes.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

DUBLIN, THURSDAY, JULY 19.

The Company of Undertakers of the Grand Canal have it, we hear, in contemplation to purchase the property of the River Brusna, for a head stream to supply the upper levels of the navigation.

We hear from Tralee, that on Sunday, the 6th instant, a dispute arose between some of the inhabitants of the lands of Banna, near Ardfert, when a battle ensued, in which two men were killed outright, and one or two others so desperately mangled, that we hear they cannot recover. The names of the men slain were, we understand, Connor and Molony.

Tuesday night some villains, attempting to strip the lead off Col. Gore's stables, Stephen's Green, were fired on by the porter from an upper window, on which they fled, leaving their utensils and a good deal of blood behind them.

The cause of the riot in the Liberty is represented by a correspondent as follows:—There are two committees of the working woollen weavers in that part of the city, one of whom thought proper, in their great and sovereign pleasure, to order a fine of threepence on each loom, to be levied throughout the whole, which was opposed by the weavers in the other district, as thinking it to be an innovation on the rights of their own committee who ought to have been consulted. Open war ensued between the two parties, and in consequence the military and police were called in to quell the tumult. They were only seventeen of them taken and lodged in the New Prison. The purport of this fine was to support the hosiers, calico-printers, and pin-makers, in order to fee counsel for them on their trial for combination.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1787.

We are happy to inform our readers that, by a report made to the Linen Board by the proper officer, it appears that the value of linens exported directly from the Linen Hall in the June market, 1787, has exceeded the values of the linens exported in the June market, 1786, in a sum not less than £111, 600.

Trials at the Commission of Oyer and Terminer before the Hon. Baron Power.

Thursday Mr. M'Nally, of Rush, was tried and acquitted, for the supposed murder of a revenue officer on the 2nd of September last, near the town of Swords.

Richard Troy, Thomas Walsh, Christopher Murray, Connel Holland, and Edward M'Dermot was tried for street robbery on Hon. O'Brien. The jury found Troy guilty, and acquitted the rest. He was sentenced to be hanged on Saturday, the 28th inst.

We are informed that the course of the River Dodder will be turned so as to gain several hundred acres from the sea, at a moderate expense, agreeable to a plan which has been approved of, and will shortly be proceeded upon; by which means the navigation of our harbour will be rendered more secure by eventually deepening the bed of the Liffey, by a proper embankment.

A new Royal Infirmary is now erecting for the use of the army in the Phœnix Park, near the gate leading from the barrack. The front of Portland stone is in an elegant style of architecture, the second storey is now raised, and has the advantage of an elevated situation. This structure, when finished, will vie with any public building of the kind in this improving country.

Yesterday at the general quarterly assembly held for the city of Dublin, the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs, Commons, and Citizens, voted the freedom of this city to the Right Hon. John O'Neil, of Shane's Castle.

CORK, JULY 16.

Last Wednesday morning, between one and two o'clock, two men armed and their faces blackened, forced into the house of John Mullane, a poor man, at Fair-hill, and robbed it of every article they could find worth taking away.

DUBLIN, FRIDAY, JULY 13.

Thursday se'ennight, the "Amiable Mary," Capt. de Brosse, sailed from Waterford for Nantz, with a choice assorted cargo, consisting entirely of Irish manufactures; amongst which were kitchen furniture, different kinds of cutlery, and cabinet-maker's ware, with a large quantity of printed linens, calicoes, and cottons, to the amount of twenty thousand pounds prime cost.

The utility of the Grand Canal, with respect to many articles of necessity, which now find their way to a reasonable market, has at length reduced the price of Kilkenny coal to near half the usual cost. The best of that commodity is now selling at the Canal stores for ten pence a hundred. The carmen who brought coal to Dublin from the pits of Clough, Donane, and Castlecomber, lay their burdens down at Monasterevan, Athy, and Carlow, from whence they are transported to the capital at two-thirds less expense, besides the advantage of a constant supply to the boats in one-third of the time.

DUBLIN, MONDAY, JULY 23.

Extract of a letter from Gaybrook, near Mullingar, July 20.

"Yesterday, about twelve o'clock, a ball of fire nearly as large in appearance as a hogshead, ran either from Dysart Island, in Belvedere Lake, or from the water close to it, took its course north-easterly over the wood of Belvedere, and close to Mr. Dennis's house, proceeded in that direction till it was out of sight, not above forty or fifty feet from the ground; in about seventeen minutes it returned, though with very diminished velocity, and fell into the lake, just under Mr. Lyons, where it is supposed it burst, as its effect upon the lake for ten minutes after was amazing—fish thrown thirty yards on shore, and Mr. Dennis's boat was thrown out of a deep dock two yards upon the dry land. I have since heard that the ball struck against a tree in Clonmoyle, about two miles from the lake, which it shivered to pieces, but which, however, was the cause of its turning. Its whole course was about seven miles. Though an eye-witness of the above, I would hardly venture to relate it, if it could not be authenticated by some of the most respectable men in the county—Mr. Lyons, the two Mr. Rochfort's, Rev. Mr. Dennis, Mr. R. Swift, Mr. Nugent, Dr. Naughten, were present along with me at this truly wonderful and awful sight.

DUBLIN, TUESDAY, JULY 24.

The Parliament of this kingdom, which stood prorogued to this day, is further prorogued to Tuesday, the 25th of September next.

The company of undertakers of the Grand Canal have, we hear, determined on bringing a supply of water for some of the upper levels by means of an aqueduct from the River Liffey.

The last rains have very much impeded the stone-cutting work in the nearer parts of the county Wicklow, where the stones are roughshaped and sent off to this city in great abundance for the purposes of flagging and building. The demand has been so great of late, and especially within the last two years, that numbers of persons procure a comfortable livelihood thereby for themselves and families. In the mountains near Kilgobbin, and the places contiguous, there are above two hundren men fully employed; during rain and frost they are, however, obliged to desist.

The wool fair at Mullingar is at last over, and the bags which were bought there sold at the enormous price of eighteen shillings and sixpence a stone; a circumstance that may be very acceptable to the graziers and sheep growers, but which must eventually prove of the utmost detriment to our working fabrics.

Saturday night a journeyman smith, returning home with his week's earnings, was hustled into a passage in Capel street, by three foot-pads, one of whom seized him by the throat, while the other ruffiians rifled the poor man's pockets of nine British shillings, with which they escaped.

We hear that James Foy, otherwise Sladdeen, who was concerned in the murder of Patrick Randal M'Donnel, Esq., and Charles Hipson, and who was tried and acquitted of the murder, and afterwards pleaded autre fois acquit as to the procurement of said murder, is now to be tried on an indictment for the procurement of the murder of Charles Hipson, when, it is said, the counsel, in case of his pleading to that indictment autre fois acquit, mean to demur to that plea, instead of joining issue, as was done in the former case.

MULLINGAR, JULY 21.

Wednesday last a number or men were employed in order to clear away the ground for the foundation of our new county gaol, which is to be erected on one of the best and most approved modern plans, for strength and convenience. The river of the town will run through the gaol yard, and many other conveniences peculiar to the site on which it is to be built, rarely to be met with in other places.

DUBLIN, WEDNESDAY, JULY 25.

The apprehensions entertained from the Custom House being erected at the east end of the town, are in some degree abated by the carriage on the Grand Canal being opened in the West. The influx of trade caused by this circumstance is really inconceivable; besides supplying the city with provisions, numberless persons are furnished with the means of industry, and the circulation of specie it causes is sensibly felt by the whole neighbourhood.

DUBLIN, THURSDAY, JULY 26.

Between the hours of three and four on Tuesday afternoon, this city and its neighbourhood experienced the most tremendous thunder and lightning known these thirty years; the peals were scarcely without intermission, and the lightning truly terrific. The rain which accompanied was the heaviest remembered by the oldest persons, causing such floods in the streets at the West end of the city that the passing carriages were up to the naves of the wheels in water, but did not extend farther Eastward than College Green. During the storm a curious phenomenon was seen in the air—a large body of fire about the size of a hogshead, which descended in an oblique direction a little to the South-west, and when near the earth exploded with a greater noise than the discharge of several pieces of cannon; this was succeeded by another small ball of fire, which ascended with the velocity of a rocket, and burst in the air.

(To be Continued.)

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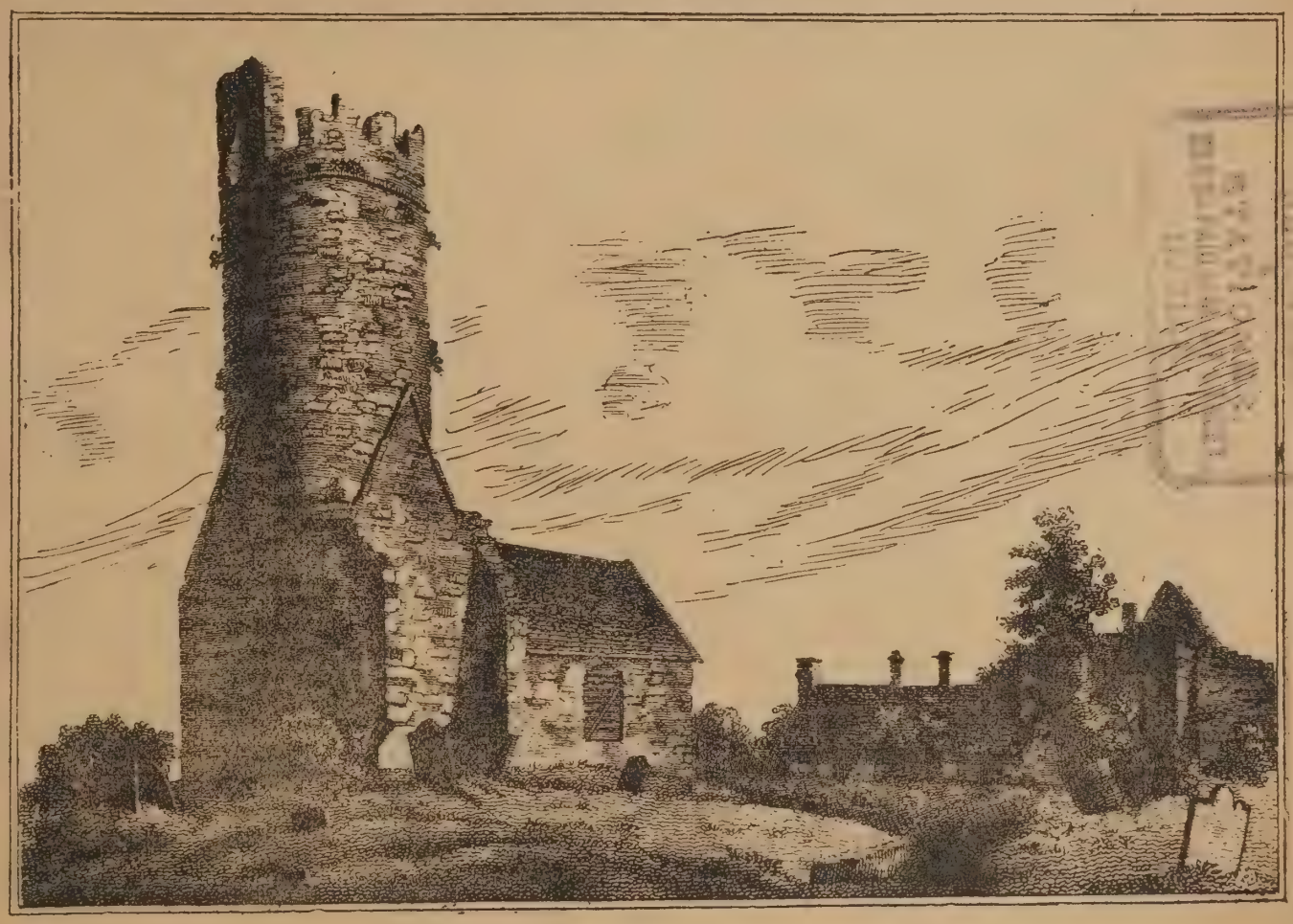
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From GROSE'S ANTIQUITIES OF IRELAND, 1791.

The following account of the curious old building above depicted is taken from Grose's "Antiquities of Ireland," 1791:—

The style of building in the steeple or tower of this church is very singular, not being paralleled (as far as I know) by anything exactly similar in this kingdom, except at St. Kevin's Kitchen, where the round tower makes part of the fabric. There are such structures at Halling in Kent, and Little Saxham in Suffolk.

The time when Kilussy church was erected cannot be determined; the monastic chronicle ascribes its foundation to St. Auxil, nephew of St. Patrick, from whom it received its name, Kil-Auxaile, or more contracted, Kil-ussy. Let its age be what it may, we know from the instance of St. Kevin's Kitchen at Glendalough, built before 1169, that the original campanile or belfry was a distinct structure almost everywhere, but particularly in Ireland, and that its approximation to the church was by slow degrees. This belfry was, in those early times, a round tower. There is a castle and house at Kilussy, the latter the seat of Robert Graydon, Esq. The castle is a square battlemented tower of great strength, and is fitted up and used as offices for servants. Directly behind the house, on a rising ground, is Kilussy church: there are a number of caves contiguous, a strong proof of the antiquity of the fabric.

This view was taken by Lieutenant Daniel Grose.

HUGH HAMILTON.

AN OLD DUBLIN ARISTOCRATIC PORTRAIT PAINTER.

By M.

I.

Whenever an opinion has acquired a popular ascendancy, and has become hoary with age, he is said to be a bold man, if not presumptuous also, who dares to question its truth; the dogma having acquired a prescriptive legality, submission becomes almost inferential; in short, it is taken as one of those matter-of-fact propositions, which render the exercise of the judgment a perfect sinecure; for having been adopted without inquiry, it is circulated without scruple, and continues to hold its ground upon the mere pleas of possession. Yet all this time it is, perhaps, a most flimsy error, which, when subjected to the ordeal of a searching inquiry, is found to be wholly untenable, and is therefore thrown aside; having suffered by the investigations, fully as much as did the noted shield of the redoubtable Scriblerus, the claims of which to the high rank of antiquarian importance, with which the sanguine speculations of its owner had invested it, having all disappeared by the simple operation of scourging! after which it stood in its nakedness—a mere modern sconce! Such, generally speaking, is the ultimate fate of all fashionable error, however dexterously constructed, or pertinaciously sustained. Time is a sure, though sometimes a tardy detecter of falsehood.

The erroneous and injurious opinion, which we combat, and to which we would direct public attention, is the assertion so often, and so confidently urged—viz., that portrait painting is not only a very inferior walk of art, but that its practice incapacitates for the lofty pursuits of Taste!

This we deny; on the contrary, we shall prove that there is no walk of art in which higher powers are required, in order to obtain distinction, or in the practice of which, the diversified attainments of a genuine painter are more continuously exercised.

But ere we proceed further, let us most earnestly disavow any intention of including within the boundaries of genuine portrait painting, that low, servile inventory of the features, ycleped likeness painting, in which there is neither mind nor sentiment; nothing, in short, but a vulgar, vile exaggeration of the palpable peculiarities of the individual, and which, after all, is not so much a likeness, as a staring tracery of a face!

What we mean by portrait painting is that transcribing of the living man, in which whilst the personal identity is almost faithfully preserved, there is also the mind, the character, the feeling of life—in short, it is that into which the vitality of thought has been breathed, and in which are to be found those attractions of high art, which raise it to the rank of a universal interest, counting as its admirers every genuine votary of taste! This, we take it, cannot be achieved by men of an ordinary class of mind.

Now there are two ways of demonstrating this truth; the first is to show what those requisites are, that enable a painter to produce a fine portrait; the second is to exhibit the facts, that the greatest painters, ancient or modern, were themselves great historical painters. This, we should hope, will at once set the question at rest.

The essentials of a fine portrait being identity, both personal and mental, it necessarily follows that the likeness must not only be veritable, but characteristic also; and in conducting such a picture, it is quite clear that the consistency of its character, as a whole, can only be sustained by the introduction of such accessories, as, whilst they harmonise in a pictorial sense, are in strict unison with the expression of the principal object. For instance, the thoughtful, the studious, the profound philosopher cannot, with propriety, be surrounded with those objects which would fitly assimilate with the light, the airy, or the gay. Thus it is evident that a fine portrait is something more than a mere likeness. It is, in truth, graphic biography, and in many instances both historical and instructive.

We do not say that there is no higher walk of art; but we do affirm that the powers which sustain a great portrait painter are competent, should accident or choice determine him into the higher walk, fully to sustain him there likewise.

It is a most illogical mode of reasoning to infer incapacity from inability. When a portrait painter for the first time attempts history, he is less successful than when in his own walk; and it is precisely so with the historical painter when he essays portraits. But neither of these results establish incapacity. Nelson, we apprehend, might not have managed matters quite so successfully at Waterloo as the hero who conquered there; and it is very possible that even the great Duke himself might have failed at the Nile! Yet would it not be a very bold assertion, indeed, to affirm, that these great men possessed not in common with each other, the highest qualities of mind; or that if their respective pursuits had been reversed, they would not have been equally renowned. But we shall quit all mere speculations, and come at once to facts.

The greatest portrait painters amongst the ancient masters were Raphael, Titian, Guido, Parmegiano, Rembrandt, Rubens, Vandyke, Murillo, and Velasquez. Now these very men were renowned as great historical painters: and in our own days Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and Lawrence have each proved his just claim to the rank of historic painter. Gainsborough was also one of the greatest landscape painters that has appeared; and as to his cottage groups, their unique excellence has long since become proverbial. Yet with these demonstrated facts full in view, your modern Mecænas, when encouraging art, excludes from the pale of his patronage—a portrait!

How fortunate for Rubens and Vandyke that they live not in these days! Had fate so cast their nativity, neither the "Chapeau de Paille," nor the "Gevartius" could be selected for honours or reward, both being portraits! Even that exquisite picture by Rubens, the portrait of his mother, now in the Dulwich Gallery, in which the widowed parent, smiling benevolently, even in decay, looks as one thankful for having been spared to witness the success of her honoured son; her aged and nervous hand laid gently at rest, that so often in its beauty has been affectionately stretched forth to aid the infant totterer! No, nor yet that noble work by Vandyke—Charles the First on his white charger, passing through the gates at Temple Bar—the very impersonation of calm, melancholy, unefforted dignity. These precious works! poignant with mind, must, conformably with the restrictive regulations on modern taste, be put aside! in order to pour, with a concentrated effulgence, the rays of patronage on some low, vulgar, smutched manipulator of tin or brass, or, mayhap, one of your vendors of screeching discords—the Orpheus of the village pothouse. Yet all this time we are sagely assured, that this is the only way to raise and to sustain the fine arts of our country! Oh! what a premium is thus offered to the mental declension, which, insensible to the attractions of beauty and grandeur, finds its highest ambition in driving a profitable trade with the grovelling and the low.

We presume it must have been the imposition of some such restrictions on the aspirations of taste, which drew from the caustic Rochefoucauld that withering prayer, "Delivre nous, grand Dieu, de ces amateurs sans amour, et de ces connoisseurs sans connoissance!"

Believing, as we do, that the refutation of an error so offensive, and often so injurious to the eminent portrait painter, could not have been more fitly attempted than when commencing, as we now are, the memoirs of a painter eminently endowed with the conjoined powers of historic and portrait art, we have, therefore, essayed the full exposure of its fallacy; but we have not done so merely because that opinion might have grated upon the ear, or might have occasionally wounded the feelings of the portrait painter. We had other and equally just motives, impelling us to assist in the correction and removal of so popular an error.

Next to a just appreciation of the artist's powers, as evidenced in his works, is a knowledge of the powers of the art itself, and the true classification of its various walks. Without this necessary information we never can hope to judge truly, or with effect; for, if through the bias of any of those conventionalisms with which the region of criticism so abounds, we shall have previously degraded that path of art in which the painter moves, we are by no means likely to feel, or to value, his attainments or his works. We should, therefore, recollect that class does not make the man, nor the painter neither—and Sir Joshua Reynolds was so convinced of that truth, that as confirmatory of it, he has given it as his opinion, that "distinction even in the humbler walks of art, is only to be achieved by those who have brought down with them to that walk the attainments acquired in the higher." This is most true, particularly as regards the eminent portrait painter.

It is, therefore, essential that the principle of criticism should be closely investigated, and thoroughly understood, by those who desire to be the advocates or encouragers of art, in order that their proceedings may be guided by that enlarged sense of justice and of taste, which recognises the art—not the artist.

The mere love of an art confers no knowledge of that art, although it may, perhaps, in time lead to its acquisition; but until that knowledge shall have been acquired, the highest and purest motives may but terminate in error; for uninstructed integrity is often as injurious in its decisions as the most reckless partiality, although originating in motives so wholly dissimilar. The truth is,

well-directed zeal must ever be guided by knowledge.

Mr. Hamilton commenced the practice of his profession as a crayon painter, very early in life, to which walk he confined himself for many years. He was very successful in his likenesses, drew with great truth, and with as much facility as is consistent with truth; but he never indulged in that slovenly ill-digested attempt at form, so attractive to the half-taught, so destructive to true genius. His were faithful, intelligent expressions of the object before him, which proved his thorough intimacy with its character and form.

His portraits in crayons, generally speaking, were rather crayon drawings than crayon pictures. They were full of ability, very faithful as likenesses, but they wanted that breadth of effect, and that depth of tone, which the material in such hands could have so abundantly yielded. They appeared to have been very slightly executed, laid in with a few colours, the prevailing tone of which was grey, and then finished with red and black chalk. They were marked with great skill and truth; the features, particularly the eyes, were expressed with great feeling; but as pictures, they were not sustained by those depths of colour or of shadow, which alone confer pictorial effect. They had all the appearance of having been hurried rather than neglected; in short, it was quite evident that they were the productions of a clever man, but one whose professional engagements scarcely left him time to mature his own thoughts.

Such was really the fact, particularly when he first practised in London. On his arrival there, he took lodgings in the house of an eminent court milliner, in Pall Mall, and having placed the likeness of the lady of the establishment in the room in which she attended her customers, it was so much admired, that in the course of a week he found himself overwhelmed with business. He came at once into notice, having as his sitters the highest of the nobility. The size of his drawings was six inches by four, and the form oval; his terms nine guineas. He could scarcely execute all the orders that came in upon him, and the writer has heard him declare, that in the evening of each day, a part of his occupation was picking and gathering up the guineas from amongst the bran and broken crayons, in the several crayon boxes into which, in the hurry of the day, he had thrown them! This was about the year 1780.

He remained in those lodgings for two years, and there took a house in St. Martin's lane, at the rere of which he built a most expensive and commodious painting-room. He resided there for six or seven years in the fullest practice, and subsequently went to Italy to study the works of the great masters. He settled in Rome, and during his residence there painted many of the English, and almost all the Irish nobility and gentry then on the Continent. The friendships which he then contracted followed him through life. He was fully sensible of the honour and value of such attachments; but among those which he seemed most to prize, and which he most uninterruptedly enjoyed, was that of the La Touche family, a name rendered venerable by the practice of every virtue, and the promotion of every good—the friends of genius, the encouragers of industry, the protectors of the poor; the tried, the steady friends of their country.

When in Rome he became acquainted with the late Mr. Flaxman, the great British sculptor, then prosecuting his studies in that emporium of art. Of Mr. Hamilton's talents as a draftsman and composer, Mr. Flaxman conceived the highest opinion, and with that universal and generous warmth, which high minds only are impelled by, he stated to his friend the estimate he had formed of his powers, urging him most earnestly to take up the palette and brushes, and thus give to his large capabilities a more ample and suitable field for their exercise The impetus thus given by praise from such a man as Flaxman, to a mind such as Hamilton's, at once determined the adoption of a change, on the propriety of which his own thoughts had been long vibrating. He immediately took to oil painting, from the practice of which he never after departed.

Mr. Hamilton was accompanied to Rome by his only daughter, whose amiable and accomplished manners gave additional charms to her attainments in classical literature; and those were of no ordinary extent. Amongst the many who sought and enjoyed her society, none were more impressed than Mr. Flaxman, who a very few years before his death, while sitting in his own studio in Buckingham street, honouring the writer of this memoir with a most interesting account of his studies in Rome, assured him that he had never met a young woman whose attainments and whose manners so thoroughly commanded his respect and esteem, as those of Miss Hamilton. Her conversation and society must, therefore, have been most cheering and delightful to her father, whose highly imaginative mind so constantly sought refreshment from the invigorating sources of literature and science.

On his return from Italy, he came and settled in Dublin as a portrait painter, and very soon established his high reputation. All his former sitters and friends flocked round him, to be again painted by one whose talents they so highly valued, and for whom they entertained so warm a regard. His residence was in Clare street, the large house at the corner of Merrion Square. His rooms were crowded with pictures, most of which were large whole lengths and half lengths. We have never seen in any of the London portrait painters' rooms so many works in actual progress. To be sure we must not forget, that at that period, from 1790 to 1800, the nobility and gentry of Ireland resided in Ireland. That great legislative measure, on the benefits or injuries of which such conflicting opinions are so sagely propounded; and that, too, with such pertinacity and vehemence, had not as yet withdrawn from the country either the rank of the wealth it possessed. Non-residence was then deemed a desertion, and absenteeism a positive evil; but the light of political economy had not then reached the public mind upon the subject, and the result was, that the imperfect glimmerings which twinkled along the paths of duty, led each man to believe that his love of country was best evidenced at home!

We hope that in indulging in this very harmless reminiscence of what Dublin once was, we shall not be deemed as offering any disobedient resistance to that executive restriction, which authoritatively denounced even an allusion to the subject, and which, under the order of some new order of physics, not yet publicly taught, confidently guards against explosion, by keeping the safety valve of complaint constantly shut down!

(To be Continued.)

Acetylene has been experimented with for signaling in the German army, with great success. Mixed with a certain percentage of oxygen, is is said to give three times the light of the oxy-hydrogen lamp, and can be plainly observed in daylight at a distance of five miles. The distance is trebled at night.

A STRONGHOLD OF THE GAEL.

By JOHN J. BURKE.

The village of Claddagh, of such interest to the folk lore seeker, and to those who desire to become acquainted with a remaining remnant of people who cling to the traditions of the past, presenting many entertaining features, is situated in the suburbs of Galway, almost on the southern border of the old western "citie." Unlike the many villages in Ireland named such, Claddagh, which numbers about three hundred houses, is entitled to the rank of town. If history and local knowledge tell aright—and there can scarcely be a doubt that they do—the number existing not many years since exceeded this, but have now fallen into decay.

The construction of the village, or rather as it is laid out, is most perplexing to the stranger, for the houses, roofed with straw thatch similar to those met with in rural districts, in the West of Ireland especially, cross and re-cross each other in utter defiance of all the rules of architecture or of our up-to-date ideas of exactness, as may be observed when one traverses the laneways and byways which lead off the public road, washed by the broad Atlantic, to the village.

Claddagh, with its fishing population, in the days prior to the Ballot Act was a formidable tower of strength to a candidate wishing to secure success at the hustings.

The people there in late times have experienced many vicissitudes, chiefly caused by the number both of sail and steam trawlers that fish in the bay, and the very small facilities which they possess in having to compete with them, lacking as they do adequate fishing boats and gear. Galway itself, we read, so early as 1280 was a place of note, as we may find from the reports of the Commissioners on the records of Ireland; two rolls, one from the Sixth of Edward I. empowering the collecting of tolls and customs on various commodities, in aid of and for building the walls, etc.; the other record from the patent roll of the 49 of Edward III., entitled "Charter of the Staple of Galway"; also another record granting unto Germyn Lynch the office of Warden and Master of the Mint in Ireland, dated the 6th August; the 1st of Edward IV. empowering them to coin money for Galway.

The village of Claddagh, as it is to-day, is one of the last remaining remnants of Galway as it was in the ancient times, if we except some old buildings of Spanish style to be met with through the city. It is not the buildings which point out this fact alone, but the people with their quaint way.

The population of Claddagh at one time, it is stated authoritatively, exceeded fifteen hundred persons—distinct in dress, in language, and customs from the other inhabitants of Galway. The Claddagh man of old wore a dress of light blue colour, soldier-like, all the men being attired in the same costume; the women, likewise, were dressed in plaid shawls and red flannel garments, and their cloak has become famous even in society circles, and for jewellery wore the well-known ring, generally in gold, of heart and hand, which, like the cloak, has become named, in the West at least, after the village. The fishing industry in the early forties, before pestilential famine and the hardly lesser evil, emigration, had taken root, must have been a great source of remuneration to those hardy toilers of the deep. The population, however, has declined, and with the causes named it has lessened by the great number of the grown-up amongst them becoming volunteers for the naval service.

Yet strange, yet true, the people of Claddagh are a distinct race, law-abiding, peaceful, honest, despite their still largely congested state.

Superstitious to an extraordinary degree they are; fairies to them are believed in as a

reality. The old people there seldom or ever, strange to say, have been to the other end of the town, although the distance is not far.

A Claddagh man hardly ever in a generation sees the interior of a Courthouse; law and its officialdom has no charms for him—he knows it not. All disputes, of whatever complexion, are settled there amongst themselves, where until lately there reigned a "King" whom they looked upon and styled as such, to make all matters right. The Bearla Briste, or English language, is yet almost there a total stranger. Knots of the old and younger people congregate near the roadway daily, when not otherwise employed, and discuss in the tongue of the Gael all that which concerns them and theirs, and what not besides.

The youngsters delight to address the pedestrians as they pass by in the vernacular—truly Claddagh is not an infinitesimal part of Gaelic Ireland. Close by is a chapel which is ministered in by the good Fathers of St. Domonick. This church, built some years since to replace one of an ancient date, is a splendid edifice. It is the third built there by that famous Order since the Penal days, the first being demolished by the fury of the soldiery, when the Soggarth was under ban. Quite adjacent is a churchyard in connection with the church, but is now long since disused. In the Dominican Church the Claddagh people are found congregated on devotion days—old and young. A school under the National System, termed the Claddagh Piscatory National School, erected in 1846 at a cost of £1,086, is of great advantage to the children of the village; both male and female attend there. To those desirous of variety, or of viewing memories of the past, Claddagh is the place—or, at least, its people.

ROMANCE.

BY MARY MULLALY.

There is no romance in this world, men say,
It died out long ago,
With the mail-clad knights and the ladies gay
And fortalice, and joust, and roundelay,
And arquebus and bow;
With the simple truth and the trust sublime,
And the fervour and faith of the olden time,
And the glory of long ago.

There is no romance in this world we're told,
It died out long ago;
Yet the sun and the moon rise and set as of old,
And the grass springs up through the bare, brown mould,
And the seasons come and go;
And the winds sweep by as they did of yore,
And the waves break thundering on the shore,
And the stars and the blossoms glow!

What! no romance in this world of ours,
Where the feelings ebb and flow,
Where the heart to the music of love keeps time,
Or stumbles and halts like a broken rhyme,
Or sinks 'neath its weight of woe;
Where the battle of life rages day and night,
And the deathless struggle of Might and Right
Goes on as in long ago.

What! no romance in this world of ours?
We hear it o'er and o'er;
Yet in knightly soul, not in knightly lance,
Dwelt the lofty spirit of old Romance
That lumined the days of yore;
And in glowing mind and in earnest will,
In souls that soar and in hearts that thrill,
It will for evermore!

It was well known that the late Lord Pauncefote, Great Britain's Ambassador to the United States, was an accomplished musician, but a few weeks, ago, however, it was discovered that he was a composer of no mean merit as well. The music of the dreamy little encore "The Muleteers," by Tom Moore, was one of his earliest compositions. His nom de plume was "A Templar." Around the beautiful little song, "I trust the happy hour has come," clings the romance of the composers life. It was written for and sung as a serenade to Miss Selina Cubitt, a pretty English girl, who afterward became Lady Pauncefote. "Venise," a barcarolle in French; "The Parting" and "My Lady's Hand" are among the other compositions of the distinguished diplomatist.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

THE SHADOW OF A DREAM.

BY HELOISE DURANT ROSE.

It was in the latter part of the last century, and lacked ten minutes of 5 by the white and gold clock on the mantel shelf in one of the finest salons of the Faubourg St. Germain, when the portieres were drawn aside, and a dainty maiden in flowered chintz gown, draped over a gay petticoat, stepped across the threshold.

"Pierre! Pierre!" she called, glancing at the clock, and a good-looking young servant in livery joined her.

"I know what you are going to say, Mlle. Jeanette, but it is early yet."

"Five by the clock, and Mme. la Marquise may be at home at any moment. You should have lighted the fire sooner, Pierre."

"It will be ready in a moment now," he answered good-naturedly, and, going to the richly-carved woodbox in the corner near the fireplace, took out some pine cones and kindled them under the logs already laid on the andirons, Jeanette watching him the while. In the shadows of the autumn evening the flames lit up her trim little figure as they also revealed her pouting lips. Pierre, still kneeling on the hearth, looked up into his companion's face with a tender expression, but she took no notice of him.

"Always dissatisfied, Jeanette. What is it you want now?"

"Nothing from you," she answered rudely.

Pierre sighed. He rose to his feet, dusted his knees, gave a last look at the fire, and then, leaning towards Jeanette, said slowly, "Why are you so unreasonable these days?"

"You always have declared that no woman is reasonable."

"But you are more unreasonable than most women. You will not even listen to a compliment nor accept the smallest gift."

"Not from you," Jeanette replied, with a toss of the head.

"You might do worse, my dear. Some grand gentleman must have turned your head with his airs, and I, being only a simple fellow, loving you honourably, cannot suit the fine tastes of the little coquette."

"I am not a coquette."

"When I offer you my hand and heart, what more do you want?"

The girl hesitated. "I am young and——"

"And pretty," put in Pierre.

"And pretty," echoed Jeanette, "and I want to see life."

"See life with me," urged her lover.

"Can you not leave me alone? I want no offers from you."

"You are not only a coquette, but cruel."

"And you are not only cruel, but stupid," retorted Jeanette, turning away and bursting into tears.

Pierre stood gazing at her, a picture of dismay. He did not approach the girl, fearing to offend her still more. His honest face flushed as he said timidly: "My dear, only tell me how I can please you. You do not know how unhappy your unkindness makes me."

"What does it matter?" began Jeanette, with a petulant stamp of her foot, when the rustle of a silk dress was heard, and a tall, dignified woman entered the salon.

"Take my cloak, Jeanette," she exclaimed, and crossed to the fireplace. "Put some more wood on the fire, Pierre. The air is chilly. Alack, how quickly the summer has fled!" As she spoke her eyes glanced from the girl to the young man.

"Has Mme. la Marquise any orders?" he asked.

"If any one calls, I am at home."

Pierre bowed respectfully and left the salon. As the marquise unbuttoned her gloves she looked keenly at the young girl.

"You look sad, little one. Not homesick, I hope?"

"No, madame."

"You have been crying, Jeanette. Has Pierre been unkind?"

"On the contrary, madame."

The marquise knit her handsome brow. As Jeanette was about to take the cloak and plumed hat into the boudoir, a gesture stopped her. "Are you unhappy with me?" asked her mistress.

"Ah, no, madame," replied the girl, with downcast eyes.

"When my old nurse—your grandmother—wrote, asking if I could take you into my service, I thought I should please you both by bringing you here, but if city life makes you sad why then, little one, you must go home."

"Ah, no, no!" interrupted Jeanette quickly. "Madame is too good to send me back to my village."

"You are young," continued the marquise, seating herself on a sofa. "Your duties with me are light; a young man in my service asks you to marry him, a young man who is good-looking and has already substantial savings, and yet you weep. It is not unnatural—unless—unless——" She paused, scanning the girl's face, and then said commandingly, "Jeanette bring me a footstool."

As it was placed at her feet the marquise lightly rested her hand on Jeanette's shoulder, and, pushing her down, said peremptorily, "Sit there."

"I, madame, to sit down"

"Yes, and listen to me."

The girl sank down on the little satin stool, and her troubled eyes looked anxiously up into the beautiful face bending towards her.

The marquise, still keeping her hand on Jeanette's shoulder, asked abruptly, "Who is he?"

"He, madame?"

"Yes, the man who made you weep."

"There is no one."

The marquise smiled. "Fie, what untruths, little one! You grandmother wrote that she wished you with me, knowing that you would be safe here. Now, why safe if there was no danger at home? And here with me, protected and in good health, living an easy life, and having an honest fellow devoted to you, you weep. And why? There can be but one answer—some one has bewitched that little head and stirred that little heart. Who can it be—let me think? The miller's son?"

"Dubois? Oh, no, madame!"

"Then perhaps the farmer, Laudry?"

"Never, never, madame! He is so rough."

"Ah! Some one more refined. Could it be the cure's nephew?"

"The idea of that boy!"

"Some one older? Why, I know of none in your village. A stranger perhaps, but so few go there, and you have not been away from home. But stay, did you not go to the Chateau St. Reme for some weeks last spring?"

"Yes, madame. I went there to help to take care of the children, as the duchess had sent away her nurse for a holiday."

"Surely you were not so foolish as to get a heartache over a servant there?"

"No servant, madame," was the answer in a low voice.

"Not a master!" exclaimed the marquise. "Ah, there were guests, of course! Is it possible that you would listen to the idle flatteries of a penniless poet?"

"He is not penniless, madame."

"Worse; a rich guest amusing himself with a little maid."

"Not amusing himself, Mme. la Marquise."

"Really this is alarming! So an old roue——"

"Not old, madame."

"Thin and little?"

"Not thin and little."

"Tall and stout?"

"Not very stout."

"Black eyes?"

"Blue, madame—beautiful blue."

"A proud upstart of a mushroom family."

"Ah, no, madame; one of the oldest families."

"Jeanette," cried the marquise, "you frighten me; a rich aristocrat making love to a little country girl!"

"Alas, madame, I know full well that I am unworthy of him, but he told me that he loved me."

"And did he wish also to marry you?"

Jeanette sighed, and after a moment's hesitation replied, "He has not settled a definite time, but promised he would if I——"

"If you—if you—quick, answer me!"

Jeanette's voice sank still lower as she said, "If I went with him to Paris."

"I knew it—the traitor!" cried the marquise, springing up. "Oh, if we women tried to ruin an innocent life, how would the world deal with us But these gay lords of creation cast their snares, kill their victims, and society continues to open its doors to them and lavish upon them its smiles. Jeanette," and she paused before the young girl, who had risen from the footstool and stood downcast and silent, "who saved you from this man?"

Jeanette raised her eyes timidly. "My grandmother arrived one day, kissed me many times as she said, 'You look pale, petite. I know that city eyes are looking too often into yours. We are plain country folk, and must remain so. Come home, my child, with me,' and she packed my things and never let me out of her sight until we were home again. I tried to see him, but grandmother was like iron. She has broken my heart," and the girl wept.

"Poor little field flower," said the marquise softly. "This first sorrow, like a heavy sorrow, bends your head low in the dust; but, like others, it will pass, and you will blossom again, fairer than before, in the sunshine of honest love."

"Never, never, Mme. la Marquise," sobbed the girl.

"Listen, Jeanette. You are young and do not know the world. This man meant harm. He soon would have grown tired of your simple ways, and would have put you aside as he would toss a faded flower, and then he would have married a lady for her fortune."

"Ah, no, no, madame!"

"Yes, yes, Jeanette. Your grandmother has saved you from disgrace. Come, my child, dry those eyes and forget flattering words that were as false as the man who uttered them. Poor little moth, you fluttered too near the flame and singed your wings."

Then, seeing how sad the child looked, the marquise added kindly: "There, I shall not scold you more to-day. But be sure that your grandmother and I are your truest friends. Believe in us, for we would shield you from harm."

Jeanette took the fair hand extended to her and kissed it respectfully. "Madame is too kind to interest herself in me and my little troubles. She has all my gratitude."

"Then show your gratitude by following my advice," answered the marquise, smiling.

"I will try, madame," and, taking her cloak and hat, Jeanette quietly left the room.

As the door closed behind her the marquise crossed to the fire and stood meditatively, with one arm leaning on the mantelshelf. The loose ruffles of her short sleeve falling back, revealed the round, white arm. On the taper fingers jewels flashed in the firelight. She was an aristocratic looking woman, adored by her friends and relatives, though Parisian society deemed her a shade too serious to accord her the popularity which her rank and wealth might otherwise have given her, but her wit and appreciation of talent filled her salons with artists, savants, and men of letters. A certain simplicity of manner had kept her from the stilted affectations of the period, and her innate dignity gave little encouragement to the ordinary scandalous gossip around her. At 18, to please her father, she had married an old courtier, who died before she was 20. Nearly ten years had elapsed since then, and she was still a widow, though suitors for her hand had not been lacking, among whom none was so devoted as the Comte de Vaugirard. No rebuff could daunt his ardour. He had proposed and had been refused, yet persisted in his suit. She was touched by his pertinacity, and had grown to depend upon his continuous attentions.

As Jeanette left her, after a passing regret that her little maid should already have had a taste of the bitter-sweet fruit of the tree of life, she dismissed the subject from her mind. Vaugirard had returned to Paris, and she would ask him who the blue-eyed roue could be who had made love to Jeanette while she took care of the duchess' children, for he knew the Saverins, and had visited St. Reme. With this reflection the marquise glanced at the clock. "Yes, in a few minutes Leon will be here." Her eyes grew tender, and she sighed as she took up a book and reseated herself on the stiff backed little sofa. But the book remained unread. It rested lightly in her lap while she glanced around the salon. Yes, the red and gold vase was filled with fresh flowers, and the wax candles shed a soft light from their brackets on the wall. The spinet stood open, with songs, on the music rack. Between rare Turkish rugs the polished parquet glinted. The bric-a-brac and pictures showed the taste of an artist.

The marquise cast a satisfied glance around. All was in readiness for the expected guest, but was he? "How much easier to say, 'Yes' to a man one likes than constantly to refuse him," she thought. "And why do I hesitate? What is it I fear? Is not Leon all a woman could desire, and he loves me, but—how well? Does he mean all he says? Is his heart absolutely mine? Ah, who knows? If I married him, and found him false, I dare not think what would be the end. To be deceived, and by the man I trust! No! We both could not breathe the same air after that! Does not he ask for all I have to give, and shall not I then have al lhe has to give? Love for love, truth for truth, faith for faith—or nothing!"

"M. le Comte de Vaugirard," announced Pierre, as a handsome man somewhat over 30 years of age entered. He was dressed in dark maroon velvet, with pale yellow satin waistcoat. Fine old lace fell over his wrists, and in his jabot, on his fingers, sword-hilt, and shoe buckles diamonds sparkled. His three-cornered hat he pressed close to his breast as he bowed low.

"My fair marquise, I am, as ever, your slave."

"Let me set you free, then."

"But I love my chains. To others I may vaunt my pride, but at your feet I am all humility."

She made no reply, but her eyes looked at him with affection. Vaugirard knelt before her, and, taking one of her hands, he kissed it fervently. "Am I to kneel forever in vain?" he pleaded.

"Rise, M. le Comte," she said hastily. "You are not an actor to play a passionate role."

"And yet my passion, alas, is but too real! I love you, and you alone."

"For how long?"

"Until eternity?"

"If I married you," said the marquise sadly, "and you proved unfaithful, it would break my heart."

"You break mine with these doubts."

She held out her hand to him. "Then I will try and banish them."

"Oh, my love! May I hope?"

"Wait, Leon, until to-morrow."

"Then?"

"And then I will listen to you. Now be seated again, like an ordinary mortal. Come, you must have a glass of Tokay."

"Your words are as wine to me," said the count gayly. His face flushed with pleasure. The goal seemed near. The prize he had for years sought so eagerly was within his grasp.

"How did you spend this morning?" asked the marquise, as she pulled the bell rope.

"I rode near Issy. The Jesamines live there. They are related to the Saverins, you know."

"Ah, that reminds me. You were with them last spring. How lovely St Reme must be in May. It should have inspired you with many a poem."

"The inspiration was lacking, as you were not there."

"But did none of the other guests write poetry?"

"No one was there while I was visiting St. Reme."

"No one?" echoed the marquise, much startled.

"I was the only friend enjoying their hospitality at the time."

"What! No gay damsels or proud seigneurs to dispute with you the role of favoured guest?"

"There was no one," said Vaugirard, surprised at the agitation of her voice.

"Did Mme. la Marquise ring?" asked Pierre entering.

"Some tokay for M. le Comte, and," with a slight pause, "let my little maid serve it."

Pierre bowed and left.

"Did you hear of other guests at St. Reme" asked the count, reverting to the subject, and troubled by the manner of the marquise.

"Perhaps I dreamed it—like my other dreams."

Her tone jarred on him.

"Ah, these dreams!" he said impatiently. "Forget them. Think only of my love, of my devotion. Oh, Celine, do you still doubt my loyalty?"

She did not reply, but glanced towards the portiere through which Jeanette was entering, carrying a small tray.

"A glass of wine for M. le Comte." Mme. la Marquise poured it into the glass, while Jeanette stood modestly holding the tray, her eyes downcast.

"Your health, M. le Comte!"

"To you, fair marquise," replied her lover, taking the glass. As he raised it to his lips he perceived Jeanette, who at the sound of his voice had started and uttered a little cry. The glass fell from his hand and was shattered on the polished floor.

"Hush, Jeanette," said the marquise. "It is only an accident. Here a broken glass—there a broken heart."

"Oh, madame," sobbed Jeanette, "I did not know why you sent for me!"

"Child, this is M. le Comte de Vaugirard, who did me the honour to ask me in marriage some three years ago, and who has repeated the offer frequently since then."

"Oh, madame, let me go!" cried the girl.

"Look, Jeanette," continued her mistress, "at the blue eyes of this proud noble of a stainless race."

"Mme. la Marquise, let me go!"

"Yes, go. Forget that you once heard words that meant less than the empty air, for the May breezes were at least laden with the scent of blossoms."

"Marquise, this is a dangerous jest," said the count in a low voice. His face was very pale.

"It is no jest."

"Ah, madame!" wailed Jeanette.

Her mistress patted her kindly on the shoulder. "Courage, petite. Let Pierre console you."

The girl turned away, still sobbing.

"You desire to insult me!" cried the count as they were left alone.

"No more than you insult me. The great honour you did me in offering the fresh, unsullied devotion of your soul I must decline," she replied, with a stately courtesy.

"Heavens! Could a bandinage with a country wench stand between us and happiness! I adore you! I worship you——"

"Take that worship to another shrine."

"No, no! You cannot be so cruel! Let me implore pardon for what sins I may seem to have committed——"

"Seem!" she exclaimed scornfully. "I need no excuses. Our romance is dead. The shadow of my dream is its shroud."

GOOD MORNING.

BY JOHN T. CAMPION.

The willows droop along the Nore,
And bow down o'er its flowing,
And blossoms paint its winding shore,
'Mid summer perfumes glowing;
And sunbeams smile and bright birds sing,
Like flowers the sky adorning,
And bending down upon the wing,
They bid my love—"Good morning!
Good morning—Good morning!
As if with sweet and lyric string,
They bid my love good morning.

The breezes blow along the Nore,
'Mid teeming fruit-trees creeping,
As if to whisper fairy lore
Where loneliness is sleeping;
Upon their lips are perfumed sighs
That give the senses warning,
As gently roving through the skies,
They bid my love—"Good morning!"
Good morning—Good morning!
As if with magic melodies,
They bid my love good morning.

The swallows swoop along the Nore,
And dip their bosoms, gliding;
As if some joyous news they bore,
And wantoned in their priding;
As if were theirs ooth time and tide,
For heeding or for scorning;
But in their speed, and in their pride,
They bid my love—"Good morning!"
Good morning—Good morning!
Yes, whilst they mock at road or guild,
They bid my love good morning.

SLIABH-NA-MON,

AND

Its Fenian Traditions.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES BY REV. J. F. LYNCH.

I.

I send some notes supplemental to Mr. Dunne's interesting article on the Fenian traditions of Sliabh na m Ban Fionn.

In the "Genealogy of Corca Laidhe," the name Sidh na bhfear bhfinn, or "fairy-hill of the white men," occurs, and this ilustrates the name Sliabh na m Ban Fionn, but the grammatical rule quoted by Mr. Dunne from O'Donovan is not without exceptions; perhaps it is a case of Exceptio probat regulam, which my old Latin teacher told me signifies that the rule is the other way. At any rate, in "Genealogy of Corca Laidhe," we have the name Beal an atha solais, or "mouth of the ford of light," and in Ludden or Lodan parish there was a ford named Ath an Coinne Lodain by Keating.

In "Battle of Ventry," Sliabh na m Ban Fionn is written Sliabh Ban Finn, but the name means "mountain of the white women," and it does not appear to be necessary, considering the name given above, that Fionn should be regarded as a corruption of Femin, or Femhin, the name of the district which includes the barony of Iffa and Offa.

In Annals of Four M., it is stated that Magh Femin* was bestowed on Aeife, one of the three daughters of Ugaine Mor, the other two being named Ailbe and Muiresc, but in Silva Gadelica, the three daughters of Ugaine Mor are named Aife, Ane, and Muiresc, while in the tale of the Children of Lear, the daughters of Ailill of Ara† are named Aobh, Aeife, and Ailbe, and they are said to be the foster children of Bodb Derg, King of the Tuatha De Danann, and residing with him in his sidh, which in "Children of Lear" is supposed to be beside Lough Dearg of the Shannon, but in "Battle of Ventry," Bodb Derg, King of the Tuatha De Danann, and son of the Dagda, or Deagda, or Deacaidh, is supposed to be living in the sidh of Sliabh na m Ban, and in Silva Gadelica, p. 522, we read, "Bodhb of the men of Femen's sidh was son of Eochaidh Garbh, son of Duach temen, son of Bres, son of Elatha."

Keating says that Eochaidh Garbh was son of Duach dall, and Elatha he makes son of Ned, son of Ind Ui (Indaoi), son of All Ui (Allaoi) (1), son of Tat, son of Bathadh, son of Iobath, son of Beothach, son of Iarbuineol, son of Nemidh, son of Aghnoman. The name Iffa is probably the same as Aeife. North of Galbally there is a valley close to Dun tri liag ("fort of the three pillar stones," where is grave of Cormac Cas, son of Ailill Aulom), named Gleneefy, or "valley of Aeife," and it appears from "Wars G. G." p. 93, that there was a place not far from Cnoc Aine named Aifi, that is, Aife, or Aíobhe ("fair").

Several explanations are given of the name Femen (2). In the Bodleian Dinnshenchas, p. 17, Femen and Fea are said to be the sons of the Moagab, son of Dachar, of the clann of Brath mac Deagha, which is the same as Breg mac Deagha. It is stated that Femen and Fea cleared Magh Femen and Magh Fea, which were named from them. Magh Fea is in the barony of Forth, County of Carlow. In Silva Gadelica and in Chronicum Scotorum, Fea is said to have been the first of the folk of Partholon who died in Ireland, and he is said to have been buried in Magh Fea. In Silva Gadelica, Fea is made son of Tortha, son of Sru, son of Esru, and Keating makes Partholon the son of Sera, son of Sru, son of Esru. Keating writes the name Magh Fea as Magh Feadha, and says that Feadha, son of Tortha, was the first man of Partholon's folk who died in Ireland, and that Magh Feadha was named from him. One of the sacred trees of Ireland, Bile Torthain, or Bile Toirthen, was named from Tortha, or

*In the "Feast of Brioriu," p. 40, is given a list of the names of the great plains (Morbrugi), of Erin, and in this list are mentioned the plains of Fea Femen, and Ane. In Silva Gadelica the names of several of the old monuments of Magh Femin are given. Two of the forts are named Rath Chinn Chon, or fort of hound's head, which may be compared with Cathair Chinn Chon, beside Lough Gur, and near the Raithin, mentioned in State Paper, dated 1200. The Raithin na niongnadh, or little fort of wonders, was close to the northern Rath Chinn Chon, and connected with the hound, and so I think that Raithin of Lough Gur was also named Raithin na niongnadh, the wonders being the hound and treasures cast up by him. I have given the tale of the treasure concealed near Cathair Chinn Chon.

† In "The Fate of the Children of Lir," p. 83, the editor says, "Oilell (Ailill) Arann, that is, Oilell of Ara. I suspect that this name should be Oichell Arann, because there is on the western or great Arann Island, on the coast of Clare, a large Cyclopean fort, still bearing the name Dun Oichill or Oichell's Fort." This is erroneous, for Ailill Arann is correct. The name Ara has four genitive forms, Arann, Aradh, Araidhe, and Airend. Tipperary is Tiobraid Arann, and Clonkeen of Owney beg, in county Limerick, is Cluain Cain Arad. ("The Calendar of Oengus," p. clxxxi).

1. In the Genealogy of Cu Chulaind (Siabur-Charpat Con Chulaind), MacCuill is son of Cermait, son of Ind Dagda, son of Elatha, son of Delbaeth, son of Net, son of Ind Ui or Ai, son of All Ui, or Ai, son of Tat, son of Taburnd. In the same Genealogy Ind Dagda is also made Mac Ind E, that is, son of the E, or Ai, for the vowel e is a union of the two vowels a and i, and o is a union of a and u. In Irish, Arabic, and Hebrew, A, I, and U are the original vowels.

2. The western termination of the territory of the Corca Duibhne was also probably named Rinn Femin. In Cinfaela's poem (Trans. O S. Soc. Vol v., p. 277), we have:

Iar sin gabsad indbhear Sgeine
Dia mairt for cheart challaind mai
O sin amach, co dearbh deimhin,
Do dercsad rind Feimen fai.

They landed at Invear Sgeine after that.
On a Tuesday of the Kalends of May exactly,
From which, 'tis true, they saw
The adjacent headland of Femen.

Invear Sgeine, now the Kenmare river in county of Kerry, was so named from Sgeine, wife of Amergin, said to have been drowned there.

Toraidh; and O'Flaherty (Ogygia) mentions that this bile was an ash-tree, and that it fell towards the north-west, towards Cill-Iachtair-thire (3), or "Church of the western land," in Galway district.

"Craobh Daithin, is Craobh Mughna,
Is Craobh Uisnigh cnuas Cumhra;
Bile Tortain, Eo Rosa,
Frioth san oidhche cheadna so."

"The branchy-tree of Dathan, and the branchy-tree of Mugain,
And the branchy-tree of Uisnech of the fragrant fruit,
The large-tree of Torthan, the yew tree of Ros,
Were on this same night discovered."

These trees are said to have been found first in Ireland on the birth-night of Conn of the hundred battles.

In "Silva Gadelica" it is also stated that Femen, Fera, and Fea were the sons of Mogaid ,or Moga, son of Dachar of the Clann of Brath mac Deadath, and that they cleared the three plains named from them. Magh Fea is in "Silva Gadelica" also said to be named from Fea, wife of Net, but the wife of Net is sometimes called Nemon and Be Neit ("wife of Net"), or "goddess of war," and Cormac (Glossary) says that Net or Neith was Dia catha le gentil Gaedhel, acas Neamon a bhen sin. "Net was war god of the pagan Gael, and Nemon was his wife."

From Net came the Irish word, Net or Neith, "battle," just as English martial is from Mars. It is also stated in "Silva Gadelica" that Magh Femin was named from Femen, the name of the two oxen of Dil, daughter of Lugh mannair, which died on the plain. In the Bodleian Dinnshenches, p. 4, it is stated that the ox of Dil, daughter of Lugh mannair, was named Brega (4) and Falga, and that Dil and the ox were brought to Tara from Tir Tairngiri, or Tir Falga (the Irish pagan Elysium), by Tulchine, the druid of Conaire Mor, the son of Etirscel, son of Mess Buachalla.

In "Genealogy of Corca Laidhe," we have Feruilne, that is, Fer Fhuillne, or Fer Fhuilne, son of Deag mannair, son of Lugh, son of Ethlenn, son of Lugh, son of Ith, son of Breogan, or Breg, and Maccon is son of Lugh, son of Daire, son of Fer Fhuilne, son of Sithbolg, son of Deadh, or Deag mannair, son of Deag Derg, son of Dergthenedh, son of Nuadat, or Nuad, or Nu (5).

The genealogical lists of "Corca Laidhe" are of extreme importance, and need careful study and comparison with the other old lists of names.

In Annals of Four M., Fuilne, which is same as Fer Fhuilne, is son of Ugaine Mor, and on him were bestowed Magh Fea.

O'Donovan (supplement to O'Reilly) says that Dam Dili, or "ox of Dil," was a fabulous ox of antiquity, and was one of the three wonders of Leiter Dallain, in County of Tyrone. Dil, the blind druid, who was owner of the Ech dubh, or "Black horse," which ran at the races of Oenach Culi Mna Nechtain, came from Magh Femin to Loch Gair. I stated in a previous article that in Irish mythology difference of sex is a matter of indifference, the dark horse (6) of Loch Gair won and will win all the prizes.

Mr. Dunne has mentioned that a district beside Sliabh na m Ban is named Sliabh Dile, or "mountain of Dil."

O'Donovan (supplement to O'Reilly) says that, in the Book of Lismore, Sliabh na m Ban is called Sliabh Oighidh mhic Iugaine, that is, mountain of Oighe son of Iugaine, or Ugaine mor, and he adds that on the summit of the mountain there is a large cairn of stones called Suidhe Finn, and also a rude cromlech, the table stone of which Mr. Dunne has called Bord Finn.

In "Silva Gadelica," the mountain is named Sliabh Aighe mhic Ugaine, or "mountain of Aighe son of Ugaine mor." We see from comparison of the two names that Aighe and Oighe are forms of the same old name, and I think that Oighe is the same as Oicè, which was the name of the district in Ui Fidhgenti, in Limerick, bestowed on Bard son of Ugaine mor, and I traced the name Oice to Oce, or Oca, which is derived from Oc which is same as Ac.

In "Silva Gadelica," the table stone of the cromlech is named Lech Lige, or "flagstone of the grave," and the monument is said to have been raised by the Tuatha De Danann, who every year came to fight on the Faithche, or "exercise green," of the Sidh, on which were the monuments, with the twenty-eight sons of Midir of the yellow mane, son of the Dagda, who are said to have first discovered the Sidh of Sliabh na m Ban.

The mound now named Suidhe Finn, or "Seat of Finn," is named, in "Silva Gadelica," Fert an druadh (7), or "grave of the druid." whose name is said to have been Dianghalach, of the Tuatha De Danann. This is not an old name, and may be regarded as giving the tradition of the period of the writer concerning the druid of the fert, or dumha, as vigorous, active, and very brave in war. At Tara one of the mounds was named Dumha nandruadh, or Fert nandruadh, grave-mound of the druids." O'Curry (Lectures, p. 514) has:

Duma Find, Duma na n Druad,
Duma Credni gruad ar gruad,
Duma mondernad glecc gle
Duma Erc, Duma Aicle.

"The mound of Finn, the mound of the Druids,
The mound of Credne, cheek by cheek;
A mound at which was fought a gallant fight,
The mound of Erc, the mound of Aicail."

O'Curry (Lectures, p. 284) mentions that the Druid of Dathi repaired to Dumha na n Druad, beside the river Moy, in order to get knowledge of futurity. In "Silva Gadelica," p. 109, Dumha na n Druad is called Fert na n Druad, and it is said to be north-west of Tara.

In the "Book of Rights," p. 5, it is prohibited to the King of Connacht to sit in autumn on the grave mounds (i feartaibh) of the wife of Maine (or Maithne). The Suidhe Finn of the Ballyhoura mountains is named Carn Feradaigh, or "grave-mound of Feradach, in "Silva Gadelica." The mound on the eastern summit of Knock Finnel was named Tor (8), or "tower," and in the Bodleian Dinnshenches, p. 30, Suidhe Aedha, or "Seat of Aedh,' above the waterfall of Ballyshannon, and on Sidh Aedha, is also named Tor, and the builder was Dechet, or Deag-

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3. In the Egerton Variants ("Battle of Ventry), Tir Iarthach is named Tiobruid Fala Beine and Dithreabhach, where was the hermitage of St Colman Mac Duagh.

4. Magh Breg or Breag is the name of the district of the Meath Tara, and the name Breg is plural being the name of the race who took the name Breg, which is the same as Breagan or Breogan, the latter being merely an extension of the former, and with Breagan or Breogan, who is mentioned in "Corca Laidhe," must be connected the Brigantes who, according to Ptolemys map, appear to have held Magh Femin. O'Curry also mentions that Magh Breogain was the old name of Muscraigh Breogain, near the town of Tipporary. The Brigantes held the Yorkshire district in England, and were the second Celtic race of the British Isles. The three races of Ireland are the three races of Gaul mentioned by Cæsar. Compare also Tor Breogain, near Corunna, in Spain.

5. Nu is one of the oldest names in Egypt, and is applied to the primordial ocean. Professor Maspero (Dawn of Civilisation, p. 127), says—"The latent germs of things had always existed (according to Egyptian notions), but they had slept for ages and ages in the bosom of the Nu of the dark waters." The Irishword Nu comes from U, "water," by initial nasalization. There are three kinds of nasalization in the Irish language, which may be termed initial, middle, and final. The name London from Lod, as I pointed out in a previous article, illustrates middle and final nasalization, and the corresponding Lodan is an example of final nasalization. Professor Rhys (Hib. Lect., p. 125), equates Lod or Lud with Nud, the Irish Nuada of the Silver Hand, and says that there is a mythical Welsh king named Llud Llawersint, or Llud of the Silver Hand.

6. Professor Rhys (Hibbert Lectures, p. 370), says "The triad in question speaks of the Three Horse-loads of the Isle of Britain, one of which it describes as borne by Du Moro or the Black of Moro. In the Red Book version (see R. B. Mab., p. 300) this horse is called Du y Moroed, "the Black One of the Seas"; but the older and less transparent name is Du Moro, as in the oldest copy of the Triads (Hengwrt MS. 54, p. 53), or Du March Moro Oeruedawc, "Black the Horse of Moro Oeruedawc," in the story of Kulhwch (R. B. Mab., p. 124), where the rider of the beast is no other than Gwyn ab Nad." In "Silva Gadelica, p. 140 it is stated that Finn made trial of the Ech Dubh or "Black Horse" of Lough Gur on Traigh Bherramhain or "Strand of Berraman," near Tralee, and that the strand was consequently called Traigh an eich dhuibh, or "Strand of the Black Horse." Professor Rhys has equated the Welsh Gwyn ab Nud for various reasons with the Irish Finn, and we may equate the Welsh Du March or "Black Horse" with the Irish Ech Dubh or "Black Horse." With regard to the Welsh Moro, it appears to me to mean "Sea," for the Irish muir, "Sea," has an old genitive mora, the present genitive is mara. The Welsh word for sea is mor, cognate with Irish muir and Latin mare. Fear Mora is mentioned in "Corca Laidhe," p. p. 40, 58.

7. In Silva Gadelica" the Tuatha De Danann are said to have assembled around this mound before the battle with the Sons of Midir Mac Dagda. In Chronicum Scotorum, A. D. 561, it is stated that the army of Diarmaid Mac Cerbhaill marches around a cairn before the battle of Cuil Dremne,

Slugh do cing attimceall Cairn
Is mac ainfthe nos dus mairn.

"A host that marches around a Cairn,
And a son of storm that betray us."

8. Keating mentions that the Children of Nemed destroyed the Tor of Conaing, Conann, or Conand, on Toirinis, or Tower Island, now called Tory Island; and Tor Breogain, or tower of Breogan, is often referred to in the tales. Those tors were built of earth and stones, and must not be confounded with the Round Towers, but Henry O'Brien is quite correct about the Goban Saor, who, according to Petrie, was an architect who built many of the Round Towers early in the seventh century. In the Edinburgh Dinnshenches, p. 70, Tuirbe, father of the Goban, is stated to have fled out of Tara before Lugh Mac Ethlenn, and it must not be forgotten that, according to the legend given by O'Donovan Annals of Four Masters, Lugh Mac Ethlenn was born in the Tor on Toirinis. There was a round Tower also built on Tory Island. The pagan or represented the earth, or universe, as did the Pyramid in Egypt, and the Ziggurat in Chaldœa.

haidh, or Deag, the rathmogaid or "rath-builder," of Glass mac Caiss or Glas mac Cais. The name Cas mac Glais also occurs in the tales.

(To be Continued.)

PUZZLES OF MODERN SCIENCE.

There is no softer substance in the world than cotton wool, and we use it for wrapping up all our most treasured and breakable possessions. Treat this warm and fluffy wool with nitric acid, and it is speedily turned into gun cotton, one of the most terrific explosives known to science. A pound of ordinary gunpowder, when fired, takes the hundredth part of a second to explode. Gun cotton goes off in one fifty-thousandth part of a second. Gun cotton was first discovered sixty years ago, and every country was so delighted with an explosive of such power that quantities of it were made and stored. But explosion became distressingly frequent. There was one at Stowmarket which killed 24 people, dreadfully wounding another 60, and made the town look as if it had been bombarded. This led to the discovery that gun cotton could be mixed with water—that is to say, thoroughly damped, and so be stored in safety, while still containing all its explosive properties. Torpedoes are to-day charged with moistened gun cotton at heavy pressure.

Nitrogen is a dull, heavy sort of gas. It puts out fire instantaneously, and kills any living thing plunged into it. Yet seventy-eight parts in one hundred of the air we breathe are composed of this gas. It is the 20 per cent. of oxygen which is combined with the nitrogen that transforms it into life-giving, pure and elastic air. Water, on the other hand, puts out fire, and will not sustain warm-blooded life; yet water contains, comparatively speaking, more oxygen than air does. What makes this combination still more peculiar is that hydrogen gas, which is combined with oxygen to form water, is in itself not nearly so deadly a gas as nitrogen. It is the lightest of all the gases, and will burn freely in the air.

Two deadly poisons appear every day upon every table in the civilised world. One is a bluish-white metal, which is so desperately inflammable that, if swallowed, it would set one on fire inside. The other is a yellowish gas, which will suffocate instantly any living thing that breathes it. The metal is sodium, the gas chlorine. Yet, in chemical combination, these two form common salt.

Charcoal is the purest form in which we generally see the element carbon. Who would for a moment imagine that more than half of the delicate white of an egg is composed of this black charcoal? Yet 52 parts in every 100 of egg albumen are carbon, and 54 parts in each 100 of the bread we eat. There is, in fact, carbon in every living thing, whether you take your own flesh and blood, the pip of an apple, or the skeleton of a mouse. The pencil you write with and the diamond in your scarfpin are composed of the same element. The keen steel of the razor blade depends on carbon for its hardness. Less than one part of carbon is there to the ninety-nine parts of iron; yet without it, the blade which will cut a hair would be no better than a barrel-hoop. On the other hand, if more than that tiny proportion of carbon were mixed with the iron it would be steel no longer, but mere brittle cast or pig iron.

Gold, when absolutely pure, is so soft that it can be dented with the finger nail. Add one pound of copper to twenty of gold, and the resulting mixture is almost as hard as copper itself. Numbers of metallic alloys seem almost miracles, so different are they from the materials which have gone to compose them. Brass is extremely unlike either the copper or zinc which make it; but the most curious thing about brass is that a very little lead added to it will cause it in appearance to precisely resemble gold. Why dull, gray lead should have this effect is one of the many mysteries of metallurgy. A little nickle added to steel will make a mixture harder than either of its constituents. Phosphorus, the softest of all the metals, and one of the lightest, gives enormous strength and density to bronze, making it more suitable than even steel for certain purposes, and this list might be indefinitely extended.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

OGHAM WRITING AND ITS RECENT DECIPHERERS.

In the paper on "Irish Antiquities, As Seen Fifty Years Ago"* a brief reference was made to Ogham writing, by its author, the late Mr John Windele, of Cork, who, together with his friend, the Rev M. Horgan, P P, of Blarney, made this old and difficult form of script their special study. Father Horgan was in fact the first to discover the clue to Ogham Deciphering, though a like discovery was made about the same time by the late Dr Graves, Protestant Bishop of Limerick, who, having long survived the former, is now best remembered as an authority on Ogham. None of the three has, however, published any separate work on this abtruse subject; but to John Windele is mainly due the collection of Ogham stones now to be seen in the National Museum, Kildare street, Dublin. To another Cork man, the late Mr Richard Rolt Brash, we owe the first and so far the largest, if not the most important, work on Ogham writing as yet published. Mr Brash's work is entitled, "The Ogham Inscribed Monuments of the Gaedhil in the British Islands, with a Description of the Ogham Character" (London, 1879). It was published by his widow after his death, and was edited by his friend, Mr George M Atkinson, late of the South Kensington Museum, who himself contributed some years since a series of papers on Ogham writings to what is now the Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, Ireland. Apart from Brash's work, "Ogham Inscriptions in Ireland, Wales, and Scotland," by the late Sir Samuel Ferguson (Edinburgh, 1887), and the recently published "Studies in Irish Epigraphy, Parts I and II, by Mr R A S MacAlister (London, D Nutt), almost all that has otherwise been published on the subject of Ogham writing is confined to the pages of the aforesaid Journal R. S. A. I., the principal contributors thereto being the late Rev Edmond Barry, P P, of Rathcormac, Professor Rhys, of Oxford and to a less extent, Mr Robert Cochrane, R. S. A Dublin, and the Rev P Power, Waterford, a very limited number so difficult and recondite is this form of research.

In an interesting review of Mr. MacAlister's Studies in Irish Epigraphy, which appeared in the "Athenæum," October 4th, 1902, occur the following passages, which set forth clearly to what stage the study of Oghams has so far advanced, and the inherent difficulties which bar its progress: "We are fully prepared to have patience about Oghams, for we feel at last that men like Professor Rhys and Mr MacAlister are making way; and are at all events shaking off the trammels of their predecessors' mistakes. The older generation were divided into two classes: decipherers, who knew but little about Irish, and Irish scholars, who knew nothing about deciphering. We may discount a third class—amateurs, who knew neither the one nor the other. The late Bishop Graves was a most accomplished and versatile man, not likely to neglect the study of successful deciphering in other fields. But though he often quoted the achievements of Egyptian scholars, he seems to have missed one lesson to be learnt from Champollion's masterly account of his own discovery. Bishop Graves was as acute a decipherer as any of them, but he never even sought to acquire a living knowledge of the language, which in its earlier stage was the language of the inscriptions. Hence he was led, Mr MacAlister tells us, to refer the apparently outlandish forms which he brought out by his readings to a cryptic intention on the writers, and this theory seems to have greatly impaired the value of his work. Modern scholars, better versed in the curiosities of old Irish grammar reject such such a theory, and seek to interpret the Oghams as representing the dialect of their day, but there remain so many difficulties, there seem to be so many impossible combinations in their readings, that we feel some doubts whether there be not a residuum of truth in the Bishop's theory—viz, that some of these texts do not represent any normal Irish of any epoch. But we feel disposed to ascribe these vagaries in Ogham writing not to a desire of learned men to conceal their knowledge; but to the inability of ignorant men to use an alphabet of which the use was decaying, and the knowledge becoming more and more inaccurate. But as yet there is apparently no criterion established for distinguishing the latter from the earlier texts (of Oghamic writing). Until this is attained our progress must be slow, and it can only be attained by first acquiring a thorough knowledge of the Irish tongue in the middle ages, and then reasoning back to more primitive stages, as has been done in parallel cases. No reading will be free from constant and gross errors except the reading of a scholar who knows what is possible and what is impossible in a man writing his own tongue intelligibly. We trust the decipherers of Ogham writing will take these lessons to heart, and pursue the study of the language, as the first condition of ultimate success."

Apropos of Oghams, the fact that the recent removal of an Ogham stone from one of the Blaskets off Kerry to Dublin has excited much comment, and in fact downright condemnation, would show that more value is attached to these objects in the popular mind, than was the case when Windele first wrote on this subject fifty or more years ago. Yet none the less it cannot be denied that an immense amount of wanton destruction is continually occurring in respect to these ruder forms of Irish antiquities, arising from the worse than savage ignorance of most of our people, in respect to their nature, origin and uses.

J. C

*Published in this journal.

EARLY IRISH-PRINTED BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Nobber, 27th November, '02.

Dear Sir—I find I can supplement Mr Dix's very interesting list of early works printed on Irish-made paper, as given in No. 15 of your journal by another in my possession, and with your permission, I wish to put it on record, as the information may be of use to others. The title page is:—

A
LETTER
To the
DUBLIN SOCIETY,
On the
IMPROVING
Their
FUND;
Manufactures, Tillage, etc.
in
IRELAND.
(A long Latin Motto.)
DUBLIN.
Printed by R. REILLY,
For G. EWING at the ANGEL and BIBLE in
DAME STREET. MDCCXXXIX

This Pamphlet is Printed on Irish Paper, made by Mr. Randal at Newbridge, near Leixlip.

It is a small pamphlet, 56 pp. 8vo, signed letterwise "SAML. MADDEN," who was no other than the celebrated clergyman of that name, who done so much for the revival of Irish industry in the early part of the 18th century. It is bound up with the larger and more important "Reflections and Resolutions proper for the Gentlemen of Ireland," by the same patriotic pen. The latter was printed and published by Reilly and Ewing, in 1738, but not signed by Dr Madden.

O. S.

STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.

BY WILLIAM J. M'CLURE.

Rise brother-bard, rehearse with me
The Past, that was Futurity:
And up the shining hills of Thought,
Muse o'er the deeds that men have wrought,
And on the bright Parnassian peak
These words of meditation speak:
In the struggle is the triumph.

Hail! gracious youth, thou, too, may'st come;
Leave passion's revel, pleasure's hum,
The strife, the jealousy, the guilt,
The recklessness of error's tilt;
Thy soul, confirmed in noblest light
Will vow at last—"for truth and right,
In the struggle is the triumph."

O, sage—most rev'rend are thy years
Transfixing folly, less'ning tears—
Come, thou shalt teach me many things
Of earth, air, sea: of paupers, kings;
Of angels bred in poverty,
Of demons reared in luxury,
Of the struggle and the triumph.

Youth linked to age and bard to bard
Stand forth, united for reward!
And whether on the mount or plain,
In town or forest, still retain
The soul above the diadem,
As champion of the apothegm—
In the struggle and the triumph!

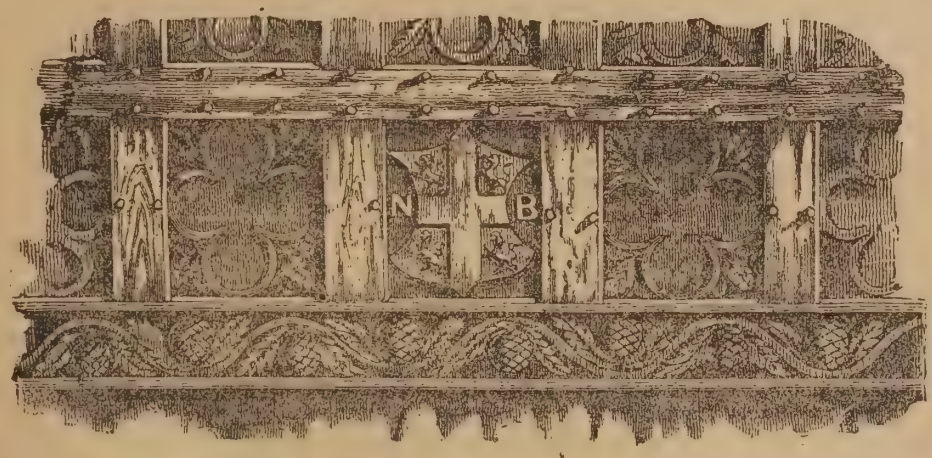
OLD DROGHEDA.

ITS WOODEN HOUSES.

PICTURE OF AN INTERESTING SPECIMEN.



WOODEN HOUSE, DROGHEDA; ERECTED, 1570; TAKEN DOWN, 1824.



SPECIMEN OF CARVING ON THE PANNELLING OF THE HOUSE, WITH THE ARMS OF DE BATHE, THE FOUNDER.

(From the "Dublin Penny Journal," September, 1832.)

This building was erected A.D. 1570, by Nicholas Bathe, a member of a family which appears to have had considerable possessions in the county of Meath, Athcarne Castle, a few miles beyond Duleek, being erected by William Bathe in the year 1590; and it appears, by the inscriptions, and the carpentry of both buildings was executed by the same person, viz., Hiv Mor, or Hugh Moore.

It occupied the angle formed by the junction of Laurence's street and Shop street, the principal front being in the latter, and was composed chiefly of oak, said to have been obtained from Melifont Park; it consisted of three storeys, the upper projecting beyond that immediately beneath. The upper or attic storey was composed of strong square oak framing, with spandril pieces, each piece forming a quadrant, or segment of a circle, the interstices filled with plaister; the principal, or as we would now say, the drawing-room storey, was of a more finished character, consisting of pannelling or wainscot, each pannel being about a foot square, and fancifully carved in quaterfoils and foliage, executed in good style; the rails and styles were also ornamented with projecting pins or trennails. It is difficult to say how the lower storey was arranged, it having undergone many alterations; it was, however, extremely low, and latterly divided into several small shops.

In the angle on the drawing-room floor was a handsome semicircular bay window, consisting of four divisions, a pannel in the pedestal of which contained the arms of Bath, viz., a cross between four lions rampant, with the initials N. B.; this pannel was preserved by Peter Van Homerigh, Esq., the late Recorder. There was another projecting window in Shop street, but it did not appear to be of such antiquity as the rest of the building.

On the bressimer, in Laurence street, was the following inscription, in the antique raised letters used in the time of Queen Elizabeth, each about six inches long, and each word divided by a star:—

MADE * BI * NICHOLAS * BATHE * IN * THE YEARE * OF * OUR * LORD * GOD * 1570 * BI * HIV * MOR * CARPENTER.

There is no doubt but at the time of erection this house was considered a "chef-de-ouvre," and even in later times it was considered a curiosity, and commanded the admiration of many. Taaffe, among others, remarks, "I have seven wooden houses in Pilnitz, Richenau, and other towns of Bohemia and Germany, but none of such curious and elegant, as well as durable workmanship." He has, indeed made a TRIFLING mistake with respect to its antiquity, as he continues, "The date was carved in the oak, in figures about two feet long!! and I think it was 1074!!"—thus adding ONLY eighteen inches to the length of the figures, and 500 years to the age of the house.

The "Wooden House," after having, like Napoleon, "fulfilled its destiny," and being extremely rickety through "old age and infirmity," besides suffering under the obloquy of a very indifferent character, having been for many years suspected of harbouring rats, reprobates, and typhus fever, was at length condemned to annihilation by the corporation, and disappeared for ever in the year 1824; and the present handsome modern brick buildings were erected on its site. A.

The signature to the above article—merely the initial letter of his name, Armstrong—the "Dublin Penny Journal" told its readers, revealed the modesty of the author, a journeyman housepainter, of Ranelagh, who, making good use of his leisure, had "acquired the power of sketching like an artist and writing like a gentleman."

ANOTHER NOVEL FIRE ENGINE.

The chief of the fire department in Rouen, France, has invented a fire-pump which can be operated by tapping the current of any street car or electric-light system. The pump is small enough to be drawn easily by one horse, in a light, two-wheeled cart, but sufficiently powerful to throw a stream of water 100 feet high. In a trial the new pump developed its full energy in three minutes, while a steam-pump required 14 minutes to get up the same pressure.

THE GREAT NAPOLEON'S SON.

By W. M. SLOANE, Ph. C.,

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

There is probably but a single instance in which the whole civilised world, and most of the round globe besides, has anxiously regarded its fortunes as dependent on the birth of a child. Yet this, in plain prose, was virtually the case on March 20, 1811.

If Napoleon Bonaparte should found a dynasty it would be long ere things would again be as they had been only a short time ago, and as the vast majority of Europeans desired them to be once more. As the fateful moment drew near, nations literally stood expectant; when it passed, the great arms of the semaphores began to wave and circle along all the highways of Europe, telegraphing to hamlet, village, town and city the news which seemed to determine the fate of peoples and principalities.

As for the great metropolitan city of Paris, the suspense of its populace was breathless; it appeared as if all the men and women within the walls were gathered in one dense mass about the palace of the Tuilleries. After what seemed interminable waiting, cannon began to boom from the terrace of the Invalides; the intervals were ages, but the patient people counted, and as the twenty-second blank shot rang out across the distance, one mighty cheer broke forth from the assembled masses, as if to drown the artillery. It was the preconcerted signal to announce the birth of a boy.

Within the palace the suspense had been terrible. The mother's life had hung in the balance, and the new-born child gave no signs of life. For seven minutes the Imperial baby lay in suspended animation. But at last he gave a wail, and as he did so he was hailed: "King of Rome! Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honor! Grand Cross of the Iron Crown! Knight of the Golden Fleece!"

A THIRD CHARLEMAGNE.

These were but his titles of honour; his place was to be that of a third Charlemagne, the successor of his sire, who was posing as the second, the Emperor of the West, holding sway over not merely Germany and Italy, but all lands westward to the Atlantic, unless indeed the islands of Great Britain should elude his sovereignty for an hour. If there should be a second son, he would be the true king of Italy, reigning, although not governing, at Rome. This was the Imperial father's intention.

But this boy was to be sovereign paramount of the European world, perhaps of all the earth. Just now he was the token of reconciliation between the monarchies and the parvenu empire; his mother was a Hapsburg, his father a Napoleon, as the new dynasty was styled; combining the ancient prestige of one with the present power of the other, his infant majesty would have a legitimacy unknown to the ruling parent, who sighed that his own power was jeopardised by the lack of kingly ancestry.

The title, "King of Rome," was chosen for weighty reasons. It was a defiance to the Papacy, for Pope Pius was very stubborn just now; it recalled the great empire of Charles the Great, Charlemagne, as the French called him in their absurd claim that the most typical German who ever lived was a Frenchman; but above all, it suggested, as Napoleon desired, that, although born a French subject in Corsica, he was no Corsican, but a Frenchman of noble Italian descent.

To many grave and thoughtful Frenchmen the circumstances seemed of primal importance in history, for they felt that the dissemination and ascendancy of French culture throughout the West was assured under conditions similar to those which, under Alexander the Great, had scattered the seeds of Hellenic culture far and near over the then-known world. The wild enthusiasm of the French masses found expression in the poems of Casimir Delavigne and Michaud.

The child had much to contend with from the hour when his swaddling-clothes were bound about him. His mother proved almost less than human, such was her utter indifference to her babe. The tenderness and solicitude of maternity she did not feel, and she made no pretence of showing any symptoms of them.

The training of that Austrian court had already a sorrowful notoriety throughout Europe. By the most insidious wiles its wards, whether children of the reigning house or other princes of the royal blood, were stripped of will-power, taught such half-truths as revolt even the child-reason, fashioned into courtly puppets moving with outward grace and inward sullenness at the behest of their superiors.

The revolt was sure to follow. The marriage of Marie Louise was an emancipation, partial, to be sure, but real. I have the testimony of Kossuth at second hand that he saw in Vienna the piles of the daughter's letters which revealed to her father, her husband's deadliest foe, the innermost secrets of the French policy.

She may have remained a spy, a facile tool in the hands of the Emperor Francis, but she had a fond husband, and her passion for selfish indulgence was bounded, not by his willingness to furnish the means—never! only by the narrowness of her own mind, narrow even in its selfishness. It was broad enough, however, to make all care and anxiety distasteful, even about her own son, and that, too, a son who might be the heir of the ages.

Nevertheless, the little fellow throve. His father's care abundantly supplied the absence of a mother's love. A great lady, Madame de Montesquieu, was chosen to be his guide and friend. Her virtues were those of the old French nobility to which they belonged, and among these was loyalty. Whatever the reality of her emotions, her little charge was tenderly nurtured. He was surrounded by affectionate care. His infancy was unclouded by heedlessness. The noble woman remained with her charge long into childhood, until the Austrian emperor would no longer tolerate her service.

The baby's cradle deserves a word of notice. It was the gift of the Paris municipality. The heraldic bearings of the city are a medieval galleon on a stormy sea, and the legend is, "Fluctuat nec mergitur," "She tosses, but does not sink." Of such a vessel the goldsmiths of what was already the world's artistic capital wrought in vermeil, a sort of glorified silver gilt, an exquisite model, in ample dimensions and richest decoration. The design was by Prudhon, easily the greatest artist of his day.

The little king was not infrequently seen in public, with a style such as was befitting the liege of a devoted people. The chosen place was the terrace of the Feuillans in the gardens of the Tuilleries, overlooking the Seine. There on the broad walk he was drawn up and down in a toy wagon, to which were harnessed pairs of trained rams.

There is a beautiful and familiar portrait of the baby King of Rome. It was by Gerard, and was painted when the child was eighteen months old. By this time the emperor was far away on the plains of Russia, in the thick of the operations which open the period of Imperial decadence. The child is displayed in the exuberance of infancy. He is as plump and rosy as a cherub. Lying half-naked in his basket-crib, he throws his legs into the air with the mere delight of existence. His head is beautifully developed, his features having the suggestive charm of infancy, and in his chubby hands he clutches for glittering toys a sceptre and the globe of the world.

CAPTAIN COIGNET'S PLUME.

The exquisite picture was forwarded to Napoleon, and reached him when in camp on the banks of the Moskwa River. It was a ray of sunshine in an hour of gloom. He was beside himself with joy as he gazed on the portrait. It was hung in a conspicuous place at headquarters, and the father-emperor gave it the superlative honour of a formal salute from the old guard. It is believed to have formed a part of his personal baggage throughout the worst disasters and most terrible privations of that awful campaign.

Napoleon's affection for the boy ceased only with death. When he was a captive on St. Helena a thoughtless attendant handed him a nosegay on his birthday, August 15th, as coming from his boy. He put it aside with evident anguish. Wife and Son, he recalled, were far off in Vienna, both indifferent, as he believed, to one who, in his hopelessness, still loved them with passionate devotion.

There is another glimpse of the infant king which we have through the eyes of a Captain Coignet, a common grenadier who, during the weary years after his battles, wrote his reminiscences in a style of homely sincerity which is almost Homeric:

"Finding myself one day at the palace of Saint Cloud, Marshal Duroc, who was with me, made a signal for me to come up, and the dear child (the King of Rome) stretched out his little hands to catch my plume. I stoop, and lo! he begins to tear at the feathers. The marshal says to me: 'Let him go on.' The child was wild with delight, but the plume was ruined. I felt pretty foolish. The marshal says to me: 'Give it to him. I'll give you another.' The lady in waiting and the nurse split their sides with laughter.

"The marshal says to the lady: 'Give the prince to the sergeant, and let him carry him on his arm.' Ye gods! I stretched out my arms to receive the precious burden. Everybody crowds round me. 'Well,' says M. Duroc to me, 'is he heavy?' 'Yes, my general.' 'Come, take a walk with him; you're strong enough to carry him.'

"HE WILL NEVER REIGN IN FRANCE."

"I took a short walk on the terrace. The child tore away at my feathers, and paid no attention to me. His wraps fell low about my legs, and I was afraid of falling; but I was happy to carry such a child. I handed him back to the lady, who thanked me, and the marshal says to me: 'Come to me in an hour.'

"I duly appeared before the marshal, who gives me an order on the manufacturer for a beautiful plume. 'You have only that single one,' says he. 'Yes, general.' 'I'll give you an order for two.' 'Thank you, general.' 'There, my fine fellow, you shall have one for Sundays.'

"Returning to my superior officers, they say to me: 'But where's your plume?' 'The King of Rome took it from me.' 'A very good joke, indeed, you tell.' 'See this order of Marshal Duroc. Instead of one plume, I am to have two, and I have carried the King of Rome on my arm for nearly a quarter of an hour. He tore my plume to pieces.' 'Happy mortal!' they said to me. 'Such memories are indelible.' But I never saw the child again. 'Tis the fault of politics which harvested him in before his time."

This is the famous scene which Monsieur

Rostand "adapted" and incorporated into his play.

It was not until his return from the ghastly spectacle on the Beresina that Napoleon saw his boy again. This was in 1813, and the little king seemed to his sire a child of the greatest promise. There is an unverified legend that the emperor seemed most preoccupied about the future of his son, and said in a moment of gloom to one of his chamberlains: "He will never reign in France."

Be this as it may, and it seems probable, the great soldier, about to try once more the fortunes of war as a last desperate resort, arranged for the King of Rome the only scenes in which the child ever appeared as the darling of an affectionate household. It was known that from the steppes of Russia Napoleon had written to consult and advise about the baby's health, especially the important matter of his teething. His devotion to his young wife was common talk. During his short stay the three were seen together on all kinds of occasions, and the beautiful domestic life of the little family warmed the hearts of every plain French man or woman. And it was these plain people, virtuous, simple-minded and loyal, who made the public opinion of France.

After his defeat at Leipsic, in 1813, Napoleon's case was still more desperate, and again the child may be said to have clutched at the skirts of history. On the eve of his departure for the French campaign, which was the giant's last desperate heaving under overmastering power, the emperor assembled a portion of the National Guard in the grand ballroom of the Tuilleries.

"MY WIFE AND MY CHILD!"

It was an act of great courage, for the citizen soldiers were now disaffected, as their fellow burghers were. The towers of Imperial grandeur were toppling, and they knew it. They did not mean to perish in the wreck. The temper of affairs and men alike was cold as they stood in unsympathetic expectancy opposite the portal of honour.

As the great doors swung open, there appeared the "little corporal" in simple uniform, accompanied only by the empress and the little king in the arms of Madame Montesquieu. For a few moments all was still. Then, in unimpassioned words, Napoleon announced that he was about to put himself at the head of his troops, hoping by their valour and the help of God to drive the enemy from French soil.

There was no response, not even a glimmer of sympathy, from the auditors. Then, grasping the empress's left hand in his own right, and the little right fist of his toddling son with the other hand, he advanced and committed them to the safe-keeping of the National Guard. Still there was chilly silence. Finally, summoning all his great dramatic power to his aid, he said, with a suppressed sob, "My wife and my child!" The spark caught, the men cheered, the officers rushed forward in tears and protested their fidelity.

There is but one more scene in the tragic drama of the child's infancy. When the allies approached Paris, his uncles, Joseph and Jerome, hastily prepared for the flight of the Imperial family. The baggage-wagons were packed, in one of them a vast treasure of precious stones and money, and the travelling carriages drew up to the doors of the Tuilleries. The empress and her little suite took their places in sorrowful resignation; but as the king and his governess were about to enter the coach reserved for them, the little fellow broke into bitter crying, and would not be comforted.

He could not leave his home and his glory thus, infant as he was; and it was only by gentle force that he could be put in his place and soothed as the procession of vehicles rolled swiftly away. Away to Rambouillet, to Blois, and thence across the whole broad extent of France to the Rhine, which was crossed at Huningen, whence shortly, under Austrian guards, Marie Louise and the babe Napoleon, with Madame de Montesquieu, were escorted to Vienna, and at last installed in the splendid suburban palace of Schonbrunn.

Mother and child were still styled empress and king, but not for long. By decree of the International Congress which sat at Vienna, the former was made Duchess of Parma, Guastalla and Piacenza, with the reversion of those Italian principalities to her son by Napoleon. But even this last grace was soon withdrawn from the child. This was in 1817; the following year he was designated by the purely Austrian title, Duke of Reichstadt, the designation which even the French finally accepted, and by which he was known until he died.

THE "PHANTOM" AT SCHONBRUNN.

From the day of his arrival at Schonbrunn, Napoleon II., as the Bonapartists fondly called him yet, becomes almost a phantom. In no other sense of the word can he be regarded as a historic figure, except in the one already given. From his birth to his early childhood he was a menace to the whole ancient dynastic system of Europe, especially to that of France. If he were to perpetuate the Napoleonic system it would be merely a question of time when the seven fat kine of all the other monarchies should be eaten up.

After the fall of his father, he could be, and was, nothing more than a feeble pretender, a tool in Metternich's hands, or rather a scarecrow, wherewith to disturb the self-complacency of the Bourbons. The Bonaparte or Imperialistic party of France had him in view for their own ends, but they could scarcely lay eyes on their idol to see what manner of man he was outwardly, much less could they communicate with him to test his ability and his courage.

While Napoleon was upon Elba, the boy was so closely guarded at Schonbrunn that neither letter nor emissary could penetrate to the child's presence. At Fontainebleau the emperor's abdication was made in favour of his son, but the allies laughed the idea to scorn. The exile reclaimed his boy in vain. Even during the Hundred Days, with the renewed allegiance of France and a formidable military power at his back, Napoleon renewed his demands for his heir without effect.

Forced to abdicate a second time after Waterloo, Napoleon I. designated the purple for Napoleon II.; but this, of course, was a procedure even more farcical than the earlier one; and when the spirit of the mighty warrior and statesman was finally quelled on St. Helena, there was no further effort possible on the father's part. A lock of the baby's hair and a bust of the child in marble were sent to him, and these he guarded as his most sacred treasures.

Of the education which Marie Louise's son received at Schonbrunn we can form a fair idea by piecing into a patchwork the shreds of information given by various casual witnesses. His grandsire, Francis, Emperor of Austria, loved him in his own stolid, formal way. The tutor provided to replace Madame de Montesquieu, who was driven away lamenting, was a well-bred, conscientious man, the Count of Diedrichstein. For his charge he provided able teachers, some of them famous in their day—men such as Collin and Obenaus. But while the instruction was good, the plan of education was really Mephistophelian in its ingenuity, devised to extinguish every spark of ambition, to quench every flame of energy.

The young duke learned the classics, ancient history and a sort of Bowdlerized modern history, which was, in substance, a bald chronology, without narrative or commentary. Philosophy and the science of politics he enjoyed in a feeble way, for in them greater liberty was granted to his instructors. His studies in the art of fortification were thorough, for his mind had a military turn, and the lecturer, Major Weiss, was master of his subject. It is doubtful whether in all this he was permitted to think a single thought.

Silence broods over his religious education, but there is no reason to suppose that it was other than that which his mother, and, in fact, every member of the Austrian royal family, had received. The processes which turned her into a weak voluptuary seemed to distant onlookers utterly to have emasculated him. What may have been the bigotry and superstition which were compounded into the air he breathed we can only divine. All we know certainly is that he once declared his belief in the statement of his father that Christianity was the essential basis of society. If so, the boy reasoned, it must be true.

THE LAST YEARS OF "THE EAGLET."

We have a volume of reminiscences from one who was a sort of officer companion, but it reveals only what is indifferent. No true-hearted Frenchman was ever allowed to penetrate the seclusion of a Bonaparte prince whose right the faithful Bonapartists felt it was to know his friends.

One Frenchman born there was, indeed, who saw and knew him—Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, the double traitor; traitor to his emperor after the magnificent campaign of 1814, traitor to his country in the July Revolution of 1830; traitor so double-dyed that his title became a common byword; to "raguse" was synonymous with to "desert" for years and years. It was really a black insult that such a man should have been chosen, after his flight from Paris, to tell the son the tale of his father's matchless strategy and recount the matchless panorama of the Napoleonic wars as seen by the distorted vision of a brilliant scoundrel.

But so it was, and even as Marmont narrated or read in long detail, they roused the dull spirit of the boy for a time into pride and enthusiasm. Such at least is the story. In reality, we have no evidence of any kind that will bear careful sifting. This it is which gives such abundant room for the poet's imagination to roam at will. The romancers and the playwrights select these years as their time; naturally, there is no one to contradict their inventions.

Of rumours we have no end. There is no foundation for any of them. At the time, many believed, and said, that in spite of every precaution, the boy was not only secretly familiar with his father's career, but had elaborated plans to secure what he regarded as his own legitimate succession. That all these schemes came to naught they attributed to Metternich's watchfulness. There is also a story that when the young duke was sixteen years old, and aware with a kind of awakening manhood of how close were the restrictions about him, he gave way to despair.

It was thought that a letter from France had somehow reached him; a call from the Bonaparte party, perhaps, for some sign from their prince, that in his boyish way he had taken the matter into consideration, that the problem was too hard. The report was that, striking his brow in a tragic way, he exclaimed:

"But what do they want to make of me? Do they think I have my father's head"

Further rumour has it that from his twentieth year onward, amid the ravages of his disease, he cried incessantly: "Let me die in peace!"

On July 22, 1832, the "boy Ascanius," as a French poet styled him, died. His disease was consumption of the throat, and his sufferings were terrible. But his faith as an orthodox Christian remained unshaken. He mastered his agony as best he could, received the Eucharist, and passed away with the name of his mother on his lips. His remains lie in the crypt of the Capuchin Church of Vienna, not far from those of his famous grandmother, Maria Theresa.

The signature of the young duke as he wrote it was Francesco duc di Reichstadt. The name of Napoleon is denied him even on the sarcophagus which contains his ashes, though that of his sire and his title, King of Rome, are both there.

"Greet the Vendome column for me," it is

said that he wrote in sarcastic pleasantry to Marmont's adjutant, Zame, after that officer left his exiled master and went to live in Paris. The anecdote is pathetic. The scion of Napoleon's stock certainly adored his father. He also loved his mother and his grandsire with the human instinct. But such dwarfed and stunted pride as he had was centred in France.

The passionate, romantic, and sentimental folk of that great land have taken him to their heart. In a microcosmic way he is to them a literary figure, much as Charlemagne is. In that quality he becomes of greater importance as the years go by. The " Son of the Man," the " Son of Hector " are titles once in vogue which have now passed. But to-day the French, under the inspiration of their favourite playwright, recall the famous verses of Victor Hugo in his " Songs of the Dusk," where he sings that of the two great victors over France " each for his fangs divided the prey, England took the eagle and Austria the eaglet." The eaglet, l'aiglon, is the phrase in vogue to-day. Poor eaglet ! he must have been one, for have we not the authority of Horace that " the fierce eagles do not beget the unwarlike doves ?"

MAKING PHONOGRAPH MUSIC.

There are all sorts of queer callings in the world, and not the least interesting is that of the men who make phonograph music. It is thus described by a writer:—

A semi-circle of a dozen coatless, collarless, perspiring men faced the flaring brass mouth of the phonograph receiver.

An athletic individual stepped in front of the receiver and spoke. Where had you heard that voice before?—that bellow so resonant, so Jove-like, so supremely confident of itself and of that of which it spoke!—that masterful, compelling voice that you had heard echoing over moonlit lakes and summer hotel piazzas and through darkened auditoriums when the moving pictures were about to begin! And here was the reality, a workman in his shirt-sleeves with damp hair falling into his eyes. This was what he announced in that awe-compelling roar:

" 'The Forget-Me-Not Waltz,' played by the UmphyUmp Symphony Or chestra!"

Twenty-five hundred concert records are turned out every day in this factory and twenty-five thousand of the small household records. Besides the bandroom there are a dozen or more other rooms where piano and organ soloists may project "The Lost Chord" and "The Moonlight Sonata" into wax cylinders for the edification of those who live far from the madding crowd. A moment after the band had played through the "Forget-Me-Not Waltz" they adjourned to the testingroom, where the cylinder was promptly run through a phonograph, while the hard-worked orchestra listened in front, each one every now and then heaving a deep sigh or cursing behind his beard when the machine failed to bring out his star part.

"It sounds slow to me," said the record tester. "You'd better play it all over again."

The band mopped its brow, and returned to the bandroom.

Out in the big testingroom pandemonium reigned. In this room the various duplicate records of the twenty-five thousand household and twenty-five hundred concert records are tried before they are sent out into the world to be inflicted on a delighted public. Down the whole length of this room sit girls with heads bent toward the funnel of the concert phonographs, each one of which is screeching out a different tune. Each one of the records is loud enough to drown out the noise of the others from the particular girl who is listening there, but to one who passes down the line and gets the mingled effect of the various piano solos, monologues, orchestra selections, and banjo pieces, the room is pandemonium.

THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK.

By CHARLES SMITH, M.D.

Æquum est enim meminisse & me, qui discerem hominem esse, et vos, qui Judicetis ut fi probabilia dicentur nihil ultra requiratis. Cicero Univers

In Two Volumes.

VOL I.

The Second Edition, with Additions.

BOOK II.

Containing the Topographical Description of this County, including the City of Cork.

Chapter I.—Continued.

The episcopal house was rebuilt by Bishop Crow, in which he died; and the late Dr. George Berkley, when Bishop of this see, successfully transplanted the polite arts, which before flourished only in a warmer climate, to this northern climate. Painting and music are no longer strangers to Ireland, nor confined to Italy. In the episcopal palace of Cloyne, the eye was entertained with a great variety of good paintings, as well as the ear with concerts of excellent music. There were here some pieces of the best masters: as a Magdalen of Sir Peter Paul Reubens, some heads by Van Dyke and Kneller, besides several good paintings performed in the house; an example so happy that it has diffused itself into the adjacent gentlemen's houses; and there is at present a pleasing emulation raised in this country, to vie with each other in these kind of performances. The great usefulness of design in the manufacture of stuffs, silks, diapers, damasks, tapestry, embroidery, earthenware, sculpture, architecture, cabinet work, and an infinite number of other arts, is sufficiently evident.

In Cloyne is a small castle, said to have been erected by the Fitz-Geralds. To the N.W. of the town is a reputed holy well, dedicated to St. Coleman, who was the ancient patron of Imokilly; it is visited by the Irish on the 24th of November, being the patron day of that saint. Near the church stands a round tower, 92 feet high and 10 feet diameter. The door is about 13 feet from the ground, which faces the west entrance of the church, as all the doors of these kind of buildings do, that I have yet seen. Concerning the true use of these towers, I shall say something in another place. The soil in this neighbourhood is a loamy, grey earth, mixed with sand, affording plenty of wheat, small barley, and potatoes. The chief manure is sea-sand and burnt clay, of which hereafter.

A small mile west of Cloyne is Castlemary, the house and plantations of Robert Longfield, Esq., situate at no great distance from the eastern side of Cork harbour, of which there is an agreeable prospect from the house and gardens, together with a considerable part of the great island. This place was called, formerly, Cot's rock, from the remains of a Druid's altar, still to be seen in an orchard near the house. This altar consists of a large stone, 15 feet long and 8 in breadth, of a rough, irregular figure, approaching to an oval form. The highest part of it is 9 feet from the ground; it is supported by three other great stones (23). Adjoining to it is a large, round flag-stone or table, which was probably used for cutting up the victims for the sacrifice (24). This altar seems to have been situated in a very retired place, the old Druids performing most of their religious ceremonies in woods; from whence Lucan, lib. 1.

——— Remora alta remotis
In colitis lucis.
Ye haunt the lonely converts of the groves.

And Pliny observes (25) they chose groves of oak to retire into; nor do they (says he) exercise any of their sacred functions without that tree.

On this gentleman's estate there is a white chalky substance, which does not ferment with acids; it is tinged with a yellow ochre, and lies 7 or 8 feet from the surface; it plasters exceeding well, and, I believe, if tempered with proper liquids, would make a good material for stucco. It burns red, and will not make pipes; mixed with linseed oil, it serves indifferently well for a white paint. It has been laid on land, as I was informed, but no corn came up where it was used. I take it to be the clay called, by Mr. Hill, argilla alba tenax, N. 5 p. 19 of his history of fossils. On this land is a fine grey marble, which may be raised in large blocks; being near water carriage, it is easily transported, and was wrought in Cork, by one Mr. Sinclair, who had in his work-yard various kinds of fine marble, the produce of this country.

(23) This altar was named, in Irish, carig croith, i.e., the sun's rock, and corrupted to carig cot. The ancient Irish worshipped the sun, and swore by its head, i.e., by cean groith, St Patrick, in his confession, which he wrote by way of epistle to the Irish, says, "The splendour of the sun shall not always reign, nor have continuance for ever, but all who adore him shall unhappily fall into eternal punishment." And I make no doubt, but these stones, from the similtude of the name, was an ancient Druid's altar, dedicated to the sun.

(24) Cæsar *, who has furnished a long discourse on the customs of the Druids (who were the ancient priests of the heathen times), observes, that they made use of human sacrifices upon their altars. Sometimes they made images of a monstrous size, whose limbs and parts being composed of osiers, they filled with living men, which, setting on fire, they burned the enclosed victims to death †. Strabo says, the Gauls (from whom, I doubt not, all the ancient and religious customs of these islands had their origin), never sacrificed without the presence of their Druids; and adds, that they used human sacrifices.

* Cæs Com. lib. 6. † Lib 4.

(25) Lib. 16. cap. 44.

Rostillian, two miles W. of Cloyne, formerly belonged to Robert Fitz-Stephen, to whom half of the kingdom of Cork was granted. But the castle, which some years ago stood here, was built by the Fitz-Geralds. It is at present the seat of the Right Hon. the Earl of Inchiquin, whose ancestor, Murrough, Lord President of Munster, took this castle, ann. 1645, which was the same year retaken by the Earl of Castlehaven. It is a noble seat, pleasantly situated on an arm of the sea at the S.E. side of the harbour of Cork, where the tide gently flows to the garden wall, and boats come up to the stairs. The present house was built on the ruins of the ancient castle. On a terrace, near the water, are some small pieces of cannon mounted, which, upon firing, render several echoes through the various hills that surround the harbour. In the house are several good family pictures; on the staircase are two large pair of those fossil horns, known by the name of moose horns. From this pleasing situation, one may see,

——————The crouded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurry'd sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.
Thompson, p. 121.

This prospect is terminated to the W. by the islands of Spike and Hawlbowlin, and to the N. by the great island. White-well, near Rostillian, is frequented on certain days of the year by the superstitious Irish devotees; it is a fine limpid, soft water, flowing from a lime-stone rock, and not far from it is a pleasant light chalibeat spaw. Adjacent to the house is a noble park. To the S.W., near the harbour's mouth, is Cork-beg, now the seat of Robert Uniack Fitz-Gerald, Esq., built in a peninsula, to which is a narrow isthmus from the mainland; near it are the ruins of an old castle, said to have belonged to one of the Condons, for whom there is an old tomb in the decayed church of Cork-beg. Here is most excellent lime-stone, esteemed the best in the barony. On the E. side of the harbour are the remains of a large, regular fortification, with platforms below for gun-batteries, level with the water. This work was erected towards the end of queen Elizabeth's reign, but suffered to go to ruin. Near this is a lesser fortification, which, in the reign of the late King James, was made use of to annoy the landing of the Earl of Marlborough; this battery was soon taken by the seamen. The headlands, which form the entrance of this noble harbour, are little more than half an English mile asunder, so that vessels are no sooner in than they are land-locked on all sides in a large, deep, smooth, and still basin. The shore being very high on all sides, affords a noble shelter from almost every wind; but has this disadvantage, that there is scarce room to erect batteries to fortify the harbour. More to the S., on the sea-side, is Trabolgan, an old seat of the Roches, a branch of the Fermoy family.

Poor-head is the most southern cape of this barony, from whence one has a prospect of Kinsale head to the W., and a considerable tract of the sea coast to the east; this cape is bold and lofty, and well answers to Shakespeare's description, that,

——It is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep.

On the western side of Cork harbour, within the mouth, is an high, round land, called Corribiny-point; on its summit is one of the ancient tumuli, raised to the memory of some Irish or Danish hero of former ages. These sepulchres were often placed on the sea-coasts; witness that of Æneas for his nurse Caieta, mentioned by the Mantuan bard.

Tu quoque littoribus nostris, Æneia nutrix,
Æternam moriens samam; Caieta, dedisti;
At pius exequiis Æneas rite solutis,
Aggere composito tumuli, postquam alta quierunt
Æquora, tendit iter velis.
Æneid. VII.

And thou, O matron of immortal fame!
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name:
Caieta still the place is call'd from thee,
The nurse of great Æneas' infancy.
Now, when the prince her fun'ral rites had paid,
And o'er her bones a lofty mound had made,
He plough'd the Tyrrhene seas with sails displayed
Dryden.

And they were often, in after ages, used as land marks for mariners to steer by.

Not far from the strand of Ballycroneen, there stands on a hill a pillar stone, 8 feet high, the end of which seems to be buried deep in the earth. More to the W. is a place called Liscally, is a strong moated Danish entrenchment, with one of the highest mounds I have seen, being 12 feet high, and seems to have been less impaired by time than any other in this part of the country. Ballykendrick castle is a good, strong building, between this and Cloyne, and formerly belonged to the Fitz-Geralds.

A little to the N.E. of Middletown is a range of rocky hills, on which grow several aromatic plants; and the fields hereabouts are covered with great quantities of comfrey.

Middletown, so called from its situation, midway between Cork and Youghal, being 10 miles from each, is a borough and market town, well built and pleasantly situated, a river running at each end of it, and the tide flowing up to it, being in the N.E. angle of Cork harbour. It consists of one long street, ranging from the north to the south bridges. Here is a good market, both of flesh and fish. The Irish still call it Castre-ni-chora, i.e., the castle of the ford; and from thence an ancient abbey was called Chore abbey; in Irish, Monastre-ni-Chora, and in the records called Monasterium de Choro Sancti Benedicti Beat. Mar. Virg. It was a daughter of the abbey of Neany, or Magy, in the county of Limerick, the monks being furnished out of that house for occupying this abbey. It was founded about the year 1180, according to Ware, by the Fitz-Geralds; and, according to Jungelin, by the Barrys. Gerald Fitz-Richard, Bishop of Cloyne, appropriated the vicarages of Clonmult, Danigin, Donilbam, and Bally-spellany to this house, ann. 1476. It was granted, upon the dissolution, to Sir John Fitz-Edmond Fitz-Gerald, of Cloyne, who forfeited it in the rebellion of 1641. This town was erected into a corporation by the interest of Sir St. John Brodrick, who rebuilt the church and steeple and the greatest part of the town. It is governed by a sovereign, two bailiffs, and twelve burgesses, who return two members to Parliament. The late King James also incorporated the place; by whose charter, in 1687, Sir James Cotter, Knt., was appointed sovereign, and Philip Roche and Dominick White, merchants, bailiffs thereof; but this charter soon went into disuse. Here is a fair market-house, built with hewn stone, and adorned with a clock; and besides an English school for the education of poor children in the Protestant religion, there is a public free-school, which is an elegant building, composed of one main structure and two returns, over which was lately an handsome dome. This school was founded, ann. 1709, by the Lady Elizabeth Villiers; she was eledest daughter of Sir Edward Villiers, Father of Edward, Earl of Jersey, and maid of honour to Queen Mary when Princess of Orange; and in 1695 was married to the Lord George Hamilton, third son of William, Duke of Hamilton, afterwards created Earl of Orkney (26). She expended a considerable sum of money in building this house, and settled a good estate on this endowment, for the support of a master, two ushers assistants, a writing-master, and £50 a year for scholars entered from this school into the University of Dublin (27).

(To be Continued.)

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

By R. Heaton.

We spring from the earth at the Winter's birth
When the ground is bare
And we reign supreme, like a passing dream
Till the world is fair.

We brave the gale, and the rain and hail,
Afraid of none!
While our petals blaze like the golden rays
Of the setting sun.

From bronze we shade, and to pink we fade
As the rosy morn;
And our lips are kissed by the dewy mist
Of the early dawn.

To mauve we turn and to crimson burn—
Then fiercer glow.
But our souls delight in our petals white
As the driven snow.

(26) Collin's Peerage of England vol. 3. p. 533.

(27) She reserved to herself a power to make rules for the governing this school. The governors first appointed by the charter were the earls of Orkney and Inchiquin, Thomas Brodrick, Alan Brodrick, and Samuel Maynard, esqrs. lieut Peter Bettesworth, and their respective heirs, together with the bishop of Cork, and the sovereign of Middletown. They nominate the master, who has £100 a year salary; an usher, who has £20 per annum and a writing-master, £20 per annum. There is £10 per annum for repairs of the house, with the sum of £50 to be distributed in exhibitions to scholars (of this house) in Dublin College, as the majority of the governors shall direct, provided no more than £15 be paid to one person. And if such scholars are not to be had, this money is to go to such charitable uses as the governors shall direct. The estate bequeathed to this school, are the lands of Ballynehortig, Ballynereguine, Ballynemeuile, Ballynodagha, 64 acres of Tullaghloane, lying in the barony of Kinalea and Kerricurihy, and all the lands leased by the late king James to sir Richard Mead, at the rent of £100 per annum. The lands of Ballysabeg and Kilgoban, in the barony of Carbery, containing 331 acres, and all other lands in the said barony, formerly set to William North, esq, by the late king James, at £100 per annum.

LITERARY NOTES.

Londoners can look on Burke's house in Gerrard street, Soho. There is a peculiarly interesting passage in John Thomas Smith's "Book for a Rainy Day," in which that amiable gossiper tells how he used to watch the great statesman and orator at work at night from a window over the way.

✧ ✧ ✧

Mr. Watts-Dunton, the "Athenæum" states, has written a new critical study of "The Merchant of Venice" for the great edition of Shakespeare to be published by the Cambridge University Press, Massachusetts. He deals with the sources of the plot and the place it occupies, not only in the Shakespearian drama, but also in the drama of the Elizabethan epoch.

✧ ✧ ✧

C.K.S., of the "Sphere," presents us this week with a photograph of the house at 12 Arran quay, Dublin, in which Edmund Burke was born. It is a modest, three-storeyed house, whose ground-floor is occupied by a tailor. Yet when Edmund Burke's father was a flourishing attorney it was in a fashionable quarter of the city. Burke, we are reminded, was born here on January 12, 1729.

✧ ✧ ✧

"I should like to die on my yacht," Mr. G. A. Henty said early in this year, and such was his fate. Mr. Henty, we learn from our newborn contemporary, had been cruising in the Channel during the summer, and was just laying up his yacht in a backwater of Weymouth Harbour when he had the paralytic stroke that brought his sunny and well-spent life to a close. We believe that the number of Mr. Henty's books exceeds ninety. His was a father in fiction to hundreds of thousands of boys, and it seems certain that his place will not be immediately filled.

✧ ✧ ✧

One hundred and fifty years ago last Thursday week Chatterton, "the marvellous Boy, the sleepless Soul that perished in his pride," was born in Bristol. Of the author of the "Rowley" poems Johnson said: "It is wonderful how the whelp has written such things," and the wonder was shared by many besides the Doctor. Hazlitt, it is true, was less enthusiastic in his praise of Chatterton's achievement, and when someone declared the youth might have blossomed into a Keats, the essayist retorted: "Yes; but on the other hand, he might have blossomed into a Poet Laureate!"

✧ ✧ ✧

After all, America is not the home of the very latest in journalism. Austria must be accorded that honour. A Viennese Bank director, assisted by two friends, who are lawyers, has decided to publish a newspaper for nervous persons. Catastrophes like that at Martinique, big bank defalcations, and other events calculated to upset the nerves will be treated in a soothing way, so as not to disturb sensitive people. The director has invited some newspaper men of prominence in Austria and Germany to send descriptions of a number of recent stirring occurrences treated in this way, and he offers large prizes for the best work.

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The "Athenæum" says—It is said that Mr. Alexander Macdonald, of Ohio, is negotiating for the purchase of Abbotsford in order to present the place to the Scottish people.

respondent of a Glasgow journal reminds us that if the subscription of £10,000 projected after Scott's death to discharge all encumbrances and entail the house had been successful such a possibility could not have been suggested. Lockhart states that a part of the sum raised was embezzled by the young per "appointed to the post of secretary, who carried it with him to America, where he soon after died." Mr. Macdonald, the prospective purchaser of Abbotsford, is an American Scot, president of the Standard Oil Company of Kentucky.

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Luneville is to do honour to itself and to the memory of Emile Erkmann by erecting a monument to him whose name stands first in the familiar compound Erkmann-Chatrian. The story of the partnership which resulted in such books as "Waterloo" and "The Conscript" is ancient history, as is also the record of the lamentable rupture which separated the pair after a close comradeship of many years. The universal popularity of the work of Erkmann-Chatrian is easily accounted for; it rests on actuality, simplicity, and a domestic sentiment which never degenerates into the pathetic. But they were successful, too, in the difficult medium of the supernatural; they suggested "mystery and wonder" with astonishing effect, an effect largely heightened by the introduction of natural and convincing human contrasts.

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Mr. Austin Dobson, I observe (remarks the literary critic of the "St. James's Gazette"), differing therein from Edward Fitzgerald, is not in favour of abridgments of Richardson's novels. Why abridge at all? he asks in his new book on Richardson in Messrs. Macmillan's English Men of Letters Series. Why not leave the "large, still, Book," as Tennyson called it, intonis capillis—with locks unshorn of the shearer? Any retrenchment must be mutilation. And why mutilate to please the modern reader, who, when all is said and done, will probably prefer a modern performance. "Clarissa" is of its author and of its time; it can never be of us and of our time.

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Richardson and Fielding, like the Dickens and Thackeray, of a later day, were the victims of a rivalry forced on them by their admirers. It is the happy fortune of Mr. Austin Dobson (and the happier fortune of all wise modern readers) that it has fallen to him to dispense equal justice to the pair in the calm of posterity. The true duty of the public, as Goethe said to Schiller about their own case, is to be thankful that it has two such fellows. Mr. Dobson's Fielding has long waited for Mr. Dobson's Richardson to bear him company, and we all welcome him now that he is come. Mr. Dobson, as biographer, does not blink, be it said, Richardson's rather feminine jealousies of his great rival.

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The New York "Critic" devotes an article to Mademoiselle Chammoynat, aged ten, who, under the pseudonym of Carmen d'Assilva, has almost convinced Paris that she is great. When she was nine this precocious little person presented herself as a candidate for the Society of Dramatic Authors of France. M. Sardou examined some of her plays, heard her declaim one of them, cried, "Gentlemen, this is certainly the youngest dramatic author in the world"—and Carmen d'Assilva was admitted to the Society. Carmen d'Assilva also acts and writes stories; she has, we are told, a satirical gift, and she does not exclude divorce from her range of subjects. We are not surprised (says the "Academy") to hear that when Mlle. d'Assilva speaks her "eyes light up with an unusually penetrating expression." It would be astonishing if they did not. We cannot say that at present Mlle. d'Assilva's future career is a matter of much interest to us.

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Mr. J. Churton Collins on Tennyson is always interesting. He has just edited, with critical introductions, commentaries, and notes, together with the various readings, "'In Memoriam,' 'The Princess' and 'Maud'" (Methuen). As is well known, Tennyson was "fastidiously scrupulous" about the minutiæ of expression and language which he used, and was continually making changes. On this point Mr. Collins says:—

The editions of Tennyson's various works are so numerous that no Bibliography records them, and no single library, public or private, so far at least as I can discover, contains them. These editions teem with variants, and so restlessly—one might almost say morbidly—indefatigable was Tennyson in correction, that till an edition, even though there be no indication on the title page that it is anything more than a reprint, is inspected, there is no security that the text has not been altered. Backwords and forwards, forwards and backwards fluctuate the incessantly shifting variants.

This makes the task of any conscientious editor of the poet a very serious undertaking, and Mr. Collins confesses that he has devoted more labour and expenditure of time to the present volume than he cares to remember.

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While admitting that "The Princess" is "sown thick with beauties," Mr. Collins holds that the impression which the poem makes as a whole is, apart from its serious purpose, "unsatisfactory and disappointing." He further says:—

As a contribution to social philosophy, "The Princess" has done its work. The problem which was unsolved when the poem appeared has long found its solution. As a didactic work it stands in the same relation to social philosophy as "In Memoriam" stands to religious thought. What lives and is influential in both belongs to the currency which Time will, in all likelihood, discount still further, but probably not much further.

"The Princess," as a whole, is indeed, he says, not likely to maintain either "its attraction or its interest."

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As regards "Maud"—the third poem dealt with in the volume—Mr. Collins, after pointing out some of the "chief infirmities of the poem from a dramatic point of view," goes on to say:—

But when we regard the poem not as a dramatic study and in relation to dramatic art, but in its relation to pure lyric, it is not difficult to account for the fascination which it had for its author and which it must have for all to whom lyric and music appeal. As a masterpiece of rhythm it must rank among the wonders of art. Never, perhaps, have emotion and passion in their various phases found in words a medium of expression so subtly responsive, so wholly adequate.

The exquisite treatment of nature is another charm of the poem noticed. It is curious to recall that the poem was not received with much favour by the poet's contemporaries, "Blackwood" rising from its perusal "dispirited and sorrowful"

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In the "North American Review" there appears a short, terse article by Leoncavallo, entitled, "How I wrote 'Pagliacci.'" The writer gives a sketch of his life which reads almost like a summary of a Balzac novel, with the love interest left out. After taking his diploma as doctor of letters at Bologna, Leoncavallo, at the age of twenty, went to Egypt, where he became a concert pianist. He was appointed private musician to Mahmoud Hamdy, but his patron having taken the side of Arabi Pasha, Leoncavallo, after Tel-el-Kebir, escaped in the disguise of an Arab to Ismailia. Finally he reached Paris, where, utterly destitute, he became an accompanist to cafe concert performers, and later pawned his furniture to raise money to reach Milan. There M. Ricordi gave him a commission to write the music for the libretto of the "Medicis." The music was written, but after three years the opera was still unproduced. Then, says the writer of this piece of autobiography,

After the success of "Cavalleria" by Mascagni, I lost all patience, and I shut myself up in sheer desperation, resolved to make a last struggle. In five months I wrote the words and the music of "Pagliacci," which was acquired by M. Sonzogno, after he had only read the libretto, and which Manuel admired so much that he insisted on producing it at Milan on May 17th, 1892. The success of this piece, as is known, was as striking as that of "Cavalleria," and its fame spread like wildfire.

So that professional emulation did in a few months what years of hardship had failed to produce. It is an old and always interesting story.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

Some interesting tests have been carried out with a novel and interesting type of high-speed electric locomotive designed by Mr. Walter Reichel, the chief engineer to Messrs. Siemens and Halske, the eminent firm of electrical engineers, which, in conjunction with the Allgemeine Elektricitats-Gesellschaft, has been carrying out the elaborate experiments in connection with high-speed electric traction. The body of this new locomotive is carried on two four-wheeled bogies, and to each axle a motor is fitted, making four motors in all. The special feature of this engine is that the motors receive the current direct from the supply trolly at 10,000 volts potential, and the fitting of a motor to each axle dispenses with transformers and enables the weight to be considerably reduced, with a corresponding reduction of energy consumption.

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The reason for building a locomotive instead of another automobile car for these high-speed trials was simply the lower cost. Owing to the imperfections of the permanent way, the maximum speed attained in the trials was only 105 kilometers (66 miles) an hour, but they afforded ample proof of the feasibility of using motors taking current at very much higher pressures than have hitherto been attempted. Pressures extending up to 11,000 volts were used in the trials without giving rise to difficulties of any kind. According to the engineer, the substitution of these motors in the Siemens and Halske high-speed car employed in last year's trials for the 1,150-volt motors and transformers then used would reduce the weight from 96 to 76 metric tons. This car attained a speed of 160 kilometres in the former trials, and if, when carrying 50 passengers, it were coupled to a 42-ton car without motor equipment, the total weight, taking 7 tons as the weight of 100 passengers, would amount to 125 tons, or 1.25 ton per passenger.

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Professor Baccelli's method for the treatment of tetanus has been used during the last few years in a considerable number of cases, especially in Italy. This method consists essentially in administering a series of hypodermic injections of phenol in dilute solution. The phenol is rapidly absorbed, and its action is that of fixing the state of the malady; in the favourable cases no new symptoms appear after the first injections of phenol have been regularly made. As to the symptoms which already exist, these are not at once attenuated, but at the end of several days they diminish gradually. Dr. Croffi has been engaged in formulating the results of the cases treated by the Baccelli method, of which 80 have already been published, and shows that it has given more satisfactory results than the other methods.

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The figures show a mortality of 12 to 13 per cent., while in the case of anti-tetanic serum as used by Holesti. Haberlinge, and others the mortality reaches 30 per cent., which is a considerable difference. Even considering the grave cases, the method is still superior, and shows a mortality of 30 per cent., but this is not excessive, as in the treatment of grave cases of diphtheria by the anti-diphtheritic serum the mortality reaches 47 per cent. The advantages of the Baccelli method are best seen when it is applied from the commencement of the disease; in this case, if the patients arrive at the seventh or eighth day, the issue is almost sure to be favourable. It is a striking fact that while the method is successful in the case of the human system, it seems to have no marked effect upon the animals which have been used in the experiments, but this may be explained by the fact that in the latter case the tetanus shows itself in the acute form which causes a rapid mortality, and here the remedy is of no avail.

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An extended series of observations upon the hygiene of acetylene lighting has been recently carried out by M. Masi, a prominent Italian scientist, who made a number of experiments at Rome. The number of appliances for producing acetylene is considerable, but in many cases their imperfections and defective construction have rendered the use of acetylene less extensive than might be, seeing that it has many advantages and is a more healthful method of lighting. According to the experiments of Grehant, Weyl and Frank, the gas has a harmful influence only upon the air when it reaches the proportion of 46 per cent., and it is only at 79 per cent. that it causes death. When absorbed by the blood in quantities not exceeding 10 per cent. it seems to combine easily with the albuminoid elements. The burner, to give a good light, should work under a pressure equal to 3 or 4 inches of water at least, and be mixed, before burning, with oxygen or an inert gas which permits it to come in contact with a great quantity of air.

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Messrs. Lewes and Hempel have shown that its lighting power is 15 or 20 times that of illuminating gas used in an ordinary burner, and from 3 to 5 times when in a Welsbach burner. M. Masi carried out some experiments in a chamber fitted up in the cellars of the Institute of Hygiene at Rome, under the most unfavourable conditions as to ventilation, so as to bring out as much as possible the effect on the respiratory organs. He observed also the intensity and steadiness of the flame, the quality of light produced, the heat and the change brought about in the surrounding air. Repeated experiments on these different points showed that acetylene gave superior results. The gas in burning consumes less oxygen and gives off less carbonic acid gas and water vapour than is the case with other methods of lighting, excluding, of course, the electric light. In a confined locality it produces less heat than either gas, candles, or petroleum, and it does not give rise to ammonia, nitrous acid, or carbon monoxide. He considers that it does not present any more danger from explosion than gas or petroleum, and that it is cheaper for a given candle power than all other methods of lighting.

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The following story is given in "Cassier's Magazine":—"I remember," said a bridge contractor some time ago, while on the subject of workmen's dare-deviltries, "when working at the big bridge across the Niagara, when the two cantilever arms had approached within fifty feet of each other, a keen rivalry as to who should be the first to cross sprang up among the men. A long plank connected the two arms, leaving about two and a half feet of support at each end. Strict orders were issued that no one should attempt to cross the plank upon penalty of instant dismissal. At the noon hour I suddenly heard a great shout from the men, who were all starting up. Raising my eyes I saw a man step on the end of that plank, stop a minute, and look down into the whirlpool below. I knew he was going to cross, and I shouted to him, but he was too high up to hear. Deliberately he walked out until he reached the middle of the plank. It sagged far down with his weight until I could see light between the two short supporting ends and the cantilevers on which they rested. He saw the end in front of him do this, hesitated, and looked back to see how the other end was. I thought he was going to turn. He stopped, grasped both edges of the plank with his hands, and, throwing his feet up, stood on his head, kicking his legs in the air, cracking his heels together, and yelling to the terrified onlookers. This he did for about a minute—it seemed to me like forty. Then he let his feet drop down, stood up, waved his hat, and trotted along the plank to the other side, slid down one of the braces hand over hand, and regained the ground. We discharged him, of course, but what did he care? He got all the glory, his fellows envied him, and he could command work anywhere."

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John Smeaton, in 1752, was the first man who ever styled himself a civil engineer, and in the one hundred and fifty years (says the "Mining and Scientific Press") the business has ever been growing more and more of an exact profession, till now it is of equal importance with any of the learned professions, and demands as high a quality of intellect. The business of mining engineering has not as yet reached so high a standard, but is destined to surpass it. The old rule of thumb is being rapidly discarded, and the advance is noticeably greater in the last twenty years than in the preceding one hundred and thirty years. Like the miner, who has had to grope his way painfully upward, the mining engineer has had to be creative in his functions, and cause a demand before furnishing the correlative supply. The scope of the mining engineer is becoming a tremendous one in variety and requirements. He is becoming the master and interpreter of protean forces, and in his functions combines the powers of many branches of practical science.

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Indeed, all the modern arts and sciences, so far as they apply to mechanics, come under the domain of the mining engineer, for nearly everything to make up modern mechanical progress comes in somewhere as a part of the great mining and metallurgical industry, whether it be the whole railroad system or ore transportation, the pneumatic method in convertors, the best efforts of the electrician, the most complex and far-reaching process of the chemist, the keenest effort of the geologist, the profoundest demonstrations of the mathematician. Thus the educational equipment of the mining engineer is becoming necessarily as much more complex than it was as are the appliances at his command in contrast with the simple devices of a generation ago. And if the demands for capacity and knowledge seem great, it is to be borne in mind that the rewards are proportional and commensurate. No youthful profession on earth pays higher salaries to-day than are paid mining engineers, and the world of great mining enterprises stands ready to pay a man the value he himself sets upon his services, provided he can demonstrate his worth as a matter of economy—economy in this regard meaning the judicious expenditure of money.

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The United States Commissioner of Patents Allen said in a recent interview that the number of patents granted during the present year would be greater than that of any previous year by far. This great increase in the number of patents granted always takes place at such times as the present, when prosperity prevails, and the receipts of this Department of the Government are said accurately to reflect the condition of the money market. The previous experience of the present Commissioner as a patent lawyer made him thoroughly familiar with the former shortcomings of the Department, so that during his administration he has been enabled to remedy a great many of them. The system of the bureau has been bettered to such an extent that litigated cases, if appealed immediately from one examiner to another, may be tried and passed up by the three tribunals of the Department within sixty days from the time of the institution of the original contest. "This," says the Commissioner, "is faster than the attorneys generally wish." Out of all the applications last year, one in fifteen hundred was carried to the District Court of Appraisers.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

DUBLIN, FRIDAY, JULY 27.

There are at this time thirteen houses in this city where the working people of the different branches assemble at different stated periods in order to support the pernicious cause af combination. It would perhaps be a very judicious and prudent measure to withdraw the license for selling malt and spirituous liquors from every publican against whom it could be proved that he or she harboured such illegal meetings, or, as they are termed, Committees, in his or her place. These men, who are chose by the aggregate body of the working people of each branch, are for the most part artful and designing fellows, who levy contributions on the rest, and live in a state of idleness and dissipation themselves. Thus those Committee-men find it to their advantage to promote a spirit of combination, and to enjoy the plunder of the deluded persons whom they dupe of their money, and lead into acts highly injurious to themselves and the trading interests of the kingdom.

A gentleman who some time since paid a visit and spent a few days in Slane, speaks in high terms of the exertions of Colonel Cuningham, to furnish the lowest orders of the people with employment. . Through the whole of last winter, from 350 to 400 men, were employed in useful improvements, and at present are engaged in erecting a most superb building for the residence of that gentleman. If persons of landed property were thus solicitous for the welfare of the poor wretches that languish out life upon their estates, we should not behold such scenes of beggary, want, and misery, as are every where to be met with in the country parts of Ireland.

So great is the concourse of passengers travelling into the country by means of the Grand Canal, that three boats which set off from hence every morning are continually crowded with the genteelest company. A circumstance that does not a little contribute to make this mode of travelling most eligible is, the regulation whereby second rate of steerage passengers are now disposed of in a separate boat, and the cabin where they sat is in the first boats converted into a drawing-room for the ladies.

CORK, JULY 26, 1787.

On Monday night twelve villains armed with muskets, pistols, and hangers, and their faces blackened, broke into the house of one Murphy, an industrious dairyman, at Curragh, in the South Liberties, and robbed the family of every shilling they were possessed of; they cut and abused them in a horrid manner, and carried off every article of wearing apparel they could find, and about eighteen pounds in cash. By the activity and spirited exertions of Mr. Bennett and Mr. Johnson, four of the fellows have been secured, and the shirt and waistcoat of one of the poor people, covered with blood, was on an old offender of the name of Leary. As the rest of this infernal gang are known, and a strict pursuit after them, we hope their further depredations are put a stop to. Leary had nearly two pounds of small balls in his pocket newly cast. In justice to the people of the country, we must acknowledge, they were a set of ruffians from the city, who made this excursion, and would have repeated their attacks but for this timely discovery. The public are much indebted to the gentlemen who secured them.

Cove, July 25th, 1787.

On Saturday night, the 21st inst., about twelve o'clock at night, a party of Whiteboys came on the lands of Ballyleary, near Cove, in the Great Island, to the house of Michael Fitzgerald, an honest, industrious man, who was assisted in viewing the tithes of the Rev. Dr. Asterbury, Rector of the parish. They surrounded the house, and after having fired several shots, and thrown stones, by which they broke thirty-nine panes of glass, and did other considerable damage, they broke in the outer door, and that of the room in which he generally slept. Not finding him within (for having got notice that they intended to pay him a visit, he had taken care to be absent), they forced his wife to get up and swear she knew where he was. On her swearing she did not, some of them insisted on dragging her out and ill-using her, but were prevented by one of the party, who seemed to have some authority over them. They then went away to another part of the island, to the house of Garret Condon, whose windows they broke because he had presumed to deviate from their rules with respect to the entertainment and dues of their priest. In their progress they rode several people's horses. The next morning the following notice was found affixed to the churchyard gate, and to that of one of the chapels here:—"This is to give notice to the public, that no person or persons throughout this diocese is to buy their tithes during these three years to come. Wherefore I think it incumbent on every parishioner that has the least idea of any of them to give intelligence of it to the gentlemen redressers, who shall well reward the intelligencer, and according to their usual custom will punish the offender. In like manner to give information of such as do swerve from this rule in their own districts, and such a strict enquiry to be made in every parish for such people that should deviate from the general custom, and a diligent search to be made for them.

"Signed by Captain Right, 21st July, 1787."

This morning Sir Emanuel Moore, Bart., with an attention to peace and order, which does him much credit, took down a sign which one Fowlue, a publican, had put here (the subject the same with that of the sign which the Mayor of Cork ordered to be taken down in Castle street), as tending to keep alive the spirit of outrage, and to inflame the minds of the lower class of the people.

DUBLIN, TUESDAY, JULY 31.

The unbounded acts of charity and benevolence which have ever distinguished the character of Lord Chief Justice Earlsfort, merit no less the admiration of mankind than they claim the applause of every well-wisher to this country. Scarce a day passes that is not happily marked by some new instance of his extraordinary beneficence. But his late enlargement of the prisoners from the City Marshalsea of men and women from their loathsome bondage to above forty in number, does such honour to the humanity of his Lordship's feelings as must ever endear this nobleman to society. When we view this valuable personage, at the hazard of his life, visiting the dreary cells of distemper and distress, extricating the wretched at his own private expense, restoring them to the community, perhaps the preservation of their almost famished and expiring families; when we find him thus literally verifying the text, "Sick and in prison and ye visited me," we feel ourselves not only called upon in a manner the most powerful, to thank that Providence that has placed him among us, but are prompted at the instance of such merit to say, "Hear this ye great ones, and imitate it if you can," or in the mandate of Our Saviour, if it will better suit ye, "Go, and do thou likewise."

The buildings and store-houses to contain goods from the luggers and other vessels opposite the harbour of the Grand Canal are to be considerably enlarged. The additional works have been already begun, and will be executed with all possible despatch, as there is not near room sufficient to hold with proper conveniency the goods that are almost daily landed. The vessels plying on the navigation have more than been doubled since the junction with the Barrow has been effected, and it is supposed by persons, well acquainted with every circumstance of what is going forward with respect to the affairs of the canal, that the vessels will be increased one third more before the expiration of the succeeding year. This is certainly a very flattering and pleasing consideration!

A new cut for a canal has, we hear, been laid before the Company of Undertakers for completing a line to the Shannon. This is called the Northern line, and is extended towards Trim, Mullingar, etc.

At Longford Assizes, Thady Feeny was capitally convicted for robbing William Coates, Esq., and ordered to be hanged on Saturday, the 25th of August.

DUBLIN, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1.

The scheme spoken of some years ago of establishing a Royal Navy in Ireland, for the protection of our trade in time of war, is again mentioned with much confidence, as a measure that will be proposed to our Parliament from the British Cabinet next spring, on the following conditions:—

"That if Ireland will covenant to defray the expense of building, manning, and maintaining two ships of the line and six frigates, for the general service of the empire, his Most Gracious Majesty will give his Royal word that these ships, or an equal number and force, shall be always stationed in the Irish ports or cruising in the Irish seas, unless in some case of great emergency.

"That dock-yards shall be built in Ireland for the building and repairs of these ships.

"That a fourth division of the Royal Navy shall be established in honour of Ireland, under the name of the Green Division.

"That for the purpose of making a saving of the national expenditure, the better to defray the expense of the Irish Navy, a reduction of three thousand of the land army of Ireland will be consented to."

Tuesday se'nnight a lady and two gentlemen were walking in Mabbot street during the thunder storm, a flash of lightning struck her on the cheek, which was scorched as if seared with a hot iron the breadth of an inch. The violence of the shock was so great as to disengage her from one of the gentlemen whose arm she held. She is now recovered from strong hysteric fits occasioned by the fright, but will probably bear the mark of this accident as long as she lives.

DUBLIN, THURSDAY, AUGUST 2.

We have the best information that in many parts of the county of Cork notices have been posted up at the Chapels, threatening with death or the most barbarous treatment all persons who shall comply with the Compensation Act, or take their tithes at higher rates than those appointed last year by Captain Right; and that twenty-one horses were cropped in one night at one place, for offences committed by the owners of them against the laws of Captain Right.

Yesterday morning, about one o'clock, his Majesty's mail of letters, coming from Drogheda to the General Post Office, was stopped near Gormanstown by a single robber, who opened the mail, and took thereout the Lisburn, Rathfriland, and Dunleer post-bags, with which he got clear off.

(To be Continued.)

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BALDUNGAN CASTLE.



AN OLD COUNTY DUBLIN KEEP.

From GROSE'S "ANTIQUITIES OF IRELAND," 1791.

This interesting old County Dublin keep, the picture of which is given above, is situate 5 miles south-east of Balbriggan. A splendid and capacious castle (says the "Parliamentary Gazetteer of Ireland," 1844), composed entirely of flint, stood on a bold eminence in the parish, and commanded an extensive and thrilling view over both sea and land. The ruins not long ago existed, and were both extensive and strongly picturesque. At the west end rose two square towers, to dignify and protect the grand entrance; and at the east end stood two towers of less noble aspect—one of them apparently of later erection than the great body of the pile, and carrying up the staircase or path of ascent to the battlements. The castle was probably founded, late in the 13th century, by the Barnewall family; it soon passed, by marriage, to the family of Bermingham; and in the 18th century it was again affected by matrimonial alliance, and transferred to the Earls of Lowth. Previous to 1635 it was the residence of Nicholas Fitzwilliam, son of Sir Thomas Fitzwilliam, of Merzon; in the Carolist war it was held and defended for the Parliamentarians by Colonel Thomas Fitzwilliam, the son of Nicholas; and before the close of the war it was surrendered to the Royalists, dismantled, and partially blown up with gunpowder. Archdall, Grose, and a crowd of scribblers in their train, assert that Oliver Cromwell battered the castle from his ships; while others—aware, perhaps, that the position and altitude of the fortalice with relation to the shore rendered such an exploit nearly, if not quite, impossible—say, more cautiously, that he attempted to batter it from a neighbouring hill. A tradition, recorded by Archdall, that the castle was

"at different times a friary and nunnery," is altogether unworthy of credit, but may have originated in the fact that an establishment of Knights Templars in the immediate vicinity was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Mr. Brewer, describing the ruins of that establishment as they existed in 1824, says, "At a very short distance [from the castle] are the remains of a church, extending to the length of more than 80 feet. The steeple is a curious structure, and was apparently designed to answer the purpose of defence as well as that of religious appropriation. This building is a tower of ten angles, and is of such excellent workmanship and materials, that it has little to apprehend from the hand of time, if left free from the more destructive operations of man. The walls of the church and of that part of the tower which is near the body of the fabric, have perforations about four or five inches square; probably intended for openings to musketry during the civil wars of the 17th century. In the vicinity of the church are the ruins of buildings which may have been used by the religious fraternity noticed in the tradition preserved in the Monasticon Hibernicum."

The picture given on page 1 is from a drawing made by Francis Grose in 1791.

SACRILEGE.

BY THOMAS S. COLLIER.

Beside the wall, and near the massive gate
Of the great temple in Jerusalem,
The legionary, Probus, stood elate,
His eager clasp circling a royal gem.

It was an offering made by some dead king
Unto the great Jehovah, when the sword
Amid his foes had mown a ghastly ring,
Helped by the dreaded angel of the Lord.

There, on his rival's crest among the slain,
Thro' the red harvest it had clearly shone,
Lighting the grimness of the sanguine plain
With splendours that had glorified a throne.

Above the altar of God's sacred place,
A watchful star, it lit the passing years,
With radiance falling on each suppliant's face,
Gleaming alike in love's and sorrow's tears.

Till swept the war-tide thro' the sunlit vales
Leading from Jordan and the western sea,
And the fierce hosts of Titus filled the gales
With jubilant shouts and songs of victory.

Then came the day when over all the walls
The Romans surged, and Death laughed loud and high,
And there was wailing in the palace halls,
And sounds of lamentations in the sky.

Torn from its place, it lay within the hand
Of Probus, whose keen sword had rent a way
With rapid blows, amid the priestly band,
Whose piteous prayers moaned through that dreadful day.

And there, beside the wall, he stopped to gaze
Upon the fortune that would give his life
The home and rest that come with bounteous days,
And bring reward for toil and warlike strife.

There was no cloud in all heaven's lustrous blue,
Yet suddenly a red flash cleft the air,
And the dark shadow held a deeper hue—
A dead man, with an empty hand lay there.

HUGH HAMILTON.

AN OLD DUBLIN ARISTOCRATIC PORTRAIT PAINTER.

By M.

II.

As yet we have been regarding Mr. Hamilton as an eminent artist in the practice of crayon painting. We shall now direct our attention to his works in oil, as an historical, historic-portrait and portrait painter; but as he made the latter his professional walk, we shall commence with that.

The difficulties which oil painting presents are numerous, and are not easily overcome. It is one of the languages of art, and by far the most copious. Its capabilities, as a means of expressing the effects of nature, are as various as those effects themselves; but that very illimitedness in the means demands a corresponding range of knowledge and of power in him who is to use it; nor is it the least of the difficulties which beset even the experienced oil painter, that in the management of the material there is often a diversion of those powers, and of that original intention, which should be undividedly given to the object to be represented. These obstacles, however, appear to have given but little interruption to Mr. Hamilton's practise, whose first pictures in oil had all that depth and clearness, which in ordinary cases would have presupposed previous and longer practice; but this facile appropriation of the agency of a new material may, to a certain extent, be accounted for by his long study of the best works of the ancient masters; his powers as a draftsman, and, above all, his great intimacy with nature, which removed many of the impediments so very formidable to the tyro. Be it as it might, he soon triumphed over all difficulties.

His works were characterised by great strength of effect, particularly the head—perfect truth of outline—and an intelligent facility of pencil. The expression of the features most agreeable, and although making no idle display of his knowledge, he was anatomically correct in every part of the face. The hands, too, were admirably drawn—and the drapery, both as regarded the general form, and the characteristic foldings, given with a just feeling of the forms beneath. Yet as a whole, many of his pictures wanted that breadth of effect which so delights us in the works of Reynolds and Rembrandt.

His male portraits were painted with great vigour, particularly when the sitter was advanced in years, and when, as in the case of judges, or high official personages, he had the judicial or legislative robes, which so pictorially compose, and yield such ample fold for the pencil. We have a perfect recollection of his fine portraits of Lord Kilwarden—Judge Downes, afterwards Lord Downes—Sir Michael Smith, Master of the Rolls—Judge Finucane—Judge Chamberlain—Chief Baron Yelverton—Earl of Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings—The Right Hon. David La Touche—Professor Higgins, etc. These were amongst the number of his best works, and with the exception of the last picture, which was a three-quarter, the rest were mostly large whole lengths.

In female portraits he was eminently successful; there was a graceful, lady-like air about them, which at once caught and rivetted attention—there was no mistaking the thorough gentlewoman coming from the pencil of Hamilton; and when, as in the evening of life, benevolence and quiet are ascendant in the character, he pourtrayed it with a felicitous skill, which showd him to be a close and an amiable observer of the purest qualities of mind. This is very delightfully expressed in the whole length portrait of Mrs. La Touche, the lady of the Right Hon. David La Touche, now in the collection of Lucan House.

His portraits of children were very beautiful, and exceedingly simple; he expressed with much truth, that chubby, tottering motion which indicates the immaturity of infantine strength, rather than any positive weakness; and then in the more advanced periods of youth, he gave that plalful archness and grace so captivating in the child. He seemed to have loved that practise of his art.

But it was in that class of portraits denominated historic that the high qualities of his mind were evidenced. You saw clearly in these that the bent of his genius was for historical painting; for although few painters gave with more fidelity the minuter details of the face when painting the individual, yet, when expressing, through the general agency of the human countenance, the deep and powerful workings of passion and of soul, he rose with his subject—and like the long-chained eagle when freed, showed that the wing had not lost its impulse for flight, nor its power of sustentation.

Amongst the number of pictures of this class which he painted, there are three to which we particularly desire to draw attention. The first is—Lady Frances Beresford, as the widowed mourner at the shrine of her husband; the second, Colonel St. George, at the tomb of his wife; and the third, Arthur O'Connor, at that time a prominent declaimer on popular rights, in the act of addressing his countrymen.

The two first pictures pourtray the workings of the heart when weighed down by its own afflictions; the last exhibits its aspirations after liberty, when it believes itself deprived of those rights, to a constitutional participation of which it would assert its claims. The first sues for our softer sympathies; the last appeals to our sterner sense of justice. The one is a domestic pulsation; the other a national one. By the first we are always made better; by the latter, we are sometimes made worse. In the one, we trace the hand which chasteneth by its corrections; in the other, we hear but that voice which too often drowns all admonitions of truth in the thunders of complaint.

The picture of Lady Frances, as an abstract expression of grief, was conducted with consummate skill. There was a solemn, but not gloomy, air pervading it, which at once linked the feelings of the spectator with those of the mourning sufferer. Her ladyship was seated close to the sarcophagus, containing the remains of him whom she so tenderly loved; she leaned over her lost treasure, and seemed in direct mental communication with another world. The countenance was one of calm, religious resignation; yet the

tremor of the lip, and the slight elevation of the pointed brow, gave notice of a passing struggle within, and showed that "busy meddling memory, in barbarous succession, had mustered up the sott endearments of each happier hour." It was a work of deep and of wholesome feeling, enlisting all our finer sympathies, and demonstrating most instructively the eloquence of genuine art.

Colonel St. George stood in front of his wife's tomb. His dress that of cavalry officer; his helmet lay on the ground. He seemed fatigued, as though he had come a long distance to make this visit of the heart. He leaned his arm on the cornice of the tomb, with head upraised, and eye steadily looking upwards—the very picture of sadness; of that grief, although it rejects not comfort, yet canot be consoled. He looks like the last man, the grief-worn survivor, the solitary sojourner through the desert of life. The tone of the picture, cold almost to chilliness; the monument, simple and unadorned; the accompaniments, a few cypress trees. The place has a lonely air; and, when we think of the worth that lies there interred, we cannot estimate the picture otherwise than as a most impressive, admonitory lesson, upon the instability of all earthly enjoyments. No mind but that of the highest order could produce such a work. It stamps Hamilton the painter of the heart.

The last picture is that of O'Connor addressing a public assembly. He stands firmly erect, with arm raised and stretched forth, as though he had just uttered a sentence of stimulating excitement. His countenance seems the seat of sanguine expectations. His robe is the Roman toga, and the whole air of the man is that of Brutus. Hamilton judiciously attempts no present action for the orator, but has expressed that momentary pause which presupposes a bygone one. It is historical, in the best acceptance of the term, and, although said to have been a most faithful likeness of the individual, yet it possessed all those generalised forms which represent a class; it was a most able production.

It might easily be supposed that a painter, whose every hour was profitably occupied with his sitters, could find little time, or, perhaps, feel less disposition, to turn to the more laborious, and certainly the less requited, walk of historic painting; but the truth is, where the talent or the power is, it will exercise itself at all risks; genius is neither mercenary nor sluggish.

With Hamilton this was strikingly so, for even at a very advanced period of life, when ease and rest might fairly have been sought, every moment that he could snatch from his daily occupations were given to studies in the higher path of his art, or to his other favourite pursuit, chemistry. But it is the characteristic feature of cultivated original powers, like the soul which they inhabit, to triumph over the clay that surrounds them; shining out at no period with a purer or a steadier lustre than in the calm evening of life. This triumph of mind over matter, beautifully denotes its origin and it destination.

The last historic works of his which we recollect, were two pictures of the loves of Cupid and Psyche, and a colossal head of Medusa; but as of the first two pictures only one was finished, we shall confine ourselves to that one, and to the Medusa.

Our classical readers need not be reminded that, although there was but one Psyche, there was supposed to have been pluralities of Cupids. Psyche, as the Greek name denotes, was emblematic of the soul. Anteros was the name given to Cupid, the child of Mars and Venus; his darts were leaden, and his excitement sensual. Eros was Cupid, the son of Jupiter and Venus; his darts were golden, and his inspirations were affection and pure love; from which it will appear that, in their mythology, the heathens arrived at as pure and as high a morality as man, unassisted by Divine revelation, could reach. In the history of this omnipotent little deity, it is strongly marked; for the various and conflicting characters impressed upon him by the poets have each a direct reference to his imputed parentage; which, when properly understood, means the different orders and classes of feeling in which our desires originate. It is, therefore, quite clear that the moral aim of mythology should be kept steadily in view by the painter who would truly illustrate its pages; and that something more is, therefore, required at his hands, when he would paint Cupid, than a mere chubby hero with wings. Hamilton felt this strongly, and expressed it with a chastened simplicity.

The picture was a very large half-length; the height of the figures about four feet. He held Psyche in his hand, and was timidly drawing her over to himself, whilst, with head depressed, and cheek innocently suffused, she gently advances. Her wings were those of the butterfly, and seemed as if floating amidst the zephyrs. The grace and beauty of her figure fully justified the entranced admiration with which her young lover regarded her! It was unsullied purity, when first it saw the object of its heart. It was love, pure and undefiled! Angels need not have turned away from beholding it! This is art, worthy of all honour, and the nation which cherisheth it not can, at best, be rated but as semi-barbarous.

The Boy Cupid was represented as about twelve years old; his figure had all that grace and beauty which the as yet imperfect development of form could possess. Psyche, too, was the perfection of young female beauty. They were both of that beau ideal with which human feeling can sincerely sympathise, yet feel the almost immeasurable distance at which it views the object. Intimacy, but not familiarity, can ever be the result: is is the very deference of true admiration!

The "Head of Medusa" was very fine. It had that air of Grecian beauty, which is conventionally the centre around which admiration revolves. The model was a young and beautiful girl, who just then appeared in Dublin. She is still to be seen in the streets, but so sad, so changed, so unhappy, as scarcely to be recognised as the same being! appearing as if the tenour of her life had drawn down upon her displeasure more heavy, and disgrace more annihilating, than that which Minerva visited upon the Medusa of old, and differing, too, in this respect, that she is herself the cold, the petrified creature of sorrow, and of shame!

In the management of colossal forms there are difficulties which don't at first appear to the common observer. It is supposed that you have only to enlarge the object, by enlarging the parts, and that thereby you obtain the true colossal proportions, with all their imposing effects. It is very true that such is the mode of proceeding; but it is equally true that that very enlargement is often destructive of the end to be obtained, as, for instance, in the case of female beauty, which by common consent does not occupy very extended space. Such enlargement, therefore, puts beauty to flight; for we can have no idea of a woman being, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, handsome, or beautiful, who is ten feet high. She exceeds the limits of all our admiration.

It is very true that some of the finest impressions of form and of beauty have come down to us from the great masters through the agency of colossal works. But it must not be forgotten that those very works were placed in domes and high places, and reached us but as the ordinary size of life; their increased dimensions were, therefore, only given in order that they should make the intended impression at a given distance. But when, as in the present case, the picture is to be viewed closely, perhaps in a small apartment, then the difficulties of which we speak are great indeed, particularly when beauty is to be at all expressed.

If sublimity or grandeur were to be impressed, and terror, or even fear, were to be excited, then colossal size would have its proper effect. This may be familiarly understood by the child, or very often by the adult also, who in most instances on first looking into a magnifying mirror, instantly recoils from the enlarged image, as if terror-struck by its giant-like dimensions.

Hamilton conveyed this difficulty most skilfully, by a just understanding of his subject. He did not make beauty the ascendant quality of his picture, although he judiciously retained enough of its attractions to interest the beholder. The expression which he so aptly imparted to it was that of surprise, or wonderment, as if she could not account for the cold looks with which she then, for the first time, saw herself regarded; seeming wholly unconscious of the transformation of those ringlets, which until then had led admiration captive. It was as yet an immatured discovery, which although not quite painful, was tremulously astounding. It was expressed with a discriminating judgment, worthy of any school or age, and proved our honoured and lamented countryman to be, in the enlarged comprehensive sense, a painter.

Any person at all acquainted with the practice of art, will at once feel the almost insurmountable obstacles that oppose themselves to the portrait painter, when he turns to the high, epic walk of mythology. In the paths of historical painting, regarding the term as exclusively applied to ancient and modern history, he has fewer difficulties to conquer, because the personages through whose agencies he tells his story are human beings, acted upon by human passions, and differing from the people who surround him only in those national traits of character, or that influence of climate, or of costume, which travel, or the study of books, will have enabled him thoroughly to comprehend; add to this, that his professional practice, and long intimacy with the human countenance, may almost be said to have fitted him for the attempt. But when he would ascend the heaven of invention, and pourtray the deities that inhabit it, he quits the terra firma of all his previous experience, and must then move amongst those elements, and breathe that ethereal air, too fine for ordinary humanity. All that is earthly in thought, and in conception, must be refined; the imagination must be regenerated, and, in the professional sense, he must put on the new man. This is no easy task, and can never be effectually accomplished if there exist not vast talent, purity of mind, and of invention, which the chill of ordinary pursuit is so likely to benumb.

But Hamilton was a man of great inventive faculty, elevated in all his views of art, and strictly original in all his compositions.

He scorned to appropriate the thoughts of others, an act which, morally, no man can justify, and which, professionally, no man should commit. He dealt fair by both the public and the profession, and the result was that he honourably secured to himself their deference and respect.

It the retirement of private life he was most estimable—ardent, and steady in his attachments. His manners were those of the perfect gentleman; full of information, entertaining an affectionate regard for the talented members of his profession, and always willing to make the most unreserved communication of his knowledge and practice to all who sought it. He lived to an advanced period of life, nearly eighty years. He died at his house in Lower Mount street, about the year 1809, honoured for his talents, and beloved for his personal worth.

(THE END.)

THE SUN AND MOON.

MOON.

O Sun! ere thou closest thy glorious career
(And brilliant thy wide course has been),
Delay, and recount to my listening ear,
The things which on earth thou hast seen.

SUN

I saw, as my daily course I ran,
The various labours of busy man;
Each project vain, each emprise high,
Lay open to my searching eye.
I entered the peasant's lowly door,
I shone on the student's narrow floor;
I gleamed on the sculptor's statue pale,
And on the proud warrior's coat of mail.
I shed my rays in the house of prayer—
On the kneeling crowds assembled there;
In gilded hall and tapestried room,
And cheered the dark, cold dungeon's gloom.
With joy in happy eyes I shone,
And peace bestowed where joy was gone.
In tears, upon the face of care—
In pearls that decked the maiden's hair;
I shone on all things, sad and fair!
But few the eyes that turned to heaven,
In gratitude for blessings given;
As on the horizon's edge I hung,
No hymn or parting lay was sung.

MOON.

Thou risest in glory; my journey is o'er—
Alternate our gifts we bestow:
Yet seldom behold we the hearts that adore,
The source whence all benefits flow.

SUN

Thou comest, O Moon! with thy soft beaming light,
To shine where my presence has been;
Then, tell me, I pray thee, thou fair Queen of Night,
What thou in thy travels hast seen!

MOON.

I shone on many a pillowed head,
On greensward rude and downy bed;
I watched the infant's downy sleep,
Compos'd to rest, so ca'm and deep.
The murderer, in his fearful dream,
Woke startling at my transient gleam!
I saw, across the midnight skies,
Red flames from burning cities rise—
And where, 'mid foaming billows roar,
The vessel sank to rise no more.
I heard the drowning sailor's cry
For succour—when no help was nigh.
On mountain path, and forest glade,
The lurking robber's ambuscade,
I shone; and on thee peaceful grave—
Where sleep the noble and the brave—
To each and all my light I gave;
And as my feebler silver ray
Vanished before the dawn of day,
In vain I lent my willing ear,
One word of gratitude to hear.

SUN

We still travel onward, our task to fulfil,
Till time shall be reckoned no more,
When all shall acknowledge the sovereign will,
That made them to love and adore.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

THE LOST FRIEND.

BY ALEX. SUTHERLAND.

Oh, known the earliest, and esteemed the most,
Dear to heart where nought was left so dear!
Though to my hopeless days for ever lost,
In dreams deny me not to see thee here!
And morn in secret shall renew the fear
Of consciousness awaking to her woes,
And Fancy hover o'er thy bloodless bier,
Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,
And mourn'd and mourner lie united in repose.
—Byron.

In my younger days I visited the capital of Ireland, in company with a friend, whom I shall call Walsingham—a youth of rare talents, superior acquirements, and generous disposition. We had been associates from infancy; our parents had been on terms of friendship prior to our birth; the same preceptors had superintended our education; and, to crown all, a similarity of pursuit, in riper years, served to bind us more closely together. For my own part, I cherished for Walsingham a regard nothing short of fraternal—a regard which I calculated on his one day claiming as his right, in consequence of an alliance eagerly sought by him, and anticipated with pleasure by all concerned; and, on his side, it seemed the study of his life to prove the sincerity and strength of his affection for me and mine.

Our motives for visiting Ireland, at the period I allude to, were simply those of curiosity. Both had a passion for roaming, in order to gratify which, we had penetrated into the most retired fastnesses of the Scottish Highlands—had visited the barren rocks of Zetland and Orkney—and latterly, nearly the whole of the Hebrides, from of which (Islay) we ran across in a fishing skiff to the Irish shore, and after a due examination of the wonders of the Giant's Causeway, proceeded on to Dublin, with the intention of concluding our protracted excursion by a survey of the metropolis.

Though we carried introductions to several families in Dublin, and, in consequence, had many pressing invitations to throw ourselves on private hospitality, we uniformly declined civilities that threatened to curtail our liberty. We had entered on the excursion not for the purpose of hunting out good cheer and frivolous amusement, but to store our minds with information regarding the districts we traversed; therefore, any engagements militating against this pursuit was studiously avoided. True it is, that now and then an evening was devoted to a lively party; but the day was invariably spent in rambling round, or in examining objects worthy of observation within the metropolis. It was the indulgence of these prying, inquisitive habits, which eventually occasioned the misfortune I lament, and for ever interrupted my search after knowledge.

One day, on our way to the outskirts of the city, it chanced that we had to pass near to a church, remarkable, as we had been previously told, for the extensive vaults beneath it—most of which were appropriated for the reception of some of the noblest families in the realm. The doors of the edifice stood open inviting us to enter; and a short consultation with the sexton, whom we encountered in the porch, induced us to accept the invitation. The entrance into the vaults was at that moment unobstructed, the remains of a person of note were to be laid within them on the ensuing day; and, for a trifling gratuity, the porter of these dreary mansions agreed to let us behold them. Constitutionally gloomy, and looking upon everything in nature with the eye of a moralist and a poet, Walsingham expressed delight at his acquiescence; but the triumph of the grave was to me always a painful sight, and I followed unwillingly, and with a faltering step.

As we had been led to expect, we found the vaults capacious, and, from their branching off into various compartments, more like the catacombs of a big city, than places reserved for the interment of a few families. A cold damp air, sluggish and perceptibly unwholesome, saluted us on our entrance; and, sunk far below the surface of the ground, and remote from noisy streets, no sound disturbed the silence of the vaults, save ever and anon, when the crash of rotten boards and fleshless bones told that the noxious rat had taken up its abode among the coffins of the dead. The rat was a creature I instinctively detested; and the proximity of one of the species was, of itself sufficient to unnerve me; it was no ways surprising, therefore, that the pattering of multitudes, on the hollow-sounding shells that doubtless contained the food they subsisted on, created in my mind disgust towards the place. Walsingham, from feeling none of the intuitive horror, betrayed an evident unwillingness to give way to my entreaties, and depart with his curiosity ungratified; but, accustomed to acquiesce in whatever I proposed, he at length complied, and we speedily regained the world above, and the pure air of heaven. At parting, my companion put some brief question to the sexton; but exulting in my liberation, I gave no heed to a circumstance so trivial.

During the excursion which this occurrence had induced us for a short time to procrastinate, Walsingham frequently reverted to the subject of the vault—sometimes jesting with me on my pusillanimity in regard to vermin, at others moralising over what he had recently beheld, in that sublime and eloquent strain for which he was remarkable. An accident I met with in the course of the day, however, changed the current of his thoughts. In scrambling over the rocks on the northern shore of the bay—to which we had directed our steps—I chanced to make an unlucky stumble, and so severely sprained my ankle, as to oblige us to conclude our ramble by a ride back to Dublin in a post chaise.

On the ensuing day, my twisted joint continued to give me acute pain, and the swelling had increased so prodigiously as to preclude all attempts at exertion. A surgeon was scalled in to examine it; and inferring from his declaration that I had to calculate on close confinement for a week, I entreated Walsingham not to let me draw too largely on his good nature, but to seek out of doors what amusement he listed, and only become my companion when he had nothing more interesting to occupy his time. After some demur, a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and in a cursory way he mentioned that he would take a short saunter in the course of the morning. In a few minutes he got up, took his hat, and with an assurance that two hours would be the duration of his absence, departed. It was the last time I looked upon him in life.

The two hours passed—dinner was served—long left untasted, and at length eaten with reluctance, and petulant reflections on his want of punctuality. Tea and supper in like manner appeared and vanished without his partaking of either; and finally, towards midnight, I saw myself under the necessity of retiring, without having an opportunity of exchanging the friendly expressions with which we usually separated. Then, and not till then, did my heart misgive me, and a qualm

of sickening apprehension pervade my frame. In his solitary wanderings my friend might have encountered a foot-pad; that he would endeavour to repel force by force I could securely calculate on; and of the consequences of such temerity I trembled to think. Be this as it might, however, I had no means of relieving my anxiety. My injured limb fettered me to my apartment, and no other procedure was left but to seek my pillow, supported by the hope that some juvenile frolic had tempted him to overstep the boundaries of prudence, and that on the morrow he would meet me at breakfast, ashamed of his indiscretion, but unharmed by either bludgeon or knife. Such was the mode of reasoning by which I sought to cheat an anxious mind, but it failed to secure me sound repose. All night I tossed restlessly on my bed—now racking my brain with vague suppositions, or listening breathless for the peal that was to announce his arrival; anon enduring, in broken sleep, all the misery inflicted by extravagant and terrific dreams—those tormentors of the careworn and sorrow-anticipating heart.

The morning arrived, but my friend arrived not with it; and though the light of the day communicated a portion of hope for my sinking spirits, the anxiety I experienced continued of the most painful description. Holding myself as guilty of unpardonable negligence were I longer to hesitate in instituting inquiries regarding him, I wrote a few hurried lines to a gentleman who had been conspicuously attentive to us both; and in a short time had the satisfaction of seeing him appear, eager to assist me in whatever way we should think advisable. He strenuously recommended our immediate application to the police, at the same time volunteering to make it; and being unable to hit on a preferable expedient, I thankfully assented, and he set off on his mission.

Conscious that measures were in train to effect the restoration of my friend, I felt somewhat easier during the absence of my agent; but, the moment he reappeared, my apprehensions of somewhat fatal having occurred returned with tenfold strength, for news of evil import sat depicted on his face. He had been to the headquarters of the police, and had made known his errand, but no elucidatory information had been tendered him in lieu. During the time he was unavoidably detained, however, a circumstance had taken place which promised to explain but too too clearly the cause of Walsingham's mysterious disappearance. A man had come forward, and given testimony, that in the course of the foregoing night he had heard loud cries of murder proceeding from one of the bridges —that he had ventured as near to the spot as regard for his own safety warranted, and, while lying in ambush, beheld a band of ruffians consign to the waters of the river the body of a man whom they had doubtless plundered and massacred. To me this tale carried conviction the moment I was made acquainted with it. I had no hesitation in acknowledging Walsingham as the unfortunate therein described; and tears of anguish coursed down my cheeks as hope took flight for ever. My Irish acquaintance showed every desire to sympathise with and console me; but the task was beyond his power. The only circumstance that afforded any solace was the assurance that the police would use every means to bring to condign punishment the authors of so barbarous a crime; and that no exertion would be spared to recover the body of the murdered man, and procure its identification. That painful office, I was aware, would devolve on me, as would the heart-breaking duty of communicating his untimely end to those who, like myself, were to forget his worth only when their hearts forgot to beat.

Several days full of wretchedness waned over; my sprain became sufficiently reduced to admit of my going abroad; but neither the murderers nor the murdered had, in the interim, been discovered, though the vigilance of the police had suffered no relaxation, and the river, in the immediate vicinity of the fatal bridge, had been several times trolled with grappling irons. At length I was given to understand that the body was found, and awaited my identification. It may easily be supposed that I required not a second summons to hurry off, in order to fulfil this last duty, save one, I had to perform towards the departed. With knees knocking against each other, and tongue cleaving to the roof of my mouth, I approached the bier on which lay the insensate remains. One of the attendants slowly rolled back the cloth that concealed them; and with the resolute stare of desperation, I fixed my eyes on the death-set features. With what sudden revulsion did the blood rush back to my heart, when I beheld a countenance totally unknown, and so different from the mild and benignant lineaments of my friend, as to assure me, at a glance, that I was looking on a stranger! It was the corpse of a man of stout, athletic frame; his apparel, though soiled and torn, betokening the gentleman, and his moustachioed lip the profession he belonged to. The blow of a bludgeon had beaten in his skull near to the left temple, and evidently proved the primary cause of death, though the tattered state of his dress declared he had maintained a protracted struggle for life. Who he was I left for others to discover. Grief had rendered me so selfish, that I looked upon it as quite immaterial to me whether he was the son of a lord or of a beggar, now that I had ascertained he was not the friend I bewailed. This conviction rekindled a spark of sickly hope within my breast; and, in a state of mind impossible to describe, I hastened from the scene.

What was it that at such a moment directed my steps towards the identical church under which lay the vaults mentioned in the commencement of this narrative? Was it a chance—an involuntarily impulse, that acted as my guide? or did heaven, as a punishment for want of due resignation, decree that I should be the wretched instrument in bringing to light the awful cause of my friend's mysterious disappearance! Be this as it may, almost unconscious of the way I had sauntered,, I found myself perambulating under the walls of the cemetery within whose confines the church was situated. The chime of the clock, as it tolled the hour, at length roused me from the gloomy reverie in which I had been absorbed; and noticing that the gate, as on our former visit, stood ajar, I mechanically turned into the enclosure. The sexton likewise, as before, was there, engaged in his mournful ocupation; and the same undefinable impulse which had thus impelled me to invade the dreary realm,tempted me to address him. In the course of a few brief observations, I came to learn that Walsingham had a second time visited the vaults, and that on the day succeeding our first visit, and at the hour when they received the remains of the noble personage for whom we had seen a receptable preparing within their dark recesses. A pang struck to my heart as I listened; and it was not diminished by the narrator going on to say, that during the ceremony of inhumation, the mourners had been alarmed by finding that foul air of the most unwholesome nature filled some of the cavities; and that in consequence of several of the more inquisitive having nearly suffered death by suffocation, the whole had made a hurried retreat, and the door of entrance been forthwith shut. In a trembling voice I inquired if he had noticed my friend subsequent to the event? but on this point he could not take upon himself to give a decided answer. He was too much occupied at the moment—had too many things to attend to, to have time for remarking every strange face that surrounded him; but certain sure he was that he (Walsingham) must have left the vaults at the time the general flight took place: at all events, no man in his sober senses would have voluntarily permitted himself to be closed up in such a den, with the choak-damp as his enemy, and the noisome rats as his companions.

This mode of reasoning had rationality on its side, but it did not satisfy me, for suspicions of fearful import began to take possession of my mind. I recalled to recollection Walsingham's inquisitive disposition—the gloomy pleasure he professed to derive from meditating among the bones of the dead—and, above all, the intense hold these subterraneous repositories seemed to have taken of his thoughts. Nor did it escape me that nearly a week had elapsed since all access to or from the vaults had been cut off; and, consequently, that all earthly succour could prove of no avail to whomever they might enclose. But to remain longer in doubt was greater agony than to ascertain the truth at once; and, holding out a handful of silver, in a tone between entreaty and command, I requested the sexton to give me admission into the sepulchres without delay. The man looked at the money—then at me—then at the money again—threw down his mattock, and pocketing the bribe with a self-satisfied grin, proceeded to gratify what he doubtless thought a very singular humour.

Now that the catastrophe of my tale approaches, the pen trembles in my feeble grasp; a cold shiver, such as the first breath from that charnel-house occasioned, creeps over me; and the smell of earth-worms and vermin seems to prevail throughout the chamber in which I write. In order to dissipate the perpetual darkness to which these subterraneous apartments were subjected, my conductor brought from his dwelling, to which he had been obliged to repair, a lantern, containing a lighted candle; but the faint beam it shed barely seemed to display the grim features of the place. The galloping and pattering of many tiny feet, and the crash of rotten boards and mouldering bones, proclaimed the numerical strength of the legion of rats our entrance disturbed, and put to flight from their unholy carnival. All was gloom within; and the cadaverous blast that rushed forth as the door fell back, was of itself sufficient, at any other time, to have made me retreat in dismay. But now my friend was paramount in my thoughts, and elevating the lantern, which had been consigned to my charge, I strode resolutely into the vault. Suddenly my feet became entangled in what I at first conceived to be a bundle of withered faggots, and thrown off my equilibrium by the interruption, I tottered and sank down on one knee. In that moment, the light flashing from the lantern I carried, fell on, and allowed me to perceive that I had stumbled over a human skeleton—as fresh and white as if the surgeon's knife had newly done scraping the bones, save that here and there the green mildew of putrefaction displayed itself in unseemly blotches. A cry of horrors escaped me as I gazed on the grinning teeth and empty sockets; and it was echoed by the sexton, as he pointed with astonish-

ment to the hair that still remained on the but half-stript skull. From the few words he made use of, I could infer that he conjectured that some of the coffins had been wrenched open by the rats, and the corpse dragged out and devoured. To me this seemed a very improbable circumstance; but I was too much agitated by the terrible phantoms of my own imagination to contradict a supposition I would have gladly embraced. In the end he left me, in order to procure me more light and assistance to replace the bones once more within the shelf from which he fancied they had been torn.

My perturbation of mind during his absence is not to be described. As my tremulous hand, from time to time, caused the beams from the lantern to waver, and play on the fleshless visage at my feet, fancy rioted in horrors; and I found it impossible to divest myself of the idea that the dark curling hair that still covered the scalp bore a strong resemblance to that which shaded the temples of Walsingham. I felt inexpressibly relieved when the trampling of feet and the flare of torches announced the return of the sexton.

To look for the coffin which had been violated was our first object; but the search proved unsuccessful—no fractured shell was to be discovered; and eventually the general attention was directed to gathering up the bones of the unknown. In doing this, a shout of wonder escaped the whole party, when it was discovered that the tattered habiliments of a man half enveloped them; and this was repeated with many exclamations of amazement, when the sexton held up to view a gold watch he had found in the fob of the pantaloons, which though gnawed in every direction, still clung round the skeleton limbs. How did my every nerve quiver, and the sickness of death fasten on my heart, when I recognised it to be the identical watch worn by Walsingham on the day of our separation! It was a family piece, not to be mistaken, from having the arms of his house raised on the external case; and, shrieking like a madman, I proceeded to search for other proofs, till I gradually identified the remains of his pocket-book, the buttons of his coat, and, in short, almost every shred that yet adhered to the fleshless bones. What preternatural power supported me throughout this soul harrowing scrutiny I cannot take upon me to say; but when it concluded—when all the relics were naked together, and fully displayed to my starting eyeballs, the icy fingers of death seemed to crush my heart—I uttered a loud long cry of despair, and sunk into happy forgetfulness.

How or where the bones of my friend were consigned to the earth I never dared thrust myself to ask, for during the first month that succeeded their discovery, reason might be said to totter on her throne. The Irish gentleman who had been so assiduous in the commencement of my afflictions, superintended their inhumation; and father than recur to anything the thing was done, I sought to know no more. It was years before I could with any degree of composure, speculate on the circumstances attendant on his death; and it need scarcely be said that any additional light thrown upon an event so mysterious, was merely the offspring of conjecture. The most rational supposition was that, while in one of the obscure recesses into which his curiosity would likely allure him, he had inhaled the pestilent atmosphere that reigned within, suffered partial suffocation, and so being unable to make his escape with the crowd when the panic became general. From this trance he had been roused either by the efforts of nature, or by the gnawing of the vermin that were on the watch to devour him, and so dragged himself to the door, which was closed between him and the world for ever. There he had died—in what manner the human mind revolts from ever supposing; and there did I, a miserable wretch, find the bones, stripped by the teeth of disgusting vermin, and with the green mildew of the grave already beginning to corrode them.

SLIABH-NA-MON,

AND

Its Fenian Traditions.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES BY REV. J. F. LYNCH.

II.

It appears to me that the cromlech on Sliabh na m Ban must have been connected with Oighe mac Ugaine mhoir. It is stated in "Silva Gadelica" that when Finn was sitting on the mound of Sliabh na m Ban, Cnu Deroil, or "tiny nut," appeared to him, playing on his harp; he had been expelled out of the Sidh of Sliabh na m Ban, by the other musicians of the Tuatha De Danann, who were jealous of him. The wee man is said to have been only four fists in height, and he was regarded as one of three best windfalls which fell to Finn. For Cnu Deroil, Finn procured from Tech Duinn or "house of Donn," in County of Kerry, a tiny wife, named Blathnait (9), or "little blossom," and she, and Cnu, and the two hounds, Bran and Sceolan, were the three best windfalls of Finn. Fer Fi, of Cnoc Aine, is represented as a tiny harper, and is said to be son of Eogabal and dalta or foster-son of Manannan Mac Lir. From the Meath Tara, Fer Fi is said to have stolen Tuag, in order to take her to Tir Ban Sulhain, or "Land of the Everliving Women," there to be the wife of Manannan or Manu (Bodleian Dinnshenches, p. 44). In "Silva Gadelica" it is stated that the two most precious things at the Meath Tara were Lia Fail, or "stone of Fal or Light," and Lige an abhaic, or "grave of the dwarf," but the dwarf of the Meath Tara (10) is Fer Fighail (Fer Fi) mac Eogabail, dalta do Manannan, agus drui (druid) do Tuathaibh de Danann, and the dwarf of Loch Gair and Cnoc Aine is Fer Fighail, who is the same as Gar, named Traithnin Glas, or "green blade-of-grass," in "Galloping O'Hogan." It is thus placed beyond all question that Fer Fi is connected with Cnoc Aine, Loch Gair, and Tara. The oldest Lia Fail or "Stone of Light (11) of Ireland is also at Lough Gur, and a Lige an abhaic is at Lough Gur; it is a dolmen, and Mr. Leahy, the owner of the land on which the dolmen is, tells most extraordinary tales of what he himself experienced in connection with the Lech of the Lige, or grave. The Westminster stone was never in Ireland. These are some of the reasons why I have placed the Iberian Tara the oldest of all the Taras, at Lough Gur, and have supposed Tara Luachra to have been first at Lough Gur.

"Well 'tis known that Erin's ollaves met in Tara Luachra's hall,
Fail'd to find the certain knowledge of the Tain amongst them all,
Though there there sat sages hoary, men who in their day had known
All the foremost kings of story, but the lay was lost gone."

"Not for selfish gawds or baubles dares my soul disturb the graves;
Love consoles but song ennobles—songless men are meet for slaves.
Fergus, for the Gael's sake, waken! never let the scornful Galls
'Mongst our lands reproaches reckon lack of song within our halls."

Cnu Deroil is often referred to in the Fenian poems; for instance, in "Agallamh Oisin agus Phatric," we read:

Cnu dheireoil, Cnu mo chuirp,
An t-abhac beag do bhi ag Fionn.
An uair do sheinneadh cuir a's puirt,
Do chuireadh sinn a d-toirchim suain.

Blathnaid an inghean og,
Nach d-tug moid d'fhear faoi'n n-grein;
Acht amhain do Chnu dheireoil,
Och! A Phatraic, ba bhinn a beal.

Little Cnu, Cnu of my heart,,
The small dwarf who belonged to Finn;
When he chanted tunes and songs,
He put us into deep slumbers.

Blathnaid, the youthful maid,
Who was never betrothed to man under the sun,
Except to little Cnu alone,
O, Patrick, sweet was her mouth.

With reference to the ball seirce, or "love spot," of Diarmuid na m ban, Pro-

9. Blathnait was also the name of the wife of Cu Roi Mac Daire, and Cu Chulaind. She is variously made daughter of Mind, Conchobhar Mac Nessa, and Pall, a form of Fal, "light," hence also Falga supposed to be in the east, or district of light. In the Irish tales there are names of the remotest period, side by side with names of recent formation, and Irish scholars often make mistakes with regard to the meanings of the old names, treating them as a recent formation. In "Feast of Bricriu," p. 97, Dr Henderson explains Uath Mac Imomain as Terror, son of Great Fear. This Irish Uath or U mor is the Welsh Hu Gadarn or Mighty Hu, who led the Welsh from Taprobane to Wales. Imoman is not great Fear, for Im is root, and oman or man is suffix, as in Eochman and Erimon.

10. Several of the tales of the Munster Tara were borrowed and adapted to the Leinster Tara. One of the Munster royal forts (Cathair Thuaighe "fort of Tuag") probably Caherass, near Croom, was named from Tuag, "Book of Rights," p. 87. In Silva Gadelica, p. 523, we read "Whence Temhair Luachra," "Tara of Luachair"? Temhair, daughter of Ith Mac Breogan, wife of Erimon, from her this is derived, and every other Tara as well." Tara of Meath is stated in Dinnshenches to be named from Tea wife of Erimon, and some folk say that the wife of Erimon was the daughter of Zedekiah king of Judah, but we now know that Erimon is a personification of Erin, and is from Eri, mon being a suffix. This explanation of Eber and Erimon was given by O'Beirne Crowe in Kilkenny Journal.

11. This stone is Cloghabhile or "Stone of the Sacred Tree," on Ordnance map. It is one of the outlying stones of the great stone circle, and is S. S. E. of the centre of the circle. It differs in appearance from all the other stones at Lough Gur. The late Edward Fitzgerald told me that Professor Rhys spent nearly two hours examining this stone. The people's tradition, as also given by Fitzgerald (History of Limerick), is that it was an altar stone of the Druids. It is known that Leac na g Cead, "flagstone of the hundreds," a stone on the Rock of Cashel, was an altar stone, and a stone of inauguration of Kings of Cashel. In Judges ix., 6, it is stated that the men of Shechem made Abimelech King by the oak or terebinth of the pillar-stone (Elon Mutstsab) that was in Shechem. The huge pillar-stone at circumference of the stone circle and N. N. E. of centre of the circle is named Rannach Chroin Dhuibh. Rannach, perhaps from rann, "a verse," then oracle stone. Compare the Golden Stone of Clogher, sacred to Cerman. In Judges ix. the oak or terebinth of the augurs or magicians (Elon Meonnim) is mentioned. The last Sunday is July or first Sunday in August is called Domhnach Chroim Dhuibh, or "Sunday of Crom (Stoop) the Black."

fessor Rhys (Hibbert Lectures) and Mr. O'Grady ("Pursuit of Diarmuid") err in stating that this was a mole on the face of Diarmuid. Mr. Dunne has given the tradition of Munster correctly concerning the ball seirce. I have always been told by the old people that the ball seirce was a large mole on the left breast of Diarmuid na m ban. Dr. Henderson (Feast of Bricriu, p. 211) says that Fhua Mhoir Bein Baynac is, in Mr. W. G. Stewart's "Popular Superstitions of Scotland," described as "wholly invulnerable to all the weapons of man, with the exception of a large mole on his left breast, which mole was the size of a common bounet." Dr. Forbes (Arabic Reading Lessons, p. 61) explains the Arabic wasim as "handsome, beautiful, comely, distinguished by or sealed with a wen, or large wart, on the body, characteristic of a prophet or heavenly messenger." The Rev. S. Baring-Gould (Curious Myths of the Middle Ages, pp. 294-5) says: "Achilles, a humanised sun-god, was vulnerable in his heel, just as the Teutonic Sigfried could only be wounded in his back; this represents the sun as retiring from the heavens with his back turned (12), struck by the weapon of darkness, just as Ares, the blind god, with his tusk slew Adonis, or sightless Hodr, with his mistletoe shaft smote Baldur." Diarmuid corresponds to Adonis, or Dumu Zi, and Diarmuid was like Adonis of the Phœnicians, or Dumu zi of the Chaldæns slain by the Boar who corresponds to Ares and Bel of Nipur. In the "Pursuit," the Boar is said to have been the half-brother of Diarmuid, who was changed into a boar in Brugh na Boinne. In Egypt, also, Set, or Sit, the brother and slayer of Osiris, was represented as a boar.

O'Curry (Lectures, p. 396) gives the following account of Finn's "Thumb of Knowledge," as related in the ancient tales. Upon a certain occasion Finn was hunting near Sliabh na m Ban, and when he was standing beside a spring-well, a strange woman came suddenly upon him and filled a silver tankard at the spring, and immediately afterwards walked away with it. Finn followed her unperceived until she came to the side of the hill, where a concealed door opened suddenly and she walked in. Finn attempted to follow her farther, but the door was shut so quickly that he was only able to place his hand on the door-post, with the thumb inside. It was with great difficulty that he was able to extricate the thumb, and having done so, he immediately thrust it, bruised as it was, into his mouth to ease the pain. No sooner had he done so than he found himself possessed of the gift of foreseeing future events. This gift, however, was not, we are told, always present, but only when he bruised or chewed the thumb between his teeth. The reference to silver here is of some importance, and in order to illustrate the use made of it in the tale, I give the following quotation from "The Ancient Hebrew Tradition," by Professor Hommel, p. 66: "Ea's wife is called Dam-gal-Nunna (Great Wife of the Celestial Ocean), while Sin's consort receives the designation Ningal (Great Mistress), to which I may add that the signs for 'Nin' and 'Dam' are almost identical in meaning. Ea is called Gushgin-banda, that is, 'Small Gold,' by which silver is meant, and Sin is also distinguished by the appellation Lugal-banda, 'The Little King,' silver being the symbol of the moon, as gold is of the sun." Some time ago in "The Expository Times," Professor Hommel identified the Chaldæan Ea (Ai, or Ia) as a very ancient moon-god, and Sin is also a very old Chaldæan moon-god.

I have found invariably that when silver and gold are employed in the Irish tales in mythical appellation, that silver refers to the moon, and gold to the sun. We thus without any trouble have the signification of Nuadha Airgiodhlamh, King of the Tuatha De Danann, for whom the Irish leech, Diancecht, made the airgiodhlamh, or "hand of silver," and so in the present tale we may be certain that the silver tankard of Sliabh na m Ban refers to the moon. We see also from Prescott that silver and gold were symbols of the moon and sun amongst the Peruvians. In the "Boyish Exploits," Finn is stated to have obtained his knowledge by tasting the Eo feasa. "Seven years Finn Eces remained at the Boyne watching the salmon of Linn Feic (Pool of Fiac), for it had been prophesied that he would eat the Eo Feic (salmon of Fiac), and he would be ignorant of nothing afterwards. He caught the salmon, and ordered his pupil Demne (Finn) to roast it, and the poet told him not to eat of the salmon. The young man brought him the salmon after cooking it. "Hast thou eaten any part of the salmon, O young man?" said the poet. "No," replied the young man, "but I burned my thumb (when touching the salmon), and put it into my mouth afterwards." "What name is upon thee, O youth?" said he. "Demne," said the youth. "Finn is thy name, O youth," said he, "and it was to thee the salmon was really given in the prophecy to be eaten, not to me, and thou art Finn, truly."

There is a Munster tale in which Finn Eces becomes Canuran Caoch, who placed a ring on Finn's finger while he was cooking the Eo Feasa, or "Salmon of Knowledge," and when Finn tasted the salmon he knew that the Canuran would kill him when he awoke from sleep, and so Finn treated the Canuran Caoch, or one-eyed rude fellow, exactly as Ulysses treated the Cyclops Polyphemus, but the ring on Finn's finger always replied to the question of the Cnuran Caoch—"O Ring, where are you?" "I am here on the finger of Finn Mac Cumhaill," and so the blind giant was enabled to pursue Finn, but at last Finn cut off his finger, and cast the finger with the ring on it into the Suir, and when the ring replied from the bottom of the Suir, "I am here on the finger of Finn Mac Cumhaill," the blind giant fell into the Suir and was drowned. The Eo Feasa (13) is a symbol of the moon, and so there is only a seeming contradiction between two accounts of Finn's Thumb of Knowledge." The Welsh counterpart of Finn is named Gwion the Little, and he was placed in charge of a magic cauldron by Kerridwen, or Hwch, but three drops from the cauldron fell on one of his fingers, and on account of the scalding sensation he put the finger in his mouth, when he suddenly knew everything and that Kerridwen intended to kill him. This tale from the Welsh Triads is given by Brash (Ogham Inscriptions), and by Professor Rhys (Hibbert Lectures). The Welsh Gwion is equated by Professor Rhys with the Irish Finn.

Gleann an Smoil means "valley of the thrush," and smolach, the present word for thrush, is an extension of smol. O'Reilly has smiol and smiolach, nightingale or thrush; smaolach and smolach, a thrush. He also has searrach, a word noted by Mr. Dunne, but O'Reilly also has searr, "a foal." Mr. Dunne says that a Kilkenny man will never consent to have smol taken to signify a thrush till it can be shown that spar would stand for sparrow or swal for swallow. Ni ansa, "not difficult." The English word sparrow is from Anglo-Saxon spearwa, which is cognate with Norse sporr; Gothic, sparwa; old high German, sparo; and middle high German, spar. The English word swallow is from Anglo-Saxon swealwe, cognate with Norse, svala; old Saxon, swala; and old Irish, suall. In Finn's first poem we read, Cearbuid sam suaill sruth, "the summer swallows skim the stream."

Mac an Smoil, or "son of the thrush," was the name of one of the Fians, and also the name of one of their hounds. In Fiadhach Fhianna Eireann ar Shliabh

12. I have carefully examined all the pillar stones at Lough Gur, and only one of the stones has marks, so far as I could ascertain. This is the pillar stone on Paddock Hill or Ardaghlooda. The back of the stone bears S. E., and on the back of the stone are two short parallel grooves. There are some grooves, probably rain marks, on one of the large pillar stones, which stand at entrance to stone circle, in the townland of Grange, Lough Gur. In an article on Cill-na-martra, published some years ago in Cork H. and A. Journal, and written by Mr Conor Murphy, it is stated that the two entrance pillar-stones of Cloch Adhna Cemetery had Ogham inscriptions on them. Professor Sayce, "The Early History of the Hebrews," p. 468, mentions that stone columns were planted before the entrance of a Phoenician temple, and he refers to the account given by Herodotus (ii, 44) of the columns of Tyre made of gold and emerald glass, and he also mentions the columns of stone found in the temple of the Giants in the island of Gozo. There were also two lofty pillars at Heliopolis in Egypt one which is the so-called Cleopatra's Needle traced to a pillar-stone in Canon Driver's Deuteronomy.

13. The Eo Feasa derived his knowledge from the nuts of the nine hazels, which grew above the Well of Condla, under the sea (Bodleian Dinnshenches, p. 32). O'Donovan (Supplement to O'Reilly) says, "Caill Crimmon, hazels which inspired the poets. The ancient Irish believed that there were fountains in which the principal Irish rivers had their sources. Over each of these fountains grew nine hazels which produced beautiful red nuts, which fell into the fountain and floated on its surface; that the salmon of the river came up and swallowed the nuts. It was believed that the eating of these nuts was the cause of the red spots on the salmon's belly, that whoever took and eat one of these salmon was inspired with the sublimest poetical ideas. Hence "the expressions, "the nut of science," "the salmon of knowledge."

Truim, or "The Fenian Hunt of Sliabh Truim.' we read:

Do leig Mac an Smoil Coingoil a's Gruaim ghrinn,
"Mac an Smoil let go Coingiol and Gruaim the merry."

Leigthear a's Garra Garbh da choin,
Iollan ard a's Mac an Smoil.

"Garra (or Garraidh) Garbh lets go his two hounds, Iollan Ard and Mac an Smoil."

Garraidh, or Garaidh, or Gara, is frequently mentioned in the old Irish poems and tales, and is usually termed Mac Morna.

O'Donovan (supplement to O'Reilly) says that Gleann Gara is a valley in the parish of Shanrahan, in the barony of Iffa and Offa West, at the south side of the Galtees. Gleann Gara a n-Uibh Fatha, o Ghara Glunduibn mac Morna. Keating in reign of Cormac Mac Art "Glenn Gara in Ui Fatha is named from Gara Black-knee, son of Morna."

Aedh Caemh, son of Garaidh Glundubh, son of Morna, is stated to have been the chief of Clann Morna in the battle of Gaura, in which Oscur and the Fians are stated to have been annihilated.

(To be Continued.)

THE WIND-SWEPT WHEAT.

BY MARY AINGE DE VERE.

Faint, faint, and clear—
Faint as the music that in dreams we hear—
Shaking the curtain fold of sleep,
That shuts away
The world's hoarse voice, the sights and sounds of day,
Her sorry joys, her phantoms false and fleet—
So softly, softly stirs
The wind's low murmur in the rippled wheat.

From West to East,
The warm breath blows, the slender heads drop low
As if in prayer;
Again more lightly tossed in merry play,
They bend and bow and sway
With measured beat,
But never rest—
Through shadow and through sun
Goes on the tender rustle of the wheat.

Dreams more than sleep,
Fall on the listening heart and lull its care;
Dead years send back
Some treasured, half-forgotten time;
Ah, long ago,
When sun and sky were sweet,
In happy noon
We stood breast high 'mid waves of ripened grain,
And heard the wind make music in the wheat.
Not for to-day—
Not for this hour alone—the melody
So soft and ceaseless thrills the dreamer's ear!
Of all that was and is, of all that yet shall be,
It holds a part—
Love, sorrow, longing pain;
The restlessness that yearns;
The thirst that burns;
The bliss that like a fountain overflows;
The deep repose;
Good that we might have known, but shall not know;
The hope God took the joy He made complete—
Life's cords all answer from the wind-swept wheat.

J King, 33 Khedive road, Forest gate, London, writes:—Dear sir—I gladly take advantage of your kind offer in issue of 22nd, and beg to inform you that I have now in the Press at "Nation" Printing Works, Dublin, "King's Irish Bibliography: A Subject Guide to Irish Books." Price one shilling net. Some 5,300 books about Ireland are arranged under subject matter, giving subhead, author, place and date of publication. I intend to pursue the research work until I have published a complete Irish Bibliography.—Yours faithfully,

J. KING.

THE LOGAN FAMILY.

By Eblana.

JAMES LOGAN.

This "able and learned man" was born of a Quaker family at Lurgan, in the County of Armagh, so far back as the 20th of October, 1674.

When he had received a fair education he was apprenticed to a linendraper in Dublin.

He employed his spare time in the assiduous study of various branches of learning, especially in mathematics and languages, dead and living, as Hebrew, Latin, Greek, Spanish, and Italian, being already acquainted with Irish and English.

Owing to the Jacobite and Williamite wars of 1689-90 he and his family were obliged to go to Edinburgh, and afterwards to London and Bristol.

In the latter place the elder Logan taught a school, and was assisted in it by his son James, who at the same time pursued his own studies.

In 1698 James engaged in commerce, trading between Dublin and Bristol, until the great change in his life occurred, due to his intimacy with William Penn, the celebrated Quaker, whose father had great estates in Ireland, and had been Governor of Kinsale and Vice-Admiral of Munster, and had appointed his son agent of his Cork property.

In consideration of £16,000 advanced by Admiral Penn to Charles II., a grant of land in America was made to his son, William Penn, and named after him, Pennsylvania.

The latter, accordingly, set out with a colony, mostly Quakers, in three ships, held a meeting under a great elm tree, and there founded the city of Philadelphia. Fifty sail more arrived from Ireland, England, Wales, Holland, and Germany, and after he had settled these he returned to England two years later—1684—leaving 7,000 behind him. His intimacy with King James, however, obliged him to secrete himself, and on William's accession he was tried, but acquitted. In 1699 he again set out for Pennsylvania, with his second wife and family.

This time he was accompanied by James Logan as his secretary, and after a voyage of three months in the sailing vessels of that day they arrived in Pennsylvania in December, taking up their residence in the "Slate-Roof House" on Second street in Philadelphia.

Here Logan resided with Penn at a salary of £100 per annum.

When in 1701 Penn returned to England, he left Logan, who was then only 26 years of age, in exclusive charge of his affairs. As Penn wrote:—

"I have left thee in an uncommon trust, with a singular dependence on thy justice and care."

Alfred Webb says that "the judgment of the proprietor of Pennsylvania was not mistaken," that "Logan displayed the greatest capacity for business, the most statesmanlike qualities, and the sincerest loyalty not only to William Penn, but, after his death, to his widow and children." Adding, "The difficulties of his position were at times very great—what between the jealousies of parties, the conflicting interests between the Quakers and other bodies, the dissolute character of Penn's eldest son, and the necessity for forwarding sums to England to relieve Penn's monetary difficulties."

Logan became provincial secretary, receiver-general, and commissioner of property, besides being the business agent of the Penn family, and the champion of their interests.

In the year 1702 he entered the Provincial Council, where he held his seat for the long period of 45 years.

In 1704-5 he became embroiled in the disputes of Governor Evans.

In the latter year also he was sent to the Indians at Conestoga, and in this and subsequent embassies he treated them with such wisdom and consideration as to gain their esteem and confidence, and, as a testimony of their regard for him, they named their chief Logan, after him.

He was afterwards impeached for, among other things, holding two incompatible offices. In his answer he abused the Assembly, but, as he was preparing to start for England, the House ordered his arrest. But the Sheriff refused to obey the order, and Logan sailed, vindicated himself, returned in 1712, and became Judge of Common Pleas of Philadelphia, and in 1723 Chief Justice and Mayor.

Penn having died, he went abroad again to consult with Hannah Penn.

In 1731 he became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and, after the death of Governor Gordon in 1736, he acted as Governor and President of the Council. It was not till 1747 that he retired to private life, but thenceforward he spent his remaining years at his seat at Stenlon, near Germantown, and now in Philadelphia.

In his leisure Logan had devoted himself to literary and scientific works, and produced several learned volumes. He corresponded with several scientific men, among whom was Linnæus, who gave the name Logan to a class of plants in his honour.*

Logan was one of the founders and members of the first Board of Trustees, in 1749, of the College of Philadelphia, now the University of Pennsylvania.

Some of his works were written in defence of the Penn family, and some in his own justification for the part he deemed it right to take in social and political matters. Some were written of ethics and philosophy. He rendered Cato's Distichs into English verse, and published several learned works in Latin, including some of Geometry, Davis's Quadrant, and one on Astronomy, besides several translations of Cicero and others, Greek and Latin.

Blackwood describes Logan as "a great scholar for the age, familiar with many languages, a good mathematician. . . . and as, altogether, an extraordinary man."

Benjamin Franklin printed and published most of his works.

In his judicial capacity Logan was no less renowned. His charges were printed abroad, and "Walsh's Appeal" says of them:—

"Of singular excellence. He appears in them not only as a watchful guardian of the domestic weal, and as a sagacious director, but as a profound moralist and beautiful writer. Such subtle disquisition and lofty speculation, such variety of knowledge and richness of diction, are seldom found in compositions of the kind."

Alfred Webb describes him as "tall and well-proportioned, with a graceful yet grave demeanour. He had a good complexion, and was quite florid even in old age; nor did his hair, which was brown, turn grey in the decline of life, nor his eyes require spectacles."

He died at his house at Stenlon, where he had so long resided, on the 31st of October, 1751, at the age of 77, and was interred in the Friends' Cemetery, Arch street, Philadelphia.

He bequeathed his valuable library, which he had been fifty years in collecting, to that city, according to Chalmers, who observes that this will vindicate his literary enthusiasm. The bequest included above 100 volumes of authors in folio, all in Greek. All the Roman classics. All the whole Greek mathematicians, viz.—Archimedes, Euclid, Ptolemy, with Theda's Commentary, which was "so scarce that neither prayers nor price could purchase

*Loganiaceæ.

ANOTHER "WATTY COX" CARICATURE.

(From the "Irish Magazine and Monthly Asylum of Neglected Biography," 1811.)



THE BATTALION OF TESTIMONY RAFFLING FOR FORFEITED ESTATES.

it"; besides many Latin authors and modern mathematicians, Newton, Wallis, Halley, etc.

This collection was, in 1792, annexed to the library established by Benjamin Franklin in Philadelphia, where it still is under the separate name of the Logonian Library, and, according to Appleton, received in 1828 an accession of 5,000 volumes by the bequest of William Makenzie, the famous American book collector. In the minutes of the Library Company of 29th March, 1732, James Logan is described as "a gentleman of universal learning, and the best judge of books in these parts."

Logan street in Philadelphia is so called from him, as also Logan Square, on which is situated the Catholic Cathedral, imposing and picturesque, as seen through the foliage of the Park promenade.

WILLIAM LOGAN

was the son of the aforesaid James, and was born in Philadelphia on the 14th of May, 1718.

At the age of 12 he was sent to his uncle, Dr. William Logan, who still resided in Bristol, England, where he remained for some years, and on his return home to America embraced the legal profession, and became attorney for the Penn family, with his father.

On the death of the latter in 1751, William succeeded to the family seat at Stenton, and devoted himself to agricultural pursuits. But he also took some part in public affairs, and was elected to a seat in the Assembly of Councillors of Philadelphia in 1743, and continued to represent that city till 1776, when the meetings were discontinued.

He engaged in works of mercy and benevolence, giving the aged a settlement on his land, and educating, at his own expense, the youth of the district, besides receiving the Indians at his house. In carrying out his father's will he deeded the library to Pemberton, Peters Allen, and Franklin, to be, with his brother, James Logan, and himself, the trustees and managers.

His uncle, Dr. William Logan, having also died, bequeathed to him his collection of books of about 1,300 volumes, which he added to his father's bequest, and himself acted as librarian till his death on the 28th October, 1801.

The Government and quit rents of Pennsylvania which William Penn had bequeathed to his second family—his property in Ireland and England being left to the first—was sold by them to the State of Pennsylvania after the Revolution for £130,000.

GEORGE LOGAN.

This able and patriotic statesman was the son of William and the grandson of James Logan, and was born at Stenlon on the 9th of September, 1753.

When his preliminary education was completed he applied himself to the study of medicine, going to Edinburgh for that purpose, and on his return home in 1779 settled down to the practice of his profession. Later he travelled till 1780, when he devoted himself to scientific agriculture.

He took great interest in the public affairs of his State, and was elected to the Legislature of Pennsylvania for several terms. He was a strong supporter of what was known as the Jefferson or Republican Party. For this he incurred the opposition and resentment of the Federalists.

When, in June, 1798, a rupture with France seemed imminent, Logan volunteered to go to Paris as peacemaker. He persuaded the French Government to annul the embargo on American shipping, and prepared the way for a negotiation that terminated in peace.

On his return he was violently denounced by the Federalists, who passed an Act called the "Logan Act," which made it a misdemeanour for a private citizen to take any part in a controversy between the United States and any foreign Power. He vindicated himself in a letter of 12th January, 1779.

In 1801 he was elected to the Senate as a Democrat from Pennsylvania, and served till 1807. He is said to be the only strict Quaker who ever sat in that assembly.

Notwithstanding the "Logan Act," he again left America in 1810 on a mission of peace. This time his destination was England, but he failed in his object of averting war between that country and the United States.

Like his distinguished grandfather, he was an author, and wrote several valuable scientific works, including "Experiments on Gypsum" and "Rotation of Crops."

He was a member of the Board of Agriculture and of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia.

He died at Stenlon on the 9th of April, 1821.

BENJAMIN LOGAN.

This distinguished officer seems to have been connected with the preceding remarkable family.

He, too, was the son of Irish parents, and was born in Augusta Co., Virginia, about the year 1752.

The family removed to Pennsylvania. There the father died intestate when Benjamin was about fourteen years of age, and as he was the eldest son, he was heir to the entire estate. But he generously divided it amongst his brothers and sisters.

He himself then migrated westwards, purchased a farm on Holston River, and settled down and married while still very young.

Taking an interest in public affairs he joined the army, and when only 21 he accompanied Colonel Henry Bouquet as sergeant in his campaign against the Northern Indians.

In 1774 Logan was engaged in the Dunmore battle, and in the following year he joined with Boone when on his way to Kentucky, and thus left his name as a landmark.

When near their destination Logan separated from the main body of troops, and commenced the construction of the stockade, afterwards known as "Logan's Fort," whither he removed with his family in 1776. It was about a mile from Stanford, and is now known as St. Asaph's Spring, Logansport, in the capi-

tal of Cass County, Indiana. One or other of the Logans have given names to places in more than a dozen States.

Logan and his wife, however, again left Logan's Fort in the same year, as it was not considered safe, and removed to Lincoln, where their son William was born. A few years later the family again removed, and this time to Shelby County, also in Kentucky.

Appleton says—"On the 20th of May, 1777, Logan's Fort was invested by Indians in ambush. . . . One of the guard killed, and one mortally and one helplessly wounded. The others escaped with the women to Fort Harrison. The third wounded man was rescued by Logan, who took him in his arms, and bore him within the walls, amidst a shower of bullets. The garrison was 35, and the defence 12 guns. The siege lasted for weeks, and the ammunition ran low. Logan selected two trusty comrades, crept out of the fort at nightfall . . . and pursuing unbeaten paths through the forest, reached Holston, 150 miles distant, where he obtained supplies. At last, in September, 200 well-armed mounted men raised the siege. Afterwards Logan repeatedly led his men in pursuit of predatory bands of savages in his vicinity. On one occasion his right arm was broken by a bullet, and he barely escaped with his life."

He was second in command in Bowman's expedition against the Shawnees, each taking opposite sides of the village of Chillicothe. Bowman was to give the signal, but as he did not do so Logan led the assault in the morning, and just at the moment of victory Bowman sent an order for retreat. The Indians then assailed them furiously, but Logan and his 150 men drove them off, destroyed a great part of the village, and took 160 horses.

Later on Logan led a volunteer body to the relief of Bryan's station, and he also took part in Simon Garty's pursuit of the Indians.

In the following year Logan, now a general, was appointed to the command of 600 men in an engagement against the North-western Indians, who were in alliance with the English. Several skirmishes ensued, in which Logan was victor. After this Logan retired into private life at his farm at Shelby.

But he by no means retired from the service of his country, as he still took an active interest in public affairs.

He was elected to the Assembly, of which he was a member when the first Constitution of 1792 was formed, and also that of 1799, and was re-elected several times to the Legislature.

He is described by Appelton as being "six feet two or three inches in height, powerfully framed, of iron nerves and will, and great courage."

He died at his residence at Shelley, Kentucky, on the 11th of December, 1802.

JOHN LOGAN.

Benjamin's brother, comrade, and friend, was also a leader in the military events of his day, several times a Legislator, and Secretary of State for Kentucky.

WILLIAM LOGAN.

Benjamin's eldest son, also distinguished himself in American history, but his career belongs to a later period.

HIGHEST OF ALL RAILROADS.

The American-built Oroya Railroad in the Peruvian Andes attains the greatest elevation reached by any railroad in the world. At one point it passes through a tunnel 15,665 feet above sea-level. This is nearly 1,500 feet higher than Pike's Peak, and but little over 100 feet less than the elevation of Mont Blanc. The Oroya Railroad also enjoys the distinction of having cost more per mile than the great majority of railroads. It is 138 miles long and cost 43,000,000 dollars. The many tunnels, bridges, and zigzags presented difficult engineering problems.

PREHISTORIC RACES IN ARIZONA.

The recent discovery from Arizona of an irrigation canal of large proportions, which was used before Columbus, has roused a new spirit for archaeological investigation in the south-west. The remains of enormous and wonderfully made irrigation canals, constructed by a race of whom there are now no known descendants, are abundant in the region of Phoenix and Mesa, in Maricopa County, but this discovery of a canal that was evidently fed by the Rio Verde (in what is now Yavapai County), and which was so large that logs and small barges could be easily floated along it, is the most interesting piece of prehistoric work found in Arizona in years.

All who have investigated the fascinating subject agree that there were once several cities of perhaps 100,000 population in central Arizona, and that buildings, each constructed of a peculiar concrete of adobe soil and gravel, covering two acres in area and reaching eighty and more feet in height, were not uncommon for sun-worship in Southern Arizona. Los Muertos (a recently named city, but probably more than 1,000 years old), in Pima County, must have had some 200,000 population. The remains of its city walls, reaching miles up hill and down dale, and the immense quantities of burned bone dust, probably the remains of aboriginal ceremonies, betoken this. The vicinity of the Gila and Salt rivers was the scene of the densest population, as the abundance of prehistoric implements and weapons and ruined walls show.

But the artificial waterways of those ancient and mysterious peoples are the most interesting remains found in the territory. Army engineers say they are marvels of engineering skill. The largest and best preserved waterway is thirty-two miles north of Phoenix. The water was supplied from the Verde river. For nearly four miles this waterway passes through an artificial gorge in the Superstition mountains, cut out of the solid rock to a depth of 100 feet. After the mountains are passed it divides into four branches, the longest of which measures more than forty miles, while all four aggregate a length of 120 miles, independent of the soil. Except in rare instances these smalleer ditches have been filled, and in that part of the desert are obscured by the sandstorms that prevail, but the larger one is distinct, and measures sixty-four feet in width, with an average depth of twelve feet. Through this way the water for the support of the cities between the Salt and Gila rivers was conveyed, and 1,600 square miles of country, now almost destitute of vegetation, was irrigated by it.

This canal reaches to within a short distance of the Gila river, and the water was taken from the Salt river, for the apparent reason that at this point, the north bank of the Gila was so high that the builders were unable to reach the current with a canal, and they evidently knew of no way to raise the water to the level of the surrounding country. This part of the desert is covered with ruins, and must have been at one time the residence of a teeming population. Immediately south of this region several large canals were taken out of the Gila, and they extend quite a distance into the valleys, one of them supplying the city which contained the Casa Grande—the largest, best preserved, and most noted prehistoric ruin in the United States.

On the other side of the Salt river there are more waterways, though they are not of such length. Here, also, was the principal city, twenty-eight miles in length by twelve in breadth. It contained many large buildings, which are now little more than shapeless rounds of stone and mortar. All the wooden parts of these structures have been destroyed by the ravages of time, and even the joists where they were protected by the stone and mortar have decayed, leaving only the vacancies they once filled. Near Phoenix, in one of the ruins which are evidently those of some public building, the walls and roof appear to have been crushed together with great force, forming a huge pile of debris, yet standing to a height of twenty feet. The wooden beams in the structure, some of them eight inches in diameter, were bent, broken and thrown across each other in great profusion. In this position the broken stone and mortar settled around them, and in the course of time the mass hardened again, so that when the wooden timbers finally decayed, they left holes the size of the timbers. When the fact is considered that rain seldom falls here, and that cold and dew are conditions entirely unknown in the valleys, it is apparent that ages must have elapsed while this process of decay was going on.

There were undoubtedly two eras of inhabitation, that of the cliff dwellers being the more recent of the two, and perhaps as long after the valley races had become extinct as our age is after them. As yet no theory has been advanced by which we can so much as approximate the age of the cliff dwellers. Their builders were rude and more unsettled than the inhabitants of the valleys, and they lived by war and the chase, as is proved by the weapons found about their abodes. On the contrary, the people of the valley lived peaceful lives, built magnificent temples, to a certain extent encouraged the fine arts, and tilled the soil with a system of irrigation equal to that of the most prosperous days of ancient Egypt.

Recent surveys prove that at one time not less than 2,000,000 acres of land were capable of irrigation from the canals then in existence, while now we have only 337,000. The population must have been enormous. The extent of their civilisation is not so much enveloped in mystery as is their origin or the cause of their total destruction. Hundreds of implements used by the artisan and farmer have been unearthed, and the vessels used for culinary purposes are symmetrically and tastefully fashioned. Many of them were painted in a manner evincing a considerable knowledge of art, and the figures, though they have for ages been subjected to the chemical effects of the alkali in the soil, are still as bright and perfect as the day they were drawn. Shell bracelets found on the arms of skeletons and other jewels of turquoise and bone show skill and fine workmanship. The houses were constructed on a plan adapted to ease and comfort, and the capacious hallways with their stone floors and cement walls were peculiarly fitted for this half-torrid climate. Their knowledge of engineering was so perfect that our centuries of practice and discovery have not enabled us to improve upon the grade or location of their canals. No metallic substances are found in any of the ruins, and the people evidently knew nothing of their use. That they had a language written by hieroglyphics is unquestionable, and for miles at a stretch throughout Arizona the faces of the cliffs are covered with mysterious characters. Slates found in the ruined dwellings and temples are engraved with the images of animals, persons and these emblematical figures, though so far no attempt has been made to decipher their meaning.—"The Review," St. Louis.

MOGHA NEID—A FRAGMENT.

(By Dr. John Anster, the Translator of Goethe's "Faust.")

On the plains of Tulagh, in his last battlefield,
King Mogha Neid's tomb did his warriors build;
Where o'er the chieftain they heaped the high cairn,
Streams the heath's purple pall, wave the plumes of fern,
But he hath his palace hall still in the cave
Of the cairn, and his throne-room of state in the grave;
And where was he robed again for the strife
Of heroes! He stands in dread semblance of life.

In his right hand the broadsword, before him the shield,
And the helmet still guarding his head;
Again the red lightnings of war will he wield,
Again lead the thousands he led.
The keen had been chanted, the sepulchre sealed,
But say not, Neid Mogha is dead!

Beam of light or breath of air
From our sky came never there;
Never since the stars of night
Saw our sacrificial rite.
When beneath the golden knife
The proud warhorse poured forth his life,
And the Druid sang his spell:

That courser white to the land of light,
Of dauntless truth, of the dream of youth,
To the heaven, whose hope betrayeth not,
Where the bud to blossom delayeth not,
Where the worm on the green leaf preyeth not,
Where the cold rain cloud weigheth not,
Might bear Neid Mogha well.

Sword, shield, javelins, snow white steed,
Trance-like in that marble hall,
All longing to be freed;
Sword, shield, javelins, battle steed
Wait the waking of Mogha Neid.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.

COLERAINE.

COLERAINE, a seaport, borough, and post-town, and a parish, in the barony or district called the town and liberties of Coleraine, county of Londonderry, and province of Ulster, 24½ miles (E.N.E.) from Londonderry, and 118¼ (N.) from Dublin; containing 7,646 inhabitants, of which number 1,978 are in the parish of Killowen, and 5,668 in the town. This place derives its present name from "Cuil-Rathuin," descriptive of the numerous forts in the vicinity, and is by some writers identified with the "Rath-mor-Muigheline," the royal seat of the kings of Dalnaruidhe. The original town, now called Killowen, on the western bank of the river Bann, and which subsequently became the chief or shire town of the county of Coleraine, is of very remote antiquity; and in 540 had a priory of Canons Regular, of which St. Carbreus, a disciple of St. Finian, and first Bishop of Coleraine, was abbot. This establishment continued to flourish till the year 930, when Ardmedius, or Armedacius, was put to death by the Danes; it was, together with several other churches, plundered in 1171 by Manus Mac Dunleve, since which period no notice of it occurs till the year 1213, when, with the exception of the church, it was destroyed to furnish materials for a castle which was erected here by Thomas Mac Uchtry and the Gaels of Ulster. The county of Coleraine is described as having extended from the river Bann on the east to Lough Foyle on the west, and as having formed part of the possessions of O'Cahan, from whose participation in the rebellion of the Earl of Tyrone, in the reign of Elizabeth, it became, with the whole province of Ulster, forfeited to the crown. Jas. I., in 1613, granted this district to a number of London merchants, who were in that year incorporated by charter, under the designation of the "Governor and Assistants of the New Plantation in Ulster," and from that period the name of the county was changed into Londonderry. The Governor and Assistants, generally called the Irish Society, were by their charter bound to build the town of Coleraine, to people it, to enclose it with a wall, and to establish a market, within seven years from the date of their charter, by which were granted to them the entire abbey of St. Mary, its site, and the lands belonging to it, together with the old town, now Killowen, and all its appurtenances. But this condition appears to have been very much neglected, for Pinnar, in his first survey, in 1619, says, "that part of the town which is unbuilt is so dirty that no man is able to go into it, especially what is called, and should be, the market-place." The same writer, in his second survey, dated 1625, says:—"The town of Coleraine is in the same state as at the last survey; only three houses are added, which are built by private individuals, the society allowing them £20 a piece. The walls and ramparts are built of sods; they do begin to decay, on account of their narrowness; the bulwarks are exceedingly little, and the town is so poorly inhabited that there are not men enough to man the sixth part of the wall." So unpromising was the condition of this settlement that, in addition to the sum of £20, large portions of land were allotted for each tenement, and long leases at nominal rents were offered to all who would undertake to build houses.

A conspiracy of the natives having been formed to seize the place, in 1615, military stores were sent hither from London; and by a vote of the common council, a citadel was built for its defence in the following year; it was a strong fortress, commanding the ferry, and was kept in repair and well garrisoned by the Irish Society, till the erection of the bridge in 1716. The bridge, which was wholly of wood, was so much injured by floods, that it fell in 1739; and in 1743 a new bridge was built, with pillars and buttresses of stone, towards the erection of which the Irish Society gave the timber and £2,050 in money; in 1806 it was widened at the expense of the county, by transverse beams supporting a footpath of four feet on each side. The growth of the place was exceedingly slow, and so little had its trade advanced that, in 1633, the customs of the port, for the half-year ending on Lady-day of that year, amounted only to £18 9s. 8½d. On the breaking out of the war in 1641, the town was attacked by a body of 1,000 insurgents, but was vigorously defended by the garrison and inhabitants, amounting to 200, who defated the assailants. It was taken by Gen. Monk for the Parliament, in 1648, but was afterwards given up to Sir C. Coote. On the advance of the forces of Jas. II. into the north, in order to repress the Protestant party, Mount-Alexander, Rawdon, and other leaders, stationed themselves with a force of about 4,000 men at Coleraine, which they fortified and kept possession of with a view to prevent the Irish from passing the Bann. They were here joined by Lord Blayney with his party from Armagh, and though for a time they repulsed the enemy, yet the Irish, after a successful skirmish, passed the river in boats, and the party stationed here finding the place no longer tenable, fled by various routes to Derry, in order to take possession of it, before the Irish could cut them off from their last place of refuge. The subsequent history of the town consists of little more than a succession of disputes in the corporation, and between that body and the Irish Society, relative to their respective rights, privileges, and possessions: the Society enclosed the quay and made the port duty free in 1741.

The town, which is the second in the county in importance, and is rapidly increasing, is situated on the east bank of the river Bann, about three miles from its influx into the sea, and is connected by a handsome bridge with the village of Killowen, or Waterside, a considerable suburb on the opposite bank of the river. It is large and handsomely built, consisting of five principal streets, a spacious square called the Diamond, and several smaller streets; the houses in the Diamond, New row, Church street, and Bridge street are large and well built, especially those of later erection; in the Diamond and in Church street are some ancient houses of timber cage-work, said to have been framed in London and sent over by the Irish Society to be erected here.

The inhabitants received a charter of incorporation from Jas. I. in 1613, by which the Government was vested in a portreeve, burgesses, and commonalty, and by another charter granted in the same year, which latter is the governing charter, in a mayor, recorder, chamberlain, coroner, twelve aldermen (including the mayor), and 24 principal burgesses, assisted by a town clerk, prothonotary, serjeants-at-mace, and other officers. Previously to the Union, the borough returned two members to the Irish Parliament; the right of election was vested in the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses alone, but by the decision of a Parliamentary committee it was declared to be vested also in the freemen.

The priory of St. John, or "Kil-Eoin," from which the suburb on the western side of the Bann, now Killowen, took its name, has altogether disappeared; a part of that establishment formed the old parish church, on the site of which another was subsequently erected, the remains of which have been converted into a schoolroom. Not far distant was the monastery for Canons Regular, founded by Carbreus in 540, and the site of the castle which was built on the ruins is now occupied by Jackson Hall. In sinking for foundations in the part of the town of Coleraine which occupies the site of the ancient abbey of St. Mary, stone coffins, human bones, and other relics of antiquity, together with foundations of some of the conventual buildings, are frequently discovered. One mile south of the town is Mount Sandel, one of the largest and most perfect raths in the kingdom; it is 200 feet high, surounded by a deep, dry fosse, and encircled near its summit by a magnificent terrace; in the centre is a deep, oblong cavity, called the Giant's Grave, formed apparently for the purpose of concealment. There is also a very high and perfect rath a little west of the Cranagh; another close to the church of Killowen; and a very curious fort near Ballysally. This place has been celebrated from the earliest annals of Irish history, and has produced many eminent lawyers, senators, and divines: among the latter was Dr. John Vesey, born here in March, 1632, and successively Archdeacon of Armagh, Dean of Cork, Bishop of Limerick, and Archbishop of Tuam. From this last dignity he was driven by the harsh conduct of Lord Tyrconnell, and remained in London in great poverty till he was restored to his see, on the accession of William III.; he was three times after his restoration made Lord-Justice of Ireland, and died in 1716, aged 84. John Abernethy, an eminent Presbyterian divine, was born here in 1680. Coleraine has given title to many noblemen; the last was that of Baron to the family of Hanger.

(To be Continued.)

THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK.

By CHARLES SMITH, M.D.

Æquum est enim meminisse & me, qui discerem hominem esse, et vos, qui Judicetis ut si probabilia dicentur nihil ultra requiratis. Cicero Univers

In Two Volumes.

VOL I.

The Second Edition, with Additions.

BOOK II.

Containing the Topographical Description of this County, including the City of Cork.

Chapter I.—Continued.

The church is a neat structure, and well pewed; and the steeple is capable of holding a ring of bells. On a white marble, on the Gospel side of the altar, is this inscription:

Elizabeth Atkin, alias Coningsby,
Wife of Walter Atkin, Clerk,
And Incumbent of this Parish,
Of the Family of Hampton-Court,
County of Hereford, England.
A sincere Friend,
A prudent Mistress,
A tender Mother
A dutiful Wife,
A true Christian.
Died in fervent Faith and Devotion,
November the 4th,
1713.

Arms, argent, three conies gules, a chief vairy or and azure.

William Hutcheson, first sovereign of this corporation, lies interred in the chancel; he died March 9th, 1690, and was born ann. 1631.

Upon an handsome tomb in the burial ground is this inscription:

D. O. M.
Elizabethæ Dawson, piæ innocu
Matri amantissimæ, uxori charissimæ,
Quæ annos vixit 39,
Febri correpta obiit, 26 Martii, 1748.
Posuit mæstissimus conjux
Robertus Berkley, D. D.

On the grave stones are the names of Lewis, Downing, Hill, Harold, Pritchard, Martin, &c. Alan Brodrick, Esq., Lord Chancellor of Ireland, was created Baron Brodrick of Middletown, Apr. 13th, 1st of Geo. I., 1715, and Viscount of the same, Aug. 3, 1717, in which year he was constituted one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, as he was several times after.

Not far from the water side there is the remains of an ancient building, called the Spittle, supposed to have been a leper-house, of which kind there were many in this kingdom. Near this is the village of Ballinachora; and adjacent the Rev. Dr. Berkley has a good house, with gardens and plantations. In the garden is an high sepulchral mount, being one of the Danish tumuli.

The Lord Viscount Middletown has two fine deer parks here, one on each side of the town. In that nearest Cork harbour is his seat, called Ballyanan, very agreeably situated. In Middletown park is a small river that takes a subterraneous course, near which is a large romantic cave. Near Middletown is Rocksborough, a pleasant seat of Richard Hull, Esq., adjacent to which is a reputed holy well, frequented by the superstitious Irish on Lady-day. In a bog between this and Castlemartyr, marle has been discovered on Lord Middletown's estate. There is also marle at Coppinger's town, about a mile E. from Middletown, of a blue and white kind, of which a good quantity may be had. The lands from hence to Carrigtohill and so on to Cork, have great plenty of limestone, and afford large crops of corn.

In several parts of this barony, iron ore may be found in plenty, particularly on land near Castlemartyr, callen Rathcallen, where the outward stratum of it may be seen in the highway and ditch sides, besides many stones tinctured with the mine. An uncommon accident, which happened to some apple trees on this land, may be worth mentioning; some were killed, in a night's time, from the top to the root; and others, here and there, decayed, though in perfect health the day before. Lightning might have probably been the cause of this accident. Mr. Evelyn mentions the like to have befallen trees even in a shorter time.

At Middletown there are veins of several coloured marbles, particularly liver coloured, black, and grey; but that of Castlemartyr, of the grey kind, exceeds it in closeness of texture and largeness of the blocks. There are few woods in the barony, except those of Killeigh and Glanbowre; in the latter are some good echoes, affording seven or eight repercussions from the same sound. The hills to the north are but poor and very stony, the manure mostly used is sea-sand. Burning and grassing has been too much practised, to the great impoverishment of the soil. A new kind of manure used in this barony, and in some other parts of this county of late, is burnt clay.

Kilnataloon is the smallest barony in this county; it signifies the church on the other side of the river (28), which was probably the church of Knockmourne, an ancient corporation. It is bounded on the E. by Waterford, on the W. by the barony of Barrymore, on the N. by Imokilly, and on the S. by the barony of Condons. It was formerly mortgaged by the Lord Barry (28) to Thomas, the eighth Earl of Desmond, and was assigned by Gerald, Earl of Desmond, to his brother, Thomas Roe. This small barony is watered by the river Bride, which runs N. of Tallow and discharges into the Blackwater. Sea sand may be brought for manure, by water, up to Tallow bridge; and near the western part of this barony there is plenty of lime for the same purpose. On the banks of the Bride are the ruins of several of Desmond's castles. Mogeely, two miles W. of Tallow, was a principal seat of the Earl himself. It takes its name from the parish church, which in old Irish was named Moidghealladh, i.e., the church of of the vow. At this castle, Thomas, the great Earl of Desmond, resided, who had a favourite steward, that often took great liberties with his lord, and by his permission tyrannised over the Earl's tenants equally with his master. This steward, unknown to the Earl, gave an invitation in his lord's name to a great number of the chiefs of Munster, with their followers, to come and spend a month at this castle. The invitation was accepted, and crowds of gentlemen flocked in, to the great surprise of Desmond, who began to be alarmed, lest sufficient provision should not be found for such a number of guests. They had not stayed many days when provisions in reality began to fail, and at last the Earl's domestics informed him that they could not possibly furnish out a dinner for the next day. The Earl was in a great strait, and knew not what to do, for his pride could not brook to let his guests know anything of the matter; besides, his favourite steward, who used to help him in such things, was absent. At length, he thought of a stratagem to save his credit, and inviting all his company to hunt next morning, ordered his servants to set fire to the castle as soon as they were gone, and to pretend it was done by accident. The Earl and his company hunted all the forenoon and from the rising grounds he every moment expected, with an heavy heart, to see Mogeely in a flame. At length, about dinner time, to his great surprise, his favourite steward arrived, mounted upon a fresh horse, whom the Earl threatened severely for being so long absent at such a juncture. The steward told him he arrived just time enough at the castle to prevent his orders from being executed; and, farther, that he had brought a large prey of corn and cattle sufficient to subsist him and his company for some months; which news not a little rejoiced the Earl, who returned with his guests to the castle, where they found sufficient plenty of everything they wanted. The ruins of this castle show it to have been a very large and stately building.

The other castles are Kilmacow, about a mile W. of Tallow; it was built by John Fitz-Gerald, descended from the house of Macallop. This castle, with one plowland adjoining to it, being demised to Richard Joke, the 1st of July, 1586, was by him assigned to Richard Crishal, Jan. 30, 1593, and by him to Sir Richard Boyle, Jan. 7, 1604. Near it is the dwelling-house and offices of the Rev. Mr. Thomas

(28) The barony of Kilnataloon contains five parishes, viz., Agherne, Ballynoe, Mogralty, Coole and Knockmourne, being 41 plowlands, and therein 15,677 acres.

(28) Kil, a church, tal, over, oon, the river.

(29) MS. Sir Richard Cox.

Squire. This castle has very lately fallen down (30).

A mile west of Mogeely is Connough castle, which belonged to Thomas Fitz-Gerald Roe. It was demisd to Sir Richard Boyle by Sir James Fullerton, anno 1603. Near it is a stone bridge over the river Bride. This castle is an high, square tower, built on a steep rock, and commands an extensive prospect over the adjacent country. More west is the small parish church of Knockmourne in repair, the only remains of an ancient corporation, which was entirely burnt down by the White Knight, with many other churches and villages, in Desmond's rebellion. A mile west of this last is Aghern, where was formerly another castle of the Fitz-Geralds on this river; it is now a good house, with orchards, gardens, and other plantations of Mr. Giffard, pleasantly seated on the Bride. Near it is the parish church in repair.

In this small barony are some good improvements, particularly at Curryglass, a neat, pleasant village, prettily planted and well watered, in which (besides other gentlemen's houses) is an elegant seat, formerly possessed by William Maynard, Esq., then collector of Cork, but of late gone much to decay, being in the hands of the crown. On this land is a white clay, with which the above-named gentleman covered the walls of a wood, that for its smoothness and whiteness was much admired. At this place is a large, well-grown cedar (not many years ago) raised from seed brought from the West Indies, from which tree many others have been propagated by layers. At Curryglass is an holly-tree, perhaps the largest of the species in Ireland. Here are also witch elm that bear seed.

At Ballynoe, two miles south of Knockmourne, near the decayed church, are some large ruins, said to have been a religious house, but of what Order I cannot find, either from tradition or record; and near it is a good chalybeat spaw.

There are several plantations of cider fruit in this barony, and in the neighbourhood towards the banks of the Bride and Blackwater.

Mr. Philips, in his poem on that liquor, thus beautifully characterises several kinds of this fruit:

The Pippin burnish'd o'er with gold, the moile
Of sweetest honey'd taste, the fair Pearmain,
Temper'd, like comliest nymph, with red and white;
Nor does the Elliot least deserve thy care,
Nor John Apple, whose withered rind, intrench'd
With many a furrow, aptly represents
Decrepid age; why should we sing the Thrift,
Codling or Pomeroy, or of pimpled coat
The Russet, or the Cat's-head, weighty orb
Enormous in its growth—

The Burlington crab, or Earl of Cork's pippin, and an harsh, austere apple, called the Kekagee, with a mixture of golden pippins, are most esteemed in this county for making the best and strongest cider (31).

(To be Continued.)

(30) At this place, the first earl of Cork had a very large iron works. I find, by the accounts of iron in the castle of Lismore, there were made here, for his lordship, in seven years, 21,000 tons of bar iron, which at £18 the ton, as it was then sold, was worth £378,000 sterling. Most of the mine was dug up at Ballyregan. The bar-iron, I find, did not stand his lordship more than £3 a ton, wood being then very plenty.

(31) Langly, in his Pomona, fol. London, p. 149, says, to make this account of our ciders as compleat as I can, I must, in the last place, mention to you another sort which hat not been heard of among us, more than six or seven years: The name of it is, Cockagee or Cackagee (for the word, as far as I can learn, is Irish, in which I, as well as you, am no critic). The fruit is originally from Ireland, and the cider is much valued in that country. About 16 or 18 years hence (if I am rightly informed), it was first brought over, and promoted about Minehead, in Somersetshire. Some gentlemen of that country have got enough of it to make 5, 6, or 8 hogsheads a year of the cider; and such as have to spare from their own tables I am told sell it from £4 to £8 a hogshead.

CHARITY TO MAN.

BY WILLIAM DRENNAN.

O sweeter than the fragrant flower
At evening's dewy close,
The will, united with the power,
To succour human woes!

And softer than the softest strain
Of music to the ear,
The placid joy we give and gain
By gratitude sincere.

The husbandman goes forth a-field:
What hopes his heart expand!
What calm delights his labours yield—
A harvest, from his hand!

A hand that providently throws,
Not dissipates in vain;
How neat his field, how clean it grows!
What produce from each grain!

The nobler husbandry of mind,
And culture of the heart—
Shall this with men less favour find,
Less genuine joy impart?

O! no; your goodness strikes a root
That dies not, nor decays;
And future life shall yield the fruit
Which blossoms now in praise.

The youthful hopes that now expand
Their green and tender leaves,
Shall spread a plenty o'er the land,
In rich and yellow sheaves.

Thus, a small bounty, well bestowed,
May perfect heaven's plan;
First daughter to the love of God
Is charity to man.

'Tis he who scatters blessings round,
Adores his Maker best;
Tis walk thro' life is mercy-crowned,
His bed of death is blest.

CALIFORNIA'S GOLDEN TREE.

Everyone is familiar with the fame of California's gigantic sequoia-trees. Hardly less wonderful for size, and far more useful than those trees, are the first cousins of the giants, the redwoods, Sequoia sempervirens. Unlike the Sequoia gigantea, the redwoods avoid the mountains and follow the seacoast, keeping a few miles back, but always within reach of the fogs. Of late there has been a revival of the redwood lumber industry, and the great excellence of the wood has never before been so fully recognised as it is now. Of a light salmon colour when cut, it gradually turns a deep red. It is hard, and remarkable for its resistance to fire. It gives fine results in carving, and when used for piano-cases is said to increase the resonance of the instrument. It polishes beautifully, and is used for house interiors and many decorative purposes. The annual product is now more than 300,000,000 feet, and it is estimated that the supply will last for 150 years.

AN ANCIENT MEXICAN CITY

Senor Leopoldo Batres, the eminent Mexican archæologist, passed through Chicago recently, on his way to the City of Mexico, from the congress of Americanists recently held in New York. Senor Batres has long been an authority on the archæology of his country, and for many years has been in the service of the Government with the title of "inspector general y conservador de monumentos en la Republica Mexicana." His published works have made his name familiar to scientists all over the world, and his discovery six months ago of the buried city of Monte Albau, four miles from the city of Oaxaca, in the southern part of Mexico, not very far from the ruins of Mitla, is the most important of its kind ever made in America.

Senor Batres and Senor Berriozabal, the Mexican Consul in Chicago, were guests of "El Circulo Espanol," and by special request of the members, the former gave an account of his explorations in Monte Alban. Senora Corella-Phipps acted as interpreter, and with the ease and fluency of speech which characterise his race, Senor Batres told in charming conversational style of the great city covering millions of cubic metres, with its spacious palaces, pyramids, and tombs, built of stone and mortar on the top of a high ridge of mountains so steep and rough as to be almost inaccessible.

In the absence of any indication of there having been water there, the supposition must be that not only were all the building materials brought from a great distance below, but also the water for mixing the mortar. It was a mighty enterprise. The speaker calculated that it would take 10,000 men a hundred years to construct such a city in that place. The walls are still in an excellent state of preservation, and have upon them carvings which throw some light on the beliefs and customs of the inhabitants, who, according to Senor Batres' calculations, must have lived over 2,000 years ago.

He traced several points of resemblance between these ruins and those of Egypt, the most striking being the obelisks, which, as in that country, stand facing the tombs of the monarchs, who apparently erected their own tombs before their death. On the four sides of the obelisks are carved statues seven feet in height in a sitting posture, with the head bent forward and the eyes closed. The inscriptions on the sides are in picture language and commemorate presumably the achievements of the rulers.

The speaker thought there was no hope of the inscriptions ever being correctly interpreted, as they show conclusively that ancient people had no knowledge of an alphabet to which a key might some day be discovered, as in the case of the Egyptian hieroglyphics. One of the pyramids of Mount Alban is larger than that of Cheops, and, as in Egypt, gives every indication of having served for the purposes of burial.

The stone steps of the stairways in the ruins are evenly hewn with sharp cut corners. The origin of this ancient city is as mysterious as the cause of its destruction. Some of the stones of the stairway are found thirty metres from their original location, and have the appearance of having been hurled there by some mighty force.

"BLACK LIGHT."

This curious term is used by Gustave Le Bon, of the French Academy of Sciences, to describe a form of radiant energy which arises from the back of a thin sheet of opaque metal when the front is illuminated with ordinary light. "Black light" in some of its properties resembles the X-rays, but differs from them in fundamental points. Le Bon first announced the discovery of this singular radiation in 1897. This year it has been observed by Monsieur Nodon, who calls it a radio-actinic phenomenon.

LITERARY NOTES.

It is announced thtat the publication of the "Pilot" is about to be resumed.

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Dr. P. W. Joyce has in the press in Dublin a work entitled "A Social History of Ancient Ireland," the aim of which is to picture society, in all its phases, as it existed in Ireland before the Anglo-Norman Invasion. It will be published early next year by Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co.

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The book of the week has, of course, been General Christian Rudolph De Wet's work, "Three Years' War." This volume has been reviewed in all the principal journals, and it is no exaggeration to say that it has enhanced its author's reputation, not only as a soldier, but also as a statesman. Messrs. Constable are the publishers.

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Fanny Burney and Jeremy Taylor are to be included in Messrs. Macmillan's new series of "English Men of Letters," now in course of publication, Mr. Austin Dobson having engaged to write the Life of the former and Mr. Edmund Gosse that of the latter. For the same series, Mr. George W. E. Russell will write the volume on Sydney Smith, which was originally undertaken, but afterwards abandoned, by Mr. Augustine Birrell.

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Professor Mason reached his eightieth birthday on Wednesday last. He was born at Aberdeen on December 2, 1822, and from the age of nineteen, when he became editor of a Scottish provincial paper, has been in harness up till lately as author, lecturer, and Professor of English Literature in University College, London, from 1852 until 1865, and from 1865 until 1895 in Edinburgh University. His monumental work on Milton embalms his name, while he has made many fields of literature and history otherwise peculiarly his own. He has edited the Register of the Privy Council of Scotland until recently, when he was succeeded by Dr. P. Hume Brown as historiographer for Scotland.

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The work is in eight volumes, published at sixteen shillings the volume, and is illustrated with numerous portraits, fourteen coloured plates and autographs. Among the portraits are those of Rabelais, with facsimile of his autograph; of Honore d'Urfe, first of French romancers; of Pascal, with facsimile of a page of his "Pensees"; and, needless to say, we have a whole portrait gallery of the eighteenth-century writers and beaux-esprits. Here we find that jolie laide, or, as we should put it, interestingly plain woman, Madame d'Epinay and her somewhat ungracious protege Rosseau; also D'Alembert, life-long, unrewarded adorer of another jolie laide—Mdlle. de l'Espinasse, of the immortal love-letters; also Madame Geoffrin, the bourgeoise holder of a salon of whom Sainte-Beuve has given us so charming a portrait. This sumptuous and encyclopædic work ought to be added to every public library.

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A correspondent of the "Western Mail" gives some interesting particulars of the late Mr. G. A. Henty's mining experiences in South Wales. Mr. Henty's father, who had made a moderate fortune, bought, in 1852, some old ironworks at Banwen. This was at a time when the Welsh iron industry was reviving after long depression, but unfortunately the new proprietor knew nothing of the iron industry. He removed with his family to Banwen, which was a bleak, boggy, and uncomfortable neighbourhood, and proceeded to lose his money. There was not even a proper approach to the works, and material had to be hauled in sledges over the hills. Also there was a dispute with a neighbouring landowner as to the right way. The whole thing resulted disastrously, but it was good-training for the future story writer.

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One of the most splendid literary enterprises of the day has been successfully brought to a close during the present year. This is the great history of the French language and literature, edited by M. Petit de Julleville, his collaborators, whose name is legion, being the first contemporary writers, Thus M. Joseph Texte, whose works upon Rosseau and Wordsworth have been translated into English, writes upon the international literary relations of France during the eighteenth century, also from 1848 to 1899; M. Emile Faguet, foremost of French critics, writes upon the history of criticism in France; M. Rene Doumic, the well-known contributor to the "Revue des Deux Mondes," gives a monograph upon La Fontaine; M. A. Chuquet, whose works on the Cahiers of 1889 has been noticed in these pages, writes on literature of the Revolutionary period; and Mr. Gaston Deschamps, who was recently lecturing here, dilates upon Victor Hugo.

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The latest number of the "Academy" contains an interesting appreciation af the work of the late Mrs. MacAlpine (Avery MacAlpine). Our contemporary remarks:—Although for just ten years no new title-page with the name of the author of "Teresa Itasca' 'has issued from the press, there must be many whose recollection of the volume thus called (after the name of one of the four stories it contained) will have been revived by the announcement of Mrs. MacAlpine's death. "Teresa Itasca" (Chatto and Windus, 1886) a work rather of fine promise than of matured achievement revealed two years later in "Broken Wings" (Chatto and Windus, 1888) —had a critical reception, which left the literary position of "Avery MacAlpine" in no dubiety, and sustained the judgment of the circle, enthusiastic rather than full, which has welcomed her first book. "Broken Wings" appeared serially in the "Pictorial World," as did "A Man's Conscience," published as a volume by Messrs. Sampson Low in 1890. "Joel Marsh: an American" (Ward, Lock and Co., 1892), was the last novel which Mrs. MacAlpine, herself of the hero's nation, ever wrote.

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Continuing, our contemporary says:—Interrupted health and an intermittent affection of the eyes, which made sustained literary effort painful and uncertain, hampered her work during the last years of her life, and disappointed the expectations of that public of her own which had been able to appreciate the rather elusive and restrained character of her art. She contributed from time to time essays and short stories to "Black and White" and the "Sketch," and her fine critical taste gave a delicate individuality to her occasional appearance as a reviewer in several literary organs, including this journal. But it was chiefly for their first acclamation of the four short, slight stories in "Teresa Itasca" that her literary admirers applaud themselves. They had, as it were, made at once this intimately delightful discovery of a personality in fiction, and the meagreness in all but quality of her eventual achievement gives the note of disappointed expectation to the regret with which the news of her death, after a short and rather sudden illness, has been received. She will be remembered in her novels and stories by the audience, fit if few, which first treasured, and by the larger public which eventually came to recognise them. It is not inappropriate to say that in social life Mrs. MacAlpine has left friends on both sides of the Atlantic, to whom the loss of an endearing personality comes with even a sharper pang than to those whose opportunities allow them to regret her talents alone.

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Mr. W. D. Howells, in "Harper's Bazaar," has been telling girls what to read. Fiction and poetry, he says, should be read "least and last," which is a very hard saying, indeed. However, every thing depends on the girl. Mr. Howells has recently assured us that the man writes novels writes for women—they constitute his public. But to educate the public up to novel reading a good deal of hard works seems to be necessary; Mr. Howells assumes that the indispensable part of a girl's reading should include "history, biography, travels, studies in the speculative and exact sciences, and philosophical and critical essays." When Mr. Howells comes to novels he is not kind, but we do not say that he is unjust:—

Most novels are worse than worthless, not because they are wicked, but because they are silly and helplessy false. Among the worse of the worse than worthless are the historical novels, which pervert and distort history, not so much because the authors are wilfully indifferent to the facts, as because they have not the historical sense. A very, very few novels in this kind are above contempt, but these are so good that they redeem all their kind. Some of Scott's (but not many), Manzoni's "I Promessi Sposi," Stendhal's "Chartreuse de Parme," Tolstoy's "War and Peace," D'Azeglio's "Nicolo de' Lapi," and the novels of Erckmann-Chatrian treating of the Napoleonic campaigns, are books of such superlative excellence as to give one pause in any headlong censure of the class they dignify. . . But when a poor girl has read them, what shall she do? Go on from them to worse novels? By no means; she must go back to the best, and read them again, and keep reading them, and them only.

This is quite sound advice, for others as well as girls; but still the pseudo-historical novel increases and multiplies, and its author flourishes like the green bay tree.

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A volume compiled by Estelle Davenport Adams, just issued by Mr. Grant Richards, entitled "This Life and the Next," is full (remarks a literary contemporary) of the best kind of serious utterance. Books of this sort have an inherent appeal to almost every class of reader; they bring together the balanced thought of the ages upon the two unsolvable mysteries. In her preface the compiler says: "It has especially been sought to record, where obtainable, the writers' latest comments upon Life as they had known it and Death as it presented itself to their imagination." Turning over the pages at random we chance upon this noble and familiar passage from Scott:—

I am drawing near the close of my career; I am fast shuffling off the stage. I have been, perhaps, the most voluminous writer of the day; and it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principle, and that I have written nothing which on my death-bed I should wish blotted.

A few days before his death Daudet said:—

When I look at life I do not find it banal, and and just because it is not banal it interests me, and I observe it, and I like to put it in my books. I adore life because it is beautiful, because it is full of poetry and mystery, of seduction and fascination.

Robert Buchanan, who was often in revolt against things as they were, could write thus with sincere conviction:—

I dream'd when I began
I was not born to die,
And in my dream I ran
From shining sky to sky;
And still, now life grows cold
And I am grey and wan,
That infant's Dream I hold,
And end as I began.

Finally we may quote this passage from one of R. L. S.'s letters:—

Life is not all Beer and Skittles. The inherent tragedy of things works itself out from white to black and blacker, and the poor things of the day look ruefully on. Does it shake my cast-iron faith? I cannot say it does. I believe in an ultimate decency of things; ay, and if I woke in hell, should still believe it.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

General Crozier was formally installed as the head of the United States Bureau of Ordnance on June 28, after a long struggle made against his appointment to the place. The opposition was based on the fact that he is the inventor of a large number of mechanisms designed for army use, and as the head of this branch of the service he would be called upon to pass on innumerable other devices, and the claim was made that under the circumstances he would not be tble to give an unbiased judgment. This objection was largely removed by displacing him from the Board of Ordnance and Fortifications.

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A new car coupling is being tried on the line from Berlin to Oranienburg, which has for its object to lessen the space between the cars. With this system the distance has been reduced to 20 centimetres (7.8 inches). The buffers are the same as in the old cars, but the springs, which are, a little shorter than before, are built into the cars, thus making the shorter couplings possible. The question has been raised if the shortening of the couplings will not bring about an increase of danger from collisions. Careful trials, however, have proved that this is not the case, as the effect of the buffers remains the same as in the old system.

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A Swedish engineer, Mr. T. F. Malmros, has invented a lubricator for oiling piston-rods, cylinders, and guides on locomotives. By introducing the intermixed steam-lubricating apparatus, through glandular bushings expressly constructed for this purpose, the invention has effected a good and economical lubrication of packings and rods, as well as of the cylinders and guides. The system has for five years been tested on the engines of the fastest train in Sweden, with such good results that all locomotives of the State railroads will be provided with it. This seems to be revival of the old lantern brass used in the Cornish engine.

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In the city of New York there are only 737,477 white persons born of native parents, or but 21.4 per cent. of the population of the city. This statement means that out of every one hundred persons living within the municipal boundaries of New York seventy-eight are either foreigners or the children of foreign-born parents, or coloured people. New York however, is not the first, but the second city of the country having the largest foreign-born population. Fall River, Mass., is first in that respect. Official figures show that there are in New York city more males under twenty-one years of Slavonic parentage than of any other people, and the number of Slavonic men more than twenty-one years of age exceeds that of any other nationality except Germans and Irish.

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Herman O. Moritz, of No. 473 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn, the inventor of a device called the aerial toboggan, was killed at Coney Island on June 12, while getting his toboggan slide in shape for operation. He had secured a patent on the thing with some difficulty and commenced the construction of the first one about three years ago, but until recently he was refused permission to operate it because of the danger. During the last spring, however, he modified the plans to such an extent that the building commissioners gave him the desired consent, and preparations were being made to send the first car over the slide when it slipped from the chains which were holding it and started off "wild." The inventor was standing at the foot of the incline, and the car struck him with such force as to hurl him a great distance, and injured him so seriously that he soon died.

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Haber and Geipert have been investigating the conditions under which aluminium is obtained by the electrolytic method, and have published their results in the "Zeitschrift f. Elektrochemie." They point out that no trustworthy details of the method employed in the various works where the metal is now produced have hitherto been made public. Using a small experimental fusion cell, and the ordinary lighting supply current of the Karlsruhe Technical Institute, they were able to reduce alumina without difficulty and to obtain as much as 230 grammes of the metal in one operation. The metal obtained was remarkably pure, one sample tested containing only 0.05 per cent. C and 0.34 per cent. Si. The mechanical tests made with six samples of the aluminium gave an average tensile strength of 21,425 pounds per square inch.

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The fused mixture used in the carbon cell contained 33 per cent AlF_3 33 per cent. NaF and 33 per cent. Al_2O_3 the high percentage of aluminium fluoride being conducive to fluidity. The current density employed was about 2,800 amperes per square foot, and the E. M. F. varied between 7 and 10 volts. The authors, as the result of their experiments, have come to the conclusion that the steady improvement in the efficiency of the process as carried out in the aluminium works is due, not to secret modifications in the process, but to the more careful attention now given to the purity of the raw materials employed. They also point out that the carbon contained in the aluminium obtained in their experiments was not present in the combined form, and as it was graphitic in character they assume that it represented mechanically inclosed particles, due to the disintegration of the anode and cathode carbon. By remelting the aluminium it was possible to remove a portion of this impurity from the metal. The necessity of employing carbons comparatively free from ash is insisted on, since any impurities of the carbon used will be found in the final product.

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In studying the heating effects upon the poles of a spark-gap, as affected by the variance of the inductance of the circuit, Mr. B. Eginitis uses Tesla coils without a core, and poles of fine wire. The brightness of the aureole varies at first inversely as the heating effect for all metals examined. At high inductance, both the temperature and the brightness increases with increasing inductance—at least, in iron and steel. A closer study of the effects by determining the temperature of the poles was made with the aid of a thermoelectric couple. The metals examined include aluminium, copper, and silver. The heating first increases rapidly with increasing inductances, and then breaks into a succession of maxima and minima. The presence of metallic vapour is not a primary factor in the heating effect, as is shown by the fact that at small inductances the brightness of the spectrum decreases with increasing inductances, whereas the heating increases very rapidly.

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At a colliery in the Dortmund district of Prussia it was required to dismount a horizontal arm of the pump rods; but this was found impossible owing to the rusting of the bolts and cotters, while the part in question could not be cut through by hammer and chisel on account of the small space at disposal. It was, therefore, determined to effect the separation by means of the electric arc. The energy employed was obtained from a continuous-current dynamo generating 320 amperes at 110 volts, which served for lighting, the negative pole being put in connection with the pump rod and the positive with a carbon of 20 millimetres diameter, held in a well-insulated gas pipe. The latter was fitted with a rest, so that the carbon might be guided by hand, and, for preventing any danger from fire, a bucket filled with sand was placed under the spot where the melting was to be effected, while a small hand pump was also held in readiness.

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For protecting the men's eyes from the bright light red and green glasses were provided, to be held in the hand. The work was carried through with a current of 320 amperes at 60 to 70 volts, the carbon point being held from 40 to 50 millimetres away from the point to be melted in such a manner that a vertical slot of 20 to 30 millimetres was formed, and then gradually deepened. The guiding of the carbon, which became more difficult as the depth increased, had to be effected in the upward direction, so that the molten iron might fall in drops. The work was performed by six men, who relieved one another every hour or half-hour, in about twelve hours altogether, including a few interruptions. No inconvenience was experienced by the man during the operation; but afterwards all of them felt more or less severe pains in the face and hands, while those who did not always use the glasses also suffered in their eyes. The pains, however, lasted only a short time.

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Reports have been submitted to President E. H. Harriman, of the Southern Pacific Railroad, for the construction of a tunnel nearly seven miles long through the Sierra Nevada Mountains, at a cost of about £2,800,000. Such a tunnel would cut down the summit grade about 1,500 feet, and would enable the company to dispense with all but three of the forty-two miles of mountain snowsheds.

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Instead of blowing down coal in mines by means of dynamite, an Englishman intends to make use of a hydraulic cartridge, which is said to obviate the wasteful shattering of the fuel. The cartridge is 20 inches in length. Orifices along its sides admit of the application of a pressure of some three tons per square inch. The total pressure is about 60 tons. It is said that in a few minutes after the apparatus has been at work, the coal breaks up and falls in great blocks. About 1½ pints of water are used in the operation. One colliery proprietor who has adopted the invention for use in three mines computes that each cartridge saves £15 per week.

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The lack of marble in Denmark has led to would equal in decorative effect the natural product and would not exceed it in cost. Some success has been achieved in the manufacture of this article in Sweden, but the thin slabs would not keep their shape, inclining to bend and warp. The veins were stiff and angular, and the soft transitions of colour which make variegated marble a thing of beauty were wanting. A significant advance has been made in this industry by a Danish master builder, who is producing a stone of such delicate transition of tints and play of colour that it is impossible to distinguish it from the natural product; while as to cost of manufacture, it can compete with all other artificial marbles. The imitation of the more expensive species does not exceed in cost that of the cheaper ones. The inconvenience hitherto met with, that the mass had to be greased to prevent adhesion (thereby destroying the crystalline surface characteristic of the genuine article), has been overcome. The process of manufacture is simple and easily learned, and the cost of the outfit does not exceed £35. The article can be produced in any form desired—columns, plain or fluted, and capitals—as readily as flat slabs. It is claimed that even pictures may be made of this material. It seems to have the durability of genuine marble, but its cost is only about one-tenth as much. At the present stage of the development of the industry the maker is able to produce a slab about half an inch thick at a cost of sevenpence per square foot. The inventor's name is Soren Schongaard, and his address is Copenhagen.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

Extract of a letter from Castlebar, July 29.

"The Assizes of Sligo proved a maiden one, as those of Castlebar will. However, this day a matter of great legal curiosity came on here in the Crown Court—it was in the case of the King against James Foy, otherwise Sladdeen, who was heretofore tried and acquitted for being present, aiding, abetting, and assisting at the traitorous and felonious murder of Patrick Randal M'Donnell, and also of Charles Hipson, with the late George Robert Fitzgerald. This man was afterwards indicted for the procurement of the murder of Patrick Randal M'Donnell, and on his arraignment of the fact pleaded autre fois acquit, upon which plea, issue being joined, the jury found in favour of Foy, under the direction of Sir Samuel Bradstreet. He was this day indicted for procuring the murder of Charles Hipson, and on the Court ordering him up to be arraigned, he moved, by his counsel, for time to plead to the present indictment until the record of the former indictment could be had, which had been removed to Dublin by virtue of a certiorari; and it having appeared to the Court that he fact was so, the trial was postponed accordingly. The counsel for the Crown were James O'Hara, Esq; Francis Paterson, Esq.; and St. George Daly, Esq. For Foy—Edmund Stanley, Esq.; James Whitestone, Esq.; Ulick Burke, Esq.; and George Joseph Browne, Esq.

As there is little reason to doubt the accounts published from the Cove of Cork, relative to the late risings of the Whiteboys, it is apprehended there wil be an absolute necessity of enforcing the Magistracy Act in that county. The recent outrages are a proof that the leniency extended by Government has had but little effect on the Southern insurgents, and certainly should make it the interest of every person, either of condition or property in that quarter, and every other part of Ireland, to enforce such a due execution of the laws as may prevent the necessity of establishing the system of additional magistrates and constables which the Administration, it is evident, are extremely reluctant to enforce, from the great expense it must create in every county.

DUBLIN, MONDAY, AUGUST 6, 1787.

The city of Cork is every day improving in consequence and respectability; and we hear that its inhabitants are determined to have its internal economy equal to that of the best regulated cities in Europe. A resolution has been agreed upon—that the streets shall be lighted in the same manner, and upon the same plan, as those of Dublin, with globes and double-burners, and at similar distances.

DUBLIN, TUESDAY, AUGUST 7.

The first volume of the philosophical and literary transactions of the Royal Irish Academy is now printing, and we hear will soon be published.

The iron boat lately built by direction of an English gentleman, is now without precedent even in this kingdom. as about five years since one of a similar kind was constructed at the iron mills near Lucan, and employed in carrying the fabrics manufactured there to this city. It may seem somewhat strange that iron should swim, but the specific gravity of water being in proportion to a solid or cubical inch of that metal as six to one, if spread out in thinness or flatness, as even to one, must undoubtedly float. Lead bears the proportion of eleven to one, and gold near thirteen, yet water is more compact and less porous than any of them, as all the force of mechanic power cannot compress that fluid into a smaller space than its apparent bulk, whereas these metals can be contracted.

The activity of Mr. Sheriff Fleming deserves the warmest acknowledgment from his fellow-citizens for his indefatigable exertions in removing these long-neglected nuisances, the dung-hills on the sides of our most frequented roads in the environs of the metropolis. In a few days he has removed twelve on the Blackrock road, a considerable one at Rope's rest, and on Saturday last on a line with the houses in New street, about 2,000 loads. By such spirited exertions, the avenues leading to and from the city will be rendered perfectly wholesome, and cleared from those pestilential vapours so destructive to the health of the inhabitants at this warm season.

Houses are actually building at the East side of Merrion square, and the whole range, we hear, will, in a short time, be occupied; previous to which, it is intended to lay out the area of space by levelling the surface. and planting it with a number of perennial flowering shrubs, and constructing a capacious basin in the midst, ornamented with statues, etc.

LIMERICK, AUGUST 6.

We hear that on Wednesday last, three Justice of the Peace, who assisted in levying church rates near Kilrush, in the county of Clare, were interrupted in the execution of their duty, and some cattle which they had distrained were rescued; in consequence of which they called upon a party of the 27th Regiment, quartered in said town; the rioters continuing their resistance, by violently attacking the Magistrates and soldiers with stones. the army were ordered to fire, by which two women were killed on the spot, and several desperately wounded. Two men in whose custody were found fire-arms, were secured and lodged in Ennis Gaol by George Studdert, Esq.

CLONMEL, AUGUST 6.

On the 24th was committed to our county jail, by John Power, Esq., Denis Kennedy, of Failnacleragh, farmer. charged on oath with having on the 20th ult, forcibly detained Catherine Ryan, of Birch Grove, spinster, in the house of Mrs Kennedy, of Failnacleragh, against her will and consent, for the space of eight hours, until relieved by her friends, who were obliged to go in arms to her rescue.

DUBLIN, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8.

The benefits resulting from water-carriage on the Grand Canal have very deservedly been made the subject of encomium. The happy effects have been extended to all ranks, but are more immediately felt by trading people who live upon industrious labour. Provision has undergone a sensible and very considerable reduction, and fuel may be had, either Kilkenny coal or turf, at a very moderate rate. Vast quantities come down every day, and their rates are, for Kilkenny coal, 1s 5d per cwt; for turf, 6s per ton; but turf is retailed in smaller quantities. Those are the great necessaries of life, without which the poor cannot exist; to ensure a supply of them, at moderate rates, has been the great object of the Canal Company; and it must give every friend to the community sincere pleasure that they have been so far successful.

Yesterday the "Grace and Peggy," of Cardigan, Captain Philips, proceeded from Dunleary to the Kish Bank, with two gentlemen from England, who have been preparing a considerable time past to make some attempts towards part of the treasure contained in the Belgiofo. They go down in the same bell the unfortunate Mr. Spalding lost his life in; but they have made many essential improvements, by which they can not only continue much longer under water, but commune with those above, and raise themselves to the surface in a moment. Those adventurers have also the advantage of intelligent assistants, perfectly acquainted with the nature of the business, the want of which occasioned the melancholy accident that formerly happened.

Letters of Spain of the 5th of July, mention the death of Marcus Bagot, Esq., Lieutenant-General in the armies of his Catholic Majesty, at the Castle of Saragoffa, in Arragon, of which city and province he was Governor. His Excellency was a native of the county of Kildare, in this kingdom, and is said to have been immensely rich. He was the oldest officer in Spain, being 93, wanting a few days, at his decease.

DUBLIN, THURSDAY, AUGUST 9.

They are now taking down the houses in Parliament row, Blackmoor-yard, etc., for the purpose of beginning the new front to the House of Commons, the plans of which have been agreed upon; it is to be connected to the great south front by a curtain wall, similar to that which joins the new portico of the House of Lords to it, and is to have a portico to the west front, but will not be by any means so superb as the east portico now erected, being a much plainer design, consisting only of four columns of the Ionic order, without any statues to adorn that front.

His Grace the Duke of Rutland is at present at Mr. O'Neill's, Shane's Castle, where he has been received with all that elegance of manner and magnificence of entertainment, almost peculiar to the distinguished character whom he honours with his presence.

The porters of every denomination finding that they must comply with the regulation for procuring badges, as a permission to ply in the streets, numbers of them went in consequence yesterday and took them out agreeable to the mode laid down; several were stopped with their loads, and their baskets detained, until they were obliged to take out Licenses. An affray, however, happened in consequence of endeavouring to enforce these regulations in Newmarket, and one person had his ear almost cut off, but the Police secured some of the refractory persons and lodged them in their guard-houses.

On Monday night, the 30th ult., about twelve o'clock. a number of people on horseback, went to the house of Mathew Bushell, of Garrancasey, within five miles of Clonmel, forced open his door and window, and after throwing in several large stones, some of the party got on top of the house, threatened to pull it down, and put him to death. Bushell, having a loaded gun in the house, watched an opportunity, and fired at one of the party who was outside the door. on horseback, by which he wounded him and the horse on which he rode, and which caused the whole party to retreat, leaving behind three horses, the property of Francis Kearney and John Lonnergan, of Fourmile Water, and Richard Keating, of Lodge; which, it is supposed, according to the usual custom of the Whiteboys, they took from off their lands. This has been the fourth attack of a similar nature on this poor industrious man within six weeks past.

(To be Continued.)

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AS IT WAS IN 1791.

From GROSE'S "ANTIQUITIES OF IRELAND,"

This castle (mention of which is made in the article printed below, "Where Ireland was Fought and Won"), is in the barony of Shelbourne, and on a point of land which forms the western entrance to Bannow Bay. It has been altered and modernised; the original entrance, doors, and windows much enlarged; the outside all plastered, and the stairs are on one side, in the thickness of the wall. The tower remains in its ancient state, is elegant, and well-built. The crown and battlements are supported by brackets; there is an opening round, from whence stones might be thrown, or arrows shot, at an enemy. This castle surrendered to Oliver Cromwell in 1649.

This View was taken from an original drawing by Barralet, in the collection of the Right Honourable William Conyngham.

"WHERE IRELAND WAS LOST AND WON."

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE IRISH HERCULANEUM.

BY REV. R. WALSH, LL.D., M.R.I.A., M.D.

[The following article by Rev. Robert Walsh, LL.D (T.C.D), M.R.I.A, M.D—excerpts from whose book, "Notices of Brazil in 1828 and 1829," with a brief biographical sketch, we gave in our third number—was contributed by him to one of the annuals, "The Amulet," for 1830, which was edited by S. C. Hall.]

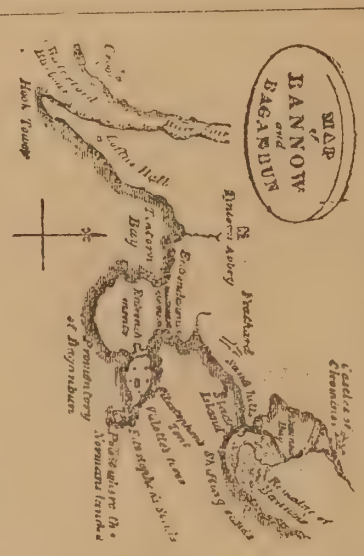
In the month of May, 1169, Robert Fitzstephen, then Governor of Cardigan castle, in Wales (by the invitation of Dermod Macmorrogh, King of Leinster), accompanied by Harvey de Monte Marisco, collected a force of 30 knights, 60 esquires, and 300 archers, and embarking in two ships, called Bagg and Bunn, according to the tradition of the country, they ran for the nearest headland, and disembarked at a point called at this day Baganbun, from the names of the vessels that brought them

over. They were next day joined by Prendergast, with 10 knights and 200 archers, making in all an army of 600 men. Dermod had remained secreted in his Castle of Ferns, waiting the arrival of the strangers; they, therefore, apprised him of their coming, and in the meantime fortified themselves on the promontory till some expected reinforcements, which he promised to send, should arrive to assist and guide them. In a short time he was able to despatch his natural son, Donald, with 500 horse; and with this reinforcement they set out from their position to penetrate into the interior of the country. Their direct road would have been through the parish of Bannow, which lay opposite to them; but as they had two deep and rapid channels of the sea to cross, at the mouth of the bay, they were obliged to proceed round the other extremity of it. In their way they were opposed by some Irish collected hastily at Feathard. Here the first encounter took place between the Anglo-Normans and the Irish; and it is still called by the peasants "battles town," in commemoration of the circumstance. It is further added, by the tradition of the country, that Feathard was a name given to the town built on the spot by the conqueror, who called it "Fought-hard," which was, in process of time, corrupted into Feathard.

From hence, ascending the river, which falls into Bannow Bay, he passed through Goffe's Bridge, and so to the town of Wexford. Wexford was originally built by the piratical Danes at a very early period, and called by them "West, or Wex-fiord," the western bay. It was rudely fortified, but could not resist the invaders, now reinforced by all Macmorrogh's adherents. It was, therefore, taken, and Dermod made it a present to Fitzstephen and Fitzgerald, as a reward for their services. Fitzstephen built on the river not far from it, a castle, on the promontory of a limestone rock, and so erected the first Norman fortification ever built in Ireland. This still stands, commanding the navigation of the Slaney, and is a very curious and conspicuous object. It so struck a Catholic barrister on his way to the assizes of Wexford, that he afterwards declared, as is reported, in a speech at the Association, that "it ought to be pulled down as a revolting object of Ireland's first degradation."

This expedition was followed by that of Strongbow, Earl of Chepstow, who has gained the reputation of a conquest, which had been achieved by his predecessor, as Americus Vesputius defrauded Columbus of his title to America. Strongbow passed the promontory of Baganbun, and proceeded up the contiguous harbour of Waterford. Waterford was also built by the Danes, and was a place of some strength and trade. It was called by them "Vader Fiord," the Father's Harbour, and dedicated to Woden, the Father of Scandanavian deities, of which the present name Waterford is an absurd corruption. On one side of Strongbow stood a tower, erected by the Danes on the Wexford shore; on the other, a church built by the Irish, on the Waterford. It was necessary to land, but he hesitated on which shore he should disembark to march to Waterford. He inquired the names of the places he saw, and he was informed one was the tower of Hook, and the other the church of Crook. "Then," said he, "shall we advance and take the town by Hook or by Crook?" And hence originated a proverb now in common use. Strongbow took Waterford, where his grim statue in blue limestone, stands at this day in front of the Ring Tower, close beside the river. He was followed by Henry II. with a large army, and so the warriors obtained the same footing in Ireland as they had done in England, though it took them a much longer time afterwards to establish it. Henry adopted the example of Dermod; he made Dublin a present to his good citizens of Bristol, and the original of this cool and extraordinary gift of the capital of a kingdom to the traders of a commercial town is still extant in the Record-office of the Castle of Dublin.

The prime object of my curiosity on entering this historic ground was to visit



the spot where the first Norman foot had pressed the shore. It was a conspicuous point from my friend's house, at the extremity of a neck of land; the annexed sketch points out the locality.

I embarked in a small boat, and crossed the narrow but rapid Frith which had stopped Fitzstephen's army. From hence I walked along the sand-hills to the romantic and solitary village of Feathard, where there was no inn; but a man from whom I inquired, directed me to a private house. Here the kind landlady set before me a plentiful breakfast of tea, fish, and eggs; and what I valued even still more, a folio volume of Irish antiquities, which it was her delight to study. From her I obtained all the directions I wanted, and then proceeded to the object of my search. I inquired, when near the place, from a peasant who was digging potatoes, the nearest path to it. He immediately threw down his spade, and, in the true spirit of Irish courtesy to a stranger, begged to "go with my honour if agreeable, to show me the ins and out of it." He was full of local information, and I was well pleased to have him for a companion.

The whole headland called Baganbun consists of about thirty acres. It forms a bold projection towards the Welsh coast, and is the only one near Wexford, the shore which extends from it to Carnsore point, near that town, being a flat sand, not safe for shipping to approach. On the side of the greater promontory is a lesser, running from it at right angles, and stretching to the east, about two hundred yards long, and seventy broad; presenting inaccessible cliffs, except at its extreme point, where it is easily ascended. Outside this is a large, high, insulated rock, which forms a breakwater to the surf on on the point, and from this several smaller stretch to the shore, just appearing above water, and affording a kind of causeway. Here it was Fitzstephen ran in and moored his ships, protected from the surf by the insular rock, and availing himself of the low ridge to reach the land. The distance of the last rock to the point is considerably wider than the rest, but Fitzstephen, with his heavy armour, sprang across it, and it is called at this day "Fitzstephen's Stride." My companion tried to follow his example, without his encumbrance, and fell into the sea.

Ascending from hence to the esplanade on the summit, he pitched his tent and established his head-quarters. In the middle of the esplanade is still to be seen an oblong, hollow space, like the foundation of a house, and as the surface of the soil was never disturbed in this place since the period of his landing, it seems not improbable that such a trace would not be obliterated, and that the use assigned to it by tradition is the true one. His next care was to fortify his situation, to secure him from attack while waiting for Macmorrogh's promised reinforcements; and these hasty fortifications yet remain, evincing that the Normans had attained to no small science in the art of defensive war. On the isthmus which connects the lesser peninsula with the greater, a deep fosse, about seventy yards long, extends from side to side; this was bounded on each edge by high mounds of earth, and in the centre covered by a half-moon bastion, twenty yards in circumference. On each side of the bastion, through the fosse, were the approaches to his camp, by two passages; and a mound of earth connected the bastion with the esplanade. Sentinels placed in this half-moon entirely commanded the approaches, and were themselves protected by a rampart which rose round them and overlooked all the ground in the vicinity. Beyond this, on the neck of the greater promontory, he also sunk a fosse, much more profound and extensive, stretching across the whole breadth, for the space of two hundred and fifty yards. This formed a deep and wide covered way, and was lined with a high mound on either side, that on the outside being defended by another deep fosse. All these remains are very distinct and perfect at the present day, changed only by the growth of

vegetable matter, rendering the fosse somewhat more shallow, and the mound less elevated.

But a discovery was made a short time ago connected with this encampment, which adds considerably to the interest it excites. About five years before my visit, some labourers were throwing up a low hedge round the cliff to prevent the sheep which graze there from falling over. On turning up the soil, the discovered about one foot below the surface the remains of fires at regular intervals on the edge of the precipices. These were supposed to be the watch-fires of the Videttes, which were stationed round the encampment. Some of the freestone flags on which they were made were also found; and as there is no such stone in this part of the country, they must have been brought for that purpose by the strangers. Sundry pieces of bones of sheep and oxen, consumed by the army, were strewed round the fires, particularly cow's teeth, the enamel of which remained perfect, though the osseous parts were decayed; and on the whole promontory, fragments of rings and spears were picked up wherever the soil was disturbed. Curious to see some of these remains, I requested my companion to get a shovel and dig for me; he did not require to be asked a second time, but ran off and soon came back with a spade, and began to dig with all his heart where the first had been discovered; he soon upturned pieces of charcoal and parts of burnt bones, which I brought away with me as memorandums of the first fires ever lighted by the Anglo-Normans on the shores of Ireland.

It is now nearly seven hundred years since that event, and everything connected with it on this spot is in singular preservation. It is so remote as to be entirely out of the way of intercourse with other places, and seldom trampled on by human feet. The soil, tradition says, was never turned up, and the surface continues at this day as it was then left by the Normans—it is, and has always been, a sheep-walk. The remains also consist of the most undecaying materials; charred wood and bone are nearly imperishable. The circumstances connected with it are perhaps the most interesting in the history of our country; the first landing of the strangers in this place was of deep importance to England, and still deeper to Ireland. "Baganbun, where Ireland has lost and won," is the universal expression of the people of the country, nad they consider it an occult and prophetic saying. My companion, when we were leaving the place, asked me if I had ever heard "The ould saying about it." I replied "Yes, but I do not understand how Ireland has won on this spot." 'Oh!" said he, "that's to come, they say; sure didn't the boys in the ruction want to fight it out here entirely" It is certainly affirmed that some of the leaders in the Wexford insurrection, in 1798, wished to avail themselves of the feeling it excited. They actually deliberated on retiring to this spot, and bringing on a decisive engagement here, with this powerful prestige strongly impressed on the minds of their followers.

SLIABH-NA-MON,

AND

Its Fenian Traditions.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES BY REV. J. F. LYNCH.

III.

In the "Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne," and "Silva Gadelica," p. 230, Finn is stated to have been married to Maighneis, or Maighinis, daughter of Gara (Garaidh) Glundubh mac Moirne, or Morna, and that after the death of Maighneis he sought in marriage Grainne, daughter of Cormac Mac Art. Gara or Garaidh is an extension of Gar, from whom is named Loch Gair, or "lake of Gar," and Gareth of the Arthurian legends, who is is made son of Lot (14), and Bellicent, sister of Arthur, is the Irish Garaid, or Gara, or Gar. This important Iberian word is the base of the Irish Grian, Gran, Garman, or Carman, and Gaulish Grannus, who in Gallo-Roman inscriptions is called Apollo-Grannus. The Iberian Gar (15), or Car, or Kar, is cognate with the old Persian Kor, or Khur, found in the name Cyrus; Greek, Kuros; and Persian, Khurush. In certain dialects of the Pamir, the forms Khar, Khir, Khor, occur (Sayce's article on Cyrus in Hasting's Dictionary of the Bible). The Iberian Gar is cognate with the Persian Khur; Zend hur, hvare; Pazend, Khur; and Sanskrit, Sura.

In "Silva Gadelica," the old name of Sliabh Bladhma, now Slieve Bloom, is said to be Sliabh Smoil mhic Edlecair, or "mountain of Smol, son of Edlecar." Here Smol mac Edlecair is a personification, and we meet with many similar to it in the Irish tales.

Notice is taken of the singing of the thrush and blackbird in many old Irish poems. In Finn's first poem we have:

Canait luin laid lain, dia mbeith Laigaig ann.
"The blackbirds sing their full lays would that Laigaig (Laighaid or Laig) were here."

In "Agallamh Oisin agus Phatraic," we read:

Do chualas ceol ba bhinne na bhur g-ceol,
Gid mor mholas tu an chliar;
Sgaltarnach loin Leitreach Laoi.
'S an faoidh do ghnidh an Dord Fhiann.
Smolach ro-bhinn ghleanna Sgail,
No mongair na m barc ag buain re traigh.

"I have heard music more melodious than your music,
Tho' greatly thou praisest the clerics;
The song of the blackbird of Leiter Laoi (Laigh),
And the melody which the Dord Fiann makes,
The very sweet thrush of Gleann an Scail."
Or the dashing of the barks touching the shore.

In Battle of Ventry we read:

Truagh an fhaidh
Doni an smolach a n Druim Chain,
Agus ni neamhtruaighi an scal
Doni an lon a Leiter Laigh

"Woeful the tune
Which the thrush in Druim Chain makes,
And not less sad the cry
Which the blackbird in Leiter Laigh makes."

The tale of Oisin's quest for the blackbird, the rowan berry, and the ivy leaf, is also told in the district of Birdhill, county of Tipperary. The dog is termed Bran's pup, and the people say that the pups were cast violently against the sheep's skin, and that all perished except one, which clung to the skin and began to devour it. When Oisin's boy told him, Oisin said that the pup was the making of a good dog and that he should be reared and carefully tended and fed. The weapons of the Fians are found in a cave (16) in Birdhill, where they had been concealed since the time of the Fians, and at the mouth of the cave was a stone of great size, which Oisin ordered the boy to move out of the way, but the boy laughed, and said that ten men could not even stir the stone; thereupon Oisin took up the stone in one hand and cast it away. The weapons of the Fians were too weighty for the boy to carry to the top of Birdhill,

14. At Lough Gur I have not been able to discover the relation between Gar and Lodan, but the lake is named from Gar, and three miles north of the lake is the district named from Lodan mac Lir, or Lodan, son of the Sea. In the British mythology, Gareth (Gar) is son of Lot (Lodan). When the Shannon or Sinann (the Senos of Ptolemy), is personified, she is made a moon goddess, and is made daughter of Lodan. Sinann ingen Lodain Lucharglain a Tir Tairngiri, "Sinann, daughter of Lodan, bright-pure from Land of Promise," Bod. Dinn, p. 32.

15. Professor Rhys (Hib. Lect. p. 249), says that "Gweir, son of Gweiryoed, occurs in one of the Triads, where he is called one of the Three Paramount Prisoners of the Isle of Britain, the other two being Llud and Mabon, both gods of the pagan Celts, and we seem to be warranted in assuming Gweir to have been of similar rank. The triad . . . . occurs in a brief and presumably old form in an earlier group in the same manuscript (Red Book of Hergest), where instead of Gweir, son of Gweiryoed, we read Geir, son of Geiryoed." Professor Rhys (Hib. Lect. p. 250, note 2), considers that Gweir or Geir, signifies word the present Welsh gair or geir: but this Welsh Geir appears in Irish as breith, or breth, "a judgment," and in English a word from Anglo-Saxon, woord which comes from root wer, the d in the English word as the b in the cognate Latin verbum being suffix. The Welsh Gweir or Geir, one of the triad of prisoners, is the Irish Gar, which is quite a different word from the Irish Gair, "an outcry," and the Welsh Gweiryoed and Geiryoed are lengthened forms of and plays upon the forms Geir and Gweir See the account of the Dwarf of Lough Gur in "Galloping O'Hogan."

16. Gleann an Scail, perhaps "valley of the shadow," the name of several valleys, is a name which also belongs to the mythology. In "Imtheacht na Tromdhaimhe," there is an enumeration of all the "jewels" of Gleann an Scail. In Irish scal also means a hero but perhaps the word signifies shadow in the name Gleann an Scail. The Irish Scal appears to be derived from Irish Scath, "a shadow," l being suffix letter, and the dental having fallen away, perhaps this might supply a hint for the etymology of smol, and enable us to connect the word with English smut; middle English, bismitten, bismoteren, bismutten, to spot, to stain; Dutch, smet, a spot, smetten, to become spotted. The Irish scath is cognate with Welsh sysgod; English shadow, shade from Anglo-Saxon sceadu; German schatten from old German scato, Gothic skadus; Greek skotos. Seal also means loud cry.

and Oisin had to carry them himself. The boy sounds the horn three times, and after the first and second sounding, small blackbirds are seen winging their way towards Birdhill, and after each sounding Oisin asked the boy whether he saw any large bird flying towards the hill. After the third sounding, the boy shrieks with terror, for he sees a blackbird (17), much larger than a sheep, flying towards the hill. Then Oisin orders Bran's pup to be let free, and a combat takes place, which lasts for three days and three nights, and at last the bird is killed; but the pup becomes mad from the poison of the bird, from the excitement of the battle, and because he was the first pup of Bran. Bran's pup is killed by the cast of the ball by blind Oisin, exactly as Mr. Dunne has stated, and the rowan berry and the ivy leaf are also found near Birdhill, and Oisin bears back in triumph to St. Patrick the leg of the blackbird, the rowan berry, and the ivy leaf, and thus proved to him that he was no liar (19).

It appears that in pagan Ireland the firstlings were regarded as sacred and were sacrificed (Trans. Os. Soc.' vol. iv., pp.30-1), and this seems to be the real reason why throughout Ireland the first pups and first kittens are by the people drowned, and if reared are supposed to go mad; but in this district the people say that first pups will go mad because Bran's first pup went mad. Bran (20) is a hound of Druidic manufacture, and Bran's pup is like herself—the shadow in the Celtic dream-world of something real in the world of nature. In "Seilg Muca Draoigheachta Aonghuis an Brogha" (Trans. OS. Soc., vol. vi.), we read:

Truagh soin, a Bhrain bhuadhaigh bhinn,
A mhic Fhearghusa fhoilt fhinn;
Duitsi nocha gniomh feardha,
Mo mhacsa do lan-mharbhadh.

"Woe it is, O victorious sweet Bran,
O son of Fergus, the fair-haired,
To you it is not a manly deed
To kill my own son."

The note of the translator is, "Bran was the son of Fergus, King of Ulster, and was metamorphosed into a hound."

The black pig, which according to this poem was slain by Bran, is said to have been the son of Oengus of Brugh na Boinne in the form of a black pig. A very important note concerning the Celtic doctrine of metamorphosis (21) is given by Dr. Whitley Stokes (Bodleian Dinnshenches, p. 22), wherein is given an account from the Book of Leinster of the various existences which the two champions of Bodb of Sid Femin, and Ocaill of Sid Cruachan, passed through. They had been swine herds, hawks, beasts under the sea, phantoms, worms, and had also been the two celebrated bulls, the Whitehorn of Ai, and the Dun of Cualgne.

The black pig of Gleann na muice duibhe was slain by Bran, and the blackbird of Gleann an Smoil was slain by Bran's pup.

The Irish name of Birdhill is Cnocan an Ein Fhinn, which O'Donovan (Supplement to O'Reilly) explains "hill of the White Bird," but O'Reilly says that Eunfionn means Kite. Mortogh King (Deuteronomy xiv., 12) renders the English ossifrage (22) by "an tean fionn," and the same word, in Leviticus xi., 13, by "an preachan ceanann." O'Reilly explains Preachanceannan as osprey, which King renders by Iasgaire cairneach. The Hebrew word rendered ossifrage is Peres, the Lammergeier, the largest and most magnificent of the vulture tribe. In "O'Rahilly's Poems" (pp. 113, 204), the Eun Fionn is also named Eun Oeanann. The people say that it was from the bird slain by Bran's pup that Birdhill was named, but the hill was named from Eun Fionn, and the bird slain is said by the people to be a lon dubh, or "blackbird." In "Silva Gadelica" it is stated that there was a lake beside Sliabh na m Ban, named Loch da en or "lake of the two birds," and there also appears to have been a lake near Birdhill. In the tale of Knocklong, it is stated that when Mogh Ruith (23) prepared himself for the encounter with the three druids, he put on his rough grey bull-hide, his white speckled bird head-piece, his fluttering wings, and his druidic instruments.

It appears to me that some change has been made in the tale of Birdhill, which appears to be a very old one, and not borrowed from Sliabh na m Ban, but from same source.

I do not know the source meaning of Smol (24), but one of the Welsh words for thrush, bronfraith, means "speckled-breast," and the French word for thrush, grive, also appears to have reference to the appearance of the bird. The source meaning of the English word thrush is not known. The English thrush and throstle come from Anglo-Saxon thrysce and throstle, cognate with old High German drosca; Norse, throstr; and Latin, turdus from turdus. Probably the Irish smol has reference to the dark and speckled appearance of the bird.

The blackbird was named lon, from the dark, glossy appearance of the bird, and though O'Reilly says that ciarseach means thrush, and makes the word masculine, still the old people here apply the word ciarseach, from ciar, "dark brown," to the hen blackbird.

In the Bodleian Dinnshenches, p. 25, Magh Mossad, the plain just north of Magh Femin, is said to be named from Mossad, son of Maen, son of Flesc Find (25), or "White Rod," or "white

17. I have not seen Birdhill, but John Sadlier has informed me that he has often been at this cave, which is of small size. John Sadlier also said that it was in Ballyvalley that the rowan berry and ivy leaf were found. I have been told by other old men in Cahirconlish that the Black Pig when on the way to Lough Gur from Ulster passed through Ballyvally. In the Ulster legend, given by William Hackett, the Black Pig is stated to have passed through the counties of Limerick, Leitrim, and Sligo, before entering Donegal (Trans. Os. Soc., Vol. v. p. 155). It appears from the legends that the Black Pig and Blackbird were predecessors of Sir Boyle Roche's Bird. John Davis White (Cashel of the Kings, p. 5), mentions "the blacke ditch, commonly called Dooclay, on the south of Cashel," and he also notes, "ye other faire of Cashel kept on ye Friday and ye Saturday before the Sunday of ye dedication of ye Church of St Patrickes aforesd, and in Irish called Downugh Cromdu, falling alwaies in ye month of July."

19. John Sadlier of Cahirconlish village, recently told me the tale, and he said that when Oisin saw the housekeeper of St Patrick, he exclaimed: "The law of the lie is a broken jaw, but take that," giving her at the same time a slap on the face which killed her, but Oisin did not intend to kill the stingy housekeeper.

20. In "Battle of Ventry" there is a Bran made son of Febal, son of Lodan, son of Lear, and he is made King of Tara Luachra. In English version of "Battle of Ventry," by Firbolg Og, who was often at Lough Gur, Tara Luachra is at Lough Gur, with Bodb Derg as king. Mr Nutt has published in the Grimm Library "The Voyage of Bran, son of Febal, to the Land of the Living," in which there is an essay upon the Irish Vision of the Happy Otherworld, and the Celtic Doctrine of Rebirth, by Mr Alfred Nutt. A short time ago I had some correspondence with Mr Alfred Nutt concerning old Irish things and I then expressed the opinion that Bran, the metamorphosed Ulster Prince, and Bran, King of Tara Luachra, were the same. The name Tara Luachra belongs to the mythology, and there was more than one Tara Luachra, the name has nothing to do with rushes, as O'Curry thinks.

21. D'Israeli (Curiosities of Literature), says, "The opinion of the metempsychosis spread in almost every region of the earth; and it continues, even to the present time, in all its force amongst those nations who have not yet embraced Christianity. The people of Arracan, Peru, Siam, Japan, Java, and Ceylon still entertain that fancy, which also forms the chief article of the Chinese religion. The Druids believed in transmigration. The bardic triads of the Welsh are full of this belief; also a Welsh antiquarian insists that by an emigration which formerly took place, it was conveyed to the Bramins of India from Wales. The Welsh bards tell us that the souls of men transmigrate into the bodies of those animals whose habits and characters they most resemble."

22. It is stated on the title page of the Irish Bible that the translation is made from the original languages Bishop Beddell was a Hebrew scholar, but the Irish Bible is a translation of the English Bible, and the Old Testament is the work of King. In the Highland version Peres, or rather ossifrage, is rendered an enaimh-bhristeach and in Luther's German version, by der Habicht, "hawk." The rendering of Revised Version is gier eagle, and that of the German Textbibel is Bartgeier, or golden vulture.

23. Professor Rhys (Hibbert Lectures p. 526), says, "As to Mo-Febis, see the Book of the Dun, 74, where Febis or Femis is said to have been the mother's name; but the Four Masters make Mofebis a man, and date his death, A. M., 3751, though they mention his son, Mogh Ruith, engaged in war, A. M., 3579, or 172 years earlier." Dr Joyce (Irish Names, Vol. 1., p. 103), gives a tale of Mogh Ruith, as engaged in war over sixteen hundred years, from the date of his death, as given by Four Masters. Mogh Ruith is said in the Edinburgh Dinnshenches, p. 73, and by O'Curry, Lectures, p. 402 to be the father of Tlachtga who erected a pillar stone at Cnamchaill, about a mile and a half east of the town of Tipperary.

24. O'Reilly has a word-Smol, meaning snuff of a candle, a speck, a fault. O'Rahilly (xxix), has

Ni'l Saor-fhlaith na dragan do phreimh chloinne Chaisil
Gan gaol ris an annir mhiola gan smol.

"There is no noble chieftain or warrior of the stock of the Children of Cashel.
Who is not akin to the mild, faultless maiden."

The Irish had a very high opinion of the singing of the thrush. It is stated in Imtheacht na Tromdhaime, p. 51, that the thrush is the most pleasing of all song birds. Agus asi in smolach beathaigheach is lia aisdi cheileabhraidh ar bith.

25. In Corca Laidhe, p. 16, Lughaidn Laidhe, who is so celebrated in the Irish romantic tales, is said to have had two sons, Aenghus Bolg, or Aenghus Bag, and Aenghus Duibhfhleasc, or Aenghus Black-Rod, but flease also means a wreath or diadem. Here we have Two Rods, white and black, and at Birdhill two Birds, white and black, symbols of light and darkness. The fawn of Gleann an Smoil has sides white and black. In Corca Laidhe, p. 18, Aenghus Bolg is made son of Maicniadh, and father of Aenghus Duibhfhleasc. O'Donovan ("Corca Laidhe," p. 8) says that Aenghus Gaifuileach, i.e., Aenghus of of the bloody spear is also Aenghus Bolg, i.e., Aenghus of the sacks or quivers. But this explanation of Aenghus Bolg is not correct, since Bolg in that name is nominative singular, and not genitive plural, for in "Corca Laidhe," p. 18, the genitive case of Aenghus is Aenghusa Builc, and at p. 44 are mentioned the Ui Builc, named from Aenghus Bolg, and this should be Ui-Bolg if O'Donovan were correct. Aenghus also called Aenghus Bulga (Corca Laidhe, p. 25), was named from one bag.

fillet" (compare Dr. Hyde's Giolla an Fhiugha, p. 5), who found the hawk named Seig Mossad on Magh Eoin, or "plain of the bird." He fed it and nourished it till it used to eat the herds of horses, and the droves of cattle, and the human beings, by twos and threes. And when at last it found nothing to devour, it turned on the plain against its fosterer, even Mossad, son of Maen, and hence Magh Mossad. Perhaps there is some connection between this seig, or "hawk," and the bird slain by Bran's pup. Mr. Dunne considers that the poem entitled Seilg Ghleanna an Smoil, or "The chase of Gleann an Smoil," refers to the Gleann an Smoil of Kilkenny, and he has in his valuable article made the best of a bad case. Dr. Joyce (Irish Names, vol. i., p. 489) says "Smol or smolach is a thrush. The best known name containing the word is Gleann na smol, the valley of the thrushes, the scene of a celebrated Irish poem which is believed to be the same place as Glenasmole, a fine valley near Tallaght, Dublin, where the river Dodder rises. Near Lifford, in Donegal, is a townland called Glensmoil, which represents the Irish Gleann a smoil, the thrush's glen."

In the poem, the name is not Gleann na smol, but Gleann an smoil, "the valley of the thrush," and not of the thrushes, and the Dublin valley and the Kilkenny valley are named Gleann an smoil, but the Dublin valley is not the scene of the celebrated Irish poem, or poems, for there are two celebrated Irish poems which treat of Gleann an smoil.

Mr. Dunne merely refers to the claim of Cork for the celebrated valley, and in Cork the valley was, with a reflection in the Celtic dream-world, as I shall now proceed to prove,

(To be continued.)

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

BY RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close
Is scattered on the ground—to die
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
And if she wept the waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,
Restless—and soon 'twill pass away.
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree,
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's burning strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

MADE IN THE DAYS OF THE MAMMOTH.

In the caves of La Mouthe and Font de Gamme in France have been discovered some remarkable engravings and rough paintings on the rock, made in prehistoric times, and representing animals long since extinct. Among these the mammoth figures conspicuously. There are also striking pictures of the reindeer, which is known to have been an inhabitant of western Europe. A picture of a reindeer from the cave of La Mouthe is herewith reproduced in miniature. It shows how ancient is man's artistic instinct.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

HARRY JONES'S HOARD.

A year after the close of the American Civil War there lived in the southern portion of the State of Mississippi a poor family whose home was a log cabin on the bank of Pearl River. The little household numbered three persons, Mr. Henry Jones and his two children, Nancy and Jere; Mrs. Jones had been dead two years, and it was a pinched life in a lonely place that fell to the young people. They had no friends; the nearest neighbour's house was ten miles distant, and all around a great forest of pine, oak, cedar, and magnolia rose dark and solemn, heavily hung with Spanish moss. An obscure road ran near the house. It led through the woods to a sparsely settled region surrounding a small country town twenty miles distant.

Mr. Jones was a lame man, 55 years old, whose only means of earning a living for himself and children was operating a ferry scow and a skiff at the point where the road crossed Pearl River near his cabin. He was a quiet, honest person, with but one ambition, which was to save enough money to buy him a little farm up in the hill country where he had lived when a boy. Nancy and Jere knew of this desire so patiently nursed by their father—indeed, they were quite familiar with his habit of hoarding in a little leather bag such small coins as by the most stringent economy he could withhold from necessary expenditure, and they shared with him the dream of going to a new home in a healthier part of the country.

In the wild time immediately following the fall of the Confederacy all the low country near the Gulf Coast was overrun by roving bands of freebooters, some of them mere idlers for want of a home and something to do; others, however, bent upon plunder and reckless excitement, did not hesitate to commit crimes of the darkest sort. These bands of fearless and often desperate fellows were mostly well mounted and heavily armed. They had their places of rendezvous in the great swamps, whence they made frequent and long marches, now pillaging a town, now robbing a country store, now relieving a plantation of its horses and cattle; wherever they went they took all they wanted.

Murder was not infrequent, and the people lived in terror, for even the bravest man felt powerless to resist a whole company of marauders. But Mr. Jones and his two children heard little and thought less about the danger which was hanging so heavily over many people far more comfortably housed and much better clothed than they. Jere was but fifteen years old, and his sister two years younger; they were both strong, however, and Jere sometimes poled the scow or rowed the skiff when his father happened to be absent in the woods, who, although quite lame, was a successful hunter; and Nancy knew enough about cooking to bake the sweet potatoes and fry the bacon and game upon which the family lived.

One day in the early springtime, while Mr. Jones was out with his gun and dog, a man came to the ferry and demanded to be set across the river. He was in a buggy drawn by a strong young horse, and behind him, tied to the rear axle, followed a slender, emaciated little mare, limping badly. Jere promptly made ready the scow, and the man got out of the buggy and untied the rear horse.

"I guess she's played out," he said "she can't go any further." He patted the poor beast, examined its lame leg hastily, then looked back up the road as if uneasy. "I'll leave her. You may have her," he added, regretfully. "If you'll take care of that leg it may get well. She's a fine mare. But hurry, my boy, hurry; get me across, quick." Again he looked back, and Jere saw him feel of his heavy pistols that hung beside him. He was a dark, determined-looking man. When the scow reached the other bank of the river he gave Jere a dollar, and drove away at a rapid pace without waiting for the change.

Of course the strange behaviour of the man impressed Jeré's imagination. He wondered no little, and tried to make out why a traveller should be in so great a hurry that he would give a whole big dollar instead of ten cents, which would have paid the ferry fee. When he had poled the scow back to the home side of the river. Jere found the little mare browsing on the bank. There was an ugly wound in one of her hind legs which had bled freely, and was now greatly swollen and inflamed.

Jere was delighted, for it had been a dream of his to have a horse of his own. Many of the mounted travellers who crossed the ferry were mere youths, almost as young as he, and naturally his imagination made much more romance out of their roving life than really belonged to it. He led the mare to the house, and called Nancy out to look at her. When Mr. Jones came home, with a wild turkey that he had killed, he found the children washing the wound on the mare's leg, a wound that had evidently been made by a gunshot. Jere told him all about the stranger and how he had made him a present of the pretty animal.

Mr. Jones looked grave and shook his head disapprovingly.

"There wasn't any good in that man," he remarked, "and I s'pect the mare's been stole by him. We mought git inter trouble about her."

Both Jere and Nancy took a more cheerful view; they wanted to make a pet of their new property. Already they felt a warm affection for it, and it had quickly evinced grateful friendliness when they soothed its painful hurt with warm water.

"Oh, I don't think the man was a thief," said Jere. "More'n likely he was a good man, who'd been in trouble with the prowlers."

The wandering, predatory horsemen were called "prowlers" and the name was a very fitting one.

"Yes," Nancy assented, promptly sustaining her brother, "ef he'd been a horse thief he wouldn't 'a' been by hisself."

There was considerable discussion between the father and his children about the propriety and safety of keeping the mare; but two against one, with the added dumb pleading of the intelligent little animal in her own behalf, prevailed, and Mr. Jones reluctantly gave way.

That very evening a party of five horsemen, heavily armed and wearing the look of desperate characters, arrived in pursuit of the stranger in the buggy. Jere promptly and ingenuously told them all that he knew, and Mr. Jones showed them the wounded mare. They demanded to be set across the river, and when this was accomplished they continued their pursuit.

"Oh, it's all right; do what you can for the little mare, and keep her," said the leader to Mr. Jones just before departing. "If you can cure her up you'll have a daisy. She's the finest horse in Mississippi."

They never again heard of the man in the buggy or the five pursuers, and so the title to "Daisy," the name Jere gave to the beautiful mare, seemed quieted forever. Her wound healed slowly, but in time the cure was so perfect that only the slightest scare remained. Jere and Nancy vied with each other in their kindness to Daisy, feeding her on cane leaves from the brakes, wild grass and whatever fit for her to be gathered in wood or glade or marsh, and rubbing her down until her fine bay coat shone like silk.

She was an intelligent animal, affectionate, gentle, quick to respond to every kindness, and always delighted when receiving attention from her young master and mistress. She grew plump, and her beautiful brown eyes seemed to gather brilliance day by day. Nor

was he entirely free from faults of temper; for at times her heels were a trifle dangerous to Nab, Mr. Jones 'favourite dog. Jere made a bridle for her out of strips of buckskin and an old pair of bits, and she seemed never better pleased than when he rode her about in the open parts of the adjacent woods.

Well knowing that Daisy would be taken away by the first free rider that chanced to see her, Jere did not dare to keep her near the house; so he built for her a rude but comfortable stable of pine brush in a thicket at some distance in the forest. Of course it was a great deal of trouble taking care of her, and after a while Mr. Jones, who knew that she was valuable, spoke of selling her. Jere and Nancy were appalled at the suggestion. Sell Daisy! It was not much different from offering themselves to the highest bidder—at least that was their feeling—and they implored their father to let them keep her; but he had no sympathy with their unbusinesslike sentiment.

"The mare's wo'th a good hundred dollars," he said, "I'll take 'er to town and sell 'er; that'll fix us fer goin' up the country and buyin' a farm. I've already got purty nigh 'nuff."

Nancy cried, and Jere looked as if he had been ill a month when at last the day was set for Mr. Jones to go away with Daisy.

"To-morrer at daylight I'll be off," said the father. "'Tend the ferry, an' be good while I'm gone, an' I'll fetch ye somethin' nice f'om town."

Something nice from town! What did they care for such a promise? Daisy was more to them than everything the town held. In their lonely lives the bright and affectionate little mare had been something immeasurably willing, magnetic—something to love with unhindered devotion. Until she came to them they had never known what the grateful friendship of even a horse could do for two lonesome-hearted children, who had been all their lives shut up in the woods quite away from everything cheerful and amusing. And now she was to be taken from them and sold.

It should, perhaps, have been some comfort to know that the money their father would sell Daisy for would enable him to go away by the river and find a far better home for him and them; but Daisy whinnied so softly that day at noon when Jere went to feed her, and she laid her nose on Nancy's shoulder so lovingly—how could they part with her? And to-morrow morning she must go, never to come back to them.

It was splendid weather; warm, yet breezy, and fresh feeling, with fragrance in every breath. The thrushes and mocking birds sang round the cabin, while up from the river came the lively cackling of kingfishers and the twitter of blackbirds in the canebrakes. But Jere and Nancy were almost heartbroken. They saw their father making his preparations for the morrow's journey, and as even drew on with gathering dusk, the stars pricking point after point in the dreamy sky, and the owls hooting from distance to distance in the woods, the desolation seemed but a part of their great sorrow.

When their scant supper had been eaten, heartily enough by Mr. Jones, but without relish by the children, and when the little family sat in silence by the hearth, where a splinter of burning fat pine sent up a tall, slender flame to light the room, Nancy sobbed and Jere covered his sallow face with his hands.

"I hain't a-seein' no use o' this yere foolishness," Mr. Jones presently said. "The mare's not a bit o' use to us; jes' trouble an' keep, an that's all. Seems like you children orter see 'at it's right ter sell 'er an' use the money ter git us a good place ter live at. Yer not usin' good sense an' jedgment."

Still any sharp observer could have seen that Mr. Jones was not quite easy in his conscience. He loved his children, and their grief at what he felt it his business duty to do touched him at a very sensitive point of hs rough nature.

"But, oh, pap!" cried Nancy, "Daisy is so——"

She never finished her sentence, for just then there was a loud trampling of horses outside, and a gruff voice called:

"Hello!"

The little group by the hearthside was startled almost into breathlessness. The children gazed stupidly at their father, who sat quite still until a heavy hand struck the door a resounding blow. Mr. Jones knew in an instant that a gang of prowlers had arrived

"Who's there?" he presently demanded

"Open this door, an' do it quick, an' ye'll see who's here," was the answer, and again the cabin fairly shook with the force of a knock on the door, and the insolent voice added: "Ef ye don't want yer neck twisted, ye'd better be lively."

Mr. Jones went to the door, and, undoing the fastenings, opened it

"Come in an' welcome," he said, trying to make his words sound hearty and cheerful.

Meantime Jere had darted out through a little back door. He was dreadfully frightened, and a moment later a pistol shot, followed by a low whine from Nan, added greatly to his terror. Not knowing what else to do, he ran round the corner of the cabin and crawled under the floor close to the chimney. Then he heard heavy feet on the loose boards above him. The prowlers had entered the house, and pretty soon he heard them demanding money and threatening to kill his father.

Jere suddenly recollected that the leather bag in which the money was hoarded lay on a sill of the house very near to where he was crouching. Mr. Jones had placed it there by lifting up a board of the floor. Jere had but to reach up his hand and touch it.

"We know 'at ye've got some money hid somewheres 'round here, an' ye'll jes' show it up er we'll burn ye alive," said one of the ruffians. "Ye've been a-gittin money from the ferry, an' ye ain't never spent none. Fetch it out, ole feller, er ye'll die fer it."

Just then Jere's quick ears caught the sound of a distant whinny. It was Daisy calling to the horses of the outlaws. Her voice set Jere to thinking. What if the men should hear her? Wouldn't they be sure to steal her?

"Git that money in a hurry, I tell ye!" stormed a loud voice above.

Poor Mr. Jones, trembling and expecting death every moment, tried to make his assailants believe (while they kicked him and rapped him with their pistol butts) that he had no money; but at last he could bear it no longer; he went and lifted the board, while a burly ruffian held a lighted pine splinter for a candle; and just as the little bag of money was uncovered he saw a hand reach up from beneath the floor and take it away.

Jere had grabbed the money just in time to prevent his father from giving it up, and now he scrambled out with it and ran to the wood. The outlaw who held the torch understood the move and gave the alarm; he heard Jere's footfalls as he scampered away. In a moment Mr. Jones was knocked senseless and there was a rush for the door. Two men who had been left outside to look after the horses saw Jere when he climbed over the low fence behind the house.

"Shoot him! shoot him!" shouted those who rushed out. "He's got the money. Shoot him!"

Three or four pistols responded to the murderous demand, but Jere sped on, as fast as his bare feet could fly, straight to Daisy in her brush stable. The men rushed after him, making a great noise in the dense underwood, stumbling over logs and running against trees in their half-drunken haste. Daisy uttered a glad little murmur of welcome when Jere darted to her side. In a moment he slipped the rude bridle on her head and led her out He heard his pursuers not far away tearing through the bushes.

All this time poor little Nancy had been sitting like one struck dumb and unable to move. At last, when the men were all gone, she fell upon the body of her unconscious father, and lay there holding his head in her arms. She heard shouting and shooting in the distance, but she did not know of Jere's peril or what the sounds meant.

It was Daisy's turn now to show the stuff she was made of. Jere, still holding fast the little bag of money, mounted and rode away through the wood, taking no particular direction at first, only bent upon escape from the robbers. Presently, however, he found it difficult to proceed, the trees were so close together and the underbrush so dense; then he turned Daisy's head toward the road, which led from the ferry to the distant town. His pursuers turned back to the house to get their horses. They shrewdly suspected that Jere would strike out for the highway. They had heard him riding in that direction.

Then began a wild race. The desperadoes were splendidly mounted, for their horses and saddles were the pick and choice of the country, and they were reckless riders all of them. Jere had nearly a mile the start when the race fairly opened; but Daisy did not go very fast; she galloped freely and easily without any urging, and Jere felt that her speed was sufficient; indeed, he knew so little about horses, never having ridden a great deal, that he imagined she was going at a break-neck run! This was after he had found the public road, which was a dim, glimmering line of white sand barely visible in the gloom of the woods.

Daisy, when presently she heard the horses of the robbers coming behind her in the distance, slackened her pace and neighed to them. Doubtless she felt inclined to have them overtake her; for she nad been a long time without company of her own kind. Jere, however, objected to any social amenities just at that time; he did not think it advisable to let Daisy have her way; so he urged her to go faster; and much to his terror she refused!

The pursuers were coming at full speed, recklessly spurring their horses, and Jere could hear them drawing closer and closer behind, the galloping feet beating a rapid tattoo in the heavy sand of the road.

"Halt!" cried a hoarse voice.

But Jere kicked Daisy's sides and cried to her, "Git erp, Daisy, git erp!"

Two or three shots rang out and the bullets came hissing along close to Jere's head. At these sounds Daisy gave such a spring that her rider came near falling off her back, and then she ran like a deer. Jere felt her settle under him, and stretch herself with long level leaps. The wind seemed suddenly to blow a gale in his face, sweeping his hair straight backward.

"Halt! Halt!"

Again the robbers fired, and again Daisy increased her speed. It was like flying. Jere leaned forward, lying almost flat along the mare's straight neck, and he gripped her sides desperately with his knees. On either side of him the trees seemed rushing in dusky, wavering lines to the rear. His pursuers were yelling and shooting far behind. Daisy was running away from them And all this time Jere held the little bag of money in one hand; it now felt almost unbearably heavy in his straining fingers. He did not make the least effort to guide or in any way control Daisy. She kept the dim road better without his help than she could have done with it.

Thus they flew along for many minutes, the robbers gradually losing ground, but still desperately following. Daisy began to pant under the great strain, and Jere felt his nerves giving out. It seemed to him that he must soon fall off. Instinctively, however, he clutched the bag of money every now and then with a renewed grip and tightened his knee pressure against the mare's heaving sides.

Then, suddenly reaching a sharp bend in the road, Daisy turned; the change was too great for Jere, he was flung off, and he went tumbling headlong in the sand by the roadside, badly shaken up and confused, but unhurt.

The money bag took a flying leap from his hand and whirled away somewhere in the dark. At the same moment a band of mounted men from the opposite direction came down the road at a fast gallop. One of them caught Daisy's bridle as she slowed her speed at meeting them.

"Hello, there! Who're you?" cried a stern voice, as Jere picked himself up and staggered into the road.

The poor boy thought his time to die had surely come, but these men were a sheriff and his posse going on the track of the very villains whose horses could at that moment be heard coming in chase of Jere. Breathless, half-dazed, and frightened nearly to death, it was quite impossible for him to speak at first; he presently managed in a gasping, half-choken voice to make the sheriff understand that the robbers were almost in sight.

In the next three minutes law fully asserted and enforced its superiority over criminal disorder. There was a sharp fight, followed by a determined hand-to-hand struggle, and then the robbers, three of them badly wounded, were taken and handcuffed. Jere looked on during the fierce contest; he could dimly see the horses and men all mixed together in a close huddle, but it was impossible to understand what was going on, save that it was a terrible fight.

When it was all over, and the robbers had been put in irons the sheriff questioned Jere, and soon had his whole story. The money bag was found where it had been trampled into the sand by horses' feet, then the whole party set out for the Jones cabin. Nancy had managed to bring her father back to consciousness, but he was dangerously hurt, and it was a month before he was well again.

There was a reward of a thousand dollars to be paid to the person or persons who should capture the leader of this gang of marauders, and the sheriff was greatly pleased to find him in one of his prisoners.

"You've got me at last," said the ruffian, "an' I suppose you'll get the thousan' dollars, but by rights that plucky boy there oter have it. Ef 't hadn't been for him we'd got ole Jones' money and by this time we'd a been on Honey Island."

It was a lucky suggestion. The sheriff felt the justice of Jere's claim, and when the reward was paid five hundred dollars of it were given to him. This enabled Mr. Jones to buy a good farm up in the hill country, where he lived happily for many years. The only thing that cast a shadow upon the new life of Jere and Nancy was having to give up Daisy. Her true owner, of whom she had been stolen, came and took her away. True, he left a liberal reward in Jere's hands, but money could not quite compensate the loss of the sprightly and faithful little mare.

[The above tale was found after his death amongst the papers of Maurice Thompson, author of "Alice of Old Vincennes."]

TWO SOLILOQUIES.

He:

I wonder if it would be wise
For me to wed her!
She's pretty—has good hair and eyes—
In many ways she seems a prize,
Yet when I see her anger rise,
I dread her!
I wonder if it would be wise
For me to wed her!

She:

Conceited thing! Does he suppose
That I would take him?
I like him least of all my beaux,
I hate his priggish, turn-up nose,
His selfishness too plainly shows—
I'll shake him!
Conceited thing! Does he suppose
I'd take him!

NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE IRISH IN THE CANARY ISLANDS.

In Mrs. Olivia Stone's interesting work on "Teneriffe and Its Six Satellites," published a few years ago by Marcus Ward (Belfast), appeared the following curious items on the subject of the Irish in the Canary Islands:—"Some authors affirm that the beauty of the present race in these islands is due to a number of Irish refugees who fled there after the Battle of the Boyne. I don't think this is possible, for the number who came would not be sufficient to influence the mass of the people. Among the upper classes it is more likely to be true, as many of them have Irish names, and know their ancestry to have been partly Irish. The family name of the Marques de Candia, one of the chief grandees of the Canaries, is Cologan: the poet of these islands is Teobaldo (Theobald) Power, author of "Cantos Canarios," now organist to the Chapel Royal at Madrid, whose great grandfather was an Irishman; and in La Ciudad di Santa Cruz, the capital of Palma (one of the six satellites), the principal street is called O'Daly." Mrs. Stone also relates that when the Canaries were formally ceded in 1519 to Spain by Portugal the mystic island of legend and song, known as St. Borondam, was actually mentioned as one of this group, by the name of Tir nao Truvais or undiscovered island, St. Borondan being no other than St. Brenden (of Kerry), who is supposed to have landed there in A.D. 565, at the same time that he is also said to have endowed the water tree at Hierro, another of the satellites, with its virtues."

EVOC.

THE MacCARTHYS MORE, REAGH, AND GLAS.

It is somewhat curious to find that whilst the still very numerous representatives in Ireland of the once great and powerful sept of the MacCaura or MacCarthys, have apparently lost all sense of clanship, and entirely ignore the old sept distinctions of More (great), Reagh (dark), and Glas (green)—both England and France should furnish us with notable examples of bearers of the Irish surname, MacCarthy, who tenaciously retain these particular affixes to their ancient family name.

The last recognised head of the MacCarthys More, to whose branch belonged the famous Castle of Blarney, near Cork, was that Earl of Clancarthy, who, as is well known, died in exile, and whose direct line in another generation or two became totally extinct. His title, however, has since been revived, but the first bearer of it in recent times, whose un-Irish patronymic was Trench, had not, we believe, a drop of MacCarthy blood in his veins.

Luckless as was the last Earl of Clancarthy, of Blarney in losing all his great family estates in Munster and dying in exile, his fate was far less cruel than that of one of his great forbears, Florence MacCarthy More and Reagh, Prince of Carbery, who spent most of his life, and finally died a prisoner of state, in the Tower of London. Great in many senses of the word, it was to this very Florence MacCarthy's enlightened patronage and support, in spite of his political disabilities, that we owe the valuable historical document known as the "Book of MacCarthy Reagh," of which an account was given in this journal in the 14th number, issued July 5, 1902.

It was only fitting that some record should exist of this memorable Irishman and famous chief of the MacCarthy clan; and still more so that this should be the work of one of his name and blood; and in "The Life and Letters of Florence MacCarthy More," written by his kinsman, Mr. Daniel MacCarthy Glas (London, Longman's, 1867), we have, happily, a worthy memorial of this great MacCarthy chieftain, whose weight and influence were such as to lead the Government of that day to exile and imprison him, as it proved for life, in London's historic Tower.

Of the second generation of his name, born and brought up in ease and wealth in England, Mr. Daniel MacCarthy, Glas, stands out in noble contrast to those Irish parvenus of recent days, in whom sudden prosperity or social success immediately enkindles the idea that they are of French, Norman, or some other descent to that to which they can only rightfully lay claim. Mr. MacCarthy, Glas, devoted his time and no small amount of his money to tracing out his family history in Ireland, though fully cognisant that his labours in this line would bring him neither riches nor renown. He felt, however, fully rewarded by the marvellous success that attended his genealogical researches, of which he published an account in another work that he wrote, having for title, "The MacCarthys of Gleannacroim, or a Historical Pedigree of the Sleoch Feidlimedh (Exeter, 1875), Gleannacroim being that portion of the county Cork near Dunmanway, where the MacCarthys, Glas, were at one time the lords paramount.

No nobler or worthier bearer of the name of MacCarthy has lived, in our time at least, than this Mr. Daniel MacCarthy Glas, and if personal worth, intellect, and position, as well as his literary work, especially in respect to the history of his clan, has met with due appreciation, he would have been rightly acclaimed. "The MacCarthy—a title which is elective rather than hereditary; for Mr. MacCarthy was fully aware of the fact that the late Mr. Justin MacCarthy, of Carrignavar, represented the oldest branch of the name in the Co. Cork, and, in fact, in Ireland. An unforeseen change of fortune darkened Mr. Daniel MacCarthy's later days, and frustrated his many patriotic and benevolent plans, but he lived to an advanced age, and now lies buried in the Catholic portion of Southampton Cemetery.

His researches into the MacCarthy clan history led him to discover that another branch of the MacCarthys had for several generations figured amongst the nobility of France. This French branch of the MacCarthys were the descendants of Denis MacCarthy, of Spring House, County Tipperary, who died at Argenton, France, in 1761. He had quitted his country, "disgusted," as he declared, "by the persecution which attended all, who like himself, were attached to the Faith of their fathers, and afflicted by the too frequent apostacies which resulted from the tyranny and seduction of the English Government." Before his death at the early age of 43, he exacted from his only son, Justin, then a youth of seventeen years, a promise that "he would abandon Ireland and return to it no more unless peace and liberty were restored to the Catholic faith and people bent under the yoke of England." In accordance with this promise, Justin MacCarthy, as soon as his father was interred, hastened to realise all that his family had been able to preserve of the debris of an immense fortune, and then selected for the future home of himself and his posterity the city of Toulouse in Southern France.

But on quitting his native land he took measures to provide himself with certain attested documents and proofs of nobility of birth and relationship with officers in the Irish Brigade. The genealogical compilation carried by this Justin MacCarthy to France was duly authenticated by the English Kings at Arms, Ralf Bigland, Clarenceux, and Isaac Heard Norroy, was translated into French and formed two splendid folio volumes in vellum, gorgeously illuminated and blazoned, and accompanied by transcripts of all the authentic muniments concerning the family in the Herald's College, London, and elsewhere. The first volume was devoted to the historic, the second to the genealogical evidences thus collected. Each page was attested and paragraphed by the above-named Heralds, and sealed with their seals, and the whole work was further illustrated by a detailed genealogical chart or map of Munster, showing the homes of the several branches of the sept, and various sketches of castles, churches, and monasteries erected by the earlier princes of the race.

These volumes forming the "Genealogie de la Royale et Serenissime Maison de MacCarthy" having been placed in the hands of M. Cherin, then the genealogist of the Orders in France, were verified by him as genuine, and Mr. Justin MacCarthy, late of Spring House, Co. Tipperary, became Count MacCarthy Reagh of Toulouse. He was naturalised as a French subject in September, 1766, received Letters Patent from Louis XVI., conferring on him the dignity of Count, and on the 25th February in the following year was admitted to the honours of the French Court.

Restored to the Count and remaining in the family archives till 1836, these volumes were again placed in the hands of a French Herald, Monsieur Laine, Genealogist to King Charles, X., in order that the MacCarthy Reagh pedigree, might be inserted in the Archives Genealogiques et Historiques de la Noblesse de France, which was published by M. Laine, at Paris, in 1836. That portion of it dealing with the MacCarthy Reagh, of France, family history was afterwards detached from the above-named work by M. Laine, and sold separately; but it has never been translated into English, and but few copies of it have found their way into the United Kingdom. One of these Counts MacCarthy Reagh was one of the greatest bibliophiles

in Europe. The title is still in existence, but as the present Count McCarthy Reagh has no issue it is to be regretted that on his decease this notable branch of the Clan MacCarthy, will have become extinct.

But there is still another French branch of the MacCarthys, of whom Mr. Daniel McCarthy Glas possessed no knowledge. A short biographical notice of the latter, however, which appeared in the "Irish Monthly" having got into the hands of an Irish priest in France, led to what would have been to him a most pleasing and interesting discovery — that residing chiefly at Nantes, in Western France, is Monsieur Pol, Duc de Clancarthy-Blarney (of the MacCarthys More), the direct descendant, and inheritor of the title conferred in France by James II. on General Justin MacCarthy More (younger brother of the Earl of Clancarty of his day), whose name figured so prominently in the engagements at Bandon and Enniskillen in King James's time, and was spoken favourably of even by his opponents in those rancorous days. From his son, who fell in the Battle of Fontenoy, the present Duke is descended, but he is only in possession of the title of Duc de MacCarthy-Blarney since June last, when he succeeded to his father, Florence Duc de Clancarthy-Blarney, who died during that month at the patriarchal age of ninety. Unlike that other Franco-Irish family which has enriched itself in the manufacture of a well known alcoholic article, the Duc de Clancarthy Blarney is intensely Irish in feeling, sentiment, and sympathies. He is Hon. President of the Association Franco Irlandaise of Paris, at two of whose annual reunions he has delivered stirring and patriotic addresses. He is on friendly terms with his kinsman, Count MacCarthy Reagh; but as he has only two daughters and no sons by his marriage, it is to be feared that after him there will be no male representatives left of the French MacCarthys More, Ducs de Clancarty Blarney. Of Mr Daniel MacCarthy Glas, three grandsons are living, two in far-off Oregon and one in Tasmania.

J.C.

REDMOND O'HANLON.

20 Sydney Avenue, Blackrock,
December 7th, 1902.

Dear Sir—Please permit me to encroach on the space of your valuable paper, to ask your readers if they can give me any information about the Irish rapparee, Redmond O'Hanlon, outside that given by W Carleton and Clark Luby, in "Count Redmond O'Hanlon," published by Duffy and Co. I would particularly desire to get information about the following:—1. If Redmond O'Hanlon was married; if so, had he any children *—their names. 2. What services Redmond O'Hanlon performed in France that entitled him to the title of Count, and 3. if there are any lineal descendants of this justly celebrated man living at the present day.

Again, I might mention that Luby (in his sketch of Redmond O'Hanlon), quotes a certain J Cosgrave as the author of "The Lives of Famous Irish Rapparees and Robber Chieftains," and calls the work "A Little Chapbook." "sold at many of the fairs and markets in Ireland for a few pence." This book gives a life of Redmond O'Hanlon, and it would oblige me greatly if any of your readers could tell me where I could procure a copy, or any information whatsoever about it. Another book the same gentleman quotes, viz, "The Cromwellian Settlement in Ireland," by J Prendergast, London, 1870. I cannot find either, although I have made every inquiry. Perhaps some of your readers know the publisher (or the book).—Hoping I have not taken up too much of your valuable space, I remain yours very sincerely,

H. M. J. O'HANLON.

* O'Hart mentions in his "Irish Pedigrees" that "Katherine, daughter of Count Redmond O'Hanlon, married David Conygham, of Letterkenny."

ENGLISH RABBITS AND AMERICAN HATS.

Millions of rabbits are annually killed in the British Islands and in Australia for their skins, or rather for their fur, which is used in making felt hats. Great quantities of the English rabbit skins are sent to hat manufacturers in the United States, but first they go to the Continent of Europe to have the long, useless hairs laboriously pulled out by cheap hand labour. Satisfactory machines to do this work are yet lacking. After the skins reach America the close hair, or fur, is shaved off to be made into felt.

Irish Antiquities As Seen Fifty Years Ago.

COMPILED BY JAMES COLEMAN.

The following graphic and instructive description of our national antiquities was written by the late Mr. John Windele, of Cork, one of the foremost of the Irish antiquaries of his day. Excepting the fact that the pagan origin of the Irish round towers, of which he was a strenuous upholder, is now no longer held, his descriptions still faithfully apply to the various forms of Irish antiquarian remains, of which too many have disappeared (and are still disappearing) since Windele wrote, now quite fifty years ago:—

Ireland in her antiquities affords a rich and extensive field for research. Her isolation and sequestered position, her freedom from Roman conquest and subjugation, in the period of Rome's highest power, has left to the character of her Celtic archaeology features peculiarly her own, whilst the acquaintance of her early pagan population with letters and the large amount of extant literature which has descended to us, capable of throwing so much light on the condition of her ancient races, have invested the whole subject with an importance and interest surpassing that of the antiquities of any other western nation in Europe.

This broad and inviting field of research has been hitherto but imperfectly and partially wrought, seldom indeed by the scientific inquirer, and too often only by incompetent or prejudiced labourers. There has been abundance of wild and indiscriminating enthusiasm at one side; and again, on the contrary, an over-sceptical, theorising rationalism, embarrassing and obstructing its useful culture. What effect the vicinity of Roman civilisation produced on the arts and civilisation of this country we have no present evidence to determine. The vast variety of implements, utensils, and objects of art disinterred from time to time and the numerous monuments which still subsist, afford no means to inform us as to the extent or nature of such influence, if any. The character of Irish remains, indeed, is more impressed with an Oriental than Greek or Roman origin, and tends to sustain the Eastern descent claimed by the Irish senachies for their ancestry. Some few Roman coins alone sparingly discovered tell of a limited Roman intercourse. In like manner the actual presence of the Northmen on the Irish soil seems to have been nearly as ineffective. Occupying for above two centuries a considerable portion of the island, and especially of the maritime cities, it is strange that they have left hardly any trace or vestiges behind them. Beyond a solitary tower (Reginald's) in Waterford and a few silver coins, the Irish antiquary cannot really point to a single memorial (save the record of their devastations) in the page of his history. Whilst in England and Scotland, and even in the Isle of Man, the sculptured cross and Runic inscription still remain to indentify their sway; in Ireland neither the one or the other throughout the whole breadth and length of the land can be found.

Ireland, then, has no remains of Roman magnificence to exhibit, no vast temple, amphitheatre, or aqueduct; nor does she possess any of those antiquities which the Northern archaeologist could identify as of Scandinavian origin; but she has, on the other hand, many relics of early Phoenician intercourse—vestiges of a religion, an architecture, a language, and a literature, claiming derivation from and affinity with the remote East.

The antiquities of Ireland may be classified into three grand divisions, viz.: the primeval or pagan, early Christian, and mediæval. In the first are comprised stone monuments appertaining to the Druidical religion, such as circles, cromleacs, pillar, holed and rocking-stones, rock-basins, etc, raths, cahirs, duns, the fortified residences of the ancient inhabitants, consisting of great earthworks, or Cyclopean stone enclosures, lofty round towers, stones inscribed with the virgular character called Ogham, dome-roofed structures, round, oblong, or square, with massive walls constructed of uncemented stones. The Cromleac or Druidical altar is a monument well known in these islands and in Northern Europe, and not infrequently found in India and America. It is occasionally met with placed within circles of pillar-stones, but it is often difficult to distinguish between it and the Kistvaen. The latter monument when divested of its covering of earth or stones is to all appearance a perfect cromleac; but there are many of the latter which, from the nature of their sites and peculiarity of construction, could never have served this purpose. The term Cromleac seems to be of modern origin; it does not occur in any ancient Irish manuscript hitherto examined. The native name is that of leabba or leacht: a bed or stone monument.

There are varieties of the circles, some of which must, undoubtedly, have served for religious or judicial purposes, and others found encompassing tumuli. There can be no precise limit to the number of the stones composing these monuments, but several circles are known to contain only five, which seems to have been a favourite number. There is no doubt but that the cromleac (not the kistvaen) and the circle were used sepulchrally, as remains of interments have been frequently found within them. Ireland contains no circles of equal magnitude to those of Stonehenge and Avebury, in England.

The Dallan, or pillar-stone, a monument widely scattered throughout the island, is of various heights from 2 feet above the surface to 24 feet. It is always rough and unhewn, never exhibiting any evidence of art, save where the early missionary may have cut the symbol of Redemption upon it. As it was used in pagan times either as the representative of a deity, or as a monument to the dead, or of some conflict or event, or as a terminal index, we have seldom any means of discriminating its use. The dallan is found either singly or in groups, in lines or in circles. On many of these stones inscriptions in the Ogham character have been discovered. These inscriptions, which occur not only in the dallan, but also on stones comprising the interior chambers of the rath, have only lately obtained any attention from the Irish antiquary. The old senachies have frequently spoken of them and attributed their invention to Ogma, one of the Irish pagan deified princes. Upwards of 150 inscriptions now discovered have given the subject a very deep and just degree of importance. Nevertheless, there are those who regard the origin and use of these (Ogam) letters as a very disputable question. The followers of Dr. Ledwich ascribed the invention to Christian monks, who borrowed the idea from the Danish runes. But when it is stated that some of the inscriptions have been found on unquestionably pagan monuments, and that all, when translated, eschew the Christian formula used in epitaphs, and also when it is borne in mind that the Christian monks (already in possession of the Roman characters), at all times the chief victims of the pagan Danes, were not likely to borrow new letters from their barbarous ene-

ANOTHER "WATTY COX" CARICATURE.

(From the "Irish Magazine and Monthly Asylum of Neglected Biography," 1811.)



LIMPERLIP, THE PRIEST KILLER, SHOOTING AT FATHER DUANE.

mies, it will be readily seen how unlikely such a presumed origin must be.

The sepulchral remains of pagan Ireland are numerous and varied, but offer few distinctive features from those of the neighbouring Celtic nations. They consist of barrows and cairns of different figures and proportions, composed either of earth or stone, and are found in all parts of Ireland. Those in the neighbourhood of the Boyne, at New Grange, North and South, are the most remarkable of this class, not only in Ireland, but probably in all Europe; they are known to cover vast galleries leading to funereal chambers, the stones forming them being of cyclopean proportions and construction. In the Irish sepulchres two kinds of burial were observed: inhumation or whole burial of the body, sometimes with, and often without, arms, weapons or ornaments; and cremation, or burning of the deceased, the ashes and calcined remains being deposited in urns of stone or baked clay. These latter vessels have been numerously found and present a style of ornamentation of a very superior design and execution.

The rath or lis, the cahair, and the dun, formed the fortified residences of the early Irish races, the Firbolg, Danaan and Scoto-Milesian. They are generally circular (although many of the raths are oblong or square), and all strongly entrenched, usually with one vallum and fosse, but often with several. The rath is commonly level with the surrounding ground, but is sometimes raised to a very considerable height above it. Within all these structures souterraines are contained. These last consist of several narrow passages and chambers, either excavated in the solid earth or constructed of dry stone walls or pillar-stones, placed on their ends, and covered over with large flag-stones. The chambers are often square, and sometimes of a beehive-like form. Almost invariably the communication between one apartment and another is by a passage of several feet in length and about eighteen inches or two feet square, so small as only to admit access by creeping through, hence they have been appropriately called creeps. In several chambers human remains have been found, showing that they have occasionally been used for sepulchral purposes, and this use is confirmed by the discovery in many of Ogham inscriptions commemorating the dead. In these chambers also have been frequently found querns or hand mills for grinding corn, showing that they have been used for domestic purposes; in many instances the galleries are carried outside the fort itself, and under the surrounding fosse. The finest specimens remaining of these ancient fortresses are to be seen at Tara, Croghan, Usnach, Emania, the Hill of Allen, etc.

The Round Tower forms the most interesting and also the best controverted object in the whole range of Irish antiquities. Its location, beside, though apart from churches and the presence of the cross over one doorway, together with two decorated doors and the name Cloctheach, by which many of them were vernacularly known, has induced the opinion that they are of the Christian origin. On the other hand, this type has been found on the shores of the Caspian, and in India, Etruria, Sardinia, and Minorca, in monuments indisputably pagan. Dr. Petrie, who by his admirers has been deemed to have settled for ever all controversy on this subject, has concluded that they were of Christian construction, erected as belfries and places of security, and assigns their era to between the fifth and thirteenth centuries. Although now Christian cemeteries, their sites afford many indications of earlier pagan uses, such as holy wells, rock-basins, Ogham inscriptions, stones impressed with footmarks, etc., whilst the names of several are also expressive of heathen appropriation.

Belonging to the Christian era are a great variety of small churches, whose dates extend from the 5th to the 12th century, stone crosses, inscriptions in the Romano-Irish characters, reliquaries, shrines, bells, croziers, etc., and the whole mass of our manuscript literature. The earlier churches are generally plain and unornamented, but one of special interest to the antiquary, from the pelasgic or polygonal character of their masonry and details, manifesting an immediate derivation, or rather continuity, of a preceding style of primeval antiquity in Ireland. Several of them were roofed with stone. The churches of the eighth and subsequent centuries exhibit more decoration and are of greater extent. Their details present more elaboration, etc., of the sculptor's art. In all these, too, there are peculiar features distinguishing their system from the coeval architecture of England. A chancel is generally superadded to the nave, and both portions are connected by a semicircular decorated, sculptured arch. Interesting specimens of the architecture of this period are presented in the ruins of Iniscailtra, Clonmacnois, Cashel, and Monaincha.

The earlier missionaries made it a practice to appropriate the sacred sites and monuments of the converted pagans, and dedicated them to Christian uses. Near the round tower they built their churches; wells and fountains sacred to the inferior deities they consecrated to the worship of angels and saints, and on the heathen pillar-stone they inscribed the cross. Numerous instances of this practice still remain. In many of those crosses considerable inventive taste is displayed; they are found on the tall, rude obelisk, and on the horizontal slab. In these the Cross is usually placed within a circle. Out of this practice grew the beautiful and elaborate class of crosses covered with sculptured devices, emblems, and the most intricate scroll and fret-work. They are generally perforated at the intersection of the arms, and their sites are almost invariably the most ancient cemeteries, although a more recent species—the Wayside cross—is often, as its name implies, found near our highroads. On some of the earlier crosses inscriptions in the Romanesque-Irish character occur. The style and general execution of these monuments afford a high evidence of the skill and artistic attainments of their period.

In the precious and other metals Ireland is especially rich in remains. Her ring-money,

alone, consisting of the perfect circle and the open or penangular ring, forms a distinctive class, of interest, as realising the statement of Caesar as to the use of such a currency amongst the Celts, and still existing in Africa. The golden torques, lunettes, armlets, brooches, etc., so frequently found in tumuli (mounds), etc., attest the abundance of this metal in ancient Ireland, and the almost refined taste with which it was wrought. The Museums of Trinity College, the Royal Irish Academy, the Dublin Society, as also the cabinets of many private individuals, contain rich collections of these and similar articles—swords, spears, daggers, trumpets, celts, axes, chisels, gouges, cauldrons, mazers, and other vessels—which satisfactorily demonstrate the progress of the arts and manufactures in ancient Ireland from the very earliest periods. These articles exhibit a high degree of manufacturing skill and variety of invention, which few would be inclined to credit if the proofs collected were not so very abundant and convincing. An inspection of the Cross of Cong, the Bell-Shrine of St. Patrick, or the Book of Kells, must satisfy the most prejudiced that the art of the metallurgist and the illustrative skill of the scribe had reached a high degree of excellence in Celtic Ireland.

In a land where the avocation of the bard was held in such high estimation, the poetic remains should be, as they are, numerous and abundant. A large amount of "tale, romance, and lay" is accessible to the inquirer. The names of Miss Brooke, J. C. Walker, Drummond, Hardiman, O'Daly, and others are already associated with its publication; and as metrical translations, inbued with all the spirit, fervour, and felicity of expression of their originals, the names of Callanan and Mangan will long be remembered. It were needless to descant here upon the unapproachable merit and beauty of the music of Ireland. Moore has been the happy medium of introducing and locating it through all the civilised world. In the long lapse of ages, much of our original melody has doubtless been lost; but much of it also fortunately survives, and is heard in the sequestered glen and on the hillside, in the cottage of the peasant and in the salons of the wealthy and noble. Not so, however, the harp, which once gave forth the full tide of its entrancing spirit; it has all but ceased in the land, and, despite many efforts for its revival, its further use seems all but departed.

The ancient language of Ireland is still more or less spoken. It is the best preserved, as it is the purest representative of the ancient dialects of Western Europe, and to the philologist and inquirer into the history and antiquity of nations it is of the utmost value. According to the learned Bochart in contains more pure Celtic than the Welsh, Armoric, and Basque, and the mass of its literature which survives embraces a varied treasury of history, hagiology, jurisprudence, poetry, romance, astronomy, mathematics, botany, and physic, unequalled by any other of the non-classical languages of ancient Europe. It is curious to note that much of this literature is embodied in verse, conveyed in this garb from the earliest ages, just as it was amongst the Spanish Turditani, and the Hindoos, Persians, and Arabians. The Irish scholar needs a perfect lexicon and printed books to facilitate his study of this literature. Of late years something has indeed been done towards removing these impediments. The Celtic and Irish Archæological Societies, Mr. O'Daly, Professor Connellan, Dr. Todd, and, beyond all, Dr. John O'Donovan, have published several volumes of great value to the scholar, and the great work of collating and transcribing for publication the Brehon laws, comprising the whole body of ancient Irish legislation and jurisprudence, is now, fortunately, in actual progress. Before quitting this section of Irish antiquities, we may be excused for observing that many of the early Irish manuscripts present the most beautiful specimens of their kind to be found in any country. Mr. Westwood, a most competent authority on this subject, has stated as his opinion that at a period when the fine arts may be said to have been extinct in Italy and other parts of the Continent, viz.:—from the fifth to the end of the eighth century, a style of art had been established and cultivated in Ireland absolutely distinct from that of all other arts of the civilised world. There is abundant evidence to prove that in the sixth and seventh centuries the art of ornamenting manuscripts of the Sacred Scriptures, especially of the Gospels, had attained a perfection almost marvellous in Ireland. Specimens of these illuminated manuscripts may be seen in the Libraries of Trinity College, Dublin; the Royal Irish Academy, the British Museum, the Bodleian Library (Oxford), and in many private hands.

The subject of Irish antiquities belonging to the period between the twelfth and sixteenth centuries is of too extensive a nature to be more than glanced at in this notice. That era was distinguished by the introduction of new elements, a new race, the Anglo-Norman; a new style of architecture, in castellation, with all its varied peculiarities, until its termination in the Tudor manor-house; and the substitution in church and abbey of the pointed orders (Gothic) for the old Romanesque; besides changes in government, religion, modes of warfare, manners, habits, costume, arts, and even language; which would require volumes for their elucidation.

BONNIE TWINKLIN' STARNIES.

BY JAMES M'KOWEN.

Bonnie twinklin' starnies!
Sae gentle and sae bright—
Ye woo me and ye win me
With your soft and silver light.
Now, peepin' o'er the mountain—
Now glintin' in the streams—
Now kissin' the red heather-bell
All with your winsome beams.
Bonnie twinklin' starnies!
Sae gentle and sae bright—
Ye woo me and ye win me
With your soft and silver light.

Bonnie twinklin' starnies!
When gloamin' sheds its tinge,
And strings the crystal dew-drop
Around the gowan's fringe—
How often do I linger
With keen and anxious eye,
To watch your bonnie faces
Come glintin' frae the sky.
Starnies! twinklin' starnies! etc.

Bonnie twinklin' starnies!
Bright guardians of the skies—
How can we dream of wickedness
Beneath your sleepless eyes?
Cold and pulseless is the heart,
And deeply fraught with guile,
That does na feel the "lowe o' love,"
When ye look down and smile.
Bonnie twinklin' starnies! etc.

CHICAGO A GREAT INLAND PORT.

That Chicago is a great shipping centre almost everyone knows. But that it now ranks fourth among the ports of the world is not so well known. The latest figures relating to the matter of shipping are:—London, 16,529,095 tons; New York, 16,445,320; Hamburg, 14,198,817; Chicago, 14,186,100; Antwerp, 13,573,472; Liverpool, 11,818,000; and Marseilles, 9,629,114. Chicago leads all United States ports except New York in tonnage, and the constant extension of lake traffic has added not only to the commerce of Chicago, but likewise very largely to the commerce of Cleveland, now a very important port of entry; Detroit, Buffalo, Milwaukee, Duluth, and Toledo. The chief articles of commerce on the lakes are wheat, flour, coal, iron, and lumber. In 1871 the number of bushels of wheat passing through the Soo Canal was 1,376,705, while last year the number of bushels was 60,000,000, or more than forty times as much as in 1871.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.

DINGLE, or DINGLE-I-COUCH, an incorporated seaport, market, and post-town (formerly a Parliamentary borough), and a parish, in the barony of Corkaguiney, county of Kerry, and province of Munster, 22 miles (W.) from Tralee, and 173 miles (S.W by W.) from Dublin; containing 6,719 inhabitants, of which number, 4,327 are in the town. This place was anciently called "Dangean-ni-Cushey," or "The Castle of Hussey," from a castle built here by an old English family of that name, to whom one of the Earls of Desmond had granted a considerable tract of land in the vicinity. On the rebellion and consequent forfeitures of the Desmond family and its adherents, it was, with divers lands, granted to the Earl of Ormonde, from whom it was purchased by Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry, who had also a castle in this town. After the destruction of the Spaniards at Smerwick, in 1581, the Lord-Deputy rested here, where many of his men died from from sickness, notwithstanding the supplies brought in by the Earl of Ormonde. Soon after this event, Queen Elizabeth granted £300 to the inhabitants to surround the town with walls; but in 1600, the "sugan" Earl of Desmond having been refused admittance into the Knight of Kerry's castle, revenged the affront by setting fire to the town; the Knight subsequently delivered up the castle to Sir Charles Wilmot, who for some time made it his head-quarters. Dingle is the most westerly town in Ireland; it is situated in lat. 50 deg. 10 min. 30 sec. and lon. 10 deg. 15 min. 45 sec., on the northern coast of the bay of the same name, an inlet from which forms the harbour, and may be called the capital of the extensive peninsula which comprises the entire barony of Corkaguiney. This district is generally supposed to have been colonised by the Spaniards, who formerly carried on an extensive fishery off the coast, and traded with the inhabitants, who still retain strong indications of their Spanish origin, and some of the old houses are evidently built in the Spanish fashion. The town occupies a hilly slope, and is surrounded by mountains on all sides except that towards the harbour, which here presents the appearance of a lake; the outlet being concealed by a projecting headland. The streets are irregularly disposed, but as there are more than the usual proportion of respectable slated houses, with gardens attached, the town has from a short distance a very pleasing appearance. The pier, originally built by the corporation, aided by a grant of £1,000, in 1765, from the Irish Parliament, was enlarged by the late Fishery Board, and subsequently improved by the customs' department: it has been found beneficial for mercantile and agricultural purposes, as well as the fisheries: vessels of 300 tons can come up to it. The harbour is well adapted for vessels of moderate burden, but not being discoverable from

the sea, is what is nautically termed a "blind" one; it is, however, extremely difficult of access during a strong west wind, and vessels passing by it and running to the eastward are in danger of being lost on Castlemaine bar.

Queen Elizabeth, in the 28th year of her reign, signed a warrant for the grant of a charter of incorporation to the inhabitants of the town, with privileges similar to the borough of Drogheda, and with a superiority ove rthe harbours of Smerwick, Ventry, and Ferriter's-Creek; but the charter was not actually granted until the 4th of Jas. I. This charter, which is the only one known, was granted to the "Sovereign, Burgesses, and Commonalty," from which it would appear that the corporation was then in existence, probably under the authority of the warrant of Elizabeth. The town, however, under the name of "Dingle-i-Couch," is found among those that sent members to Parliament in the 27th of Elizabeth. The style of the corporation is "The Sovereign, Burgesses, and Commonalty, of the Town of Dingle-i-Couch." The borough sent two representatives to the Irish Parliament until the Union, when it was disfranchised, and the entire compensation of £15,000 paid to Richard Boyle Townshend, Esq., several other claims having been disallowed.

The old church, which was dedicated to St. James, is said to have been built by the Spaniards: it was originally a very large structure. A part of it, called St. Mary's chapel, was kept in repair until the erection of the present parish church, on the site of the ancient edifice, in 1807.. In the churchyard is a tomb of the Fitzgerald family, with an inscription in Gothic characters, bearing the date 1504. Of the ancient monastery which formerly existed here, as a cell to the abbey of Killagh, near Castlemaine, there are no remains. At Ballybeg, north-east of the town, is a strongly impregnated mineral-spring, of a chalybeo-sulphureous nature, but not much used for medicinal purposes; and along the shore of the bay are several caves, in which are often found the beautiful crystallisations called "Kerry stones." From Connor Hill to the north-east of Dingle, on the road to Castle-Gregory, a splendid view, embracing both sides of the peninsula, is obtained. On one side is seen the bay of Dingle, as far as the island of Valentia, with the great Skellig rock in the distance, and the town and harbour of Dingle lying immediately beneath; and on the other side, Brandon bay and several bold headlands. On each side are mountains, with wide and deep valleys intervening, and numerous tarns or small lakes lying in the hollows of the hills.

(To be Continued.)

RAYS THAT SHOOT THROUGH IRON.

Experiments by Professor E. Rutherford, reported to the Royal Society of Canada in Toronto, show that the wonderful substance, radium, from which a constant, invisible emanation takes place, is capable of sending its rays through from eight to ten inches of iron. The ionisation produced by the rays after emerging from the iron shows Professor Rurtherford says, that they must be regarded as consisting of negatively charged particles.

THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK.

By CHARLES SMITH, M.D.

Æquum est enim meminisse & me, qui discerem hominem esse, et vos, qui Judicetis ut fi probabilia dicentur nihil ultra requiratis. Cicero Univers

In Two Volumes.

VOL I.

The Second Edition, with Additions.

BOOK II.

Containing the Topographical Description of this County, including the City of Cork.

CHAP. II.

Containing a Description of the Baronies of Barrymore, Barrets, and Muskery.

To the west of the foregoing small barony, the large one of Barrymore is situated, bounded by it and Imokilly on the east, by Barrets and the liberty of Cork on the west, on the north by Fermoy and Condons, and on the south by the harbour of Cork (1). This country gives title of Earl to the ancient and noble family of the Barrys. They were first called Lords Barry, of Olethan from this territory; and were summoned to Parliament as Lord Baron Barry, of Barry's-Court, ann. 1490, the 6th of Henry VII. They have also long enjoyed the title of Viscount Buttevant in this county; and were created Earls of Barrymore, Feb. 28, 1627-8, the 3rd of Charles I. On the 12th of Dec., 2nd of Charles I., letters patent passed to David, Viscount Buttevant, of the manors of Barry's-Court, Castle-Lyons, Buttevant, Timoleague, Rathbarry, Shandon, and divers other lands. King Charles II., in a warrant directed to the Duke of Ormond, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, takes notice of a petition of Richard, Earl of Barrymore, setting forth that the above manors were passed by letters patent to his father; to which there belonged several lands, known by distinct names, not mentioned in the patent, but specified in a schedule annexed to the petition, and praying directions for new letters patent to be passed. The King referred this petition to the consideration of his Grace the Lord Lieutenant, who, with the Privy Council, upon examining the same, made out new letters patent, in which several other lands, not mentioned in the former ones, were included.

This barony is, for the greatest part, rough and hilly; towards the N., near the S., and E. it is indifferently fruitful, and has in it several good tracts of limestone, particularly near the river Bride, and also a large vein running through it from Cork. It has some considerable high mountains to the N.W., called Nagle's mountains, ranged along the south of the Blackwater; from their feet, the river Bride, which runs through this barony (there being also another of the same name in Muskery), takes its measuring course down to Tallow. Many of these mountainous tracts, which, in the winter season, are unfrequented by man and beast, are in summer no unelegant places of abode. The vast and extended prospect they afford over the well-cultivated plains beneath them, at once fill the eye with delight, and the mind with satisfaction. In dry weather, the air is far from being unwholesome, being then filled with aromatic perfumes from various plants; and the heath, from its russet brown, is then in flower, and clothed in purple and scarlet.

Leaving the small barony of Kilnataloon, the first place on the banks of the Bride is the castle of Robert's-Town (being an high square tower), built by Robert de Barry, as a frontier to their territory, against the invasions and depredations of the Fitz-Geralds, of Closhbride, dangerous and powerful neighbours, when force gave a title to possession, as it did in this country in former days.

A mile W. is Castle-Lyons, called Castlelehan, from the O'Lehans, an ancient Irish sept that possessed it, and who gave their name to a great part of this country (2). It is a well-built market town, pleasantly situated and well watered, in a rich, fruitful soil, a short way from the river Bride, and has some share of trade. In this place John de Barry founded a monastery of Conventual Franciscans, anno 1307. Upon the dissolution, it was granted to the Earl of Cork, who assigned it to his son-in-law, David, the 1st Earl of Barrymore, or rather to his daughter, for in his will he says "he bequeaths the rents and profits of "this house to his daughter Barrymore, to "buy her gloves and pins (3)." A considerable part of this abbey still remains, particularly the choir, nave, and steeple of the church. This town lies well for the linen manufacture, and is distant twelve reputed miles from Cork. The Lord Barrymore has here a strong and stately house, built on the foundation of the O'Lehan castle. It is a large square building, with a court in the centre: on one side of this square is a spacious hall, hung round with muskets, swords, bayonets, pistols, and other weapons, ranged in several figures. The kitchen forms another side of the building, which is watered by an aqueduct,

(1) It contains 30 parishes, viz, Clonmult, Dungorny, Inchenebacky, Ballyspillane, Ballynacurra, Garrankinfeaky, Aghaddy, Titeskin, Templenicarigy, Ballycorney, Lisgoold, Mogeshy, Carrigtohil, Temple-Robbin, Clonmel, Kilgarvane, Little-Island, Cahirlag, Kilquane, Killervane, Temple-Usque, Dunbullogue, Ardnegehy, Kilshanaghan, Rathcormack, Gortroe, Templebodane, Castle-Lyons, and Britway. There are in it 204 plowlands, containing 79,159 Irish plantation acres.

(2) There is a town of this name on the river Dordone, near Bordeaux, in France.

(3) Copy of his will, at Lismore.

contrived by a common Irish miller, at an inconsiderable expense; a celebrated undertaker from England having failed in the attempt to bring this water by another course, after a good sum was expended thereon. On the N. side of the house is a noble gallery, 90 feet long and two storeys high, but it is yet unfinished. There are here several good apartments, furnished with family pictures, among others two originals of Richard, the first Earl of Cork, and his second lady. The gardens, with a large canal, lie to the W., and near the house is a charming deer-park, through which the river Bride runs. In throwing down some of the old walls of Castlelehan, a chimney piece was discovered, with this inscription, "Lehan O'Cullane hoc fecit MCIII." Which shows that stone buildings were much earlier in Ireland than our modern antiquarians allow them to have been (4). Places near Castle-Lyons are Cool, Mr. Peard's, so named from its being in a corner of Condon's barony, which runs into Barrymore; near it stand the ruins of a church; here the Condons had formerly a castle. Toormore, a new house, and good improvements, of Mr. Barret; and Ballydorgan, Mr. Lear's seat. Ballinterry, between Castle-Lyons and Rathcormuck, belongs to Lord Barrymore; it is agreeably situated, and well planted.

Rathcormuck, i.e., Charles-Fort, is a small, neat market town and borough ($11\frac{1}{2}$ measured Irish miles from Cork), near the river Bride, adorned with a pretty parish church and steeple, and a session house, where the county sessions are held once a year; it returns two members to Parliament. Near it is Lisnegar, a fine improvement, the seat of Redmond Barry, Esq., with pleasant gardens, large plantations of cider fruit,and the nonpariel apple. There is a fine canal to the east of the house, stocked with fish. The town of Rathcormuck also belongs to this gentleman, who is descended from an ancient branch of the Barry family, commonly called Mac-Adam, who have been seated here 500 years, and formerly sat in Parliament; particularly David de Barry, of Rathcormuck, who sat in the Upper House in a Parliament held 50th of Edward I., anno 1302. S. of Rathcormuck is a fair stone bridge over the Bride, upon which is this inscription: "The foundation of this bridge was laid June 22, 1734, Col. Redmond Barry, Jonas Devonshire, and James Barry, gent., being overseers thereof." To the N. of Rathcormuck is a range of mountains, the last of which, to the E., is named Cairn-Tierna, i.e., The Thane's Heap; on the top of which is a large rude heap of stones, said to take its name from the thane or lord of this country, holding assemblies thereon in a judicial way. It also was said to be the place where they elected their chiefs, as was the custom when tanistry prevailed in this country; which shows a different use of these cairns or heaps besides their being set up as funeral monuments. This hill is very conspicuous from different parts of the country.

From Rathcormuck W. this barony is coarse and mountainous. Within three miles of Cork is Sarsfield's town, or Sarsfield's court (occupied by Mr. Grey), the estate of John Putland, of Dublin, Esq.; from a terrace in the garden is one of the finest prospects in all this country. A mile to the S. is Rivers-town, a pleasant seat of the Lord Bishop of Cork. The house is beautified with several beautiful pieces of stucco, performed by the Franchinis brothers. The river of Glanmire runs through his gardens, banked into serpentine canals, which are stocked with carp, tench, &c., the river being grated at both ends. A pleasant park, stocked with deer, comes close to the garden walls. The adjacent country is here finely improved, well laid out, and cultivated.

Glanmire is a small village, prettily planted. Here is a curious bolting mill, with another near Ballyrochine, both belonging to Mr. Samuel Pike, merchant, of Cork. The water-wheel of this last mill is 24 feet diameter, being an over shot wheel the cog-wheel and axle-tree are very large; these were the first of the kind erected in this part of the kingdom, and stand very convenient for bringing wheat and sending flour and meal by water from and to the city of Cork. Mr. Pike informed me that the best and largest grained wheat of the country grows near the city, the ground being manured with bran, from whence starch is extracted. At Ballyrochine is a slitting mill, for making rod iron; and also a paper mill, all worked by the river of Glanmire, which discharges itself into Cork harbour through a deep and romantic glin, pleasantly wooded on its sides.

Towards its exit is Dunkettle, now the seat of Richard Tonson, Esq., affording a fine prospect of a great part of Cork harbour and the river Lee up to the city, which from Blackrock to the town except a narrow channel formed by the river) is quite dry at low water, with oozy banks on each side, so that upon the ebb vessels and boats are often fast in the mud, as Silas Italicus remarks of Ravenna in Italy,

> Quaque gravi remo limosis seigniter undis
> Lenta paludosæ perscindunt stagna Ravennæ.
> L. 8.

> Encumbered in the mud, their oars divide,
> With heavy strokes, the thick unwieldly tide.
> Addison.

At high water the channel is sufficiently deep for vessels of 100 tons; but this shallowness of the upper part of the river is amply recompensed by the depth, capaciousness, and security of the harbour lower down, in which several fleets may ride in different parts of it without seeing each other. In the house of Dunkettle there are some good paintings, in crayon, and oil; the gardens slope to the water; and there is lately a new enclosed park.

(To be Continued.)

(4) I fear, it has been too hastily asserted, that there were no structures of lime and stone in this kingdom before the 12th century. The small round towers, built, according to Cambrensis (Topograp. Hibern. distinct. 2. cap. 9.) more patrio, i. e. after the custom of the country, seem to imply an established method of building for a long time. The first stone buildings in Ireland, are said to have been the castle of Tuam, built anno 1161, by Roderic O'Connor, king of Connaught, which was a thing then said said to be so new and uncommon, that it became famous among the Irish, by the name of the wonderful castle. Malachy O-Morgair, Archbishop of Armagh, who died in 1148, was the first Irishman (or, at least, one of the first) who built a chapel of stone at Bangor of which, his contemporary, St Bernard in his life, says, the natives were astonished at the novelty. Ware's Antiquities.

IRISH ANTIQUITIES POETISED.

(An extract from Wm. Allingham's "Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland.")

"The mournful relics of the secret past,
Waifs, liftings, from that ocean deep and vast,
The thought and work of many a vanish'd race;
The life of ancient Erin you may trace
In Druid's torque, moonshaped of thinnest gold,
Square bell that to St. Patrick's teaching toll'd;
Cups, coins, and Fibulæ, and Ogham stones,
Spears, axe, and arrowheads of flint or bronze,
Whatever knowledge (at the best but small),
Of such is extant, Laurence knew it all,
And sometimes to his neighbours far and near
Imparts a modest lecture, short and clear,
On things Hibernian, chiefly those around,
The giant's grave, the fort, the fairy mound,
The crumbling abbey wall, the round tower grey,
Still rising smooth and firm as on the day
Its taper cap received the topmost stone;
The mountain cairn to distant counties shown;
The Norman English keep, on river brink;
His light, firm hand connecting link with link
Of Irish history, so that none complain
To find it gall them like a rusty chain.
'Tis gentle hand that clings
To hope's and meaning's ideal things;
. . . . This very night
The ghosts of immemorial ages light,
From Howth to Connemara, Donegal
To furthest Kerry, for their festival
On every height, and head a mystic flame."

PREVENTION OF DEFORMITIES.

Deformities are either the results of injury or disease. Those which result from violence may often be prevented by properly fitted splints, and the exercise of care on the part of the injured person or his nurse that these are not displaced. A bone may be accurately "set," and yet carelessness on the part of the sufferer may subsequently misplace the fragments. A plaster splint is, perhaps, least likely to allow such an accident to occur.

It is well known that deformity is a common result of local paralysis, such as frequently follows diphtheria. The nerves supplying the muscles on the back of a limb, for example, may be affected by paralysis, and in such a case the normal resistance of these muscles to those on the other side of the limb is decreased or destroyed, so that a one-sided activity is established. This, lasting through a considerable time, will produce marked deformity.

It is believed by many eminent authorities that fully one-half the deformities of this class might be prevented by persistent attempts to use the affected muscles. Electricity has its use here, but it must be supplemented by actual use of the muscles themselves. One must often exert his will-power to the fullest extent to obtain the first sign of improvement. Progress may not be immediate. Repeated attempts may be necessary to obtain favourable results.

Physicians who devote a large share of their attention to deformities of the leg, such as bow-leg and knock-knee, assert that all the lesser forms of these diseases might be prevented by daily manipulation by the mother or nurse during the early years of childhood, while the bones retain their pliability. In these cases, also, persistence must be the watchword, and no thought of failure must be entertained. Even the most severe forms of bow-leg and knock-knee may usually be so improved by the more simple methods that operations for their correction need rarely be performed.

A common error is the belief that slight or incipient deformities need only time to correct themselves. This delusion should be emphatically combatted, since it is responsible for a large share of unsightly deformities which in after life prove difficult, if not impossible, to correct.

VOCAL SOUNDS OF FISHES.

By Prof. Charles Frederick Holder.

In the latter part of the summer of 1899 the fishermen brought me two very interesting fishes, which were kept in the tanks for months. They were known to science as Porichthys notatus, the popular names being midshipman, singing fish and star gazer. In a general way the fish resembles the cat fish. It is about fifteen inches in length; the head flat, the eyes on top of it and capable of being depressed out of sight when the fish is touched. The prevailing colour is a deep blue; the mouth is large and armed with an array of sharp recurved teeth, a remarkable series of pores, and a still more remarkable series of silver spots almost identical with the so-called eye spots seen in Scopelus and others so far as appearances go, yet so far as known not phosphorescent organs. These silver spots are arranged along the sides and upon the lateral ventral surface in a curious design, and resemble the heads of pins driven into the flesh. Each is a round piece of silver-coloured membrane, which shows through the skin, above which is a pair of flaps with fringes; between each flap lies a pore.

The fishes habitually lay on the bottom of the tank, rarely moving except when fed; but occasionally they would wriggle to the surface and lie there, displaying the wonderful arrangement of pearly or silver "buttons," which have given the title of midshipman to the fish. The building in which the fishes were kept was sixty feet in length, and while standing at the end one day I heard a loud "umph"-like sound—with heavy accent on the "m." As I stood and listened, it came again—"umph," so loud that it could have been heard twice the distance away. I turned in the direction of the sound, and when I reached the tank of the midshipman I saw that the jaws of one were stretched outward, and again came the remarkable sound, "umph," which resembled the "word" many monkeys utter when grunting their displeasure or pleasure, but so loud and resonant that although I had heard various fishes utter sounds, I was amazed.

Later I took one of the fishes from the tank and carried it the entire length of the building to a dissecting room, and during the passage the fish uttered the sound continually, attracting the attention of the visitors. This sound is made with the air bladder of the fish, but is not so remarkable as what might be termed the musical sounds of the fish. An acquaintance while walking on the sands of San Diego Bay, very early in the morning, heard a singular murmuring sound. It evidently proceeded from the water, and presently so increased in volume that the listener stood for some time trying to trace it. Finally with the aid of a boat he discovered that the sounds came up from the sea, and emanated from a school of midshipmen. To the observing fisherman along the shore, and especially at Don Pedro, the music of the fishes is familiar, but it rarely happens that a landsman has the opportunity of hearing it.

My informant stated that the sounds were perfectly musical—a murmuring sound, which rose and fell with a certain rhythm, and that it was a remarkable performance, not alone for the loudness of the notes, but for their musical quality.

A very intelligent Venetian fisherman at Avalon informed me that he had often heard the sounds of this fish, and at times in deep water; the peculiar murmuring notes rising and falling, then dying away suddenly to come again.

The late Spencer H. Baird once told me that he had heard the remarkable sounds made by the drum fish of the Atlantic. Wishing to investigate the subject, he made inquiries among the fishermen, and learned that they frequently heard the sound, and they willingly agreed to take him to a spot where he was amply satisfied that the drum fish utters sounds—sounds so like a drum, a strange, uncanny "boom-boom-boom," that not a few sailors have ascribed them to a more superstitious cause than the common drum fish, which utters them partly by grinding together its pharyngeal bones.

The drum fish is not the only one of its group which utters sounds. Nearly all produce them to a greater or less degree; some being just audible, others loud and distinct. Some years ago a British officer reported that a fish of this group uttered such loud noises that the fishermen at a certain point were alarmed, and attributed it to some supernatural cause. He heard the sounds, and described them as resembling the twanging of an immense harp and the beating of a drum. As with those previously described, the sounds varied, being low, a sort of murmur at first, then increasing until there was a babel of strange sounds. It was thought in this instance that the fishes must have clapped their jaws together to produce them, so loud and resonant were they.

One of the most remarkable sound producers it has ever been my good fortune to listen to was a Haemulon of the Gulf of Mexico—one of the wide-mouthed, highly coloured grunts so common on every portion of the reef. I never succeeded in hearing this sound beneath the water, though I passed many hours lying on a platform I had built at the surface, beneath which were hundreds of grunts unsuspicious of my near proximity. They were constantly engaged in games, chasing each other about, now approaching one another, opening the mouth wide, and standing perfectly still; then retreating, and at this time, if any, the sounds must have been uttered. The moment I took one of these fishes from the water it began to grunt: "Oink-oink-oink"; now with one prolonged "o-i-n-k," then strung along rapidly, as though to intensify its agony; all the while it rolled its large eyes at me in a comical manner. No one in listening to such a remarkable outcry from a fish could refrain from wondering whether it had any significance; in other words, the impression was created that it was barely possible that the sounds were repeated in the water, and that they represented a very primitive attempt at vocal communication among fishes; but, as I have said, the sounds were never heard rising from the multitude of grunts, which swam about beneath my improvised screen, and the most plausible theory is perhaps that the sound "oink" is the only one the fish can utter, and that it is accidental or involuntary, though in the case of the midshipman, whose voice I heard sixty feet away, and which appears to "sing," there must be a different explanation. The murmuring sounds have some significance or meaning.

Several years ago I witnessed a sudden run of dog fish—a small shark on the New England coast. In the morning the men were cod fishing on the banks, but suddenly the dog fish "set in." They came in countless thousands, destroying the fishing; a ravenous horde, fairly filling the water and eating jelly fishes to satisfy their hunger. No sooner did a bait strike the water than several rushed at it, and the boat near me had the sail, which was dragging overboard, torn in pieces by them. The fishermen immediately changed their tackle, and began fishing for dog fish for the livers, which were valued at a cent apiece, soon filling their boats. As the fish were hauled in they uttered loud croaks sounding like "r-o-i-k, r-o-i-k," and this was heard from scores of snapping mouths in concert. In this instance it seemed to require no effort to produce the sound, and it may have been, in all probability was, the accompaniment of a convulsive gasping for breath.

The sounds produced by fishes—and sixty or seventy or more are known to utter them—it is supposed are caused by the action of the pneumatic duct and swimming bladder, or produced by the lips or pharyngeal or intermaxillary bones. The curious puff shark uttered a deep grunt when it was taken from the water. I heard this sound one day while on the beach at Avalon, and although I recognised it, I could not see the fish. Finally, after hearing it repeated a number of times, I traced it to a hook near by where a fisherman had, with the usual indifference to the feelings of sharks, hung the fish by the gills. The grunt may have been involuntary, but I chose to construe it into a plea for mercy, and unhooked the shark and placed it in the water, where it swam away, its voice, in this case, having saved its life.

The carp utters a low sound, and a sunfish which I kept, often came to the surface and uttered an audible clicking sound. Some of the gurnards utter a murmuring sound; many of the cat fishes produce sounds, and the eel and moray are said to have the same power. On the Maine coast, near Ogunquit, I once found a remarkable eel settlement, and spent much time drifting over the spot, listening for the sounds made by them, handling many as they crossed the rocks at ebb tide to reach the sea, but I was never repaid. Dr. C. C. Abbott, who has heard the sounds uttered by eels, states they are the most musical of those of any fish observed by him. I have handled and experimented with Florida and Southern Californian morays, with a similar object in view, but without results. It is believed that the sounds are produced by forcing air from the swimming-bladder into the œsophagus, and according to the authority quoted, the note of the eel is often repeated and has a slight metallic resonance.

The little sea horse has a note, though I have always failed to hear it; but I have listened to the low growling croak of the semotilus of the St. Lawrence, and more than once tossed a fish back for its pains and, I might say, its vocal reproaches, and I have heard the croak of the California "big head." A whirring sound is said to be uttered by the gizzard shad—Dorosoma cepedianum—while the chub has a single note, probably produced by the air-bladder, as a discharge of bubbles has been noticed after it. When the sounds of fishes can be caught in the phonograph, and some careful observer devotes his attention to the subject and makes an exhaustive study of it, the results will be of more than ordinary interest.

IRISH IN KENTUCKY.

MANY HIBERNIANS AMONG FIRST SETTLERS OF STATE.

An Irish fair was held in Louisville, Kentucky, recently. At the opening an eloquent address was delivered by Judge Matthew O'Doherty. It was, in part, as follows:—Henry Clay once declared that Kentucky is the Ireland of America. He saw in the luxuriant soil of the bluegress, in the waving meadows and the magnificent mountain scenery of Kentucky, in her rivers and streams, and in the blue sky above them the fadeless beauty of the Emerald Isle, reflected as in a mirror. But it was not the likeness in climate or soil merely which the Great Commoner had inview. No, no, his penetrating mind reached farther and deeper. He saw in the generous hospitality for which the people of Kentucky are famous, in the eloquence, courage, and bravery of her men, and the beauty and purity of her women the real points of resemblance and similarity which made Kentucky, in his judgment, the Ireland of America. He knew too, the early history of his State, and the active and honourable part which Irishmen had taken in it. In Collins's "History of Kentucky," James M'Bride, an Irishman, is credited as being the first white man to enter its borders, "paddling his canoe up the Kentucky River in 1743." James Mooney, John Finley, and William Cool accompanied Daniel Boone to the "dark and bloody ground" in 1769, and they were followed by Captain Grattan, John Tool, and John M'Manus, who laid the foundation of this city. Captain Flynn was one of the founders of Columbia, and with him were John Riley and Francis Dunlevy. Three of the best-known Indian fighters of this period in Kentucky were Major M'Garry, Major M'Bride, and Captain Bulger, associates of Daniel Boone. Fully a score of the fortified stations in Kentucky built for protection against the Indians bore distinctly Irish names. Among them Bryan's Station, Dougherty's Station, Hart's Station, Lynch's Station, M'Gee's Station, Sullivan's Old Station, Sullivan's New Station, Daniel Sullivan's Station, M'Guire's Station, M'Cormick's Station, and M'Keenan's Station. Eleven counties of Kentucky bear the names of men of Irish blood:—Lyon, Adair, Butler, Logan, Hart, M'Cracken, Montgomery, Carroll, Boyle, Rowan, and Casey. There is scarcely a Gaelic name in Ireland that was not represented in Kentucky after the Revolution, and many of those who bore them fought in the War of Independence. Indeed, it has been observed that their names, as published in Collins's "History," look like a voting list in South Boston, so unmistakably Irish are they. The muster roll of the "Huntsmen from Kentucky," who fought with Jasper Greens under Jackson at New Orleans, bears many an Irish name, and shows that the Irish settlers in Kentucky, as elsewhere and at all times, did their full share in the day of trial. When the War of Rebellion, probably the greatest war in the history of the world, ended after four years of fighting, without parallel in any other land, the most fitting Requiem of victor and vanquished was sung by a Kentucky Irish-American, the immortal "Bivouac of the Dead," by the soldier-poet, Theodore O'Hara, a poem of such sublime conception, of such elevation of thought and sentiment, withal of such perfect grace and beauty, that our government had it cast in bronze and placed, where it may now be found, in every national cemetery throughout the land. The history of Kentuckians of Irish blood does not differ essentially from that of their kindred in other States. The share Irishmen took in the War of Independence must ever remain the proudest boast and legacy of their descendants and kindred.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Swinburne has written a paper on "King Lear," and it will be printed in the December "Harper's," with a new series of Shakespeare's drawings, which Mr. E. A. Abbey is beginning.

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Mr. Sidney Lee (says the "Sketch"') is going to the United States this winter to deliver a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute, and it is likely he will remain on the other side of the Atlantic until the spring.

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"Tete montee" is not accepted by Littre as being French, although "se monter la tete" is a phrase well known in France, but it is used for a particular form of excited obstinacy on a given point which has nothing in common with "swelled head" or any idea of being "too big for one's boots."

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The latest view is that, since the publication of Littre, "tete montee" has become French. The second of the two words is used as it is in the "rising" of milk when it boils over. So that "tete montee" is a phrase which has in it elements not only of personal intellectual pride, but also of sudden movement and even of anger.

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Mr. Kruger's book was issued on Monday, and reviews of it have already been published in all the principal newspapers. General De Wet's volume was issued on December 1. "Three Years War" promises to be full of go; the summary has the air of an adventure book. Thus: The Wild Flight from Poplar Grove—Negotiations with the Enemy—Darkness Proves My Salvation—I Cut My Way Through 6,000 Troops.

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The "Onlooker" has asked certain well-known people to compile lists of books suitable for Christmas gifts. Here is Lucas Malet's list—"Just So Stories," Rudyard Kipling; "Felix," Robert Hichens; "The Wings of a Dove," Henry James; "The Winding Road," E. Godfrey; "The Papal Monarchy," Wm. Barry, D.D.; "The Spell of the Jungle," Alice Perrin.

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The gentleman who writes the "Literature and Life" column for the "Saturday Review" of the "New York American" last week began his opening paragraph thus—"Mary Johnston has written a story of love. As it is exquisite and modern manners are not, she has taken the artistic idea to place it out of the century. She has placed it in the age of Queen Elizabeth." In the last paragraph we read this of Joan of Arc: "She was made of poetry as lilies are of dew." America is a great country!

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Apropos of the failure of that high-class magazine, "The Pilot," an expert in the various sides of literary journalism says that he always began Saturday morning by looking through the list of books wanted in the "Publishers' Circular" and then proceeded to "The Pilot." He adds, "What the failure of 'The Pilot' means is that no weekly review priced at more than a penny can be established with a smaller capital than £30,000."

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The use last week in the House of Commons by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman of the phrase "tete montee" has led to statements in the newspapers to the effect that this is French for the American "swelled head." There is no foundation (says the "Athenæum") for this suggestion except that some persons in England have in very recent years quoted the phrase in that sense. Such use is entirely unknown to France.

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For the first ten years of its existence Professor Masson edited "Macmillan's Magazine." He enjoyed the friendship of Carlyle and knew De Quincey, whose collected works he edited. Lord Rosebery the other day called the Professor the "Grand Old Man of Edinburgh." Since Professor Blackie ceased to walk Princes street, Professor Masson has been its most picturesque figure. A daughter of the Professor's, Rosaline Masson, promises to perpetuate the family traditions in literature, and has done some good work in fiction.

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It was not a bad idea to get actors to give lists of ther favourite recitations. In "Favourite Recitations of Favourite Actors," Mr. Percy Cross Standing has brought a number of such lists together. On the whole we find more literature than we should have expected, though there are pretty bad lapses here and there Shakespeare comes first in point of popularity, and we range downwards through Tennyson, Browning, Whittier, Mr Jerome, and Mr G R Sims Rosetti appears four times; Mr Standing says he had a "melodious pen."

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Mr. G. A. Henty, whose death was announced the other day, told the readers of "Great Thoughts" recently, through the medium of an interviewer, how he wrote and why he wrote. As to the "why" he said, "My object has been to teach history, and still more to encourage manly and straight living and feeling amongst boys." That is well enough—much better than the "how":—

When I have settled on a period in history I send to the London Library for ten books specially dealing with that period. I glance through them to see which gives me the kind of information I want, and then I sit down to write without any previous idea of what the story is going to be. It gradually builds itself up from its surroundings.

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It is expected that the late Mr. Lionel Johnson's books will be sold by auction shortly. Not a few literary men are likely to desire the possession of a volume from the library of which he was justly proud. We see that in the "Philadelphia Ledger," Professor T. Russell Hayes has just said of Mr. Johnson's poetry—"He refined his art with the golden beauty of Hellenic philosophy; and he meditated upon the grandeur and processional spectacle of Roman history; but the land of his heart's delight held him in thrall from first to last."

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Some little time ago a correspondent of a literary paper offered to be a Dutchman if "Linesman" and Mr. Kipling were not one and the same person. He was promptly proved to be of the purest Dutch descent. And now a great number of reviewers have tacitly offered to be Dutchmen if "Intelligence Officer's" book "On the Heels of De Wet" is not by "Linesman." They have not even troubled to state it; they have assumed it. Unfortunately, "Linesman" has just declared that this is not the case, and Dutchmen are greatly multiplied.

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Mark Twain has been writing on the subject of "Amended Obituaries." As a man who has already been reported dead he has a grievance, and he proposes, "by courtesy of the Press," to run through the standing obituaries of himself in newspaper offices, not for the purpose of correcting their facts, but of editing their verdicts. For the best obituary "one suitable for me to read in public, calculated to inspire regret," the author of "Tom Sawyer" proposes to give a prize consisting of a portrait of himself done by his own hand in pen and ink without previous instruction.

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At the time of his death Sir Walter Besant was engaged on his "magnum opus," "The Survey of London," of which he said—"This work fascinates me more than anything I have ever done. Nothing at all like it has ever been attempted before." Although he did not live to complete the work, he had made such headway with it that the whole of the history from his own hand is finished. The eighteenth century was of all bygone times the special favourite of Sir Walter, and this, coupled with the fact that it is the most interesting period of the history of London, has resulted in the selection of this volume to be issued first. It will be published on the 12th inst. by Messrs. Black, under the title of "London in the Eighteenth Century."

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In accordance with its usual custom at this season, the "Academy" recently sent to a number of well-known men and women a request that they would name the two books which during the past year they have read with most interest and pleasure. Here are a few of the replies:—

Mr. Herbert Spencer.—I have not read any new books this year.

Mr. Thomas Hardy.—Margaret L. Woods's "The Princess of Hanover."

Sir Charles Dilke.—Two recent books have made more impression on my mind than did any of the spring publishing season, but one of the difficulties of writing once a year is that one is apt to think, in the absence of any book of the first rank, of those which are fresh in one's mind. "La Maison du Peche," which has an extraordinary success in France, and Vandal's first volume of his "Avenement de Bonaparte," are the two books which, in your words, "have pleased and interested" me most: though in the case of the novel the pleasure is qualified by pain.

Mr. Frederic Harrison.—Stephen Phillips's "Ulysses." C. H. Frith's "The Cromwellian Army."

Mr. W. B. Yeats.—But for a few works sent me by young authors I should have read no book published this year, so far as I can recollect, except Lady Gregory's "Cuchullain of Muirthemne." I am entirely certain of the immortality of this book, and doubt if such noble and simple English has been written since the death of Morris.

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Fiona MacLeod, in the "Contemporary Review, has a haunting and characteristic fantasy called "The Lynn of Dreams." It tells of a man "who loved words as the many love the common things of desire, and as the few love the beautiful things of the arts." When at last he reached supreme knowledge of all verbal music at the Lynn of Dreams, seeing both the forms and souls of words, the knowledge exacted its penalty. He could not even use words as he had used them before: he became a stammerer, and finally dumb. Here is a suggestive passage:—

At first he sought closely into the heart of the rarest masters, now in verse, now in prose; the masters of the dim past, working in the pale gold antique Greek or the ivory of Catullus, or playing on silver flutes like the obscure singers of the Anthology; or the masters of a later time moulding molten brass like Dante and Milton, or achieving a supreme alchemy like Shakespeare, or shaping agate and porphyry like Leopardi, or white cornelian like Landor, or chrysoprase and green jade like Leconte de Lisle and Walter Pater. But nowhere in these did he find the final secret he sought. No, nor in any other; nor in any language inhabited by beauty—neither in the limpid excellence of French, since Villon quickened it with a mocking sweetness till Verlaine thrilled it with a sound like a lost air in still woods, so subtle, so evanishing, so little of the world about us, so much of the other world on whose leaning brows are mystery and shadow; nor in the sweet and stately passage of the tongue of Florentine and Roman: nor in the deep, troubled tongues of the north, from Weimar to Christiania: nor in the speech, accompanied by clarions and chants, of the spell-bound lands of Spain: nor in the great language, like a mighty army marching with banners, of that England that now is continually arising renewed or lying down to rest by the wandering fires of a sunset for ever flaming into sunrise.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

The city of San Jose, California, recently inaugurated its system of electrical lighting. The current is carried for a distance of 173 miles from a plant situated in the very heart of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The current is used not only for the purpose of illumination, but also for driving the street cars and machinery of the various manufactories.

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The tremendous power exerted by water in violent motion is well shown by some experiments carried out by English engineers to determine the stress exerted upon the foundations of a lighthouse. Thomas Stevenson discovered that at Skerryvore and Bell Rock pressures of 6,083 pounds per square foot, and 3,013 pounds, respectively, were to be encountered in ordinary weather. This is only about 42 pounds per square inch, and is doubtless much exceeded in severe storms.

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In his dialogues on the Ptolemaic and Copernican cosmogonies, which first appeared in 1627, Galileo places in the mouth of one of his interlocutors, Sagrado the words: "You remind me of a man who wanted to sell to me the secret of communicating with a person two or three miles distant, by means of the sympathy of two magnetised bars. When I told him that I would gladly buy his secret, but that I first wanted to see the thing proved, and that it would be sufficient for my purposes to communicate with him in his room while I was stationed in my own room, he answered that the operation could hardly be observed at so small a distance. Thereupon I dismissed him, saying that I had neither the desire nor the time to travel to Cairo or Moscow, but that if he would journey to either of these two places, I would gladly act as his correspondent in Venice."

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Descriptions have been published recently of a new form of artificial illuminant made by saturating air with the vapour of ether, and the carburetting the whole with benzol. Ether-air gas itself has found occasional use for years under the name of eth-oxygen gas, being employed for optical lantern work in places where the oil light was too weak, and coal gas not laid on. A new carburetter has been invented in France which is claimed to be specially suitable for ether. The absorbent material is the fibre of a palm-like tree, which has an apparent specific gravity of from 0.114 to 0.122, and is so extremely porous that it will take up nine times its weight of ether, all of which is subsequently evaporated into the gas. Ether itself burns with a luminous, or even smoky flame, but when it is diluted with air, its vapour, as in ether-air gas, gives a blue flame, and, for purposes of illumination, requires either a mantle or the addition of benzol vapour.

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According to Langlois, incandescent ether-air gas gives a light of 1 Carcel-hour—about 9.5 candles—for every 6.7 grammes of ether burnt: while the material will bear cooling to 21 deg. Fah. without any of the ether condensing out, and without suffering any diminution in illuminating power. By carburetting ether-air gas with 40 or 50 grammes of benzol per cubic metre, a product resembling oil gas in stability can be prepared. It is stated that carburettd ether-air gas is almost twice as expensive as oil gas; but it has an advantage over the latter in the simplicity of the plant required, and in the rapidity with which a small installation can be erected. It may be noted that the introduction of this ether-air gas renders the term "air gas" as applied to air carburetted with petroleum spirit ambiguous; and the latter product must now be called "petroleum-air gas," or something of the kind.

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A large syndicate has been formed, and is now preparing extensive operations to exploit the process of purifying water by the means of the electric current. The patent is that of C. E. Holland, of New York, and the company is the Electric Purification Company. An experimental plant hoas been in operation for some time at Chartiers Creek, near Pittsburg, where the practicability of the system has been fully demonstrated, and a proposition will be made to the city of Pittsburg to purify a portion of the city's supply at first, and then all of it, and after this an effort will be made to introduce the system in other large cities. The inventor says that the cost of an electrical plant for this purpose, capable of supplying 75,000,000 gallons per day, would not cost more than £20,000, and after the installation of the plant the cost of purefying the water, as near as can be figured on the basis of the small plant now in operation, would be about 1s. 2d. for a million gallons.

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C. Phisalix and G. Bertrand have succeeded in isolating two toxic principles from the parotid gland and skin of the common toad, Bufo vulgaris. Of these bufotaline, C119 H171 O25, occurs as a transparent resin, very soluble in alcohol, chloroform, and acetone; less soluble in ether, and almost insoluble in petroleum, ether, or in carbon disulphide. It is precipitated from alcoholic solution on the addition of water, forming an emulsion, which is redissolved on further adding a large volume of water. Although very dilute, the solution thus obtained is extremely toxic to frogs. It acts on the heart,, and does not affect the nervous system. Applied to the tongue, it has a bitter taste, and gives rise to a peculiar and very persistent sensation. It is obtained by squeezing the parotid glands of the animals under water. The opalescent acid liqnid thus resulting is filtered through a Chamberland filter and evaporated.

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During evaporation a less soluble portion separates as a white pellicle, which is removed as it forms. It is washed with water, and redissolved in absolute alcohol or in chloroform, and purified by filtration. This is bufotaline. After its removal the residual extract is exhausted with alcohol; the alcohol is distilled off, and the residue, dissolved in water, is treated with basic lead acetate. The lead precipitate, decomposed by H2 S, liberates another toxic body, bufotenine, which is purefied from adherent bufotaline by treatment with chloroform, in which the former is insoluble, and by ether, which removes the acetic acid. Bufotenine exerts a powerful paralysing action on the nervous centres. Faust has also isolated bufotaline, but since he worked upon the alcoholic extract of the dried skins of the animals, his product is considered by the authors to have been impure. They find that this extract contains a substance which has no relation to the toxic body. This is the body named bufonine by Faust, which does not occur in the pure secretion of the glands.

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H. L. Russell and E. G. Hastings describe a micrococcus, isolated from milk, the thermal death point of which is 76 deg. C. for an exposure of ten minutes. As the temperature is raised to about 70 deg. C. some of the cells begin to succumb, but a small residuum retain their vitality until 76 deg. C. is reached (Centr. f. Bakt., Zweit Abt., 8, 339). Using this organism, the investigators, Russell and Hastings, have carried out some interesting observations upon the increased resistance of bacteria in milk pasteurised in contact with the air. Heated in bouillon and in milk in closed vessels (sealed tubes) the thermal death point is approximately the same—viz., 76 deg. C., but in milk heated in an open vessel the organism survived a temperature of 80 deg. C. It was found that this resistance is due to the protection afforded by the membrane which forms when milk is heated while freely exposed to the air, for in samples of sterile milk which were "seeded" with the organism and heated in an open beaker to 80 deg. C., numerous colonies were obtained from the membrane on sub-culturing, while the milk below the membrane was sterile.

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Aerial telegraphy is soon to be used extensively in France, if the projects of the recently-formed Paris company are to be carried out. The company, which uses the Popp-Branly system, is shortly to install a central station in Paris of a novel character, and subscribers all over the city will receive the news of the day by wireless telegraphy. The main station will be in connection with the telegraph, telephone, and with the aerial posts outside the city, so that it will be in a position to keep the subscribers posted as to all occurrences of importance, stock quotations, results of races, etc. A certain number of trial posts have already been installed, and the system is found to work well. It only remains to apply it on a large scale, and for this the company has been waiting for an authorisation from the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs. The company will supply a number of ingenious schemes to supply the subscribers with news.

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To obtain the results of the races, for instance, which are generally held near Paris, a wireless telegraphy mast will be permanently installed in each race track. An automobile will be fitted out with all the necessary instruments, and will constitute thus a moveable post. On the occasion of the races it will proceed to the track and connect with the mast, and will thus be able to send all the details of the events to the main station, which in turn transmits them to the subscribers. An extensive system is to be organised on the coast of France. The Government has already authorised the company to establish two posts at Havre and Barfleur, which will be the beginning of a system which will unite the coasts of France and Algeria. Such a system would be of great value. In the first place, collisions at sea would be rendered almost impossible. Provided with aerial telegraphy outfits, ships could not only signal to the coast at a distance of 150 miles, but also with the ships in the same waters. In case of disaster, help can be demanded from the shore or from neighbouring vessels. For the national defence, the application of such a system is at once apparent. At 150 miles from the coast a simple torpedo boat could announce the approach of the enemy's fleet, and the posts would send the news all along the coast and to the interior.

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With the completion of the road between Mahatsara, on the east coast of Madagascar, and Tananarivo, the capital, it is now possible to transport goods for a distance of 200 miles. To be sure, goods are transported not entirely upon land, but partly over this newly completed road, and largely by waterway formed by a series of lagoons and canals. It is hoped that before many years have passed the roads and canals will give place to a railway which is to lie between Tamatave and Tananarivo. In order to transport goods to the coast, Hova carriers are employed to carry huge packs through the mountains. With the completion of a new road the Hova porter will be compelled to seek a new field of employment. Between four and five thousand porters usually made the trip through the mountains to the coast. When the new road was finished, carts immediately began to displace the Hovas. Where three waggons were used last January, 372 were used in June. To be sure, the cartage is still rather primitive; for the vehicles are hauled by men. If human power is used to draw these carts, the question naturally arises, How is it that the Hova carriers are compelled to seek other employmena? The reason is to be found in the fact that each cart, having a carrying capacity of 750 pounds, is drawn by three men; whereas the Hova carrier, however strong he may be, can hardly bear more than 100 pounds. When oxen and mules are substituted for men, we may expect a reduction in the price of carriage transportation.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11.

Though the long-talked of project of turning the course of the River Dodder to the eastward of Irishtown is, to the surprise of the public, unaccountably laid aside, yet the Ballast Committee seem not wholly inattentive to obviate, as much as possible, the mischiefs occasioned to the shipping that frequent this harbour, by the bar, or bank, formed by that river near Ringsend, for which purpose a number of the ballast gabbards are actually employed in drudging it up; an expedient, though a temporary one, has for the present so good an effect, that we are already informed the ship channel there is already deepened fourteen inches.

The Black-cart, attended by the Constables of the House of Industry, parading through a part of the city on Thursday last, in order to take up beggars and vagrants, was stopped by a party of the Police Guards, and the Constables sent back, as the police took the office on themselves.

The computation of houses in the city of of Dublin, which according to some is estimated at between 14 and 15,000, must certainly be wrong, when London and its suburbs are supposed to contain near 150,000 houses. though not standing on more than three times its size. This metropolis, therefore, may be reasonably supposed in comparative population, at about one-fourth of London; especially as Bristol contains near 14,000 houses, though it does not occupy more than one-third of the extent of this city. The number of houses in Dublin must, therefore be above 30,000; in Cork near 10,000; in Limerick above 4,000; Waterford and Belfast 3,000 each; and Kilkenny 2,500. These cities, as well as others, especially Londonderry, and all the maritime towns around our coasts, will no doubt greatly increase in magnitude in the space of a few years, and bear a proportion to the augmentation of our manufacturers and commerce.

Among the great number of public works at this carrying on in and about this city, there is not one for real utility can exceed the building of the wall or mole constructing in our harbour. It is with peculiar satisfaction, therefore, we have it in our power to inform our readers, that the stupendous work goes forward with uncommon spirit under the direction of the Ballast Board, of which there cannot be a greater evidence than that there is a moral certainty five hundred feet of additional work will be added to it before the end of autumn. The curbing stones of the new work are of the red Cumberland granite, imported for the purpose; the inside is of the rock freestone, brought thither from Dunleary.

The gentlemen who were some time commissioned at the public expense to go to Paris, and if possible obtain the old ancient map of Ireland, called the Down Survey, are returned with anaccurate copy thereof, which must prove not only a sensible gratification to our learned antiquarians, but be of singular service in ascertaining many curious historical facts, particularly respecting the original settlement of many of the great families of this kingdom.

LIMERICK, AUGUST 9, 1787.

A quarrel happened at St. John's Well on the 25th of June last; between the Cratloe people and those of Thomond Gate, in the North Liberties of this city; this occasioned a great animosity between them, and we believe there was some agreement to fight it out. Last Monday, being the fair day of this city, they accordingly met, and from twelve o'clock at noon until four in the evening, they skirmished near the Mayor's-stone with sticks, swords, and stones; about that hour one Halloran, of Cratloe, fired a loaded musket, which killed Darby Hickie and Patrick Purtil, alias Purcell, two of the Thomond Gate men, who have both left widows and families.

DUBLIN, MONDAY, AUGUST 13.

Friday last, being St. Lawrence's Day, and the anniversary of the famous and bloody battle fought on the Strand between Clontarf and Sutton, between the Danish invaders and the Irish, wherein the latter were complete victors, the commemoration was observed at Howth by a patron, which is annually held for that purpose. An ancestor of the present noble proprietor, who at that early period was Lord of that town, and chief of a considerable territory in its neighbourhood, joined the Irish forces with a large body of horse and foot, and behaved so gallantly on that dreadful occasion, that the surname now borne by that ancient house was conferred on him by all the Irish Kings then present, in honour of the Saint, and as a perpetual memorial of the distinguished part that illustrious chief acted in that melancholy scene. The national joy was, however, checked by the loss of the brave and humane Brian Boroihme, King of Munster, and Lord Paramount of Ireland, who fell in the beginning of the action.

As every measure which leads to the improvement of the manufactures of Ireland must give sincere pleasure to every friend thereof, a correspondent cannot withhold communicating the satisfaction he received at viewing Mr. Busby's Factory, lately erected in New street, for throwing and winding silk; it consists of two spacious lofts, so constructed that any person from the dwelling part can see the whole with all their machinery at work; the upper loft contains the throwing mills, and the under one the winding machines, which winds the silk with the greatest nicety and exactness, and upwards of 400 bobbins, by which the labour of so many persons are saved (as heretofore it required one person with a wheel to wind each bobbin); and here opens a scene of industry for poor female children, which unfortunately this country is too destitute of employment for; as those from 9 years upwards attend these works, the whole machinery of which are set in motion by a stupendous horse movement on the ground floor! Our correspondent was at a loss which most to admire, the beauty and exact symmetry of each part, or their wonderful executive powers, and thinks it does great honour to its ingenious and spirited proprietor.

The demand that has of late been for flannels and other cheap woollens for exportation, has given such a spirit to these fabrics in the country, that notwithstanding the present high prices of wool, all hands are at work upon them.

The opening of the great thoroughfare from Grafton street across the new bridge through Sackville place to Rutland Square, will be attended with the indispensable necessity of closing into the front of the College the iron pallisadoes, in order to preserve the line, agreeable to the Eastern front of our House of Lords, [illegible] nearly completed.

DUBLIN, TUESDAY, AUGUST 14.

Last night a dreadful quarrel happened on the Coal Quay, in consequence of two soldiers being confined in the guard-house for rioting; the door and other parts were torn down, and several shots were fired, but happily without damage. One of the Sheriffs brought a guard, which put an end to the outrage; some persons were, however, much hurted. The soldiers who had been confined were delivered up to them.

Two fellows attempted to rob three gentlemen who were in a carriage, about half a mile below Clontarf, on Sunday evening last; each of the villains presented a large holster pistol [illegible] the opposite window of the coach, but the gentlemen immediately rushed out and attacked the fellows, who were remarkably strong and robust, and after an obstinate resistance, one of them was taken, who proves to be an old offender, and had often been a lodger in Green street.

A fellow who attempted to rob a gentleman late on Saturday evening in the fields at the upper end of Paradise row, was taken and committed to the New Prison.

Yesterday, about eleven o'clock, upon some dispute between the cabin-boy and one of the mariners belonging to the "Marianne," of London, lying at Bachelor's quay, the latter made an attempt to throw the boy overboard; the lad caught the gunwale in his going off, but the inhuman villain who assaulted him struck him on the hands till he was constrained to drop into the water, where he rose only once and was drowned.

DUBLIN, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14.

Extract of a letter from Carlow, August 12.

"Last night our Assizes ended. Amongst a variety of other business, James Redmond, a postboy, stood indicted for opening his Majesty's mail of letters, with which he was entrusted, on the highway between this town and Gowran, and stealing money which had been enclosed in one of the bags; when after a trial of five hours and a half, and hearing the ablest defence that ever was made on any similar occasion, the jury brought him in guilty, and the dreadful sentence of death was pronounced upon him before the Judge left the Court. The greatest praise is certainly due to the Postmaster-General for the plan which they laid, and the exertions which they used in detecting and bringing this offender to justice, his method of opening the bags having been so uncommonly judicious as to render the detection, but for the steps that appeared on the trial to have been taken, almost miraculous; notwithstanding which, his guilt was proved in the clearest manner to the satisfaction of every person present. Mr. Serjeant Toler, who sat as Judge on the occasion, showed himself a perfect master of the criminal laws, in one of the ablest charges ever delivered to a jury."

This day a barrel of new wheat, the property of David Latouche, Esq.; was sold in Thomas street Market-house for £1 14s. 1½d.

Yesterday, about two o'clock in the afternoon, a Chelsea pensioner, who had been arrested for debt in Palace street, ran into the Lower Castle-yard, where the bailiffs, attended by a vagrant populace, pursued him into the mews, where the debtor ran up a slator's ladder and escaped from them over the roofs of the stables; the bailiffs, with the crowd they had drawn together, were shortly after turned out of the yard by order of the officers on duty.

KILKENNY, AUGUST 11.

The following persons were capitally convicted at our Assizes—viz: in the County Court—David Fitzgibbon, for the murder of William Kelly, to be hanged the 29th inst. In the County Court—Zacariah Jackton, for coining; Edmond Sweetman and Mary Kearney, for burglariously robbing the house of Mrs. Faille, of Patrick street, to be hanged on the same day; Patrick Haw, for the above robbery, and Robert Purcell, for returning from transportation, to be hanged on the 10th of November next.

(To be Continued.)

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CUSTOM HOUSE, LIMERICK.



AS IT WAS IN 1831.

In "Ireland Illustrated" (1831), from which the above picture is taken, the Rev. G. N. Wright, M. A., Professor of Antiquities to the Royal Hibernian Academy, gave the following descriptive particulars:—

The quays of Limerick have been much improved, and it is intended that the Custom-house, sufficiently interesting in an Illustration, shall make way for one more in character with the commercial rank of the city. The present building has few architectural claims; the elevation consists of an arcade upon the basement supporting two stories, the centre of which are adorned with Corinthian pilasters, over which is an entablature furnished with a heavy block cornice. The arcade on the left does not correspond with the other parts, and the stores beyond it still tend to destroy the uniformity of the whole. The citizens of Limerick, like their wealthy brother-merchants of Liverpool, have waited until the prosperity of their commercial dealings required enlarged accommodations; and that period having happily arrived, a New Custom is about being erected, and extensive floating docks are in actual progress of construction, adjoining Wellesley-bridge, itself a new erection.

LIMERICK.

HISTORY OF THE CITY.

In Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland" (1837), the following history of the city of Limerick is given:—

This ancient and important city, supposed by some writers to have been the Regia of Ptolemy, is called Rosse-de-Nailleagh in the Annals of Multifernan; and is believed to have been the place described under the name of Lumneach, as forming the western extremity of the southern half of the island as divided A.M. 2870 and 3970, which name appears to have been modified by the English into its present designation. St. Patrick is said to have visited it about the middle of the fifth century; but the first authentic notices of Limerick represent it as a Danish settlement. The place was first plundered by them in 812, and about the middle of the same century they made it one of their principal maritime stations, surrounding it with walls and towers which enclose the area now occupied by the English town. For nearly a century their power continued to increase, until Brian Boroihme assumed the dominion of Munster and Thomond, when he expelled the Danes from Inniscattery, and reduced Limerick, allowing the inhabitants, however, to continue in it, subject to their own laws and customs, on payment of an annual tribute, said to have been fixed at 365 tuns or casks of wine of 32 gallons each. In 1064, Turlogh, King of Munster, received here the homage of Donsleibhe, King of Ulidia; and his successor Murtogh, having given Cashel to the Church, removed the seat of royalty to Limerick in 1106, from which time it continued to be the residence of the kings of Thomond, or North Munster, until its conquest by the English: from this circumstance, his successors were styled indiscriminately kings of North Munster or of Limerick. The Danes of Limerick did not embrace Christianity until the 11th century, and in the following they elected their first Bishop. In 1153, Turlogh O'Conor, King of Connaught, besieged the city, and compelled

the Danes to renounce the authority of Turlogh O'Brien, and drive him west of the Shannon.

A succession of intestine wars among the native princes was carried on until the landing of Henry II., who soon after obtained possession of it, and placed a garrison there; but after his departure, Donald O'Brien, King of Thomond, regained possession of it. In 1175, Raymond le Gros, with the assistance of the King of Ossory, invested it, and by fording the river in face of the enemy, so daunted them that he entered it without opposition, obtained a great booty, and secured it by a garrison; but on the death of Earl Strongbow, it was again evacuated by the English, and subsequently burned by order of Donald, who declared that it should no longer be a nest for foreigners. In 1179, Henry II. gave the kingdom of Limerick to Herebert Fitz-Herebert, who having resigned his claim to an inheritance so uncertain, it was granted to Philip de Braosa, and he, aided by Milo de Cogan and Robert Fitz-Stephen, advanced against the city, which the garrison set on fire. This so dispirited Braosa, that he immediately retreated, and so assured was Donald O'Brien afterwards of the security of his metropolis, that, in 1194, he founded the Cathedral Church of St. Mary, on the site of his palace. In 1195, the English appear to have regained possession of the city, for it was then governed by a provost; but Mac Arthy of Desmond forced them once more to abandon it.

King John afterwards renewed the grant to Philip de Braosa, with the exception of the city of Limerick, the cantred of the Ostmen, and the Holy Island, which he committed to the custody of William de Burgo, who formed a settlement there, which from that period set at defiance all the efforts of the Irish. A strong castle and bridge were erected; and, encouraged by the privileges offered to them, English settlers flocked hither in great numbers, between whom and the inhabitants of the surrounding country amicable relations appear to have been soon established, for among the names of the chief magistrates for the ensuing century, besides those who appear to be English, Norman, or Flemish, and Italian, there are several purely Irish. Money was coined here in the reign of John. In 1234, the city was taken, after a siege of four days, by Richard, Earl Marshal of England, then in rebellion; and by the continued wars in the surrounding country, especially among the O'Briens, De Burgos, De Clares, and Fitzgeralds, its progress in commercial prosperity appears to have been greatly checked. In 1308, Pierce Gaveston, the Viceroy, passed through Limerick with an army, and compelled O'Brien to submit, but the tranquillity was of short duration. In 1314 De Clare burned the suburbs; and in 1316, Edward Bruce terminated his career of conquest southward at this place, and kept his court here until the following Easter. The hostilities of the O'Briens and others of his allies, and the unbounded authority assumed by the Earl of Desmond and other Anglo-Norman leaders, rendered additional military defences necessary for the protection of the city, and various grants were made by Edward II. for enclosing the suburbs with a stone wall, and for repairing the castle. In 1331, the Earl of Desmond was committed to the custody of the Marshal of Limerick.

In 1337, a dispute arose between the merchants of Limerick and Galway respecting tolls, which, notwithstanding the interference of the Lord-Justice, finally led to open hostilities. In 1340, Limerick was for a short period the headquarters of Sir William Windsor, chief governor, when marching into the west against the O'Briens. During the whole of the fifteenth century, the fortifications—which, prior to the grants of Edward II., had comprised only the part of the city insulated by the Shannon, and called the English town—were extended so as to include the portion of the southern bank of the river, called the Irish town, the defences of which were completed by the erection of St. John's Gate and the neighbouring works, begun in 1450, but not finished until 1495. In the reign of Edward IV., Connor O'Brien, Prince of Thomond, drove the English from various parts of Munster, and compelled the citizens of Limerick to pay him an annual tribute of 60 marks. Another remarkable proof of the distracted state of the country is afforded by a statute of the 28th of Henry VI., from which it appeared that, owing to the prevailing power of the "Irish enemy and English rebels," in the surrounding country, the inhabitants were under the necessity of deriving their supply of provisions principally from France, which was sent only on condition of the ships being placed under the special protection of the King of England. In 1467, a mint was established in the city; in 1484, Gerald, Earl of Kildare, held a Parliament there; and in 1495, the brotherhood of the guild of merchants was erected.

In the reign of Henry VII. the city recovered some degree of prosperity; but in 1524 it was harassed by the open hostilities, both at sea and land, resulting from the commercial jealousies between it and Galway, until these were at length terminated by a formal treaty, and by an injunction by the King, in 1536, requiring a better demeanour from the men of Galway. In the reign of Henry VIII., Alderman Sexton, of this city, took a distinguished part in favour of the British interest. In 1542, the proclamation declaring Henry VIII. King of Ireland was received with demonstrations of the greatest joy, and in the following year Sir Anthony St. Leger held a Parliament here, in which divers important Acts were passed. Towards the close of Mary's reign, the Lord-Deputy Sussex arrived here to suppress a revolt of some inferior branches of the O'Brien family against their chief, on which occasion the Earl of Thomond and all the freeholders of his country swore fealty to the crown of England. During the entire reign of Elizabeth, and throughout the wars that devastated the whole surrounding province, Limerick maintained the most unshaken loyalty, and was made a centre of civil and military administration. Sir Henry Sydney, Lord-Deputy, who visited it in 1567, in 1569, in 1576, states that he was received here with greater magnificence than he had hitherto experienced in Ireland. At this period Limerick is described well and substantially built, with walls extending round a circuit of about three miles.

On the arrival of Sir William Pelham, Lord-Deputy, in 1579, the Mayor appeared before him attended by 1,000 citizens well armed; and in 1854, the city militia amounted to 800 men, being double that of Cork, and a third more than that of Waterford, demonstrating that Limerick was then the most important city in the island next to Dublin. During the Earl of Desmond's rebellion, the city was for some time the headquarters of the English army. From the commencement of the reign of James I. until the war of 1641, it enjoyed undisturbed tranquillity; and notwithstanding accidental conflagrations, in 1618 and 1620, considerable improvements in the construction of buildings and public works took place. The customs' duties for the year ending Lady-day, 1633, amounted to no less a sum than £1,619 1s. 7¾d. In 1636 it was visited by the Lord-Deputy Wentworth, who was splendidly entertained by the Mayor for nine days, and on his departure presented to the Corporation a valuable cup of silver gilt. On the approach of the insurgent army under Lord Ikerrin, Lord Muskerry and General Barry, in 1642, the gates were thrown open by the citizens; the royal garrison, consisting only of 200 men, who had shut themselves up in the castle, were compelled to surrender after an obstinate defence; after which the magistrates sent representatives to the Catholic convention at Kilkenny, and made every exertion to repair and strengthen the fortifications. In 1646, when it was attempted to proclaim the pacification that had just been concluded between King Charles and the Parliament, the attempt was met by violence; and afterwards the supreme council headed by Rinuccini, the Pope's Nuncio, removed hitherto, to encourage the besiegers of the neighbouring castle of Bunratty, on the Clare side of the Shannon, in which the Parliamentarians had placed a garrison. In 1650, the Marquess of Ormonde marched into the city, in the hope of securing it for the King; but the Nuncio's party having deprived him of all power, he at length quitted the kingdom, leaving the command of the royalist troops to the Earl of Castlehaven, who induced the magistrates to accept his offer to defend them against the threatened attack of Ireton. The latter, however, did not commence operations until the spring of 1651; and the siege being protracted until the approach of winter, famine, misery, and death made formidable ravages among the ranks of both parties. The attempts of the Irish forces to relieve the place were defeated, but a sally by O'Niall, who commanded the garrison, nearly proved fatal to the besiegers. The privations of the inhabitants at length compelled them to turn out all useless persons, who, to prevent them from communicating the plague, which then raged amongst them, to the Parliamentarian forces, were, at the command of Ireton, immediately whipped back; and dissensions gradually arose among the besieged, as to the propriety of capitulating. The resistance of the clergy to a surrender being at length overbalanced by some officers who took possession of the gates and turned the cannon against the city, the place was surrendered to the besiegers on condition that the garrison should march out unarmed, and the inhabitants be allowed time for removing, with their effects, to any place where they might be appointed to live. Twenty-four persons were excluded by name from the benefit of this treaty: the soldiers, who marched out to the number of 2,500, were greatly reduced by disease contracted by the sufferings of a protracted siege of six months. After the surrender, the emblems of royalty were removed, the magistrates displaced, and for five years the city was subjected to a military government. In 1653 an Act was passed permitting the English adventurers, officers, and soldiers to purchase the forfeited houses at six years' purchase; and a charter was granted conferring upon the citizens the same privileges and franchises as those enjoyed by the city of Bristol. In 1656 the municipal government was restored, by the election of a Mayor and twelve English Aldermen.

At the Restoration, Sir Ralph Wilson, the governor, declared in favour of the King. He was shortly after succeeded by the Earl of Orrery, who was instructed to endeavour to procure good merchants, English and Dutch, to inhabit the place, and cause it to flourish by trade. All the banished merchants were again restored to their freedom and privileges, on entering into recognisances for their peace-

ful demeanour: and the inland trade increased so rapidly that, in 1672, the tolls of the gates were let for upwards of £300 per annum. During a progress through Munster made by the Marquis of Ormonde, Lord Lieutenant, he was received at Limerick with great distinction, being attended by the principal nobility and gentry of the county, and the cavalry militia of each barony. The same year was remarkable for a great drought in the Shannon, insomuch that the Mayor and citizens perambulated the English town, dry-shod, outside the walls; and the following year a storm, with a high tide, did great damage.

The accession of James II. caused an alteration in the religious ascendancy of the Corporation; and after the battle of the Boyne, the Earl of Tyrconnel established his Viceregal court in the city. Soon after this it was invested by King William in person, at the head of 20,000 veterans. The siege, undertaken at a late period of the season, was rendered particularly harassing by the formidable obstacles opposed to the besiegers by the fortifications and natural defences of the town, the abundance of its munitions of war, and the circumstance of the flower of the Irish army being assembled in and around it, under General Boiseleau, the Duke of Berwick, and other distinguished leaders, who were enabled to obtain supplies of every kind from Connaught, and by sea, where the French fleet rode undisturbed. The operations of the English army were also greatly checked by the loss of its battering train, which had been intercepted and destroyed by General Sarsfield, in a gallant attack, within twelve miles of William's camp. Nevertheless, a breach having been at length effected, the besiegers twice penetrated into the town, and as often were beaten back, until after a desperate contest of four hours, in which they lost 1,700 men, they were obliged to retire; William himself being compelled to raise the siege and withdraw towards Clonmel. But in the August following, William's army, now commanded by General de Ginkell, again invested the town; and the garrison having been abundantly supplied, and in expectation of succour from France, the siege was protracted and sanguinary. One of the most serious conflicts at this period was that in which 600 Irish were slain, 150 drowned, and about 100 taken prisoners, in the defence of Thomond Bridge, the gates having being closed upon them too speedily, by which their retreat was cut off. Operations were at length terminated by the celebrated treaty of Limerick, ratified on October 1st, and said to have been signed on a large stone near Thomond Bridge, within sight of both armies. Two days after the French fleet arrived on the coast, and on the 14th entered the Shannon, with a reinforcement of troops and 30,000 stand of arms and ammunition. Both parties now made strenuous exertions to retain the Irish soldiers in their service: 3,000 were prevailed upon to enter into that of the victorious monarch; but the remainder, amounting to upwards of 19,000 men, embarked for France, and formed the foundation of the Irish Brigade, afterwards so celebrated in the wars of Europe.

After the embarkation of the Irish troops, the inhabitants, who had been compelled by the bombardment to quit their dwellings, on their return found their effects destroyed, and the entire city a scene of desolation and misery. While all classes were engaged in repairing their losses, the poorer by erecting small huts under the walls, the richer by re-edifying, and the soldiers by restoring and enlarging the fortifications, a new and unthought of casualty nearly involved the whole in a second destruction: one of the towers on the quay suddenly fell, and 250 barrels of gunpowder which it contained blew up with a tremendous explosion, by which 240 persons were crushed to death or dreadfully maimed, some being struck dead by stones which fell a mile from the town. For more than 60 years after the siege, the fortifications were kept in complete repair, a garrison and several companies of city militia maintained, and every precaution of an important military station observed. In 1698, the Marquis of Winchester and the Earl of Galway, Lords Justices, on a tour of inspection, visited the city, which in the same year suffered most severely by a storm and high tide. In 1703 an Act was passed providing that no Roman Catholic strangers should reside in the city or suburbs, and that the present inhabitants of that persuasion should be expelled, unless they gave sufficient securities for their allegiance; but in 1724 these restrictions were removed. During the Scottish rebellion in 1745, similar precautions were used, but no symptom of disaffection was discovered. In 1751, a storm, accompanied with high tides, overflowed a great part of the place, and did great damage. In 1760, Limerick was declared to be no longer a fortress, and the dismantling of its walls and other defences was immediately commenced and completed by slow degrees, as the extension of the various improvements rendered it necessary. On the breaking out of the American war, three volunteer corps were formed under the name of the Limerick Union, the Loyal Limerick Volunteers, and the Limerick Volunteers.

After the termination of the American war the improvements and extension of the city were renewed with unexampled spirit; and although contested elections and alarms of insurrection in the neighbouring districts at times disturbed its tranquility, they never retarded its improvement. During the French invasion of 1798, the city militia distinguished itself by the stand it made at Collooney under Colonel Vereker, who in consequence received the thanks of Parliament. In 1803, a design was formed by those engaged in Emmett's conspiracy to take the city by surprise; and the plan was conducted with so much secrecy that it was unknown to the military commandant in Limerick until the evening preceding the intended day of attack; but the prompt and decisive measures adopted prevented the apprehended danger. In 1821, symptoms of insubordination in the liberties led to a proclamation declaring the county of the city to be in a state of disturbance, and to require an extraordinary establishment of police, which was accordingly sent and is still maintained. In the winter of 1833 the city again suffered severely by storms and high tides.

The city, situated in an extensive plain watered by the Shannon, is composed of three portions, the English town, the Irish town, and Newtown-Pery. The first and oldest occupies the southern end of the King's Island, a tract formed by the Shannon, here divided into two streams, of which the narrowest and most rapid is called the Abbey river. This part, the houses of which are chiefly built in the Flemish fashion, is said to resemble the city of Rouen, in Normandy; but, since the erection of the New Town, it has been deserted by the more wealthy inhabitants, and exhibits a dirty and neglected appearance. The Irish town is also very ancient, being allotted to the native inhabitants so early as the reign of King John; here the streets are wider and the houses more modern; both these parts were strongly fortified. The suburb called Thomond-gate, situated on the county of Clare side of the river, at the end of Thomond bridge, was formerly the only entrance to the ancient city, and was protected by a strong castle; it is now of considerable extent; close to the foot of the bridge is the stone on which the treaty of Limerick was signed. Newtown-Pery, built wholly within the last fifty years on elevated ground, parallel with the course of the river, below the union of its two branches, on a site formerly called the South Prior's Land, which became the property of the Pery family about 1770, is one of the handsomest modern towns in Ireland; a very handsome square has been lately erected in it. There are six bridges: Thomond bridge, leading from King John's Castle in the English town to Thomond-gate, on the county of Clare side, is the most ancient. It was built in 1210, and subsequently widened, and consists of 14 unequal arches, which were turned on wicker work, the marks of which are still apparent in the cement; its roadway is perfectly level; it is now being taken down, and will be replaced by a new bridge (the foundation stone of which was laid in 1836, and which is to be opened in 1839), by the Corporation, which has procured a loan of £9,000 from the Boad of Works to effect it; the estimated expense is £12,600. Wellesley bridge, erected in 1827, consisting of five large an delegant elliptic arches, crosses the Shannon from the New Town to the northern, or county of Clare shore. Its roadway is level, and its parapet is formed of a massive open balustrade; on the city side is a swing bridge over a look for vessels to pass to the upper basins and quays. The New bridge, crossing the Abbey river, and connecting the New Town with the English town, was finished in 1792 at an expense of £1,800; it consists of three irregular arches. Baal's bridge, higher up at the same branch of the river, is a beautiful structure of a single arch, built in 1831 to replace an ancient bridge of the same same name, which consisted of four arches with a range of houses on one of its sides. On the same branch of the Shannon is Park bridge, an old lofty structure of five irregular arches. Athlunkard bridge, consisting of five large elliptic arches, crosses the Shannon about a mile from the city; it was erected in 1830 by means of a loan of £9,000 from the Board of Public Works, £6,000 from the Consolidated Fund, and a grant of £1,000 from the Grand Jury of the county Clare; it forms a communication between Limerick and Killaloe. The environs, though flat, are generally very beautiful, the soil extremely rich, and the sinuous course of the Shannon, in many points of view, presents the appearance of a succession of lakes; but the landscape is deficient in wood. Of the four principal approaches, that from Clare, by Wellesley bridge, is the best; the others are through lines of cabins, crooked and deficient in cleanliness. In the vicinity of the city are several good houses and neat villas, but by no means as numerous as its wealth would lead strangers to expect; as the rich merchants chiefly reside in the New Town.

The Corporation exists both by prescription and charter, and its authority is confirmed and regulated by statute. The first documentary grant of municipal privileges was by John, Earl of Morton and Lord of Ireland, in 1199, conferring the same liberties and free customs as were enjoyed by the citizens of Dublin, which were secured and explained by a charter of the 20th of Edward I. Charters confirming or extending these privileges were granted in the 1st of Henry IV., 1st of Henry V., 8th of Henry VI., 2nd of Henry VII., 6th of Edward VI., and 17th and 25th of Elizabeth. The former charter of this last-named sovereign granted, among other new privileges, that a sword of

state and hat of maintenance should be borne before the Mayor within the city and liberties. The governing charter, granted by James I. in 1609, constituted the city a county of itself, excepting the sites of the king's castle and the county court-house and gaol; conferred an exclusive admiralty jurisdiction, both civil and criminal, over so much of the Shannon as extends three miles north-east of the city to the main sea, with all its creeks, banks, and rivulets within those limits; constituted the Mayor (which office and title were enjoyed by Limerick ten years before they were granted to London), Recorder, and four of the Aldermen annually elected, justices of the peace for the county of the city; and incorporated a society of merchants of the staple, with the privileges of the merchants of the staple of Dublin and Waterford. By the "New Rules" of the 25th of Charles II., the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council were invested with the power of approving and confirming the appointment of the principal officers of the Corporation, who were thereby required to take the oath of supremacy, and the election of all corporate officers were taken away from the body of freemen, and vested in the Common Council; the discussion of any matter connected with municipal affairs in the general assembly of freemen, or Court of D'Oyer Hundred, which had not previously passed the Common Council, was forbidden under penalty of disfranchisement; and it was provided, as in other corporate towns, that foreigners and other Protestant settlers in the town should be admissible to the freedom. James II. granted a new charter after the seizure of the franchises under a decree of the Exchequer, but the judgment of that court having been subsequently set aside, it became void; and the constitution of the municipality continued unaltered until the year 1823, when an Act of the 4th of George IV., c. 126, commonly called the "Limerick Regulation Act," partially remodelled the powers of the Corporation. The freedom is obtained by birth, for the eldest son, or marriage with any daughter, of a freeman, also by apprenticeship to a freeman within the city, and by gift of the Corporation; the admissions of freemen are made by the common Council, subject to the approbation of the Court of D'Oyer Hundred. The Act of 1823 requires the Council to hold quarterly meetings on the first Monday after June 24th, second Monday after September 29th, and the first Mondays in January and April; extraordinary meetings are convened on the requisition of the Mayor. All acts of the Corporation, except the election of officers, must now be approved of and confirmed by the freemen at large in the Court of D'Oyer Hundred, which was re-established by the Act of 1823, after having for about seventy years fallen into almost total disuse, and is now held on the day following each of the four stated quarterly meetings of the Common Council, and also within a specified time after the extraordinary meetings of that body. It is composed of the entire body of freemen, and a certified minute of all proceedings at the meetings of the Common Council must be transmitted by the Town Clerk to the Common Speaker, who presides over the court, for its approval. The city returned two representatives to the Irish Parliament from the period of its earliest convocations until the Union.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson last week celebrated his 70th birthday, and not only all Norway but all Scandinavia has celebrated it with him, Denmark and Sweden taking part with deputations and addresses and processions. It is quite a case for a discourse on Carlyle's theme of the "Hero as Man of Letters."

SLIABH-NA-MON,

AND

Its Fenian Traditions.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES BY REV. J. F. LYNCH.

IV.

First of all, I shall from the poems show that the valley could not possibly be either in Dublin or Kilkenny. The second poem is termed Eachtra an Amadain Mhoir, or "The Adventures of the Great Fool," and the two poems are contained in Trans. Os. Soc., Vol. VI., edited by John O'Daly. The following reason is given in the poem why the hero was named Amadan mor:

"A dubhairt Colgach gur b'olc an chiall,
Gan arm d'iarraidh chum dul a ngleo;
A's baistimse ort mar ainim,
Fad do mhairfir an t-Amadan Mor.

"Colgach said that it was unwise,
Not to ask for arms when going to fight;
"And I now christen thee for a name
Whilst thou livest the Amadan Mor."

The Irish Amadan Mor corresponds somewhat to the English Lord of Misrule, and the Scotch Abbot of Unreason, whose office, according to Stowe, was "to make the rarest pastimes to delight the beholder." D'Israeli (Curiosities of Literature) says: "Without venturing to ascend in his genealogy, we must admit his relationship to that ancient family of foolery we have noticed. . . . Stubbes a morose puritan in the reign of Elizabeth, denominates him 'a grand captaine of mischiefe.' . . . I prepare another scene of unparalleled saturnalia, among the grave judges and serjeants of the law, where the Lord of Misrule is viewed amidst his frolicsome courtiers, with the humour of hunting the fox and the cat with ten couple of hounds round their great hall, among the other merry disports of those joyous days when sages could play like boys." In Egypt the cat was sacred to the moon goddess Maut, or Mut, the wife of Amon, who was represented as a cat, and Herodotus gives an account of the veneration of the Egyptians for the cat. In Ireland the cat was also the symbol of the moon, and the cat is often mentioned in the Irish folk tales which preserve so many traces of the old beliefs of the people. In a folk tale, published in Cork H. and A. Journal, March, 1897, Aoibhill, or Aoibhinn, the Banshee (26) of the O'Briens, is made sister of Clidna and daughter of Mogh Ruith, and is represented as a large white cat confined in a cave at Castlecor, near Kanturk, Co. Cork. I made enquiry and have been told that the tale of the cat survives at Castlecor. At Lough Gur a tale is also told of an enchanted cat (27), confined in a cave, which guards the key by which may be obtained all the treasures concealed in Lough Gur. It was owing partly to the peculiar property of the contraction of the pupil in the cat's eye during the day that the cat came to be regarded as a symbol of the ruler of the night. In "D P. J.," page 184, reference is made to the Amuid Shugach, or "merry female fool," but I think that the connection of Amuid with Ethiopian Amida is too far-fetched, and the Irish Amuid is derived from onmit. About sixty years ago the wren procession was preceded in Cahirconlish district by a man dressed fantastically in woman's clothes, named Oinseach, who performed all sorts of antics and behaved like an oinseach, or one devoid of sense. The merry character of the Amadan Mor is not referred to in the poem, but guided by the name, it appears to me that there must be some connection, and that in the Amadan Mor we have a different presentation of the character. Dealing with the suffix seach, Dr. Joyce (Irish Names, vol. ii., p. 9) says: "This is not very common in local names, but it is often used as a kind of feminine termination. Its use is illustrated in the word oinseach, in common use to signify a female fool. The corresponding word for male fool is Amadan. The root of both is on, an old word meaning a fool, from which comes oinseach directly. From on comes onmit, another old word for fool; and from this again onmitan, which has been modernised to Amadan." Dr. Joyce

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26. Sir Walter Scott (appendix to the Lady of the Lake), says, Most great families in the Highlands were supposed to have a tutelar, or rather a domestic spirit, attached to them who took an interest in their prosperity, and intimated by its wailings any approaching disaster. That of Grant was called May Moullach, and appeared in the form of a girl who had her arm covered with hair. Grant of Rothiemurcus had an attendant called Bodach an Dun, or the Ghost of the Hill; and many other examples might be mentioned. The Ban-Schie implies a female fairy, whose lamentations were often supposed to precede the death of a chieftain of particular families. When she is visible, it is in form of an old woman with a blue mantle and streaming hair. A superstition of the same kind is, I believe, universally received by the inferior ranks of the native Irish."

27. Professor Connellan (Trans. Os. Soc, Vol. v., p. 86) says:—"The cat, so strangely associated with the idolatry of ancient Egypt, was not overlooked in the Fetichism, which so intimately entered into Celtic mythology. The supernatural attributes belonging to the animal in the Druidic system have in many instances survived the fall of that religion, and descended in the folk lore of our peasantry." Connellan also says that it is remarkable that in almost all the known languages the term for cat is the same, and he mentions Irish, Welsh, Cornish, Armoric, and Anglo-Saxon cat; Icelandic katt; Danish cat; German katze; Russian kotte; Polish Kotka; Turkish keti; Persian kitt; Javanese cota; Georgian kata to which list I may add the Lituanian kate, and the Arabic kitt. The cave of Cnogda, or Cnogba, or Knowth, near Slane, on the Boyne, was supposed to be inhabited by the chief (triath) lord (tigherna), and brehon (breithiumh), of the cats of Ireland, named Irusan mac Arasain. Compare the reference to the king of the cats in Sir Walter Scott's note on the Taghairm (Appendix to the Lady of the Lake). The mouse (luch) also figures in Irish mythology, and is mentioned in the tales of Lughaidh mac Con and Labhraidh Loingseach as having been eaten. Amongst the Greeks the mouse was sacred to the Sminthian Apollo, and in Isaiah, lxvi, 17, there is reference to the eating of the pig and mouse (achbor), at pagan festivals. The cat is not mentioned in the Bible.

also says: "An Amadan is a fool or simpleton; but the word is often applied in derision as a mere nickname to one who is not exactly a downright idiot, but who has the character of being a foolish, brainless, or spoony fellow, and this application is very common at the present day in most parts of Ireland, even where the Irish language has been long disused."

Cox ("Popular Romances of the Middle Ages," p. 21) says: "The reluctance which Uther's nobles show to receive Arthur as their lord, on the ground that he is but a base-born boy, brings before us another familiar feature in this whole class of legends. With perhaps not a single exception, those Fatal Children, as Grimm calls them, have to spend their early years in banishment, or disguise, or humiliation; and when they come to claim their rightful inheritance, they are despised or jeered at by men of meaner birth, who can never be their match in strength and wit. So it is with Cyrus and Romulus, with Oidipous, Perseus, Theseus. The wise Odysseus is mocked for his beggarly garb as he stands on the day of doom in his own hall; and this passing shame before the great victory, is reflected in countless popular stories which tell us of the degradation of Boots and Cinderella, a degradation which culminates in the Gaelic lay of the Great Fool, who, of course, proves to be wiser and mightier than all others in the land, and who becomes the husband of Fairfine, who is but Euryphassa, or Pasiphae, or any other of the beautiful maidens, whose home is in Ganzblick, or Breidablick, or Lykia, or Delos. The whole story is repeated in the episode of Sir Tor, who is brought in by Aries, the cowherd. The herdsman, supposing him to be his son, complains of his folly—the folly of Boots or the Great Fool; but the wise Merlin, who happens to be present, declares that he is the son of King Pellinore."

In the poem which treats of the Irish Amadan Mor, we are told that he made his way through Lochlann's land with the beautiful princess, whom he had found in the castle in Lochlann guarded by Fergus Mor, that he and the princess entered a valley where they had never been before, of purest streams, woods, and soil, and the roar of the waves on rocky cliffs. In the valley he is met by a Gruagach, who gives him a drink from a golden horn, by which his two legs from the knees down are taken from the Amadan. A deer, followed by a red-eared white dog, now approaches, and the Amadan slays the deer, and appropriates the Gadhar cluas dhearg ban, or red-eared white dog." Mr. Dunne has told us that Bran had red ears, and the three cows brought by Cu Roi Mac Daire to Ireland from Innis Falga were white with red ears. The rocky islet, near Dursey Island, named Cow Island, was so called from a white cow (28) with red ears, and from his tenantry on an estate in the north of England, the Duke of Buccleuch may, under certain conditions, claim a white bull with red ears every year.

The Gruagach, now in disguise, and termed the Gruagach of the golden mantle (Gruagach an bhruit oir), comes again and demands his dog, which the Amadan Mor refuses, and after some altercation, the wife of the Amadan Mor asks for the dog.

Ann Sin, adubhairt an macaomh mna
Tabhair an gadhar ban dam,
Do bhearfainn agus an gadhar breac,
A's da mo ail leat ni bhus mo.

"Then the gentle young woman said,
'Give to me the white dog;
'I would, and the speckled dog,
'And if thou desirest more.'"

We thus see that there were two dogs—a red-eared white dog, and a speckled dog.

The three fare forward, until they saw in the valley a fort (cathair) that shone like gold, and there was no colour which eye had seen that was not in the cuirt or "mansion."

Ann Sin adubhairt an macaomh mna,
Cia an chathair ordha ud;
Is breaghtha snuad 'sis ailne dreach,
No an feidir a brath na suibhal

Dun an oir is e a h-ainim,
Dun garbh Ghleanna an Smoil;
Ni bh-fuil anois da fuirinn ar faghail,
Acht mise fein, a's mo bhean

'Twas then the young woman asked,
"What golden city is that,
Of the finest appearance and hue,
Or could it be betrayed or traversed?"

Dun an Oir (Fort of the Gold) is its name.
The strong Fort of Gleann an Smoil,
There is not now of its inhabitants alive
But myself and my wife.

The Gruagach of the Golden Mantle finally makes himself known to the Amadan Mor as the Gruagach of the Golden Horn, having been under the power of enchantment, and he also informs the Amadan Mor that he is his brother whom he has been seeking for a long time. The Gruagach and the Amadan Mor, who has again obtained his limbs, now depart from Dun an Oir.

D'innis an Gruagach do go raibh,
Cuirt gan locht a bh-fogus doibh,
A's cuigear athach ar a n-dearamh,
Gur mhor an sgannradh dul na g-coir.

Nior bh-fada chuadar anns an ngleann,
A's iad go teann measadh dhoibh;
Go g-cluinid fothram trost, a's fuaim
Ag athach gruama an bhuille mhoir

The Gruagach informed him
That there was a faultless mansion near them,
With five giants guarding it,
And that it was dangerous to approach them.

They did not proceed far in the valley,
And they imagined themselves so stout,
Till they heard a noise, tumult, and uproar,
From the surly giant of the mighty blow.

The Gruagach and the Amadan Mor succeed in overcoming the five giants, and the Amadan Mor took possession of the mansion.

Do ghlac seilbh ann gach ball,
'Na raibh anois a chuid stoir
Ni raibh samhuil doibh a bhus no thall,
Le neart a m-ball san domhan mor.

He took possession of each room,
Wherein was all their wealth;
Their equal was not here or there
For strength of arms in the wide world.

This is the conclusion of the magnificent symbolical poem.

The name of the fort on Clear Island, or Innis Clere ("Cleric Island"), is Dun an Oir ("Corca Laidhe"), and the name of the fort at Baltimore (Baile an tighe mhoir, town of the great house), on the site occupied by O'Driscoll's Castle, was Dun na sed, or "fort of the jewels" ("Corca Laidhe"). Dr. Joyce (Irish Names, vol. ii., p. 377) says: "The old name of Baltimore, on the south coast of Cork, was Dun na sed (Annals of Innisfallen), the fortress of the jewels; but the name was originally applied to a circular fort on a high rock, the site of which is now occupied by the ruins of O'Driscoll's Castle, to which the name is still applied. I will not venture any conjecture as to why the old fortress got the name of Dun na sed."

Dun na sed is not far from Dun an Oir, and the mansion of the five (29) giants in Gleann an Smoil was not far from Oir.

In Trans. Os. Soc., vol. vi., there is a

28. "Bo Bui, or Boi's Cow, is the name of rock (Cow Island), and Inis Bui or Boi's Isle, that of the Island" (Hib. Lect, p. 309). In "Imtheacht na Tromdhaimhe," p. 55, two of the wishes of Brigit, wife of Seanchan, are stated to be, the fill of the fat of a lon uisce, or blackbird of the water, or waterhen, and the fill of a red-eared and purely white cow. Lon uisce here must be an error for lon dubh, for at p. 58, the lon is stated to sing music which would lull to sleep wounded men and parturient women. Hackett compares the red-eared white cow with the Glas of Gaibhlen, or grey cow, which was the property of Lon Mac Liomhtha, who is also mentioned in Dwyer's "Killaloe," p. 495. It was Lon Mac Liomhtha that made the bright (Liomhtha) sword for Finn, named Mac an Loin or son of the lon, or blackbird. In "Agallamh Oisin agus Phatraic, Oisin says,

"Were Fionn and Mac an Loin with me,
Two who never withdrew from the fight of spears,
Despite thy clerics and their bells,
'Tis we that would hold the place."

In "Mesca Ulad," p. xvi, Hennessy says, "Notwithstanding many names by which it passed, the famous spear is best known as the Luin of Celtchar. It is doubtless the Luno of Mac Pherson's Ossian, the Sword of Fingal. It is referred to in other Pseudo-Ossianic tales by the name of Mac An Luin, the sword of the Luin (recte Lon), but it is so-called, according to some learned commentators, from Luno the Scandinavian armourer, who "fabricated" it. in the later Irish so-called Ossianic stories, Mac an Luin is sometimes described as a sword, but more often as merely a powerful weapon. This is the sword termed by Mr Dunne Lann leardartha liomtha, the Sword of Light.

29. I have already noted that the colours have symbolic meanings in the Irish tales, and the same remark holds good with regard to certain numbers and numerals. In the Irish tales of Macha of Emain and of Grain of Pailis Greine, the number five refers to the moon, for Macha and Grian are names for female personifications of the sun, and Grian is at present the ordinary Irish term for the sun. The ancient Irish reckoned time, not by days, but by nights, and began to count by means of the five fingers, and in this way the number five came to be regarded as sacred to the moon, and we find traces of this in various tales. The Feloop numerals given by Mungo Park (Travels in Africa), are, enory cookaba, sisajee, sibakeer, footuek, footuek-silbakcer sibankonyen. The Mandingo numerals are, wean, yar, yat, yanet judom, judom wean judom yar, judom yat, judom yanet, fook. The Foulah numerals are, go, deeddee, tettee, nee jouee, jego (jouee go), jedeeddee (jouee deeddee), je tettee (joue teetee), je nee (jouee nee) sappo. The Jallonkadoo numerals are: kidding fidding, sarra, nani, soolo, seni soolo ma fidding, soolo ma sarra, soolo ma nani nuff. These numerals prove that the counting was at first amongst these tribes by means of the fingers, for six is five-one, seven is five-two, etc. Professor Rhys (Hibbert

poem entitled Seilg Shleibhe na m Ban, or "The Chase of Sliabh na m Ban," and in that poem we are told that Finn and the Fians went to hunt on Sliabh na m Ban, that Finn and Bran were for awhile on the seat on the mountain; and it is also stated:

Do mharbhamar se mhile fiadh,
Is an ngleann do bhi san t-sliabh;
A n-eagmais aigh agus fearb,
Ni dhearnadh sealg mar sin riamh.

"We killed six thousand deer,
In the glen which lay in the mountain.
Besides stags and roe-bucks.
A hunt like it was never performed."

In Fiadhach Fhianna Eireann ar Shliabh Truim, we read:

Piast eile Locha Cuilinn,
Do thuit le Mac Cumhaill an oir,
Do mhairbh piast Locha Neathach,
A's Arrach Ghleanna an Smoil.

Another piast of Lough Cuilinn,
Fell by Mac Cumhaill of the gold;
He slew the piast of Lough Neagh,
And the arrack of Gleann an Smoil.

In Seilg Ghleanna an Smoil, it is stated that when the Fians were hungry and quite jaded from the chase of the Eilit, there approached them a young lady who invited them to Oilean na h-Innse, where was the daughter of the Ardrigh of Greece, with a hundred barques, given her as a present by her father, and many ships freighted with gold, silver, satin, and silks. Oilean na h-Innse was consequently an island which could be approached by ships, but Mr. Dunne says that the lady dealt in enchantment, and that all these matters could be ascribed to the spells which she used.

(To be Continued.)

SPIRIT OF AN IRISH PIPER.

Macdonnel, the famous Irish piper, lived in great style—servants, grooms, hunters, etc. His pipes were small, and of ivory, tipped with silver and gold. You scarcely saw his fingers move, and all his attitudes while playing were steady and composed. One day that I and a very large party dined with Mr. Thos. Grant, at Cork, Macdonnel was sent for to play for the company during dinner; a table and chair was placed for him on the landing outside the room, a bottle of claret and glass on the table, and a servant waiting behind the chair designed for him; the door left wide open. He made his appearance, took a rapid survey of the preparation for him, filled his glass, stepped to the dancing room, looked full into the room, said, "Mr. Grant, your health and company!" drank it off, threw half a crown on his table, saying to the servant, "There, my lad, is two shillings for my bottle of wine, and keep the sixpence for yourself." He ran out of the house, mounted his hunter, and galloped off, followed by his groom. I prevailed on Macdonnel to play one night on the stage at Cork, and had it announced in the bills that Mr. Macdonnel would play some of Carolan's fine airs upon the Irish organ. The curtain went up, and discovered him sitting alone, in his own dress; he played and charmed every body.—(O'Keefe's Recollections).

Lectures p. 364), says, "What, it may here be asked in passing should lead anybody to fix on a week of nine nights and eight days as a unit of time. It would be useless to demand an answer from the moon, and one should rather look at the fingers on one's hands, the half of a nine-night would be the Irish noinden of five nights and four days." This is connected with the cess noinden or couvade of the Ultonians, which lasted five nights and four days.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

THE GHOST AT THE CONSULATE.

A NAVAL OFFICER'S STORY.

BY S. S. ROBINSON.

The dinner was nearing its end. The soft-footed Chinese servants glided about the table offering coffee and liqueurs.

The navigator, trying to show the pretty girl on his right, the steadiness of hand required to make a pousse-cafe, was, under the spell of her exaggerated interest, failing badly in the attempt.

"Pshaw!" said he, pushing away the glass, a hopeless blend of colour, "my nerves are playing me false to-night."

"It's your baneful influence, Miss Crawford," whispered the young ensign on her other hand.

"Lawrence is not given to nerves, except in the presence of ladies. You would think him a perfect clam for all he has let out this evening, but he can tell some capital stories, if I only knew how to start him."

Young Barry, as host, felt responsible for the success of the dinner, which seemed to be dragging, and, for reasons of his own, was particularly anxious that Miss Crawford should be well entertained.

"He always declared, he didn't believe in ghosts either," floated up from the other end of the table, "but Lord," said he, "if the ghost were to appear, what good would your belief do you"

"You ought to give us your views on that point, Lawrence," Barry hastened to say. "You're the only one here who has any experience, I believe."

"How exciting!" cried Miss Crawford. "Oh, do let us hear it, Mr. Lawrence! I've always adored ghost stories, but I never believed a real genuine one would come my way."

"Well," began Lawrence reluctantly, sending a reproachful glance in Barry's direction, as the other guests joined in Miss Crawford's plea. "It's rather a ghastly tale for a festive occasion, but, since you all insist, I suppose I must do my best to harrow your feelings.

"About twenty years ago I was making my first cruise on the Asiatic station. After a pleasant summer in Japan, we had—to our great disgust—been ordered to one of the ports in Northern China to spend the winter.

"The aspect of the place, when we reached it, was not calculated to raise our spirits, but Clayton, our senior watch, was especially down at the mouth, when after ransacking the foreign settlement he could find no quarters for his wife.

"They were newly married, and she had followed him, thus far, all over the station. The idea of separation for an entire winter, therefore, was not to be tolerated, if it could be avoided.

"At the end of the second day's explorations, Clayton returned to the ship and announced that he had found a house, 'but wait,' said he, as congratulations began to pour in, 'unfortunately it's a house with a story.'

"'Well, what of that?' laughed little Ferris. 'The more stories the better. If you and Mrs. Clayton get too much of each other's company, we will all come and make you a visit.'

"Ferris was the paymaster's clerk, and he messed with us. A nice little chap, but with a thirst for practical jokes, which kept him from being too popular.

"'It's all very well to joke,' grumbled Clayton, 'but I call it confounded luck after chasing around for two days, to discover that the only available house in the place has a ghost story attached to it. Oh, yes. You may say it's ridiculous,' anticipating our remarks, 'but you see I'm looking at it from my wife's standpoint, and she is afflicted with an imagination.

"'I found my house about four this afternoon. It is a fair-sized, brick mansion, standing by itself in a large compound, and evidently had not been inhabited for some time. Attached to the main building is a small ell of two rooms, one above the other, and there is an outer stairway at the rere, leading to the verandah of the upper room.

"I was delighted with my find, and hurried off to our consul to make enquiries about the owner, wondering why no one had mentioned this property to me.

"'As soon as I had described the place, his face fell.'

"'Oh, dear me!" said he, 'I guess you don't want that house. It hasn't been rented for many years, and has a bad reputation.'

"'It will have to be pretty bad to keep me out,' I protested. 'I want it very much.'

"'I'll tell you its story,' he went on, 'and then you can judge for yourself how your wife would feel about the matter.'

"'The house used to be a consulate at one time, and the last consul who lived there had brought out not only his wife and family, but also his aged father-in-law. The old gentleman, who was very feeble and much confined to his bed, occupied the upper room in the ell, perhaps you noticed it —while the consul used the one beneath as a dining-room.

"'He and his wife were seated at dinner one breathless summer night, when their attention was raised by unusual movements in the room above. A soft, quick patter as of bare feet running, was followed by a hurried, heavier tread. The consul's wife, in great surprise, started for the door, but before she had set her foot upon the stair, a piercing cry rang out in the still night, and the heavy sound of some falling body overhead, was succeeded by an ominous silence.

"'Her husband pushing past her, ran upstairs, and threw open the door. There upon its back, with sunken eyes turned upward, lay the body of the old man, the bright blood welling in great spurts from a ghastly wound in his throat, and forming a sickening pool about him on the floor. No trace was found of the murderer, but beyond doubt, it was some Chinese thief, who under the impression that the room was unoccupied, had entered it by way of the outer stair, and finding himself mistaken in his supposition, had taken the shortest way of silencing the witness of his intended crime.

"'After this dreadful occurrence, the consulate was abandoned, and for certain reasons it has never again been reopened. The Chinese have a superstitious horror of the place, and there are very few bold enough to pass it after dark. Those who have done so, declare that they have seen faint lights flit past the windows of the old man's room, and as they hurried by, that strange, unnatural noises pursued them on their way.

"'These may be idle rumours, of course, but the natives believe them implicitly, and I doubt, if even by paying extremely high wages, you could get any servants to stay with you.'

"'That ended the consul's story," said

Clayton, 'and it also ended my hopes of a domestic hearth this winter. I'm sure Mrs. Clayton wouldn't enjoy life in a house with such disagreeable associations, and if she didn't, I should not. Even putting aside such considerations, the servant question is an unsurmountable stumbling-block. You can't live without servants in this country.'

"'Do you mean to say," demanded Herrick, our youngest, 'that nobody in this town has had enterprise enough to try for an interview with that ghost?"

"There isn't a reporter in the place, Herrick,' said Clayton, 'but if you are anxious for an interview, here are the keys of the house; I asked for them with a view to going over it myself—by daylight.'

"'I'll tell you what we'll do," suddenly burst out the executive officer, taking the keys from Herrick's willing fingers.

"'I've thought of a way we can get to the bottom of these rumours and have a spree at the same time. Let's have an impromptu supper in the haunted house to-night. We can easily take along the materials. McIntyre will supply the music, I'll make a punch, everybody must contribute something to the entertainment, and if there are any queer sights or sounds we'll investigate and report on them to some scientific paper.'

"'And if there aren't any,' added Herrick, 'Mrs. Clayton and the servants will have to put some confidence in the word of such unimpeachable witnesses.'

"The idea was enthusiastically received with one exception. Ferris remarked that he didn't see the point of eating your supper in a damp, musty hole, when you had a comfortable ward-room for the purpose, and he, for one, didn't propose to do it.

"'Ferris has had one of his periodical headaches to-day and feels grumpy,' said the doctor, 'so his opinion doesn't count. Scott, your motion is unanimously carried.'

"About nine o'clock the supper party set out on donkey-back, only the captain, navigator, one watch-officer, and Ferris remainiug on board ship.

"There was a thin covering of snow on the ground, and the donkeys moved forward in noiseless, single file. Some of the ward-room boys, unwillingly impressed into service, trotted along in the rere beside a couple of mules, loaded with paraphernalia for the feast.

"The donkey-boys stopped short within 1 hundred yards of the compound, and proved as obstinate as their beasts about going further. We dismounted and followed Clayton to a door in the brick wall, where he fumbled for a while with the key. The door swung open with a disused creak, and let us into the deserted enclosure; a tangle of wild, neglected shrubs and bushes, outlined in snow, and the dark mass of building showing dimly in the rere.

"'Come along with some of those lanterns!' called Scott to the group of Chinese boys huddled near the gate. The bright rays of light danced before us up the path, and focussed themselves on the weather-stained front door, whose rusty lock gave Clayton another struggle. As we stepped over the threshold, the breath of mould and decay that came out to meet the fresher air sickened us.

"'Faugh,' said Clayton, sniffing, 'what a musty old hole.'

"The lanterns showed long strips of paper peeling from the walls, and blotches of damp upon the ceiling; cockroaches scuttled away from the light and vanished in cracks in the flooring, and a big rat scampered across the room and disappeared in a far corner with a flourish of his tail.

"The other rooms, as we inspected them, bore the same melancholy aspect. Rot and mildew had placed their stamp on everything.

"We decided to have our modest banquet in the small dining-room in the ell, as it boasted a good open fireplace, and was more likely to furnish ghostly sensations than any other apartment on the ground floor. The servants scolded into activity, lighted candles, laid a fire, and spread the cloth for supper. What with the rosy light the fire shed upon the walls, the warmth that began to pervade the room, and the sight of good cheer upon the table. our spirits, which had not been exactly hilarious during our tour of inspection, were soon on the rise.

"The supper was really a very jolly affair. Scott brewed a great bowl of punch. McIntyre thrummed on his guitar, and we all joined in the choruses of his songs; even the servants began to gain confidence, and chatted affably to each other as they crouched over the little charcoal stoves which had served to warm our viands.

"About midnight there was a pause in the merriment, and Herrick took advantage of it to remark solemnly, 'It doesn't strike me that we are giving the ghost a fair chance. He never could make himself heard in all this racket. Let's blow out the lights and keep quiet for a while.'

"Some one rose at this suggestion and blew out the candles. The fire from lack of fuel was dying down in dull, red embers. The cigars of the smokers made little fiery points in the darkness of the room. The doctor began a ghost story, which the surroundings made effective.

"Suddenly the man next me gripped my arm. 'Hush!' he whispered. 'What's that noise?'

"The doctor's story broke off abruptly, and there was a breathless silence. Into it it fell the sound of a soft, foot-fall. I clenched my hands, and the blood hammered in my temples. The foot-fall came from the room above.

"In the second that followed. as we stared into the darkness, came the thread of hurrying feet. A wild cry of agony echoed through the silent house, and while it still rang in our ears, something dropped dull and heavy overhead.

"Shaking off the spell that seemed to chain my limbs, I with two or three others ran for the stairs, while the rest began to grope for candles and matches in the chaos of the supper table.

"I was the first to reach the upper door. It resisted, but I pulled with all my strength, threw it open, and sprang inside. To my dismay before the others could follow, it sprang to with a click, leaving me alone in a blackness that seemed peopled with horrors.

"I turned to fumble for the latch. and my foot struck something soft and heavy. A cold perspiration broke out on me, and my voice when I could have raised it to call to my comrades, died in my throat.

"Compelling my stiffened nerves to act, I stooped with outstretched hand towards the floor. My fingers touched something liquid, warm, and flowing.

"I cannot tell what I felt. It was an eternity to me before the door burst open, and the welcome light shone in.

"'What is it, Lawrence?' cried Clayton, who was the foremost, staring at my white face and dripping fingers.

"I could only to point to where I felt the dreadful object lay, turning my head aside.

"'My God!' I heard Scott breathe in awe-struck tones. 'if it isn't little Ferris.'

"I turned then and saw by the flickering candlelight a scene I have never been able to forget. The blood which stained my fingers spread in a sluggish pool upon the planking, and in it lay the body of the little clerk. The dark stream flowing from a horrible gash in his throat showed too plainly the manner of his death .

"The doctor bending over the body raised the clenched right hand, and laying it softly down, shook his head. We looked at each other with pale faces. McIntyre was the first to rouse himself.

"'See here!' said he, 'we're wasting precious time. There may be a chance of catching the ruffian who has done this work.'

"We welcomed the suggestion of human agency and of action in the matter, and with our lanterns searched thoroughly the house and grounds, but all in vain. The long window leading on to the upper verandah was open, but, as Scott said, that proved nothing, for Ferris must have entered that way by the outer staircase. The whole affair seemed so mysterious that we hardly knew what to think. and it was a sad little procession that returned to the ship in the dull, grey morning .

"Those who had remained on board were inexpressibly shocked at the awful ending of the frolic, but were not surprised, as we had been at Ferris' presence in the house. 'I rather think,' said the navigator, 'that the poor little chap meant to give you all a bad scare by playing the ghost. He left the ship about an hour after you did, saying he was going to see that you were not disappointed in your "spook." It turned out a ghastly joke for him, poor boy.'

"The next day, having obtained permission from the consul, Clayton and I went to the haunted house with a working party from the ship, and made an exhaustive search in the ill-fated room. Our efforts were rewarded. Under some of the planking, which proved to be loose, we found a complete outfit of counterfeiter's tools.

"It then required little imagination to piece out the story. The house had evidently been chosen because of its evil reputation, as the den of a gang of counterfeiters, and the lights and noises necessary to their work, had served their purpose well by increasing the superstitious terrors of the Chinese in regard to the place.

"On the night of our supper, one of the band coming to the scene of his labours, must have found Ferris in possession, and in pursuance of the maxim that 'dead men tell no tales,' had promptly disposed of his defenceless victim.

"Subsequent events showed this theory to be absolutely correct, for investigations being set on foot by the Chinese magistrates, the gang was discovered, and under the torture too commonly practiced in yamens, one of their number confessed to the murder.

"And so you see," concluded Lawrence. "my ghost story, strictly speaking, is not a ghost story after all, but unfortunately it required a human life to demonstrate the fact."

LIQUID AIR POWER.

The result of tests of a liquid air plant, made at Cornell University, reported at the Pittsburg meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, indicates that the expenditure of one horse-power continuously for one hour results in the production of just enough liquid air to produce, if utilised in its turn as a source of power, in a perfect machine, one horse-power for one minute. The experimenter adds that the most efficient method of obtaining liquid air as yet discovered would increase the time to only five minutes.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

SLIABH-NA-M-BAN.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Sir—I forgot to mention in connection with the Raithin beside Lough Gur, that Mr. John Hayes informs me that it was destroyed nearly sixty years ago, when some human bones and quern stones were found. There is a slip with reference to Iffa, which is explained later on as being the Irish Ui Fatha. In "Lives from Book of Lismore," Crimthann Nia Nair, or "hero of Nar," is stated to have gone with Nar thuathchaech ("blind of the left eye") into Sidh Buidb, or Sidh of Bodb, and though this Sidh Buidb is not to be equated with Sidh Buidb beside Lough Deargh, or Sidh Buidb of Sliabhnam-Ban, still the mention made in this tale of Nar of Sidh Buidb is of importance, especially when Nar, termed a banshee, and wife of Crimthann, is made daughter of Lotan, that is, Lodan, and Crimthann is said to be son of Lughaid of the Red Stripes, son of the Three White Twins, who are named Bres, Nar, and Lothar, which are incorrectly explained by Professor Rhys. According to "Corca Laidhe," Nar is son of Fermora of Ara Cliach, but in the tale of "The Destruction of the Court of Da Derga," Nar is swineherd of Bodh of Sidh Buidb of Sliabhnam-Ban. In the notes on Sliabh na m-Ban, I have forgotten to refer to the tale of Crimthann and Nar. Crimthann Nia Nair (and in other tales we have Cairbre Nia Nair) is connected with Howth, on which was a fort, named from him, from which he went to Oenach Find, where he obtained the Golden Chariot, the Golden Chessboard, and tunic, which he brought to Dun Crimthainn. There is an interesting note concerning Croabh Mughna by Dr. Stokes, "Edinburgh Dinnshenches," p. 67. Mughna, or Mugain, is stated to be the name of a vast yew tree, the top whereof was as broad as the whole plain, which bore fruit thrice a year: "Apples, wonderful, marvellous; nuts, round, blood-red; and acorns, brown, ridgy." In order to understand such tales as this of Mughna we must obtain from the mythology the explanation of the yew, apple, nut, and acorn, which are merely symbols in the tale. Yggdrasil of the North was an ash tree, but Iduna's apples were regarded as the fruits of Yggdrasil. There is a valuable note concerning sacred trees in the Rev. C. J. Ball's "Handbook of Descriptions to the Teacher's Roll of Bible Illustrations." "The worship of a sacred tree is common to almost all ancient religions. Among the Arabs, Phoenicians, Canaanites, Jews (cf., the groves, or rather Asherahs, 1 Kings, 14-23; 2 Kings, 17-10), among the Indians, the Persians, and the Scandinavians, this form of idolatry is found. It is, therefore, natural to find apparent traces of it in the sculptures of Assyria and Babylonia. It appears to have been most prevalent in Assyria during the Middle Empire, B.C., 900-721: and the representations are found at Nimrud (Calah, Gen. 10-11), and Khorsabad (Dur Sargina, or "Sargon's Castle"), but not at Nineveh. The peculiar form of the tree may possibly be due to a conventional combination of three sacred trees belonging to three ancient traditions.

According to an old Babylonian hymn in praise of the god Ea, or Ia,

"In Eridu a dark gishkin tree grew,
On holy ground it sprang up,
Its appearance was that of gleaming lapis lazuli,
Lying in the deep."

Yours faithfully,
J. F. LYNCH.

JOHN MacDERMOTT (EXECUTED 1793.)

Astoria, New York, Dec. 7, 1902.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH CATHOLIC.

My Dear Sir.—As a member of the American-Irish Historical Society and a son of the late General Thomas W Sweeny, United States Army, the Secretary of War and Commander-in-Chief of the American-Irish forces during the Fenian invasion of Canada in 1866, I am naturally interested in the accounts of the leaders in the revolutionary movement in Ireland in the last century. Your reference to John MacDermott (in "Notes and Queries"), as having been hanged for riot and burglary at Castle Tennison causes me to give you what information I have at hand that may clear his name of that calumny. John MacDermott, son of Edward MacDermott, of Coote Hall, was one of the only Catholic gentlemen who took up the cause of the people when their representatives acquiesced to the humiliating terms given them in 1793. He commanded the "Defenders of Roscommon, of whom Wolfe Tone says: "These men, are called Defenders, are completely organised on a military plan, divided according to their respective districts, and officered by men chosen by themselves; the principle of their union is implicit obedience to the orders of those whom they have elected for their generals, and whose object is the emancipation of their country, the subversion of English usurpation, and the bettering of the condition of the wretched peasantry of Ireland.' Musgrave says that the body under MacDermott's command at the fight at Castle Tennison consisted of 6,000 men. He (MacDermott), as leader in deed as well as name, had half his face shot away, and sought refuge with his former tutor. The reward was so great that he was betrayed. The authorities desired to make an example of him, but after two trials failed to convict him, through the cleverness of his counsel. He was then brought to Dublin, concealed in a barrel (to prevent an uprising of the people), under an escort of the 14th Dragoons. Here the authorities had everything their own way, and he was convicted and bravely met his well-earned execution through the fortunes of war. The bearers of the name of this young martyr will be pleased to know that his individuality and heroism in leading this forlorn hope is looked upon as an inspiration in this country.—Respectfully yours,

WILLIAM M. SWEENY.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF EDMUND BURKE.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Sir—In your issue of December 6th, I notice among the "Literary Notes" that "C. K. S" in the "Sphere" gives a photograph of No. 12 Arran quay, Dublin, in which Edmund Burke was born. I have before me as I write a "Memoir of the Right Honourable Edmund Burke," printed and published in August, 1797, by H D Symonds, No. 20 Paternoster row, London, in which I find the town of Limerick, in Ireland, was the birthplace of Burke. His father was a Protestant, a man of considerable ability, good character, and in extensive practice as an attorney. His son received the first part of his education under Mr Shackleton, a Quaker, who kept an academy at Ballytore, near Carlow. This Quaker was a very skilful and successful teacher, at whose school many eminent men have been educated. May I ask what is the authority for stating that Edmund Burke was born in Dublin?—I am, etc,

J. G. B.

Limerick.

THE FAIRY BOY.

By D. Anster (who was a native of Charleville, Co. Cork).

The summer sun was sinking
With a mild light, calm and yellow,
It shone on my little boy's bonny cheeks,
And his loose locks of yellow.

The robin was singing sweetly,
And his song was sad and tender;
And my little boy's eyes, as he heard the song,
Smiled with a sweet, soft splendour.

My little boy lay on my bosom,
While his soul the song was quaffing;
The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,
And his heart and his eye were laughing.

I sat alone in my cottage
The midnight needle plying;
I feared for my child, for the rush's light
In the socket now was dying.

There came a hand to my lonely latch,
Like the wind at midnight, moaning;
I knelt to pray, but rose again—
For I heard my little boy groaning!

I crossed my brow, and I crossed my breast,
But that night my child departed!
They left a weakling in his stead,
And I am broken-hearted!

Oh! it cannot be my own sweet boy,
For his eyes are dim and hollow—
My little boy is gone to God,
And his mother soon will follow.

The dirge for the dead will be sung for me,
And the Mass be chaunted meetly,
And I will sleep with my little boy
In the moonlight churchyard sweetly.

THE LESSER CASTLES IN THE COUNTY OF DUBLIN.*

ON DUBBER AND SPRICKLESTOWN.

BY E. R. M'C. DIX.

DUBBER.

In a letter which appeared in the "Irish Builder," in the year 1899, I referred to the names of some of the Castles in the county of Dublin, of which I had then no information. Amongst these was that formerly at Dubber (Tobair, a well), now the name of a place situate to the north of the village of Finglas. Since then Mr. T. Richardson went there to see how much of this Castle still remains.

The modern Dubber is off the right hand side of the road from Santry to Dunsoghly Castle, and is reached by a lane near Finglas, which forms a loop on the road about half a mile long. The present buildings at Dubber stand on the right hand side of the lane at the point furthest from the main road, and are a modern farmhouse, with the usual out offices. The only old work appears to be in use as part of the back wall of the barn, standing east and west. This barn is about 40 feet long, and the portion of it appearing different and older than the rest forms the east portion of the back (or south wall), and is 14 feet in length and 10 feet high. Mr. Richardson considers, from an examination of this portion, that it was probably part of an entrance since built up, as there are traces of what look like side piers projecting slightly from the existing wall. In the old part of the wall there are also traces of a small square window, which is now partly built up, on the left of the conjectural entrance. This window was probably for use in connection with the gateway. Numbers of stones and bricks are heaped along the hedges about the place, and he was shown in one hedge the remains of an oven or baking hearth (taken out of a wall near the barn), which reminded him of the one in the ruined Archiepiscopal Palace at Swords. These were formed by constructing an arched recess at the time of building the house.

The present tenant of Dubber courteously showed Mr. Richardson through the place, and told him that when he commenced some years ago to dig the garden, which is at the back of the barn, he turned up so many stones and bricks, laying bare foundations, some of which were five feet deep, that he was ultimately compelled to abandon all further digging of the garden. It is now in pasture. All these show that a former building stood here of considerable proportions.

A stone which is in the corner of the paddock, on the north-west side of the present

*For some months I contributed articles to the "Irish Builder" on this subject, and had nearly exhausted the subject, when on the retirement of Mr Roe, so long its worthy proprietor, the "Builder" passed into other hands, and its scope and contents being somewhat changed, the following final article could not appear. In this journal it may, however, not inappropriately appear, though three years have elapsed since it was penned.

ANOTHER "WATTY COX" CARICATURE.

(From the "Irish Magazine and Monthly Asylum of Neglected Biography," 1811.)



JEMMY O'BRIEN, AND HIS WORKING TOOLS.

barn, Mr. Richardson was told, indicated the site where a building had been, and in connection with which the usual legends of money being hidden under it exist, but the stone has not been disturbed for many years, if it ever has been.

SPRICKLESTOWN.

I desire at the same time to mention that all trace of the Castle at Spricklestown, the name of a small townland near the Ward, on the very west border of the county, has vanished. Messrs. Richardson and Brilley, both at my request, kindly visited the place, the former twice, and made inquiries of many local people, who all stated that nowhere else in the county Dublin bore this name, but they had never seen or even heard of a castle here. Their knowledge would be good for more than 60 years, that is, back to about 1830.

In 1785, when Mr. Austin Cooper, the well-known antiquary, visited this neighbourhood, he saw here the substantial remains of a Castle, a small sketch of which he attached to his notes, which were recently in the possession of his grandson, the late Mr. Austin Damer Cooper, of Druimnigh, Baldoyle. The remains were one side of a tower, and the walls of the body. In the buildings and place, however, now called Spricklestown, Messrs. Richardson and Briley could see very little resemblance to the Castle and surroundings in the small sketch by Mr. Cooper. Perhaps at the beginning of the century the Castle was pulled down, and the stones probably used in the buildings which still bear the name of Spricklestown.

One of these is the ruins of a farmhouse consisting of two low buildings at right angles. The roof of one appears to have been destroyed by fire. The name of the place does not appear clear; it was probably a personal one during the Norman times.

I fear that these fragmentary remains are all that now exist of many other Castles.

O'CONNELL'S DANCE.

HOW AN IRISH SAILOR GOT A BRIDE OF ROYAL BLOOD.

A STRANGE STORY OF THE PACIFIC.

By John R. Musick.

The Caroline Islands in the Pacific are a group which came into notoriety a few years ago through their purchase by Germany from Spain. They are sometimes called the New Philippines, and lie between the Philippines and Ladrones, the Marshal Islands and Papaa. They are generally flat, and afford no secure anchorage. The climate of the Carolines is mild and agreeable. The original inhabitants were of Malay origin, were warlike, but have of later years become quite docile. They are chiefly fishermen, and make excellent sailors.

The Carolines, like every other inhabited island of the Great Pacific, have their story, in fact, have many stories. The story we shall select to tell at present dates back to 1826, when the islanders were less civilised than at present.

An English vessel named John Bull, under Captain Barkus, was wrecked on one of the coral reefs. Barkus at the time of the wreck lay helplessly drunk on the hencoop, but was roused and placed in one of the boats.

On board the vessel was a missionary and his wife and daughter. The ladies were placed in one boat, and the husband and father in another.

All the crew escaped immediate death, and put to sea in open boats. The missionary's wife and daughter died at the end of three or four days from exposure and were buried at sea.

Next day after the burial of these Christian ladies, the boat in which they had left the wreck and which was lost to sight to all others, sighted land, which proved to be a coral reef. It was past noon before they discovered an opening through it.

When they had effected a passage they found themselves in a smooth bosom of water, and saw hundreds of canoes launching and putting off towards them. They approached to within a short distance, and turning about retreated. This was repeated a dozen times, when they began to shower arrows and missiles at them. The sailors, knowing the folly of resisting such a host, threw themselves in the bottom of the boat until the stones and arrows had passed, and then made friendly signals to the natives.

Satisfied that the strangers did not intend to harm them the natives now made a dash at their boat, which they towed ashore.

After the sailors were landed, they were stripped of their clothing, and everything in the boat, whale-irons, tubs, muskets, and provisions taken out. The boat was hauled up on the beach, and the six sailors, all left of the boat's crew, taken to the canoe house.

They were seated on mats in the centre of the house, and yams, bread-fruit, plantins, bananas, fish, and bits of cold game were brought them. The building was crowded with natives, who sat cross-legged, like Turks, the women sitting on their heels. A continual buzz of conversation ran through the assembly, each talking to his neighbour, and gesturing excitedly.

The interjection or sound indicative of pleasure or surprise was a cluck, which sound was in abundance.

Parties came down where the sailors sat admiring the whiteness of their skins and the blue veins, and giving expression to frequent clucks. This personal examination made, the sailors fear the savages were cannibals, who were inspecting them with a view

to making a feast of them. This horrible suspicion was strengthened when two or three wood fires were built, covered with stones.

This fear was so excessive that they gave themselves up for lost. There was an Irish sailor named O'Connell among them, who felt convinced the natives were not cannibals, but that a feast was to be prepared for their visitors. They were too good humoured to mean any harm to them.

In a sort of desperate recklessness, O'Connell determined to try the experiment of dancing before the savage audience. When he proposed it to his comrades they tried to reason him out of what they regarded criminal, thoughtless conduct, in view of the horrible death that awaited them. The prospect was certainly not agreeable, but O'Connell determined upon his experiment. Accordingly he sprang to his feet and struck an attitude; a cluck of pleasure ran through the savage audience, and one of them, readily understanding his intention, spread a mat for him.

He struck up Garryowen, and danced away in that famous jig to the best of his ability and agility. The savages were highly delighted, though there was no loud demonstration or applause.

The peeping over each others shoulders and continual cluck, cluck, cluck, evinced their pleasure.

Before the dance was finished the cause for which the fire was built became apparent, greatly relieving those who expected to be roasted and eaten. The fires were kindled to roast dogs for the feast. Other preparations, such as the pounding of jago, roasting of game, all indicated that preparations were being made for a feast.

After O'Connell's dance was concluded the sailors were separated from each other, each being the nucleus of a group of natives, who could not sufficiently admire and examine him.

Food and a kind of drink called jago was brought them. They ate the food, but the jago they found they could not swallow. It was pungent, unpleasant in taste, and a very strong narcotic in effect.

For three or four days there was a continual feast with fresh arrivals from a distance, come to see the wonderful strangers.

On the fourth day after their landing there was an arrival of a fleet of canoes, with the head and other chiefs.

The sailors were again inspected by the newcomers, and it was the fortune of O'Connell and a sailor named George Keenan to be selected by the principal chief.

The remaining four sailors were apportioned about among other tribes, and their property brought on shore and divided.

On the next day O'Connell's new friend and master left the island with him and George Keenan. After a voyage of eight or nine hours at sea in open canoes with outriggers arranged so as to prevent their tipping over, the party arrived at the home of the chief.

A great feast celebrated the return of the chief to his home, at which O'Connell repeated the Irish jig which had taken so well on his landing. It was no doubt the heels of O'Connell which induced the chief to select him.

Next day after their arrival O'Connell and George had their ditty bags restored to them. In O'Connell's bag were some books and a shaving glass.

The shaving glass did not last long, but while it lasted it was kept sacred to the eyes of the aristocracy, never permitting a plebian glance to fall upon it. He carried it around with him on his visit to chiefs, and those who were permitted to have a glance at the magic glass, gave vent to such expressions of wonder and delight and made such grotesque grimaces that the sailors could not refrain from laughing at them. They imagined that the reflection of their images was caused by a spirit behind the glass, consequently some awe was mingled with their delight.

One day during his absence the natives destroyed the frame and scraped off the quicksilver in order to get at the geni that produced the reflection.

The sailors had been about two days in their new residence when the natives began to show them their tattooed arms and legs, and by signs and gestures that they must be similarly marked.

On the fourth or fifth day O'Connell and George were put on board a canoe with six natives, who paddled a short distance along the shore and then turned into a creek, wide at the mouth, but soon narrowing till there was not room for two canoes to go abreast.

A hut was reached on the banks of the creek where they landed, and entered it, their conductors remained outside.

No person was there to receive them, and for more than half an hour the sailor busied themselves with guesses and speculations as to the end to which they were tending.

To their astonishment they were at last visited by half a dozen women bearing implements, the use of which they were soon to learn to their sorrow. George was made to sit in one corner and O'Connell in another, the women being equally divided between them.

O'Connell observed that one of the women who approached him had a calabash filled with some dark kind of liquor; another took his left hand, and squeezed it in hers so as to draw the flesh tight across the back. Then a little silver bamboo was dipped in the liquid and applied to his hand, upon which it left a straight black mark. The third then produced a small flat piece of wood, with thorns pierced through one end. This she dipped in the black liquid, then resting the points of the thorns upon the mark on his hand, with a sudden blow from a stick, drove the thorns into the flesh.

O'Connell summoned all his fortitude and set his teeth and bore the excruciating pain like a martyr. Between every blow the dusky beauty dipped her thorns in the ink.

While O'Connell was engaged in his own process of tattooing he heard from his companion.

'Oh, look out, you she-devil," he yelled, as the thorns were driven into his flesh. He swore and raved in every tongue known to him. He wished all sorts of plagues to light upon his tormentors. prayed that the island might be sunk by an earthquake, prayed for an armed fleet to sweep the "hell's minions" off the face of the earth.

But he was bound, and all his raving served only to amuse the women. The operators often suspended their work to mimic him and contrast his conduct with O'Connell's.

"Narlic-a-Nutt much a purk"—Narlic-a-Nutt (his name is a coward); "Jim aroche ma coo mot"—Jim chief brave).

After O'Connell's executioner had battered his hand awhile she wiped it with a sponge. He hoped she had finished; but no; she held up his hand, squinted at the lines, as a carpenter would true a board, then she commenced again, pricking with thorns places where she thought the mark was imperfect. The correction of the work was infinitely worse than the first infliction.

In about an hour and a half the hands were finished and the women went away, taking their tools, after smearing the tatooed parts with cocoanut oil, and putting pulverised coal upon it.

They were left alone for a few hours, when there came a fresh bevy of thise tender ladies who continued operations on the left arm. When night came they were told they could sleep.

After breakfast next day the women returned, and the tattooing recommenced. George howled and yelled so outrageously he was left off with disgust, but there was no excuse for O'Connell.

For eight days the work continued, until not only his arms and legs but his entire body was covered with the marks of the tattooer. For a month he was too sore to leave the hut and at times thought he would die. George was permitted to remain with him, but he was regarded by the natives as a coward, because he could not endure pain.

During the time the application of cocoanut oil and charcoal gave him somewhat the resemblance of a rhinoceros.

When O'Connell recovered he supposed the tattooing was over, but he had not been ashore at the village three hours before, by the chief's direction, one of his daughters prepared to mark him still more. She tattooed a ring on his right breast, another on his left shoulder, and two about his right arm.

This, however, was but the prick of a needle compared with the extensive printing business which had been prosecuted upon his body at the tattoo house, and he made no complaint.

Many dogs were killed, and there was a great feast in honour of his courage and endurance.

George knew how to play a fife, and he manufactured one out of a bamboo stick, which he played for O'Connell to dance, which greatly delighted the natives. The clucking failing to express the delight of the natives, they broke out into a tremendous laugh. George's music saved him from disgrace, for he had been charged with cowardice.

It was not until the second day that George and O'Connell suspected what all this tattooing portended. O'Connell learned that the chief's daughter, who had imprinted the circle on his breast and shoulder, was to be his wife; and that the last finishing touches she gave him was the marriage ceremony. Upon the third morning his bride led him away for a bath, and the day was spent in feasting and dancing, as upon the preceding days. In all their feasting and drinking there was no quarrelling or fighting.

The liquor pressed from the jago is a powerful narcotic, and produces a deep, stupid sleep without exciting the nerves, or arousing the mind of the victim as other liquor.

George was provided with a wife, but she was a woman of no rank; his unwillingness to submit to the process of tattooing did not admit of his marrying one of the first ladies of the land. O'Connell's wife's father was named Ahoundel-a-Nutt, chief of the most powerful island enclosed by the reef, and set down on the charts of that day as the Island of the Ascension. He gave O'Connell his own name, Ahoundel, but he was oftener known as Jem-aroche, while George Keenan's name was Narlic. The first name meant brave, and the second coward.

In speaking of his wife O'Connell said:

"I never had more reason to complain of my wife than the majority of people in civilised countries have. She was only about fourteen years of age, affectionate, neat, faithful, and, barring too frequent indulgences in the flesh of baked dogs, which would give her breath something of a canine odour, she was a very agreeable consort. During my residence upon the island she presented me with two pretty little demi-savages, a little girl and a boy, who stands a chance in his turn to succeed his grandfather in the government of the island."

O'Connell's father-in-law seems to have been a very indulgent parent. He took the Irishman into his house, and would not permit him to live away from there. The many tender evidence of affection on the part of his wife must have made the parting of her civilised husband very sad. She accompanied him on his walks and in his canoe rides, was always at his side, looking up affectionately into his face. She studied his wants, and took every means in her power to gratify them. She taught him their language, and the task was a labour of love.

Her dower was in canoes, Nigurts (slaves) and lands. The estate was considerable, and

had O'Connell chosen to have cultivated it and remained upon it, he would have become a very wealthy man.

O'Connell's royal father-in-law loved a practical joke, and accompanying the sailor and his wife on their honeymoon bridal tour, would often persuade O'Connell to rush into a house with a yell and strike an attitude. If it was in a hut of one of the Carolines who had never seen a white man, the scampering to the right and left of women and children was so comical that the old chief clapped his hands on his sides and roared with laughter.

The chief evidently feared he would ultimately lose the white men, and took every precaution possible to retain them. They were furnished with small fishing boats to go from one island to another in Ahoundel-a-Nutt's province, but were warned not to go to any of the other islands which he represented as inhabited by cannibals, who would delight in eating them.

Their excursion from island to island in the provinces were pleasant. Often as they paddled along the coast or up some river, George would take his fife and make the forests echo with its shrill sounds. At the first notes of the fife the natives would come running from every direction, crying:

"Narlic! Narlic! Narlic! Narlic Cudjong!" Cudjong was the name the natives had bestowed on George's fife. The shore would then be lined with listeners, and while O'Connell kept the boat in motion so as to avoid the banks, George played the flute.

They were invariably invited to land on these occasions, and then O'Connell was persuaded to dance to George's music.

The two on one occasion came very near getting themselves into trouble. The eel was sacred to the islanders. In the fresh water they found eels in large abundance, and on one occasion stole off up one of the streams where they caught, cooked, and ate a large number of them. This might have passed unnoticed had they concealed the bones. Next day some natives discovered some of the bones of the forbidden fish, and such wailing and cries of distress as rose on the air, they had never heard before.

The hastened to the spot and found men, women, and children kneeling, or completely prostrated, beating their breasts, and rocking to and fro, or rolling upon the ground. They at first supposed some great calamity had befallen them, but soon ascertained that all that mourning and wailing was over the small pyramid of eel bones they had left behind them. The sailors, under the exciting circumstances, decided it was prudent to keep silent. For two or three days the lamentations continued; it spread from place to place and from hut to hut; on every side was weeping and lamentation.

The sailors thought they saw some looks indicative of suspicion, but when the bones were buried with great ceremony by the chief's orders the hubbub ceased. Then a great load seemed lifted from the breasts of the sailors, who decided not to make another feast of eels.

On one occasion O'Connell was ill, and, as was usual in such cases, a journey was proposed for him to take him beyond the influence of the evil spirit. He impressed that rest would be more advantageous than a journey through the sun, declined to accompany the party running away from the devil.

This did not prevent the chief, some of his nobles, and even O'Connell's wife from going on the journey. As he lay on his couch reflecting on the conduct of his wife, O'Connell thought that her conjugal affection should have kept her at his bedside, and he resolved to have revenge upon her.

He was considerable better in body on her return, though of sour temper. His sole wedding present to her had been a few blue glass beads, which she prized very highly, and these he crushed between two stones before her eyes. The poor little savage wife ran from the house, and sitting down on the edge of a stone, began to cry like a child. Somewhat ashamed of his act, O'Connell followed her, and endeavoured to pacify her, but it was no use. The only answer she made him was to kick like a spoiled child.

It was not until the tide flowed in and the water was up to her elbows that he could induce her to come away, though she still continued to bellow for her beads. At night O'Connell went to sleep and left her weeping. Shes had refused to eat, though fish and the most delicate bits of roast puppy were offered her. O'Connell awoke about midnight, however, and found her satisfying her appetite on roast dog. He said nothing, thinking her returning appetite a good omen; but when he awoke next morning, clouds and darkness still sat on the countenance of Laowni, his wife.

All day long she wore the same sulks, giving him an occasional look of anything but affection, but not vouchsafing a word. At night he took George with him, and instead of sleeping in the canoe house, which was then Ahoundel's quarters, went to his house proper. There they built a fire, and just as they had arrived at the sage conclusion that his majesty of Nutt and family wer not in the best of humour, they were surprised by a visit from the chief,, accompanied by a native whom they had detected stealing a knife, and two others, all armed with spears.

Without saying a word they sat down at a little distance, biting their nether lips, as is always their custom when vexed or in a passion. O'Connell asked them the reason for the visit, but received no answer. George sat by his side, shivering like a leaf, and every moment expecting to be killed, though O'Connell assured him the visit was intended only for himself.

At last their disagreeable state of suspense was relieved by the appearance of Laowni, who beckoned her father and the armed warriors outside, and they saw no more of them that day.

It was two or three days, however, before the reconciliation between O'Connell and his wife was complete, for he took it upon him to sulk in the most civilised way when she relented. This lesson, however, taught him better than to trifle with the property and comfort of his wife, whose father might inflict summary punishment on him without being amenable for it to any power on earth. Ahoundel left the canoe house with a determination to put him to death, and it was the intercession of Laowni, who followed the party, that saved him.

On the whole the adventure had a good effect, for it impressed the savages with the coolness and courage of the white men in time of danger. They had an opportunity a few months later to fully try the courage of the sailors. Wajai-a-Hoo, chief of a neighbouring island, declared war against Ahoundel-a-Nutt on account of O'Connell's marriage to the daughter of the chief who had promised him the girl for a wife. As Wajai-a-Hoo already had several wives, he ought not to have felt the disappointment very keenly. Nevertheless nothing but blood would satisfy his injured affections, and he declared war.

The armies of Ahoundel-a-Nutt were mustered at once, and preparations made for carrying the war into the island of Wajai. Ahoundel-a-Nutt's soldiers numbered about fifteen hundred, mustered from the main island and two tributaries. Hand and Parlour. Each canoe was furnished with smooth, round stones, stowed away in the bottom, and each native provided with a sling, a spear, a bow and arrows, and war club. The spears were from five to eight feet in length, and barbed with the back bone of a fish, preserving five or six joints, with the protruding bones, like arrow barbs. The clubs were made of heavy wood ,and notched about eighteen inches or two feet in length. The natives were dressed in their best savage articles of adornment, their heads dressed with flowers, but no paina was put on their flesh, except smearing with cocoanut oil and curry.

Ahoundel with his fleet of canoes sailed, or rather paddled, to Wajai's island, and found the enemy in battle array in their canoes prepared to receive them.

When near enough for the battle Ahoundel and Wajai both sprang to their feet on the platforms of their canoes, flourishing their spears, and set up shouts of defiance, while the air was cracked with the blowing of conch shells. The inferior chiefs on both sides rose and joined in the cry, and the engagement commenced with hurling stones from slings. The stones were about one pound in weight, and when the parties were only thirty or forty yards apart, were thrown with tremendous precision.

Several canoes were broken and sunk on both sides, and many killed from volleys of stones. The stones exhausted, arrows and spears were used, the fleets gradually nearing each other until the battle was canoe to canoe, and hand to hand. The natives seized each other by the hair and thrust spears into each others bodies, or cut each other with sharp shells.

Wajai was killed by a stone hurled with such force it crushed his skull. A shout of joy on one side, and a murmur of grief on the other, followed the disaster to the Wajaians.

The Nuttites forced their enemy to land. The Wajaians defended every foot of ground to their doors. An hour and a half of hard fighting brought them to the estate of the chief. The women and children had fled to the woods, and the warriors, defeated and broken, had followed them.

There was no effort at pursuit. The battle ended the war, and Ahoundel returned home to celebrate his great victory with a feast of roast dogs.

In 1813 an American vessel, "The Spy of Salem," from Boston, arrived at the island. O'Connell and George went aboard it, and determined to return to the land of civilisation. They had passed seven years among the savages, and had families from whom they separated with regret; yet the hope and prospect of returning to the land of civilisation caused them to determine on deserting them.

Captain Knight, of the "Spy of Salem," got into trouble with the natives, which resulted in bloodshed, and the poor islanders were really glad to get rid of the vessel.

O'Connell never saw or heard from his wife and children after leaving the island.

THE MILKY WAY.

A SYSTEM WHICH GIVES US A VAGUE IDEA OF THE ETERNITY OF SPACE.

The Milky Way, the grandest feature of the "firmament which bends above us," the hazy path which so majestically bands the whole fabric of the skies together, is now known to be composed of a grand aggregation of at least 18,000,000 suns, each as large as, or larger, than that which makes vegetable and animal life an earthly possibility. One is apt when allowing the mind to revert to the contemplation of these misty and indistinct astronomical subjects to measure their magnitude, or attempt to measure it, by making terrestrial comparisons. It is obvious, however, upon more mature reflection that such comparisons are worse than "odious." The bulk of our sun exceeds that of the earth 1,200,000 times, being 600 times greater than that of the bulk of his whole train of planets taken collectively. This being the case, what basis can we use for calculating the magnitude of 18,000,000 suns, each, as I have said before, probably larger than that which gives us heat and light. The infinite number of suns which, taken together, make up the Milky Way are not set at a uniform distance from our earth, or even from our sun. In fact, they appear to work altogether independently of either this mundane sphere or our "glorious orb of day." The majority of them are planted at a distance too remote to be even imperfectly measured or understood. Some of them are so near (?) that light, which travels at the rate of 185,000 miles per second, would cross the distance between us and them in the period of about ten years. Others, however, are so remote that it would take a full thousand years for their light to reach us.

THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK.

By CHARLES SMITH, M.D.

Æquum est enim meminisse & me, qui discerem hominem esse, et vos, qui Judicetis ut si probabilia dicentur nihil ultra requiratis. Cicero Univers

In Two Volumes.

VOL I.

The Second Edition, with Additions.

BOOK II.

Containing the Topographical Description of this County, including the City of Cork.

Chapter II.—Continued.

Carrigtohil is a small village, eight miles E. of Cork (5), seated on an arm of the sea, which at high water flows under a bridge of four arches, and overspreads a large tract of land, making an excellent marsh for fattening horses. In the parish church is a monument of Italian marble, erected to the memory of Sir James Cotter, anno 1688. Near this place, to the N.E., is a large cavity running under a rock for a considerable way in the earth. A mile to the W. is Killycloin, an agreeable seat of Alderman Knap, of Cork. Anngrove, formerly called Ballinsperig, at no great distance from the other, is finely situated on a rising hill, which commands an extensive prospect over Cork harbour, the great island, &c. It was sometime since a seat of the late Earl of Barrymore, when Lord Buttevant, and is now occupied by Mr. Grady: And half a mile to the S. is the ruin of the castle of Barry's-Court, which gave title of baron to the Earls of Barrymore. Near this castle is the passage into the great island (6), called formerly the island of Barrymore, from its belonging to that family. As a defence to this passage (7), the only one by which the island can be entered at low water, stands Bellvelly castle (8), built by one of the Hodnet family, formerly a very potent sept in this country. On an escutcheon, cut in stone on the castle wall, is a bend lozengee. This island forms one side of Cork harbour, and is four miles long and two broad. The chief place in it is Cove, a village seven miles from Cork, built under a high, steep hill, the shore on this side of the island being bold, and the water of a great depth. Opposite to this village, his Majesty's ships of war ride, and the largest vessels trading to Cork generally anchor at this place, upwards of 200 sail having been moored here often during the late war, with sufficient room for twice as many in the bay. From Cove, the harbour's mouth seems closed, by the island called Spike, lying opposite to the entrance; so that this harbour is not unlike the fine description given by Virgil, in his first Æneid, of a beautiful port.

Est in secessu longo locus; insula portum
Efficit, objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reducros:
Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes, geminique minantur
In cœlum scopuli; quorum sub vertice latê
Æquora tuta silent. tum silvis scena coruscis
Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbra.

Within a long recess, there lies a bay,
An island shades it from the rolling sea,
And forms a port, secure for ships to ride,
Broke by the jutting land on either side,
In double streams the briny waters glide,
Betwixt two rows of rocks: A sylvan scene
Appears above, and groves for ever green.
—Dryden.

The eastern channel of the island is the deepest, an dall large ships sail through it. Besides Spike island, there is another called Hawlbowlin, lying west of it, happily situated, serving as another mound to prevent the tide of ebb and land floods from damaging ships riding before Cove. Thus nature has formed a port, provided for against every accident in as regular a manner as the ablest engineers could possibly do, had they the power of removing rocks and islands at pleasure. In this island of Hawlbowlin are the ruins of a small fort, built by the Lord-Deputy Mountjoy in 1601 (9), so situated that no ship of any considerable burden could pass to or from Cork, but under the command of its cannon.

Cove is inhabited by seamen and revenue officers; a mile from it is the parish church of Clonmel, with a decent parsonage house. In the church is a handsome monument of marble, with an inscription, in gold letters, to the memory of George Rogers, Esq., of Ashgrove, in this island, who died May 11, A.D. 1710, in the 61st year of his age, with the names of several of his children. The arms, argent, a chevron betwixt three stags tripant, sable. Here is a grave-stone to the memory of Mr. Thomas Stowe, of Newark, in Nottinghamshire, an officer in Gen. Frampton's regiment, who died in this harbour after returning from the late expedition against Port L'Orient in France, with these lines:

Eximiæ spei adolescentem,
Ostendunt terris hunc tantum fata,
Neque ultra esse sinunt.

This church is in good repair, and on the east is a handsome gallery for seamen, &c.

Not far west from the castle of Bellvelly is Ronayne's-grove, formerly called Hodnet's-wood, a good house and handsome improvements, of Philip Ronayne, Esq. From the gardens one has has a charming view of the river and shipping, up to Cork; as also the town of Passage, on the opposite shore. This gentleman has distinguished himself by several essays, in the most sublime parts of the mathematics, among others, by a treatise of algebra, which has passed several editions, and is much read and esteemed by all the philomaths of the present time. He has invented a cube, which is perforated in such a manner that second cube of the same dimensions exactly in all respects may be passed through the same; the possibility of which he has demonstrated both geometrically and algebraically, and which has been actually put in practice by the ingenious Mr. Daniel Vorster, of Cork, with whom I saw two such cubes.

East of the parish church is Ballydelea, a well planted seat of the late Richard Bettesworth, Esq., surrounded with maple, beech silver fir, and other timber trees.

On the E. ferry is Belgrove, a pleasant seat of John Harper, Esq., of Cork. From a fine terrace over the gardens is an agreeable prospect of the eastern channel of the island, which is here broad and deep, forming a noble basin. This terrace is near a quarter of an English mile long, broad and high, adorned with vases, urns, &c., and is the finest of the kind in this

(5) The first Earl of Cork takes notice, in his will, that in order to prevent other great men from coming to purchase a part of Carrigtohil, which might prove troublesome to the Earl of Barrymore, and to make his manor and town entire, he purchased several lands of the Newtons, and Terrys, near this place and Barry's-court, and leaves his lordship the whole benefit thereof, provided his son Dungarvan be made a saver thereby, and he joins his daughter, the lady Barrymore, in this purchase, to be enjoyed by her and their heirs for ever.

(6) In the great-island, are three parishes, Clonmel, Templerobbin, and Kilgarvan; and 19 plowlands, every one of which are contiguous to the sea; so that each proprietor in the island has an equal benefit of water carriage.

(7) The first Earl of Orrery, in a letter to the Duke of Ormond, wrote in June, 1666, says, "that if he were an enemy, and to invade Ireland, he would land in the great-island, of all places; for it stands in Cork harbour, has but one pass into it, is about six miles about, a fertile place, and nothing to oppose their landing there; which also is in the midst of the best quarters, almost equally distant from Cork, Youghal, Kinsale." He says, "he intended to send forces into it, and to repair the fort and Bellvelly castle, both of which stand on the pass."

Orrerys letters, vol. 2. p 36.

Of this fort there are not any remains t present. This letter was wrote at the time of the French and Dutch war.

(8) Bellvelly, i.e., Beal a Vallah, the way to the ford.

(9) On the 14th of January, 1601, Sir George Carew, lord president of Munster, with lord deputy Mountjoy, went, by boat, from Cork to Hawlbowlin, to view it, in order to have it fortified; whereupon direction was given to Paul Ive, an engineer, to raise a fortification there, and another at Castlepark, to command the harbour of Kinsale.

The fort built here was a square fortification, with four bulwarks and curtains; in the middle, stood a castle, 22 feet square within the walls, ascended to by steps, and defended by a small draw-bridge. This castle still remains, with the ruins of the bastions. To the S. was an handsome gateway, with a guard-house annexed. On the north of the island (level with the water) was a platform, mounted with ordnance. Adjacent to this, was the gunner's house; the ramparts were mounted with a deep ditch. Towards the east a well of fresh water was sunk, which still remains.

Pacat Hibern, p. 252.

In this island, a party or gentlemen, some years ago, built a banqueting house, and called themselves the water club, having several fine pleasure-boats, most of which carried guns, colours, etc. They appointed their admiral and vice-admiral in this little fleet, which ran several races. The day generally concluded with firing of guns, feasting, etc.

county. Beneath the terrace is a pretty bowling-green, with gardens and pleasant walks. To the S. is a spreading grove, which covers an hilly country down to the water's edge. Near the house, among other improvements is an hop-yard, which thrives well, as also a considerable plantation of hemp, a commodity as useful as it is profitable. In the W. passage, almost opposite to Mr. Harper's, they take an excellent oyster in dredges, called Kilvokery oysters. On the N. side of the island is Ashgrove, a fine plantation, deer park, and good house, of John Rogers, Esq. (10). And almost opposite on the main land is Rossmore, belonging to John Coghlan, Esq., agreeably situated about a mile from Barry's court.

At Waterstown, near the E. passage, was a castle, the chief residence of the Barry family in this island, but it has been long since demolished.

Near Cuskinny is a new erected fortification, which commands the mouth of the harbour; a battery of 20 pieces of ordnance, 22 pounders, is now finished, and the guns mounted.

Near the E. point, called Battery-point, is limestone. Sea sand, for manure, may be had on every side of the island; yet notwithstanding its excellent situation, and the advantage of a short and safe water-carriage to Cork, tillage is but slowly prosecuted here. This place abounds with a great number of springs, and rivulets of fine, wholesome water, to the great convenience of the inhabitants, and the shipping in the harbour.

The western extremity of Barrymore is bounded by a part of Muskery, viz., a portion of Whitchurch parish, which is coarse ground. In it stands the ruined castle of Carricknavar (11), built on a small brook that divides this parish into two parts; the other being in the barony of Fermoy, and is detached a considerable way from the rest of that barony.

The manor of Blarney is separated from the rest of Muskery, it being surrounded by the barony of Barrets and the liberties of Cork.

Blarney was a very strong castle, and noble seat of the Earls of Clancarty, who forfeited a great estate in this county for their adhering to King James (12). It lies within three miles of Cork, and greatly annoyed that city in the year 1641, until it was taken by Roger, Earl of Orrery (13), then Lord Broghill, in 1646. In Queen Elizabeth's time it was reckoned one of the strongest fortresses in Munster; the author of "Pacata Hibernia," p. 351, describes it to be composed of four large piles joined in one, which shows that it was formerly much larger than at present. It is seated upon a main rock that secured it from mining; the walls are eighteen feet thick, and it was likewise flanked with bastions. Anno 1602, Cormac Mac-Dermot Carty was accused of a treasonable correspondence with the Irish rebels, and obliged to deliver up this castle to Captain Taafe for the Queen's use. This Cormac was a very powerful person, being able to raise 1,000 men at a call; he also possessed the castles of Kilcrea and Macroomp; the former he gave up to the Lord President Carew, being then his prisoner, but escaped out of his hands soon after. This castle is seated upon an eminence, with a river running beneath it, and on the other side is a fine lake of about 30 acres, abounding with great quantities of good leeches. In the castle, which is in very good repair, is an original painting, at full length, of Charles XII., King of Sweden, brought hither by the late James Jeffrys, Esq., envoy to that monarch, whose father, Sir James Jeffrys purchased this estate from the crown. This monarch is drawn in the dress M. Voltaire describes, and the painting seems to be very well executed. Adjoining to the castle is a fine park, sweetly wooded and well watered; also a fair bridge over Blarney river. The gardens of the castle are well laid out, and kept in good order.

(To be Continued.)

(10) It was formerly named Ballymacshane-Roe, i.e., The town of the son of red John; and here was also a castle of the Barrys'.

(11) This castle was built by Daniel Mac-Carty, second son of Cormac Lord Muskery, who died, anno 1616.

(12) The Earl of Clancarty was first summoned to Parliament as Baron of Blarney, by Queen Elizabeth, and created Viscount of Muskery, and Earl of Clancarty, in 1658, the 10th of Charles II.

Blarney castle was built by Cormac Mac-Carty, surnamed Laider (he came into the lordship 1449). He also built the castles of Kilcrea and Carickna-muck, the abbey of Kilcrea, and the nunnery of Ballyvacadane, with five churches. He was wounded at Caricknamuck, by Owen, the son of Tiege Mac-Carty, his cousin german, and died in Cork, being buried in Kilcrea abbey, anno dom. 1494. This estate was forfeited in the wars of 1641, by Donough Lord Muskery, but the greatest part of it was restored by the act of settlement. This lord was general of the Irish forces in Munster, and very active in that rebellion. Ludlow informs us that he was charged with having put several of the English to death, on the road between his house of Macroomp and Cork, for which he was apprehended, and tried for his life. The trial lasted long, by reason of a clause which he urged in his defence, from a printed copy of the articles made against him, which, "although" (says Ludlow, who was one of the commissioners appointed to try him) "it had been unjust for me to grant in the terms there mentioned, yet would have cleared him and thrown the guilt and blame upon me; for articles given ought to be made good. But this clause, upon search into the original, which I kept, appeared to have been inserted by themselves, in the print which they produced for evidence, under pretence of having lost the original articles. Notwithstanding which, it appearing, that though divers of the English were murdered by the convoy appointed to conduct them safely to Cork; the Lord Muskery had taken what care he could for their safety, and had done what in him to bring the person who was guilty of that blood to justice. The court acquitted him, and he was permitted, according to his articles, to pass into Spain."

Ludlow's Memoirs, p. 442.

Colonel Mac-Carty Reagh and several other persons were also tried, at this time, for the same crimes; but the colonel was acquitted.

Ludlow, ib. p. 440.

This Lord Muskery being created Earl of Clancarty, by King Charles II, died in London, August 5th, 1665. He had three sons, Charles, Callaghan, and Justin. Charles Lord Muskery died before his father, being slain in a sea-fight against the Dutch, June 2, 1665. He was a great favourite of the Duke of York, and was honourably interred at Westminster; his only son, Charles James, succeeded him; but he dying a minor, his uncle Callaghan became Earl of Clancarty, being brought out of a convent in France. He married Elizabeth, daughter to the Earl of Kildare, by whom he had four daughters and one son, named Donough, who was the fourth earl. He was educated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and bred up carefully at Oxford. His uncle Justin (without the knowledge of his friends) married him, when not sixteen years of age, to the Earl of Sunderland's daughter, and sent him into this kingdom where he continued a Protestant, till the coming in of King James, and then turned to Mass. King James gave him a troop of horse, which he soon composed of the common Irish, and with them committed many ravages.

After the wars were over, several persons in England, particularly the Earl of Sunderland, endeavoured to represent Lord Clancarty as a faultless person; to have him exchanged for a Dutch officer, who was taken the preceding year, by the French, at the battle of Fleury; and in a short time procure him to be restored to his estate. But the grand jury of this county, particularly encouraged by Sir Richard Cox, who was then second justice of the Common Pleas drew up a true representation of his inveterate hatred to the English interest, and the little probability of ever seeing an English plantation in those parts, if he was restored. This representation, in the form of a presentment, was laid before the lords justices, to be transmitted to King William. It was zealously supported by Lord Sidney and the Earl of Burlington, which had so good an effect, that all the schemes in favour of this earl were defeated. King William granted him a pardon, with a pension of £300 a year during his life, upon condition that he should quit the kingdom in a stated time, and promise never to take up arms against the Protestant succession. This nobleman retired to Hamburgh on the Elbe, and purchased a little island in the mouth of that river, from the citizens of Altena, which went by his own name. There he erected a convenient dwelling house, with a range of storehouses, and formed a convenient plan of an useful garden. In this place he made a considerable profit by shipwrecks; but continued to give the distressed all the assistance in his power, and saved the lives of many. His profit arose from the goods thrown on his island, which he placed in his store-houses, and if demanded by the right owners within the year, he returned them, requiring only two per cent for the store room; if not, he made use of them as his own. He died here, October 22nd, 1734, aged 64, leaving behind him two sons, Robert, late commodore in the English fleet, commonly called Lord Muskery, and Justin Mac-Carty, Esq.

(13) MSS. Cox

ARIZONA ICE CAVES.

Very little is known of the Arizona ice caves, and virtually nothing has ever been written in an authentic way of them. The main cave lies at the head of Clark's valley, about fourteen miles southeast of Flagstaff. The earliest mention that can be found of the ice caves is in the report of Lieutenant R. R. Hill, who headed an exploring expedition through northern Arizona, southern California, Utah and Colorado early in the 40's. He speaks of an immensly deep fissure, where nature had stored many tons of ice. And when we descended part of the way into the fissure," says Hill, "the change from the terrific July heat was so quick and intense as to make many of us severely ill. Indeed it was not less than a 60-degree drop in temperature which we encountered in the course of perhaps twenty minutes of our descent."

Until late years but a few persons visited the caves but since northern Arizona has become more or less an objective point for tourists and scientists the caves are viewed by many people. Until late last August the main cave had only been penetrated to a depth of 200 feet, and even that distance could only be reached by the possessors of small bodies. At that time, E. R. Dulton, a young man from New York succeeded in creeping and crawling through the narrow crevice at the 100-foot point, and over 100 feet farther he found the cavity gradually widening until it grew into a cavern much larger than that near the surface. He found several smaller caves leading out of the large one, all in almost solid ice, and believes that they lead far down into the earth.

The majority of the visitors have gone less than fifty feet into the cave, progress being made only on hands and knees, and by aid of a rope.

The cave is a tortuous passage through the rock and ice and, although in no place has another opening than that at the entrance been found, the ventilation is perfect, a condition which has led Dulton to make plans for further exploration of the cave and its recesses, in the belief that other openings may be found.

Dulton is at the head of the company which is planning to put to commercial use the ice in the caves. He has planned a road to be built to the caves, where the ice will be literally mined, or quarried out, and he declares that by considerable blasting at the cave's mouth an output of several thousand pounds of ice per day may be secured.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Arthur Galton writes from the Palace, Ripon:—"I have undertaken to prepare a memoir of the late Mr. Lionel Johnson, and shall be greatly obliged if any of your readers can assist me by giving information as to his loan of correspondence, from which I should propose to include a section in the memoir. All letters would be carefully preserved, and returned in due course to the owners."

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We cut the following from the "Westminster Gazette":—"Misther Dooley," says a New York correspondent, was married yesterday to Miss Margaret Abbott, says he, of Boston. "Mr. Dooley," he says, was the creator of Mr. Peter F. Dunne, says he, and it was Mr. Dunne, he says, who received messages of congratchulashun from Mr. Anthony Hope, Sir A. Conan Doyle, Mr. Justin M'Carthy, Sir Henry Irving, and many other celebrities.

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The following engaging appeal is made by the promoters of a new American magazine—"As magazines cannot live on praise alone, we woud be delighted to have the individual who peruses this paragraph, his clutches on a dollar long enough to enable it to migrate to our bank account in exchange for a year's subscription to this magazine. Do you view it in the light that we do? If you do, remit 1 dollar to the manager, 'The Goose Quill,' 200 Clinton street, Chicago, and receive twelve slices of an intellectual cheese, cut on or about the first of each month."

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Why, in the name of all that is modern and swift, do not publishers cut the leaves of the books they publish? It is assumed that in these days a man has not time to walk upstairs; it is perfectly understood that telegrams must be accelerated, and that boy messengers must be cherished; and yet publishers will persist in attaching a sentence of slow servitude to nearly every book they issue. Take the "Dictionary of National Biography." It is a serious thing to buy it, but it is a more serious thing to get it cut. Who is to do it? Not every man has relays of daughters, or an under-gardener whom he can arm with a paper-knife. Monarchs and millionaires must have ways of dealing with this problem. It is not to be supposed that at Windsor Castle the reader cuts the leaves. Whitaker may be silent on the point, but it seems certain that a Groom of the Paper Knife or a Book-Barber-in-Ordinary exists and draws an enviable salary.

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Simultaneously with the production of Mr. Laurence Housman's Nativiey Play, "Bethlehem," on the 17th, Messrs. Macmillan will publish it in a volume which will contain other poems by Mr. Housman related to it in subject. "Bethlehem" itself consists of two acts, the first showing the shepherds, who speak in rustic language their thoughts concerning the star; then the approach of Gabriel proclaiming the Messiah, the entry of the Three Kings, and the progress to Bethlehem. The second act shows the inn stable, Mary with the Child, and the homage of the shepherds and kings; the whole closing with a chorus of song. "The Pageant of Our Lady" which follows in the volume is a rhymed masque, and the book concludes with eight Christmas songs, written for music. Mr. Housman himself has designed a cover i. the book.

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Since Lord Macaulay proclaimed himself the devoted servant of Dorothy Osborne, that lady has never lacked lovers; and her lovers became a retinue of considerable proportions with a sufficient reason for their faith, when the lady's letters were first given to the world under the editorship of Judge Parry towards the end of the 'eighties. The happy possessor of that delightful book, who may have noted the inclusion of Dorothy Osborne's Letters among the announcements of Mr. Israel Gollanez's King's Library forthcoming from the De La More Press, and fancied that the announcement concerned him not, will have to reconsider the point. For Mr. Gollancz has written to the Press to state that the new edition so far from being a reprint will, he ventures to think, prove to be the first authentic test of these most fascinating letters, because the transcript placed at Judge Parry's disposal was anything but satisfactory. For the forthcoming edition, happily, the originals have been made available. The first volumes of the King's Library, "The Love of Books," by Richard de Bury, has been issued this week. Fitzgerald's "Six Plays of Calderon" will be the next volume.

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Matthew Arnold, it appears, was in the habit of copying out into his pocket diaries for official engagements passages that struck him in his daily reading. He used to say jokingly in the family circle, we are told, that if anyone would ever take the trouble to collect these extracts from various writers there would be found a volume of priceless worth. The suggestion bore fruit, for after his death his widow began making a transcript, and when she died his daughter, Mrs. Wodehouse, took up the pious task. Mrs. Wodehouse has now published this collection of extracts with the title, "Matthew Arnold's Note Books," and so the anthology which so fine a critic as Arnold considered as likely to prove of priceless value may be obtained from his publishers, Messrs. Smith, Elder, in a volume with the recent re-issue of "Friendship's Garland" for the modest sum of four-and-sixpence.

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The lecture which Mrs. Craigie has recently been delivering in Edinburgh and the provinces, entitled "The Artist's Life: Balzac, Brahms, and Turner," contained (says the "Academy") some characteristic and personal comment and criticism. Speaking of artists in general, she said—"They think more than there is to think, feel more than there is to feel, see more than there is to see." This concerning Balzac and the method of writing which he employed will hardly be universally accepted, but it embodies a point of view amply justified by the history of art:—

It was his habit to write three or four books at a time. This method, which has been and is followed by all great painters, is beyond question the right one. It is the one sure safeguard against veiled autobiography, which is the fatal danger to those who concentrate for too long a period on any one group of characters and any one particular set of scenes. Balzac's novels are, therefore, well balanced. They are always impersonal, always just, and in order to describe life one must show, not merely a knowledge of men and the spirit of criticism, but a strong sense of justice.

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Of Brahms, Mrs. Craigie said:—

Although I wish to put aside all personal tastes and prejudices. I may say that to me Brahms seems the Robert Browning among Musicians. . . His songs and his music—songs which once heard are unforgettable, and music which might almost be called a new utterance in its originality and strength and romantic passion—tell all that we need to know, and all that he wished us to know, of his soul.

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Between Balzac and Turner Mrs. Craigie recognises a strong affinity—with justice, we think. Their methods of work were precisely alike: each absorbed all that he saw, and each, when the creative impulse came, expressed his observation with splendour and vitality. Turner's pictures "followed Balzac's definition of romance—splendid lies, but true in the details." In conclusion Mrs. Craigie said:—

I ask myself now whether, if a man were the master of his own fate, he would be, by choice, an artist? It is a question few could answer quickly. Perhaps, some might say that Balzac answered the question unconsciously in the piercing words: 'It seems as though what is more commonplace in the lives of all other men will ever be I dream of romance to me. I shall never know ordinary happiness." I prefer to take his later statement: "Misfortune, which has true friends, is perhaps far better than blessings which are envied."

Art has friends. We have seen that when everything failed and went wrong, the least fortunate artist had faithful, tender friends, some known, some unknown. Browning, to whom I have compared Brahms, wrote:—

> I have a friend across the sea . . .
> It all grew out of the books I write
> They find such favour in his sight
> That he slaughters you with savage looks,
> Because you don't admire my books!

There is the artist's life—unending labour, supreme desolations, infinite love.

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The extracts being too many to republish all, Mrs. Wodehouse was driven to make a selection. The plan she has adopted will probably strike many readers as curious, but she gives her reason for it. In order, she says, to present these note-books in the most characteristic and at the same time a compendious form, it was decided to take every fifth year unabridged from 1863 to 1888, the year Arnold died. The object, in other words, was to illustrate Arnold's reading rather than to attempt to select the best among his selection. It should be added that Mrs. Wodehouse has contented herself with transcribing, and has not supplied references where Arnold had not put the reference himself; so that for people who like hunting up references there will be plenty of sport here, for the extracts are in English, French, German, Italian, Latin and Greek. Perhaps the most noticeable thing about them is their predominantly ethical cast.

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The literary quarrel between Mr. Gosse and Sir Edward Clarke is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, and it would be a pity for outsiders to attempt to compose it. One need not have any sympathy with Mr. Gosse's professional plea that a lawyer should not presume to judge literature. Literature is, or may be, everybody's affair. On the other hand, the pitting of one decade of literary production against another does not strike one as a very useful or intelligent proceeding. Sir Edward Clarke, making poetry and fiction almost the sole field of comparison, selects a decade when Tennyson and Browning, Thackeray and Dickens were at the height of their production. Moreover, as Mr. Gosse has pertinently urged, in this sort of comparison the elders, who have become classics, have an inevitable advantage over contemporaries. Macaulay was almost as contemptuous of his literary contemporaries as Sir Edward Clarke is of his.

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On the other hand, it seems to me, I confess (writes the literary critic of the "St. James's Gazette") difficult to meet Sir Edward Clarke's challenge to produce a list of books in belles-lettres of the last decade of the century as strong in their own class as his list from the 'fifties; though many would be inclined to dispute his proposition that each item in the list is a better book than any book, except Mr. Hardy's "Tess," produced in the last decade. Without any desire to underrate merits now not always recognised at their true worth, Mrs. Craik, Wilkie Collins, Kingsley, Lytton, Reade, and Buckle, cannot put to the blush Mr. Meredith, Mr. Hardy, Stevenson, and Mr. Kipling, Gardiner, and Mr. Lecky, to name no others. Nor need our younger poets shun rivalry with Owen Meredith. Sir Edward Clarke, by the way, might, had he so chosen, have strengthened his list by adding or substituting these other books—"Sonnets from the Portuguese," FitzGerald's "Omar," Matthew Arnold's "Early Poems," "Villette," the second and third volumes of "Modern Painters"; the later of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," Leigh Hunt's "Autibiography," Newman's "Idea' of a University," Darwin's "Origin of Species," and Mill's "Liberty."

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

Connections have been made on the new telephone cable across Vineyard Haven and the mainland, and communication by telephone has been established. The cable is four miles long, with terminals at Nobscot Lighthouse and Lamberton Cove, near Vineyard Haven, opening on the Atlantic.

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The filament of an incandescent lamp is thrown into rapid vibrations in the cold state by the slightest disturbance. When the lamp is burning the oscillations readily die away. This is not due to a loss of elasticity, but is probably due to a magnetic damping effect. The incandescent filament may be kept in a state of vibration by the simple device of bringing a magnet into its neighbourhood, provided that either the lamp or the magnet is fed by an alternating current.

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Absolutely pure silver is produced in the United States mint by electrolysis of fine silver, using an electrolyte of silver nitrate with 1 per cent. free nitric acid. From the bar of silver 0.999 electrolytic action throws the silver down in the form of crystals, which are washed. In melting these crystals the flux used is three parts fused borax and one part pure nitre. The bar's second melting is made without a flux to remove the oxygen introduced by the nitre of the flux. When the silver is thus melted it is stirred with a piece of dry wood as long as the action due to the presence of oxygen continues, then poured into a chalk-lined mould, the bar cleaned with a brush and diluted sulphuric acid, and after being rolled out it is ready for use.

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Work on the Canadian Niagara power plant is progressing rapidly. The tunnel will have a length of 2,200 feet from the wheel pit to the base of the Horseshoe Fall, where it will discharge into the lower Niagara River. From the shaft to the pit the distance is about 900 feet, and of this length there remains only 48 feet to be blown out. From the shaft to the portal the length is about 1,300 feet, and of this distance about 200 feet remain to be taken out. For the entire length the bottom bench remains to be taken out, but this can be removed quite rapidly. When this bench is removed the stone will be used for concrete work and backing.

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The captain in charge of the lightship situated at the south-west channel of the bar at the entrance of San Francisco Harbour, recently reported to the United States Lighthouse Commissioner that on the 15th of September a large number of land birds took refuge on board the vessel. A dense smoke from northern forest fires hung over the locality and completely obscured sea and land. Evidently the birds had lost their way, and, exhausted by their long flight, the wanderers lighted on the ship undeterred by the presence of the crew. At one time sixty of the feathered guests were counted on various parts of the ship. Owls, cranes, humming birds, and other non-marine species were noticed during the time. The swarm continued during the prevalence of the smoke, but vanished when the weather cleared.

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For the last three years it has been planned to study the sea and the fisheries of north-west Europe. Two international conferences have been held, and a third convention is now meeting at Copenhagen, where delegates from the Governments of the United Kingdom, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, and Finland are discussing the problem. It has been decided that simultaneous observations are to be made four times a year. The British Government has assigned two ships to the task of making periodical trips in the Faroe-Shetland channel and across the northern end of the North Sea. Trips wil also be made in the western part of the British channel. Dutch ships will scour the southern half of the North Sea, while the northern half will be covered by the Germans. Denmark will investigate the region between Faroe and Iceland. Norway will explore the North Atlantic along the extensive western seaboard of Scandinavia. Work has been assigned to Russia along the Murman coast and across Barents Sea to Novaya Zemlya. The Baltic will be studied in detail by Danish, Swedish, Finnish, Russian, and German ships. Much scientific, as well as practical information will be gathered.

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One advantage that often comes from the use of the electric motor for machine driving is the comparative ease with which it may be ascertained whether a particular piece of machinery thus driven is operating at its highest efficiency. This can be done by comparing the power consumed by the motor in driving it with the power used in driving another similar machine. For example, it has more than once been found that certain printing presses of a given make have been consuming from one to two horse-power more than another similar press, notwithstanding that the makers pronounced their apparatus in perfect running order, and in consequence placed the cause of this discrepancy on the electric motor. A brake test of the motors or an exchange of motors quickly showed the fallacy of this contention, and an easing up of the bearings in the press in different places has usually sufficed to get rid of this waste of power. Increase of output of machinery driven by electric motors is, however, after all, the great desideratum which is achieved, and far outweighs in importance the several other advantages incidental to electric driving —the saving of head room, for example, the absence of long lines of shafting, and the avoidance of power wastes. Indeed, the value of the power, whether furnished by shafting or by the electric motor, as compared with the importance of increased product, is nearly negligible.

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Mr. E. G. Acheson, of caborundum fame, has recently taken out a United States patent for a process of making artificial graphite. In carrying out his experiments Mr. Acheson had observed that by the direct passage of a heating current through a mass of coke, it was possible to free the coke of many of its impurities and to increase its conductivity to a marked degree. Later he discovered that carborundum and many other carbides might be directly transformed into graphite simply by volatilising the non-carbon element. It followed almost as a matter of course that the conversion of carbón to graphite by any method of electrical heating, depended upon the presence in the carbon of carbide-producing elements. It likewise followed that the impurities should be present only in such quantities as to permit the progressive transformation of the mass of coke into graphite, carbides being formed and decomposed, the volatilised non-carbon element combining with adjacent portions of the carbon. Mr. Acheson found that an artificial mixture of carbon with impurities was unnecessary, since non-coking coals and certain varieties of charcoal contain the proper minerals. As the present patent states, the original distribution of volatile impurities is important. For example, petroleum coke in the form of lumps and in rough admixtures of iron or iron ore, can be suitably heated in an electrical furnace, thereby causing the vapours of the metal so to permeate the entire mass as to determine its complete transformation into graphite.

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At about half-past two o'clock on the morning of July 18, during one of the most terrible thunderstorm that ever visited the vicinity, the large brick stack of the Jamestown Worsted Mills was struck by lightning. This stack is 165 feet high, and is capped by a heavy cast iron plate, but is unprotected by a lightning rod. A large hole was torn in the chimney near the top, and the outer courses of brick were stripped and cracked for a distance of nearly half-way down. The bolt then jumped to the other side of the chimney, and there tore out a long vertical S-shaped gash, scattering the bricks in each with a violence which broke them into fragments, and flung the fragments to a distance of two or three hundred feet, breaking windows and roofing slates in every direction, The further course of the lightning is not traceable. The force which tore the bricks out seems only comparable to the action of an explosive; yet the walls next the gashes were not broke or strained except for a short distance along the west side. The factory was started at the usual time next morning. A careful inspection proved the stability of the chimney to be unaffected. A fine octagonal scaffold was erected, exactly conforming to the shape of the chimney, and the holes were all bricked in, leaving the structure in practically as good condition as ever.

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The last of the main generators and engines intended to be installed in the power plant of the Mersey Tunnel Railway has been shipped from the Westinghouse Works at East Pittsburg. These generators are of the railway type (1,200 kilowatts, 650 volts, 90 revolutions per minute), and are to be direct-connected to vertical cross-compound Westinghouse-Corliss engines of 1,500 horse-power each. The power house lighting and the electric light of all stations, sidings, etc., will be supplied from a separate generating plant comprising two compound-wound generators, each having a capacity of 200 kilowatts at 650 volts, direct-connected to Westinghouse compound engines and running at a speed of 250 revolutions per minute. The power-generating plant will have an aggregate output of about 6,000 horse-power—6,000 horse-power for the railway proper, and 600 horse-power for lighting. The Westinghouse electro-pneumatic system of train control is to be used, and the cars will be equipped with Westinghouse high-speed air-brakes. The rolling stock will consist of sixty cars, each about 60 feet in length. The trains will be formed of five cars each, the first and last cars of a train being motor-cars equipped with four 100 horse-power motors each.

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Lieutenant Peary has brought home news of a mysterious epidemic which is raging among the Esquimaux. Indeed, so terrible were the ravages of the disease, that many of the Esquimaux at Smith Sound begged him to take them south. Twelve years ago the Esquimaux numbered 300. In 1897 Peary found that their number had been reduced to 234. It is now probable that these northern inhabitants of the globe do not exceed 200 in number. This is but one instance of a great number that may be cited. All through the Arctic region the inhabitants are fast disappearing. The Alaskan Esquimaux have been decimated. When explorers first went among them, their number was believed to be from 2,000 to 3,000. Now it is thought that hardly more than 500 people can be counted from Point Barrow to the Aleutian Islands. The lot of these unfortunate natives has been made harder by reason of the destruction of sea life by the whalers who harried the Alaskan coast. The extermination of the seal, walrus, and polar bear have likewise done their share to embitter the cup of the northern races. In south-west Greenland a similar condition of affairs exist. The ten thousand natives are barely holding their own, although largely aided by the Danes. Labrador natives are likewise decreasing. Twenty years ago they numbered 30,000; now they number barely 15,000 souls. Two decades ago the entire population of the North was estimated at 30,000. It is probable to-day that the number has been almost cut in two.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

CORK, AUGUST 13.

On Thursday last Mr. Richard Rowland, of Rathcooney, went to the parish of Whitechurch, to value the tithes of said parish for the Rev. George Berkley; and having gone on the lands to view them, he left three horses in the care of his servant, who was violently attacked by twelve men, armed with sticks and other weapons, beat and dragged through a river, carried two miles into Newgrove mountain, and there tied in such a manner as that he must have perished had not a man whose cow strayed came by at the close of the evening, and released him. After tying him they carried off the horses, which were found on Saturday morning, and two of them so much abused as to be rendered useless to the owner. Mr. Ross, Ranger of this county, who with a party of the 12th Dragoons, went in pursuit of those insurgents, recovered the horses, but the unfortunate man was so ill treated, was not able to ascertain the persons of any of those concerned, as he expected to have been murdered.

Saturday last our Assizes ended, when the following persons received sentence:—In the County—James M'Nelly, for felony, etc. Michael Cooly, on the Whiteboy Act, for feloniously taking a horse, the property of the Rev .Charles Perceval, to be hanged on the 6th of November next. John Davies, of an assault on Arthur Bernard, the elder, Esq., Provost of Bandon, in the execution of his office; John Hingston, clerk, and Arthur Bernard, the younger, Esq., to be imprisoned six months. William Duke and William Wagner, Revenue Officers, for an assault on William Austen, Esq., fined £50 each, and to be imprisoned one month. Michael Morony, of manslaughter of Thomas Montgomery, burnt in the hand. John Sweeny, for different riots and assaults, to be imprisoned for 12 months. Dennis Leagh, otherwise Barole, or an assault and rescues on William Wagner and William Duke, being Revenue Officers, to be imprisoned for 12 months. Richard Martin, of an assault on the Provost of Bandon, a rescue, and tree other assaults on John Brady, Rev. Fitzgerald Tisdall, and Willim Morony, to be imprisoned 7 months. Thomas Mullane, or misdemeanors, as a Whiteboy, to be imprisoned 12 months, and to be whipped the 18th inst. Richard Barry, John Sullivan, and John Barry, Whiteboys, to be imprisoned 12 month, and to be whipped on the 25th of August, and on the 1st and 8th of September next. John Galvan and John Cotter, Whiteboys, to be imprisoned 12 months, and whipped 15th and 28th of September next. Dennis Fowloe, a Whiteboy, to be imprisoned 3 months. William Cashman, to be imprisoned for 2 months. Timothy Quick and Mary Quick, to be imprisoned for one week. Philip Craddock, for an assault, to be imprisoned one month. Daniel Murphy, burnt in the hand, and to be imprisoned 12 months, found guilty of felony, recommended by the Grand Jury. Daniel Sullivan, for forgery, to be whipped the 29th of September, and to be imprisoned 6 months. Patrick Sullivan, to be imprisoned 3 months. Patrick Galvin, for an attempt to commit a rape, to be imprisoned 12 months. Daniel O'Brien, for an assault, fined £30. Henry Sidley, otherwise Captain Sidley, found guilty on the late Riot Act, for feloniously tendering an oath to Richard O'Keeffe, gent., to be transported for life. Joseph Sherlock, of assaulting William Bellingham Swan, a Revenue Officer in the execution of his duty, and the Rev. Henry Baggs, a Magistrate of this county, to pay a fine of £100, or in failure of payment to be imprisoned 12 months. In the City—Patrick Murray, Thomas Evans, and Timothy Gunning, for stealing a bay colt from Patrick Armstrong, and a bay filly from John Crosbie. Wilton Dawson, for robbing Benjamin Swayne, Esq., on the King's highway, of a sword. Mary Murphy, for stealing 41 guineas out of the dwelling-house of Denis and Kean Mahony. Edward Turner, for robbing John Connell at Sunday's-well road, to be hanged on the 8th of December next. Michael M'Carthy, otherwise Coteen, for stealing a rope, the property of John Power and Samuel Pine. Thomas Brien, alias Gannon, for stealing 10 guineas of the money of Obadiah Rick, Captain of the brig, "Ranger. Anne Mortimore, for picking the pocket of Mary Connell, and carrying away a tin grater, which contained a gold ring. Pierce Sullivan, for stealing out of the out-house of Henry Bagnell, a ham of bacon and 15 towels of his property. James Fitzgerald, Timothy Harrington, Timothy Horregan, Anne Dinneen, for stealing 13 pieces of stuff out of the shop of Mr. Chillingworth, value £22 15s. John Dinn, for killing 4 sheep on the lands of Meadstown, and stealing their skins, the property of Richard Barrett. John Walsh and Dennis Kilfoyle, for stealing several articles of wearing apparel out of the dwelling-house of Robert Gwyn. John Gavin, for robbing the house of the widow Grant, of several articles of wearing aparel. Catherine Tankard, for robbing the dwelling-house of John Higgins of several articles of wearing apparel. Dennis Mahony, for stealing a coat and waistcoat, the property of Michael M'Carthy, to be all transported for 7 years. Edward Fitzgerald, for stealing a jacket and trousers from Benjamin Robinson. Samuel Turner, for riot and assault on Thomas Connor, to be both publicly whipped from Gate to Gate, on Saturday, the 25th inst. Margaret Carthy, otherwise Foxy Peg, for stealing several articles of wearing apparel from Ebenezer Hayes, to stand an hour in the pillory, the 18th inst. Timothy Lee, John Lane, and William Connor, for entering the house of David Shepherd, and presenting a pistol at him, to be fined and imprisoned.

DUBLIN, THURSDAY, AUGUST 16,

The lenity with which the Government has exercised the power vested in them by the Magistracy Act has commanded the admiration of the nation. The whole province of Connaught express their heartfelt thanks on the occasion, and particularly the Castle Durrow Volunteers, who, speaking of the Right Hon. Mr. Ode's letter to the Lords Justices of Assize, say, "It reflects equal honour on his head and heart," etc. Must not this show the wisdom and attention of the Government to the interests of the nation, where it relinquishes all patronage, only desiring the people themselves to preserve the public peace.

Saturday last a party of citizens went from this city to Chapelizod for the purpose of being present at the marriage of a young couple. The ceremony performed, dinner over, and the company sufficiently regaled, they were proceeding in three coaches to Ranelagh road, where the new married couple intended to reside. Two of the coaches had proceeded a little before, and the third following, when three footpads came up to it on the Circular road, a little on this side of Dolphin's Barn, and with the most horrid imprecations desired the company to deliver, which request not being instantly complied with, one of them snapped a pistol in at the coach window, whilst the other two made several thrusts with bayonets at the passengers. Three gentlemen who were in the coach on this leaped out, and attacked them vigorously, on which two of the robbers thought fit to decamp, but the third made a most resolute resistance, knocking down his assailants repeatedly, and would in all probability have made his escape, were it not that some Volunteers, who were returning from the camp at Rathmines, came up at the moment, properly secured him, and conveyed him to St. Andrew's watch-house, from whence he was very near escaping through the roof while the crowd was about the door, but they observing him, he was properly secured, and the next day lodged in Kilmainham Gaol. The above culprit is a very able fellow, goes by the name of Reeraw, and has been a most notorious offender. Shortly after he was taken, a gentleman, attended by a servant, came up, who declared that not many minutes before, he had been attempted to be stopped by these villains, and on his endeavouring to get away, the prisoner fired at him, and shot away part of the cock of his hat, and so much was the gentleman irritated at the usage he had received, that he belaboured the prisoner unmercifully with his whip.

As it has been customary with the idle and dissolute artificers to neglect their trades and take out guns through all neighbouring quarters of the metropolis, under pretence of killing game, it is hoped the Commissioners of Police will order a patrol within the Circular Road, and the Justices of the county exert a laudable authority on this occasion, and prevent the fatal mischief which too frequently happens.

DUBLIN, FRIDAY, AUGUST 17.

Last week four soldiers belonging to a regiment in garrison received 300 lashes each, for absenting themselves from barrack at improper hours, and a little fifer received 50, for being caught in slipping over the barrack wall at night.

Monday last a committee of the Grand Canal Company sat to enquire into the cause of the late accident which happened to the Monasterevan packet-boat, near Rathangan, when, it appearing that neither the master nor steersman were in fault, the former was restored to the command, from which he had been suspended till the truth should be known by a judicial inquiry into the merits of the affair.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18.

We hear that the Right Hon. Edmund Burke has put the Rev. Dr. Thomas Campbell in possession of his valuable, or rather, indeed, invaluable, collection of manuscript papers relating to the affairs of Ireland, since its sovereignty became annexed to the Crown of England. Among these are Carew's collection, which that writer (who bore so considerable a share in the transactions of the times whereof he wrote), was preparing to publish as a second part to his "Hiberniæ pacata," with many other documents, of which the unwearied diligence of our illustrious countryman has obtained copies, in the cabinets of the curious, to which his eminent talents had given him unreserved access, the whole consisting of four folio volumes.

Notwithstanding the superabundance of every necessary of life wherewith Providence blessed this kingdom last year, and the cornucopia which is this season pouring down upon us, the assize of bread continues as small as if Nature with a stingy hand had dealt forth her favours. The twelve-penny household loaf now weighs no more than eight pounds, three ounces, two drachms—a shameful assize, which bears most heavily on the poor, and calls loudly for a strict scrutiny into the cause of it.

(To be Continued.)

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DONEGAL CASTLE.



THE OLD KEEP OF THE O'DONNELLS.
AS IT WAS IN 1831—(From Hall's "Ireland").

DONEGAL.

THE HISTORY OF THE ANCIENT TOWN.

From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.

DONEGAL, a seaport, market and post-own, and parish (formerly an incorporated Parliamentary borough), in the barony of Tyrhugh, county of Donegal, and province f Ulster, 24 miles (S.W.) from Lifford, nd 113 (N.W.) from Dublin; containing ,260 inhabitants, of which number, 830 re in the town. In 1150 Murtogh O'Loghlen burnt this town and devastated the surrounding country. A castle was built here by the O'Donells about the 12th century; and a monastery for Franciscan friars of the Observantine Order was founded in 1474 by Hugh Roe, son of O'Donell, Prince of Tyrconnell, and by his wife, Fiongala, daughter of O'Brien, Prince of Thomond. O'Donell, in 1587, bade defiance to the English Government, and refused to admit any sheriff into his district. The council at Dublin not having sufficient troops to compel his submission, Sir John Perrot, Lord-Deputy, proposed either to entrap him or his son. He accomplished his object by sending a ship freighted with Spanish wines to Donegal, the captain of which entertained all who would partake of his liberality. Young O'Donell and two of his companions accepted his invitation, and when intoxicated were made prisoners and conveyed to Dublin as hostages for the chief of Tyrconnell. After remaining a prisoner in the castle for a considerable time, he, in company with several other hostages, effected his escape and returned to Donegal, where he was invested with the chieftaincy of Tyrconnell, and married a daughter of O'Neal, chief of Tyrone. In 1592, an English force under Captains Willis and Convill took possession of the convent and the surrounding

country, but were quickly expelled by the young Hugh Roe O'Donell, with the loss of their baggage. In 1600, O'Nial met O'Donell and the Spanish emissary, Oviedo, here, on the arrival of supplies from Spain at Killybegs, to concert the plan of a rebellion. Shortly after this, the English, taking advantage of O'Donell's absence in Connaught, marched a strong party to Donegal, and took possession of the monastery, which was unsuccessfully assaulted by O'Donell; and the debarkation of the Spaniards at Kinsale, about this time, occasioned him to go to their assistance, leaving the English in undisturbed possession. In 1631, the annals of Donegal, generally called the "Annals of the Four Masters," were compiled in the convent: the original of the first part of this work is in the Duke of Buckingham's library at Stowe, and of the second in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy; part of these interesting annals have been published by Dr. O'Conor, under the title of "Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores." The castle was taken in 1651 by the Marquess of Clanricarde, who was, however, soon obliged to surrender it to a superior force. On the 15th of October, 1798, a French frigate of 30 guns anchored close to the town, and two more appeared in the bay; but the militia and inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood showing a determination to resist a landing, they left the harbour.

The town is pleasantly situated at the mouth of the river Esk. The borough was incorporated by a charter of Jas. I., dated Feb. 27th, 1612, in pursuance of the plan of forming a new plantation in Ulster. The corporation consisted of a portreeve, twelve free burgesses, and an unlimited number of freemen; and the charter created a borough court, of which the portreeve was president, but it has long since been disused. From its incorporation till the union, the borough returned two members to the Irish Parliament, and on the abolition of its franchise, £15,00 was paid as compensation to the Earl of Arran and Viscount Dudley. Since that period the corporation has ceased to exist.

Manganese is found in the demesne of Lough Esk, the residence of Thomas Brooke, Esq. Pearls, some of great beauty, have been found on the river Esk. The remains of the monastery are still visible at a short distance from the town: the cloister is composed of small arches suported by coupled pillars on a basement; in one part of it are two narrow passages, one over the other, about four feet wide, ten long, and seven high, which were probably intended as depositories for valuables in times of danger. A considerable part of the castle remains, and forms an interesting feature in the beautiful view of the bay; although it and the other property granted to the patentee, at a rent of 13s. 4d. per annum, have passed into other families, one of his descendants still pays a rent to the Crown for it. Within three miles of the town is The Hall, the residence of the Conyngham family. Donegal gives the title of Marquess and Earl to the Chichester family.

SLIABH-NA-MON,

AND

Its Fenian Traditions.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES BY REV. J. F. LYNCH.

V.

In these romantic tales there is, however, a setting which is made as natural as possible, and we have the natural and supernatural closely interwoven, and it would not, I think, be possible for an Irish poet to state that a number of ships were beside Sliabh na m Ban without letting his audience know how they had been able to get there. It appears to me that no Irish poet would state that a number of ships from Greece (30) sailed to an island beside Sliabh na m Ban, and I think that if he did so make the statement in a matter-of-fact sort of way, that his audience would laugh at him and despise him for his ignorance of Irish geography. Mr. Dunne quotes from a version of the poem in Kilkenny a statement attributed to the Fians: "We followed her in haste to Oilean na h-Innse till we reached Sliabh na m Ban." In the Ossianic version we read:

A's do leanamair i go luaith,
Go h-Oilean Innse shlugh na m ban.

which O'Daly renders:

"And we followed her shortly after
To Oilean n h-Innse of the hosts of women."

In the Kilkenny version, Finn is made to say that he could not marry the enchantress, having already espoused the daughter of blind Goll, whose anger he dreaded. According to the Ossianic version, Finn says:

"I implore thy protection, O Daughter of the King;
Do not deprive of life any more men;
And I would take thee as my wife,
Were it not for Goll the blind of the stern deeds."

"If I exchange my wife
He would put me to death;
And the woman I took in my youthful days
Places her affections on the blind man.

The last line, Leis an bh-fear caoch go bh-fuil a pairt, has been misunderstood by the Kilkenny redactor, for pairt, according to O'Reilly, means share, kindred, union, confederacy. In the Ossianic poems, the wife of Finn is Grainne, daughter of Cormac Mac Art.

The battle in which a "six-fingered man" is to act a prominent part, in Gleann an Smoil, beside Sliabh na m Ban, is also to be fought, as I noted in a previous article, in Gleann na muice duibhe at Singland, and a magic wheel driven by a stream of the blood of those slain is to appear in the river Groody.

Oilean na h-Innse and Gleann an Smoil must not be far apart, for here again we must let the natural explanation have force, and the hungry and weary Fians should not be required to travel so far to the entertainment provided for them at the Innis by the Grecian princess. In the poem Oilean na h Innse, which Mr. Dunne and O'Daly render 'island of the Inch," is termed also Innis, so that Oilean na h Innse is the same as Innis, and Innis in Oilean na h Innse has somewhat the force of a proper name. The Innis or the oilean na h Innse appears to have been a well-known island, and so I think that Donn an oilean ("Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne"), that is, "Brown one of the island, may be connected with the island. It accordingly appears to me from examination of the poem that the Kilkenny Gleann an Smoil is not the valley of Seilg Ghleanna an Smoil.

When the Giantess departs from Oilean na h-Innse, in order to cut off the head of Great Goll, or "one-eyed," who is at Benn Eadair, or Howth, she is described as having made preparations for a voyage of some length.

"She sailed forth with her proud fleet,
And her sail masts high before the breeze,
Till she landed in Benn Eadair of the hosts,
Where the heroic Goll of the sharp blades was.

When the Fians depart from the Innis for Benn Eadair, or "peak of Edar," they are supposed to say:

Do ghluaiseamar gan stad, gan sgith. That is: "We proceeded without halting, without yielding to fatigue."

It consequently appears to me that the valley of the Dodder, which is not far from Howth, cannot be the valley of Seilg Ghleanna an Smoil.

When Osgur and the Giantess are engaged in mortal combat, Osgur is encouraged by Fergus and Conan.

Labhras Feargus beal-bhinn suire,
A's Conan maol do bhi trean ar arm,
Amhic Oisin cuimhnigh an uair,
Bhi tu g-cuan na h-Innse a g-ceangal gharbh.

"The pleasant melodious Fergus speaks,
And Conan the bald who was strong at arms.
'O son of Oisin, remember the hour
Thou wert in Cuan na h-Innse tightly bound.'"

In Professor Kuno Meyer's edition of the "Battle of Ventry,' there is given a list of the principal harbours of Ireland, at which Finn had placed sentries to give notice of the approach of Daire Donn, monarch of the world; and, by the way, why does Dr. Meyer derive Daire Donn

30. In all the Irish mythic tales Eriu signifies the Earth, and the name Eri, or Erid, is the same word as the English Earth from the Anglo-Saxon Eorde. Dr Whitley Stokes has suggested that Eri, which is the same as Iberu means western from Sanskrit avara, western or posterior, but this explanation cannot be accepted. Consequently when in the mythic tales, any other land such as Spain, Greece Thrace, Lochlann, Norway etc, is mentioned we must equate that land with Irish pagan Elysium Professor Rhys in Hibbert Lectures thus explains the Spain of the Irish tales. Professor Rhys has written a fairly large book, but he has barely touched the fringe of Celtic mythology, so vast and complicated it is.

from Darius? In the Bodleian Dinnshenches, p. 35, Daire Donn, or Little Daire Donn, is said to be the brother of Guaire (31), and son of Ind Dall, and in "Corca Laidhe," p. 5, it is stated: "It is boasted concerning Daire Sirchreachtach that he obtained sway over the west of Europe, and some of the learned say that he won the whole world." In the Cuneiform Inscriptions of Persepolis, the name Darius is written Darajavash, and the forms Darheus, Darjawush, Darjawes, Daryaves, also occur. Herodotus (vi., 98) says that Darius means "one who restrains," but the explanations of foreign names given by Herodotus are not trustworthy. Had Professor Meyer said that the Irish Dara or Daire and the Persian Darius, or Darajavash, had a common source, I should not object, but I must object to the derivation of one of the oldest of Iberian names belonging to the Stone Period, from the Persian Darius.

In the Egerton list given by Professor Meyer, the harbour of Baltimore is named Cuan an Tighe Mhoir, or "harbour of the Great House," and the old name of the harbour is given in same list as Cuan na h-Innsi, or "harbour of the Island," which is the place where the Fians were confined, and where were the ships of the daughter of the Ardrigh of Greece.

Dun an Oir, the fort on Innis Clere, is stated to have been the name of the fort in Gleann an Smoil which belonged to the Gruagach of the Golden Mantle, and Dun na Sed at Baltimore was not far from Dun a Oir, and so I think that as the Cuirt of the five giants in Gleann an Smoil is stated to have been not far from Dun an Oir in Gelann an Smoil, that we may identify Dun na Sed with the Cuirt of the five giants, and the Cuan of the Island must be connected with Gleann an Smoil, while the Island must be identified with Innis Clere.

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31. A short distance north of the village of Moroe, in the barony of Owney beg, and County of Limerick, there is a hill, on which is a large fort named by the people, Liosagh Ghuaire, or fort of Guaire, but on Ordnance Map the name is Lisgorey. This fort is the Royal Fort of Munster named Ebhliu, in Book of Rights, and which O'Donovan was unable to identify. A little north of this hill on the farm of Mr Dwyer, was a large stone grave, destroyed about eight years ago, and there is not left now a trace of it. This destruction of ancient monuments is taking place all over the land. This was one of the most important stone graves in Ireland. In the Ordnance Letters the grave is named Tuaim an fhir mhoir, or the grave of the fear mor or giant, but the people call the grave Guaire's Grave, and say say that Guaire was a giant who had a dwarf brother, whom he killed in order to obtain possession of the dwarf's wife, who cast a pigin of milk with the stream of Athantonnaigh (ford of the fort) to let the giant know when the dwarf abhac was at home. This was also the signal given by Blathnait to Cu Chulaind, at Caher Conree, near Tralee. A short distance north of Guaire's grave is the mountain range, Sliabh n-Ebhlinni inghini Ghuaire, "Mountain of Ebhliu, the daughter of Guaire," which Cu Chulaind saw from Cnoc Aine. Ebhlin was the wife of Eochu, son of Mairid, from whom Lough Neagh was named. A very short distance from Guaire's Grave is the ford in the district of Owney (hi crich Uathne), where Cu Chulaind met and killed Crimthand Niath Nair (hero of Nar), of the Erne or Iberians. Mesca Ulad, p. 52.) Cappanook (Ceapachanabhaie) near Moroe, means tillage plot of the dwarf, whose name is lost in the district.

In Seilg Ghleanna an Smoil, we read:

Do ghluaiseamar chum tulcha os cionn gleanna,
Mar ar bu aoibhinn quilleabhar ar chrainn ag fas;
Bhi eanlaith suairc ag ceileabhar ann.
'San chuach go ceol-bhinn ann gach ard.

"We proceeded towards a Tulach above a glen,
Where sweet blossoms grew on trees;
Pleasant birds were warbling there,
And the sweet-toned cuckoo on every side."

The glen mentioned in this verse is Gleann an Smoil, and the Tulach above the glen is the Tulach from which the parish in which Baltimore is was named, Tullagh, that is, Tulach, and is the rock on which Dun na Sed was built.

In a verse attributed to St. Patrick in "Corca Laidhe," p. 21, the Tulach is named Tulach-teann or "streng hill."

Mac geines i Tulach-teind,
Bidh maith duind braidh aen la lann
Mor manach is mainches mall
Fodheoidh do gebha Conall.

A son shall be born at Tulach-teann,
Good to us shall one day be his church,
Many monks and steady monasteries
Conall shall rule after him.

O'Donovan ("Corca Laidhe," p. 99) gives copy of grant from the king to Thomas Crooke of Baltimore, in which is mentioned "The castle, town, and three carrucates of Baltimore, otherwise Donnyshead, called by the common name of Tullagh within the territory of Collymore."

It is stated in "Corca Laidhe" that St. Ciaran was born at Fintracht Clere, or "white strand of Clear Island," now called Traigh Chiarain, or "strand of Ciaran," who in "Corca Laidhe" is termed Sindser naemh Erend, or "senior of the saints of Erin." O'Donovan quotes following from Smith's History of Cork:

"A little to the east of the castle of Dunanore on the N.W. point of Cape Clear Island is a cove called Tra-Kieran, i.e., St. Kieran's Strand, on which is a pillar stone with a cross rudely cut towards the top, that they say was the workmanship of St. Kieran; and near it stand the walls of a ruined church, dedicated to the same saint. This stone they hold in great veneration, and assemble round it every fifth of March, on which day they celebrate the festival of their patron."

Lewis says that the island is called by the Irish Innish Dharnley (Inis Doimbhe), and in ecclesiastical records Insula Sanctae Clarae, that it is well known to mariners as a conspicuous landmark, and not far from the harbour are the ruins of St. Kiaran's Church, that on the shore is an ancient stone with a cross rudely sculptured on it, and at a short distance a holy well. This stone is named Gallan Chiarain, or "pillar stone of Ciaran," and is four feet nine inches in height.

Lewis says that the scenery is wild and romantic, particularly on the south side of the island, where it presents to the Atlantic a steep and inaccessible cliff. At the south-west point of the island, overhanging the sea, and accessible only by a narrow and dangerous pathway, not more than three feet in breadth, are the ruins of Dunanore Castle, or the "Golden Fort," which from its distance from all the landing places would appear to have been built more for the purpose of a safe retreat in case of invasion than for the defence of the shores; the view from the battlements is very extensive and embraces a great variety of objects of a bold and imposing character. The island belonged to the O'Driscolls, who were men of extraordinary stature and strength, and whose feats are the subject of many interesting narratives; but no tale told at Innis Clere is so interesting as the ancient tales of that valley named Gleann an Smoil and Cuan na h-Innsi, now called the bay of Baltimore, and which must have been regarded as a submerged valley, as a real valley over which broke a real flood, which is referred to in the legend of Clidna of Roscarbery. In Arranmore, stone nuts, buried in sea sand at a great depth, were discovered many years ago, and the late Rev. W. Kilbride, Incumbent of Arran, told me that the people of Arran had a tradition of a great flood, by which Galway Bay was formed.

In the Bodleian Dinnshenches, p. 19, it is stated that Lian or Len (32), from whom Loch Lein (Killarney) was named, was the son of Ban Bolgach, son of Bannach, and craftsman (cerd) of Sid Buidh, or fairy hill of Bodb Derg. It is said that every night after quitting his work at Killarney, he used to fling his anvil away to Indeoin na n Dese, the Anvil of the Desi folk, now Mullaghnoney, or summit of the anvil, near Clonmel, County Tipperary.

The name Lian is from li, or lu, an old word for water, and an is a suffix common to Irish, Hebrew, Arabic, and other old languages. It appears to me that Lian has reference to the moon, and in the old tale it is said that he was under the lake (Loch Lein, now Killarney), making a vessel for Fann the Long-haired, daughter of Ailill Find and Flidais. Fann is made wife of Manannan and Cu Chulaind (O'Curry's Manners and Customs); and O'Curry mentions that the ochnech or "shield" of Flidais was hung in the hall at Emain Macha. At Killarney we have, as I pointed out, a mountain, Sidh Tuirc, or Torc mountain, named from the mythical boar said to have been slain at Kanturk by Domhnall na Gaela. Now, at Athlone the mythical black pig is stated to have been slain by Luan, and the names Lian and Luan are probably the same. When Lewis says that Athlone means ford of the moon, it appears to me that he has confounded the Irish luan (33) with the Latin luna, but the two words are quite different, for the Irish luan is extension of lu, or li, "water," and the Latin luna is properly lucna, from luc, to shine, found in Latin

32. Dr Joyce (Irish names, vol 1, p. 448) says that Lean had his forge on the shore of the lake. In Bodleian Dinnshenches, p. 19, it is stated that Len was under the lake (fo loch), all day making the bright vessel for Fann, and in Silva Gadelica it is stated that Len dwelt in the loch making bright vessels of Fann, daughter of Flidais (Is e ro [illegible] loch ignim niamlestar Fainni ingini Flidais).

33. O'Reilly gives moon as one of the meanings of luan as Dia Luain, "Monday," but I think that he word luan, "the moon," is got from Latin luna and is not the luan from which the ford was named.

lux (Gen. luc-is), and Irish luicet, or lucet, which also appears as lug or luc.

Dr. Joyce (Irish Names, vol. i., p. 335) says that he knows nothing of Luan save that in "The Fate of the Children of Tuireann" the place is called Ath Luain mic Luighdheach (34), the ford of the son of Lewy, but Luighdeach is the genitive case of Lughaidh, and Lughaidh is an extension of Lug or Luc, and in "Boyish Exploits of Finn" the name is written Lucet, and it is stated that Lucet wounded Aedh, son of Daire Dearg, and destroyed one of his eyes, so that from that time forth the name Goll, or "one-eyed," adheres to Aedh.

Aed ba hainm do mac Daire,
Cor gaed Luicet con aine,
O ro gaet mac Luaigne lond
Daire conruitea ris Goll.

"Aed was the name of Mac Daire,
Until Luichet wounded him with dexterity.
But since the stout son of Luaghne wounded him,
He was called by the name of of Goll."

In some very old Egyptian tales, the loss of the eye of Osiris is mentioned.

(To be Continued.)

WEATHER LORE.

There is an old saying that if the first Sunday of a month is rainy, every Sunday in that month will also be rainy. The same rule, in popular estimation, should apply to other days of the week, and without regard to their place in the month. This is merely a convenient way of saying that the weather tends to repeat itself about once in seven days. The conditions prevailing on Sunday are more closely observed and better remembered because of the break which Sunday makes in the regular pursuits of the week.

This notion, like many of those which have become incorporated in the approved weather maxims of the people, finds considerable scientific support. A barometric depression requires a rather well-defined period in which to pass over this country from one coast to the other. The average is from three to four days, varying somewhat with the season of the year and with other conditions. Two of these weather tides—and the second is apt to reverse the first—would take about one week. Thus areas of high or low temperature would be likely to succeed each other in most places by about that interval.

While this is a rough calculation and one which, if put to the test, would encounter many exceptions, weather bureau experts say that, with a vigorous storm to-day, there is slightly more likelihood of another in just a week than of another in either six or eight days. The margin of increased likelihood, although small, is on that side.

This is all that the popular saying implies. Were the rule to work out rigidly, the Mondays of the year would be all on the same pattern, while the Tuesdays would average up to another standard. Nothing of this kind is to be expected. Exceptions to the seven-day rotation occur often enough to keep the mind of man from guessing too readily the great secrets which nature hides in the wind and the storm-clouds.

34. In "The Fate of the Children of Tureann the ford is named Ath Luain mic Lughaidh. Lughaidh is a genitive of Lughu from Lugh, and Lughaidh as nominative has a genitive Luigdech, and from this we get the Oghamic nominative of the Ardmore stone, Lugudeccas, which Brash renders "Lug died," and which Professor Rhys (Hibbert Lectures p. 540), thinks may signify "Lug-slayer. Lugudeccas is an extension of Lug, and is derived from the genitive cases. Dr Joyce (Irish Names, Vol. i. p. 445), says that Tralee would appear to be named from Li mac Dedad (Annals of Connaught). In Silva Gadelica, p. 241, the place is named Traigh Li Meic Oidhremail or Strand of Li, son of Oidhremal, or "Icy." Tralee means strand of the li, or "river." In the tale of the Children of Tuireann, Bodb Derg is made King of Connacht, and in the same tale it is stated that Lugh slew Daire or Dara Dearg at Eas Dara, "Waterfall of Dara," now named Ballisodare, or "place of Dara's waterfall."

GAELIC SUPERSTITIONS.

By GILLA GAEL.

II.

The fully developed Gaelic mind untutored, untainted by an English education, has an imagination which strikes us like a play of blended colours, each colour interfering with the other. There is but one prism by which this "flame" may be examined and each coloured ray refracted, or, in other words, there is but one method by which the component light of the Gaelic imagination may be resolved into all its variously coloured constituents, and this method is a perfect acquaintance with the Gaelic language, and only less important, being of the Gaelic race.

I have read sketches by various authors on what are commonly called Gaelic characteristics; the greatest difficulty to be met with by those who seek to analyse Gaelic character is that (it may be involuntarily) they arrive at the stage of inquiry with preconceived notions and ideas regarding the very characteristics the inquiry is meant to be searching on, so that the Gael is often used as a mirror for, and of the seeker's thoughts, reflecting back the inquiring light, and thus tending at the very outset to render all inquiry confused and confusing.

Gaelic characteristics, to be true, must be written from within, by one of the race, and to be perfectly, actually accurate, ought to be written by one whom English education has not touched, and who, therefore, will not project on a screen for us either pictures which are meant to be pleasing or critical

For the purpose of analysis of the Gaelic mind or Gaelic imagination, I make use of a term which I shall call the Spectrum of Gaelic Imagination, useful only in this, that by it I may be clearly able to map out all those tales, omens, signs, prognostications, in their true light and show that because the causes of certain curious customs have been hidden or unknown we must not stamp them as superstitions, because we are ignorant of their origin. All races on earth known at the present day have histories, the events and facts of which are true only within a limited period.

Solar and steller chemistry is yet in its infancy, yet the materialist and scientist can, by spectrum analysis, detect in the atmosphere of the luminary bodies certain metals, and we are told that the existence of dark lines are caused in the solar spectrum by the passage of white light through the glowing vapour of certain metals. The spectra of the stars all contain dark lines, but these are different from the solar lines, and differ from one another.

It is with the races of men. In each is the white light radiating through their material surroundings, presenting spectra to the world, in which we detect certain base or refined elements, by means of which we characterise them —and by means of which, if our historians can be trusted, we can safely say that certain races possess certain qualities, certain virtues, certain varieties.

Historians should stand in the same relation to men and races of men as the observer who uses spectrum analysis to detect certain elements in the sun or stars. But to the historian there is even a limit, for beyond a certain period his chronology cannot go.

In dealing with the Gaelic race, we should then take up its history as far as it is known, become earnest students of it, and next go to the living plants and note their characteristics, live amidst them, see them in youth, in stalwart maturity, in withering decay.

But, unfortunately, the history of the Gaelic race has yet to be written, and it is not to be expected that the English mind, or the English tongue, could do justice to a race which have evolved a mode of thought and its vehicle a language which is as different to that of the Saxon race as are the races of two different worlds.

We do not know the history of our race truly, and as completely as it might be written. Let us then go to the individuals, to many individuals of that race, remembering that, whatever is false, instinct may be relied on as being true.

One dark line which English observers have told us is a characteristic of the appearance of the Gael to the outer world is superstition. Let us make the analogy clear—it is a glowing vapour round the Gael, and this vapour absorbs exactly the same kind of light which it is able to emit. Now, we wish to see this for ourselves, and we bring to the inquiry all our knowledge of superstition as written for us by many English authors.

There is no greater proof of the invincible ignorance of many authors than that collected tales, meant to extol the introduction of Christianity into Ireland, have been brought forward as evidence of pagan superstitution. Let us enroll before you a chromlith plate, illustrative of The Spectrum of Gaelic Imagination. Encroaching on the left side on the red is a dark hand of "Superstition."

We go to the story-teller to hear a tale of the ancient time. Listen to the excited old man! He magnifies the conquest of Christianity only by magnifying the conquered. He tells you a tale of victory, the tale of St. Patrick's coming. The tale commences; it is a most realistic account of devil worship, of men herculean in every vice, see how attentively the audience listens. With a materialistic mind you scoff at the tale of mighty strength, at the deeds of the mighty Dathi struck to death at length by the lightning spark when violating the saint's sanctuary. The phooka horse rises from the lake, he ravages the country side, all that war can lend to horrify, all that is cruel seems to animate the heroes and heroines of the tale. Mark it! one there is who a little goodness possesses. She is sacred. What a glorious story the old man tells; the green woods ring with music of neighing steeds and martial clang, the wicked are omnipotent and win by malign aid when they fail to win by force of arms. You are hurried on from event to event, of a period when even brute beasts seemed more human than men. The audience get thoroughly frightened, and smoothly a bark of hope lands on Ireland's shores. She is laden with Christians; swift comes the light of the morning to break on the lurid gloom. The story ends. Christianity has conquered! God has sent His ministers to the troubled land! You leave the story teller's presence in admiration of his skill, your only regret that he cannot write such a beautiful descriptive tale, filled as it is with characters who are cruel, cunning, wicked, lovable, passionate, generous. It is a story told in ten or more chapters, the final one being the triumph of Christianity.

It is not to be wondered at that the audience eargerly following the rapid flow of speech could remember it all. I have often tried to, but could not; yet certain events told by the Gaelic story-tellers are indelibly printed on my memory. Would I take from the connected tale, that only served to show, the glorious victory won by the early Catholic Church in Ireland, one chapter dealing with the pre-Christian time of the story-teller. I would publish the chapter dealing with the Pooka Horse of Lough Graine, entirely disconnected with the tale it was essentially part of. and that is just what has been done by many, and that is how superstition is manufactured.

Again, it cannot be wondered at that many of the audience go away as I went, with cer-

tain parts of the tale fixed in their memory, to re-tell them years after.

This disjointed part of a story often served the collector of tales and stories of the Irish peasantry. How many of us remember more of Dr Nikola than that he had a black cat, or of that exciting tale, "Robbery Under Arms," than that Starlight was shot and Dick Marston was not hung after all.

Could the Gaelic story-teller only have written his tales, instead of giving them to us in an attractive wealth of words, much of the so-called "superstition" would never have been heard of.

COLUMBKILLE'S PROPHECIES.

Liberty in Ireland is understood only on the surface. Our people do not rightly comprehend the principles of liberty and progress. Political liberty is not an object in itself, but a means of protecting these other liberties, the possession of which is indispensable to the faculties and forces of men.

In endeavouring to promote material progress all religious considerations should be kept in view, for there is nothing religious but what is morally good. Amongst us these other liberties themselves would be but useless inert instruments without the ideas, sentiments, and beliefs which require them as the conditions of their existence, and amongst all these great influences on human actions the most powerful and indispensable in a free people are Christian beliefs, which elevate, fortify, and purify souls and inspire self abnegation, self-respect, and respect for others.

In a country like Ireland, in a continual state of political unrest and of enduring patience, it it will occur that the egotism of party spirit and cold political calculations will eventually be driven to stifle that benevolent sympathy for suffering humanity, that profound respect for the human conscience, and dignity in others, and that love of truth, which are the fruitful results of Christian teaching.

In times of ardent political agitation and religious excitement these elevated, moral dispositions are often lost sight of; but amongst the Catholic peasantry of Ireland, uneducated and illiterate though they may be, there are many good men who would never dare to arrive at power itself or conduct an argument by means, which would involve the loss of their moral reasonings. These men, day by day, unknown and unheard of, strive earnestly to teach the youths the moral responsibility of their acts. A favourite method is telling them the prophecies of Columbkille.

Could the saint come back for one short year to earth, he would be astonished at the number of prophecies attributed to him. In endeavouring to restrain the ardent temperament of their youths, those old wise men and women, who are earnest in trying to safeguard them against evil, will relate the list of prophecies, ending up with the date of Ireland's freedom, so that the youths will depart, thinking that it matters little how they may strive Ireland won't be free until a certain fixed day.

Columbkille "foretold" "That carriages would run without horses," "that brother would rise against brother," and "that the red-coats (not the khaki coats, evidently khaki has a short shrift) would be defeated after a desperate battle by Irishmen." (This prophecy has kept many an Irish lad from enlisting). All these prophecies come from the past, made at a time when Ireland suppositiously was free. It is curious that we never hear a prophecy which said that Ireland would be conquered.

This brings me to another part of the Gaelic imagination, and here let me dwell for a moment on the supposed evil or bad luck associated with meeting

THE RED-HAIRED WOMAN.

Dearbhargil, daughter to the King of Meath, may have been black-haired, fair-haired, or or aught I know, no-haired at all, but local radition has it that the Breffini's wife was a ed-haired woman. "It was a cursed day for reland when the King of Leinster first saw er, and a worse day for O'Ruark; she fled, and the English came back with her, and a red-haired woman was accursed throughout the land."

On the other hand, it is by some thought that a red-haired woman, or one "whose blood shows through her hair," is hated only from the time, that when a "red-coat" appeared the peasantry avoided meeting him, and thus eventually it became a custom to blame the red colour.

But even on meeting her the peasantry will not turn on the road as has been said. She is not an omen of disaster, but only that you won't have good luck. I am, however, rather inclined to believe that it really has some connection with the traitor wife of O'Ruark, for in tales relating to the period a Gaelic story-teller of my acquaintance in lamenting the false woman's intrigue, said as well as I can translate—"English in Irish clothing, blood-loving she was; dark is the hair of Eire's daughters, red that of her foes. A red-haired woman is one whom passion rules, it is not love she will ever have in her breast, but the love of the beast that is in her. Beware when you meet her, for she will put thoughts in your heart that are not fit company for your travels. She has been said to be unlucky, and she will love to meet you and turn you back from honest intentions. If she were a good woman she would far keep, knowing herself, but when she purposely places herself in your path it is unlucky for you."

From this I gathered it is considered unlucky to meet a woman at all when setting out on a journey, because they might put thoughts into a head pondering on more important things than the charms of a fair maid, and I found I was right. So that we can knock down the red-haired woman from the pedestal of superstition she occupies, and tell our readers that amongst the Gaels a sensible custom prevails, miscalled superstition, of when you are sending one of your sons on a journey on business intent, you had better knock all the sentiment and sweet thoughts out of him by warning him should he meet any of the fair sex on his way not to dally with them, but keep far away from them, and reserve a meeting for some more auspicious occasion.

THE HOLY SHRINES AND WELLS OF IRELAND.

In the preface written by Marcus Clarke to the poems of Lindsey Gordon he says:—

"In historic Europe the least imaginative can find food for sad and sweet reflection; lounging at sunset by some ruined chapel on the margin of an Irish lake, we feel all the charm which spring from association with the past; soothed, saddened, and cheered by turns, we partake of the varied moods which belong, not so much to ourselves as to the dead men who in old days lived amidst the scenes which we survey. Yet these old ruins do more than soothe us; they remain to tell us of the days of Ireland's saints. We love those old landmarks—they are ours; they were those of the sons of the Church—our Church, the only Church."

In referring to these ruins bigoted dissenters sum up our love for them by stating we are "grossly superstitious"; but if our Protestant brethren would but come and visit these old shrines it might give them food for reflection. Still they cannot deny that at least those early Catholics died amidst surroundings which centuries after are held sacred by those of their Faith. To die and not be forgotten is the highest honour that can be given to men on earth. A man's life on earth must be luminously, illustrative of good, if the old ruined, cell, the battered ruin, where centuries ago he lived, suffered, and died, still remains, proudly pointed to as once St. Enda's, Coleman's, or other's sanctuary.

Is the old stone altar that stands in the mountain's valley not dear to us? If we visit it and gaze on the hollow where, when the old Faith was proscribed its ministers outlawed; gaunt-eyed, starving, our Gaelic ancestors came, while the wild winter's wind swept across the moor, and knelt there in adoration of their God, and sad may it be, stained the heather with their life blood in defence of Truth, do you wonder that we, revisiting it again and again, feel filled with a glorious pride, kiss the very stone with reverence, and partake of some of the strength of those soldiers of the Cross who died in defence of that glorious heritage that they safeguarded for us until time be no more.

Yet it is "grossly superstitious" for us to do so. What manner of men are those who say so? Are these links that bind us to the past to be sacrificed to the foolish comments of men to whom the past is hateful and the present new. But, our very religion is called "superstitious." Certainly it is not materialistic.

(To be continued.)

THE EXPRESS TRAIN OF THE FUTURE.

On the experimental railroad built by the German Government between Berlin and Zossen a new type of express-train is to be tested next year. The specifications require that the train shall maintain a speed of 74½ miles an hour for three consecutive hours. In order to diminish the air resistance as much as possible, the entire train, including the locomotive, will be enclosed in a shell of sheet steel, joined so as to secure flexibility in rounding curves, uniform in size from end to end, and presenting no projections to catch the air. The front of the engine will be wedge-shaped, and the wheels will all be of the disk instead of the spoked pattern, and will be enclosed, as far as possible, by the projecting sheath. Steam is to be the motive power, the previous experiments having shown that electric motors at high speeds unduly strain the track.

OF WHAT STUFF NOBILITY IS SOMETIMES MADE.

England prides itself upon the legitimacy of the blood of its royalty and nobility. It contemns the idea that base blood has ever been permitted to enter the veins of its aristocracy. But not all the laws of men can prevent the course of nature, nor can the utmost safeguards avoid the chance of a commingling of base natures with high-born tastes and inclinations. The record of the genealogy of its nobility may show a pretty clean record and a general freedom from the admixture of base ingredients, but now and then history and tradition point to a case in which the rule and law of high words has been broken in upon and violated.

The following curious and historical fact strongly illustrates this point. Aside from that consideration the case is one full of romance.

The wife of the celebrated Lord Clarendon, the author of the History of the Rebellion, was a Welsh pot-girl, who being extremely poor in her own county, journeyed to London to better her fortune, and became a servant to a brewer. While she was in this humble capacity the wife of her master died, and happening to fix his affections on her, she became his wife. Himself dying soon after, left her heir to his property, which is said to have amounted to between £20,000 and £30,000. Among those who frequented the tap at the brewery, was a Mr yde, then a poor barrister, who conceived the project of forming a matrimonial alliance with her. He succeeded, and soon led the brewer's widow to the altar. Mr. Hyde being endowed with great talent and now at the command of a large fortune, rose in his profession, became the head of the Chancery Bench, and was afterwards the Hyde, Earl of Clarendon. The eldest daughter the offspring of this union, won the heart of James, Duke of York, and was married to him. Charles II. immediately sent for his brother, and having first plied him with some very sharp raillery on the subject, finished by saying, "James, as you have brewn, so you must drink," and commanded that the marriage should be legally ratified and promulgated. Upon the death of Charles, James II. mounted the throne, but a premature death frustrated this enviable duchess. Her daughters, however, were Mary, the wife of William II., and Queen Anne, both grandchildren of the cidevant pot-girl from Wales, and wearing in succession the crown of England.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

THE LA RUE STAKES.

BY CHARLES NEWTON HOOD.

"They're off!"

The flag had dropped almost before Billy had expected it, and the race for the La Rue Stakes began.

It did not seem possible that the first rush of that flying field of thoroughbreds could please the critical starter, but it did; Seltzer was well over on the outside, and the little mite of a Billy, the rider, was clinging close over the slender neck of his first mount, with his whole heart and mind and soul bent on winning the race.

Only once had he glanced up from the course since he cantered Seltzer from the saddling paddock. As they had passed the grand stand, Billy had looked up, almost involuntarily, toward the private box where Seltzer's handsome young owner sat, surrounded by a fascinating group of ladies, who waved their handkerchiefs frantically as the graceful mare loped by. Billy raised his whip in salute, and received in response from the man he almost worshipped an encouraging smile and a swing of the hand.

The race meant so much to Billy. It meant a good deal, of course, to young Burnett, for the purse was a big one, and in his little financial expressions of confidence with various other men who had opinions on horses he had valued the mare's speed very highly. But, after all, money didn't matter so very much to a man like Jean Burnett. He would rather have had the mare win honestly without the money than lose with it. But to Billy it seemed as if the whole world and all that life held dear to him hung on the result.

It was only a few months since Billy had had occasion to feel much responsibility. The elder Billy—"Hodge" his other name—had been a pretty successful jockey on the other side; nothing startling, no very great reputation, but a good, honest, clever rider.

He had never won the Derby; in fact, if the truth were told, he had never even had a mount on that famous course. He had earned enough to keep Billy and Billy's mother in tolerable comfort, and but little more.

Burnett had seen him ride some races at a provincial town in which he happened to be tarrying, and, though the man's mounts were poor, he was struck with the coolness and good judgment with which they were handled.

He strolled down to the jockeys' quarters after the race and had a little talk with the man. The elder Billy had only succeeded in bringing his inferior mount in for second place, and he was feeling a good deal discouraged. Burnett could see well that with such a horse a good many riders would have been shut out altogether, and he wondered, very logically, if the man could get so much out of an inferior mount, why he shouldn't be likely to have pretty good success with animals such as were in the Burnett stables on the other side of the Atlantic.

The young man did not find the elder Billy very reticent as to himself. That was a peculiar thing about Burnett. There was a sincerity and an honesty about him which somehow inspired confidence. The elder Billy was blue. Past middle age, and with ambition such as only a jockey can have, he saw himself growing old, unappreciated, with no reputation and no opportunities.

"I've about made up me mind to give it hup on this side," he said. "Hit's no use tryin'. Ther' don't seem to be no chance. 'Ow do you think I'd get along in Hamerica?"

Young Burnett thought—in fact, he was pretty sure, to tell the truth he knew—that the jockey would get along all right, and he said so. He did not engage him on the spot. He had had one tilt with the alien contract labour law, and he did not care to take any more chances.

"Come and see me when you get on the other side," he said. "I think I can be of service to you."

And he gave him his card.

He didn't even know then that there was a Mrs. Billy, or a Billy the younger; in fact, he straightway forgot all about the entire matter.

One morning, quite a good many months later, young Burnett's man came into his employer's library and stood quietly awaiting recognition. Burnett, in smoking-jacket and slippers, had just settled down at his desk to the task of answering and figuring on the pile of letters and invitations which had been accumulating for two days. He scowled vigorously as he wrestled with the problem of taking a run on Heytesbury's new yacht that afternoon and dining at Mrs. Droysen's at six. He deucedly wanted to be on the deck at the trial-trip of his friend Heytesbury's new flyer, but he knew that he could not get back in time to dress for dinner, and the prospect of losing an opportunity of dining at the same table with Miss Eunice Droysen was far from being an argument in favour of the water trip.

It was while he was wrestling with this problem and making numerous vain time-calculations on the backs of handsomely embossed envelopes that he glanced up and discovered his man.

"Well, M'Masters?"

"Pardon me for disturbing you, sir, but there is a fellow here who called about a dozen times to see you. We've sent him away always, but he keeps coming back, sir. He won't tell us what he wants. Says he must see you because it's very important. He's a little English lad, I think, and he has one of your cards, the style you used when we were across last fall."

"Did you ask his name?"

"I did not, sir. Shall I go down and ask it?"

"Yes, I fancy you'd better."

And young Burnett settled himself down to figuring whether he could start on the cruise and be set ashore down the coast and catch a train back to the city in time for dinner, when the man returned, and said—

"He says his name is Hodge, sir."

"Yes, sir, if you please—Billy 'Odge."

And little Billy, who had followed the man noiselessly up the stairway, struggled to the front.

"Well, my little man," remarked Burnett, smiling down at him over his shoulder, "what did you want to see me for, and where did you get this card?"

"It's one you gave me dad, sir, over in England. 'E was a jockey, if you please, sir, an' 'e were comin' to ride for you."

"Oh, yes. Yes, yes, I remember. And where is your father?"

"'E's dead, sir. Died comin' over. 'E 'adn't been well for some years, sir, and the steamer doctor said 'e'd trained finer'n 'e could stand. 'E was buried at sea, sir."

"And are you all alone over here, without any friends?"

"Only me and mother, if you please, sir. I'll be 'avin' to support 'er now."

"That's so; you will," responded Burnett, with the shade of amusement as courteously concealed as if he had been discussing the great game of baseball with the Chinese minister. "And what is your particular profession?"

"I 'aven't none, sir, but if you please, sir, me father always said I was 'andy with 'osses."

"You inherit it, I presume. I'm sorry your father's dead. It's hard to lose fathers. He was one of the best men in a crowd after the pole, M'Masters, I ever saw."

And young Burnett mused so long over the treasure he had lost that the younger Billy ventured to break in—

"Don't you need another lad around your stables, sir?"

"Why, I don't know, I'm sure. A boy can't support his mother unless he has something to do, can he?"

"No, sir."

"Where are you now?"

"We 'as a little room down-town, sir, but we 'asn't much money left, an' the chap wot owns it 'e says I'll 'ave to 'ustle round an' get the rent, or hout we goes."

"Well, well, that is a financial crisis, isn't it?"

"I ain't just sure wot that is, sir, but I knows its very tough."

"They all are, these financial troubles. M'Masters, you might run down with this lad and see if what he says is all straight; and if it is, pay up their rent for a few weeks, and then take him up to the stables and tell Mr. Yorke to give him something to do. He may make a rider yet."

And the young Mr. Burnett turned to his time-tables and was flooded with light and joy by discovering that the "Resort Flyer" stopped at Pebble Beach Junction at 5.5 and got into the city at 5.45, giving him ample time, by having the capable M'Masters meet him at the station, and help him struggle into evening dress in his carriage, to enter Mrs. Droysen's drawing room only a few minutes late.

MacMasters found everything "all straight" at Billy's home. When it became known at the stables that Mr. Burnett himself had engaged the lad, he promptly became an object of considerable envy among the little family of stable boys, rubbers-down, and exercisers. Mr. Yorke soon discovered, too, that Billy was, as he had said, "'andy with 'osses," and he gave the boy considerably more latitude than he did the rest of the underlings, particularly after the day when the owner visited the stables, and, recognising his young importation, had spoken to him kindly and whispered to Mr. Yorke that it would be a great thing if Billy the younger should prove to have inherited certain talents from his father.

Billy was a grateful little chap, and next to his mother he worshipped his young master with a devotion which was as sincere as it was unknown to the owner of Seltzer.

Next after these came Seltzer herself. It was a curious affection which sprang up between the promising mare and the lad, and it dated almost from the very moment that the animal had been assigned to Billy to care for and exercise.

A splendid mare was Seltzer, and great things were expected of her. What hours Billy spent in fussing over the thoroughbred's toilet! And then the story of the early morning exercise spin and the warming up before Humber, the jockey, got around to put in the fine work on the mare's training.

"There's things I knows about that mare wot even 'Umber don't," he had remarked to Mr. Yorke one day after he had made a little private test of Seltzer's gait on the stretch of the practice track behind the woods. And Mr. Yorke had only smiled good-naturedly.

It was the day before the great race for the La Rue Stakes, and all the town, seemingly, was waiting for the result. Seltzer was a big favourite in the betting, with David only a point less popular, Rainbow next, Max O'Rell next, and a big field, with some rumours of "dark horses."

In the evening young Burnett chanced to be passing a well-known betting resort, and out of curiosity stepped in. A bookmaker was just making a few of the regulation remarks:

"So you fellows are afraid of the favourites, are you, and don't care to pick a thirty-to-one shot? Well, now, I'll just pick a winner myself once, to show you how. I pick Seltzer, gentlemen. Who wants the field against her at four to one? No one? Well, I'll make it three to one, thirty to ten, three hundred to one hundred. Come on, come on; I'll bet you any way and any figure."

Just then a young man edged quietly through

the crowd, held a short conversation with the bookmaker, received a ticket, and edged quietly out of the place. Burnett looked troubled. He had recognised the young man as Humber's brother-in-law. This looked odd. Pulling his hat down over his face, he hurried out just in time to see the young man disappearing into another betting room farther down the street.

Burnett followed him The former transaction was repeated, though the odds were only five to two, and the young man quietly retired as before, followed by Seltzer's interested owner.

This time the chase was longer. Far up the street the young man paused in the shadow of a building, and an instant later was joined by another man who was evidently waiting for him. There was a short colloquy, and the two separated.

"Humber!" remarked the man in the doorway, in a whisper to himself. "Strange how hard it is to be honest, even on a salary with five figures in it."

Billy the younger was asleep, curled up like a little ball in his bed, when he awoke suddenly to find Burnett bending over him.

"Don't be alarmed, my boy," said his employer, kindly, as the lad rose up quickly in a tremor of apprehension. "Do you suppose you could ride Seltzer in the race to-morrow?"

Billy was too much surprised to speak, and could only gaze open-mouthed.

"What do you think?" remarked young Burnett, smiling.

"I don't know, sir. I could ride 'er, you know, sir, all right; but I don't know whether I could ride 'er to win or not, sir. I'd like very much to try, sir. An' I'd try 'ard sir, bloomin' 'ard."

And as the lad became more and more awake to a realisation of what it all meant, his voice became eager, almost pleading.

"Yorke says no one can ride Seltzer unless she is well acquainted with them, and that for six months only you and Humber have had much of anything to do with her."

"We knows each other, Seltzer and me do, right. She's a wonder, sir, Seltzer is. W'y, that 'oss—that 'oss—w'y——"

And Billy's command of superlative language proved so inadequate that he paused, gasping for fitting eulogy.

Burnett laughed.

"Then you think she'd do as much for you as she would for anyone?"

"I'm sure she will. But, Mr. 'Umber—is 'e sick?"

"Well—eh—no; at least, not yet; but I'm going to see him to-night, and—eh—he's going to decide not to ride."

"But the association, sir. 'E's carded to ride. I saw it posted all over, 'SELTZER ('Umber 'up),' an' four of the evenin' papers tips Seltzer for a winner, an' two more tips 'er for second place."

"I'll be able to fix that all right yet to-night. I'm on the way now. I shall depend on you, Billy. You'll do your best for me, won't you?"

"Indeed, I will, sir, an' I'll ask Seltzer to do 'er best, too, sir."

"All right. I trust you, remember. Now, you won't see me until after the race. Mr. Yorke will understand and take care of you about your colours and all that. These are the only instructions for you to remember—Let her go for the first quarter, then if you are well up among the leaders hold her in a bit until you round into the stretch, and then push her to win. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

And now they are away. At the first turn it is Rainbow, Max O'Rell, David, and Seltzer, with the field bunched close behind. Billy drew a poor position for the start, but he has pushed Seltzer for the pole at the turn in an almost miraculous way. He is lying close over the mare's neck and is talking eagerly:

"Run, darlin', run. We've got to win. We've just got to. Dad's watchin' us, you know. Go! Hi! Hi! Go!"

The mare seems to understand for she almost flies. Past David, past Max O'Rell, past Rainbow, a length ahead as the quarter pole flashes by. Now, little by little, the mare drops back again. Billy is following instructions. It's taking big chances, he thinks in his secret soul, to do it. It wouldn't be his way; but it is what Mr. Burnett said.

The terrible pace is beginning to affect the temporary leaders. Max O'Reill and Rainbow are being outfooted by the rushing David. Now he is ahead, and Rainbow and Max O'Rell and Seltzer are abreast close behind.

But Billy has taken advantage of the momentary lead to snatch the pole, and is close behind the leader. Now they are near the last turn. Rainbow and Max O'Rell are beginning to pound heavily and are dropping farther and farther back. But what black nose is this which has come up close to Seltzer's flank? Billy glances around. Wonder of wonders, it is Mortality—a rank outsider. It looks as though there was to be a surprise party. Inch by inch the newcomer is gaining. How Billy longs to get into the home stretch so that he can push the mare a bit!

Mortality is coming on like a whirlwind. David is ahead. Seltzer will be in a pocket in another dozen yards, with too short a distance left to go round on the outside, keep up the pace, and have an even show at the finish. It must be now or never. instructions or no instructions. He loosens up on the mare, calls on her, taps her lightly, and feels her respond as she straightens out under him.

They gain a foot or two, but still Mortality hangs close at Billy's saddle and David's tail brushes Seltzer's nose. It isn't enough. Something must be done, quick.

"Forgive me ol' girl," ejaculates Billy, as he raises his whip, and almost with a sob that he is obliged to do it, brings the lash down sharply on the mare's flanks. With a maddened bound she springs ahead, her ears laid back and her nose stretched out almost on a line with her neck. Billy swings her out, and they come straining down the stretch, with the mare gaining inch by inch on the leader; now she is on his quarter—the saddle; a few bounds and it is neck and neck.

Mortality has swung out and is following close behind, third from the pole. The wire is terribly near. Whoever wins will win by a short head.

Suddenly something happens. A nurse-girl with her escort down close by the fence has become too deeply interested, and her little charge has toddled out upon the track and stands piteously helpless right in the path of the flying racers.

Billy sees it all in an instant—the horrified expression on the nurse-girl's face, and the dazed look of the little toddler on the track ahead. He can guide Seltzer around her, he thinks, but nothing can save the baby from the rushing "field" behind.

What can he do? A single false move and the race is lost. It won't be his fault if the child is crushed, anyway, and to win the race means so much! But someway, something in the appealing face of the baby makes him think of the little sister asleep in the tiny English churchyard so far away over the water, and—he can't help it—he must do something. But what?

Like a flash he remembers a picture he once saw of a brave hussar who snatched a little child from in front of a flying regiment of horses. After the Wild West Show was on the other side, all the lads about the stables had practised for weeks picking up articles from the ground by dropping over the horse's sides, and he had been the best of them all; but this was so different.

He knew he would fail, but he must try. With one hard pull on the reins he drops them, and with a cry to Seltzer he slips his left foot through the stirrup and draws the slender iron up to his knee, kicks his other foot clear, and throws himself wildly to the right straight down over the horse's side. There he hangs by one knee, head down, his arms outstretched, and his little body swinging wildly against the racer's side at every bound.

Seltzer falters in her pace and drops back. With a wild sweep of his arms, Billy clasps the little form close and lifts the baby clear of the ground as the horses hurl by.

The strain is a terrible one, and he can only drag himself up a little way. His leg is almost broken by the sharp stirrup. He can only bend himself up as far as possible, close his eyes, and hold tight. He hears the wild shouts from the crowds as David sweeps by, a winner. On they go for it seems a mile, but in reality only a dozen rods. Seltzer slackens and stops. A dozen stable-boys are sprinting at her head. Someone snatches the baby from his arms, and Billy drops down and steals hurriedly away to a quiet corner of the stables.

It has all come over him now. Seltzer has lost. His dreams of making a name for himself are gone. Mr. Burnett will never allow him to ride again. His head is whirling yet. He feels deathly sick. Everything looks black, and he wishes he were dead.

Sinking down on the straw, he buries his face and sobs as though his faithful little heart would break.

"Well, young man?"

It is Mr. Burnett.

Billy does not look up.

"I'm sorry I lost the race, sir," he sobs. "I couldn't 'elp it, you know, sir. She'd 'a' been killed, sir—the baby."

"Well, I should say she would. And how in heaven's name it happened that you were'nt, beats me."

"I'm sorry, sir, I didn't win."

"Eh? What?—didn't win? Why, my boy, I'd rather have my jockey do that thing than have my horses win a dozen races. Yes, a hundred," adds young Mr. Burnett, after computing the matter more carefully.

"But the money, sir, wot's been lost?"

"Not a cent except the purse. All bets on Seltzer declared off. Come along up in the stand, now; they're all howling for you."

And Billy went.

AN HISTORIC PRISON SHIP.

In building a section of the new ways for the construction of the battleship "Connecticut" at the Brooklyn navy yard, the famous English prison ship, "Jersey," was discovered. She was one of six prison ships used during the Revolution. Probably built somewhere around the year 1720, she saw some thirty years of service, fought many a battle, and was then condemned to be used as a receiving vessel for American prisoners of war. Of the six prison ships the "Jersey" was by far the worst. She was a kind of floating Black Hole of Calcutta, and in her damp, leaky hold half-starved American patriots perished miserably. In her palmy days the "Jersey" had a crew of about 400 men, huddled together as crews were in those days. How appalling were the conditions to which American prisoners were subjected may be gathered from the fact that 1,200 prisoners were kept on board almost constantly. One historian says: "She was never cleansed, and lay in that condition seven years. No fires warmed her occupants in winter, no screen sheltered them from the August sun, no physician visited the sick, no clergyman consoled the dying there. She remained throughout the contest a centre of sickness and death, always replenished with new victims. The bones of her dead, estimated at 11,000, lie buried on the Brooklyn shore." When the war ended the "Jersey" was burned at her moorings. For years historical societies and government officials have tried to locate the ship. The half-burned hull lies in about two fathoms of mud and water, about 500 feet from the dock. Unless the hull is removed, the battleship "Connecticut" must be built directly over it. Whether the hulk will be raised seems doubtful. About £100 would be required, and the delay in the construction of the battleship would be considerable. The ways are already behind time as it is. Interest in the old ship reached its height when, some years ago, the skeletons of 300 men were found in the yard. That these were the remains of the men who had died in the "Jersey" was definitely established. The bones were afterwards buried in Fort Greene Park with impressive ceremonies.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

A CORRECTION.

With reference to the words, "Compiled by James Coleman," which appeared under the heading of the article, "Irish Antiquities, As Seen Fifty Years Ago," in our issue of December 20th, we feel bound to state these words were inadvertently printed, and without the knowledge or consent of the writer thus named.—Ed. D. P. J.

REDMOND O'HANLON.

Ardrie, Belfast, 20th Dec., 1902.

In reply to H M J O'Hanlon, in your issue of 20th December, I have a copy of the chap book he refers to with a life of Redmond O'Hanlon. I have also read a life of him elsewhere, if I had time to look it up. "The Cromwellian Settlement," by Prendergast, is a valuable but not a rare book. Every decent library has a copy. Mine is a second edition, M'Glashan and Gill, Dublin, 1875.

FRANCIS JOSEPH BIGGAR, M R I A. F R S A.

ST. SENANUS'S BELL.

In Mr. James Frost's "History of Clare," published in 1893, is the following description of this interesting relic of one of the early Irish saints, who figures in the local histories of Queenstown and Iniscarra, Co. Cork, and the Scattery Islands at the mouth of the Shannon:—"This bell is described by St. Odran, in his Irish 'Life of St. Senanus,' whose festival is observed on the 1st and 8th of March, and to whom St. Odran immediately succeeded in the office of bishop. It was anciently known as Clogna-neall, because it was supposed to have descended from the clouds; but it was subsequently called Cloganoir, from its resemblance in colour to gold, and belonged properly to the ancient church called Ceill Senain, in the townland of Fuidismaigh, north-west of Kilrush. For centuries this bell was preserved in West Clare; and is now (1893) in the possession of Mr. Marcus Keane, of Beach Park, near Ennis. The old life, written by St. Odran, refers to the Round Tower of Scattery Island in such terms as leave no doubt of its origin and use. It is to be regretted that this passage did not meet the eye of Dr. Petrie, as it would tend to sustain his views as to the Irish Round Towers. It is given as follows, in a footnote to the article, Iniscathy, as translated by (the late) Professor O'Looney, in Cardinal Moran's edition of Archdall's 'Monasticon Hibernicum'—'St. Senan built seven churches or religious houses in Iniscathy (Scattery Island). He had sixty friars in one church, and thirty priests, together with seven bishops, in another. He also erected a clogas (i.e., belfry) in Iniscathy, which was 115 feet high; and a bell being placed in it near the top, its sound was heard all over Corcabaskin, so that sacrifice could be made in every chuch of that territory at the very time when Senan and his disciples were engaged in offering it at Iniscathy.'"

Much information as to old Irish bells is given in Miss Stokes's "Early Irish Art" (London: Chapman and Hall), and as to some specimens in France in the Journal of the R.S.A.I.

LECTOR.

THE O'HIGGINSES OF CHILI.

In 'A Short Description of the Republic of Chili," published at Leipzig, in 1901, occurs the following interesting reference to an Irishman named O'Higgins and his family, of whose prominent part in Chilian history very little is known in the land of O'Higgins' forefathers:—"Until the end of the eighteenth century the history of Chili has nothing particular worth recording; all progress was shackled by the poverty of the new colony, and the want of interest displayed by its Spanish governors. This sad state of things was at last altered by the appointment of Don Ambrosio (Ambrose) O'Higgins as administrator of the new country, which then began to make speedy progress. O'Higgins was an Irishman, and came as a trader to Peru, whence he was sent to Chili as the King's official. To his indefatigable activity is due the erection of a large number of public buildings; he built, amongst others, the Cathedral and the Mint, and erected in Santiago, dams as a protection against the continual overflowing of the Mapocho. In the course of his honourable and arduous administration, he also founded numerous towns, and facilitated the traffic by laying many country roads, which were in every way a blessing to the poverty-stricken land." When Chili, later on, endeavoured to throw off the yoke of Spain, many battles occurred between the Spanish troops and the Chilian patriots, in which the latter always remained victorious; but the engagement which took place at Rancagua ended in the annihilation of the troops of the revolutionary party. The leader of the patriots on this baneful, but still glorious day was the brave General Bernardo O'Higgins, a son of the former Governor Ambrose O'Higgins. After this defeat, O'Higgins, with the remains of his troops, fled to Mendoza, in Argentina. Here he met the Argentine General, Don Jose and San Martin, with whom he was on terms of intimate friendship. Both generals decided to equip a strong expedition to liberate Chili, and in two battles the Spaniards were completely beaten. These splendid successes brought the Spanish supremacy to an end, and assured the independence of Chili. After Chili had thus freed itself, San Martin and O'Higgins determined to send an expedition to Peru to drive out the Spaniards from that country too. In spite of Chili's great poverty the two plucky generals succeeded in equipping a small fleet of men-of-war to protect the land army. This fleet was soon strengthened by vessels taken from the enemy. This was commanded by the famous Lord Cochrane, who, by a daring coup de main, took possession of the Spanish ships lying in Callao Harbour, and thus cleared the way for the army, which was pressing onward under General San Martin, and entered Lima in 1821. During these events O'Higgins had remained in Chili as the head of the Government, and acted as administrator over seven years, until January, 1823."

On perceiving that public opinion was no longer satisfied with his administration, he preferred to retire from the Government, so as to save his fatherland from the terrors of a civil war. In thus acting he gave his fellow-citizens an example of the most noble unselfishness, and retired into private life in Peru. He died there, in the midst of his agricultural work at the beginning of 1842. His portrait is given in the book from which the above extract is taken. That the Chilians still revere his memory is shown by their naming their largest ironclad, "The O'Higgins." The writer of this note has seen some of his descendants in England, but they were not in appearance any way distinguishable from other South Americans of the better class.

Evoc.

THE HASTENING YEARS.

BY G. P. D. B.

Swiftly the shadows fly o'er field and glittering roof;
The trees in silhouette stand sharply out aloof,
And black against the sky. The bell in midnight tower
Chimes out across the silence, and the last swift hour
That marks the year is gone. The New Year dawns once more;
But with the old loved ones have passed to that bright shore
Beyond Time's utmost bound. Yet as the shadows fly,
So haste the years, dear heart, that now so darkly lie
Between us and the heavenly dawn. The East is red,
Look up; we soon shall meet again—be comforted.

COCOANUT EATING CRABS.

In the Dutch East Indies live a species of crabs which are accustomed to climb mangroves and palm trees for the purpose, it is believed, of feeding upon the fruit. Mr. C. P. Sliter, of Bantam, avers that he has seen these crabs climb to the top of trees fully 60 feet in height. Although he could not plainly see what they were about, he believes, from the behaviour of captive specimens, that they opened young cocoanuts and devoured their contents. It is doubtful if they can break the shell of a ripe cocoanut.

ULTAGHS.

ULSTER FAMILIES DISPLACED BY THE PLANTERS.

BY REV. E. J. RYAN.

James VI., son of Mary, Queen of Scots, became King of Scotland in succession to his mother, on her abdication in 1567. In 1603 he became King of England also, immediately after Queen Elizabeth's death, with the title of James I., being nearest heir to the throne, by his descent from Henry VII., and he reigned under the union of the two crowns till his death in 1625. During his reign, in 1611, six counties of Ulster: Armagh, Cavan, Derry, Donegal, Fermanagh, and Tyrone, were confiscated to the extent of two million acres, and divided among English and Scotch Protestant settlers—portions being reserved to the natives. This event is known as the Colonisation, Plantation, or Settlement of Ulster. The ejected natives were driven out to the west and south of Ireland. Several parties of them came and settled in various places in Munster. These were called Ultaghs, an Irish name for Ulster people, a term extended to their descendants also. The soubriquet is applied to one branch of the families of Carey, and to the families of Benton, Carr, Devitt, Doherty, Loughman, McDonald, McHugh, Moore, Nolan, Quigley, Wade, and to other families from their surnames, besides families who are Ultagh only through the mother.

The name Carey is of different origin from Carew, which probably indicates an English descent. An Ultagh family name, Corehaun, is said to have been changed into Carey. Some members of the Carey family adopt, incorrectly, the name of Carew. It is likely that Carr was originally Kerr, both pronounced alike, of Ulster Scotch descent.

There is a tradition that a colony of Ulster people, driven out of their native county of Tyrone at the time of the Plantation, had with them a herd of cattle and a white bull, and that a wise woman—a northern soothsayer, told them to travel onward until on arising in the morning they should find the cattle lying in a circle about the bull, and to settle in the locality (1). This incident occurred, it is said, in a place called Clonasboe, the field of the cows, in the parish of Knockavella, about six miles north-westward from Cashel, Co. Tipperary, in the province of Munster. Clonoulty, in the neighbourhood, about seven miles south-westward of Thurles, was called after them, Clon-Ultagh, Anglicised into Clonoulty, the Ulstermen's field (2). It is said, furthermore, that these people gave the name to the parish of Clogher, the present civil parish, as a small hill upon which a church was built, was probably considered somewhat similar to the Clogher, in the Co. Tyrone.

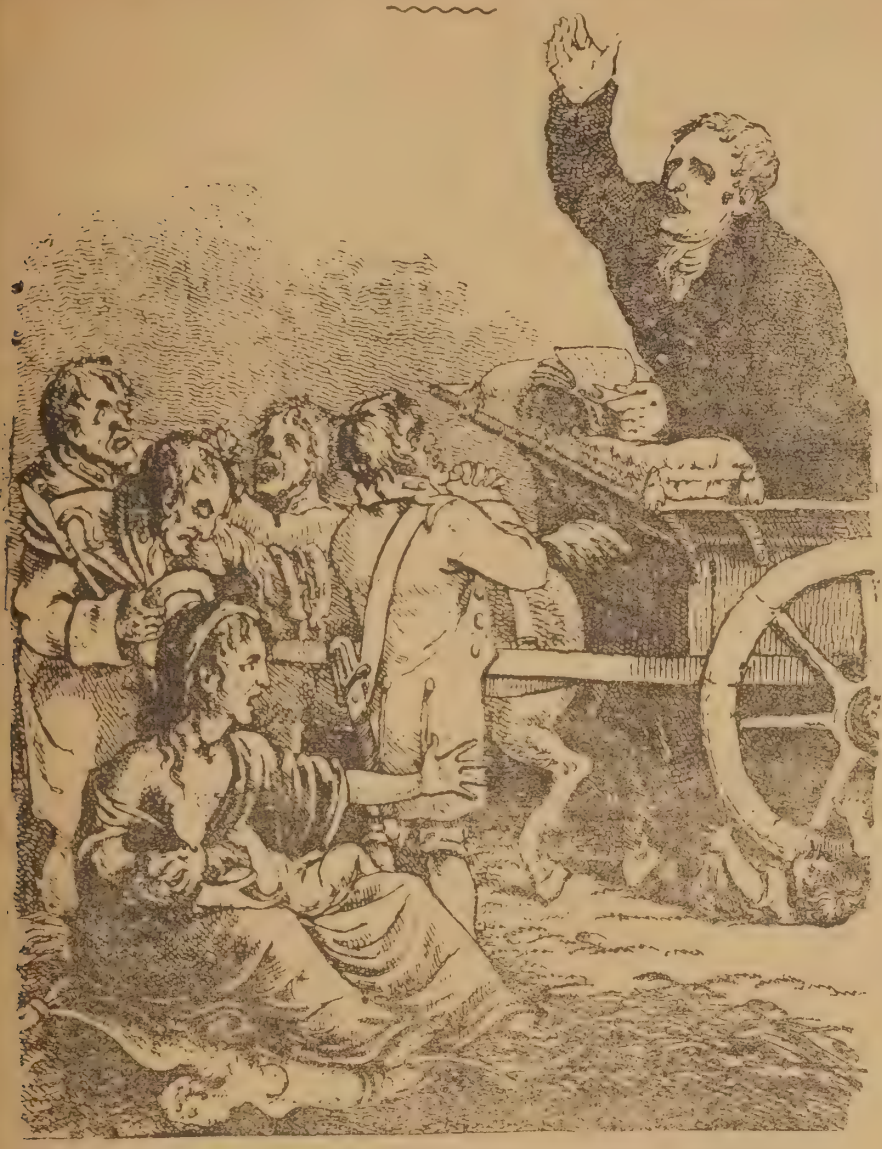
Dwyer is said to have been the name of the

(1) In later times Ulster men and women used to travel occasionally in Co. Tipperary, collecting farm produce which they expected in considerable quantity, as alms. They used to employ herbs for curing diseases. The women had the reputation of being "knowledgeable," and used to tell fortunes, and give information of occult events. For these purposes they required silver coin.

(2) Some say the incident of the cattle happened in the rich Churchfield of Clonoulty, adjacent to the village.

ANOTHER "WATTY COX" CARICATURE.

(From the "Irish Magazine and Monthly Asylum of Neglected Biography," 1811.)



THE MAJOR TRYING A CHARITY SERMON IN MR. LATOUCHE'S TRAVELLING PULPIT.

Ulster party that settled in the locality, but possibly it was assumed as a precaution, as the name is a common one in the district, the O'Dwyers formerly being lords of Kilnamanagh, a barony which includes that portion of the country (3).

Ultagh families are found dispersed throughout the parishes of Clonoulty and Rossmore; Hollyford and Kilcommon; Upperchurch and Drumbane; and the northern part of the parish of Anacarty, in the vicinity of the village of Hollyford, almost all mountainous districts in the Archdiocese of Cashel and Emly.

Anaholty, in the parish of Castleconnell, Diocese of Limerick, derives its name from an Ultagh settlement, the word meaning the plain of the Ulster people.

It is alleged that in the circumstances in which the Ultagh refugees found themselves, they were obliged to subsist partly on horse-flesh. This allegation is still maintained, and their descendants are sometimes alluded to in uncomplimentary terms as horse eaters.

The mountain districts of Kilnamanagh were very wild at the time of the arrival of the Ulster colony, and long afterwards, although now well cultivated. In a portion of that territory the Ultagh residents were for a long time disliked as intruders by local inhabitants, and in some cases were subjected to harsh words and rough usage from them. The native people would not, unless in rare cases, intermarry with an Ultagh family. These invidious distinctions have long since practically ceased, and there is now a considerable mixture of the different families, while their northern origin is scarcely any longer considered a reproach to the Ultagh stock. The Ulster migrants left their native province under stress of political adversity, and both themselves and their posterity have proved useful citizens and respectable members of the society (4).

Hollyford, Tipperary.

(3) Kilnamanagh consists of two baronies: Upper and Lower Kilnamanagh. The area of Upper Kilnamanagh is 59,990 acres; of Lower Kilnamanagh, 42,042 acres; total, 102,032 acres, statute.

(4) From time to time isolated migrants from the north have become absorbed in the general population of the south.

THE FIRST MEETING.

A PAGE OF HISTORY.

By M. J. O'G.

'Twas night, and the streets of Paris trembled beneath the constant roll of carriages and other conveyances, bearing in quick succession many a distinguished personage and many a fair heart, to the Luxemburg Palace, in which a splendid fete had been prepared by Barras, the celebrated head of the French Directory.

It was in the year 1795, a period that will be always remarkable in the annals of the world.

The company which had assembled in the Luxemburg Palace on the evening our little sketch commences consisted of the elite of Paris and its neighbourhood, including statesmen well tried in the affairs of the Cabinet, old and stately warriors on whose rugged brows the marks of the battlefield were plainly to be traced, young and ambitious soldiers eager to emulate the actions of their seniors, and, though last, not least, beautiful and accomplished women. Together with being numerous, it was perhaps as brilliant and talented a throng as could have been assembled at the same period in any other city of Europe, and, consequently, in the world. For this evening were present many of those great men whom the French Revolution brought forth from the humbler paths of life to act so distinguished a part in the affairs of the world, and to whom were they inferior? Or what country could boast of men displaying higher traits of genius and originality than they did? And, although they may have directed their great attainments to the support of a wrong cause; although by their means, in some degree, a sovereign was placed on the Throne of France on whom the world looked with terror and fear, still the history of their actions cannot but excite our wonder, perhaps even more, our admiration. Need we say anything of the host—Barras, so well known, and so much admired, not merely for his own great and powerful talents, but for the facility he possessed of discovering those qualities in others, and for the generosity and kindness which he always evinced to those persons who were, of themselves, unable to bring their acquirements into notice? Placed at the head of the French Directory, and consequently the almost supreme ruler of France, how happy and successful were all his designs and plans. In his eyes neither the rich nor powerful enjoyed any superior advantages over the rest of their fellow creatures, unless they possessed the still highest of worldly blessings—understanding, and a mind capable of employing and disposing of that in a useful and becoming manner.

Barras, together with his other accomplishments, possessed a taste for society and refinement. Perhaps we might ascribe this to the highness of his descent, which was strictly noble. He was frequently in the habit of giving the most sumptuous entertainments to the distinguished persons that were then in Paris—a thing which a short time before, during Robespierre's dynasty, might perhaps have cost him his life—and it is at one of those meetings we have, as the reader may perceive, introduced ourselves to his notice.

The suite of ballrooms in which the company had assembled was furnished in a style of costly magnificence and taste. Beautiful and elegant chandeliers spread their pleasing light on all sides, which, as it sparkled and glittered on the rich costume of the soldier, seemed as if endeavouring to rival the fair sunshine. Soft and delicious music sent its strains through the rooms, and helped, by its charms, to lull and soothe the dark passions that dwelt in

many a heart present. Beauty, wit, and talent beamed on the countenances of all the guests, who were dressed in the highest style of fashion and elegance. Truly it was a rare, a noble assemblage. Here, in a retired part of the rooms, might be seen Reubel Latournou de la Manche and Reneillieic Lepaux—the well-known companions of Barras in the Directory—earnestly canvassing the cause of the resignation of Sieyes, the probability of who as successor—whether Tallien or Carnot. With noise, in another quarter, are a party of young officers disputing about some tactic in warfare, each offering his own opinion with all the confidence and impetuosity of youth. Apart from these, some old warriors are speaking in no complimentary strains of the formidable Dumouriez, whose sincerity to the Republic was about this time beginning to be suspected. Most, if not all, appeared determined to fulfill the purpose for which they had assembled, namely—to enjoy themselves to the greatest possible height, and, if one might judge from the scene around, all were pleased and content. Yet, among the varied and numerous throng that filled the Luxemburg Palace that evening, there was one who appeared as if present rather for the purpose of observing than joining in the merry scene around him. He was a young man, dressed in military uniform, with a pale and melancholy-looking countenance. His age, if one might judge from his looks, far exceeded thirty, though in reality he wanted many years yet of that number. He had, since his entrance into the ballroom, stood leaning against a richly-decorated pillar in a retired part of the saloons, apparently for the purpose of avoiding observation. But few in the crowded scene around him did he appear to know, and those not further than a nod or bow. No warm greetings met him. No friendly hand grasped his. To him, then, the world was all cold and careless. How long the young man might have thus remained is uncertain, had not his meditations been suddenly disturbed by the kind Barras himself, who, perceiving his absent air, feared least it might have been caused by any neglect on his part. "Venez mon cher, General," said he, seizing the officer by the arm, and leading him towards a group of some elegantly-dressed ladies. "Venez mon cher, General; throw aside that gloomy look of thine, at least for a short time, while I introduce you to the loveliest woman in Paris. Et pardieu, how fortunate! Here she approaches, and only two knights in her train. I am sure I have sufficient influence—." Before he could conclude they had reached quite close to the fair object of his praise, and truly he uttered no falsehood when he called her the loveliest woman in Paris. Had he a look into after events he might, perhaps, have added, the most fortunate, and still the most unfortunate, woman in Paris. "Permittez moi, madame,' said Barras, addressing his fair friend. "to introduce mon Jeune ami. Croyez moi. He is no home-made soldier; not the least recommendation to you, the inciter of every heroic and noble action." With a graceful movement did the lady accept the young officer's bras, and then proceeded with him to join the merry group of dancers in another part of the rooms.

. . . . . .

Seated at a window that overlooked a beautiful parterre, the close vicinity to which a delicious odour bore testimony, were the two friends. They were friends—yes, strict, tender, and rare. Friends such as the world seldom beholds. They had retired for a while from the busy scene of the ballroom to enjoy the pleasure of thinking and speaking alone, free from the flattery and adulation of which beauty and high intellectual endowments—and particularly when these qualities are united in woman—are always productive. That night they shone among the numerous assembly collected in the Luxemburg Palace, as the primary planets do among the inferior stars, though many of the latter are also bright and brilliant. That night had many a heart been excited by the highness of their thoughts, and many an eye dazzled by the beauty and splendour of their person; yet how kind, how pleasing were they to all, even to the most inferior, the most insignificant. Wearied from the attentions and compliments so unremittingly paid them, they took advantage of an incident that occurred in the rooms, by which the attention of most of the guests was attracted, to retire into a boudoir that opened from the suite of principal rooms, and which looked down on one of the flower-gardens of the palace.

It was a delightful evening, and the light of the moon made it appear—though late as it was—rather the decline of day than the middle of night, while now and then the pleasing strains of music might be heard in the distance, setting in motion many a fair and gallant form.

On various subjects for some time did the friends discourse—the calmness of the evening, the splendour of the moon—now shining in all its pride, the beauty and brilliancy of the stars. Now the conversation turns on the evening fete. At this point a gentle tap at the door interrupts their discourse, and, permission to enter being given, a fine-looking man walks in.

"Ah! my dear. How are you this evening? How fortunate I am to find you! I trust, madame, you are well."

"Very well, thank you, Monsieur Tallien," was the softly-spoken reply.

"And you, dear Tallien," said one of the ladies, and who was that distinguished person's wife, "we have not seen you this entire day. Engaged in some State affairs, I suppose?"

"Such was, in truth, the fact, ma belle. I had important business to transact with the Directory. It was very inconvenient that Barras could not attend."

"I saw him at tout-a-l'heure. He was inquiring for you; but, excuse me, my dear friend; you were about telling me of an incident that occurred to you to-night when Tallien's entrance interrupted our conversation."

"Oh, yes; as I was about joining your party, Barras stopped me, et introdu et a moi un officier de artilleris, very plain-looking, and with an unpleasant set of features. I had to endure dancing with him."

"What was his name?"

"I really forget it, as I did not hear it pronounced distinctly by Barras."

"Was he agreeable and pleasing in his manners and conversation?"

"Oh, no; he was quite reserved, and appeared to know very few in the rooms. I wonder why Barras invited him to the ball. He must be a person of some abilities to merit that honour."

"From your description, madame, I think I saw this person now, as I was passing through the rooms, walking by himself in the petit cabinet. I shall, ladies, with your permission, endeavour to find out who he is."

A short time having elapsed, Tallien again enters.

"I cannot find out, mescheres, the name of this young officer. Some persons to whom I have spoken say he has distinguished himself at Toulon, but, as I said before, no one knows his name. He may, perhaps, Monsieur, be a very clever and talented soldier, but I must confess—however unkind the observation may seem—I like not his looks."

And such was the first opinion formed by the woman of her future husband. Such were the feelings his appearance excited at the first view. Little could she then imagine that the brightest diadem that ever encircled the fair brow of woman was inferior to that which she was yet fated to wear through means of the plain, ill-looking officer that danced with her that evening; and little could she suppose, at the same time, how suddenly that change in her lot would turn—not through her own fault—into a source of misery and grief. What shall we say of her partner, the unknown, the unheeded in the numerous throng that filled the Luxemburg Palace that evening? He is yet to be a great man. For a long time will all his designs and plans succeed to his highest wish. Yes, as long as he adheres in his devotion to the lovely being that honoured him with her hand when unknown and uncared for by the world, so long will his success have no bounds. But, will he always remain unshaken in his allegiance to her? Will he always remember with what admiration and delight he first beheld her?

No; he fails in his duty to her, and everything with him fails. He deserts her for another, and, a short time after, he himself is left as solitary, where millions once vied with each other in expressing their admiration and delight for him. She is forced by him to leave the station which her virtues and good sense adorned, and he himself, in turn, is cast from the proud pinnacle of his greatness, to which he reached by his superior talents and acquirements, but which he lost by his injustice and rapacity. Ah! man! If then thou knewest as much as time has since revealed, how different, perhaps, would have been thy future destiny.

Need we say the above was the first meeting, the first introduction, between Napoleon Bonaparte, the then poor and unknown artillery officer, and Josephine Beauharnais, afterwards his companion for some time on the Throne of France, but from whom he was divorced, to enable him to marry Maria Louisa, daughter of the Emperor of Austria, an event from which historians date the first change in the good fortunes of Napoleon?

THE MAGIC OF A MANSION.

By Aloysius Coll.

Midway between the gates of Birth and Death,
Half-shadowed by Oblivion's border-wood,
Along a highway, hard with pilgrim feet,
A house, untenanted and empty, stood.

Wealth, gilded, came, with serf and prancing steed,
To dwell therein; and gold and precious stone
Glittered from rafter unto architrave—
But Wealth was cold, and lived her days alone.

Then Beauty knocked, and, entering with a smile,
Was given welcome, and a stately room;—
But never sister called on Beauty there,
And all her radiance faded in the gloom.

Power breached a wall, and locked himself behind
His sleepless guards and bars of tested steel:—
Beyond the help of friend, the wrath of foe,
He perished in his caution and his zeal.

The house grew old. Fame climbed an ivied wall,
And burned his deeds above the creaky door;—
But all men read the words of cold neglect,
And sought for Fame in that house nevermore.

Then Love, pursued by her own fear, one night
Took refuge in the mansion lone and drear.
A fire she kindled on the hearth—Behold!
A group of fellow fugitives drew near!

They warmed themselves before the blazing fire;
They sipped the wine for years in dungeons hid:
They found the bones of Wealth and Power and Pride,
And smiled about the foolish deeds they did.

Glad voices rang in many a startled room
Where silence dreamed her dusty dreams for years,
And laughter rattled many a shaky pane
Time's housekeeper had washed with misty tears.

And nevermore men pass that cheery house—
The young that ramble, and the old that tire—
Without a cup of comfort in its shade,
A moment's chat and rest before the fire!

THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK.

By CHARLES SMITH, M.D.

Æquum est enim meminisse & me, qui dissererem hominem esse, et vos, qui Judicetis ut si probabilia dicentur nihil ultra requiratis. Cicero Univers

In Two Volumes.

VOL. .

The Second Edition, with Additions.

BOOK II.

Containing the Topographical Description of this County, including the City of Cork.

Chapter II.—Continued.

The lands about Blarney are mostly under corn pasture; and dairies occupy the greater part of the adjacent country. The soil is a yellowish clay, which they manure mostly with lime. Plants growing near the lough were water horehound, water cinquefoil, angelica sylvestris, periclimenum, palma christi, iris lutea, pedicularis, &c. The wood to the N. side of the lough consists of oak, ash, birch, and alder, but was much greater than at present. In this wood are quarries of limestone. Plants observed in the wood were lingua cervina, circea, bugula, tutsan, tormentil, pimpernel with a yellow flower, arum, bear's garlick, eyebright, bulbocastanum; and on the rocks, adianthum, trichomanes, paronycha, rutac, &c.: this last in great plenty. On the S. side of the lough is a bed of white clay, probably a pipe clay. A few years ago, Robert, commonly called Lord Muskery, laid claim to a considerable part of this estate, being assisted with large sums by the late Duchess of Marlborough. But it was divided into so many hands that the suit seemed of too dangerous a nature to be suffered to go on; and therefore a petition was laid before the Parliament of England, and a stop put to any further proceedings.

At Blarney is a vein of limestone, from whence there is none to the north nearer than the Blackwater river. Daws-town (two miles N. of Blarney), the estate of John Putland, of Dublin, Esq., is a good house with a pretty plantation, occupied by Rowland Davis, Esq. Here are a very large flowering lime, good orchards, gardens and fish-ponds. About a mile to the S is Ballygibbone, a good house and plantation, held by Mr. Edward Butler, as is Kilowen, all the estate of the same gentleman. The castles of Cloghroe, Clogh-philip, and Carignavar belonged to the MacCartys, and were in the manor of Blarney.

As the small barony of Barrets runs through Muskery, I shall describe it before I proceed to the remaining part of that barony (14).

It takes its name from the ancient English family called Barret, of whom it is said that O'Neal, Earl of Tyrone, anno 1600, when marching by Castlemore, near Mallow, on his progress to Kinsale to assist the Spaniards, asked who lived in that castle? And being told, one Barret, who was a good Catholic, and his family possessed of that estate above 400 years, O'Neal swore, in Irish, "no matter, I hate the English churl as if he came but yesterday."

In the southern point of this barony (in the road leading from Cork to Bandon, four miles from the former) is a ruined abbey, called Ballyvacadane, founded by Cormac MacCarty MacTiege, surnamed Laider, for Austine nuns, about the year 1450. Part of the walls still remain.

Ballincolly, a large castle, not far distant, was an ancient seat of the Barrets, four miles from Cork. Anno 1600, William Barret, of Ballincolly, submitted to the Queen's mercy, having been concerned in Desmond's rebellion. This castle was garrisoned by Cromwell, and in the late wars for King James II. It is built upon a rock, and flanked with towers at each angle. The other chief seat of the Barrets was Castlemore, in the northern extremity of this barony. William Barret, of that place, Esq., was created a baronet June 4, 1665, now extinct. From the castle of Carrigrohan, in the liberties of Cork, the river Lee runs through this barony about six miles, dividing it from Muskery. Upon this river are several seats: On the north side is Iniscarra, a decent church, and neat-built parsonage house. Sirmount, the seat of Emanuel Moor, Esq., lies a mile more to the W. on a rising ground over the Lee; it is finely wooded on the east side, and has a good south prospect of a great extent of country. Not far from, and opposite to this, are the remains of a castle, named Castle-Inchy, which gave title of baron to Justin, Lord Viscount Mountcashel. Coronody, more to the west, is the seat and improvements of Mr Cross, east of which is Fergus, Mr. Farmer's, a good plantation. A mile north of Iniscarra, on a rising ground, is Ardrum, a pleasant seat of Sir John Colthurst, who was created a baronet, August 3, 1744, near which is the village of Cloghroe. More west stands Ballyally, an handsome house and park of Colonel Nicholas Colthurst. The river Dripsey divides this barony on the west from Muskery, over which is a fair bridge of eight arches; and not far from it the castle of Carrignamuck, now inhabited by Mr. Bear. This castle belonged to the MacCartys, being built by the founder of Blarney. In this place, which lies on the Muskery side of the river, Cromwell had a garrison for a considerable time. The northern part of this barony is coarse and mountainous. The most noted place in it formerly was Mourne, or Ballynamony, in which was a preceptory of Knights Hospitallers, or Knights of St. John of Jerusalem (15), founded in the reign of King John, under the invocation of St. John Baptist, by an English gentleman called Alexander de Sancta Helena. The Irish call it Monaster na Mona. It had several great possessions, particularly a large domain on the spot, five plowlands in the parish of Temple-Michael in Muskery, besides a great number of parish tithes. The brook which runs on the north of it into the Clydah river is, in old records, called Glame Ballycollen; and the land on which it was erected named Ballyknockane. The possessions of this preceptory were granted to Tiege MacCarty, whose descendants forfeited them by the rebellion of 1641; yet they are still called by the name of masters of Mourne. By an inquisition taken at Cork, Nov. 4, anno 1584, Ballynamony was found to be an ancient corporation. It was destroyed soon after (16) the death of the Duke of Clarence, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, by Morogh O'Brien, who in the reign of King Edward IV. rebelled in Thomond, ruined several walled towns in Munster, and, in this county, Mourne and Buttevant. It is situated on the high road, three miles S. of Mallow. The body of the ruined church still remains, which was 180 feet long. The foundation walls of the preceptory enclosed several acres of ground. The south was defended by a strong castle, which was lately standing, and there were two towers to the W., but several parts of it have been of late demolished, and the stones used in repairing the turnpike road. In the church are some grave-stones of the Barrets, Quinlans, and other ancient Irish families.

A short way from this ruin is a small, well-finished church and steeple, adorned with a spire and weather-cock, called Ballynamona, rebuilt A.D. 1717, at which time, in the ruins of the old church was found a large spur and the head of an antique spear, probably belonging to one of the knights buried here in his martial habiliments. They were given to the late Sir Matthew Deane, who contributed to the building of the church. Over the W. door, on the steeple, is this inscription:

Gloria Deo in excelsis
Templum hoc Antiquum
De Temple-Michael alias Mourne-Abbey.
Jam diu dirutum
Reconditum fuit

Anno Redemptionis MDCCXVII.
Et ab inauguratione serenissimi
Georgii Domini Regis tertio.
Fear God, honour the King.

(14) It contains 15 parishes, viz, part of Carrigrohan-beg, Iniscarra, part of Matehy, part of Donaghmore, Kilcoleman, Aglish-Greenagh, part of Garricloyne, Mourne, Desart, part of the Ovens, part of Kilnaglory, part of St Finbar's, Carrigrohanmore, and Desart. The whole containing 86 plow-lands, and 26,282 acres.

(15) This preceptory belonged first to the Knights Templars, who were suppressed in Ireland, by order of King Edward II, anno, 1307, directed to Sir John Wogan, lord deputy, who executed the same on the 3rd of February that year. It was computed that the king got £400 value of their effects in Ireland; a great sum in those times. The Templers' lands and possessions were, soon after, given to the Knights Hopitallers.

(16) Davis's Hist. Relat.

Bottle-hill, midway between Cork and Mallow, is remarkable for a stout skirmish fought there between the English and King James's forces, on the 29th of April, 1691, wherein the former got the victory, which will be more particularly related in the third book of this work.

The barony of Muskery (17) is bounded on the N. by an uncultivated mountainous tract, upwards of ten miles long, and in some parts six miles over, called the Boggra, which is a common to the adjacent estates. In winter it is, for the most part, deep, marshy, and unpassable; but in summer hard and firm, producing grass and heath, and is then grazed by vast herds of cattle, which are removed to the lower lands when this season is over. This tract, though it stands high, is yet flat, and surrounded by higher grounds almost on every side, particularly to the N and W. The whole place is covered with black fogs for the greatest part of the year. Several considerable rivers, besides an infinite number of brooks, flow from this wild country. On the south, the most considerable are Blarney river, the Dripsy, the Lany, the Foherish, &c., which empty themselves into the Lee. On the north, the Clydagh, the Lyre, the Covane, Racool river, and the Fin-Awn, which discharge themselves into the Blackwater.

These lines of Mr. Thomson make no ill-drawn picture of the Boggra:

——— The brown burnt earth
Of fruits and flowers, and every verdure spoil'd,
Barren and bare, a joyless, dreary waste,
Thin cottag'd; and in time of trying need
Abandon'd ———
Those roving mists, that constant now begin

To smoak along the hilly country, these.
The mountain cisterns fill, those grand reserves
Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks,
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
And their unfailing stores the rivers draw
To send a thundering torrent to the main.
Thomson's Seasons.

To the west of the Boggra are the mountains of Mushry, as they are commonly called, but rather of Muskery, and are distinguished into Muskery-more and beg, i.e., the larger and lesser mountains. These range partly north and south, high at both extremes, and hollow in the middle, and are esteemed the highest in this county. The upper part is covered with sedgy grass and bog, the rocks with London pride. The torrents have worn several deep furrows into their sides, which display no other soil but slaty pebbles, of a red, white, and dark colour, but nothing of any metallic substance.

The parish of Donaghmore lies in the N.E. part of this barony, and bounds the Boggra. A considerable part of it belongs to the see of Cloyne, together with a vast tract of the Boggra, which, by degrees, might be reclaimed. The patron saint was named St. Lachteen, and some years ago the parish priest kept here a brazen hand, as an holy relic, by which the people swore upon all solemn occasions; but this hand was removed by one of the titular Bishops of Cloyne. There are, of late, some very good improvements in this parish, as at Donaghmore, the Rev. Horace Townshend's; Derry, Mr. Daniel Gibs'. The Recorder of Cork, Joseph Bennet, Esq., has also a pretty lodge here.

The next parish, to the west, is Aghabolloge; near the old church is a celebrated well dedicated to St. Olan. In the churchyard is a stone, called St. Olan's cap, by which the common people also swear on all solemn occasions; and they pretend that if this stone was carried off, it would return of itself to its old place. At Magourney, a particle of this parish, is a new parish church and decent glebe house.

Mount Rivers, in the same parish, the house and improvements of John Whiting, Esq., commands a fair prospect to the south. Near it, a large human skull, almost double the common size, was some time ago dug up. Three miles E. of Macroomp stands the castle of Carrigadrohid, built on a steep rock, in the middle of the river Lee, by one of the Macarty family. It is said this romantic situation was the choice of the Lady O'Carrol, wife to MacCarty; yet others say it was built by the Learys. This bridge and castle formed a noted pass in the wars of 1641, and was often taken and recovered by the contending forces. It is in good repair, and inhabited by John Bowen, Esq. The way from this to Macroomp leads through a deep, gloomy, hollow way, called Glincaum, i.e., the crooked Glin; on either hand is a perfect wall of steep, craggy rocks, covered in some places with oak, ash, and birch, at the roots of which grew polypody in plenty, also a good quantity of the adianthum nigrum and trichomanes. To the south of this hollow way stands the high tower of Mashanaglass, built by the Mac-Swineys (18). The N. bank of the Sullane, being from hence, westerly, very rocky, is covered with heath and firs; the south side is not much better; yet in some places there are dairy houses, the land being generally meadow and pasture, and the soil a kind of brown, brittle clay.

Places E. of Macroomp are Omerg, Mr. Thornhill's; and Dromy, Mr. Moore's. A mile E. of Macroomp is a new erected bridge over the Sullane, being there joined by the Lany, a small distance from the bridge, whence, running a S.E. course, they enter the Lee. About three hundred yards N.W. of New-bridge, in a meadow near the bank of the river, are three large stones, set on an edgeways to each other, the middle one being 5 feet broad, 7 in height, and 2 thick, but the others much smaller; about 600 yards S.E. from the former is another stone set up, less than the middle one before-mentioned, but larger than the side ones. These stones (19) are said to be erected in memory of a celebrated battle fought here by Brien Boruma, King of Munster, and the O'Mahonys of Carbery.

(To be Continued.)

(17) It contains the following parishes, St Owens, or the Ovens, a part of St Finbar's, Ballynaboy, Desartmore, Knockavilly, Kilbonane, Moviddy, Aglish, Canaboy, Macloney, Kilmurry, Kilmihil, Inchegeelagh, Kilnamartery, Macroomp, Aghabolloge, Aghinagh, Kilcoleman, Matehy, Iniscarra, Donaghmore, Dunbolloge part of Whitechurch, part of Greenagh, Templemichael, being 160,072 Irish plantation acres, and 367 plowlands.

(18) King James I, on the 13th of April, 1612, directed a letter to Sir Arthur Chichester, lord deputy of Ireland, in behalf of Owen Mac-Swiney, alias Owen Hogy, of Mashanaglass, to accept the surrender of his lands, and to grant a patent to restore them to him. This Owen was particularly recommended to that prince, by the Lord Danvers, president of Munster, and Sir Richard Morison, vice-president, for having performed many faithful services in that king's reign, and in Queen Elizabeth's. He had also testimonials from Sir Charles Cornwallis, who was ambassador in Spain, of his dutiful and loyal behaviour; and how much he suffered for it in his fortune and reputation during his abode here, by the malignity of his countrymen. Owen Mac-Swiney, son to the above queen, was attainted, anno 1642, for being concerned in the Irish rebellion, and forfeited his estate. (From original MSS.) Mashanaglass signifies a stronghold or fortress.

(19) According to an ancient Irish chronicle, which relates the actions of Brien Boruma, king of Munster, that prince (in the second year of his his reign) sent an herald to challenge Miles Mac-Broin, who was chief of the Mahonys, and king of Oneachach (a part of S. Carbery) to fight him in a pitched battle, in the plains of Beallagh Leachta (i.e., the road of Saint Leachta, the patron of Donoughmore), which was near Macroomp, in order to seek revenge for the death of his brother, Mahon, who was murdered by O-Donovan Mac-Cahill, chief of that sept, and a dependant on O-Mahony. The king of Carbery accepted the challenge; and besides his, and O-Donovan's forces brought 1,500 Danes to assit him. The battle was furiously fought on both sides; but Brien and his forces being superior in number, broke through the enemy, and made a great slaughter, most of the Danes being slain. Keating also mentions this battle, Book II., p. 81.

The like stones have often been erected, to perpetuate the memory of singular actions, in those early ages, both on civil and religious account, and sometimes as trophies of a victory, as those mentioned by Plutarch; which were first of wood, that they might soon consume; and those it was prohibited to renew, lest the remembrance of ancient quarrels should be perpetuated.

THE MESSAGE OF THE BELLS.

BY MARY J. STAFFORD.

Ring out, blithe bells of the New Year,
Ring out to all your summons clear,
Message of hope, despair to quell,
Is borné upon your silvery swell.

Ring, bells of cheer, across the snow
Till with courage faint hearts glow.
Hath friend seemed faithless, love grown cold?
Hast lost that wand of magic, gold?

Saddest of all hath death snatched one,
Whose presence was to thee life's sun?
Yet look not back. The darkest cloud
But serves an azure sky to shroud.

Thy friend his fealty yet may prove,
Love that could change was never love,
And folly 't were lost wealth to mourn,
While fickle fortune's wheel doth turn.

Grim death, though conqueror of clay,
Bows to a mightier Conqueror's sway,
Thy loved one hath but crossed Time's sea
To its fair shore—Eternity.

THE MEMORY OF A BEE.

Associative memory, says Professor E. G. Conklin of the University of Pennsylvania, is the fused impressions of processes which occur together, so that when one is recalled the other comes with it. Then he adds, "There is no question whatever that a bee leaving its hive and flying for half a mile finds its way back by associative memory. It must travel by landmarks; it cannot travel by any scent of itself in the atmosphere. That is out of the question." Among other creatures giving evidence of the possession of associative memory, which is the first stage in the development of psychic life, Professor Conklin mentions ants and wasps, as well as cuttlefish, squids and the higher mollusks. Birds and many mammals show a high degree of associative memory.

CHRISTIAN THEORY OF THE ROUND TOWERS.

By George Petrie, R.H.A., V.P.R.I.A.

The class of buildings of which I have now to treat, and which gave origin to this lengthened inquiry, though only holding the places of accessories to the principal churches in Ireland, have yet, from the peculiarity of their form, and the wild theories which have been promulgated respecting their ages and uses, been regarded as objects of greater interest and importance than even the ancient churches themselves, or, indeed, than any other class of ancient monuments remaining. The inconclusiveness of the arguments and evidences which have been adduced to sustain the various theories assigning them a pagan origin, have been amply discussed in the First Part of this Inquiry, and to those who have accompanied me through that investigation, as well as through the preceding sections in this part, I can hardly imagine that it will appear necessary to occupy much space now with evidences to prove either their Christian origin, or the uses to which, by Christians, they were applied. I, at least, am persuaded that to any one having a tolerable acquaintance with medieval architecture, a sight of a few of these remains, or of accurate detailed drawings of them, would be alone sufficient to convince him, not only of their Christian date, but of the primary purposes for which they were constructed. But as I have to write not only for such persons, but for those also who are less instructed in such knowledge, and, as a consequence, are, for the most part, imbued with prejudices difficult to be removed, it is necessary that I should present them with such more direct evidences, on these points, as must necessarily lead their minds to a conviction of the truth.

Previously, however, to my entering on those evidences, I feel it necessary to impress on the memories of those who may still cling with tenacity to the theory of the pagan origin of those structures, a summary of the facts which, in refutation of that theory, I conceive I have already established.

1. That not even the shadow of an historical authority has been adduced to show that the Irish were acquainted with the art of constructing an arch, or with the use of lime cement, anterior to the introduction of Christianity into the country; and further, that though we have innumerable remains of buildings, of ages antecedent to that period, in no one of them has an arch, or lime cement, been found.

2. That in no one building inIreland assigned to pagan times, either by historical evidence or popular tradition, have been found either the form or features usual in the Round Towers, or characteristics that would indicate the possession of sufficient architectural skill in their builders to construct such edifices.

3. That previously to General Vallancey—a writer remarkable for the daring rashness of his theories, for his looseness in the use of authorities, and for his want of acquaintance with medieval antiquities—no writer had ever attributed to the Round Towers any other than a Christian, or, at least, a medieval origin.

4. And lastly, that the evidences and arguments tendered in support of this theory by Vallancey and his followers—excepting those of the late Mr. O'Brien and Sir William Betham, which I have not thought deserving of notice—have been proved to be of no weight or importance.

In addition to these facts, the four which follow will be proved in the descriptive notices of the ancient churches and towers which will constitute the Third Part of this Inquiry.

1. That the Towers are never found unconnected with ancient ecclesiastical foundations.

2. That their architectural styles exhibit no features or peculiarities not equally found in the original churches with which they are locally connected, when such remain.

3. That on several of them Christian emblems are observable; and that others display, in their details, a style of architecture universally acknowledged to belong to Christian times.

4. That they possess, invariably, architectural features not found in any buildings in Ireland ascertained to be of pagan times.

For the present, however, I must assume these additional facts as proved, and will proceed to establish the conclusions as to their uses originally stated; namely, I. that they were intended to serve as belfries; and II. as keeps and places of strength, in which the sacred utensils, books, relics, and other valuables, were deposited, and into which the ecclesiastics to whom they belonged could retire for security, in cases of sudden predatory attack.

AMONG THE VENEZUELAN ISLANDS.

BY A PRESBYTERIAN CLERGYMAN.

The entrance into the Parian Gulf from the Caribbean Sea is through a series of channels, deep and narrow, called Bocas or mouths, which divide into several islands a long peninsula stretching westwards from the north shore of Trinidad. Chacachacare is the longest of these islands, and the last looking across to Venezuela close at hand. It consists of ranges of hills about 600 feet high, greeny, and abruptly dropping into the sea, leaving here and there at considerable distance from each other, sandy bays with cocoanut trees and valleys quickly narrowing as they run up the hillsides. In these bays there is nearly always a summer cottage, or I should say a sea cottage, for it is always summer in these regions, and away from the cottage, thinly scattered negro cabins. The village of Chacachacare, situated on one of these bays, has about thirty houses planted anywhere, made of wattle with roof of palm leaves; or of mud covered with zinc. The schoolhouse alone is made of wood, and playing around it are many children, most of them clothed in rags, some having one garment and some having none. Opposite the village, but on the other side of the bay—La Tinta Bay—is the Church, a neat Roman Catholic frame building. On pursuing the circular road to it from the village we discover that the island is almost divided into two, and a sixth Boca formed. We come to a narrow neck of sand, on the north side of which is the Spanish Main, and on the south side the Parian Gulf, and right between is a cottage of concrete from which one can throw a stone into either sea. Cocoanut trees give shade and deliciously cool drinks, and immediately rise to the right and left, steep, lofty hills covered with cacti, green trees, and underneath them huge century plants. This is our home for a few days. At the north door is a crescent stretch of white sand and high rocky bluff at each horn. That on the right is bright red, with streaks of grey, and perfectly bare till the greeny rounded head is reached. That on the left is a huge mass of grey, shining like a mountain of silver, dotted with clumps of century plants and crowned with tree cacti. Before touching the water it suddenly splits and throws out a rocky islet, black with white lines of quartz. Round it the pelicans are ever wheeling, making shallowy detours of the bay, quickly descending with a great splash into the water, seizing their prey, and again on unwearied wing. The water seems teeming with fish; we see them leaping gleefully into the air; but their number will be smaller ere the sun goes down, for the fisherman comes round in his little boat for the wicker prisons sunk early in the day, and tumbles out upon a pile of pebbles, the finny captives of marvellous colours, mullet and king, and champion, and others as he choses to name them, beautiful in life, gold and silver, and black and green, and spotted, the very thing for an aquarium, but with another destiny in store for them.

What a glorious sunset! Now the great orb that has been fiercely blazing all day, is hurriedly departing behind the lofty peaks and rounds of the Venezuelan mountains. A circle of fire he seems in a yellow plane, dissolving into the softest loveliest blue, then into bands of brightest red, and cloudy masses of silver grey and black, changing into every variety of form and shade of colour, till blackness conquers, and darkness, dense darkness, covers land and sea. Then over mountain sides and through the surrounding foliage, myriads of fire-flies rush forth as at wizard call, and flash hither and thither over all, and through all, their brilliant scintillations, as the place had become the frontier of that glorious dome above, with the Plough right overhead, and the Southern Cross in the horizon, and the stars and planets thickly strewn, of marvellous size and lustre.

But the sunset is not always so. Last night there came rushing round the precipitous height and Pelican Isle, a huge cloud, black as night and thick, which spread itself over the whole main as a funeral pall. Then gathering itself up settled on the mountain tops, and down all, completely blotting out the grandeur of the departing sun, and rapidly throwing blackest night over the whole landscape. We hasten within the cottage between the two seas, behind, before and the two mountains, right and left. The wind has risen from a breeze to a gale; from a gale to what seems to us foreigners a hurricane. All night through it madly raged. The oceans on both sides rolled up their waters and dashed them on the rocks and sands with terrifying roar and hiss. The rain descended, not in drops but in oceans, and with a noise that mingling with the rage of seas and the awful howl and rush of wind, filled with fear the puny mortal lying in stillness and sleeplessness.

In the morning all was peace and sunshine. No trace of storm was visible, save a pool here and there in rocky hollows, and overflowing tanks and cisterns with heaven's precious boon. Dinah, the nearest cottager, is broad, tall and stately, black as ebony, with a pipe in her mouth, and a bottle on her head, with yellow green bodice and skirt buncher around her, ending midway in rags and tatters, over a snowy petticoat stiffened with starch, and surrounded with countless tucks and rows of insertion, and ending with inky ankles and feet, massive and flat. She has come with milk for early coffee, and will linger until she is seen, and sees.

LOOK OUT FOR YOUR PATE.

A contemporary says "pate" is slang for head. It is, eh? Wherefore? Surely the word is used in a trivial or derogatory sense, as noddle, noggin, cranium, brainpan, etc., but its origin is eminently respectable. Shakespeare says "the learned pate ducks to the golden fool." Pope's epigram is good:

You beat your pate and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

We have "bald pate" and "shave pate." Why, the word is used once in the Bible, and by David, in Psalm vii. 16, "His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate." Accurately, pate does not mean the head, but the crown of the head.

LITERARY NOTES.

In answer to its question concerning the books of 1902, the "Academy" has received the following belated reply from the editor of "Punch": "Regret inability to signal out any 'two new books that have pleased and interested me most in 1902.' All that I came across and read have pleased and interested if they didn't I dropped them at the 20th page."

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Mr. Stead has kept fiction out of the "Review of Reviews" for twelve years. With the January number he proposes to introduce in it in a rather startling manner. We are to have an endless romance, each chapter of which is to treat of some current event. How far fiction and reality are to meet and kiss each other in this new departure we do not know. But we may trust Mr. Stead's versatility to give us something surprising. This is a generation of up-to-dateness, and if such schemes do no more than make us return with pleasure to old-fashioned quietness, they have not been exploited in vain.

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Mr. Frank T. Bullen, who was the guest of the Authors' Club the other evening, explained how it was that he took to literature. Being dissatisfied with an income of £2 a week, he wrote a book, "The Cruise of the Cachelot," for which he received £100. Mr. Bullen was certainly fortunate in receiving so much for a first book. Then a review appeared in the "Times," and people began to ask him to write. That dissipated the idea that his first book was also to be his last, and Mr. Bullen has continued to write ever since, though not always with his original freshness. Indeed, we fear (a literary contemporary remarks) that Mr. Bullen's tendency is to forsake literature for preaching. The two things are not wholly incompatible, but the instances of their satisfactory union are extremely rare.

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"Punch's" sketchy interview this week is with Mr. J. M. Barrie. It opens thus:—

We found Mr. Barrie by the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, cleaning his bonnie briar-root pipe and thoughtfully watching a yacht race.

"Jolly place," he said, "if it weren't for the Big Black Birds. Look at that one"—and he pointed out a predatory specimen with a beak full of food ravished from an adjacent perambulator: "Can you conceive anything odder and stouter? It terrifies me. Or rather," he added in a whisper, "he terrifies me. For his name is Peter Robinson. Or is it Jay?" he asked in tremulous accents.

We murmured something about the courage of a man who could stand up to fast bowling.

"Ah," said Mr. Barrie, removing his pipe and gazing at the contents of the bowl, "in some matters I am a Craven."

Mr. Barrie, it is needless to say, went home in a perambulator.

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Thackeray was noted, among his varied accomplishments, for the facility with which he could rattle off and illustrate "familiar letters" in the form of rhymed prose. An excellent unpublished specimen of his cleverness in this line is included in a collection of letters and drawings by Thackeray to be sold at Sotheby's next month. This collection was the property of the late Miss Kate Perry and her sister Mrs. Elliot (nee Jane Perry), the intimate friend of Thackeray. The letter referred to runs: "Well, I thought as sure as sure could be, should find a letter from kind J. E. Pray why doesn't she write to me? I'd like to know, and if not she, where's her sister. Miss K. P.? One or other is surely free to send a line to double you tea. What is the reason? I have often said. Are Kate and Jane both ill in bed Is that little shivering greyhound dead or has anything possibly happened to Fred? or have they taken a friend instead of that old fellow they've often fed (along with Venables, Clem, and Sped) with a broken nose and a snowy head? Tell me, how shall the riddle be read" In the same piece of fooling sent to Mrs. Eliot (December, 1856), he mentions that he had "more than 3,000 in the City Hall in Glasgow" at his lecture.

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The "News-Sheet" of the Bibliographical Society publishes some interesting details, taken from an interesting lecture by Mr. Falconer Madan, of the production of books by the Oxford Press. The history of printing in Oxford is comparatively easy to trace; the history of London printing, on the other hand, is too vast a subject to be dealt with exhaustively. The Oxford Press became really active in 1585. This, said Mr. Madan, was brought about by no special cause, but sprang rather from the increased social status of the University due to Elizabeth's policy. In 1625 a steady rise began, mainly due to the activity of Laud, who secured the University even greater privileges than those bestowed on Cambridge by Henry VIII. The following table gives a rough estimate of the production of books by the Press during successive half centuries:—

1585-1860	125
1601-1650	1.170
1651-1700	1,520
1701-1750	1,000
1751-1800	1,100
1801-1850	3,200
1851-1900	8.000

This makes the fine total of 16,000 volumes.

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We should like to believe that true, but history and experience are not in agreement with Mr. Norris. He is merely worshipping an ideal, that abstract "People" which does not exist as a court of appeal in matters of literature and art. By all means let our novelists strive after truth, but it does not follow that if they hit the bull's-eye they will get the prize. In a short prefatory note on the article in question, a letter from Mr. Hamlin Garland is quoted, in which he says of Frank Norris:—

He was the handsomest, bravest, brightest man of letters I ever knew. He looked at things American in a large way, and his work was sincere and very strong. And yet great as "The Octopus" and "The Pit" are, they were only the first-fruits of a tremendous creative energy. But after all is said I come back to the keen sorrow that seizes me as I remember his face, as beautiful in its cheery, blithe fashion as Edwin Booth's was in its sombre fashion. Norris was to me one of the most enviable of all men I knew. . . . I cannot realise that he has gone into the dark and cold.

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The Censor of plays may be said to live in hot water. Now we have Mr. Walter Stephens, who announces himself as part author of "Brown at Brighton" (presently to be produced), writing to the papers to say that he has been refused a licence for a play called "Paradise Lost." The play is founded on what Mr. Stephens calls Milton's "great epic poem," and the licence has been refused on the ground that it is "scriptural." Mr. Stephens complains that he is now compelled to produce his play in America and Germany. We know nothing, of course, of the merits either of "Brown at Brighton" or "Paradise Lost," but we suggest to Mr. Stephens that he should adopt a pseudonym for one or the other of his dramatic ventures. "Paradise Lost," by the author of "Brown at Brighton," would hardly look well even on a play-bill.

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The Christmas number of the New York "Critic" publishes a posthumous article by Frank Norris on "The Responsibilities of the Novelist." The author of "The Octopus" took the profession very seriously. He writes with youthful enthusiasm of the possibilities and responsibilities of the modern novelist, and on the whole what he says is sound enough, though it is not always quite logical. The novelist, he says, "more than all others should be careful of what he says; more than all others, he should defer to his audience." But that deferring to the audience (the "Academy" remarks) is one of the weaknesses of modern fiction; it means not only that the writer endeavours to avoid the wounding of the susceptibilities; it means also, in many cases, that he persistently presents an unsound view of society and life. A tradition has been set up, and to that tradition he conforms because, true or false, it is in the air. And in this passage it seems to us that Mr. Norris wrote without sanction:—

It is all very well to jeer at the People and at the People's misunderstanding of the arts, but the facts are indisputable that no art that is not in the end understood by the People can live or ever did live a single generation. In the larger view, in the last analysis, the People pronounce the final judgment.

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In "House Mottoes and Descriptions: Old and New" (Elliot Stock), by S. F. A. Caulfield, the author has collected house mottoes and descriptions from London and the English counties as well as from Scotland and Ireland. There is also a collection of foreign inscriptions, and many examples from bells, sundials, organs, and so on. Amongst the most remarkable of mural inscriptions were surely the following, which decorated the north, south, east, and west gates of the ancient city of Galway:—

From the ferocious O'Flahertys,
Good Lord, deliver us!
From the devilish O'Dalys,
Good Lord, defend us!
From the cut-throat O'Kellys,
Good Lord, save and keep us!
From the murderous O'Maddens,
Good Lord, preserve us!

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Since our last issue we have received (says the "Academy") the following additional replies to our question as to what books had most pleased and interested our readers:—

The Dean of Ripon—I have been unable to read new books for some time past, and I therefore cannot give any recommendations.

Mr. I. Zangwill—Berenson's "Study and Criticism of Italian Art," Jerome's "Paul Kelver." Have also enjoyed making Captain Kettle's acquaintance this year.

Mr. E. F. Benson—"The House with the Green Shutters," "The Phantom Millions."

Mr. Robert Hichens—Mathilde Serao's "La Vie en Detresse,'' Gustave Flaubert's "Correspondance."

Mr. F. Anstey—Joseph Conrad's "Youth," R. Hichen's "Felix."

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The New York "Bookman" prints an article entitled "The Poe Cult." The writer says: "One of the most astonishing facts in the literary annals of America, if not of the world, is the amazing rise of what may be called the Poe cult. The unhappy master of 'The Raven' was the victim of a fate more strange, more romantic, more tragical than poet ever imagined or novelist ever penned." The present recognition and enthusiasm for Poe in America is rather remarkable, for Poe was not in any way a typical American in matters of art His appeal, a literary contemporary remarks, was rather distinctly un-American; his prose owed much to France; his verse was entirely his own. In England he cannot even now be said to be popular: certain of the stories are well known, and everyone is familiar with "The Raven" and "The Bells." But he wrote finer things in verse than those poems, things more truly great. There are passages in "The Raven" which must always strike one as mere upholstery, and now and then "The Bells" has too mechanical a clang. For "The Raven" Poe received ten dollars; the writer in the "Bookman" estimates that if the original manuscript were in existence ten thousand dollars would glady be paid for it by one of those American millionaires who buy manuscripts, gems, houses, or horses with equal lavishness and disregard of value. The commercial value of Poe's letters is astonishingly high; we are told that they are worth five times as much as Byron's, twice as much as Shelley's, and a hundred times as much as Lowells and Longfellow's. A new edition of his works in seventeen volumes has just been published in America. It seems a curious comment upon that funeral in 1849 which was attended by only eight persons. Yet even then there were those who counted him amongst the immortals.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

Germany's match-making industry, in which about £1,800,000 is vested, is said to be almost ruined by the output of the American Diamond Match Company's new factories near Mannheim. Six months ago matches made in German works were sold at £4 a case; now they are selling at £3 4s. a case, which is four shillings below the cost of production by German machinery. The Diamond Match Company uses machinery made in the United States.

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Bessel in 1831 first discovered the mass of the rings of Saturn by observing the motion of Titan, his largest satellite. The approximate mass obtained is admittedly large. Professor Hall, in a recent number of the "Astronomical Journal," has determined the mass of the ring to that of the planet as 1 to 7,092. This gives the ring a mass only two-thirds that of Titan, whose mass is to that of Saturn as 1 to 4.500.

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Desmoulieres has examined the colouring matter and sugars contained in apricots. He finds that the former can be removed from both acid and ammoniacal solution by amyl alcohol, and appeears to be identical with carotin. The sugars extracted were saccharose, invert sugar, and glucose, the proportion of the latter being small in ripe fruits, but larger in unripe fruits (0.353 and 0.771 per cent respectively).

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While there are probably large undeveloped mineral resources in other provinces of Cuba, mining as an employing industry is practically confined to Santiago. The copper mines once so successfully exploited are being re-opened, but do not yet appear in labour statistics. Manganese mines have been developed since the American occupation, about 125 men being regularly employed at 85 cents American money for a ten-hour day. This is surface working, and the mines are some distance from the city of Santiago. The iron mines of this province employ over 4,000 men when sufficient labour can be obtained.

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In the course of an article on animal sense perceptions, in which special attention is directed to nauseous or offensive odours as a means of protection, the editor of the "Zoologist" warns his readers against regarding animal etiology too much from the human standpoint. Because animals cannot speak, we must not assume that they have no modes of communication; it is by no means certain that the ordinary explanation of "warning colours" is the true one, while the evil smell of the durian fruit does not render it distasteful either to the ourang or to man himself.

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An oxyacetylene blow-pipe is described by M. Fouche in the Bulletin of the French Physical Society. The flame is formed by the combustion of a mixture of one part of acetylene to ½ of oxygen, and in order that the explosion may not travel back into the blow-pipe, a jet velocity is required, due to the pressure of a water column four metres in height. The flame melts most metals readily; it will solder iron and steel. Even silica and lime are melted by it. With a reduction of the proportion of oxygen, the flame becomes luminous, and on falling on lime the free carbon goes to form carbide of lime.

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The Sheffield electrical Engineer, Mr. S. E. Fedden, gives some interesting figures relating to the use of steam turbines for electrical power generation in a paper read recently before the Municipal Electrical Association. From a table of actual tests of a 500-kilowatt turbo-alternator running at 2,500 revolutions per minute and with 140 pounds steam pressure at the stop valve, it appears that the consumption of steam per kilowatt hour at full load varied between 22.2 pounds to 28.9 pounds. The former consumption was obtained with a vacuum of 28 inches and the latter with 22 inches in the condenser. An economy of 8 per cent. in steam consumption was obtained with 50 deg. superheat and 12 per cent. with 100 deg. superheat.

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J. O'Brien contributes a suggestive note to the "Gardener's Chronicle," on the differing odour of Odontoglossum hebraicum as observed at different periods. When first flowered by the writer the blooms had a marked cinnamon odour, quite distinct from the hawthorn fragrance of other members of the group. On passing into other hands, the plant, when it first flowered, gave off the hawthorn odour, but on the next occasion of its blooming the smell was that of cinnamon. The writer does not state if these differences of odour have been traced to diverse periods of the blooming. It has been noticed by those who grow the common jasmin that the flowers, when first expanded, possess in a marked degree the delicious fresh odour which is characteristic of them. But as flowering progresses, the perfume becomes less delicate, and the blooms are then very attractive to blue-bottle flies. This would appear to have some connection with the recorded formation of indol in the jasmin bloom as the process of flowering approaches completion.

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During the recent trials and experiments with alcohol for motors in Paris, M. Sorel carefully examined the exhaust gases to ascertain if complete combustion were effected with the various alcoholic agents utilized. He has prepared an extensive report upon the subject. From this it appears that he nearly always found acetic acid in the exhaust gases, proving that thorough combustion was not attained. It is also apparent from the various vehicles M. Sorel examined that the capacity of combustion is the least with light, high-speed vehicles, but he even found that heavy motors did not obtain the efficiency expected in this direction. To insure perfect combustion M. Sorel has found by experiment that the air supply which has been calculated upon a theoretical basis as sufficient to attain perfect combustion is deficient by 50 per cent. This scientist intends to investigate the subject still more, and to ascertain exactly what air pressure is requisite to insure the most efficient combustion, and the result of these investigations should prove of great value to those who use alcohol-driven motors.

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The "Centralblatt fur Accumulatoren und Elementenkunde" publishes details of tests carried out by order of the French Minister of the Marine with secondary cells of French manufacture—presumably for use on submarines. The method of testing the durability of the cells was as follows:—The cells submitted by the various manufacturers were connected up in a series to form one battery, and were charged and discharged 250 times. A current of 330 amperes was used for the first charging operation for a period of four hours, and subsequent chargings were carried out with the same current for a period equivalent in ampere hours to a 50 per cent. increase on the previous discharge from the battery. The discharge was carried out at 660 amperes, and was continued until the E.M.F. of any cell had fallen to 1.65 volts. Two chargings and dischargings were completed daily, and Sunday was observed as a rest day.

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The level of liquid in each cell was preserved constant by addition of water or acid during the period of the test. The cells which fell below 1.65 volts in less than half an hour from the commencement of any period of discharge were withdrawn from the series, and the plates submitted to a final examination in presence of a representative of the makers. The number of cells entered for the test was 21, these being submitted by thirteen manufacturers. The experiment continued from October 10 to March 17, and on the latter day only five cells were left as survivors of the durability test. The following are the trade names and final E.M.F.'s of these five cells:—Heinz (1,860 volts), Union (1,790 volts), Metaux (1,772 volts), Max (1,714 volts), Fulmen-d'Arsonval (1,650 volts). Of the above five makes of secondary cells, the first four are manufactured exclusively with pasted plates. The maximum weight of accumulators for the French navy is fixed by the Ministry at 225 kg. The Heinz cell had a total weight of 181 kg., of which 106 kg. represented the weight of the plates.

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The world-famed Chesapeake terrapin is evidently fast disappearing. All along the Chesapeake Bay terrapin hunters are finding greater difficulty than ever in capturing the diamond-backed creatures so highly prized by gourmets. It seems strange now to eread that in ante-bellum days the Maryland Legislature once passed a law prohibiting slave-owners from feeding terrapin to their slaves oftener than once a week—a law, the passage of which was prompted by the negro taste for pork. The preservation of the terrapin supply has been a problem that has given the dealers much concern during the last few years. It is doubtful whether the creature will propagate in captivity. But it is certain that incubators will protect the eggs from the ravashes of marsh rats and crows. The chief source of terrapin supply is now Crisfield, Md., although many diamond-backs come from the Choptank River and the waters of Talbot County. At Crisfield the dealers have been in the habit of gathering terrapin and impounding them in the water. The result of this is that all the good Chesapeake terrapin are at Crisfield, imprisoned by dealers. The price now for 7 and 8-inch terrapin is 60 dollars a dozen; for 6 to 7 inches, 36 dollars a dozen; 5 to 6 inches, 14 dollars a dozen; and under 5 inches, 2 dollars a dozen. The discrepancy between 60 dollars and 2 dollars a dozen is due to quality; for the diamond-back increases in flavour with age, and appears to become more tender as it grows older. Furthermore, the smaller terrapin cannot be marketed, since the law prohibits it.

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Mr. J Halm, of the Royal Observatory of Edinburgh, has proposed a new and more complete theory of the sun, briefly as follows: Previous theories of the periodic changes have taken no account of the absorbing envelope surrounding the photosphere. If the loss of energy by radiation exceed the production of heat due to shrinkage, the temperature must fall. The level of the layer of maximum radiation—i.e., of the photosphere—must shift toward the centre, and consequently the photosphere becomes protected by a greater thickness of absorbing and reflecting matter. After a time the increasing reflection may overheat the photosphere, but the overheated material may be retained at the level of the photosphere by convection currents until the upward tendency becomes so strong as to produce an eruption by which thermal equilibrium is temporarily restored, after which the cycle is repeated. The mathematical expression of the theory gives an equation from which a curve of sun spots may be computed which agrees very closely with the results of observation, while a "great period" of solar phenomena is accounted for by changes in the intensity of the convection currents, the equation showing that when the spot development is powerful the rise from minimum to maximum will be accelerated. A remarkable conclusion from the theory is that times of maximum spottedness correspond to times of minimum radiation, which would seem to be supported by the more important recent researches.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief, the barrack gates are closed every evening precisely at half-past seven o'clock, and after that hour no soldier is permitted to go out on any account whatever. This order has originated from a late misunderstanding between a party of the army and the police.

A silver mine near the Chair of Kildare has been lately discovered, and is now working with great success by Mr. Evans, Engineer to the Grand Canal Company. Should the mine turn out adequate to the expectations which are formed of it, it must be a most valuable acquisition, on account of its contiguity to the Grand Canal, and consequent cheapness of water carriage.

The wantonness which has hitherto been practised by apprentices, and other ignorant persons, in throwing orange peels, and committing other acts of outrage, in play-houses, is now likely to be put a total stop to. The Grand Jury of the city of Dublin, much to their honour, have found bills of indictment against a person who repeatedly spit down from the upper gallery on a gentleman in the middle, and when spoke to, treated him with the most abusive language. Happily he was taken in the act, which, no doubt, will be brought home to him.

Extract of a letter from Athy, August 15.

"This being the last day of our Assizes, Thomas Casey was indicted, tried, and capitally convicted, for having, in complicity with others, robbed and plundered the house of Mr. Tone, near Sallins, in the county of Kildare, of various valuable articles, to the amount of £450. On his trial he attempted to prove an alibi, and for that purpose produced a witness whose testimony went fully to establish it, but not content therewith, another evidence was produced, who contradicted every assertion of the former. After a learned charge from the judge, the jury withdrew, and brought in a verdict of guilty, on which the unhappy wretch received sentence to be executed on Tuesday, the 28th inst. The above culprit is said to be a notorious offender, and to have been concerned in many robberies. There were five in company with him at the time of the robbery, who are not yet taken. By his frequent robberies, and carrying on the pawnbroking business in Hanover lane, Dublin, it is reported he acquired a property of £1,300, and after conviction he swore that though he was found guilty, he was still worth £1,000. On his return from court, though heavily bolted, he made a most surprising leap."

It is, indeed, much to be lamented that a sum of money has not been granted by Parliament during the late session for the purpose of finishing the improvement of the new gardens in the style of elegance originally intended. It was laid out for a charitable purpose, and it is a pity that any effort for rendering the entertainment or amusement of the public, where benevolence is so immediately concerned, should not be properly and effectually supported.

We hear that an experiment is going to be made of paving our streets with mountain stone cut in squares, it being the opinion of many intelligent persons, a material both for its durability and roughness, to be preferred to either the Scotch or Arklow grit, hitherto used in Dublin.

DUBLIN, MONDAY, AUGUST 20.

The Amazon frigate has arrived at Milford, wit a large smuggler of three hundred tons, which she took off Cape Clear a few days ago, laden with a variety of rich prohibited goods from France. She is said to have been freighted at St. Martin's, in the Isle of Rhe, on the west coast of France, and is estimated at £24,000.

DUBLIN, TUESDAY, AUGUST 21.

As the weather has been calm for some days past, it was expected that the divers would have made their experiment at the Kish Bank, for the recovery of some of the bullion and dollars in the "Belgioso," but no such attempt has been hitherto made, though the temptation is great, as they are to share half what they recover.

Yesterday as Walter Dawson, Esq., of Ashgrove, near Armagh, was coming to Dublin, he was stopped between the Hill of Turvey and Swords by four footpads, who robbed him of cash and notes to the amount of £70. They suffered him to keep what silver he had, to serve, they said, for travelling expenses.

The Corporation of the city of Dublin have, we hear, in contemplation, a very spirited and useful design, which is that of extending the pipe-water works to the Circular Road, on which though the income will be by no means commensurate to the expense for many years, if ever, the expense cannot amount to less than £11,000.

Yesterday the annual Melon Feast was celebrated at Conway's Tavern, at the Blackrock, at which a numerous crowd of the most respectable citizens, accompanied by the most distinguished of the curious in our natural productions, atended; there were fourteen brace of melons produced by the claimants, all of which were of the most excellent flavour. There were two medals adjudged: the first a gold one, value three guineas, for the best-flavoured Rock Cantelope Melon; and for the second best, a silver one, value one guinea. The first was obtained by Mr. Clarke (gardener to the Right Hon. John Beresford); and the second by Mr. Allen (gardener to his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin). The medals were elegantly engraven; on one side was a representation of a fine melon, in full bearing; on the other, a suitable inscription. There were not less than two hundred people assembled on the above occasion, who all dispersed in the greatest harmony, highly gratified with their day's excursion.

DUBLIN, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22.

The spirit of improvement for which this city has of late been so much distinguished, is still extending itself; it has reached our University, and in a short time its internal appearance will correspond with the elegance of its exterior. The ground on the north side is now clearing for the purpose of erecting a chapel, and Palliser's old brick buildings are taking down. This new plan is to be constructed on the plan of the new Theatre, to which it will be directly opposite; the present Chapel and Old Hall come down, and an open square made in consequence, which will greatly add to the symmetry of the whole, and present a perfect and finished appearance.

So long as brewers sell their liquor under the price prescribed by Act of Parliament, in order to induce publicans to become their customers, it will be in vain to hope for the improvement of our malt liquor, or of its coming into general use. Whether it be sold below the legal price, or whether the brewer give a present or premium to the publican, the effect is the same to the public, and the laws should be rigorously enfarced to prevent this injurious collusion. No measure whatever could go further to effect a reformation of morals amongst the lower orders, than to substitute some temperate beverage for the pernicious use of whiskey, which, while it corrupts their manners, debilitates their constitutions.

Extract of a letter from Monaghan, August 18.

"We have had a conviction at our Assizes, which to extend the salutary effects of such an example, ought to be made known to the kingdom. Owen McIntee, Philip McIntee Peter Kelly, and William Kelly, were tried and convicted before the Hon. Baron Hamilton, upon the late Act, and by him sentenced to be transported for seven years, pursuant to said Act, for keeping a forcible possession against the Sheriff, and opposing him in the execution of his duty. At the same Assizes three persons were capitally convicted, two of whom were ordered for execution the 28th, two others were found guilty of clergyable felonies, and also sentenced to be transported. And the two men were sentenced to be pilloried, one of them Mark Nicholson (a man of decent appearance), for counterfeiting the seal of the Linen Board, who was to have his offence written in Capital Letters on a paper to be placed on his breast; two women were found guilty of petty larcenies, and ordered to be confined and privately whipped."

We hear the trustees of the Malahide turnpike road have ordered an estimate to be given for building a bridge across that part of the Strand between the Bathing-house and the new erected Glass-house near Ballybough bridge, which is at present not in very good order; their intention is to have the approach to this city through that spacious road (usually called the Long-strand) by the new Custom House, through Abbey street, etc., and to throw down Ballybough bridge; an improvement which will take place next session of Parliament. The building of the above bridge will be attended with very little expense, that part of the Strand not being covered more than three hours each tide.

The works at the Theatre in Crow street are carrying forward with the greatest celerity; the plan, it is said, is an entire new one, which the taking down of the galleries and altering the stage, seems to confirm. Within these few days, however, no person is admitted to enter the site of the Theatre, for the purpose, no doubt, of surprising the public with a place of elegant amusement in a style entirely new.

It is with pleasure we announce to the public, that a number of young men of genius in this city have associated themselves into a body, under the appellation of "The Society of Irish Artists." They purpose to have regular meetings, in order to consult upon the different improvements in their several departments. Specimens of execution, and models of new inventions, we hear, it is determined on regularly to present to the Royal Irish Academy, such as paintings, engravings, etc. By this means the reputation of the Irish artists will be established, the absurd folly of sending to the sister kingdom upon every occasion abolished, and in time the materials towards an Irish Museum accumulated.

(To be Continued.)

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THE ABBEY OF BURISHOOL.



AN OLD MAYO MONASTERY.

AS ITS RUINS STOOD IN 1791.

From Grose's "Antiquities of Ireland," 1791.

The following is part of Pope Innocent VIII's bull for the founding of this abbey, A.D. 1486:—

"Bishop Innocent, servant of the servants of God, to the Venerable Father the Archbishop of Tuam, salvation and apostolic benediction. The immense benignity of the Apostolic See always complies with the pious desires of the faithful of the regular orders, and benevolently grants their requests. A petition lately exhibited to us on the part of Donald O'Moran of the friars preachers, states that Richard de Burgh, desirous by a happy commerce to exchange earthly for celestial, and transitory for eternal things, and for the salvation of his own and the souls of his progenitors, and for the singular devotion which he bears to the aforesaid order, grants and gives in pure and perpetual aims to said order, a certain place, called Bures-Vaill, fit and convenient for constructing one house for the use and habitation of the said brethren, particularly as there is no house of the order within twelve miles of it, &c."

This monastery is situated on a bay of the same name, on the road leading to Erris. The steeple erected on an arch still remains; two sides of the cloisters also. It was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and was granted to Nicholas Weston, who assigned it to Theobald Dillon, Viscount Costellogalen. A great patron is held here the 4th of August, being St. Dominick's day.

This view was taken from an original drawing by Bigari, in the collection of the Right Honourable William Conyngham.

SLIABH-NA-MON,

AND

Its Fenian Traditions.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES BY REV. J. F. LYNCH.

VI.

At Athlone, as mentioned in D. P. J., Luan is stated to have slain the black pig, and it was also noted in D. P. J. that Athlone is in Tain Bo Chuailgne stated to be named from the luan of the Finnbheannach. O'Curry (Lectures, p. 40) says "The Don Chuailgne, at last coming up with his opponent, raised him on his horns, ran off with him, passed the gates of Medb's palace, tossing and shaking him as he went, until at last he shattered him to pieces, dropping his disjointed members as he went along. And wherever a part fell, that place retained the name of that joint ever after. And thus it was stated that Ath Luain, now Athlone, which was before called Ath Mor, or the Great Ford, received its present name from the Finnbheannach's Luan or loin, having been dropped there."

The Finnbheannach, or white horned bull, who fed on Magh Ai (35) in Co. Roscommon, was an ancient moon symbol.

In Silva Gadelica, p. 530, it is stated that Magh Liffe was named from Liffe, daughter of Canann Curchach, who eloped with Deltbanna mac Druchta, cup-bearer of Conaire mor, King of Tara, belonging to Bodb's Sidh of Femen (36), and Liffe admired the plain so much that she induced Deltbanna to get it named from her. The cup-bearer is often mentioned in the Irish tales, and is an important character. It is stated that the cup-bearers of the Greek Poseidon, the Latin Neptune, were black bulls.

The Irish tales for the most part are incorrect in the etymological ventures, but the tales are valuable on account of the old names and references to old customs contained in them. Professor Connellan (Trans. OS. Soc., vol. v., p. 169) says that the river Liffey, according to the Book of Ballymote, derived its name from the circumstance of a battle having been fought near it by the Milesians against the Tuatha De Danann and Fomorians, and the horse of the Milesian monarch Heremon (Eri-mon), which was named Gabhar Liffe, signifying the steed of Liffe, having been killed there, the river was called Liffe or Liffey.

In another account it is stated that it got its name from Life, the daughter of Iuchna of the Fir Bolg, who was drowned there. In Irish it was called Amhain Life, signifying the river Liffey, which was anglicised Avon Liffey, and changed to Amliffy and Anna Liffey, and the name has no connection with the Danish Amliffe or Aulaffe. The name Life simply means water, or river. The final vowel is what philologists term a consonantal rest, and the root is lif from libh, or lib, and this is a form of the old word lu, or li (37), "water." The old names of many of the Irish rivers and lakes are extensions of old words for water or river. The Shannon, Irish Sinann, comes from an old word, Su, or Si, "water," found in Sanskrit, and which still occurs in the Turkish language. Dr. Whitley Stokes has compared the word Sinann with Indus or Sindus, the Indian river name. A very good idea of the evolution of the Irish language may be obtained by examination of the old names of the rivers and lakes.

The Irish language is said to have been composed by a certain royal schoolmaster, named Fenius Farsaidh, who had for assistant Gaedhal, the son of Eathor. Those two names, Fenius and Gaedhal, are eponymous terms, and denote the Fene and the Gael, and in the Ara district we have succeeded in identifying the Fene with the Iberians. Fenius and Gaedhal are said to have composed the Irish language from all other languages, and to have arranged it in five dialects, the most polished of which was named Bearla Feine, or the language of the Fene, after Fenius himself, while the language generally was named Gaidhelg, from Gaedhal. I stated that the word Gaedhal signified "warrior," and that it was an eponymous term for the Gaedhilic race, who are the offspring of the Iberians.

The Irish race is a union of the Iberians and two branches of the Gael or Celts, and hence Fenius and Gaedhal had something to do with the formation of the Irish language, and the presence of the Iberian element in the Irish language will enable us to trace the old Irish names which have been much neglected to a very remote period. The names reflect the ideas of the people who first composed them. The late Canon Isaac Taylor, Mr. Baring-Gould, Professor Rhys, and others, have strongly insisted on the non-Aryan element in the British Isles, and it appears to me that the old names will furnish abundant proof of the existence of that element in Ireland.

In the tale of Bruighen da Derga, the swineherd of Bodb of Sidh Femin is named Nar, and this is an important name. In Silva Gadelica, p. 530, it is mentioned that Ros Nair was the old name of Ros Bladhma, beside Sliabh Bladhma or Slieve Bloom. In "Corca Laidhe," p. 58, Nar is said to be the son of Fearmora and Sigeang, daughter of Fearmora of the Ara Cliach, is said to have been mother of Cairbre Mor, Cairbre beg, and Cairbre Crom, who were born in Femhen-mhagh, or "plain of Femen," and fostered in Cliach-an-mhagh, or "plain of Cliach or Clin," of which I shall have somewhat to say in a future article, in which I hope to deal with the monuments of Oilioll Olom and Lughaidh Mac Con.

The explanations of old Irish personages and things given in this article will probably appear very strange and incredible to many, and especially to those who know nothing of the Irish language and literature, but it must not be forgotten that Ireland is, and has always been, a land full of surprises, and that our people have always claimed that the Irish race is an ancient race and that Erin is an ancient land.

The history of Ireland as told by the bards is now known not to be a correct history, but the tales of Ireland which the people have so well preserved must have some basis, must originally have been composed in order to keep from perishing some facts which came under the notice of the old folk. In Ireland we have no hieroglyphic or Cuneiform inscriptions, for our oghams do not count for very much, but in Ireland we have the oldest collection of folk tales in Europe, and we have a vast number of old names both personal and local, and we have the Irish language. We have sufficient material to re-write the history of our ancient land, and I think that we shall be able expose to view an Erin hitherto undreamed of, an Erin which can shake hands across the ages with ancient Egypt and Chaldæa, an Erin of whose antiquity her sons may well feel proud.

In Silva Gadelica, p. 572, we read:—"We have another denizen of this famous sidh: Fiamain mac Forai-i-Fiamain mac Buidb deirg meic an Dagda a Sidh fer Femhin, i.e., Fiamain, son of Foraei, that is to say, son of Bodb derg, son of the Daghda out of the Sidh of Femen (Mem. in Harl. 5280, f. 57b)."

Two of the lost tales of Erinn mentioned in O'Curry's list from Book of Leinster (Lectures, pp. 588-9) were Aided Fhiamain, or the Tragical Death of Fiamain, son of Forai (O'Curry's note 164), and Echtra Fiamain, or the Adventures of Fiamain.

35. Various explanations are given of the name Ai, or "Light." In the Bodleian Dinnshenches, p. 29, Magh Ai is said to be named from Ai, the name of the hound of Enna Aignech who pursued the magic swine of Drebrenn. In the Book of Lismore, quoted by Dr Whitley Stokes ("Lives." p. xxxv), the first poem ever made in Ireland is stated to have been made by Ai, son of Olloman, or Ollam, son of Delbaeth. Keating says that the six sons of Delbaeth, son of Oghma, were Fiachuidh, Ollam, Iondaoi (Ind Ai), Brian, Iuchar, and Iucharba. Keating (Joyce's edition, p. 22), says that Brian, Iuchar, and Iucharba, were three gods of the Tuatha De Danann. Compare also the account given of Brian and his brothers in "Children of Tuireann. In the Book of Leinster it is stated that Ai, son of Ollam, was one of the Irish triad who spoke immediately after birth.

36. In Silva Gadelica, p. 523 there is a tale setting forth that Cliach, the harper from Sidh Baine, went to invite Conchenn, daughter of Bodb Derg, out of the Sid on Femen on an elopement. This tale is given by O'Curry (Lectures), and by Professor Rhys (Hibbert Lectures).

37. Arabic grammarians call such roots as lu, or li open, and such a root as lib, shut. In lu the vocal stream is unconfined, but in lib, it is shut off, or closed, by the consonant. In the case of Luimneach (now Limerick), incorrectly explained by Dr. Joyce, the vocal stream of the word root lu, or li is closed by the consonant m and in the case of Liger, now Loire of France, the vocal stream of root lu, or li, is closed by conconant g an a suffix is added. Corssen derives Rome from the Celtic Sru, a river but there is an Irish word ru or ri, "water," found in Rib, the name of Loch Rib, now Lough Ree. In the mythology, Rib is made brother of Eochn of Lough Neagh.

; appears to me that the name Fiamain an extension of Fi (I, or Ai). Compare llamain from Oll, Segamain from Seg, id Eochamain from Eoch. The celebra- d dwarf of Knockaine and Tara is named er Fi, Fer Fighail, Fer Fiugail, son of ogabal of Knockaine, and fosterson of anannan Mac Lir, or "son of the sea" odleian Dinnshenches, p. 44).

Forai appears to mean "great Ai," as r (or, ur, fer) is an intensive particle. Silva Gadelica, p. 225, and in O'Curry's Manners and Customs," the four sons of ogabal of Knockaine are named Ferai 'er Fi), Aillen, Lu, and Fainnle (Ainule), id Mr. O'Grady (Silva Gadelica, p. 587) uates Ferai, that is, Fer Fai, with Fer , the Irish Apollo.

In D. P. J., p. 381, Gillomer (Giolla 'or) is made King of Leinster, while in eating's Introduction to his History (Mr. myn's Keating, pp. 13, 49), Giolla Mor made King of Ireland, and son to the ing of Thomond; consequently a bril- nt light will now be cast on the origin Stonehenge, for Giolla Mor of Cahir- illamore was an avatar of Gar (Sanskrit ar, "to shine"), and may be equated th Fer Fi, son of Eogabal, and fosterson Manannan, the Irish god of music and ng, and it is curious that beside the ke named from the Irish god of music is buried Thomas O'Connellan, the fore- st bard and minstrel of the Irish, whose ath song was sung by the Irish Diana, ter of Fer Fi. Old men have told me at they often heard the ceolsidhe, or 'airy music," from the lake of Gar, but ether this be so or not, the Dublin nolars who have turned their backs to the d things of Ireland will have to face e music of the Iberian harp and the fire the Iberian guns, for the Iberian battle- g is unfurled and the sword of light is awn.

Dr. Joyce (Irish Names, vol. i., p. 182) rs that several fairy hills in Ireland were med from Bodb derg and his daughter igh, but Bugh appears to be a corruption m of Bodb. Professor Rhys thinks at the name of the goddess Bodb is gnate with Anglo-Saxon beadu and Norse d, "war or battle," and he refers to the ulish names Bodvogenus and Bodvogna- s (Cæsar, Bell. Gall. ii., 23). Keating rs that Badb (Bodb), Macha, and Morrio- an, were three goddesses of the Tuatha Danann. O'Donovan (Battle of Magh ath, p. 198) says that Morrioghan, or orrigu (great queen) was the Bellona of e Irish; and Professor Rhys is inclined identify Bodb with Morrigu. In Tog- il Bruidne Da Derga, the swineherd of db derg of Sidh Femin is named Nar, d in Bodleian Dinnshenches, p. 21, the ineherd-champion of Bodb of Sidh Femin named Rind, and is said to be a rebirth the white-horned bull of Magh Ai, or lain of Ai." O'Reilly has fem, femen, eaning woman, with which it may be gnate and not derived from Latin femina. . Henderson ("Feast of Bricriu," p. 8) has following gloss: femen-i-bean, ach ba femen ba feindidh, "femen, i.e., man, though she was a woman she was a rrior." Magh Femin may have been named with respect to Aeife, daughter of Ugaine Mor, who obtained the plain.

In William Hackett's note (Trans. Os. Soc., vol. v., p. 166) we read: "The Righ bhean a bruit dirg, the Queen with the red robe, flourishes in the story of Fahalay, but our information is defective concerning her."

Righ bhean is the same as Rioghain, and in Trans. Os. Soc., vol. iv., p. 87, Niamh Nuadh-chrothach, daughter of Garadh, son of Dolar Dian, Ardrigh of Greece, is termed Rioghain an bhruit dheirg ("queen of the red robe"), and it is said that she, having been bound against her will to Tailc Mac Treoin, or "Stout-one son of Powerful-one," sought refuge with Finn and the Fianna, then assembled on Cnoc an Air, or "hill of slaughter," considered by the editor of "Cath Chnoic an Air" to be Knockanar, near Ballybunion, county of Kerry. There was also a Cnoc an Air near Ros na righ beside the River Boyne (Silva Gadelica, p. 137), and Ros na righ was also the name of one of the royal residences of Munster (Silva Gadelica, p. 118). I do not know where the Munster Ros na righ was, but have some reason for supposing that Ros was the celebrated "Wood of Bones," near the town of Tipperary, and that the fort of Ros na righ was on the site still visible on the largest of the Round-hills, about a mile and a half east of the town. In Silva Gadelica, p. 178, it is stated that Niamh, daughter of Angus tireach, or "land-grabber," eloped from Dun na m barc, or "fort of ships" (now Dunnamark, near Bantry) with Oisin, son of Finn, and went with him to Tulach na narm, or "hill of arms," in Magh Rath, or "plain of forts" (now Moira, county of Down). It is stated that Niamh died on this hill when beholding the slaughter (ar) of the battle fought between the Fianna and the forces of Augus tireach, and that the hill was consequently called Cnoc an air, which appears to be the hill named Cnocan an Choscair, or "hillock of slaughter," or victory, in "Battle of Magh Rath," edited by O'Donovan. In "Laidh Oisin ar Thir na n-og," Niamh Chinn Oir, or "Brightness of the head of gold," appears to the Fianna beside Loch Lein (Lakes of Killarney), and entices Oisin to Tir na n-og, being, it is said, daughter of the King of Tir na n-Og. They go on the back of a white horse, and after leaving Erin see many wonderful sights. They see a white, red-eared dog (gadhar) chasing a hornless fawn (Eilit mhaol), and a young mamid on a brown (donn) steed having a golden apple in her right hand going on the top of the wave closely followed by a young rider on a white (ban) steed, under a purple crimson (corcur dearg) satin mantle, and a golden-headed sword in his right hand. Niamh will not inform Oisin what the meaning of these sights is, and advises him not to heed what he sees. Oisin is stated to have lived over three hundred years with Niamh in Tir na-n-og, and when he returned to get a look at Erin and the Fianna he found the land not what it was, and the Fiann dead long previously. In Gleann an Smoil he lifted and cast to a distance a large flag which some men were endeavouring to raise, and then the golden girths of the saddle of the white horse broke, and Oisin having touched the soil of Erin, became at once blind, weak, and feeble.

In O'Curry's Lectures, p. 39, Fedelm Nuachtrutach is explained F. of the ever new form, or ever blooming, and at p. 514, the form Fedlem Nochrothaigh occurs, which O'Curry explains F. of the ever new beauty. Professor Rhys ("Hibbert Lectures," p. 630) has Fedelm of the Nine Forms, for she had so many fair aspects, each of which was more beautiful than the others." In the "Feast of Bricriu," p. 34, the name occurs as Fedelm Noicrothach ingen Conchobair, and is explained "Noi crotha no tadbantais forri ocus ba aildiu cach cruth araili." Fedelm of the nine shapes, daughter of Conchobar—"nine shapes she could assume, and each shape more lovely than the other."

Fedilmi (Fedlem, Fedelm) is explained by O'Donovan (D. P. J., p. 373) as "ever good," but the final letter m of this name is an example of Celtic mimation, and the name is an extension of Feidel, or Fedel. Fedlem, or Fedelm, may be explained as brightness, and Niamh and Fedlem have exactly the same meaning and have the same mythological explanation. Niamh Nuadh-chrotach, or Niamh of the ever new form, may be Niamh Noicrothach, or Niamh of the Nine Forms. Professor Rhys says "Fedelm, according to some accounts, was the mother of Erc and Acall, nor is she usually associated with Cu Chulaind; and she is so abruptly introduced into the epic tale that the passage was a puzzle, some eight hundred years ago, to the writer of the oldest text now known of it. But, treated comparatively, it becomes intelligible, and carries us back to a distance of time which might almost be characterised as geological" ("Hibbert Lectures, p. 631).

Professor Rhys ("Hibbert Lectures," p. 378) thinks that the "Nine Forms," like the "Nine Hazels," had reference to the nine-night week of the Celts, and he compares the Irish Fedelm with the Greek Athene.

(To be Continued.)

A WISH.

By C.

Oh! give me the ocean's boundless plain,
And a barque to plough its wild, wild waves;
Give me the mirth of the tameless main,
As it roars in might through its hollow caves.

And give me the voice of the viewless breeze
To whistle its song through my white-swelling sails,
And play in its glee o'er the billowy seas,
Alternate the sport or the prey of its gales.

Give me the star-studded diademed night,
With its myriads of glories unveiled to the view;
Or the mild maiden moon, with her silvery light,
Shining forth from a canopied curtain of blue.

And give me the freedom to ramble and roam,
And visit each region of sun or of snow:
The world for my country, my bark for my home,
Heaven's high arch above me, the ocean below.

Oh! give me but these, and I envy you not
Your sweet tranquil home, and its sameness of bliss;
I sue not for glory, or wealth, as my lot,
No—all I would ask is a life such as this.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

ABOVE THE RABBLE.

BY ELBERT HUBBARD.

The Eiffel Tower is one thousand feet high; it is the highest structure in the world. Next to this comes the Washington Monument, five hundred and fifty-five feet. The Great Pyramid is four hundred and eighty feet; the spire of St. Peter's at Rome is four hundred and thirty-two feet.

There are four elevators that run to the second landing of the Tower—two ascending and two descending. From this point there is one running up and one running down. In order to lessen vibration to the structure and to the vertebrae of passengers, the elevators move at the rate of only one hundred feet a minute; thus it takes ten minutes to make the ascent.

The second landing place is three hundred and seventy feet from the ground, and this is about as far from mother earth as most people care to go. The highest buildings in Chicago are about two hundred feet. From the roofs of these edifices the people below look like pigmies; the rattle of traffic is heard as a faint hum. But from the top of the Eiffel Tower men and women on the ground are lost to ken: they are mere dots, without height or individuality.

The Eiffel Tower is the greatest scheme for elevating humanity ever conceived. It costs five francs to make the ascent, but it is worth the money. It will try your nerves, and possibly make you seasick, but the joy you feel on getting back to earth is compensation for all discomfort.

Besides this, change in hygienic and nervous sensations, new experiences, new views of things. In fact, a specialist in neurotics of Paris takes certain of his patients to the top of the Eiffel Tower in order to arouse them out of their despondency—to stimulate and compel them to think of new things.

We have all heard of the chronic invalid who was not cured until the doctor caught a fire; but who wants to start a conflagration as treatment for melancholia? Yet the elevators at the Eiffel Tower run every day, and it has happened that when patients who seemed to commit suicide are taken up in the closely cushioned cage, they have become frightened and begged to be taken down at once.

Let me frankly confess that I was first attracted to the Eiffel Tower through the advice of a physician. I had overworked, endeavouring to read all of the chipmunk magazines as fast as they appeared. Nervous prostration set in, and neurasthenia had taken a firm hold on me, and if my actions at this time were slightly peculiar, the gentle reader must be charitable, and attribute my eccentricity solely to my physical condition—and the magazinelets.

I made the ascent of the Tower by stages: the first time I was fully satisfied on getting to the second landing. The next time to the third, and on the third ascent, I resolved the summit.

Had I gone but once, it would have been an experience never to be forgotten. Alas! the medicine was so palatable that I wished for a double dose, and on the second trip the Tower was only half as high. I was quite blase.

The work of the great engineer? What of it! He has the earth to build upon, the corners of the world from which to draw material, books that tell him the crushing resistance of his base and the breaking tension of his beams. He digs for his caissons, lays his foundation, places his steel uprights, counts on the force of the wind; computes the exact weight of each piece he will use, bolts and rivets part to part, carrying up columns and girders by elevator, and, like the building of a railroad, lays the track for his carriages as he goes. A railway extends iron after iron on the ground; this extends iron after iron into the air. But it is according to well digested physical laws; it is all geometric. The Tower has four immense corners three hundred feet apart that are mortised into the very crust of the Miocene Period. The pressure on each square centimetre at the base is nine pounds; that at the Washington Monument is fifty-eight pounds. The difference is in the material used. Who's afraid? There it rises, tall, straight, correct, cold-levelled with plumb-line and square. It is all mathematically adjusted, clamped, implicated, riveted, rectilinear, symmetrical, sure. It cost 1.500.000 dollars.

On my third passage to the elevator of the Eiffel Tower the novelty of the thing had quite worn away. I joked with the ticket-seller, slapped the guard on the back, entered the car, and patted several ladies who were a bit nervous, and threatening to scream; then I gave the order to ascend. My jaunty manner quite put the passengers at their ease. In pigeon French I explained the workings of the elevators, the cost of the structure, the time required to build it, the difficulties encountered.

On the down trip one of the ladies asked: "Who was it built this tower, anyway?"

"I am the man who built it," was my unblushing answer.

"But I thought from your accent you were an American?"

"Madam, you evidently forget that in building towers the vocabulary always gets a little mixed."

The next day as I viewed the Eiffel Tower from my hotel window, I smiled in derision. On first approaching the Tower a week before, I had been overawed, then I admired, then grew fond of it, then embraced—in my mind—to scorn it.

And this is how it happened: In the Paris edition of the "New York Herald" I read an announcement worded as follows: "Prof. Le Grand, the celebrated aeronaut, will make an ascension for scientific purposes to-morrow, from the Champ de Mars. Three passengers will be taken at fifty francs each. Apply early at 15 Rue St. Denis."

An overwhelming desire had come over me to spit down upon the pride of M. Eiffel. Here was the chance. I hastened to the Rue St. Denis, found Prof. Le Grand, a bright youth of about twenty-two, at a little wine shop. He was too young to be celebrated, and did not look scientific, yet I paid him my passage money and took a receipt. He could not understand my English, and to me his French was incomprehensible; but by signs I much patronized, it was agreed that I should be on hand at two o'clock the following day.

I slept little that night, and was up betimes the next morning. When I approached the Champ de Mars in the afternoon I could see the great mud-coloured balloon swaying back and forth like an impatient elephant. A large crowd had gathered. On working my way through the jam I found that ropes were stretched in the form of a square to keep people back. I managed to reach the ropes, dodged under, and was seized by a "John Darm." I shouldered him to one side, and just as he was about to draw his sword, Prof. Le Galligar rushed forward, all in spangled tights. He embraced me, and kissed me on both cheeks. He introduced me to the assemblage, first to the east, then to the north, then to the west, then to the south. The crowd cheered lustily.

Soon the other two passengers appeared. One was a tall, slim man, the other short and stout. They were embraced by the Professor and duly introduced, first to me, then to the crowd, east, north, south and west.

My shipmates were both Frenchmen, and spoke no English. I was neither frightened nor nervous, but still I had prayed hard that at least one of them might speak English. I wished to hear my native tongue before I left the earth.

But there was no time for disappointment. The Professor seized me by the arm, marched me around to the other side of the swaying basket, and pointed to the rope ladder. I consulted my watch; it was just two o'clock. I climbed up, and found that my colleague had preceded me.

On standing in the basket the top came nearly level with my shoulders. The tall man's head was a foot above mine, and the little duodecimo's a foot below—his face deathly pale.

The Professor perched airily on the edge of the basket, and gave orders to cast off. Then it was that the little stout man got his hands on the side of the basket and tried frantically to get out—he had changed his mind. The Professor slid down and grasped him by the legs, endeavouring to hold him back. I took a hand, too. We forced him to the floor, while all the time the crowd cheered.

Then there was a silence. I stood on the prostrate form of the fat man and looked over the side to see what this sudden quiet meant. Just then a shrill feminine voice came to my ears: "Why, that's the man who built the Eiffel Tower!"

I looked down and there, to the front of the crowd, was my friend of the day before. She waved her parasol at me, and I was going to shout back an ante-mortem statement but my attention was diverted by seeing that the anchor-ropes, which were held by a dozen men a moment before, were now dangling.

We were off! No, we were not moving at all; the earth was slowly slipping away from us and turning at the same time. The north of Paris was sloughing around to the north-east.

The Eiffel Tower pushed down and away. It slid down until we were at the first landing, the second, we were even with the top; it glided down beneath us a hundred feet. I leaned over the basket and spat violently. The tall man jabbered in French, shook my hand, and the Professor all the while tumbled out cards, dodgers and sundry advertisements in the interest of science. And still the little man lay in the bottom of the basket, and the great city slowly swirled and slipped away, away, away.

The houses were only painted play-blocks gently rocking up and down, and the horses were surely out of a Noah's Ark collection. We were over the Champs Elysees, approaching the Arc de Triomphe.

The people appeared as black ants might when viewed from a tree-top. Some were moving, some evidently had discovered us and were standing still. There they were, three millions of them below us, eating, sleep

ing, fighting, praying; in houses, on roofs, on ladders, on fences, a few up the Eiffel Tower, but all on earth. Some were in love, some disappointed, some laying plans to get the money of others; black ants working for the applause of black ants; black ants seeking to reform ants blacker than themselves. All born in sin, and therefore deserving damnation. Yet some were to be saved by special enactment. How pick out which were to be saved, and which not? They were all alike. So I damned them all, and then forgave them—electing them to Tuilleries in the skies.

Paris with its long line of white houses was drifting away. The black ants could no longer be distinguished. The boulevards were reduced to mere threads, and the winding Seine was only a long crooked chalk mark.

M. Le Galligar had thrown out all of his advertising matter, and was slashing bags of sand and emptying them. The air was cold, and he was slapping his hands; I slapped mine, too. The face of the tall man was pinched and blue. The earth had given us the slip now; it had faded from sight, and below was only a great, white spreading cloud. And yet, strange! I could plainly hear human voices. They came as sounds do across a quiet lake.

The Professor consulted his instruments and made notes, then he pulled at a chord. The cloud enveloped us, covering our faces with mist.

The bleating of sheep could be heard—the voices became plainer—the green of the earth came back, but Paris was only a grey bank of clouds on the horizon.

The earth was rising to greet us. Men, women and children were leaving their houses —some running across the fields in our direction.

Two drag ropes were out, one with an anchor. Again the aeronaut pulled at the cord; the earth came nearer.

The basket dashed against a tree and bumped its freight all together. We apologised. Then we hit a stone wall, but shot up again ten feet in the air.

The anchor failed to catch, but fate was kind; an old woman in a rainy-day skirt and wooden shoes was after us. She ran like a printer. At last she got the rope in her hands; she yelled "whoa" sturdily, and pulled hard, but could not stop us. Other women came; children, too, then a man. All lent a hand. The fat passenger was standing, and the instant the basket touched the ground he rolled over the side into the friendly lap of earth. We all climbed out.

The Professor lighted a cigarette, gave a jerk to a small rope, and the great balloon struggled, quivered, sank and died.

A whole peasant village was babbling about us. The Professor was arguing hotly with the fat man; the peasantry, too, were taking part. It was all in very rapid Francais.

Suddenly M. Le Galligar received the gift of tongues. He turned and spoke to me in English, that was strongly tinctured with a Dublin brogue. He explained that the law of ballooning was that the first individual to seize the rope of a descending balloon was to have ten francs; this is to be paid by the person who first got out of the basket. He appealed to me as judge; should the fat man pay or not?

I decided he should pay, and he did.

Then we settled for the apples we had plucked from the trees by our dragging our anchor, and paid five francs for repairing the one wall.

As the Professor started to roll up the dead balloon I looked at my watch. It was just twenty-five minutes after two. We were twelve miles from the Eiffel Tower.

CELTIC ARCHITECTURE.

By Bryan J. Clinche.

Madame de Stael once compared architecture to frozen music. It might, perhaps, be equally well described as petrified history. The growth or decay of a people, and the stages of its material and mental progress, can be read in its buildings as well as in its literature, and often more clearly and fully. The gigantic works of the old Romans tell of their imperial power and wide dominion as forcibly as the pages of Livy or Tacitus. The intellectual supremacy of Athens in the ancient world is proclaimed as loudly by the perfected beauty of the Parthenon as by the story of Thucydides. The Gothic cathedrals bring before us the religious fervour and the cultivated thought of the middle ages as we should never conceive them from a perusal of the dry contemporary chronicles, and the materialism of the eighteenth century finds expression alike in the secular character and inartistic style of its buildings. Nor are the historical lessons to be drawn from architecture confined to wide generalities. The sharp distinctions of style between the neighbouring cities of Italy tell us of the exclusive spirit of the mediæval republics in that land, even as to the uniformity of style, though modern France shows the centralisation which is so striking a characteristic of its government, be it monarchy, empire, or republic. The fortress-palaces of Florence indicate the turbulence of its restless democracy, as well as their wealth and artistic feelings; and the light and graceful buildings of Venice, with the numerous foreign elements engrafted on their designs, tell of the domestic order and wide commerce of the queen of the Adriatic.

But if history can thus be read in buildings as well as in books, the same principles of investigation must guide us in the one study as in the other. Literary history, if it be worthy of the name, does not confine itself to recording decisive battles and describing the characters of mighty leaders. It seeks to bring before us the whole of human society as it existed in days now gone by, and not merely a few prominent characters or events. It finds often more valuable information in long-neglected sources, in memoirs, in letters, and old charters, than in official annals or the pages of courtly historians. To the modern writer the journal of a Pepys is more interesting than the elaborate history of a Clarendon. He would sooner trace out the growth of commerce, of learning, of popular liberties in a nation than tell the succession of its brilliant nobles and statesmen. The latter is an easier and more attractive task, but the former is a far more useful one. In like manner, if we seek to read history in architecture we must not confine our attention to the great masterpieces or the finished styles of art exclusively. We shall often find in humble buildings and rude monuments a key to the principles of art which guided the construction of the greatest, as well as a record of the steps by which progress was made, such as we might seek in vain in the latter. Considered artistically, the rude buildings of early times may be regarded in the same way as we look on the early sketches of a great painter or the first essays of a distinguished writer. In architecture the work of each age is but a step in the progress of the race. And its historic value must be judged not merely by its intrinsic merits, but also by comparison with what went before and what followed it. In this way alone can we properly read history in architecture, and when it is thus read it instructs at once in the progress of society and the principles of art.

In architecture, as in literature, however, though it is easy to trace progress through certain periods, the first stages are generally lost in obscurity. The architecture of most European nations can be traced back to a Roman origin, deeply modified, indeed, by local character, but essentially Roman both in constructive and decorative elements. In France, Spain, and along both banks of the Rhine, as well as in Italy, Roman architecture once prevailed, like Roman language and law, and, though debased during the decline of the empire and the invasions of the barbarians, it still furnished the models for the buildings which later generations erected. The modified Roman style was transplanted into the German territories by Charlemagne and his successors, and thus in none of these countries can we trace the growth of architecture from the simple buildings of the native tribes, such as they are described by Cæsar and Tacitus. Even in Italy itself the forms derived from Greece so modified the old native art that it is with the utmost difficulty we can trace a few of its elements. The old buildings have been mostly swept away, and the saying of Augustus that he had found Rome of bricks and left it of marble is a good illustration of the fate of early Italian architecture.

There is, however, one country in western Europe on whose soil we can trace the growth of architecture from the rude stone hut and cairn of the earlist stages of civilisation up to the perfection of the groined and richly-decorated church or cathedral. Through the whole duration of the Roman Empire Ireland remained untouched alike by the imperial arms or the imperial civilisation; only the introduction of Christianity brought Rome, and that at first but sightly, into contact with Ireland. St. Patrick and the early missioners who planted Christianity in the remote western island, though obedient to the Holy See, and in uninterrupted communion with it, made, apparently, no attempt to introduce a foreign civilisation or foreign customs among their converts. They obtained a modification of the native laws in such points as they conflicted with Christianity, but otherwise they did not change either the political or the social organisation of the country. Their stone churches were built on the type of the Celtic 'clochans,' or beehive-shaped houses, and their monasteries were formed on the model of the Celtic 'dun,' or walled hamlet, and not on that of the Roman villa, as on the Continent of Europe. Thus the Irish Celts after the establishment of Christianity, as well as their Pagan forefathers, were left to work out their mental and material civilisation from their own resources. Whatever they achieved in letters, laws, or art bore an essentially native character, and in nothing is this more clearly expressed than in their architecture.

The purely Celtic architecture of Ireland extends in point of time from about the date of Julius Cæsar, or perhaps earlier, to the close of the twelfth century. After that time the buildings that continued to be erected were modified to a great extent by Norman influences, though in the unsubdued districts the native art continued to live on, though with declining glories, at least three centuries later. The number of buildings older than

the Norman invasion is, however, extremely great. Of round towers alone considerable more than a hundred are still standing, most of them nearly perfect. The more or less ruined churches and oratories of every kind, from the rude cell of uncemented stone to the vaulted cathedral with its richly-carved arches and arcaded walls, are scarcely if at all less numerous than the round towers. Stone forts of cyclopean masonry, whose origin is lost in the darkness of prehistoric times, and early monasteries built on the type of these pre-Christian abodes, are to be found in abundance along the western coasts, and even the pyramid-tombs of Egypt are represented in the sepulchral mounds of Meath, and of perhaps other districts. From the rudest of these erections to the most finished the series is uninterrupted. The stone fort is succeeded by the monastic enclosure where the monks dwelt in rudely-built cells, and a larger cell served as a church. The cell of dry stone is succeeded by the square church with its straight walls laid in mortar; and this in turn is followed by the church containing a nave and chancel, and later on provided with a lofty belfry. In succession we trace the progress from rude rubble-work to coursed masonry, and from that to the use of cut and moulded stone-work, and from the curved roof formed by overhanging courses of stone to the perfect construction of the true arch. Each step in progress finds its expression in different buildings, each indicating a stage in the development of native art, and the whole forming a series such as no other country of Europe can parallel.

Among the prehistoric monuments of Ireland, the sepulchral monuments of New Grange, in Meath, claim a foremost place, though more for their mass and their analogy with the pyramid-tombs of Egypt than for their constructive features. On first sight they resemble natural hillocks, and it is only on close examination that they are found to consist of stones heaped up by human labour, and now covered with a thick carpet of grassy sod. These hillocks are scattered in considerable numbers along the banks of the Boyne, not very far from its mouth, in a district which is believed to have been one of the royal burying-grounds in Pagan times. Indeed, although there is no record of the origin of those monuments, the Irish annals mention specially that the monarchs of Ireland were buried in this place until shortly before the fifth century. Three mounds are prominent for bulk among the many smaller ones, and are known as the hills of Dowth, Knowth, and New Grange. The latter is the largest, and has been opened to inspection for nearly two centuries. It covers nearly two acres, and is eighty feet high at present, with a rounded outline such as a heap of loose stones would naturally take when piled together. But New Grange and its companion hillocks are more than mere cairns. Their interior is honey-combed with chambers and passages carefully built of huge blocks. The central chamber of New Grange is round and about twenty feet in diameter, with a square recess about eight feet square projecting from each of three sides, and a passage leading from the fourth side to the outside of the mound, the whole of the chambers thus forming the figure of a Celtic cross in plan. Whether this resemblance be accidental, or whether it had anything to do in suggesting the peculiarly Irish form of the ornamented cross in Christian times, it is impossible to say. The passage-walls are formed by huge blocks of stone, and the roof is covered with immense flags, one being seventeen feet long and six wide. The central chamber is domed rudely by courses of stone projecting inward, each course overlapping the one beneath until they nearly meet, when the opening is covered by one large block. The height to the centre of the roof is over eighteen feet, while the height of the passage is only about six, and the side-chambers somewhat more. As in the Egyptian pyramids, so in New Grange, the piling up of a mass of material seems to have been the only element of architecture aimed at by the builders. The amount of stone, mostly loose field-stones, piled up amounts by measurement to nearly two hundred thousand tons, or a greater quantity than has been employed in the construction of any European cathedral except St. Peter's. No mere savage tribes could have accumulated such masses, which, like the Pyramids, imply the existence of a numerous population and a strong and organised government in the country where they were raised. Rude in design as they are, they must, on account of their mass at least, be ranked among architectural works, and they derive an additional interest from being among the oldest monuments of western Europe as well as of Celtic buildings.

A step in constructive skill beyond the New Grange mounds is found in the stone forts of the western coasts, whose origin is also attributed to the Pagan times. Several of these forts are found in the small islands of Arran, off the coast of Galway, but the most perfect existing sample is the Staigue Fort, as it is called, in Kerry. In this, although mortar was not yet used, the stone blocks were evidently quarried instead of being gathered from the grounds, like most of those used at New Grange. They are also carefully laid in bond, running lengthwise into the walls from both sides, and packed so tightly with smaller pieces that the work is yet almost perfect. Indeed, one is struck with astonishment at the perfection of masonry that has been attained without the use of mortar. The walls, which are nearly eighteen feet high, are carried up with a peculiar curved batter both inside and outside, and access is given to the top by flights of stone steps on the inside. The gateway is formed with huge square blocks and is covered with similar stones, and in places small rooms are formed in the thickness of the walls. From the analogy of other similar enclosures it may be presumed that stone huts were built for shelter within the walls of the fort, which is an unroofed circular enclosure about ninety feet in diameter. A ditch 24 feet wide and six feet deep, now partially choked up, surrounded the walls. Remembering that the tumuli at New Grange were both a work of greater labour and evidently connected with the residence of the monarchs of Ireland, we can only account for the superior construction of the Staigue Fort by admitting that considerable progress had been made in building skill among the Irish Celts between the date of the first and that of the second. Indeed, we find some masonry of the early Christian period so like that of the Fort that we are fairly justified in attributing its erection to a time not very distant from the arrival of St. Patrick, in the fifth century.

The monastic enclosure of Innismurray, on the island of the same name off Sligo, has many points of resemblance to the pagan forts, on the type of which it was evidently built. Like theirs, its walls are built of dry stone and are provided with gateways, but there are no stairs for giving access to the top, nor any of the other defensive features so well marked in Staigue Fort. It also differs from the latter in the existence of several buildings within it which show the nature of the monastic cells and churches in the early days of Christianity in Ireland. Nothing, indeed, could be more simple. The cells were built of stone piled together in overhanging courses and in the form of a beehive. The doors were very small, three or four feet high and from two to three wide, and the windows were small apertures rudely formed in the walls. The churches in the Innismurray enclosure are somewhat better built and show traces of mortar of a primitive kind, being evidently another step in advance. The mortar in one is a mixture of clay and lime, which seems to have been simply poured on the dry stone-work like modern grouting. In another the mortar is lime and sand, applied in the same way. The windows of the churches also show that the art of cutting stone was known, as the lintels are cut into the form of an arch. A passage in one of the Irish histories attributes the construction of the first stone-and-mortar building to a time shortly after the coming of St. Patrick, and in actually existing ruins we find a primitive mortar used in buildings side by side with dry-stone masonry resembling that of the pagan forts.

Indeed, though the churches in Innismurray were built with mortar, such as it was, other Christian churches were built in a fashion closely resembling the beehive-shaped cells we have just mentioned. A nearly perfect specimen of a church of this kind, dating back to probably the sixth century, exists still in Kerry and is known as Gallarus Oratory. Anything more unlike a modern church, or indeed a modern building of any kind, it would be hard to conceive. Yet we shall find its type gradually developed through successive Irish buildings until it was perfected in the scientific structure of Cormac's Chapel or St. Doulach's. The disposition to improve old forms rather than to borrow new ones is strongly marked through all the Celtic buildings and forms one of their most marked peculiarities. This Gallarus church resembles in shape a large boat with square ends, turned bottom upwards. Internally it is fifteen feet long and eleven wide, and the courses of stone in the side-walls project inward as they rise until they meet at the top. The section of the side-walls, both outside and inside, thus has the form of a Gothic pointed arch, though the beds of the stones are horizontal and the principle of arch construction is nowhere introduced. The door of the oratory, as of most of the early Irish buildings, is small and low, not over four feet in height, and the opening opposite which served as a window is still smaller. The whole appearance of the structure is extremely singular and vividly suggests the primitive stage both of art and science among its builders. The chief interest attaching to it, indeed, is that it represents the first type of an Irish Christian church, from which the noble buildings of later ages were gradually developed in the course of time. The second stage of progress is shown at Innismurray, where, side by side with cells of dry-stone masonry, we find three small churches built up with straight walls on which rests a roof formed on the same principle as that of Gallarus. Even between those little buildings themselves a difference can be noted. All three are laid in mortar, but in one the mixture used is clay mixed with slacked lime, while in the others true mortar is used, made apparently from broken shells.

The buildings just described are only a few specimens of the many early Celtic remains scattered over the west of Ireland. The little islands along the coast seem to have been favourite sites for the primitive monastic communities, and their remoteness and the respect of the people for their origin have both aided in their preservation. In some instances, as on the remarkable rock known as Skellig Michel, which rises several hundred feet above the Atlantic at a distance of twelve miles from the western shores of Kerry, the long-deserted monastery still serves as a place of pilgrimage to the surrounding country. The popular religious practices thus bind the long-past age and its rude buildings with the present time. It is worth notice that few remains of secular buildings of the same age are to be found. They, no doubt, were constantly changed to meet the wants of each successive age while building was still a rude art, and,

moreover, they seem to have been usually built of more perishable materials than the churches and cells. The remains of the palace of Tara are only indicated by foundations of earth, on which, no doubt, a wooden superstructure was once raised. Even for fortifications earthen walls seem to have been preferred by the Celts after the time of St. Patrick, and the stone forts of the west are not represented in later times. The burial-mounds, too, seem to have been abandoned after the introduction of Christianity. The Christian cemeteries of the eighth and ninth centuries which still exst, and, indeed, sometimes are used even now for their original purposes, have no resemblance to the prehistoric sepulchres. Sculptured gravestones and crosses are the burial monuments of Christian Ireland; and though many of them are in the highest degree remarkable as works of the stone-cutter and sculptor, they need not be further alluded to in our remarks on Celtic buildings properly so called.

The strange building near Kells, in Meath, known as Columbkill's House, stands midway between the primitive oratories like those we have just described and the buildings of the eleventh century. In appearance it resembles a house more than a church, and its doors and windows are put in without any attempt at symmetrical arrangement. The fact of its being divided into three stories, and still more the construction of its roof, show an advance on any of the early buildings, while its want of ornament or anything like architectural arrangement of parts shows that its builders were far behind their brethren of the tenth century. Its date is uncertain, but as a colony of monks from Columbkill's monastery in Iona took up their abode at Kells in the early part of the ninth century, it is most likely that it was built about that time. Though small, being only twenty-seven feet in length by twenty-four in breadth, it was evidently a monastery complete in itself, unlike the arrangement of the earlier communities, where the monks lived in seperate cells surrounded by a wall of enclosure. The lower story of the Kells monastery was used as a church, the middle as a refectory, and the loft above as sleeping rooms. The construction of this roof is the most noteworthy point about the building. The second story is arched with a barrel-vault of stone, and above that a high, pitched stone roof is carried up with straight sides externally, but with the form of a pointed arch on the inside. The lower part of this roof is built with level courses of stone, like the Gallarus Oratory, except that they are laid in mortar; but above the top of the round arch the stones are disposed in a rude pointed arch with the help of very thick mortar-beds. The appearance of true arched construction is in itself a great advance, but it is even more interesting to trace the origin of the pointed arch above, and to observe the tentative way in which the early builders began the substitution of arching for the overhanging courses with level joints used in the early oratories. In subsequent buildings the upper pointed arch was as truly formed as the lower, and thus a form of roof peculiar to ancient Ireland was produced, the construction of which both inside and outside was stone.

In the buildings hitherto described we had to rely on conjecture and internal evidence for the date of their erection; but in Tomgraney church, in the county Clare, we have a nearly perfect building, whose date is fixed by contemporary records. The Irish annals inform us that this church and its round tower were built in 964. No traces of the tower remain, but the church yet stands comparatively perfect, and shows a remarkable advance, in architectural design, on the House of Columbkill and the earlier buildings. In size it is much larger, being eighty feet long and twenty-seven wide. Its masonry is excellent, and equal to good modern work, and the introduction of buttresses on the angles of the front gives it an appearance of strength and finish that is wanting in the older buildings. But it is in the finish of the window-jambs that the greatest advance is perceptible. They are not only dressed, as in some of the older buildings, but the stone is elaborately carved into ornamental patterns. The design is the chevron, or zigzag, such as the Norman architects introduced into England in the following century, but which is here wrought out with a delicacy and finish far surpassing the Norman work. The bold mouldings of the chevron are filled with interlaced tracery of the finest character, which seems rather copied from the Celtic goldsmiths' work than from any foreign source, and which is yet applied with the utmost taste to its new purpose. The doorway, on which in later buildings the most elaborate finish was lavished, is in this example a plain, square-headed opening. It looks as if in the use of carving, as in other points, it was only by successive steps that novelties were introduced into Celtic architecture. In this is perhaps the stronget proof of its originality as well as of its progressive character, which was kept up through the confusion of the Danish invasions, and only died away after the establishment of the foreign government of the Anglo-Normans in Dublin.

The record of the building of a round tower in connection with this church brings us to consider these peculiarly Irish buildings. The origin of the round towers has been for a long period the most disputed question in Irish architecture. They have been attributed to the Phœnicians, to the Fire-Worshippers, to the Danish vikings, and in fact to anybody and everybody except to the very people who were using and building them at the time of the Norman invasion. It is one of the curiosities of literature that this extraordinary controversy on the origin of the round towers should have ever arisen in the face of their close and all but invariable connection with Christian churches and the actual records of the erection of many of them. Brian Boroimhe is said expressly by the Irish annalists to have built thirty-two, and the very name in Irish —cloic-theugh, or bell-house—expresses accurately their use. It would be as reasonable to separate the belltowers of Gothic architecture from the buildings to which they are attached as to seek to separate the round towers from their churches. In several cases they are actually connected with and bonded into the masonry of the churches, and occasionally, as at Glendalough, they rise out of the roof itself. The character of their masonry and the structure of their doors and windows are precisely similar to those of the churches which they adjoin, and whatever variations they exhibit in this respect are no greater than those shown in the work of the churches themselves. That many of them are detached from the churches is a feature common to the architecture of other lands. Giotto's campanile at Florence may serve as one instance, and it is by no means an isolated one. In this structure the towers show all the variations of style that characterise the contemporary buildings. Some, like that at Clondalkin, near Dublin, are built of stones picked up from the neighbouring ground and roughly laid in coarse mortar. Others are built of coursed rubble, and in a third class the stones are not only selected with care, but fressed to the curve of the walls by the hammer. Finally, in the round tower of Ardmore, in the county Waterford, the masonry is of the finest square blocks, uniform in size, and dressed with the utmost skill. This tower is also relieved by projecting string courses and diminishes regularly by offsets at each. Its doorway is ornamented with the very well-marked patterns peculiar to the Irish twelfth-century work, and in every respect it tells its age as unmistakably as it is possible for a building to tell it.. It would be as reasonable to refer the Tour de St. Jacques in Paris, with its Gothic architecture, to prehistoric times as this tower of Ardmore, and, though the most highly finished, it is only one of a class. The details of the doorway in Timahoe, in the Queen's County, are equally definite in their ornamentation, though the masonry is inferior to that of Ardmore. The question of the origin of the Irish round towers cannot again be raised, and their date can be safely assigned to the last four centuries of Irish independence.

The division into nave and chancel—the latter somewhat narrower than the former, and separated from it by an arch—becomes a feature in many of the later Irish churches, and adds a good deal to their effect, even in small buildings. The chancel arch was often richly ornamented, and is always an important feature in the internal arrangements. The ruined church of Inniscaltra, built by Brian Boroimhe on an island in the Shannon, offers an early example of the division into nave and chancel all the more valuable because its date can be fixed by history at the beginning of the eleventh century. The arch between the two is recessed, and the jambs below the springing incline inwards—a form peculiar, we think, to Ireland, and apparently borrowed from the inclined sides of the older door-openings. The door itself is square-headed, but an arch is formed in the thickness of the wall outside it, and the springings ornamented with carved heads, a curious counterpart of the capitals used in Gothic doorways in other countries. Nothing is more noteworthy in these ancient Irish buildings than their gradual approximation by spontaneous progress to the forms of the Romanesque buildings which on the Continent of Europe had been developed in the course of centuries from the old Roman architecture. In the Romanesque, doorways, jabs, columns with semi-classical capitals and bases, generally support the archways. In the Irish buildings the inclination inward of the jambs shows that the idea of the Roman column was unthought of, but that the native taste, nevertheless, introduced ornament at the springing of the arch as the most important point. The Inniscaltra church is small, the chancel being fifteen feet long and the nave thirty-one by a width of twenty. Still, its dimensions are much larger than those of the primitive oratories, and it must be remembered that the Irish Celts seldom aspired to erect churches on the cathedral scale. Their genius was shown rather in the perfection than in the size of their buildings, and we should no more undervalue their works on that account than we should despise the architect of the Parthenon because his building is petty compared to the Roman Colosseum.

The introduction of the Cistercian Order into Ireland early in the twelfth century led to the erection of abbeys on a larger scale and with more complicated buildings than had before existed. As we have seen, the primitive Irish monasteries were villages of small cells surrounded by an enclosing wall. It is not before the twelfth century that we find traces of large communities living under a single roof, though such may have existed and been obliterated by time. The beautiful monastery of Mellifont, founded in 1142, was the earliest Cistercian establishment in Ireland; and the abbeys of Cong, where the last king of Ireland ended his troubled career, and of Holy Cross near Thurles, belong to the same century. All three have suffered a good deal from time and abuse, but the walls still remain in good condition and show that the Irish builders found no difficulty in meeting the requirements of the new class of buildings. The same century was also marked by the erection of the first churches that for size deserved to be ranked as cathedrals. As might be expected from the history of other countries, these Irish cathedrals have been in great part replaced by later buildings, but some of them still retain portions of genuine Celtic work and indicate the size of the originals. Cashel Cathedral was built in the middle of the twelfth century, was afterwards rebuilt in the Gothic style of a later day. Its dimensions, which are two hundred and ten feet in length by one hundred and seventy across the tran-

zepts, show that very considerable churches were coming into use in Ireland as in other countries. The portions of the Cathedral of St. Jarlath at Tuam, which have been incorporated into the new church also indicate a building of considerable size. The chancel arch is formed in six recesses, each having a distinctive ornamentation of a most elaborate kind, and the innermost being twenty feet in diameter. Killaloe Cathedral contains a noble monument of Celtic art in the arched tomb of Murtagh O'Brien, the third from the last monarch of Ireland. It is formed in the thickness of the wall, with several arches receding one behind the other, and all carved in black marble with a delicacy of touch and a variety of design that it would be hard to parallel anywhere, and which prove conclusively that Celtic art was in full progress down to the closing days of the Celtic monarchy in Ireland.

It is, however, in the smaller buildings which have escaped the alterations of following ages that we can best make out the character of the native Celtic architecture. Several churches of the period we allude to now still remain nearly perfect, and some are actually used at present. St. Doulach's Chapel near Dublin, a church at Clonfert, the cathedral at Killaloe in Clare, and Cormac's Chapel on the Rock of Cashel, are among these still complete buildings. The last is perhaps the most finished specimen of native Celtic architecture, and as it remains almost wholly unaltered since its erection it is worthy of description. Its dimensions are small, as its whole length is only fifty-three feet, but the artistic disposition of its parts, and the richness and taste with which it is decorated, more than compensate for its size. Like most of the later Celtic churches, it is divided into a nave and chancel, with an arched recess behind the chancel for the altar. The arch separating the nave and chancel is recessed into six faces, all richly ornamented, and the walls inside are arcaded in both divisions. The nave roof is a barrel-vault divided by moulded ribs, while the chancel is not only ribbed but also groined. An arcade runs around the walls of the altar niche, and the wall over it is ornamented with carved heads. The windows are high up and throw a solemn light over the whole in perfect keeping with its sacred character. The doorways to the nave are on the sides, and are recessed on the outside, with receding arches highly ornamented. At the end of the nave next the chancel a square tower rises on each side, making the whole building cruciform in plan. The doors from these towers to the nave are beautifully finished in keeping with the rest of the architecture. On the outside the walls are arcaded with two stories of arches. The roof is entirely built of stone. A circular vault is turned over the nave and chancel, and above each pointed vault carries up the masonry to near the ridge of the roof, which is formed on it with blocks of stone carefully adjusted so as to throw off the rain. Between the two vaults are lofty chambers, which were apparently heated originally by flues running under the floor in a fashion unknow in any building of the time. Indeed as a whole this small chapel is unequalled either in construction or finish by anything of its time. Considering that it is essentially a work of native artists, it goes far to justify the opinion of an eminent English writer on architecture, Fergusson, when, in speaking of the Celts, he says—"Had their art not been nipped in the bud by circumstances over which they had no control, we might have seen something that would have shamed even Greece and wholly eclipsed the arts of Rome."

The period of pure Celtic architecture closes with the twelfth century. In later buildings the influence of the Norman builders modified its forms into a close resemblance with those adopted in France and England, and at the same time gradually extinguished the artistic feelings which were so marked in the earlier works.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

TWO CO. LIMERICK NAMES.

Killarney, 29th Dec., 1902.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Dear Sir.—Having been reading some time ago in a work called "The County of Limerick," by the Rev Jas. Dowd, about the "Ui Fidgenti" and the "Ui Connaill gabhra," I would be glad of information concerning their surnames, or who are supposed to be their descendants; also where would I get any further information about them.—Yours faithfully,

"COGANAIT."

A BALLAD OF BALTIMORE.

Besides Thomas Davis's famous poem on the "Sack of Baltimore" by Algerine pirates, there is an older local ballad on the subject, which, according to Bennett's Bandon (1869), whence it is now copied, was up to that time still sung in Baltimore and the neighbourhood. A list of the persons who were captured and taken off to Algiers on that doleful occasion is published in Dr. Caulfield's "Council Book of Kinsale"; but the names, with scarcely an exception, are all English ones, as Baltimore at that date was like Bandon, an exclusively English colony. From this quaint old Baltimore ballad it would, however, appear that a daughter of O'Driscoll, the Irish chieftain, to whom Baltimore and the territory around originally belonged, was also carried away by these daring and dreaded corsairs, though possibly prior to the above occurrence.

"Oh! Baltimore, though thou wert once the boast
Of the great O'Driscoll and his host;
With thy classic scenes and feudal fame,
It scarcely now deserves thy name.
In thy harbour ships may safely ride—
Safe from the storm, the wind, the tide:
Thy ancient castle stands proudly high;
It speaks aloud of the days gone by.

Within thy walls ruled a chieftain bold.
Whose word was law, as oft was told;
Where were festive scenes of sport and play,
For valorous chiefs and ladies gay.
Being free from doubt and from wordly care.
They little thought of the danger near,
As the hours did glide merrily on,
And all enjoyed the dance and song.

O'Driscoll gazed round on sea and land,
And called to his vassals on the strand.
Readily his commands they did obey,
And launched his galleys into the sea.
He little thought on that false day,
That the Algerines would come that way.
They came on shore and caused great slaughter,
And carried off O'Driscoll's daughter.

Behold her anguish! also her fears!
A poor captive, carried unto Algiers,
Whilst in the harem she stood alone,
And the sun about her brightly shone;
To her flattering tales the Pasha told;
And showed her his pearls and his gold,
But this virtuous maiden, nobly born,
His love and his treasures she did scorn.

By force she was by him caressed,
But she plunged a dagger into his breast:
He loudly screamed and on Allah cried,
Then fell upon the ground and died.
The sentence was passed that she should die.
She thought of her home and heaved a sigh.
Resigned to her fate with pious love,
Her stainless spirit found a home above.

Thy pride is gone, and thy glory is o'er,
Ruined and neglected Baltimore."

EVOC.

THE O'CONNORS DON.

The following interesting note on this old Irish family is taken from the late Sir Bernard Burke's "Reminiscences—The Rise of Great Families":—Don, he explains, is another form of Dun, the Irish for dark. "Major Owen O'Connor, of Belanagare, Governor of Athlone for James II., was taken prisoner by William III., and confined in Chester Castle, where he died in 1692; and his nephew and eventual heir, Denis O'Conor, of Belanagare, was involved in the troubles and misfortunes which seemed at that time the common inheritance of all who professed the Catholic religion. Suits were instituted for the sequestration of his paternal estates, and he was happy to preserve a portion by the sacrifice of the rest. Though thus left but a small fragment of the once broad domains of his forefathers—domains which were guaranteed by several solemn and indisputable treaties—he was still the supporter of all whose virtues or distresses had a claim upon his bounty. The traditions of the county attest his benevolence and hospitality, and the effusions of the bards record the virtues of his character. At Belanagare it was that Carolan composed the most impassioned of his melodies, and felt the true poetic inspiration. "I think," said the bard on one occasion, "that when I am among the O'Conors the harp has its old sound in it." Denis O'Conor's son and successor, Charles O'Conor, of Belanagare, a learned antiquary, early devoted his attention to elucidating the history of his country, and unfolding the long-neglected records of her people, and collected with indefatigable research and labour the most valuable information regarding the annals and antiquities of Ireland. He also took a prominent place amongst those who first struggled for Catholic Emancipation. Of his grandsons, the eldest, Owen O'Conor, succeeded to the title of Don as head of the family at the decease of his kinsman, Alexander O'Conor Don, of Clonalis, in 1820; and the second, Charles O'Conor, D.D., Chaplain at Stowe, was the erudite author of "Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores, Columbanus's Letters, etc."

LECTOR.

DATE OF MARRIAGE WANTED—HESELTINE TO HALAHAN

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Can any of your readers furnish me with the date of the marriage of Thomas Heseltine, Master Mariner of Hull, to Eliza Halahan, of Black Rock, near Cork. Supposed to have married in Ireland about 1796.

E. J. H.

22 Park street, Hull.

A MAKER OF REFERENCE BOOKS.

The reference book is a "modern convenience" of doubted value. Its gleanings from this and that field of knowledge are stored in the too-handy "handy-volume." The hasty worker wants a fact, finds it readily in the ready reference book, uses it at once, and as promptly forgets all about it. The best of all reference books is a well-stored memory.

One of the most renowned compilers of referential odds-and-ends was Dr. Cobham Brewer, editor of the "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable." Although his books serve to lighten the labours of, well, easy-going students, Dr. Brewer himself was all his life an indefatigable worker. Besides the well-known "Phrase and Fable," he published a "Readers' Handbook," a "Historic Note Book," a "Dictionary of Miracles," a "Guide to Science and Rules for English Spelling." His more solid works include a "History of France" and a "History of Germany."

We do not commend his works unreservedly, but his method of working was admirably simple and effective. "I always read with paper and pencil at my side to jot down whatever I think may be useful to me," he explained to an interviewer shortly before his death a few years ago. "These jottings I keep sorted in different lockers. This has been a life-long habit with me, and the compiling of them into a volume consists chiefly in the selecting, sorting, explaining, correcting, and bringing down to date. My literary references, for example, are all contained in these pigeon-holes behind me, each letter having its own bundle of slips, and the slips in their turn all running in alphabetical order. This system of commonplacing I have kept up regularly for nearly seventy years, and the fruits of it are embodied in my various books. In fact, the "Phrase and Fable Dictionary" and the other books of that class may be said to be merely different sections of one gigantic commonplace book."

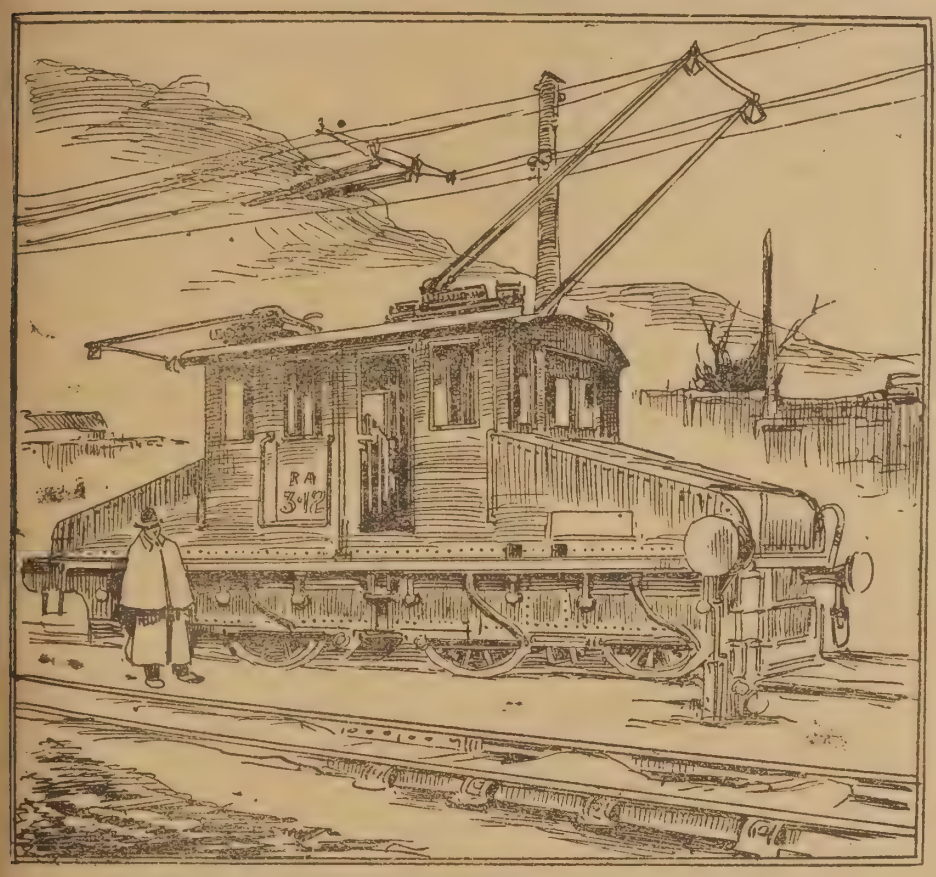
Dr. Brewer was an easy, steady worker, steering the wholesome middle way between indolence and overwork, taking proper rest and recreation, accomplishing wonders by his habits of industry, order, and perseverance. He worked all his life; his every day held its duty and its relaxation, and his excellent habits helped him to live to the grand old age of 87 years.

ELECTRIC TRACTION.

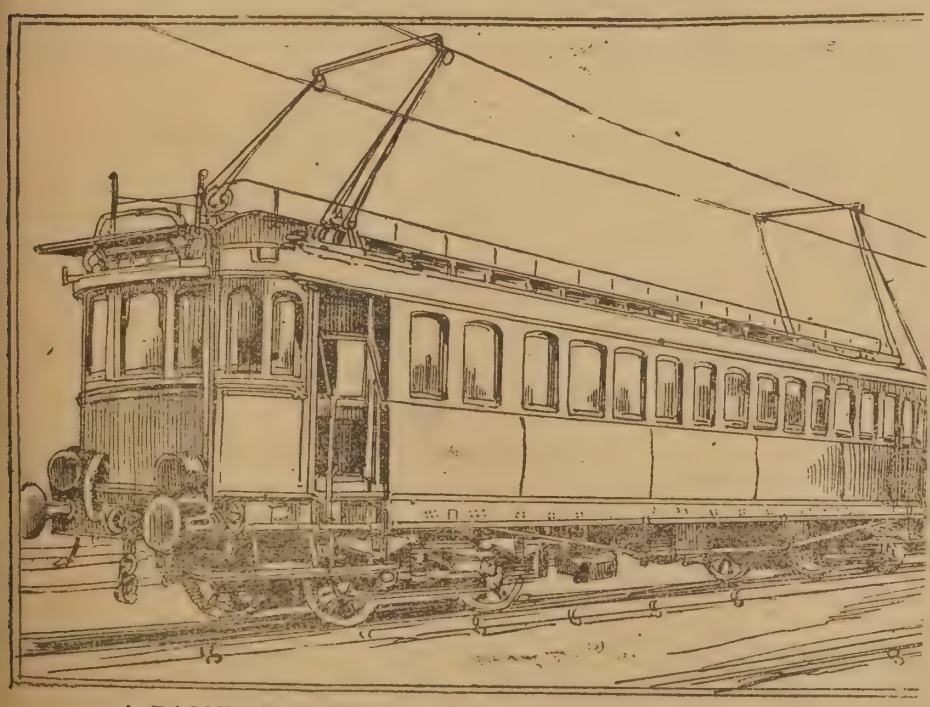
THE NEWEST DEVELOPEMENTS.

STEAM LOCOMOTIVES TO BE DISCARDED.

A PIONEER ELECTRIC RAILWAY.



FREIGHT LOCOMOTIVE OF THE VALTELLINA LINE.



A PASSENGER CAR OF THE VALTELLINA ROAD.

The electric railway built by Ganz and Co., of Budapest, along the shores of Lake Como, was opened for regular traffic on September 4 last, since which time it has been running faultlessly. It is called the Valtellina line, and is 66 miles long, and of standard gauge. It runs along Como and the River Adda, with three branches extending from Lecco to Colico, from Colico to Chiavenna, and from Colico to Sondrio.

The central power station is situated at Morbagno, the water power of the River Adda being utilised to drive the turbines. The effective head of the turbines is 30 meters (98.4 feet). There have been installed three turbine dynamos, each with a capacity of 2,000 horse power at 150 revolutions per minute. The three-phase alternating current generators coupled directly with the turbines generate current at a tension of 20,000 volts at the terminals. This high-tension current is led to the primary conductors of the line through a switchboard, and is transformed into three-phase alternating current at 3,000 volts by means of step-down transformers situated along the line. This stepped-down current is led to the contact wires, and thence directly to the motors of the vehicle. The primary conductors are extended along the line on the same poles which carry the contact wires.

For the line at Lake Como, the motor cars are 18.1 meters in the carriage body, and 19 meters (62¼ feet) over the buffers. The cars rest on two bogie-trucks, each having a wheel-base of 2½ meters. Without passengers, a car weighs 50 tons, including the motors. The wheels are 1.17 meters (3.8 feet) in diameter, while those of the electric freight locomotives supplied to the same line have a diameter of 1.4 meters (4.59 feet). The locomotive meter weighs 3.8 tons; its rotor about 1½ tons. The car motors with a smaller size wheel weigh 3½ tons approximately. Each series pair of these motors develops a full-load horse-power of 150, while the high-tension motor itself, when running at full speed with the low-tension motor cut out, yields about the same horse-power. Thus, 300 horse-power are developed in one truck carrying two pairs of motors, or 600 horse-power (450 kilowatts) on one train with front and rear driving cars.

The current generated at the central station has a frequency of 15 per second. When running synchronously, the high-tension motors make 300 revolutions per minute. In the rotor of the same motor, the periodicity currents vary according to the slip. During the start, when the high tension is switched into series connection with the low-tension motor, after

the speed has risen to "half-speed," or 150 revolutions per minute—above which speed series connection ceases—the periodicity of the currents in the rotor of the high-tension and in the stator of the low-tension is about 7½ per second. The speed of the locomotive motors is 125 revolutions per minute. The Valtellina locomotive motors are not geared in series; they are all high-tension.

The line will be used for the transportation of both passengers and freight. Passengers are carried by the cars at a speed of 60 kilometers (37½ miles) per hour. The electric locomotives are used for hauling freight trains. Each train has a net weight of 250 to 300 tons. The speed attained is about 30 kilometers (18½ miles) per hour.

The commercial merits of the system are many. The initial outlay was not inordinate. The cost of maintenance is said to be comparatively small. For railways of considerable length and heavy traffic, less maximum power is required in the central station with the Ganz high tension distribution than with the necessarily low tension of continuous current distribution, the ratio of maximum to average load at the central station being less.

The electrical merits of the system are no less noteworthy, especially when the length of transmission from one central station is considered. By reason of the high voltage, no large currents are used. The loss involved in converting to continuous current by rotary converters is eliminated. The use of pure induction motors without commutators, and the coupling of these in series pairs, results in a high motor efficiency.

LOVE OF THE SEA.

They only who have been cradled and nurtured within sound of the ceaseless song of the wild waters can fully realise their subtle charm, or tell the unutterable yearning for their music—the craving for their breadth, for their reflections of the great clouds, for their incessant movement—which oftentimes comes over the spirit, when the body is tied to some monotonous inland region; the unspeakable longing for sight and sound of the great green waves, the tossing spray, and screaming sea birds, and the wild breeze that rushes past laden with the salt seabrine. None else can understand the intensity of that passionate love which the sea and its shores can inspire—the thousand memories linked with those wide, white sands, those slippery rocks—that brown, wet tangle, each leaf of which seems to have some hidden power whereby to twine itself round the innermost depths of the soul. None else can sympathise with the bitter disappointment of awakening from some blissful vision of shell-gathering, or idling by those great waters to find that in truth it was but a dream—Miss

WIRELESS MESSAGES ON A RUNNING TRAIN.

On October 13th wireless telegraphic signals have been received on a special railroad train running at the rate of 60 miles an hour between Toronto and Montreal. The messages were sent from a station at St. Dominique, and the train remained in communication with the station over a distance of eight or ten miles. The electric waves were transmitted by means of two vibrators, ten by twelve feet, connected with an induction coil giving an eight-inch spark, and were received on the train by an ordinary coherer. The collecting wires were run through the signal cord guides inside the train, extending about one car-length on each side of the coherer. The signals were rendered audible by a relay ringing bells in three cars.

THE DEATH OF LEURY.

A LEGEND OF TYRONE.

Within the precincts of the episcopal demesne of Clogher stands an earthen mound or fortress, called Mullagh-rath, bearing considerable resemblance to the celebrated ones of Tara and Emania, both in the extent of its rude fortifications and commanding situation. Local tradition points to it as once the residence of an Irish monarch who, as history records, swayed the sceptre of Ireland when St. Patrick began his mission (see Moore's Ireland, vol. I.), and whose fate is recorded in the following legend, the memory of which is preserved imperishably in the names of some of the neighbouring townlands. The harbour of Dunleary (Dun-Laoghaire—Anglice, the fortress of Leary), near Dublin, is said to have had its name from the same monarch.

Sir James Ware informs us, upon the authority, it would seem, of the Senatensian Annals of Cathal Maguire, a monk of Armagh, that Clogher (Clodh-oir—Anglice, the Golden Stone) took its appellation from a stone covered with plates of gold, from which an idol of the Pagan Irish, called Kerman or Hermand, Kelstack, delivered oracular responses to his worshippers in the days of heathenism (see also O'Flaherty's Ogygia, vol. II.).

The Closach is the ancient name of the district in the centre of which stands the city of Clogher. Tulnafoil signifies "the ground of the torn flesh."

The grave of King Laoghaire is still shown in the ancient burying ground in the townland of Killuaheery, which derives its name from it. Its site, however, is now scarcely distinguishable from the surrounding fields. In a few years, perhaps, the plough will have passed over it, and all trace of it will then be utterly lost.

In Clogher once Kyng Leury raigned,
Cruelle hee was and sterne;
From Mullagh-rath oft went hee forth
To spoyle, to slay, to burne.

And noughte hys spyrritte fierce could tame
Save ye mystique voyce alone
From Kerman Kelstach's bloudie shryne,
Where stoode ye Golden Stone.

One morne hee hadde assembled alle
Hys galloglasses trewe,
To holde a greate and merrie huntynge
Ye wooddes of ye closach throughe.

They alle hadde gathered in ye bawne
To wage yb sylvanne warre,
When, lo! a hoarie aged manne
Stoode there their sporte to marre.

In sackclothe coarse hee was attyred,
Erin's great Sayncte was hee,
And from hys gyrdle ther honge doune
Both crosse and rosarie.

Thenne up hee spake to that haughtie king,
"Repente for the sinnes thou hast done;
Worshyppe ye trewe Almightie Godde,
And Chryste ye Virginne's sonne."

A wrathfulle manne was ye kyng that daie
Whenne hee herde what ye olde manne sayd,
Hys eyes they flashed like ye levin fyre,
Hys hand on hys swerde hee layd.

"But no," he cryed, "'twere shame that I
Should shedde ye caytiffe's bloude";
And he laughed, and sayd "We'll have a chase";
And thryce hee whystled loude.

Thenne round hym thronged hys fierce wolf-dogges,
Bran, Luath, Buscar, Ban;
And louder hee laughed, and cheered them on
That hoarie reverend manne.

But soon ye kyng hys aspect chaunged
Whenne ye Sayncte says scornfullie,
"That deth thou hast for mee prepared
Thou surelie now shalt die."

Thenne, wondrous, at ye Sayncte's commande
Ye dogges forgette ther lorde,
And baye at hym that nurtured them
And fedde them at hys boarde.

And fiercelie now they rushe on hym
And grapple at hys throate—
Tho' never hee hadde in battell quayled,
With feare hys herte is smote.

And onward paste ye gazing thronge
He franticlie did flie,
And pale and ghastlie was hys cheeke
And frenzied was hys eye.

On, on hee dashed, o'er hille and dale,
Ye baying dogges before;
And now Knockmanye's height is passed,
And now hee gaines Cormore.

But still ye sleuth-houndes on hys tracke
Come howlyng keene behinde,
And still whenne hee slacked hys frantique speede,
Their crye rose on ye winde.

On, on hee stretched—hys lyppes were parched,
And he breathed heavilie,
And on his haggard forehedde stoode
Bigge droppes of agonie.

Stooping, hys deer hyde brogues he loosed,
As hee strayned agaynste ye hille,
Esker-na-brogue they calle ye place,
In memorie of it stille.

Now, Leury, now thy strengthe exerte,
And every muscle plye,
O, couldest thou reache thy huntynge-lodge
Of distant Donogh-an-Igh!

Alas, thou ne'er shalt reache thy halle,—
In vaine ye feaste is spredde,
To-night ye Seanachie shall mourne
Hys chiefe and master dead.

Ye openynge packe gaine grounde apace
And now, o'erspent with toyle,
Ye ill-starred kyng they overtake
In bloude-stained Tul-na-foil.

But who shall telle hys frantique mien
And crie of agonie,
Whenne Luath foremoste gripped hys throate
And broughte him to hys knee.

Deepe in hys quiv'ryng flankes they fixe;
His lyfe-bloude now flows faste;
Ye fearfulle chase at length is o'er—
Hee shrieking breathes hys laste.

In Kill-na-heery now he sleeps,—
Hys is a lowlie grave—
May Heaven in mercie from such end
Eche erryng synner save!

NO OPEN POLAR SEA.

Both Peary and Baldwin, who recently returned with their expeditions from the Arctic regions, have remarked to interviewers that, in their opinion, there is no open polar sea. It seems certain that the north pole of the earth is situated in the midst of an ocean, which, although not eternally frozen, is practically always covered with ice. Neither of these explorers thinks it an impossibility that the pole should be reached. Peary believes it can be reached on sledges by any adequately equipped expedition starting from winter quarters in 83 degrees north latitude.

THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK.

By CHARLES SMITH, M.D.

Æquum est enim meminisse & me, qui discerem hominem esse, et vos, qui Judicetis ut ñ probabilia dicentur nihil ultra requiratis. Cicero Univers

In Two Volumes.

VOL .

The Second Edition, with Additions.

BOOK II.

Containing the Topographical Description of this County, including the City of Cork.

Chapter I.—Continued.

The town of Macroomp, or, as it is pronounced, Macroom, is situated among hills in a dry, gravelly, red stone soil. The adjacent country is well improved with lime, brought six miles from the S. side of the river Lee. This place is said to take its name from an old, crooked oak (so called in Irish) which formerly grew here, under the boughs of which travellers used to pass. The castle of Macroomp is very ancient, being first built in King John's time, soon after the English conquest (according to Sir Richard Cox), by the Carews, but others attribute it to the Daltons. It was repaired and beautified by Tiege MacCarty, who died in it, anno 1565, and was father to the celebrated Sir Cormac Mac-Tiege, Lord Muskery, mentioned by Cambden and other writers as an active person in Queen Elizabeth's time. The late Earls of Clancarty altered this castle into a more modern structure, it being burned down in the wars of 1641 (20). It now consists of two square towers, about 60 feet high, with a large modern building between them. It is situated on the east side of the river Sullane; to the south are the gardens and a fine plantation of firs on a pleasant terrace over its banks. About 20 years ago, Dean Swift, in his progress through this country, was much pleased with the situation and state of this building. It is at present inhabited by Richard Hedges Eyre, Esq., who keeps it in good order. In this castle is an handsome, large gallery, with other good apartments; and Sir William Pen, the famous sea admiral, was born in it. At the foot of the castle is an handsome stone bridge over the Sullane. Opposite to the bridge is the parish church, dedicated to St. Coleman of Cloyne.

Upon the plantation of Munster, in the beginning of King James 1st's reign, the Lord Muskery brought over several English families—viz., the Hardings, Fields, Terrys, Goulds, Kents, &c.—and planted them in Macroomp. Here is a barrack for a foot company, and a market house. In this town a considerable number are employed in combing wool and spinning woollen yarn. There are here four salt pans constantly at work; they have the rock salt from England, by way of Cork, whence it is brought by land carriage. The salt is taken by carriers from this place into the country, where it is used in salting butter for exportation. In this town are some whiskey distillers, a liquor and manufacture so pernicious to the poor, that it renders every other employment useless to them.

The houses are built of a reddish, slaty rock, and there are good blue slates for covering in the neighbourhood. This place is situated on the frontier of a very wild country, being all rocky and barren to the west, and mountainous to the north.

Two miles west stands the high castle of Carrickafouky (i.e., Fairy Rock castle), built by the MacCartys of Drishane, in a wild and romantic situation. The entrance into it is by an high, craggy rock, of dangerous and slippery footing, where no more than one person at a time can climb, and he must be very active that will trust entirely to his feet. This rock is quite inaccessible on every other side, and hangs frightfully over the Sullane, which runs foaming at the foot of it through a craggy channel. To the east of the castle is a large stone, placed upon an high rock, secured by wedges of other stones; and near it the remains of a Druid altar, encompassed with a circle of stones (21) pitched endways.

The castle of Dundarerk (which signifies Mount prospect) is seated on a hill about a mile south of the former; and commands a vast extended view to the west, as far as the bounds of Kerry; to the east, almost to Cork; and a great tract to the south. It was built by the MacCartys. Dermot MacCarty forfeited this castle in the rebellion of 1641. It is an high, square building, having 70 stone steps to the battlements. Adjoining to it stood some modern buildings, now in ruin; here were large gardens and orchards, also destroyed. A little to the north is the ruined church of Kilnamartery. The country to the north and west, as far as the eye can see, is intermixed with large white rocks, and green spots; at first sight, a stranger at a distance might take them for the ruins of a vast city, the white crags resembling so many lofty towers, ruined churches and palaces. In a more level country the eye is, perhaps, pleased with little hills and gentle ascents; but in this rough situation, the imagination is astonished with a grandeur in nature which nothing but the scene itself can inspire a just idea of. If the forests which formerly covered these tracts are now no more, yet the naked rocks in some places, remains of woods in others, and parcels of cultivated grounds intermixed, afford a greater variety, and more delightful landscape. A little to the west of Macroomp is Codrum, the seat of Emanuel Hutchinson, Esq., who has improved a considerable tract hereabouts, by clearing the soil of stones and rocks, and manuring it with lime. On an old stone mearing, made by the Earl of Clancarty, there is this inscription on a large rock: D. E. O. C. 1686. F Fecit, i.e., Donough, Earl of Clancarty, fieri fecit. Which shows how imperfectly improvements were carried on in this country towards the end of the last century, when the raising of a great boundary of loose stones was thought worthy of an inscription. In Mr. Hutchinson's garden are the remains of a Danish intrenchment, being vaulted under ground. There are also several large ones near the old church of Clondrohid, some of which have triple intrenchments. On the top of an hill, called Lissecresig (three miles N.W. of Macroomp), being the same gentleman's estate, are the remains of a pagan altar (22), composed of three stones pitched close together, and a broad flag-stone lying near them.

Near this is a large circular intrenchment of stone, made in the same manner as those of earth; these raised of stone, the Irish call Caheras.

Cahirkegan, in the parish of Clondrohid, the house of Horace Townshend, Esq. The soil is cold, mountainous, rocky, and boggy throughout this parish, and not fitted for

(20) In September, 1602, it was taken by Sir Charles Wilmot, after a long siege, in the following manner. Cormac MacDermot Carty, the lord thereof, having escaped from the lord president, who, fearing he might cut off Sir Charles's retreat, and raise the siege, ordered him to quit the place, and return with his forces to Cork. This news vexed Sir Charles, being sorry to retreat without taking the castle. The night before his intended march, the besieged having killed a swine, and not having plenty of water to scald it, were forced to singe it with straw and fern. The fire took hold of a cabin in the bawn, within the castle walls, and the thatch flaming high, set fire to some tallow through a window in the castle, which soon raged so violently, that the Irish were forced to quit it, and make the bawn their last refuge, which being ready to be assaulted, they sallied out to the woods, in which attempt many of them were killed. The army, entering the castle, extinguished the fire, and leaving a garrison in it, marched back to Cork. Soon after, the Lord Muskerry, being hard pressed, submitted to the queen, and was taken into favour. Pacata Hib. p. 351.

(21) Saxo Grammaticus informs us that the places where the Danes fought their duels were sometimes surrounded with pitched stones, and sometimes in pits, as Ubbo who fought the Sclavonian. Sax. Grammat. Hist, Dan. lib. 3.

Olaus Wormius says their courts of judicature were plots of ground invironed with great stones, having one in the midst And the places also assigned for the election of their chiefs were such circles of stones. Monument. Dan. lib, 1. cap. 10.

22. These are the kind of rude altars, called, both in the Irish and old British language, Cromliagh and Crom-leche, which signify, in both, a crooked stone, not from any crookedness, but from their inclining posture. Mr Rowland, in his (p. 47) Mona Antiquatiqua conjectures, that the word is derived from the Hebrew, Cærum luach, i.e., a devoted table or altar. Noah, after he left the ark, was to build an altar, and offer up sacrifice on it to the Lord. Gen. viii. 20. And, 'tis to be supposed, he built it of such coarse and rude stones as the mountain (where the ark rested) afforded. In Exod. xx. 25, they had a precept not to build them of hewn stone, which seems to show that the British Crom-leche, and the Irish Cromliagh, are only the remaining effects of that ancient law and custom of not striking a tool upon the stones of their altars. These rude altars are sustained in some places by rows of pillars, as that above mentioned: and sometimes, on other stones of the same kind.

tillage without the greatest industry, not only in manuring the land, but also in clearing it of stone; otherways it is impossible to plough it. When the stones are removed, the sod is sufficiently deep, but this requires great labour. Upon the larger rocks they kindle turf fires, and keep them burning till the rock grows hot, after which it easily splits, and the readier if cold water be poured on before it cools. This labour is not unlike Hannibal's in passing the Alps, which Nat. Lee makes that hero relate in these ranting lines:

What after ages will with pain believe,
Through burning quarries did our passage cleave.
Hurl'd dreadful fire and vinegar infus'd,
Whose horrid force the nerves of flint unloos'd,
Made nature start, to see us root up rocks,
And open all her adamantine locks;
Shake off her massy bars, o'er the mountains go, etc.

After the stones are loosened, they use them in forming enclosures and ditches, which they seldom fail to make sufficiently thick, having no want of materials, and no other way to dispose of them.

Ballyvourney (i.e., the town of the beloved), 6 miles W. of Macroomp, is a small village and ruined church, seated on a hill to the south of the river Sullane, which runs due east from this to Macroomp, having its rise a little more to the west. The church is dedicated to St. Gobnate, who, in the 6th century, was made abbess of a nunnery of regular canonesses here by St. Abhan. It was also called Husneagh, Borneagh, and Burneagh. She is said to be the daughter of O'Connor Sligo. This church is 104 feet long, by 24 broad; the steeple is ready to fall with age. On the north side of the altar is a tomb of the O'Hierlys, who were the ancient proprietors of this rugged country. North of the river stood an old castle of theirs, which is now an heap of stones. The Irish visit this place on Whitsun-Mondays and on the 14th of February, which last is the patron day of this saint. About 30 yards from the west end of the church there is a small stone cross, where her rood or image is set up on those days. Here the devotees (which are only the more simple and ruder Irish) go round it on their knees, and repeat a certain number of prayers. They also tie their handkerchiefs, &c., about its neck, which they imagine will preserve them from several diseases. Near this cross is a stone fixed in the ground, and worn by the knees of those who come here in pilgrimage; and adjacent is a well dedicated to this saint: the water is pure, soft, and light. A little to the north of this well is a circle of stones, about 2 feet high and about 9 feet in diameter, which seems to be the foundation of one of the small round towers placed in churchyards: round this and the well there are paths worn by the knees of the devotees. The image is kept in a chest very private, and never exposed but upon festival days and when it is carried to sick people. When I was there, the person who had charge of it told me it was carried into Ivelary, an adjacent wild tract, to be sworn upon.

This church (23) is seated on a small green spot, on the side of an hill, from whence is a fine view of the Kerry mountains, which, like an immense wall, are ranged several miles from north to south, and divide both counties. They are mostly rude, naked rocks, of a prodigious height, being worn into numberless furrows by the torrents which for so many ages have been flowing down their sides.

Sola jugis habitat diris, sedesq; tuetur
Perpetuas deformis hyems: Illa undique nubes
Huc atras agit et mixtos cum grandine nimbos.
Nam cuncti flatus ventique surentia regna
Alpina posuere domo, caligat in altis
Obtutus saxis, abeuntq; in nubila montes.
Silius Ital. lib. 3.

Here hoary winter, unadorn'd and bare,
Dwells in the dire retreat and freezes there;
There she assembles all her blackest storms,
And the rude hail in rattling tempests forms;
Thither the loud tumultous winds resort,
And on the mountain keep their boist'rous court,
That in the thick show'rs her rooky summet shrouds
And darkens all the broken view with clouds.
—Addison.

West of the church is a good echo, which is thrice repeated; there was formerly a ring of small bells in the steeple. By the situation, the sound must have been variously reverberated from the adjacent hills. This is the estate of Nicholas Colthurst, Esq., and the only improvement for some miles round is at Killeen, a good farmhouse of Mr. James Colthurst, lying about a mile to the N.E. About 4 miles N.W. of Macroomp are the remains of a Danish intrenchment of an oval form; the greatest diameter is 60 yards, and the smaller 40, surrounded by a broad, deep ditch, whose sides are almost perpendicular. It has one narrow path into it, facing the east. At a small distance from it, near the roadside, are 5 very large stones, pitched endways, forming an equilateral triangle, whose inside area may contain a dozen persons.

The north-west of the barony (from Macroomp to the Blackwater) is rough and uncultivated. About six miles from Macroomp is Caum-Carig (i.e., the crooked rocks), a rugged hill, which must be passed over before one arrives at Mill-street. On the left the eye is entertained with various prospects of the Kerry mountains above-mentioned. The last of the range to the north is a lofty cone, called Clara-hill; at the foot of it is Mount-Leader, a good house and plantations of Mr. Edward Leader. On the left is Kilmeedy, a small castle of the O'Donaghoes, now in ruin; near which was a redoubt for half a foot company. As one descends the hills, the country opens all green and charming towards the Blackwater. Mill street is the last village of any consequence in this part of the barony; the new turnpike road from Cork to Kerry runs through it, being carried over the Boggra mountain; a new barrack and some manufactures in the linen trade, intended to be set up here, will soon make it a place of some note. About a mile to the east is Drishane, an high castle, built by Dermot Mac-Carty, son to Tiege, Lord Muskery, who died in 1448. In 1641, Donogh Mac-Carty joined the Irish, and forfeited this estate; near the castle is a new, handsome house of the late William Wallis, Esq., who had considerably improved this part of the country by manuring with lime, enclosing, planting, &c. Having mentioned everything considerable in this barony on the north side of the river Lee, I shall return south to Macroomp, and finish an account of that part of it lying on the south side of the river (24).

(To be continued.)

(23) The following indulgence was granted by Pope Clement VIII to such as go in devotion to this church.

"Universus Christi fidelibus præsentes literas inspecturis salutem and apostolicam benedictionem, ad augendum fidelium religionem and animarum salutem cælestibus ecclesiæ thesauris pia charitate intenti, omnibus utriusque sexus Christi fidelibus vere penitentibus and confessis ad sacra communione reflectis qui ecclesiam parochialem sanctæ Gobonatæ loci Ballyvorni Cluensi diosc. die festo ejusdem sanctæ Gobonatæ a primis vesperis usque ad occasum, solis prædicti festi singulis annis devote visitaverint, et ibi pro Christianorum principum concordia, hæresum extirpatione, ac sanctæ Matris ecclesiæ exaltatione pias a Deum preces effuderint, decem annos and totidem quadragenas de injunctis eis seu aliis quomodo libet debitis pœnitentiis in forma ecclesiæ consueta relaxamus. Præsentibus ad decimam duntaxat, valituris, volumus autem, quod si alias Christi fidelibus dictam ecclesiam visitantibus aliam indulgentiam perpetuo, vel ad certum tempus nondum elapsum duraturam concesserimus præfentes nullæ sint. Datum Romæ, apud sanct. Marcum sub anulo piscatoris die 12 Julii 1601, and pontificat nostr. anno decimo." From the Lambeth library, lib. N. N. numb. 77.

In the parish of Kilshanick, in a mountainy tract, there is another well, dedicated to this Saint Gobnate, which is also visited on the 14th of February.

HYMN TO THE SEA.

Roll on, roll on, thou "melancholy sea,"
That bearest on thy breast my love from me;
I stand beside thee, and I gaze upon
The fading vessel that will soon be gone.
Oh! bear him safely, though away from me;
Rage not in storms, but murmur tranquilly;
Make him remember her who thinks on him,
And weeps, and watches, till her eyes grow dim—
Thou melancholy sea!

Blue sea, I chide not, though I am sad,
And all in mournful hues thy waves seem clad;
But once I loved the surging billows' spray,
And thought their music ever blithe and gay;
Now I am sorrowful, and in thy moan
I think I hear a drowning sailor's groan;
Thy waters leap on high, but seem to me
To sing of shipwrecks with a fiendish glee—
Thou melancholy sea!

Roll on, roll on, ye light and sportive waves,
Ye look not as ye roll'd o'er sailor's graves:—
And I do smile, and jest, and gaily sing,
To hide the deep-felt pang my heart doth wring.
Like thee, blue sea, beneath a smiling face,
I bear deep Anguish none may haply trace;
A careless mien, and jesting tongue may hide
Griefs, like sunk rocks beneath thy swelling tide—
Thou melancholy sea!

Bear on that barque, and take her safe to port,
Change not to rudeness thy now graceful sport:
In fervent prayer I kneel upon thy shore,
For blessings on the form I see no more.
Blue ocean! parting those who love so well,
What wonder if thy roar should seem a knell?
Too oft thou rollest o'er a cherish'd head,
Too oft our lov'd ones find an ocean bed—
Thou melancholy sea!

(24) The Lee runs through the centre of the barony of Muskery, dividing it into two parts, north and south. The north part (above described) is bounded on the west by the lands of Glanerought and Glanflesk, in Kerry; and towards the north-west, it extends to the Blackwater, which divides it from Duhallow. part of which being on the south of that river, bounds it, till it meets with the Barony of Barrets, which divides and separates it on the east end; this separated part is bounded on the east by Fermoy and Barrymore, as the map shows. The south part of this Barony is bounded on the east by the liberties of Cork and the barony of Barrets; on the south by Kinalea, Kinalmeaky, Carbery, and the lofty mountains of Dauce and Duhil, which divide it from Bantry. It is on the south side 26 miles long; on the north more than 30; and about 16 miles broad.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.

DONERAILE, a market and post-town, and a parish (formerly a Parliamentary borough), in the barony of Fermoy, county of Cork, and province of Munster, 21 miles (N. by W.) from Cork, and 132 (S.W.) from Dublin; containing 6,940 inhabitants, of which number, 2,652 are in the town. Sir William St. Leger, who was Lord-President of Munster in the reign of Chas. I., held his court here. He purchased the Doneraile estate of Sir Walter Welmond and John Spenser (son of the poet), which purchase was subsequently confirmed by the Crown, and the estate created a manor. In the civil war of 1641, Sir William, both as a statesman and soldier, rendered important services; but his infirm health did not enable him long to sustain the hardships to which he was then exposed, and he died in the following year. In 1645, the Irish, under Lord Castlehaven, took the castle of Doneraile, and burned the greater part of the town.

It is pleasantly situated on the river Awbeg (the "Gentle Mulla" of Spenser), which is here crossed by a neat stone bridge of three arches, and on the mail road from Mallow to Mitchelstown; it consists chiefly of one wide main street, and a smaller one called Buttevant lane, and contains about 390 houses. The vicinity is extremely pleasing, the roads being shaded by fine fir and other trees, and the country studded with gentlemen's seats. By a charter of the 15th of Chas. I. (1639), constituting Sir William St. Leger lord of the manor, power was given to the seneschal to hold a court leet and court baron, with jurisdiction in personal actions to the amount of 40s.; also a market on Thursday, and two fairs annually on the feast of St. Magdalene and All Souls. By a second charter, granted in the 31st of Chas. II. (1660), the borough was empowered to return two members to the Irish Parliament, and the elective franchise was vested in the freeholders made by the lord of the manor; but no corporation was created: the seneschal was the returning officer. From this period until the Union it continued to send two burgesses to Parliament, when it was disfranchised, and the compensation of £15,000 paid to the heirs of Hayes, Viscount Doneraile.

Of the remains of antiquity, Kilcoleman Castle is the most interesting, from having been once the residence of the poet Spenser. It was originally a structure of some magnitude, the property of the Desmond family, and on their forfeiture was, with about 3,000 acres of land, granted by Queen Elizabeth, in 1586, to Edmund Spenser, who resided here for about 12 years, during which period he composed his "Faery Queene." The ruins, situated on the margin of a small lake, have a very picturesque appearance, being richly clothed with ivy; the tower staircase and the kitchen are still nearly entire, and one small closet and window in the tower quite perfect. The castle at Creagh is in good preservation, and about to be fitted up as an appendage to the family mansion. The ruins of Castle Pook still remain, but of Doneraile Castle, which stood near the bridge, and in which Sir William St. Leger held his court of presidency, there is not a vestige. Doneraile gives the titles of Viscount and Baron to the family of St. Leger.

QUEER MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

It would seem that the aboriginal Americans were not without knowledge of the power of music. Among the many odd and grotesque-looking objects in the National Museum of America, relics of a mysterious people who once flourished on that continent, is a unique collection of musical instruments, many of which, however crude in appearance, give forth tones as sweet and clear as they did a thousand years ago. Nearly all of them are wind instruments, and are similar to the modern ocarina and flageolet. The more perfect specimens, as regards tone and workmanship, come from Mexico and Central and South America, and are made for the most part of very fine pottery, though some are fashioned from bones of animals and birds. The collection is under the supervision of Professor Wilson and E. P. Upham. Dr. W. H. Holmes, head curator of the American National Museum, has furnished many valuable specimens and data. Mr. Upham, referring to interesting qualities of the several instruments, said, taking up what might be described as a small occarino, fashioned in the shape of a bird, and furnished with a tapering mouthpiece:—

"This possesses four sound holes, and yields five notes, the low tone being produced with al the holes closed."

The instrument was in excellent condition, in proof of which Mr. Upham proceeded to play "There's No Good Luck About the House" with beautiful tuneful effect. It was remarkable that when blown without the fingers covering the holes, the sound resembled closely the clear and plaintive warbling of a bird, probably the same which the artistic maker had endeavoured to depict.

Many of the instruments are grotesque in design, representing chiefly animals and birds, but are in some cases of so complex a shape as to astonish one. The majority possess either two, three, or five notes, although some are capable of wider range; and while the inference is that the pre-historic musicians possessed a musical scale radically different from our own, all those instruments can be made, by proper manipulation, to furnish notes to their respective capacities in the chromatic scale.

One of the richest and most melodious tones was produced from a very unattractive looking earthenware alligator, although, unfortunately, the capacity of this musical novelty, or rather antiquity, was limited to three notes. A most piercing and penetrating sound was produced from a tiny whistle, which could be easily held in the palm of the hand and enclosed by the grasp.

One of the most extraordinary shapes is that of the flageolot, from the Aztec ruins of Mexico. The religious symbols found upon the ruins of Aztec temples are also seen upon many of these instruments. There are some of the flageolots which in all probability date from historic times. One from Mexico, carved in marble, which has six holes, all those of prehistoric periods never being furnished with more than four, is illustrative of this fact.

One instrument from Nicova, Costa Rica, is unique from the fact that, while it contains but four sound holes, seven notes can be produced from it. It is in the form of a grotesque human head, with painted decorations in brown and red on a yellow ground. The mouthpiece is attached to, and forms part of the head dress. Its exceptionally wide range is owing to the fact that one of the four holes is larger than the others, the result being two additional notes that would not be obtainable were all the holes of the same size.

A unique specimen is a whistling vase from Costa Rica, which was presented to Professor Wilson by Senor Rafael Iglesias. It is round-bottomed, with a handle on one side representing an animal head holding the edge of the rim in its mouth. The rim and lower half of the vase are dark red, the space between being filled by a broad chevron band in brown and yelow, the whole surface being highly polished. The air passages from the inside of the vessel connect with a vent hole on the outside of the animal's neck. To produce a sound or note, the lips must be placed against the mouth of the vessel in the same manner as would be done on the large brass instruments of to-day. Its one note is exceedingly shrill and piercing.

Another remarkable specimen is a primitive flageolot made from a slender bone, probably from the wing of the brown pelican. The natural cavity at one end of the bone is partly filled with wax or gum, leaving an air passage which connects with a vent hole, forming a mouthpiece. The other end is open. On the upper surface are five small finger holes, placed about seven-sixteenths of an inch apart.

THE SEAMAN'S LIGHT.

BY JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

In darkness the sky and the ocean were blending
As we steered for our own native isle in the west
A twinkling light o'er the waters extending
Its lengthening ray, gave us hope of our rest.
Oh! 'twas sweet, that soft light, from the harbour in sight—
As we dashed through its track, it said, "Welcome, boys, back!"
Yet I longed for another—the twinkle that shone
Where my Susan kept watch, in our own little home.

No longer by duty on shipboard delayed,
Our frigate at anchor, my messmates at rest,
My parting salute to the officers paid,
Like an arrow I flew to my own little nest.
'Twas a year and a day we had sailed from the bay,
Not a scrape of a pen had I fingered since then:
And my poor heart was fearful some evil had come
To my babes or my Sue, or my snug little home.

The grog-shops were full, and the fiddles were playing,
Old messmates would hail me, and offer me prog;
But Homeward I steered, without stopping or staying—
My heart was too full for their victuals or grog.
I knew 'twas all right—there twinkled the light;
Up the stairs, then, I flew—"Are you there, my sweet Sue?"
Like an echo she answered—"Dear Jack, are you come?
"'Tis a year and a day since you parted from home!"

If I was to be made a post-captain, believe me,
I could not have then been a happier man:
The girl by my side that would never deceive me,
My babes on my knee, and a full-flowing can.
Oh! sweet was her smack, and the little ones' clack,
And sweet on my welcoming glass was the foam:
And though but a rushlight, I ne'er saw, day or night,
A light to compare with the light of my home.

Then, here's to our frigate, the old Madagascar,
And here's to each messmate the best I can wish—
May the girl of your heart still be kind when you ask her;
May a friend share your glass, and a friend heap your dish;
May your ship still have luck, boys, to swim like a duck,
Whenever across the wide ocean you roam:
And joy to the life of the jolly tar's wife,
Who watches for him by the light of his home.

LITERARY NOTES.

Christmas Eve was the anniversary of the birth of Crabbe, the poet (1754). We understand that preparations are being made to celebrate in Aldeburgh, his birthplace, the 150th anniversary of the birth of the poet.

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Last Wednesday was the thirty-ninth anniversary of the death of Thackeray. Two years before that event the novelist journeyed to Ayr to perform the last rites for his step-father, Major H. W. Carmichael Smyth, the original of Colonel Newcome, who died and was laid to rest in the old burying-ground of that town. On the last five Christmas Eves, it may also be recalled, an unknown admirer has laid a bunch of violets, with the words, "And his heart throbbed with an exquisite joy," on the bust of Thackeray in Westminster Abbey.

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An important work on political economy has just been made accessible to readers in these countries:—"The Principles of Economics," by Dr. N. G. Pierson, a translation of which by Mr. A. A. Wotzel, will be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan. This publication has for some time been wished for by such economists as Professor Edgeworth, partly because of the special interest attaching to the work of a writer on economics who is also an experienced politician, but chiefly because of Dr. Pierson's gift for dispensing with terms of erudition in expounding the theories of his science.

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R. L. Stevenson was quite delighted, as an unknown author, at the modest fee he received from James Henderson for his "Sea-Cook," which the publisher of "Young Folks" baptised "Treasure Island," a name it has been known by ever since. The serial payment, often more than that for the volume, is a happy arrangement for juvenlie story-tellers. But from this it will be seen that it is anything but a lucrative business, and no imaginative writer with a great vogue could afford to devote his days and nights to such work.

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There has been no great literary sensation in 1902, unless the sudden fame of Maxim Gorky or the storm in Mrs. Gallup's teacup may count for such—only Mrs. Gallup's epoch-making work was not, as a matter of fact, an event of this year. The only other sensational event was the flitting of the now too famous phrases of "flannelled fools" and "muddied oafs" at our cricketers and footballers by Mr. Kipling in his poem of "The Islanders" in the "Times." This was a poem, as somebody has said, that people read who only read prose, and its fame accordingly greatly exceeds the fame of any other poem published during the year.

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The literary death roll has been a long one. Two deaths of authors have been tragedies, those of Paul Leicester Ford, a brilliant young American writer, and of M. Zola. Gone are such widely different veterans as Mr. Aubrey de Vere and Mr. Bret Harte. Mr. Lionel Johnson, too, is another brilliant young writer who has gone over to the majority. Scholarship has lost Professor Gardiner and Lord Acton. Not least pathetic was the death, at thirty-three, of George Douglas Brown, whose "House with the Green Shutters" showed quite uncommon powers. He will not be forgotten in the new year, a memoir of him being promised for January.

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Of the much good and solid work now being done in historical research it is for the experts to speak, but among the books of the year dealing with historical matters (remarks a reviewer), I cannot do wrong in recommending Mr. Holland Rose's "Life of Napoleon," especially to readers who took Lord Rosebery's "Last Paradise" seriously. Mr. Douglas Murray has done an invaluable service, too, in making available the authentic report of the trial of Jeanne d'Arc; no romance could exceed this document in piquancy or more exalt this wonderful young heroine and martyr. Mr. Nichol's translation of the letters of Erasmus, if allowed to count among the books of the year, published as it was at the close of 1901, must count among the most valuable.

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Lady Gregory, in her volume, "Cuchulain of Muirthemne," has to some extent done for a famous cycle of mediæval Irish tales what Lady Charlotte Guest did for the mediæval Welsh tales in her well-known version of the Mabinogion. The influence of Lady Charlotte Guest's work is a matter of literary history, and it is pleasant to have to chronicle the publication of this year of two cheap but scholarly editions of her "Mabinogion," while another is about to follow in the "Temple Classics." Mr. W. B. Yeats added some new essays to the new edition this year of his "Celtic Twilight." Another book of essays, "The Roadmender," by "Michael Fairwell," an essayist of promise who unhappily died last year, has run through no less than six editions within the year, a rare fortune for a book of essays.

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Mr. G. A. Henty, by far the most popular writer of boys' books of our time, and responsible for some seveity volumes, left, as we announced recently, between £5,000 and £6,000, certainly no large amount considering his great vogue. It will be remembered that after R. M. Ballantyne died at Rome—a boy's writer dear to all young folks, and Henty's predecessor—subscriptions were asked on behalf of those who had been left behind. When Ballantyne began to write for young folks, at the suggestion of Mr. William Nelson, his prices were very small; latterly he had a good royalty on his five-shilling books. Mr. G. M. Fenn, the next most popular writer to Henty, may rreceive £100, or a little more, for one of his five-shilling volumes of adventure; Mrs, Meade, a popular writer for girls, may command about the same amount.

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In a 400-page volume, entitled, "Musicians' Wit, Humour, and Anecdotes," which is published by the Walter Scott Publishing Company, Mr. Frederick F. Crowest has collected a vast number of stories, famous and otherwise. Here is a specimen with a moral attached, which is that people in their desire to pay compliments, do sometimes make consummate fools of themselves:—"A countess paid M. Gounod a visit at his villa in St. Cloud, and arriving about lunch-time, she pased through the dining-room, where the servants were clearing the table, and saw some cherry-stones lying on a plate. The maestro had just been partaking of his solitary meal, his family having gone to the seaside. Picking up one of the stones, she thrust it into her glove. Soon after M. Gounod returned the lady's visit, when she displayed to him the brooch she was wearing: it was the cherry-stone set with diamonds. The countess explained how she had secured the cherry-stone, when Gounod remarked, 'I never eat cherries; it is my footman, John, who eats all those he brings on the table.' The lady certainly had reason honestly to congratulate herself that she had not swallowed the stones!" The following story, if true, is an example of how great composers seek the applause of the gallery:—"When Verdi was putting the last touches to 'Il Trovatore,' he was visited in his study by a privileged friend, who was one of the ablest living musicians and critics. He was permitted to examine the score, and run over the 'Anvil Chorus' on the pianoforte. 'What do you think of that?' asked Verdi. 'Trash!' responded the connoisseur. Verdi rubbed his hands and chuckled. 'Now look at this,' he said. 'Rubbish!' said the other, rolling a cigarette. The composer rose and embraced him with a burst of joy. 'What do you mean?' asked the critic. 'My dear friend,' cried Verdi, 'I have been making a popular opera. In it I resolved to please everybody except the purists, the great judges, the classicists, like you. Had I pleased you, I should have pleased no one else. What you say assures me of success. In three months "Il Trovatore" will be sung, and roared, and whistled, and barrel-organed all over Italy.' And so it proved."

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This anecdote about Mascagni is not new, but it is one of the best of the bunch:—"A peripatetic pianist was grinding out the inevitable 'Intermezzo' beneath Mascagni's window one morning, and was giving it at such a rapid tempo, that the composer could no longer stand quietly and hear his composition murdered. Rushing into the street, he seized the handle of the instrument and turned it at the proper pace, explaining to the astonished organ-grinder that he had composed the piece, and would like to show him how it should be given. The man was angry at first, but when he realised the honour he had received by having a lesson from Mascagni himself, he evidently conceived an idea—he broke into a broad grin. The next morning he appeared before the composer's house with a huge placard in front of his organ, inscribed, 'Pupil of the celebrated Mascagni.' This was 'turning the tables' indeed." Here is a similar incident related about Rossini with a different ending:—"The peculiar hardship of the street organ is that there is no remedy. Some have tried severity—with no effect upon anything except their tempers. Those who try kindness meet with the same result: the nuisance is aggravated, and each penny bestowed tends only to increase the visits of the smiling, greasy-faced son of the South. Rossini once took the matter into his own hands. When he lived in the Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin, he found one day in front of his house a poor old fellow who was grinding out 'Di tanti palpiti' on a barrel-organ. The passers-by stopped. All at once a voice from their midst cried, 'Quicker, quicker!' 'How so, sir' 'Turn your handle quicker, it is allegro.' 'But, sir, I don't know——' 'Do it so—so!' and Rossini, recognised by no one, steps up to the organ, and grinds away at the pace he wished. 'Thank you, sir; I'll remember the lesson.' Next day the organ stops again and plays 'Di tanti palpiti,' this time in the manner taught the day before. 'Bravo!' cries a voice from the opposite house. 'Bravo, bravo, abravo!' and a louis-d'or falls at the feet of the itinerant artist. It was Rossini again. Of course the organ-grinder was delighted, and for his own comfort Rossini was, beyond doubt, unwise. A lesson to every 'grinder' by all means; but the louis-d'or would be a fatal mistake!"

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There were some curious items included in the sale of the late Mr. Craik Angus's collection of "Bursiana" in Edinburgh recently, in the shape of early editions of Burns, containing the autographs on the title pages of such celebrities as Patmore, Mr. Swinburne, Browning, Morris, Mr. Meredith, Stevenson, Gladstone, Manning, Newman, Mr. Stanley, Keene, Mr. Lang, Mr. Morley, Mr. Whistler, Mark Twain, and Mr. Labouchere. It is not to be presumed, however, from the appearance of these names on the title pages of the various volumes that the works were at one time in the possession of the persons whose autographs are affixed. In the "notes" issued as supplementary to the sale catalogue, the cat is let out of the bag. Here we have the naive confession that the late Mr. Angus sent from Glasgow to Samoa four books, with the request that Stevenson should put his autograph in each. This Stevenson did, confessing, however, that as he "scrawled his vile name" on them, he "thought shame as he did it." And no wonder. The four books and the letter were included in the sale. We have heard, the "Academy" remarks, about audacity in the means used to obtain autographs, but this method of adding to the value of a book is thoroughly original.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

Of the engines running on the Russian railways, 4,776, or 39 per cent, were built abroad, and 7,421, or 61 per cent., in Russian engine yards. The St. Petersburg and Warsaw Railway has the greatest number of passenger engines, namely, 210; then come the South-Western Railways with 172, the Moscow, Yaroslav and Archangel Railway with 124, and the South-Eastern Railways with 104 locomotives, while the remaining lines have each less than 100 locomotives at work.

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At the present time, in the middle island of New Zealand, there are about 240 dredges, costing from £5,000 to £14,000 each, in course of construction or ordered. Dredges are at work or about to work on the following rivers —Molyneux, Clutha, Kawarau, Manuarhekai, Dart, Shotover, Lindis, Waiau, Mataura, Waipori, Nevis, in Otago and Southland; in the Westland and Nelson on West Coast; on the Totaru, Hokitika, Grey, Ahura, Buller, Inanghua, and Orwell Creek. There are also a great number of gold-bearing flats which are being dredged.

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Two electric locomotives, ordered by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company from the General Electric Company, are said to be the two largest electric locomotives in the world. Each machine will weigh 150 tons, and be capable of drawing 1,500 tons of freight up the heavy grades of the belt line tunnel, which runs nearly two miles under the city. Passenger trains have been drawn through the tunnel by electricity since it was opened in 1895, but the locomotives now in use are not capable of pulling the heavy trains. The new machines will be designed to haul a load equal to twice that drawn by the present steam locomotives.

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B. Brauner has examined all the possible positions of the metals of rare earths in Mendelejeff's periodic system. He arrived at the conclusion that this group of elements may present some analogy with the group of asteroids in the solar system, forming in the periodic system, a sort of link between a cerium and the unknown element of the atomic weight 180. This interperiodical group is thus the continuation of the eighth line, terminating with the tungsten-platinum elements; gold is shown to be the first term of the ninth, and not of the eleventh line. The first element of the twelfth line is probably radium, followed by thorium and uranium.

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Interesting experiments have been conducted by Dr. Lemstrom, of Helsingfors University, on the effect of an electrical discharge on the growth of plants. Four seeds of barley, wheat, and rye were sown in pots, the soil being electrically connected with the ground. Above the two pots was suspended an insulated network of wire with a number of points of a Holz machine so connected that in some of the pots the electric current passed from the metal work to the earth, while in others it passed in the reverse direction. For five hours daily a current was passed through the soil. After eight weeks the height of the plants affected by the electric current was found to be about forty per cent greater than those to which no current had been applied. It is said that experiments with other plants show similar results, but different in degree.

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The option held by the Continental Trust Company to purchase the common stock of the United Electric Light and Power Company and the stocks and bonds of the Mount Washington Electric Light and Power Company was exercised on November 15th. The syndicate will secure power from the Susquehann River. The introduction of electric power derived from the force of the Susquehanna River will have a vast influence on the manufactures of Baltimore. It is estimated that the cost of lighting the city can be reduced to about 20 dollars per year per lamp, if the city maintains its own distributing plants. It now costs the city 99 dollars 12 cents for each arc lamp under a contract which expires in September, 1905. It is hoped that the industrial growth which accompanied the introduction of electric power at Niagara Falls will find a parallel at Baltimore. Plants of 60,000 gross horse power are planned.

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Rear-Admiral R. B. Bradford, Chief of the Naval Bureau of Equipment, has recommended to the Secretary of the Navy that the Government secure control of all wireless telegraphic stations on the coast of the United States. Unless this is done, Admiral Bradford believes that there will be interference in the transmission of wireless messages between stations of private companies within the same circuit. Foreign Governments are exercising careful supervision over the location of wireless stations for strategic reasons. Admiral Bradford in his report states that he had not been able to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion with the Marconi Wireless Telegraphy Company, for the reason that he can obtain instruments only on the payment of royalty. He states that most naval Powers are far in advance of the United States in the installation of wireless telegraphic appliances on board naval ships, but he believes that no ground has been lost by reason of the slow progress made.

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A new process for making incandescent lamp filaments has been invented by M. de Marc, of Brussels. His object is to form a core of magnesia upon which is deposited a layer of carbon, thus giving a filament which has a greater mechanical resistance than the ordinary carbon filament. To obtain the core a mixture of magnesia, tar, and powdered carbon is made and the pasty material is formed by high pressure into filaments or bands of the proper diameter. The filaments are then heated in a gas furnace at a high temperature in order to solidify them and produce a partial combustion. After coming from the furnace the filaments are very hard and resistant. They are then placed in a chamber in rarefied air or a gas containing oxygen and a weak current is sent through them in order to produce a combustion of the carbon and leave only the magnesia which forms the base of the core. In fact the carbon begins to burn at the exterior and the combustion proceeds toward the interior of the filament, while on the surface is formed a solid layer of magnesia. After this preliminary treatment they are burned in free air until all the carbon is consumed. In this way a small tube of pure magnesia is obtained, which is then to be coated with carbon to form the lamp filament. For this it is treated by a flash process, like that of a carbon filament, in an atmosphere of hydro-carbon gas, and the filament when raised to incandescence receives a deposit of carbon on the surface. Thus prepared, they are mounted in a bulb to to form the lamp. The inventor claims that the lamps formed according to this process have a great mechanical resistance.

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The gas works of Tunis now have an electric plant which presents some new features. It uses retort carbon in a gas generator of the Pierson type, which produces a low carbon gas. The plant includes two small boilers of 20 square yards heating surface and three gas generators with their various accessories, including a gasometer of 330 cubic yards capacity. The generator has a double envelope and a horizontal grate surface. The outlet tube for the gas in enclosed in a second tube of larger diameter, and the mixture of air and steam is injected through the annular space between the tubes. The gas comes out at a temperature of 450 deg. C. The heat lost by the outgoing gas is partly restored by the above arrangement for heating the air and steam. The latter mixture passes under the grate and traverses the incandescent mass of coke, and the gas thus formed passes out into a condenser, then to the scrubbers, and finally to the gas tank, from which the motors are supplied. The gas engines are of the Crossley type, and four of these are used at present, having a capacity of 105 horse power each. To them are connected the dynamos for the lighting circuits. The gas producers of the Tunis plant are fed from retort carbon coming from the gas works adjoining, and the product is thus utilised to good advantage. The gas motors are arranged so that they can be fed either by coal gas or by producer gas. To carry out this there are two sets of piping, and a series of valves throw on one or the other gas without having to stop the motors or produce a flickering in the light.

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A unique specimen of an Egyptian tool has been received by M. Albert Colson, of Paris, who gives an account of its fabrication and the character of the metal. The tool is a cold-chisel of the time of the Sheban dynasties, formed of a hard bronze blade whose present thickness is 0.12-inch and width 0.72-inch. The cutting bevel is made at an angle of 60 to 65 degrees. This hard alloy is inserted in an outer covering or sheath of soft and malleable bronze 0.6-inch thick, which covers it quite up to the cutting edge. This outer sheath has been either used as a mould for the central part or been added outwardly by hammering at a high temperature. In any case it is effective in giving the hard and brittle metal of the tool the elasticity necessary for receiving the shocks of the hammer. This artifice is analogous to that used at present in automobile construction for obtaining parts which are resistant alike to wear and to shocks; the pieces are made in soft steel, and the parts exposed to friction are hardened by cementation. The non-cemented part preserves the elasticity of the piece, which if entirely hardened would be too brittle. In this case the soft steel is in the interior, while in the Egyptian tool the soft bronze is on the outside.

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The sheathing, unlike the central core, is of a laminated texture. The surface which separates the two alloys is marked by a black oxide, often stained with verdigris. The two alloys were separated, and after cleaning were found to have different densities. The envelope, although more oxidised, gives d—5.33 and the core d—5.18. This anomaly showed that the former is richer in copper than the latter, as was proved by analysis. If a part of the tool is reduced by hydrogen near 500 deg. C., the envelope takes a red copper-colour and the interior a buff-yellow. The following shows the composition of the bronzes which compose the two parts. After cleaning the alloys were reduced by the blow-pipe and found to lose in each case about 15 per cent. of oxygen and 3 or 4 per cent of carbonic acid, sulphur, chlorine, etc. Then followed the analysis of the reduced metal:—

	Envelope.	Central portion.
Oxygen	1.65	1.60
Chlorine and sulphur...	0.80	traces
Iron	0.70	0.30
Lime and potassa.....	,,	0.15
Tin	4.67	13.30
Copper	92.60	84.60

The hard bronze thus contains less copper and considerably more tin than the soft. The presence of chlorine and sulphur is due to the earth in which the tool had been buried. The lime and potash seem to come from the ashes of the fire which melted the alloy, for after reducing the powdered metal by hydrogen and treating with boiling water, the solution sometimes turns red litmus to blue. The lime is thus in the free state and the potash in the form of carbonate.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

LONDONDERRY, AUGUST 21, 1787.

Last Tuesday afternoon, about five o'clock, his Grace the Duke of Rutland, attended by his Aides-de-Camp, etc., honoured this city with a visit. His Excellency embarked at the water-side in an elegant boat, rowed by eight seamen in handsome uniform, landed at the Ship-quay upon a commodious stage erected for the purpose, under a Royal salute of 21 guns, and was received by the Mayor, Aldermen, and the rest of the Corporation in their state regalia. The streets being lined by the 16th Regiment, his Grace proceeded to the Town Hall, where he partook of a sumptuous ration was presented to him by Robert Boyd, Esq., their Recorder; after which his Grace went to the house of Sir Hugh Hill, Bart., where he stayed during his residence in Derry. At seven o'clock his Excellency returned to the Town Hall, where he partook of a symptuous dinner prepared for the occasion by the Corporation; the tables were furnished with every kind of viand which the season or country could produce. Among the number of exquisite dishes were seen, turtle in all its luxurious forms, fresh turbot and other delicious fishes, and a fine salmon of 80lb. weight, just taken out of the water; and the wines were numerous, abundant, and excellent. At night the whole city was most brilliantly illuminated; there were bonfires and demonstrations of joy in every quarter, and barrels of porter were given to the populace. About ten o'clock his Grace most obligingly came to the balcony, and, in a flowing bumper of sparkling champaign, drank prosperity to the city of Derry; and in another he politely drank to the health of all the citizens, wives, and daughters, amidst the repeated acclamations of the gazing, wondering crowds below.

On Wednesday his Excellency viewed the Cathedral, the city, and its celebrated walls; he then took boat at the quay, accompanied by a numerous suite, and the fine band of the 16th Regiment, which played the whole time his Grace was on the river, and produced a most pleasing effect. Captain Cary's brig again saluted his Grace with 21 guns. His Excellency this day dined with Sir Hugh Hill, Bart., one of the representatives in Parliament for this city. At night the house of John Coningham, Esq., our very worthy and respectable Chief Magistrate, was beautifully illuminated, and adorned with three handsome transparencies, representing his Majesty's arms, the Duke of Rutland's arms, and the arms of the city of Londonderry. There was a number of bonfires, and the populace were again regaled with plenty of porter and other liquors, who repeatedly drank long life to his Excellency and his beautiful Duchess, etc.

MONAGHAN, AUGUST 22.

A most daring robbery was perpetrated last night within four miles of this town. About nine o'clock a number of villains, with their faces blackened, broke into the concerns of Mr. Hughes, a respectable farmer, and after placing a guard on an out-house, in which no less than 20 men, employed by that gentleman in making up the harvest, were lodged, entered the dwelling-house, and robbed him of cash and plate to the amount of £140. There were several bonds, and other papers of value in the drawers where the cash was deposited, but, at Mr. Hughes's entreaty, they suffered them to remain, and departed with their booty without offering further resistance.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25.

On Thursday last the Aldermen, Sheriffs, Peers, the Common Council, Masters, and Wardens of the several Corporations were most sumptuously entertained at the Mansion House in Dawson street, by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, where every thing was conducted in that splendid manner which has hitherto distinguished his Lordship's Mayoralty.

On Thursday last a complaint being made to Mr. Crosbie, one of the clerks of the markets, of a butcher using fraudulent weights, he went to his stall, and in exercising his duty received the greatest abuse accompanied by the most menacing threats, upon which he brought Mr. Sheriff Fleming and a party of the military into the market, took the fellow before Alderman Moncrieffe and lodged him in Newgate; who we hope for the good of the public will be brought to condign punishment.

A Bill, we hear, will be solicited the next session by the inhabitants of the city of Cork, to establish Commissioners for widening the avenues and streets in that city, invested with the same powers of the Dublin Commissioners; the expense of which it is proposed, shall in like manner with ours, be defrayed by a local tax or duty upon coals imported thither from Great Britain.

A correspondent gives the following statement of the inhabitants of Ireland at this day:—

In the army, including invalids	12,000
In the service of the revenue	4,000
In useful labour employed	600,000
Children	400,000
Employed in Manufactures	520,000
Mariners, fishermen, and boatmen ...	46,000
Handicrafts and tradesmen	580,000
Merchants	2,500
Shopkeepers, dealers, and pedlars ...	260,000
Resident nobility and gentry	10,000
Clergy of all denominations	11,500
Men of the law, physicians, and surgeons	5,200
Unemployed, idlers, and vagabonds	550,000
Total population	3,001,200

CORK, AUGUST 20.

Saturday night, five villains with cloths over their faces, burglariously entered the house of Mr. Patrick Campion, of Ballyhooly, beat and afterwards tied him, put a table-cloth over his head, and made him stand inside the curtain of his bed, while they robbed the house of plate, seven guineas and a half in gold, some silver, his watch, and wearing apparel to a considerable amount. The alarm being given in this town, Mr. Johnson, one of the High Constables, with a few of the Blackpool Association, pursued the gang yesterday to an house at Fair Hill, where they took two of them—viz., Owen M'Guire and Patrick Clanchy, with all the articles stolen, except the watch. They found also on them two brass horse pistols, and Mr. Campion's knee-buckles. They were committed to jail and sworn to. It appears that these are the gang of Broderick Walsh, otherwise Captain Barry, who was one of the three that escaped in consequence of Mr. Johnson's attention to secure the property.

DUBLIN, MONDAY, AUGUST 27.

It cannot be unpleasant to the friends of Ireland to observe that our native spas and other watering places are now attended by crowds of the best company. Swadlinbar, whose mineral springs are excellent for gouts, rheumatisms, and nervous complaints, has been so well frequented for a month past, that lodgings are let at enormous price to the great emolument of that poor town. Mallow as usual abounds with the beaux and belles of Munster. Ballyspellin partakes of the general taste for native amusements and health, got cheapest at home without visiting foreign climates. Amongst these, our neighbour, Lucan, holds at present a very high rank in the catalogue of mineral springs, there being upwards of one thousand persons, most of whom are in genteel life, quartered in and about that agreeable village and its charming environs; balls, breakfasts, and evening parties, are as regular and well conducted as at Bath, Tunbridge, or Scarborough; a circumstance which does no small honour to the taste of our gentry, who, on trial, can find as great benefits at home as if they made an expensive trip to the Continent.

Extract of a letter from Carrick, August 18.

"On Friday evening last, about seven or eight o'clock, three men came to the house of Mr. William Walsh, of Ballyleskin, in the barony of Knoctopher, and requested lodging; said Walsh informed that Mullinavat was near, desired them to go there; they then asked for something to drink, on which they were presented with milk, being the best the house afforded. One of them asked another for a warrant, and immediately two more of the party, who lay concealed near the house, rushed in, and the whole five produced fire arms from under their clothes, and snapped at the man of the house and his servant man but luckily without effect, as none of the pieces went off. Walsh then struck one of the villains with a Newfoundland hatchet on the head, and he instantly dropped; the servant, in the interm, stabbed another with a pike, on which the four made off, but shortly afterwards returned and carried off the body of their companion, supposed to be dead. In their flight one of the party dropped a pistol, which is now in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Hewetson, a Justive of the Peace for the county of Kilkenny."

DUBLIN, TUESDAY, AUGUST 28.

It is with pleasure we are informed that one of the West Indiamen arrived here in the course of the last week, has brought over orders for vesting the whole net proceeds of her cargo in the manufactures of this kingdom.

A considerable quantity of the new coinage, gold and silver, has arrived, and is getting into circulation. The impression on the guineas is not so sharp as formerly, which seems better calculated for the purse or pocket, as the friction cannot have so immediate, or so powerful an effect upon it.

Extract of a letter from Wexford.

"On Wednesday last, the 22nd inst, died here, aged 27 years, Mary Revell; about four years ago, there appearing strong symptoms of a dropsy, she came to this town, and was put under the care of Dr. Smyth, and by him and Mr. Miller Clifford, had been tapped one hundred and eleven times, and had nine barrels, thirty-three gallons, one quart, and one pint, of water taken from her—an instance, perhaps, not to be met with in the annals of physic."

Kelly and Crouch are gone to Norwich, after considerable success in Munster. The southern theatrical expedition has turned out this season flattering beyond expectation; and Crow street is putting into repair with a rapidity which gives if its being open early in the winter.

We hear that Thomas Plunket, Esq., means immediately to claim the title of Lord Baron Lowth, and to take his seat in the House of Lords.

(To be Continued.)

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BROWN'S CASTLE.



AN OLD DUBLIN CITY WALL TOWER.

ONCE THE RESIDENCE OF THE MAYORS OF DUBLIN.

ne ancient city wall of Dublin, from rmond-Gate, now named Wormwood-te, stretched up a steep hill to Newgate: tween these stood a square tower within e verge of the Marshalsea of the Four urts, commonly called the Black Dog, m the sign of a Talbot hung up there. This tower was known by the name of own's Castle, not as being the original founder, for the structure was co-eval with the first English settlement in Dublin, but from a later proprietor, Sir Richard Brown, who kept his mayoralty in this castle in the years 1614, 1615, and 1620, because the chief magistrate had no particular house for his residence; and in those turbulent times, a castle was best calculated for preserving the city regalia and records.

Dublin was now small and surrounded with a strong wall; this, at proper distances, was strengthened by castles and turrets, or small forts; there were fifteen. Brown's Castle was one of these, built at an angle to command that part of the Liffey which flowed up Bridge-street; for the citizens, as we may judge from the position of these fortresses, were more apprehensive of danger from the side of the river than that of the land. This view was drawn by T. Cocking, anno 1791.

SLIABH-NA-MON,

AND

Its Fenian Traditions.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES BY REV. J. F. LYNCH.

VII.

In the "Book of Rights," p. 18, it is stated that one of the geasa, or "restrictions," of the King of Cashel, was connected with Magh Feimhin, which O'Donovan says is described as extending from the River Suir northwards to Corca Eathrach, otherwise called Machaire Chaisil, from which it is evident that it comprises the whole of the barony of Iffa and Offa east, and O'Donovan refers to Colgan's "Trias Thaum," p. 201; "Keating's History of Ireland, reign of Cormac Mac Airt; and Lanigan's "Eccles. History of Ireland," vol. i., p. 282. Iffa represents the Irish Ui Fatha, and O'Donovan quotes from Keating in the reign of Cormac Mac Airt. Gleann Gara a n-Uibh Fatha; o Ghara Glundubh mac Morna —"valley of Gara in Iffa, named from Gara (or Garaidh) Black-Knee, son of Morna."

In "Cath Muighe Rath," p. 189, O'Donovan says that Magh Feimhin is a celebrated plain in the south-east of the county of Tipperary, extending form Knockgraffon southwards to the River Suir, and from Cahir to Sliabh na m-ban, and to the boundary of the Hy-Eirc, in the south of ancient Ossory. O'Donovan, "Book of Rights," p. 91 says that Knockgraffon is a townland in the barony of Middlethird, from which a parish is named; that there is a very large moat here surrounded by a fosse; that this was the principal seat of the Ui Suileabhain (O'Sullivans), till the year 1192, when they were driven thence by the English, who erected a castle close to the moat. On Knockgraffon, according to the "Book of Rights," was one of the royal forts of Munster, named Graffan and Rafann, hence the present Irish name, Cnoc-Graffan. The moat was named from Rafann, who is, in "Silva Gadelica," p. 524, said to be sister of Dala, Carmun, Imteng, Glaire, Brea, Grea, and Cairiu, said to be seven seers (sechtor faid), and sons of Tat, son of Ogamon, son of Beamon, son of Sru, son of Esru, son of Gaedhel glas. Keating ("Joyce's Edition," p. 125) has Dagda Oghma, Ealloid, Breas, and Dealbhaoth, sons of Eolathan, son of Ned, son of Indaoi, son of Allaoi, son of Tat, son of Tabharn, while in "Siabur-Charpat Con Culaind," p. 400, Ind Dagda is son of Elathan, son of Delbaeth, son of Net, son of Ind Ai, son of All Ai, son of Tat, son of Taburnd. Keating ("Joyce's Edition," p. 65) has Partholon, son of Sera, son of Sru, son of Esru, son of Fraimint, son of Fathachta, son of Magog. In "Silva Gadelica," p. 118, Slighe Dhala meic U moir, or "road of Dala, son of U Mor," is mentioned; and in "Silva Gadelica," p. 524, the Slighe Dala is said to be named from Dala glas of the Greeks of Scythia, or from Dala, son of Tat. O'Donovan, "Book of Rights," p. lviii., says that there were five great roads in Ireland named Slighe Dala, Slighe Asail, Slighe Midhluachra, Slighe Cualann, and Slighe Mor; and he says that it is mentioned in "Dinnshenchas" that these five roads, which led to the fort of Tara, were first discovered on the birth-night of Conn of the Hundred Battles.

Lughaidh O'Clerigh, in his poetical controversy with Tadhg Mac Daire, quoting the authority of Arne Fingin, says:—

Do Chonn ni misde a mhoidheamh,
A chomaoin air chrioch nGaoidheal;
Cuig priomhroid go port teamhra
Do frioth oidhche a gheineamhna,

which is thus rendered by Connellan ("Trans. O.S. Soc.," vol. v., p. 152):—

To Conn's great fame for ever let me tell
His obligations on green Erin's clime;
Five spacious roads to Tara's royal seat
Were first discovered on his famed birth-night.

O'Donovan says that Slighe Dala, which was also named Bealach mor, or "great road," was the great south-western road of Ireland, and extended from the southern side of Tara in the direction of Ossory. I think that Slighe Dala passed over the River Greece (so named from Gris ("fire"), daughter of Richis ("flame") connected with ford in Owney "Mesca Ulad," p. 53), by the ford of Ath Truisten (so-called from Tristiu, daughter of Dubhthach(31), or Dobhran of Dun Liamhna, now Dunlavan, in Wicklow, and wife of Ferdubh, son of Aicher and Luachair), beside Mullaghmast, or Mullach Maisten, "summit of Maistin," daughter of Oengus, son of Umor. The name Dala is properly in genitive case, and represents the Irish Dagla, for the letter G falls before L, in Irish words, and Dagla is genitive case of Dagail, from old root-dag, "to shine," which is also the root of Dagda, the genitive of Dagaid, who appears in the Munster tales as Deagha, son of Sin. One of the names of Mullaghmast, as noted by Lewis, was "Hill of Carmen," or Carmun, which is same as Carman. It appears from "Silva Gadelica," p. 524, that the name of the fort on Mullach Maisten was Dun Imteing, or fort of Imteng, son of Tat, and brother of Carmun and Rafann. I think that the fort at Naas(32) was named from Carmun, Loch Carman, or Loch Garman, and Carman is made son of Bomma Lecce, and is said to have stolen from Tara the mind, or "diadem," of the wife of Cathaoir Mor, who will be connected with Lough Gur. See also reference to Carmun in "Battle of Ventry," p. xii. It is possible that Lusmore, who is mentioned in connection with Knockgraffon, by Crofton Croker, is a survival of Rafann. Keating ("Joyce's Edition," p. 29) says that Dun gCrot (now Dungrud, near Galbally), and Dun Iasga (now Cahir), were the two royal palaces of the province of Eochaidh Red-brow. Dr. Joyce ("Irish Names," vol. i., p. 285), says that the full name of Cahir was Cathair-duna-iascaigh, "the circular stone fort of the fish-abounding dun," and he quotes from Petrie. "The 'Book of Lecan' records the destruction of the Caher by Cuirreach,, the brother-in-law of Felimy, the Law-giver, as early as the third century, at which time it was stated to have been the residence of a female named Badamar." O'Curry ("Lectures," p. 305), quoting from a poem ascribed to Oisin, which gives account of the Oenach of Cuirreach Life (Curragh of Kildare), says that the poet also gives a vivid account of a visit which in his more youthful days he had made along with his father, Finn, and a small band of the Fenian warriors to the court of Fiacha Muilleathan, King of Munster, at Badamanr, near Cahir, in Tipperary, and of the races of Oenach Clochair, which O'Curry thinks were held at the place, now called Manister, near Croom, in county of Limerick; but this, as I have proved, is a mistake, for Oenach Clochair and Oenach Culi Mna Nechtain are the same, and I think that the Assembly of Cuil was held on first of August beside Lough Gur. In "Silva Gadelica," p. 531, we are told that Fuinche, of the triple breasts, daughter of Firmora of the men of Cliu (Lough Gur district), was mother of the three Fothas, of Cahir Mor's son Currach, and of MacNiadh's son, Teite, and O'Curry ("Manners and Customs," p. 303), quoting from an old document, says that Fuinche of the triple breasts, daughter of Firmora, of the men of Cliach (genitive sense of Cliu), was mother of the three Fothads, and of Currach, son of Cahirmore, and of Teite, son of Mac Niadh. In "Pursuit of Diarmuid," part ii., p. 41, Crochnuit ("little ruddy one"), daughter of Currach Life, the son of Cahirmore, is said to be the mother of Diarmuid, the father being Donn O'Donnchudha; and Professor Rhys, "Hibbert Lectures," p. 506, says, "That the cropped king of darkness should be the father of the solar hero, Diarmait, is in no way surprising, as it amounts probably to not much more than another way of saying that the darkness of night precedes the light of day; and the way in which his mother is described suggests a dawn goddess associated with the Liffey; for she is called Crochnuit, daughter of Currach Life, that is to say, of the Plain of the Liffey, the unenclosed portion of which is now known as the Curragh of Kildare." Professor Rhys (note, p. 678), says that those goddesses who are loosely treated by him as goddesses of the dawn, he prefers to identify with the moon. In

(31) The four daughters of Dubhthach were Liamhain, Ferchartain, Mianach, and Truistiu, married to the four sons of Aicher and Luachair, named Fomu, Roimper, Fernocht, and Ferdubh. I think we have here the four seasons represented, and we may, perhaps, explain the sixteen mounds of Mullach Maisten, mentioned by Lewis (Narraghmore), as having reference to the four seasons of the year. Dubhthach is stated to have slain his four daughters and four sons-in-law. Fomu and Liamain refer to the sring season, and Narraghmore, the name of the parish in which is Mullaghmast, is An Fharrach Mhoro, "the great place-of-assembly.' In Fomu, most likely fo is intensitive particle (for in names of his brothers are intensitive particles), as I think it is in Fomor, or "Fomorian," which Professor Rhys explains "under the sea," and Keating, "along the sea." The Irish regarded the Fomor as a giant, and the name appears to be a personification of "the great sea,," but in the tales the Formorians are connected with destructive fire and darkness, and hence the second battle of Moytura fought on November Eve, the first battle of Moytura having been fought on Midsummer day.

(32) Naas is named Nas na Righ and Nas Laighean (the Naasteighan probably of Lewis under Narraghmore, the letter T being misprint for L). Connellan says that the word nas signifies an assembly, a fair, and funeral games, and he quotes from "Dinnshenchas" three different derivations of Naas. Eochaidh Garbh collected the people to clear a plain from wood, that a nas fair or assembly might be held there in honour of his wife Tailltiu, daughter of Magh Mor, or "great plain," King of Spain, and nurse of Lug Long-hand. Nas was a servant of Tailltiu, and for an offence was ordered by Tailltiu to be slain, but Tailltiu's husband advised her to order Nas to construct a rath which would be more profitable, as in the tale of Emain Macha, and the rath was named Nas. According to the third explanation Nas was wife of Lug Long-hand, son of Scalbalbh, and daughter of Rudhraighe, King of Britain; and when Nas died she was buried at the place named Nas, or Naas from her, and on the first of August the people called together by Lug "keened" her, and hence the funeral ceremonies held on first of August were called Nasadh Logha, "the fairs or funeral ceremonies of Lugh," and hence Lughnasa, or Lugnasadh, the Irish name for August. See also explanation of La Lughnasadh in "O'Reilly's Dictionary," and the explanation in "Hibbert Lectures," by Professor Rhys.

"Silva Gadelica," p. 519, we are informed that Bodomar (Badamar), daughter of Lugar the fisherman, was wife to Finn; that she was slain by Currach Life, son of Cahirmore, and that Currach Life was slain by Finn. It appears to me that Fuinche, wife of Cahirmore, was a moon goddess, and in the tale of Lough Neagh, the importance of which cannot be exaggerated, and I do not forget Dr. Atkinson's description of the Irish tales, Fuinche is said to the another name for Liban, daughter of Eochaidh Find, and guardian of the sacred well from which the waters burst forth, and became Lough Neagh. We are told in the myth that Liban, who in "Silva Gadelica," p. 184, is made daughter of Eochaid, son of Eoghan, son of Ailill, had shape of a salmon in the Irish seas for three hundred years, and that she was followed by her lap-dog in shape of an otter. Liban is also mentioned in "O'Curry's Manners and Customs" as wife of Labraidh, brother of Fann, wife of Manannan mac Lir. Liban is supposed by the old writer who has preserved the tale of Lough Neagh, to mean white (ban), beauty (li), but the word, it seems to me, comes from li "water," which became lib, and the liban. In the myth Liban came to be identified with moon, for in the Irish tales the salmon is a moon symbol, and the otter, in the case of the otter of Liban, which had previously been a lap-dog, when Liban was a woman, sister of Airiu the earth, and wife of Curnan the sun, is a symbol of the sun. The tale of Lough Neagh is given in the "Kilkenny Journal," by O'Beirne Crowe; in the "Edinburgh Dinnshenchas," by Stokes; and in "Silva Gadelica," by O'Grady. Joyce in "Irish Names," says that the eruption of Lough Neagh is mentioned in an ancient poem published by Todd (Irish Nennius), from "Book of Leinster," and Dr. Joyce says that Linnmhuine, or "lake of the shrubbery," (but better explained by Crowe as "Stagnum Mictus," which appears to be symbolical of the destructive rain ascribed in the tale to the great horse of Oengus the sun god), was an old name of Lough Neagh. Dr. Joyce has also given the legend in his "Old Celtic Romances." Professor Hull ("Geology of Ireland"), proves that Lough Neagh is one of the oldest lakes in Europe, and consequently when we are told that Lough Neagh was formed in the end of the first century, we cannot accept the chronological setting given to the tale by the Irish bards, but at the same time we must not reject the valuable material which came floating down the stream of time to the bards, and we must try to explain the tale by comparing it with other tales. As Guaire, the father of Ebhliu, and Ebhliu, wife of Eochaidh Find, are connected by the old people of Ara, with prehistoric monuments of the district, it has been necessary for me to refer to this old tale connected with Lough Neagh, or lake of Eochaidh. Dubhthach Dael Uladh, that is Dubhthach the Chafer of Ulad, is also connected with the eruption of Lough Neagh, for O'Donovan ("Cath Muighe Rath," p. 208), says, "It is stated in 'Book of Lecan' that the lands which were his (Dubhthach's) patrimonial inheritance were soon after his death inundated (33) by Lough Neagh." In "Mesca Ulad," p. 37, we have the following description of Dubhthach, and also of the Luin of Celtchair, to which I have already referred. "Here before them to the east, outside," said Crom Deroil, "I saw a prodigious royal band. One man in front of it, with coarse black hair; an expression of gentleness in one of his eyes; foam of crimson blood in the other eye; i.e., at one time a gentle friendly aspect; at another time a fierce expression. An open-mouthed otter on each of his shoulders. A smooth white-surfaced shield upon him. A white-hilted sword with him. When its spear-ardour seized it, he would deal a blow of the handle of the mighty spear upon his hand, when the full measure of a sack of fiery particles would burst over its side and edge, when its spear-ardour seized it. A blood-black cauldron of horrid, noxious liquid before him, composed through sorcery of the blood of dogs, and cats, and Druids. And the head of the spear was plunged in that poisonous liquid when its spear-ardour came."

"By our conscience, the description is venomous," said Medb.

"Venomous is he whose description it is," said Curui.

"Who, then, is he?" asked Ailill.

"That is Dubhthach, the Chafer of Ulad," said Curui, "a man who never merited thanks from any; and when a prey falls to the Ultonians all, a prey falls to him alone. The quick, deedful luin of Celtchair is in his hand, on loan, and a cauldron of crimson blood is before it, for it would burn its handle, or the man that is bearing it, unless it was bathed in the cauldron of noxious blood. And foretelling battle it is."

(To be Continued.)

(33) In "Battle of Magh Rath," p. 208, Dubhthach is termed Dubhthach o'n Lind, and in "Aided Echach maic Maireda," p. 104, we have

Mare matan, matan Mairt,
Ni fuar ethar, ni fuar bairc:
Is and dolluid, ba sceln gle—
Lind Muni dar Liath-muine.

Alas a morn, a morn of Tuesday,
I found not boat, I found not barque,
It is on it went, it was a clear story
Lind muine over Liath-muine.

THE DIRGE ON DARGO.

(Translated from Smith's Gaelic Poems and versified.)

By John Anster, LL.D.

Like the oak of the vale was thy strength and thy height,
Thy foot like the erne (eagle) of the mountain in flight;
Thy arm was the tempest of Loda's fierce breath!
Thy blade, like the blue mist of Lego, was death!

Alas! how soon the thin, cold cloud
The hero's bloody limbs must shroud?
And who shall tell his sire the tale?
And who shall soothe his widow's wail?

I see thy father, full of days—
For thy return behold him gaze.
The hand that rests upon the spear
Trembles in feebleness and fear;
He shudders, and his grey, bald brow
He gazes till his dim eyes fail
With gazing on the fancied sail—
Anxious he looks—what sudden streak
Flits, like a sunbeam, o'er his cheek?

Joy, joy, my child it is the bark
That bounds on yonder billow dark?
His child looks forth with straining eye
And sees the light cloud passing by.

His grey head shakes—how sad, how weak
That sigh! how sorrowful that cheek?
His bride from her slumbers will waken and weep,
But when shall the hero arouse him from sleep?

The yell of the staghound—the clash of the spear,
May rise o'er his tomb—but the dead will not hear.
Once he wielded the sword, once he cheered to the hound—
But his pleasures are past, and his slumbers are sound.

Await not his coming, ye sons of the chase—
Day dawns; but it nerves not the dead for the race;
Await not his coming, ye sons of the spear—
The war-song ye sing—but the dead will not hear.

O, blessing be with him, who sleeps in the grave,
The leader of Lochlin, the young and the brave.
On earth didst thou scatter the strength of our foes—
Then blessing be thine in thy cloud of repose.

THE CHARIOT OF OLD.

A GRIM REMINDER OF THE COMBATS OF THE HEROIC PERIOD.

The chariot was used in antiquity for the battle, the chase, in public processions, and in games. It had two wheels and was drawn by two horses, and when one or two horses were added they were attached to each side of the main pair by a side trace, fastened to the front of the chariot.

These chariots have only come down to us in fragments, with the exception of the one in the archaeological museum of Florence, which is a unique example of a war chariot, the so called "Biga di Frassino," found by Rosselineo in a Thebes tomb. It is certainly as old at the fourteenth century B.C. It is probably a trophy obtained in the north by some Egyptian warrior.

There is an entire absence of metal in the construction. Immediately on the axle, without springs of any kind, rests the basket, or body, of the chariot, which consisted of a floor to stand on and a semicircular guard around the front and about half the height of the driver. It is entirely open at the back, so that the combatants might leap to the ground and up again, as became necessary by the exigencies of action. There was no seat, and generally in war chariots there was only room for the combatant and his charioteer to stand in.

The pole, as in the present instance, was usually attached to the middle of the axle, although to outward appearances it looked as though it sprang from the front of the basket. At the end of the pole was the yoke, which looked like a ram's horns. Depending from this by leather thangs was a Y shaped piece, which probably took the place of the modern horse collar. Probably broad bands were also fitted around the chest of the animals.

Besides the harness of each horse there were a bridle and a pair of reins somewhat in the same style as are in use at the present day. These were made of leather and were ornamented with studs of ivory and metal. The reins were passed through rings attached to the collar and were long enough to be tied around the waist of the charioteer in case of his having to defend himself.

The wheels and body were usually of wood, strengthened in places with bronze or iron. The wheels had from four to eight spokes, and the tyres were of bronze or iron (in the present instance ash was used), and the pins which secured the fellies were of fossil bone.

This description applied to the chariots of almost any of the nations of antiquity, the difference consisting chiefly in the mountings. Thus the chariots of the Egyptians and Assyrians, with whom the bow was the principal arm of attack, were richly mounted with quivers full of arrows, while those of the Greeks, who used the spear, were plain except as regards mere decorations. The Persians and the ancient Britons used a class of chariots having the wheels mounted with sharp, sickle-shaped blades, which cut to pieces whatever came in their way. This was probably the invention of the Persians.

The use of the battle chariot really belongs to the heroic period. The warrior, standing by the side of his charioteer, was driven in front of the line to invite hostile warriors to single combat. After the strategic skill of commander superseded the demands on his personal valour the chariot was transferred from the battlefield to the hippodrome, where alone its original form was preserved. The description of the Homeric battle chariot, therefore, to a great extent also applies to the historic chariot of the racecourse.

The small diameter of the chariot wheel may be explained from the desire of preventing the chariot from being opposed by the impediments in the battlefield, such as debris or dead bodies. The rim was usually formed of four fellies, into which the four spokes were let. The upper rail, which was of either wood or metal, varied greatly in form and was intended to be grasped by the warrior on jumping on to the chariot, while the front part served for fastening the reins and the traces of the "wheel horses." In the Roman triumphal chariot a covering of leather served to ward off missiles, and later on the sides were composed of strong boards.

Unfortunately we know very little of the vehicles of everyday use in those days. They nearly all seem to be a variety of what we now term the "gig."

THE DINGLE PROMONTORY AND ITS PEOPLE.

A CORNER OF IRELAND WORTH KNOWING.

By C. E. Edwards, in "Travel."

In these days it is almost exciting to come upon a beautiful part of Great Britain and Ireland which has not had its charms recognised by pictorial postcards. It may be assumed forthwith that such a district is not overrun by tourists, and, perhaps, that it has an indifferent train service, if any at all, and very poor accommodation for the stranger. With this preamble, I would like to introduce the Dingle promontory of Co. Kerry to more particular notice than it has yet received from the hands and eyes of people of leisure. Nor am I merely erratic in mentioning "hands" like this. The Dingle Irish are as hard up as the majority of their brethren in the Far West, and reasonably willing to improve their circumstances. Those of them who have time to think of such matters look with a certain envy at the neighbouring promontory of Waterville, with world-famed Killarney in its midst. And they ask themselves, again reasonably, why they are left so much in the cold. Saving its large lakes, what is there in Waterville that there is not in Dingle? The Dingle mountains are as bold and nearly as high as the Macgillicuddys Reeks, and the Dingle coastline is even more majestic than Waterville. The Dingle air is dryer than Killarney's. It has qualities of its own, too, which lift it to the rank of a health resort for consumptives. And where, pray, in all Ireland will you see more magnificent sandy bays than those of Smerwick Harbour and Castlegregory, with the Atlantic for ever rolling in upon them?

It is a detail, small if you will, yet precious, that in Dingle the people are hitherto quite unspoiled by casual contact with strangers, who are apt to startle first of all and then demoralise by the free distribution of spare cash. There may be a gentle patter of bare feet after you by Slea Head, and a brief murmur, "Give me a penny!" from one or two of the children of that wild little village of Coomeenoole, which has such a gorgeous outlook towards the Blaskets, but they make their appeal with no particular zest, rather as if it were a joke indeed, echoed from those exasperatingly persistent spots round Killarney over the matter. Offer them the penny, and they are as prone to run away laughing or frightened as to snatch at it. They certainly will not retort, "Give me another!" by way of "thanks," and they are quite likely to get their ears boxed by their outraged parents if these and their injured pride (a real thing) catch them in the act of mendicancy.

The stranger in Dingle is a personage to stare at, not bleed. And how these wild Irish of its Atlantic coast and valleys trending trout streams towards its sands do stare! Word seems to pass in the village about the approaching wonder. Then, with extraordinary quickness, men, women, and children mass about the low doorways to the thatched cottages, with tall grasses growing on the thatch and marked lack of chimneys. Not this only. The hamlets on that broad, fertile slope which falls from Brandon Hill towards Smerwick Harbour (a huge chessboard of green, yellow, and russet squares) are pervaded with white rocks as big as houses. The cows and calves and pigs, when not feeding, loaf amid these boulders and in the thick mire between them. And in times of excitement the children clamber on to the stones as a view-point, perhaps also with an eye to safety! Thus the whole village gets its share in the spectacle, and for a moment or two the bare brown legs and the red petticoats are all as still and stolid as the faces of the community. But the Celtic strain must show itself at length. Curiosity gets the better of what really seems worth terming the local awe in such a visitation. Having groped through the mire to a cottage door, whether to seek advice or a cup of tea, you are instantly surrounded by a chattering, clamorous, laughing, and hightly inquisitive crowd of children. And the grown women also let their tongues go. There is a Babel, indeed, with Erse predominating in it. And so it continues while you take your tea in the midst of the inquiring crowd, with the poultry scurrying about its bare legs, and other live stock looking in at the door over the shoulders of the children unlicensed to enter. Like as not, when you propose to pay for your entertainment, there is a heated scene. The lady of the cottage, with the most fluent English, breaks apparently into a temper. "Indeed," she cries, "there is nothing to pay at all, at all." But she and the others may of course be persuaded by a more or less tactful transference of the sixpence or shilling to one of the children of the house. Thus there is joy of a sort round the turf fire both in the stranger's going and coming.

The headland is accessible fairly enough by an odd little railway of the "light" kind, which meanders west from the famous market-town of Tralee—"famous" hereabouts, that is. Throughout Dingle, Tralee looms as large as a metropolis: its shops and churches are themes for eager talk. The cars of the railway are almost of the toy kind, designed as if to give travellers all possible enjoyment in the views of mountain and sea. They are not particularly well kept, and except on fair days are indifferently patronised. Dingle, indeed, contemplates its own little railway with somewhat mixed feelings. It would like to be grateful for it, but is not. The deficiencies that appear annually in its balance sheet have to be made up by a tax distributed over the headland. Still, of course, it serves its main purpose—to help on Dingle's civilisation and do something towards hurrying the lobsters and whiting of the local fisheries towards the eastern markets. "Something," yet by no means enough, judging from the tales of the fish merchants, to whom hours here are as important as minutes farther east. It is often a mere toss-up whether their goods arrive at their destination in a saleable or impossible condition. The railway indulges in no greater pace than twelve miles an hour, and runs only two trains daily in either direction.

The thirty miles of its course include a passage between the Slieve Mish mountains of East Dingle and the higher green and purple peaks of Middle and West Dingle. For an engine so small as those in use, it seems a moderate achievement to make the climb of nearly a thousand feet in a mile or two, as it does. The guide-books curiously hint at the danger of the line. This is not frantic. To be sure, the little train does rattle round the curves on the descents with what seems blind recklessness. But, so far, history tells of only one fatal accident, and that was years ago, when the engines were of another pattern to those now in use. The line was jumped and the engine hung over a bridge and dropped its driver fatally into the ravine. In the circumstances, it might have behaved even worse. No one in Dingle takes the chance of accidents into account. Nevertheless, when you are the sole passenger in the cars (an occurrence likely enough even in midsummer) there are times when it is impossible not to wish for rather more ballast to the tran. In such an adventure, too, you are forced to consider yourself a person of undue consequence. The guard takes a deep interest in you, and the constabulary at the stations study you as if you were at least a Fenian whose identity they would be prepared to swear to by and by in any police court.

Of Dingle town, at the other terminus of the line, there is nothing much to say. It has an enormous workhouse, in a fine situation, and probably more drinking saloons to its population of less than two thousand than any town in Ireland. These latter, however, minister to a floating crowd of fisher folk as well as residents. It is usual to see a score of fishing barques mirroring their hulls and spars in the silvery and placid pool of Dingle Harbour, and as it is not always fishing weather outside, the crews of the boats have but little resource on land save the taverns, which offer them "whiskey and entertainment"—anything rather than good whiskey too; a deplorable truth, which is explained professionally on the grounds that the seamen's throats do not appreciate a fluid unless it burns them. On the extreme north-west corner of the promontory there is another fishing station, Brandon quay. Here I was interested to learn that the local fishermen often drink mulled claret at two shillings a bottle instead of this coarse whiskey. They come into port of a morning so exhausted that their stomachs cannot endure the more familiar poison; it has to be mulled St. Julien then, or nothing. One marvels a litle how they can afford the luxury, seeing that fine mackerel here only fetch from sixpence to a shilling the dozen, whiting and plaice of size a penny each, and lobsters weighing three or four pounds less than eighteen pence a couple. The difficulties of suitable transport of course account for this excessive cheapness.

Dingle, with its sixty-seven publichouses, looks best from that formidable high road behind it, which in five miles climbs 1,300 feet above sea level. It makes that effort just to get as quickly as possible to the north side of the promontory. The sparseness of the villages here do not seem to justify such an expensive piece of engineering, and indeed the road is little used. But it is a gloriously picturesque thoroughfare, with the heather mountains of Gearhane West and the Middle Dingle cumber of lake-studded mountains close to the east. Its summit introduces one most impressively to the Brandon group, a very few miles to the north-west, with the brown and boggy Owenmore River between, winding from the half-dozen lakes which nestle in rocky holes and the flat of the upper valley itself. Brandon Peak is one of Ireland's noblest crests, with craggy precipices that make their plunges of a thousand feet and more for the enchantment of scarcely anyone except the natives. From Connor Hill Pass these precipices are completely fascinating, whether under clear skies or a cloud-pack. The road itself, in its rapid descent to Brandon Bay, has much thrill attached to it, especially for the cyclist. Slievanea Mountain to the right has been blasted to get a way under it; above and beneath the road the rocks stand little out of the perpendicular for hundreds of feet. But, as I have said, the road sees few tourists, and its menders do not trouble greatly about the grass which comparative disuse permits handsomely to grow upon it.

Better than Dingle town by much is the wild country between it and Brandon Head. It is not all wild. The Irish for centuries have toiled at the skirts and clopes of the mountains here, as nearly everywhere on the west coast. The twelve or fifteen square miles between Ballydavid Head, Brandon

Hill (3,127 feet high), and Kilmalkedar are an astonishing close company of —ue grey villages set among the cultivated patches. There is not a tree of size here, and nothing like a plantation. The Atlantic winds sweep the area north and west, and yet the crops of of hay, potatoes, and oats are very fair indeed. These, with the fishing in the canvas-covered coracles of the district, and the live stock of the farmyard kind, keep the thousands of men, women, and children here well above starvation. You will see no finer specimens of humanity anywhere than in —s remote corner of the British Isles. Though so laborously tilled, moreover, even this part of the country is not without beauty. Deep little lanes separate the hamlets and climb the slopes, with hedgerows and moist ditches, in which brambles, the osmunda fern, honeysuckle, foxglove, meadow-sweet, and many a smaller flower grow in a luxuriant tangle, which tells of the genial softness of the local air in spite of the Atlantic's vigour. As for the meadows, many of them dazzle the ye with the profusion of their ragwort; and down on the sands of Smerwick Harbour and Ferriter's Cove, farther west still, the blue sea-thistle may be added to the surrounding charms of heather and superb sea cliffs.

Right from these tokens of earnest toil, not unrewarded by commonplace contentment and domestic happiness (let he demagogues say what they please to the contrary), the mountains spring high. Brandon Hill's cairn is but three miles from Ballybrack village on the one side and Cloghane's church bell tower on the other side. The intervening six miles, however, yield mountain ridges to enchant a cragsman, and savage precipice-decked corries with dark tarns in them. Brandon Hill's great amphitheatre to the south-west deserves wide recognition. From the oratory of the saint on the summit the mountain falls away nearly sheer for fully a thousand feet, with a precise sweep to its walls north and south. The enclosed hollow of smooth rock-slopes at various angles glistens with lakelets all connected by a blithe little sparkling stream, which speeds their surplus waters down to the large and lower lakes of Nalacken and Cruttia. Brandon Peak's fierce crags and Brandon Hill's spurs guard these other recesses and give them a surprising air of gloomy magnificence. Cruttia, especially on a stormy day, would make its mark on any mind. It is a mile long, some seven hundred feet above sea-level in a heathery basin of the mountains, with Brandon Peak's most formidable precipice towering above it. A roaring and broad cascade connects it with Nalacken higher up, and in its turn it tumbles a series of other cascades down to the moist lands of the Owenmore valley.

But the fifteen miles of Dingle's western sea cliffs are in their way as fine as the curt little range of the Brandon mountains. Sybil Head, for instance, gives you a perpendicular wall some five hundred feet high to perch on and unforgettable views on all sides. This same massive headland develops towards the north into the savage little peaks known as the Three Sisters, sharp and precipitous, with the coffin-shaped grave of Saint Dinis to be passed in the tour of them. It is a saint-haunted district. Of Saint Brandon's life many touching particulars are told; and you are shown the rock in which the ministering cow milked itself repeatedly for his benefit, also his holy well, altar, and so forth, on his own mountain top. Saint Dinis is a less familiar personage. But it is known that he dug his own grave here and laid himself alive in it; and there the grave is to this day, an eerie enough thing to come across on this dangerous cliff edge in a storm, though with its edges suspiciously clean cut.

The mouth of Smerwick Harbour yawns a mile wide between the northerly Sister and Ballydavid Head, another splendid mass of cliffs more than eight hundred feet high, capped by an old signal tower. Through this mouth the Atlantic tide labours unrestingly. The Ballydavid fishermen are brave fellows. They think nothing of going out for a night in their frail black little canoes against the full force of the ocean swell, which threatens to overturn them at every wave. And for what? Sometimes a fair catch of mackerel or hake, which they may or may not be able to sell for a shilling or two; more often nowadays (for they say locally that the fish are leaving these shores) to be rewarded with just two or three sea bream, as many whiting, and perhaps a gurnard. It amounts to a relish for the sempiternal potatoes of their cottage dinner-table—little more. And of course it happens that in the quest a coracle now and then overturns. Little Ballydavid village was still mourning one such accident when I sojourned in it; and two families were still subsisting largely on the subscriptions that had been raised for them. The Atlantic generally keeps its victims on these occasions, though it was whispered to me that it need not have kept all these three poor fellows. One was seen off the cliffs a few weeks afterwards, "but," said my informant, "he was not in a fit state to handle—indeed he was not."

Sybil Hill and Ballydavid Head are samples of the audacity of Dingle's Atlantic coastline; north and south of them are other higher and perhaps finer cliffs. These want exploring, I might almost add surveying. At the moment, indeed, the Government engineers are hard at work with their instruments about Dingle's wild end. The existing maps seem to have scamped the district, not altogether without excuse, seeing how rough it is and how little interest the outside world takes in it.

With better accommodation to offer, Dingle ought, however, to get beyond this stage in its history. What there is here in the wilds is rough. In the picnic spirit, a glorious time might be enjoyed at the Ballydavid Post Office, which does, in fact, get two or three visitors per annum. Its rooms, with their many windows, seem designed to yield a series of lovely views. Perhaps they are a little overburdened with plants in pots. These thrive so heartily, however, in the sunshine and fine air that one would be loath to banish them, especially seeing that they are "watered" with tea, a charming local touch. Of the postmistress herself, it will do no harm to add that she is the good angel of the landscapes across which she scatters her letters. She would die rather than overcharge for a stamp or a week's board and lodging; and she would have worn herself down to the higgledy-piggledy churchyard of Kilmalkedar long ago with her labours by the deathbeds of others, if she were not gifted with a constitution which is but one witness among many to the salubrity of the district. So the local priest says; and who should know better than he?

There is no space to enumerate the antiquarian interests of Dingle over again

quarian interests of Dingle over and above the scenic and atmospheric. So much the better. They will come as a surprise to the visitor, who may be tempted hither by this paper, which is confessedly one of suggestion.

NEBRASKA BREATHING WELLS.

These remarkable phenomena are described in a recent publication of the United States Geological Survey. They are driven wells, which, after descending through from 50 to 100 feet of subsoil, penetrate a layer of dense limestone, about four inches thick, which rests upon the water-bearing gravel. Whenever an area of low barometer passes across the country the breathing wells sigh and roar with a noise audible, sometimes, at a distance of several rods. They blow outward for several days, and then the current is reversed and the air is drawn in, the changes always following fluctuations of the barometer. One explanation offered is that the porous gravel underneath the limestone layer contains air, whose pressure fluctuates in sympathy with that of the air above ground. But it is felt that a complete explanation remains to be made.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

MEI-AZUL.

A SCIENTIFIC ROMANCE.

By James Weir, M.D.

In these days of materialism when men imagine that they have discovered the source of life in certain natural laws worfing in successive cycles of evolutionary development towards a definite end, effects are mistaken for causes, and psychos, which is the soul of life, and its inception, is entirely overlooked by them or thrown aside as a relic of superstitious belief inherited from their savage ancestors. Yet here in this little inland town of Kentucky, there happened to me an adventure so strange, so wonderful, and so utterly different from the accepted order of things, that I feel that, like Moses, I have stood in the presence of the great First Cause, and that I have seen a soul come out of the Infinite and taken up its abode in the Finite.

That which I am about to relate came to pass twelve years ago, and, since there are only two men alive, as far as I know—and these two men are old, and nearing the grave—who can verify my tale in part, I think it best to make it public. These two men are Reuben Thruston, janitor of the bank buildings, and Tanner Anderson, sexton of Elmwood Cemetery.

Now, it all happened strictly as follows, for I am a sober, unimaginative man, and must, perforce, confine myself to the truth, lest I be caught tripping. I had passed my examinations, received my diploma, and had established myself in Daviess. Of patience I had an abundance, but of patients, alas! a woeful lack. My funds were almost exhausted, and I was casting about in my mind one day, while seated in my office, how and in what manner I could refill my purse, when I was startled by the sound, sharp and metallic, of something striking on the floor behind me. I turned in my chair, and saw an old-fashioned, steel-net purse, seemingly well filled with glittering money, lying on the floor beneath the open transom, through which it had evidently been thrown. I walked rapidly to the door, and opened it, and, peering forth, could see no one in the hall; I thereupon closed the door, and picked up the purse, marvelling greatly at its weight, for I had never before handled gold money, and knew not its heft. I am born of Quaker parents, good, sturdy, honest people (a fact which declares itself, so people say, in my manner of speech, although I affect it not, but speak naturally), who taught me that honesty was a paramount virtue, and that covetousness and miserly love of money were great sins, therefore was I minded to carry it down to the bank, and give it into the hands of good friend, Cashier Buckler. But while turning the purse in my hands, and wondering at the strangeness of its advent, I suddenly saw a slip of paper through its meshes, on which, when I looked with intent regard, I deciphered my name. I then abstracted the slip, and opening it, read the following:—

Selah.

"Dr. James Rumsey, Bank Building, Daviess, Kentucky—My Dear Sir: At one o'clock next Tuesday night, you will do me a great favour if you will kindly be present

at the corner of Seventh and Frederica streets, having with you such instruments, and such medicaments that (as your great learning will teach you) are necessary for the reanimation of one who has long been frozen. Accept this purse as a token, and a remembrance that a dozen others equally as valuable will make up your fee when you dismiss your patient.—Yours for Mei-Azul,

"AROUN MAHAL.

"P.S.—Take the carriage at the south-east corner."

When I had finished reading this note I sank back in my chair, overcome with a mastering amazement. What meant it, and who was Aroun Mahal, and what, or who was Mei-Azul? How could one be "long frozen" in midsummer, and, if dead, how could one be reanimated? My ruminations were brought to an end by the sudden entrance of Reuben Thruston, the negro janitor. Seizing the heavy purse, I emptied its contents on the table, and then cried: "Reuben, what is that?"

"Fo' Gawd, Marse Doctah, dat gole fur sut'n! What you git dem yallar boys? I ain't seed none lak 'em sense fo' de wah."

"This is a retaining fee, Reuben, but you must not mention it to any one, for I have no desire to have my business discussed by the tavern gossips."

"I won't say nothin', Marse Doctah, an' may you hab many mo' sich fees." Speaking thus, Reuben bowed himself out.

"So I am not dreaming," muttered I to myself. "Reuben said that it was gold, real 'yaller boys.' I wonder what it all means"

I returned the gold twenty dollar pieces one by one to the purse, and discovered that there were twenty-five of them; five hundred dollars for a retaining fee, with the promise of six thousand more when I dismissed my patient! This Aroun Mahal must be enormously wealthy, thought I. I picked up the note again, and glanced at it. High up in one corner I read the word "Selah," which before had escaped my observation. Then my eyes dropped to the word or words, "Mei-Azul," and straightway there seemed to be formed a connection between these words and myself. Now, dim, shadowy pictures of a far-away Eastern land; of palm trees; of camels, and goats, and sheep; of massive buildings, and hundreds, nay, thousands, of swarthy builders; of stern taskmasters and overseers; of a haughty and kingly man borne aloft on a litter, and surrounded by men in glittering armour, began to pass before my eyes; suddenly one picture ceased to be shadowy and dim, and became so bright, so vivid, so life-like, that I now believe that I then saw that which I had seen before—and this is what I saw and heard: On the shores of an inland sea, a mighty host lay encamped. Gathered in front of their tents were thousands of men, women, and children, who were gazing silently and intently on a little band of women, who were approaching from the desert—a shining, glittering waste of sand outstretched at their backs, until it blended with the gray concavity of the heavens on the horizon. A girl of twenty, of exquisite beauty, both of face and form, led this band of women. Suddenly, a remarkable looking man advanced in front of the people, and commenced a chant of praise to Jehovah, in which all the multitude joined. When they had finished their song, the beautiful girl and her band took up its burden.

"Sing ye to the Lord, for he has triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

Then all the people shouted: "Mei-Azul! Mei-Azul! prophetess of Israel."

The scene vanished, and I found myself seated in my chair with the purse in my hand. A feeling of great awe seemed to fill my entire being, and a conviction came over me that I must meet this Aroun Mahal at all hazards.

On the following Tuesday I prepared myself for my visit, placing in my bag such medicines as I deemed suitable for the occasion; and, seeing that a powerful electric battery was in good order, I ordered Reuben Thurston to be at my rooms at midnight, so that I might have assistance in transporting bag and battery to the corner designated by Mahal in his letter. Promptly at half-past twelve o'clock we started, and just as the town clock was striking one we met a carriage at the south-east corner of Seventh and Frederica streets. The carriage door was thrown open, and I heard a voice saying: "This way, Doctor; be careful, the night is as dark as pitch."

I handed in bag and box, and then sprang in myself, and at once I felt myself seized in the powerful grasp of two men, one on each side, who deftly pinioned my arms and legs. I had barely time to utter one cry of astonishment ere a gag was thrust into my mouth, and I sank back on the seat, voiceless and powerless. I heard, rather than saw, Reuben, as he made a frantic rush to my assistance, only to be struck down by a blow from the butt of the driver's whip. Then we raced down the street, the carriage swaying from side to side, such was the rapidity of our speed.

"Sit still, Doctor, and no harm shall befall you; we treat you thus as a matter of precaution. We wish you to remain in ignorance of the direction in which we are travelling; therefore, I must blindfold you."

Blindfolded, gagged, and pinioned, a helpless prisoner, seemingly, in a carriage drawn by terror-stricken or maddened horses, my position was not a pleasant one. Yet, strange to say, I was not alarmed, nor did I feel outraged at my treatment: something within me kept whispering "all is well."

After what seemed to me hours of travel the carriage stopped, the door was opened, and I was requested to get out. My guards conducted me into a house, rapidly unloosened the bonds from off my arms and legs, removed the cloth from my eyes, and thrust me into a brilliantly lighted room, where some one—a man—was singing a weirdly beautiful song, to a magnificently rendered piano accompaniment, with one of the most melodious tenor voices I had ever heard. Blinded for the time being by the exceedingly great light in the room, I could only stand with my hands pressed to my eyes Meanwhile the voice rang on, and soon I recognised the words of the song: "Sing ye to the Lord," commanded the voice, "for He hath triumphed gloriously;" then triumphantly, "the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

The song came to an end, and then I heard the rich toned tenor voice exclaim: "Welcome, Dr. Rumsey! I am Aroun Mahal. You are somewhat blinded by the glare, I presume; you'll be all right, however, in a second. I must have light and music especially to-night, for God's curse is about to be removed from Israel; and I, Doctor, am an Israelite."

Raising my head, my eyes having by this time become inured to the light, I saw one of the most singularly handsome men that I ever met. He was about six feet tall, strongly yet lightly built, with a certain air of dignity that commanded instant respect. His features were regular and firmly modelled, while his perfect proportioned head sat firmly on a symmetrical, yet strong, and virile neck. His eyes, dark, fathomless, mysterious, seemed to emit a subdued though steady glow as they looked straight into mine—reading, as I felt, my inmost thoughts.

"I will not ask you," continued he, "not to discuss with your friends the occurrences of this night, for your good sense will teach you that absolute silence on your part will be an act of discretion. For you will see that which, if related by you to the world, will brand you either as a liar or a madman. Outside of certain religious beliefs, men will not accept that which they cannot understand; consequently, many a man has sunk beneath the contumely of the world's scorn for having dared to enunciate a simple truth. But come with me; I will conduct you to your patient."

Speaking thus, he led the way into a hall, through which we passed to a flight of steps leading down to a room, which, having entered, I took to be a cellar. This room was also brilliantly lighted. In its centre there stood a heavy wooden table, and on the table was an oblong box, shaped somewhat like a burial casket. Approaching this casket, Mahal leaned his arm upon it, and then asked me if I knew the wood of which it was made. I examined it carefully, but was forced to confess my ignorance; I had never seen wood like it before.

"It is," said he, "the famous shittim wood of the far East. Does it feel cold to your touch"

"No," replied I; "and, craving your pardon, I would fain remove my coat, for the atmosphere is unpleasantly close here in this cellar. By the way, it is getting late, therefore, lead me to my patient."

"She is here," said Mahal, gently tapping the casket with his fingers; "and do not remove your coat, but put on this heavy overcoat, and this fur cap; also draw on these heavy boots and gloves, for instead of this sultry summer heat, an arctic coldness will, in a few moments, invade this cellar. See! I am dressed, and ready to meet it." For, while speaking, he had been busily engaged in putting on the counterparts of the clothing which he had shown me.

Marvelling greatly, I hastened to do as he commanded. Seeing that I had prepared myself by putting on the heavy clothing (though I sweated grievously in the act), he busied himself about the casket, and in a few seconds removed the top. Immediately an intense cold permeated the cellar. The moisture in the atmosphere was congealed, and fell in feathery snow-flakes to the floor; my eyebrows and lashes seemed to curl and crinkle, while my face burned as with a winter's frost. Mahal rested the top against the wall, and again approached the casket. He touched some hidden mechanism, and at once the four sides fell outward and downward, like the leaves of a folding table, and there stood an immense slab of ice; in its centre, plainly revealed by the glare of the lights, was the nude body of a young woman—the girl who led the band of women in my vision, and whom the people called Mei-Azul.

Mahal fell prone upon his knees, and raising his hands towards heaven, exclaimed:

"Mei-Azul! Mei-Azul! Prophetess of Israel and Saviour of the Chosen People! For over three thousand years hast thou rested entombed in this shroud of ice, and now shalt thou go forth in all thy beauty to lead the people home. God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, thy will be done. Selah!"

Then he arose, and turning towards me,

said: "Not one question will I answer now, Doctor; wait until later on, then I will tell you all that I am permitted to tell. Now to work."

He took from his overcoat pocket a small package, which he opened; then, stepping up to the slab of ice, he took from the package a pinch of white powder, which he sprinkled on its surface. Instantly the ice began to deliquesce, to melt, and to dissolve into water. Torrents poured from the slab, and fell upon the floor; the air rapidly became warmer, and in ten minutes time the ice had disappeared, and there remained only the lovely and inanimate form of the girl. Wrapping a sheet about the body, Mahal took it in his arms; then, turning, he said: "Follow me upstairs, into another room; your work begins now."

He led the way upstairs, and into a room in which there was a bed, on which he placed the body of the girl. The physician was aroused in me now, and I resolved to bring her back to life if such a thing were possible. Seizing my battery, which, as well as my medicine case, I found in the room, I applied one pole to the neck over the pneumogastric nerve, and the other pole over the heart; then, after directing Mahal to hold them in place, I commenced artificial respiration. After five or six minutes of careful manipulation, a thrill shot through me as I saw her beautiful bosom expand. Then I heard a rush of air through her windpipe, and a great awe fell upon me, and I felt, for a moment, that I stood in the presence of God! In a few moments natural respiration was established; I thereupon gave in one arm a hypodermatic injection of one one-hundredth of a grain of nitro-glycerine, and in the other an injection of a drachm and a half of whiskey. She remained cold and clammy, however, which alarmed me greatly, and I called for blankets and hot-water bottles. Mahal smiled mysteriously as he answered my request with a shake of his head.

"She is a cold-blooded animal now, Doctor, and all the hot bottles in the world will not elevate her natural temperature a fractional part of a degree. Come, your work is done—and well done, too; we will now leave her with the women whom I will call."

He pulled a bell cord, and then lead me into the room into which I had been thrust when I first arrived at the house.

"Here, Doctor," said Mahal, presenting a cigarette case, "are some of the Sultan's own brand, and I think you will find them very fine. Now take that easy chair, and I will endeavour to explain the seeming mystery of to-night's occurrences. I assure you that you have not seen anything supernatural. Your scientists call it Natural Law, but we orthodox Israelites call it God's Law; we believe in God, and we believe in His word. We furthermore believe that God is the Creator of Nature, and that He instituted the laws which govern Nature, at the inception of the universe. Some of us know a little about lore of the Egyptians, who were further advanced in some things than we ourselves, notwithstanding our vaunted civilisation. Again, Moses was in direct communication with God in the spirit, who revealed to him all His will. Now, God does not institute new laws, nor does He break those that have been in existence since the creation. For a purpose of His own, Jehovah decreed that Mei-Azul (or Miriam, as she is called by the Talmudic writers) should not die at the end of her natural term of life, but that she should live for over three thousand years. [illegible] how to preserve her body, together with her soul, without corruption, until the time should come for her reanimation; and he performed this seeming miracle without violating a single law of nature.

"Ice is nature's best weapon in warding off the process of decay, but the warm-blooded animal is invariably killed when frozen through and through; while, on the contrary, many cold-blooded animals can be frozen until they are brittle, and then be brought back to life. Thus, Pouchet and Horvarth have shown that many of the fresh water worms and infusoria can be frozen, and kept for months in a frozen condition, without endangering life. Indeed, Horvarth has shown that at least one warm-blooded animal, the zizel (spermophilus citillus) becomes a cold-blooded animal at times; for, during its winter sleep, when the thermometer registered two degrees above zero, this naturalist discovered that the temperature of a hibernating zizel was the same as that of the surrounding atmosphere. Again, many animals, when subjected to changed surroundings, become modified as to their vital economy, and take on new forms—aye, even develop new organs. For instance, Von Willimoes-Suhm found nemerteans, aquatic animals, living beneath stones, on perfectly dry ground, and Semper discovered aquatic crabs in countless numbers in Minorca, living on dry land. These animals, which in their natural habitat derive their oxygen from the water through the agency of their gills, owing to their changed surroundings, acquired lungs, and have become true air-breathers. By the gradual addition of salt to fresh water, Karl Semper changed certain fresh water crustaceans into salt water individuals; he then brought these individuals back to their original forms by the gradual addition of fresh water. The interval between the cold-blooded reptiles and the warm-blooded birds is by no means great; all naturalists recognise this fact, and agree in saying that the one was the parent form of the other, and that the modification was due solely to changed surroundings.

"Moses simply subjected Mei-Azul to changed surroundings, and in this manner brought about a modification of her vital economy—from a warm-blooded animal she became a cold-blooded animal. The rest was easy; he froze her in the slab of ice, as you have seen, and gave her into the family of Mahal. The father transmitted her to the son, generation after generation, and so she has come down through the long years, until the time came for her reanimation."

"But the ice?" questioned I. "How did Moses manage to freeze her, and keep her frozen?"

"Look," answered Mahal, stepping to a table, and pouring out a glass of water. "Look," said he.

He took from his vest pocket a tiny vial, from which he dropped a single minim of clear, sparkling fluid; the water instantly froze into a solid lump, shattering the glass into a thousand pieces, while an ice-cold wave swept through the room, chilling me to the marrow.

"Ammonia machines and like contrivances for the artificial production of great cold were, probably, unknown to Moses, yet Jehovah taught him to manufacture a substance which, when added to water, produced a degree of coldness far transcending anything ever dreamed of at the present time. Professor Dewar, an English scientist, has been experimenting along these lines, and has succeeded in producing a very low degree of temperature, indeed, but he has not yet obtained the true Mosaic formula. I could uncork this little bottle, throw it into the Ohio River, and freeze it solid from its source to its mouth; aye! even if it were filled with boiling water from bank to bank. The first Mahal, when he received the casket also received a scroll, in which the guardians of the box were directed to unscrew a little cap in its lid every century, and drop in on the ice two drops of the fluid. I should also add that the box is lined on its inner surface with a substance that will transmit neither cold nor heat. In this scroll the year and day, aye! even the very hour, fixed for the reanimation of Mei-Azul is duly set down. She is the leader appointed by the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob to conduct his chosen people back to Jerusalem. You will see her again—there. I will restore her to her normal condition, a warm-blooded animal; how I will do this I am not at liberty to tell. But, Doctor, the night is growing old, and dawn approaches; drink this glass of Hebron wine, and sleep for an hour before you are driven home. I will sing you to sleep."

I drank the wine, and fell asleep, and dreaming that I was listening to an angelic choir. When I awoke it was broad daylight, and Anderson Turner, the sexton of Elmwood Cemetery, was shaking my arm, and demanding if I were sick, and how it happened that he had found me asleep among the graves.

"What is that pinned to your coat" demanded he. I looked down, and saw a paper pinned to the lapel. It was a certified cheque for six thousand dollars on the Chemical National Bank of New York. Aroun Mahal had redeemed his promise.

STANZAS.

("Our better mind
Is as a Sunday garment, then put on
When we have nought to do; but at our work
We wear a worse for thrift.")

'Tis past—a burning noon of warmth and light!
The softened splendours of departing day
On the lone summit of the distant height
A moment linger in their onward way.

Haste, ere they flee—and bid the scene, the hour,
With the soft touch of harmony, restore
From the deep slumber of past years, the power
Of feeling and of song, to life once more.

Peace in the gathering shadow steals abroad.
Instinct with inspiration won from her,
The breezes travel their mysterious road,
And fluttering leaves and rippling waters stir.

The freshest odours rise from herb and flower:
The softest sunlight tinges every steep:
Joy carols wildly from each brake and bower,
And the waves murmur in their tranquil sleep.

All—all, that thrills the senses, or the mind,
Nature herself hath at this moment wove
Into one spell of harmony, to bind
The heart in chains of sympathy and love.

Nor wholly of this world those glorious beams;
Nor mortal voices only charm the ear:
From brighter skies escape some transient gleams,
Some tones of seraph minstrelsy we hear.

Oh, scene of beauty! hour of peace! not all
Of paradise, as yet from earth is driven:
Our Maker's image still survives the fall,
Still hues of evening faintly image heaven.

Mr Jeremiah Curtin, the translator of Sienkiewicz, Giovatski, and other novelists of Northern Europe, is credited with a knowledge of 60 languages. Cardinal Mezzofanti, who died in 1849, was looked upon as a marvel, though he spoke only 38 languages. Probably, however, Mr Curtin cannot speak every tongue he knows. In any case he is an exceptional linguist.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

A MUNSTER LAKE LEGEND.

In Lecky, the historian's latest work, "The Map of Life," 1901, appears the following legend: "In a certain lake in Munster, it is said there were two islands; into the first death could never enter, but age and sickness and the weariness of life, and the paroxysm of fearful suffering were all known there, and they did their work till the inhabitants, tired of their immortality, learned to look upon the opposite island as upon a haven of repose. They launched their barques upon its gloomy waters; they touched its shore, and they were at rest." Could any reader say to what Munster lake this strange legend was attached?

MUNSTER MAN.

A REAL OLD IRISH GENTLEMAN.

In a note to Vol. I. of Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy," p. 175, reference is made to The O'Leary, who long lived, and lately died (i.e., previous to 1837), at Millstreet, in the county Cork, who "took a pride in being one of the last of his countrymen representing old families who maintained the ancient, hospitable way of living." From Townsend's "Survey of the Co. Cork," we learn further in regard to this old Irish gentleman, that "he was known only by the name of O'Leary. He lived in a small house, the lower part consisting of little more than a parlour and kitchen, the former of which supplied with every article of good cheer, was open to every guest and at every season, and this profusion was accompanied with perfect cleanliness and decorum. His cellar, well stocked with good liquors, never knew the protection of a lock and key; for, as he stated himself, nobody had any occasion to steal what anyone might have for asking. It derived security, however, from other causes—from deference to his sway and respect for his person, both of which were universally felt and acknowledged within the circle of his influence. He was also a justice of the peace for the county. The appearance of O'Leary was always sufficient to maintain order in fairs and meetings, and to suppress any spirit of disturbance without the aid of soldier or constable. He possessed, indeed, some admirable requisites for a maintainer of the peace; for he was a very athletic man, and always carried a long pole, of which the unruly knew him to be no churl. To these good qualities O'Leary added an inexhaustible fund of original humour and good-natured cheerfulness; and, being very fond of the bottle himself, it was impossible to be long in his company sad or sober."

Evoc.

THE OLD SAILING DAYS.

(From the "Hull Advertiser," 2nd January, 1796.)

A letter from Captain Thomas Heseltine, of the "Lynx" transport, dated Cove of Cork, December 21, 1795, and received at this place the 29th ult., gives the following intelligence: "I am happy to acquaint you of our safe arrival in the Cove yesterday with the ship 'Lnyx,' having on the 12th instant sprung a leak; the next morning cut away part of the ceiling aft in order to come at it, but notwithstanding all our endeavours to stop it the ship continued to make so much water, that on the 18th bore down to Admiral Christian, when I went on board and informed him of our situation; he ordered me to proceed for this port, giving me despatches to the Admiralty, to be forwarded from here. The Admiral's ship, 'The Glory,' had at one time about 200 tons of water on her middle deck; the 'Alfred,' of 74 guns; and 'Le Tusco,' of 40, dismasted; a frigate, name unknown, foundering: and about 30 sail of transports missing; left the fleet on the 18th at two p.m. in lat. 48-57 N. long. 11.30 W., consisting of about 150 sail; hope to get repaired in time to save the convoy from this place."

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

A CHARACTER PORTRAIT OF SIXTY YEARS AGO.

In the "Portrait Gallery" of the "Dublin University Magazine" in March, 1841, the picture of Daniel O'Connell which we this week reproduce appeared. The artist in his spirited drawing does not seem to "have set down aught in malice—he appears to have aimed rather at giving a faithful portrait of the Liberator in a characteristic every-day pose. The portrait was accompanied by a character sketch, regarding the absolute fairness of which (though the notice is not meant to be unkindly on the whole) there would be divergence of opinion; so we content ourselves with giving its opening sentences:—

Daniel O'Connell in our Portrait Gallery!! And—observe him—how thoroughly unconscious he appears of the distinction. There is not the slightest intimation in his countenance of gratitude or even surprise. The Venetian Doge, who amidst all the wonders of the French court, wondered most to find himself there, has not left to the Doge of Ireland any portion of his sensitiveness. Such is the character of the land we live in. An Irishman, like a Parisian, is everywhere at home. Mr. O'Connell takes it all as his due; and if any trick of youth remains with him, very probably imagines that for the beauty of his countenance we have selected him to ornament our gallery.

He is mistaken if he thinks so. The reader will not mistake. Not that we deny the man to be "a noticeable man" enough—but he is not of that shape and feature which wins its way solely by the power of its external charms. He looks as if he had been successful—but as if success had lost all its poetry. Things have gone well with him, you would say, as you look upon his visage; but he no longer feels the charm of being prosperous. He lives in a disenchanted world. So his whole air and deportment indicates. But it indicates also that he is satisfied to take it as it is, and to be contented with it.

But why have we chosen him? Is it for his political opinions—or for the high qualities by which he adorns them? or for the sound moral by which, however we may deprecate his objects and ends, he compels us to confess that what "he would highly, that would he holily?" No such thing—in all these particulars we have oftentimes condemned him. Why, then, hang up his portrait? There is a passage written by one Shakespeare which we do not wish to quote, but in plain prose we profess that we have been influenced by the station he has acquired, the power he wields, the aims he has in view, and feel that, although we do not give him our praise or our good-will, we cannot refuse to him our notice. Let him hang, then (portrait wise), in our gallery.

As we believe that in connection with this portrait interest would be felt by by most readers in a character pen sketch made twenty years before the portrait was drawn, we reproduce from Colburn's 'New Monthly Magazine," 1823, the following:—

If any one of you, my English readers, being a stranger in Dublin, should chance, as you return upon a winter's morning from one of the "small and early" parties of that raking metropolis, that is to say, between the hours of five and six o'clock, to pass along the south side of Merrion square, you will not fail to observe that among those splendid mansions, there is one evidently tenanted by a person whose habits differ materially from those of his fashionable neighbours. The half-opened parlour-shutter, and the light within, announces that someone dwells there whose time is too precious to permit him to regulate his rising with the sun's. Should your curiosity tempt you to ascend the steps, and, under cover of the dark, to reconnoitre the interior, you will see a tall, able-bodied man standing at a desk, and immersed in solitary occupation. Upon the wall in front of him there hangs a crucifix. From this, and from the calm attitude of the person within, and from a certain monastic rotundity about his neck and shoulders, your first impression will be, that he must be some pious dignitary of the Church of Rome absorbed in his matin devotions. But this conjecture will be rejected almost as soon as formed. No sooner can the eye take in the other furniture of the apartment, the book-cases clogged with tomes in plain calf-skin binding, the blue-covered octavos that lie about on the tables and the floor, the reams of manuscript in oblong folds and begirt with crimson tape, than it becomes evident that the party meditating amidst such objects must be thinking far more of the law than the prophets. He is, unequivocally, a barrister, but apparently of that homely, chamber-keeping, plodding cast, who labour hard to make up by assiduity what they want in wit—who are up and stirring before the bird of the morning has sounded the retreat to the wandering spectre—and are already brain-deep in the dizzying vortex of mortgages and cross-remainders, and mergers and remitters; while his clients, still lapped in sweet oblivion of the law's delay, are fondly dreaming that their cause is peremptorily set down for a final hearing. Having come to this conclusion, you push on for home, blessing your stars on the way that you are not a lawyer, and sincerely compassionating the sedentary drudge whom you have just detected in the performance of his cheerless toil. But should you happen in the course of the same day to stroll down to the Four Courts, you will be not a little surprised to find the object of your pity miraculously transferred from the severe recluse of the morning into one of the most bustling, important, and joyous personages in that busy scene. There you will be sure to see him, his countenance braced up and glistening with health and spirits—with a huge, plethoric bag, which his robust arms can scarcely sustain, clasped with paternal fondness to his breast—and environed by a living palisade of clients and attorneys, with outstretched necks, and mouths and ears agape, to catch up any chance-opinion that may be coaxed out of him in a colloquial way, or listening to what the client relishes still better, for in no event can they be slided into a bill of costs, the counsellor's bursts of jovial and familiar humour, or, when he touches on a sadder strain, his prophetic assurances that the hour of

(From the Dublin University Magazine, 1841).



Ireland's redemption is at hand. You perceive at once that you have lighted upon a great popular advocate, and if you take the trouble to follow his movements for a couple of hours through the several courts you will not fail to discover the qualities that have made him so—his legal competency—his business-like habits—his sanguine temperament, which renders him not merely the advocate but the partisan of his client—his acuteness—his fluency of thought and language—his unconquerable good humour—and, above all, his versatility. By the hour of three, when the judges usually rise, you will have seen him go through a quantity of business, the preparation for, and performance of which, would be sufficient to wear down an ordinary constitution, and you naturally suppose that the remaining portion of the day must of necessity be devoted to recreation or repose; but here again you will be mistaken; for should you feel disposed, as you return from the courts, to drop in to any of the public meetings that are almost daily held for some purpose, or to no purpose, in Dublin, to a certainty you will find the counsellor there before you, the presiding spirit of the scene, riding in the whirlwind, and directing the storm of popular debate, with a strength of lungs, and redundancy of animation, as if he had that moment started fresh for the labours of the day. There he remains, until by dent of strength and dexterity, he has carried every point; and from thence, if you would see him to the close of the day's "eventful history," you will, in all likelihood, have to follow him to a public dinner, from which, after having acted a conspicuous part in the turbulent festivity of the evening, and thrown off half a dozen speeches in praise of Ireland, he retires at a late hour to repair the wear and tear of the day by a short interval of repose, and is sure to be found before dawn-break next morning at his solitary post, recommencing the routine of his restless existence. Now, any one who has once seen, in the preceding situations, the able-bodied, able-minded, acting, talking, multifarious person I have been just describing, has no occasion to inquire his name—he may be assured that he is, and can be no other than "Kerry's pride and Munster's glory," the far-famed and indefatigable Daniel O'Connell.

Mr. O'Connell was born about eight and forty years ago, in that part of the united kingdoms of Ireland and Kerry, called Kerry. He is said to be descended in a mathematically and morally straight line from the ancient kings of Ivera.* The discrowned, family, however, have something better than the saddening boast of regal descent to prop their pride. His present ex-majesty of Ivera, Mr. Daniel O'Connell's uncle, has a territorial revenue of four or five thousand a year to support the dignity of his traditional throne; while the numerous princes of the blood, dispersed through the dominions of their fathers, in the characters of tenants in fee-simple, opulent leaseholders, or sturdy mortgagees in possession, form a compact and powerful squirearchy, before whose influence the proud "descendants of the stranger" are often made to bow their necks, in the angry collisions of county politics. The subject of the present notice is understood to be the heir-apparent to his uncle's possessions. These he must soon enjoy, for his royal kinsman has passed his 90th year. In the meantime he rules in his own person an extensive tract among the Kerry hills—of little value, it is said, in point of revenue, but dear to the possessor, as the residence of the idol of his heart, and in truth almost the only tenant on three-fourths of the estate—

"The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty."

Mr. O'Connell was originally intended for the Church, or, more strictly speaking, for the Chapel. He was sent, according to the necessities of the time, to be educated at St. Omer—for in those days the wise Government of Ireland would not allow the land of Protestant ascendency to be contaminated by a public school of Catholic theology. Dr. Duigenan was compelled to permit the detested doctrines to be freely preached; but to make the professors of them good subjects, he shrewdly insisted that they should still, as of old, be forced to cross the seas, and lay in a preliminary stock of Irish loyalty at a foreign University. But the dread of indigenous theology was not peculiar to that great man. I observe that some of our statesmen of the present year have discovered that all the disasters of Ireland have been caused by an invisible establishment of Jesuits, and must continue until the omnipotence of Parliament shall expel the intruders—a felicitous insight into cause and effect, resembling that of the orthodox crew of a British packet, who, having discovered, during a gale of wind, that a Methodist preacher was among the passengers, at once made up their minds that the fury of the tempest

*One of the kingdoms of the county of Kerry.

would never abate until the vessel should be exorcised by heaving the Nonconformist overboard. I have not heard what occasioned Mr. O'Connell to change his destination. He probably had the good sense to feel that he had too much flesh and blood for a cloister; and the novelty of a legal career to a Catholic (for the Bar had just been opened to his persuasion) must have had its attractions. He accordingly left St. Omer with its casuistry and fasting and vesper hymns, to less earthly temperaments; and having swallowed the regular number of legs of mutton at the Middle Temple, was duly admitted to the Irish Bar in Easter Term, 1798. The event has justified his choice. With all the impediments of his religion and politics, his progress was rapid. He is now, and has been for many years, as high in his profession as it is possible for a Catholic to ascend.

Mr. O'Connell, if not the ablest, is certainly the most singular man at the Irish Bar. He is singular, not merely in the vigour of his faculties, but in their extreme variety and apparent inconsistency; and the same may be said of his character. The elements of both are so many and diverse that it would seem as if half a dozen varieties of the human species, and these not always on the best terms with each other, had been capriciously huddled together into a single frame to make up his strange and complex identity; and hence it is that, though I spoke of him heretofore as a favourable subject for a sketch, I find the task of accurate delineation to be far less easy than I anticipated. I have the man before me, and willing enough, it would appear, that his features should be commemorated; but, like the poor artist that had to deal with the frisky philosopher of Ferney, with all my efforts I cannot keep him steady to any single posture or expression. I see him distinctly at one moment a hard-headed working lawyer, the next a glowing politician, the next an awful theologian; his features now sunk into the deepest shade of patriotic anguish, now illuminated, no one can tell why, as for the celebration of a national triumph. A little while back I caught him in his character of a sturdy reformer, proclaiming the Constitution, and denouncing the vices of courts and kings, and he promised me that he would keep to that; but before I had time to look about me, there he was, off to the Levee! be-bagged and be-sworded like any oppressor of them all, playing off his loyal looks and anti-Radical bows, as if he was to be one of Mr. Blake's next baronets, or as if he had not sufficiently proved his attachment to the throne by presenting his Majesty with a crown of Irish laurel on the beach of Dunleary. Such a compound can be described only by enumerating its several ingredients; and even here I am not sure that my performance, if rigidly criticised, may not turn out, like my subject, to be occasionally at variance with itself. I shall begin with (what in other eminent lawyers is subordinate) his individual and extra-professional peculiarities; for in O'Connell these are paramount, and act a leading part in every scene, whether legal or otherwise, of his complicated avocations.

His frame is tall, expanded, and muscular; precisely such as befits a man of the people—for the physical classes ever look with double confidence and affection upon a leader who represents in his own person the qualities upon which they rely. In his face he has been equally fortunate—it is extremely comely. The features are at once soft and manly; the florid glow of health and a sanguine temperament is diffused over the whole countenance, which is national in the outline, and beaming with national emotion. The expression is open and confiding, and inviting confidence; there is not a trace of malignity or wile—if there were, the bright and sweet blue eyes, the most kindly and honest-looking that can be conceived, would repel the imputation. These popular gifts of nature O'Connell has not neglected to set off by his external carriage and deportment—or perhaps I should say that the same hand which has moulded the exterior has supersaturated the inner man with a fund of restless propensity, which it is quite beyond his power, as it is certainly beside his inclination, to control. A large portion of this is necessarily expended upon his legal avocations; but the labours of the most laborious of professions cannot tame him into repose; after deducting the daily drains of the study and the Courts, there remains an ample residuum of animal spirits and ardour for occupation, which go to form a distinct, and, I might say, a predominant character—the political chieftain. The existence of this overweening vivacity is conspicuous in O'Connell's manners and movements, and being a popular, and more particularly a national quality, greatly recommends him to the Irish people—"Mobilitate viget"—Body and soul are in a state of permanent insurrection. See him in the streets, and you perceive at once that he is a man who has sworn that his country's wrongs shall be avenged. A Dublin jury (if judiciously selected) would find his very gait and gestures to be high treason by construction, so explicitly do they enforce the national sentiment of "Ireland her own, or the world in a blaze." As he marches to court he shoulders his umbrella as if it were a pike. He flings out one factious foot before the other, as if he had already burst his bonds, and was kicking the Protestant ascendancy before him; while ever and anon a democratic, broad-shouldered roll of the upper man is manifestly an indignant effort to shuffle off "the oppression of seven hundred years." This intensely national sensibility is the prevailing peculiarity in O'Connell's character; for it is not only when abroad and in the popular gaze that Irish affairs seem to press upon his heart; the same Erin-go-bragh feeling follows him into the most technical details of his forensic occupations. Give him the most dry and abstract position of law to support—the most remote that imagination can conceive from the violation of the Articles of Limerick, or the Rape of the Irish Parliament, and ten to one but he will contrive to interweave a patriotic episode upon those examples of British domination. The people are never absent from his thoughts. He tosses up a bill of exceptions to a judge's charge in the name of Ireland, and pockets a special retainer with the air of a man that dotes upon his country. There is, perhaps, some share of exaggeration in all this; but much less, I do believe, than is generally suspected, and I apprehend that he would scarcely pass for a patriot without it; for, in fact, he has been so successful, and looks so contented, and his elastic, unbroken spirits are so disposed to bound and frisk for every joy—in a word, he has naturally so bad a face for grievance, that his political sincerity might appear equivocal, were there not some clouds of patriotic grief or indignation to temper the sunshine that is for ever bursting through them.

(To be Concluded Next Week.)

A MYSTERY OF THE TREES.

One of the most puzzling questions in botany is, "Why, or how does water rise to the top of a tree?" Various explanations of the phenomenon have been proposed, but none is regarded as altogether satisfactory. Dr. E. B. Copeland recently attacked the problem by means of interesting and novel experiments. For instance, he constructed an "artificial tree" of plaster of Paris, and found that water moved upward in it more than 40 feet high. Yet he was unable to base any definite conclusion upon the results that he obtained. The water travels a large part of the way in a film, between bubbles on one side and the wall of the conducting vessel on the other. But the physical properties of the film are yet unknown.

THE OAKS AT GLENEIGH.

BY ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

Oh! think of the days when the crags' hoary masses
Bent o'er our green forest in Houra's wild passes,
When the grey wolf was king of the forest and mountain,
And the red deer ran free by the blue torrent's shore,
When the prey scarcely rested at eve by the fountain,
Swept on by the spear of the wild creachadore!

'Twas a brave time, a wild time—the hills seem to mourn
Till the splendour of glade and of forest return;
Yet is not their splendour as wild and as shaggy,
Where the huge blasted roots of that forest remain,
Wide spread o'er each deep cave and precipice craggy,
Sending scions of strength to the blue sky again?

Afar where Molanna* in thunder is flowing,
Afar in Gleneigh are these strong scions growing—
They spring from the stream, and they tower from the ledges
Of the huge rocks which frown o'er that wild fairy dell:
Like young guardian giants encircling the edges
Of the deep silent pool, and the moss-wreathed well.

How thick in the Summer their green leaves were shining!
How sere and how scattered at Autumn's declining!
But the wild hills shall see them far greener than ever,
When Winter hath fled from the bright looks of May.
Ah! thus should Adversity's children endeavour
To breast the rude blasts, like the oaks of Gleneigh!

* The Houra Mountains, a range lying along the northern borders of Cork, between it and Limerick. In a valley, at the northern declivity of these mountains, rises the main stream of the Aubeg, or mulla of Spenser; the other branch rises in the bog of Annagh, to the west. Smith in his "History of the County Cork," says that the Brackbawn, or principal branch of the Funcheon, a river rising far away in the Gaulties, is the Molanna mentioned in the "Fairie Queene." Here are a few of Spenser's lines:—

"Amongst the which there was a nymph that hight
Molanna, daughter of old Father Mole,
And sister unto Mulla faire and bright."

And, in another stanza, Spenser says that Diana and her nymphs punished Molanna, for leading Faunus to their bathing-place, by "whelming her with stones"; but Faunus, to reward her

"For her paine
Of her beloved Fauchin did obtaine
That her he would receive unto his bed:
So now her waves passe through a pleasant plaine,
'Till with the Fauchin she herself doe wed,
And, both combined, themselves in one fair river spread."

This is at Teompal Molaga, an ancient church near Kildorrery, where the Oun-na-Geeragh—River of the Champion—falls into the Funcheon. A beautiful mountain peak, now St. Feine, or the seat of the Finian warriors, but called by Spenser "Old Father Mole," rises near the springs of the Mulla; and in its western gorge the Oun-na-Geeragh has its source. This river is the Molanna, and not the brackbawn, as Smith has stated. The Brackbawn rises at least eighteen miles from the source of the Mulla, and Spenser, who knew topography round Kilcoleman very well, could not have called a river rising at such a distance

"Sister unto Mulla faire and bright."

The Oun-na-Geeragh is nearly as large as the Funcheon where they meet; and its course, and the scenery around it, correspond most accurately with the descriptions of the Molanna, given in Spenser's poems.

THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK.

By CHARLES SMITH, M.D.

Æquum est enim meminisse & me, qui discerem hominem esse, et vos, qui Judicetis ut si probabilia dicentur nihil ultra requiratis. Cicero Univers

In Two Volumes.

VOL. I.

The Second Edition, with Additions.

BOOK II.

Containing the Topographical Description of this County, including the City of Cork.

Chapter I.—Continued.

In returning to Macroomp, the Mushery mountains and Boggra lie to the east. On the S.W. foot of Mushery there are three flat stones set up edgeways; the middle one is nine feet high and three broad; there are also several circles of them, with single pillar stones, standing at a small distance, being works of the Danes or ancient Irish.

Two miles S.W. of Macroomp there is a stone bridge over the river Toon, near which, on the W. side of the Lee, there was discovered, a few years ago (on the estate of Dr. Edward Barry, of Dublin), a vein of metallic substance in a limestone rock. An assay was made of it, and it proved to hold some lead ore.

Between this and Inshigeelagh stand the castles of Drumcaragh, Carrigneneelagh, and Carrignacurragh; in this last Cromwell placed a garrison. The O'Leary's were the ancient proprietors of these castles and all the adjacent country, which is called from them Ivelary. Carignacurragh was forfeited by Conoher O'Leary, for joining in the rebellion of 1641. It is a lofty pile, being above 100 feet high, standing on the W. bank of the river Lee. This river has its course here, and for a considerable way below, interrupted with islands and a deep, boggy tract, until it runs to the bridge of Ballynaclassen. These islands are covered, mostly, with oak, ash, hazel, and birch, at the feet of which grow fern, pollypodium, and water dropworth. Here are great quantities of several kinds of water-fowl, in their seasons as bitterns, cranes, duck and mallard, teal, &c. These bogs have been attempted to be drained, but it was found impracticable. In one, called Anaghaly, is about three acres of ground, on which is excellent limestone, that supplies the town of Macroomp, the western inhabitants of this barony, and Carbery, with lime for manure and building.

Inshigeelagh, six miles S.W. of Macroomp, has a good barrack for one foot company, built in a stone fort of four bastions, erected on the N. end of a bridge over the Lee. Near this place, many pieces of a metallic substance have been found in the form of cubes, as hard as iron, and glittering with sparks, intermixed, of a pale yellow, shining like gold. These cubes are washed out of the rocks on the banks of the river by winter floods. See more of them, Book IV., Chap. VIII.

Many of these mountains have been formerly tilled; for when the heath that covers them is pulled up and burned, the ridges and furrows of the plough are visible. About a hundred years ago this country was all a forest. The woods consisted of large oak, birch, alder, some ash, and many yews of as great a bulk as the largest oak. Great quantities of fir are still taken out of the turf bogs. This forest was then stored with red and fallow deer; and abounded with great ayries of excellent hawks, which, with the timber, belonged to the Earl of Cork.

A small mile W. of Inshigeelagh, the river Lee opens into a fine lake, called Lough Allua, three English miles long, and half a mile broad, stretching out into several bays; it is deep, and not fordable from end to end. Salmon trouts, almost as large as salmon, small river trout of various kinds, and eels abound in it; also the charr or Alpine trout. The river here is of a still, slow motion, till emptying itself at Inshigeelagh, it is contracted, and runs with a rapid and violent course. On the south side of this lake are a range of lofty rocks, in some places covered with yew and birch; and on the north side is a green plain, extending the length of the lake.

The upper end is replenished with several mountain rills; the chief is a rapid little brook, descending from another lake, called Gougane-Barra. Before one arrives at this last, both man and horse must perform penance for two miles over the rudest highway that was ever passed. A well-spirited beast trembles at every step; some parts of the road lie shelving from one side to the other, which often trips up an horse; other places are pointed rocks, standing like so many sugar-loaves, from one to three feet high, between which a horse must take time to place and fix his feet. It was with great difficulty that I passed two miles of this causeway in two hours. Gougane-Barra signifies the hermitage of St. Finbar, he having (as tradition says) lived here a recluse before he founded the Cathedral of Cork. This retreat is esteemed one of the greatest curiosities in these parts; it lies in the remotest solitude imaginable, and is, in reality, a most elegant and romantic spot, its very aspect and situation betraying a place seemingly designed by nature for a recluse. It lies in the bowels of vast high mountains, making so many enclosures round it. St. Finbar's hermitage is a small island, surrounded by a fine, deep, and capacious lake of about 200 acres, almost circular. This lake is environed by a stupendous amphitheatre of lofty hills, composed of perpendicular bleached rocks, in some places, boldly hanging over the basin. In some crevices of the rocks grow yews and evergreens. In fair weather there are several rills that gently glide down with a murmuring noise into the lake; but on heavy rains the whole prospect seems a perfect chaos, the water then, from the top of the mountain, tumbling down all around, in several cataracts, with a roaring noise like thunder, which makes a most awful and majestic scene. On the top of these precipices, eagles, hawks, and other birds of prey breed and live in great security. This place, since the time of St. Finbar, has been frequented by many devotees as a place of pilgrimage; and to get to it is little less than to perform one. In the island are the ruins of a chapel, with some small cells, a sacristy, chamber, kitchen, and other conveniences, erected by a late recluse (Father O'Mahony), who lived an hermit in this dreary spot 28 years. When one is in this island, the chasm in the mountain, by which the lake is entered, is not seen, occasioned by the jutting out of part of the hill; so that if a person was carried into it blindfold,, it would seem almost impossible, without the wings of an eagle, to get out, the mountains making, as it were, a wall of rocks some hundred yards high. Round part of the lake is a pleasant green bank, with a narrow causeway from it to the island. That part of the island unbuilt upon, Father Mahony converted into a garden, planted several fruit trees in it with his own hands, and made it a luxurious spot for an hermit. Opposite to this island, on the continent, is his tomb, placed in a low little house, on which is this inscription:

"Hoc sibi et successoribus suis in eadem vocatione, monumentum imposuit dominus doctor Dyonisius O Mahony, presbyter licet indignus. An. dom. 1700.'

He was not buried in it till the year 1728.

This solitude would, at first sight, naturally dispose a man to be serious; for as Milton says:

——— Musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desart cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of man and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate house;
For who woul'd rob an hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his grey hairs any violence?
Masque of Comus.

The head of the river Lee, being the Luvius of Ptolomy, rises in this romantic spot.

The description given us, by Sir John Denham, of the source of the Thames, exactly agrees with the rise of this river.

But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds, his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes, his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows.
Low at his feet, a spacious plain is placed,
Betweeu the mountain and the stream embraced,
Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives.

This scene had some bold Greek or British Bard,
Beheld of old what stories had been heard
Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
Their feasts, their revels and their am'rous flames.
'Tis still the same, although their airy shape,
All but a quick poetic sight of escape.
Cooper's Hill.

Gougane lake affords a very good trout, of a broader and flatter kind than other trouts. The mountains produce a long, coarse grass, called, by the country people, fenane, here wholly employed in grazing young stock and dry cattle from May to November. The riches of these mountains are not on the surface; probably a diligent search into their bowels might discover some very valuable minerals. At Gougane Barra lived one Mr. Murphy, who had been an officer in Queen Anne's service; was a very intelligent person, well skilled in the ancient Irish manners and customs, and read and wrote the language extremely well. From Iveleary, proceeding eastwards to Cork, there are several good seats and improvements in this barony. It is computed that since the Earl of Clancarty's forfeiture, more than 200 good slate houses have been built in it; also seven new churches and several stone bridges. I shall mention these seats as they lie in my way from Macroomp to Cork.

Kilbarry, three miles S. by W. from Macroomp, is an handsome house of Robert Warren, Esq.; the door, window frames, and belting are of hewn stone. Here are good orchards, gardens, and a deer park. This land is in the parish of Maclony, though in the midst of Kilmurry parish. In which last stands the ruins of Clodagh castle, said to have been built by the Mac-Swineys, who were anciently famous for Irish hospitality. On the W. side of the high road, near Dunusky, there was a stone set up, with an Irish inscription, signifying to all passengers to repair to the house of Mr. Edmund Mac-Swiney for entertainment. This stone still lies in a ditch, and the Irish say that the person of this family who overthrew it never throve after. In a sand hill, called Knocan-ni-croich, in this parish, several shells are found resembling those on the sea coast. From Clodagh, to the confluence of the river Bride with the Lee (above six miles), there is a fine valley, bounded by hills to the N. and S. which afford several limestone quarries. In the midst of this valley is the bog of Kilcrea, called, in Irish, Geary, formerly very incommodious and unprofitable, the middle of it being woody, bushy, and very deep, quite inaccessible, and edged on the E. and W. with red bogs, and till about 30 years ago frequented by wolves, to the great annoyance of the adjacent inhabitants. This description of it was returned by an inquest of jurors, on a commission of survey, ann. 1656; and so it continued in the same condition till about the year 1705. It was the domain estate of the Earl of Clancarty; and when he set the adjacent lands by lease, he always inserted a clause of reservation of the whole bog to himself, whenever he should go about to drain it, giving them, in the meantime, liberty of pasturage, plowboot, &c. But it might have remained long undrained if the last earl had not forfeited it. When the trustees sold the adjacent lands, parcels of the bog were sold with them, having natural bounds of rivulets, &c. to distinguish them. It was a very bold attempt to begin to drain it by any private gentleman; yet John Bailey, Esq., of Castlemore, having the west end of it, consisting of about 200 acres, in the summer of 1705 first began the work, which was continued by Mr. Sweet and Mr. French, with great labour and assiduity, till they completed the design. Forrest, 4 miles E. by W. of Macroomp, in the parish of Canaboy, is a pleasant seat of William Spread, Esq., where is an handsome house, good gardens, large orchards, fish ponds, and a great number of trees planted. In the same parish is Shandangan, a mile S.W. of the former, a pretty seat of Christopher Farbury, Esq.; the gardens lie to the W. of the house, and are formed out of a drained bog, which is now cut into pleasant ponds; here are good orchards, and a deer park.

At Mahallagh, five miles from Macroomp, is a pleasant seat of Mr. Nettle's, on the south bank of the Lee.

Strawhall, formerly Kilbrenin, was an abbey of regular canons, founded by St. Ædus in the 8th century, according to Archbishop Usher (25) and Colgan; it is not mentioned by Sir James Ware (26); a part of the ruins are still remaining on a rising ground.

The parish of Aglish lies on both sides the river Lee; the south part of it is in the diocese of Cork, and the north in that of Cloyne. Aglish is on the south side of the river, where there is a good house and plantation of Mr. Hingston. In the rebellion of 1641, Tiege Mac-Cormac Mac-Carty forfeited this estate.

Castlemore, in the parish of Moviddy, was formerly built by the Mac-Swineys, but afterwards belonged to the Mac-Cattys; for Phelim Mac-Owen Mac-Carty was the forfeiting person in the rebellion of 1641. It is in repair, and inhabited by Mr. Travers. It formerly belonged to John Bailey, Esq., and is now the estate of Mr. Rye, whose father, Col. Rye, married the daughter and heiress of Mr. Bailey. Half a mile east is Ryecourt, an handsome house and improvement of the late ingenious Col. George Rye, aforementioned, and now inhabited by his son. Besides good gardens and orchards, Col. Rye raised and planted many thousands of oaks, and other forest trees, within a few years, and was a great improver in several branches of agriculture. In the gardens are some arbutus trees, which bear fruit. A mile west of Ryecourt is Inshirahill, alias Crook's-town, an old improvement, good gardens, and large orchards of cider fruit, with a good house, and all convenient out-offices. To the westward of the house are fine groves of fir. This place was never recovered by the Earl of Clancarty since the rebellion of 1641. It is now the estate of Mr. Crook. The soil in this neighbourhood is a light grey earth, with a limestone bottom, producing fertile crops to the industrious farmer. The church of Moviddy was lately rebuilt. In the churchyard is an handsome monument, to the memory of the late Captain Bailey, of Castlemore.

About a quarter of a mile N. of the church is a quarry of excellent white freestone; and on the W., near Kilmurry, is a well dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and much frequented on her festivals by the common Irish; near it is a stone, in which they pretend is the miraculous impression of a man's knee. On the W. side of the road from Crook's-town to Bandon is a large monument, of a great length and breadth. Tradition says it was erected to the memory of one Nial, who was said to be slain in battle near this place.

Rath is a seat built by Alderman James French, of Cork, with a paddock and other improvements.

(To be Continued.)

26. This Saint Ædus was born in Meath, and from this monastery was made Bishop of Meath. He died on the 10th of November, 789. His life (which I have seen), begins thus, "Sanctus episcopus Aidus filius Brichii de nepotibus Neil oriundus suit, &c. This place is called by old writers, Enachmid Brenin, or Brevin. At a place anciently called Cluain Finglass (not now known) was an abbey of regular canons, founded by St Abban, in the 7th century, in this barony of Muskery.

25. Antiq Brit. p. 448, 449.

THE OLDEST BEAUTY SHOP.

Recipes for perfumes and beauty balms four hundred years old are the treasured possessions of the Convent of Santa Maria Novella, in Florence. The perfumery of Santa Maria Novella was first made in 1503 by the Dominican Brotherhood, who, like all the monks of the Middle Ages, were learned in botany and knew all the medicinal virtues of every plant in nature. Their recipes soon became celebrated throughout the world, as did also their fame, and the perfumery of Santa Maria Novella of Florence was acknowledged to be the first and greatest ever known. The Medicis patronised it and endowed it with donations from time to time.

Every new director has added some new recipe to the original ones, and his portrait hangs on the walls of the establishment. For instance, Brother Marchissi gave the recipe of the famous antisterical water in 1612; while Brother Cavalieri gave the recipe for the celebrated quina elixir, the finest tonic in the world, in 1659. Then, in 1684, Fra Angiolo Paladini, who made a special study of the skin, invented an almond paste, a lily water, and a cosmetic vinegar, which were soon adopted by the ladies of the Tuscan court. In 1707 Fra Ludovico Berlingacci invented his celebrated "long life elixir"; and in 1743 Fra Cosimo Bucelli brought out his equally celebrated alkermes, and so on till 1825.

The last monk director of this old establishment was Fra Damiano Beni, and he was the first to exhibit in foreign exhibitions, gaining medals wherever he went. He died in 1869, and was succeeded by his nephew, who soon gave an extraordinary development to the business.

Pope Innocent XI. once gave a recipe to cure burns, which is still called "Balsam Innocenziano." Reading over the catalogue of this old perfumery, we come across such things as rhubarb elixir, melissa water, and Regina water (invented by a Medici queen), and all made from herbs cultivated in the convent grounds. There is also a water to cure toothache, which every dentist should possess, it is so safe and quick in its effects.

Some of the convent's waters are used instead of soap to cleanse, soften, and whiten the skin. Even the health and beauty of the hair were studied by these good old monks, who were doctors, chemists, and perfumers combined, and whose study was the cultivation and perfection of human health and beauty. The orris powder of Santa Maria Novella is considered the finest in the world. It is made from the plant growing in the gardens and is ground in the convent laboratory. It is used to perfume linen, to brush on the teeth, and to apply to the skin after the bath.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.

DULEEK, a parish and village, formerly a Parliamentary borough, partly in the barony of Upper, but chiefly in that of Lower Duleek, county of Meath, and province of Leinster, 4½ miles (S.S.W.) from Drogheda, on the Nannywater, and on the mail coach road from Dublin to Belfast; containing 4,470 inhabitants, of which number 1,217 are in the village. This place derived its name, signifying a "House of Stone," from the foundation of a church here by St. Kiernan or Ciernan; who was baptised by St. Patrick in 450 and died in 488. St. Patrick is also said to have founded an abbey at this place, over which he appointed St. Kiernan abbot; the establishment was for several ages the seat of a small surrounding diocese, which ultimately merged into that of Meath. Its situation in a maritime district exposed it to the ravages of the Danes, by whom it was frequently plundered and sometimes destroyed. It was plundered in 1171 by Milo de Cogan and his forces, who on the following day were attacked and repulsed with severe loss by the Ostmen of Dublin. A priory for Canons Regular appears to have been founded here by one of the family of O'Kelly, a long time prior to the English invasion; and in 1182, a cell of the same order was established here by Hugh de Lacy, and made subject to the priory of Llanthony; the possessions of this priory were granted at the dissolution to Sir General Moore, ancestor of the Drogheda family. After the battle of the Boyne, Jas. II. retreated from Donore at the head of Sarsfield's regiment, and was followed by his whole army, which poured through the pass of Duleek pursued by a party of English dragoons. On reaching the open ground, they drew up in order of battle, and after cannonading their pursuers, effected their retreat in good order. The town was formerly governed by a portreeve and officers, annually elected under the charter of Walter de Lacy, which was confirmed by act of Edw. IV., in 1481, and by royal charter of Jas. II., in 1686. From this latter period it continued to send members to the Irish Parliament till the Union, when it was disfranchised, and the corporation became extinct: the sum of £15,000, awarded as compensation for the loss of the elective privilege, was paid to the trustees of H. Bruen, Esq. Petty sessions are held every alternate week. There are considerable remains of the ancient abbey church, with a massive square tower surmounted at the angles with embattled turrets; it was very extensive, and contains many ancient tombs, among which is one of a bishop. There are also some remains of the priory of St. Mary, on the Marquess of Thomond's demesne, and also anciently an endowed hospital, of which there are no remains. In the centre of the town and near Annsbrook are two handsome carved stone crosses bearing inscriptions, erected by the De Bathe family; and at Whitecross is another, elaborately carved. Sir William D'Arcy, treasurer of Ireland in 1523, and author of a work on the Decay of Ireland and the causes of it, was born at Platten.

ARIZONA'S PREHISTORIC RACES.

THE SOUTH-WESTERN TERRITORY ONCE TEEMED WITH A DENSE POPULATION.

The recent discovery in Central Arizona of an irrigation canal of large proportions, which was used before Columbus, has aroused a new spirit for archæological investigation in the South-West. The remains of enormous and wonderfully made irrigation canals, constructed by a race of whom there are now no known descendants, are abundant in the region of Phœnix and Mesa, in Maricopa County, but this discovery of a canal that was evidently fed by the Rio Verde (in what is now Yavapai County), and which was so large that logs and small barges could be easily floated along it, is the most interesting piece of prehistoric work found in Arizona in years.

All who have investigated the fascinating subject agree that there were once several cities of perhaps 100,000 population in Central Arizona, and that buildings, each constructed of a peculiar concrete of abode soil and gravel, covering two acres in area, and reaching eighty and more feet in height, were not uncommon for sun-worship in Southern Arizona. Los Muertos (a recently named city, but probably more than 1,000 years old), in Pima County, must have had some 200,000 population. The remains of its city walls, reaching miles up hill and down dale, and the immense quantities of burned bone dust, probably the remains of aboriginal cremation ceremonies, betoken this. The vicinity of the Gila and Salt Rivers was the scene of the densest population, as the abundance of prehistoric implements and weapons, and ruined walls show.

But the artificial waterways of these ancient and mysterious peoples are the most interesting remains found in this territory. Army engineers say they are marvels of engineering skill. The largest and best preserved waterway is 32 miles north of Phœnix. The water was supplied from the Verde River. For nearly four miles this waterway passes through an artificial gorge in the Superstition Mountains, cut out of the solid rock to a depth of one hundred feet. After the mountains are passed it divides into four branches, the longest of which measures more than 40 miles, while all four aggregate a length of 120 miles, independent of the smaller ditches by which water was distributed over the soil. Except in rare instances these smaller ditches have been filled, and in that part of the desert are obscured by the sandstorms that prevail; but the larger one is distinct, and measures 64 feet in width, with an average depth of 12 feet. Through this way the water for the support of the cities between the Salt and Gila Rivers was conveyed, and 1,600 square miles of country, now almost destitute of vegetation, was irrigated by it.

This canal reached to within a short distance of the Gila River, and the water was taken from the Salt River, for the apparent reason that at this point the north bank of the Gila was so high that the builders were unable to reach the current with a canal, and they evidently knew of no way to raise the water to the level of the surrounding country. This part of the desert is covered with ruins, and must have been at one time the residence of a teeming population. Immediately south of this region several large canals were taken out of the Gila, and they extend quite a distance into the valley, one of them supplying the city which contained the Casa Grande—the largest, best preserved, and most noted prehistoric ruin in the United States.

On the other side of the Salt River there are more waterways, though they are not of such length. Here, also, was the principal city, 28 miles in length, by 12 in breadth. It contained many large buildings, which are now little more than shapeless mounds of stone and mortar. All the wooden parts of these structures have been destroyed by the ravages of time, and even the joists, where they were protected by the stone and mortar, have decayed, leaving only the vacancies they once filled. Near Phœnix, in one of the ruins, which are evidently those of some public building, the walls and roof appear to have been crushed together with great force, forming a huge pile of debris, yet standing to a height of 20 feet. The wooden beams in the structure, some of them 18 inches in diameter, were bent, broken, and thrown across each other in great profusion. In this position the broken stone and mortar settled around them, and in the course of time the mass hardened again, so that when the wooden timbers finally decayed, they left holes the size of the timbers. When the fact is considered that rain seldom falls here, and that cold and dew are conditions entirely unknown in the valleys, it is apparent that ages must have elapsed while this process of decay was going on.

There are undoubtedly two eras of inhabitation, that of the cliff-dwellers being the more recent of the two, and perhaps as long after the valley races had become extinct as our age is after them. As yet no theory has been advanced by which we can so much as approximate the age of the cliff-dwellers. Their builders were rude, and more unsettled than the inhabitants of the valleys, and they lived by war and the chase, as is proved by the weapons found about their abodes. On the contrary, the people of the valley lived peaceful lives, built magnificent temples, to a certain extent encouraged the fine arts, and tilled the soil with a system of irrigation equal to that of the most prosperous days of ancient Egypt.

Recent surveys prove that at one time not less than 3,000,000 acres of land were capable of irrigation from the canals then in existence, while now we have only 337,000. The population must have been enormous. The extent of their civilisation is not so much enveloped in mystery as is their origin, or the cause of their total destruction. Hundreds of implements used by the artisan and farmer have been unearthed, and the vessels used for culinary purposes are symmetrically and tastefully fashioned. Many of them were painted in a manner evincing a considerable knowledge of art, and the figures, though they have for ages been subjected to the chemical effects of the alkali in the soil, are still as bright and perfect as the day they were drawn. Shell bracelets were found on the arms of skeletons, and other jewels of turquoise and bone show skill and fine workmanship. The houses were constructed on a plan adapted to ease and comfort, and the capacious hallways with their stone floors and cement walls were peculiarly fitted for this half-torrid climate. Their knowledge of engineering was so perfect that our centuries of practice and discovery have not enabled us to improve upon the grade or location of their canals. No metallic substances are found in any of the ruins, and the people evidently knew nothing of their use. That they had a language written by hieroglyphics is unquestionable, and for miles at a stretch throughout Arizona the faces of the cliffs are covered with mysterious characters. Slates found in the ruined dwellings and temples are engraved with the images of animals, persons, and these emblematical figures, though so far no attempt has been made to decipher their meaning.

THE LOVE OF READING.

"But while the tastes which require physical strength decline or pass with age, that for reading steadily grows. It is illimitable in the vistas of pleasure it opens. It is one of the most easily satisfied, one of the cheapest, one of the least dependent on age, seasons, and the varying conditions of life. It cheers the invalid through years of weakness and confinement, illuminates the dreary hours of the sleepless night, stores the mind with pleasant thoughts, banishes ennui, fills up the unoccupied interstices and enforced leisures of an active life, makes men for a time, at least, forget their anxieties and sorrows, and, if it is judiciously managed, it is one of the most powerful means of training character and disciplining and elevating thought. It is eminently a pleasure which is not only good in itself, but enhances many others. By extending the range of our knowledge, by enlarging our powers of sympathy and appreciation, it adds incalculably to the pleasures of society, to the pleasures of travel, to the pleasures of art, to the interest we take in the vast variety of events which form the great world drama around us. To acquire this taste in early youth is one of the best fruits of education, and it is especially useful, when the taste for reading becomes a taste for knowledge, and when it is accompanied by some specialisation and concentration, and by some exercise of the powers of observation. 'Many tastes and one hobby' is no bad ideal to be aimed at. The boy who learns to collect and classify fossils, or flowers, or insects, who has acquired a love for chemical experiments, who has begun to form a taste for some particular kind or department of knowledge has laid the foundation of much happiness in life."—Lecky's "The Map of Life."

LITERARY NOTES.

Lord Aberdeen, President of the New Spalding Club, is to contribute a volume to the series of Gordon monographs, dealing with the branch of the family which he represents, and edited by the Rev. James Brebner, M.A., Forgue.

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Mrs. Flora Annie Steel has joined the staff of the "Saturday Review," and will contribute a weekly signed article dealing especially with social matters. The present issue of the "Saturday" contains the opening article in a "Survey of the Higher Schools of England." This series based on special information, will be an attempt to estimate the forces of secondary education and their right development in this country.

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Messrs. Longman are to publish a book by Miss Alice Wood on the interesting question, "Should boys and girls be educated together" The inquiry irresistibly recalls Dean Ramsay's amusing story of the Scotch boy who was asked where he was in his class. Having replied that he was second from the top, he was next asked how many were in the class. "Only me and anither lass," was the delightful but ungrammatical answer.

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C. K. S., of the "Sphere," is fond of recording the rarer books that he is enabled to add to his collection of Johnsonian and Omarian rarities. The latest is an American fac-simile of the hitherto undiscovered first edition of Dr. Johnson's Prologue, spoken at the opening of the theatre in Drury Lane in 1747. Three of its lines are well known:—

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please must please to live;

a proposition, which, if true, intensifies the tribute to Shakespeare:—

And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.

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The three lean years of publishing which we had up to 1902 seem to have given place to a fatter regime. According to the trustworthy statistics of the "Publishers' Circular," the output of the past year exceeded that of 1901 by no fewer than 1,337 books. In poetry and drama the increase is seventy; in history and biography about fifty; in arts, sciences, and illustrated books more than a hundred. The grand total was 7,381 works, great and small.

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A comedy by Mr. John Davidson, a composition in a lighter vein than anything that has come from his pen for some time, will be published by Mr. Grant Richards in a few days. In a prefatory note Mr. Davidson says: "This play was written in 1900, and after various adventures is now published—twenty-five years having come and gone since, in 'An Unhistorical Pastoral,' I first wrote of the Maypole." The comedy is entitled, "The Knight of the Maypole," and is in four acts, "in prose and in verse," as the British Museum catalogue phrases it.

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The "Bookman" says:—"Judging from the reports which reach us from New York, the boom in American fiction is over and the inevitable reaction has set in. Booksellers complain that they are glutted with novels, and doubtless there will soon be an end to the scramble among the publishers for what, we believe, they call historical romances. The change in the situation may be due to over-production or to the development of taste among American readers, but in either case it should be beneficial in the long run. Here the reaction against the tyranny of the novel began some time ago."

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Saturday last was the centenary of the birth of Douglas Jerrold. The once famous Mrs. Caudle has recently been revived, and one or two other works of his have been included in one or other of our many popular series; otherwise Jerrold only lives now as a figure (and not always in an amiable light) in the memorials and reminiscences of his age, and as one of the original pillars of that permanently popular institution "Punch." He was also the author of "Black-Eyed Susan, or All in the Downs," a play which has had in its day a very great success. The anniversary will no doubt be commemorated by "Mr. Punch"; it is not conspicuously anyone else's business.

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A correspondent of the New York "Nation" writes thus as to his experience of the duty levied by the United States on books printed in England:—

If Congress begns to lessen the surplus in the Treasury by cutting off sources of revenue, or if "a scientific tariff revision" takes place, the duty on books printed in England might be spared without loss to infant industries. The following is an example of the present working—not an isolated case, as I, and doubtless many others, can testify. As a member of the British Congress of Tuberculosis, the printed transactions of the Congress were recently sent to me. I do not know the market price of the four small volumes but, as they are given to each member who paid the fee of five dollars, it is not likely to exceed this amount. The customs charges were 2.50 dollars, with sixty cents more for "warehouse." An examiner once remarked to me, when putting me throough the Custom House, that it was "no sanitarium." This recent experience makes me think he was right.

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In "Cornhill" for this month there is an article by Madame Sarah Bernhardt on "The Moral Influence of the Theatre." Madame Bernhardt is naturally enthusiastic over her progression. The theatre, she says, "is the temple of all the arts which beautify life, and it in this that its power lies. For whereas a library, a picture-gallery, or a concert hall, each enthroning its respective art, has each its particular admirers, the theatre by the service of literature, the fine arts, and music, has a stronger claim upon human sympathy, and thus obtains a wider hearing." Madame Bernhardt deplores the lack of interest shown by the Latin races in pure drama. "The French," she says, "seem to like going to the theatre merely to amuse themselves, if it is not a question of going elsewhere."

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In view of a recent battle-royal, a rather special interest attaches to an article in the January "Macmillan" on "The Art of Literary Controversy," though it may be doubted whether the quotation with which the article opens will please either of the late combatants. It is the "Autocrat's" remark that "controversy equalises fools and wise men, and the fools know it." The writer, Mr. R. E. Vernede, declares that he remembers only one friendly controversy in which the opponents made clear their issue, that conducted in the "Fortnightly" between Robert Louis Stevenson and Mr. Henry James, "and there again the issue (which amounted to 'What is the end of art?') was so vast that those two delightful writers came forth from it equally scathless and equally unsuccessful, having hardly crossed swords." It was not, as Mr. Vernede thinks, in opposition to Mr. George Moore that Sir Walter Besant "bestrode the tolerably lively corpse of Mr. Kipling"; his adversary, or provocateur, was Mr. Robert Buchanan.

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Among the novels we have to look forward to this year, according to the "Bookman," are "The Paradise of Dominic Inglesias," by "Lucas Malet"; "Double Harness," by Mr. Anthony Hope; "Barlasch of the Guard," by Mr. Seton Merriman (to run as a serial in "Cornhill"); and a whimsical comedy of Oxford life by Mr. Max Beerbohm, to be entitled "Zuleika Dobson."

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It is stated that a three-act drama in blank verse by the Poet Laureate, entitled "Flodden Field," has been accepted by Mr. Tree for production at His Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Austin being a poet in office naturally has many hostile critics, and some of these will perhaps recall a dictum of Mr. Austin's in a recent lecture in Edinburgh that "by dramatic writers he did not mean writers who concocted plays in verse that lent themselves to the self-love of this or that actor, or to showy stage-mounting for the delectation of the theatre-going public of the hour."

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The "Magazine of Art" starts the new year well. There are several interesting articles in the January number, including a fac-simile reproduction of Mr. Watts' first picture in oils, and an original poem by Mr. Watts-Dunton. Mrs. Perugini contributes the first part of a paper on "Charles Dickens as a Lover of Art and Artists," and reproduces the drawing by Maclise showing four of the novelist's children in their very youthful days, in company with the historic raven at Devonshire Terrace. Mrs. Perugini says: "My father knew nothing of the technique of painting, and could scarcely draw a straight line himself. . . . He had no doubt a strong natural desire for art, and there are in many of his books descriptions of sunsets, storms, river scenes, old cathedral towns, and landscapes, scenes of sweet and peaceful content or of sombre dark clouds and sinister suggestion which only a writer with an innate feeling for artistic effect could possibly have described. . . ." Excepting in his "Pictures from Italy," where he speaks very frankly of his likes and dislikes, Dickens was, we are told, ordinarily a silent and attentive listener rather than a talker in any discussion upon art that took place in his presence.

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The "Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna" is a most unfortunate poem in its treatment at the hands of fact. Some time ago the prosaic investigator discovered that the "struggling moonbeams" could not have been real, but only, so to say, moonshine; for there was no moon that night. Now we find that it was not night at all when Sir John was buried. To the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution in Whitehall has just been added the prayer-book from which Dr. Symons, the chaplain, read the service. With this is a memorandum in which the chaplain says that "it now being now daylight the enemy discovered that the troops had been withdrawn and embarking during the night, fire was opened by them shortly after upon the ships that were still in the harbour. The funeral service was, therefore, performed without delay, as we were exposed to the fire of the guns." As the month was January it appears that the burial took place at about eight in the morning.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

Through the liberality of George W. Perkins, of New York, an expedition was sent by the New York Botanical Garden to Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. The expedition has secured over 12,000 specimens of over 2,000 species of plants. A third of the specimens are marine plants.

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Henry Finne, Norwegian of Stavanger, has invented a machine which has marvellous capacity for making the boxes in which sardines and anchovies are packed. Hitherto a skilled labourer could make about six hundred tins per day, but by the use of this machine about eighteen thousand can be turned out with the same labour.

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The recent expedition sent to North Montana by the New York Botanical Garden has done much in the interest of scientific botany. Many Alpine forms of plants were discovered. Ample statistics were secured establishing the variation of plant life caused by temperature and latitude, and of the general vertical distribution of flora.

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Recently at an auction sale in London which was judiciously advertised, an egg of the great auk was put up which, after some lively bidding, was knocked down for 1,260 dollars. That is said to be a very good price. But auk eggs have been sold in London for as much as 1,500 dollars. The reason for these enormous prices is naturally to be found in the scarcity of the eggs. The bird is extinct, and not over seventy of its eggs are in existence.

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Charles Rothschild has perhaps the most curious museum of any collector in Europe. At Tring Park he keeps thousands and thousands of fleas. The museum is in charge of Dr. Jordan. Every animal and bird has its particular kind of flea. Very many have several different kinds. It clearly follows that the gathering of fleas affords diverse material for the collector. In the Rothschild collection is one mole flea (Hystrichopsylla talpæ) a fifth of an inch in length.

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Charles Gilmore, of Laramie, and E. B. Cavell, who have been at work all summer in the fossil fields at Medicine Bow for the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburg, have dropped their work for the winter. The summer netted them about a carload of fossils, which will be shipped to Pittsburg. The finds were numerous and valuable, though no astonishing results followed their labours. Walter Granger, who is at work in the Medicine Bow field for the American Museum of Natural History of New York, also has a carload of fossils to go forward, but he will remain in the field for the time being. He reports a large number of curious and valuable finds, and expects to return to this field next summer.

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John H. Felmlee, an inventor, of Pittsburg, Pa., has just perfected a wrapping machine which will handle with great rapidity a piece of any size from a caramel to a cake of soap, and wrap it up in a faultless manner. A company has been formed, and will soon be engaged in the manufacture of the machines to meet the requirements of various industries. The machine performs about forty different operations, including the cutting of the paper from a roll. A machine has been constructed which is worked by hand, and the inventor says the capacity of this is 175 pieces per hour, but this would be greatly increased by driving it with an engine.

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A pressure-recording oarlock has been invented by Prof. W. C. Marshall, instructor at the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale. The device will be of great value in the selection and training of oarsmen, and it will be put to the test next fall in the selection of candidates. The apparatus weighs only about three pounds, and is placed on the end of the outrigger in the place of the usual oarlock. By its use, the pressure exerted at every stroke is measured and registered, so that accurate comparisons can be made of the actual work done by a man at start and finish. This record can be kept for a distance of four miles. Application has been made for a patent.

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Former State Senator James Arkell, of New York, who died during the early part of August, was a holder of a number of valuable patents covering the manufacture of paper for various special purposes. Some time ago he devised a method of making a paper which had the quality of stretching slightly without breaking, and this came into great demand for the lining of sugar barrels and other similar purposes. This paper was yielding only in one direction, and he more recently improved on the process and succeeded in making the paper more elastic than ever. He was an Englishman by birth, and came to this country when quite a boy and began life on a farm. He soon after drifted into the newspaper business, and managed a local paper. From this he went into paper making. During the Civil War he made a great deal of money out of the manufacture of paper sacks by a process which he devised.

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The Northern California Power Company, which furnishes power to a great variety of industries in one of the most prosperous sections of California, has recently installed a 4,000 horse-power generating plant at the Cow Creek station, which is situated in the high Sierras and is typical of the many transmission plants which have recently been installed in California. The ultimate capacity of the station will be 8,000 horse-power when the demand for power reaches this amount. The company has already installed 3,000 horsepower at another generating station, known as the Battle Creek station, thus making the present total capacity of the company's electrical installation 7,000 horse-power. Among the industries supplied with power by this company are ore-smelters, the city waterworks at Red Bluff and Redding, and the operation of large air compressors at the Mount Copper Company's mine at Iron Mountain.

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For lighting current is also furnished to the cities of Redding, Red Bluff and Willows, and the towns of Keswick, Cottonwood, Anderson, Corning, and Vina. These towns lie along the Sacramento River, and are located in one of the most fertile valleys in California. Irrigation is necessary on most of the land in this valley, and electrically-driven centrifugal pumps are employed to raise the water to the irrigating ditches. This cheap method of placing in the hands of the farmer the ability to obtain water away from streams and creeks has made him independent of the great water companies, and has rendered it possible to develop large areas of land which would otherwise be practically desert wastes. Many thousands of motors are already in operation in California driving pumps for irrigation work, and immense developments are yet to ensue from this application of electric power. The apparatus which the Northern California Power Company has recently installed in its Cow Creek station consists of two 1,500-kilowatt, three-phase, Westinghouse alternators, which will be driven by impact waterwheels supplied with water under a head of approximately 900 feet.

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No less a personage than the famous mathematician, Blaise Pascal, is said to have introduced the important vehicle, which we call the "omnibus." Unlike most other men of learning, Pascal was more or less interested in the affairs of practical life. He was the inventor of the push-cart that now perambulates our streets. In 1661 he had large wagons built for regular traffic in the heart of Paris. He allied himself in this undertaking with several influential friends, among whom was the Duke de Roannes. In 1662 Louis XIV. granted letters patent to Pascal, in which it was said that these carriages were intended for the comfort of poor people who had to go to courts of justice, or who were sick and so poor that they could not afford to pay the two pistoles exacted by the chairmen and the drivers of coaches. At first the use of the vehicle was not generally permitted. A royal decree forbade its use by soldiers, pages, lackeys, and other liveried servants, as well as artisans and porters. Pascal, in spite of the fact that he only lived to be thirty-nine, is said to have made no inconsiderable sum out of his invention. After the vehicle had been in use for some sixteen years, it was abandoned for various reasons. It was not until 1812 that it was again introduced, this time in Bordeaux, which city was followed in 1821 by Nantes and in 1827 by Paris. The vehicle was improved and rapidly became popular. Now it has been almost displaced by the tramway. In modern times the vehicle was called an omnibus simply for the reason that it was intended for the carriage of all, without restrictions as to lackeys, pages, or footmen.

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The Russian Government has completed the surveys for the railroad from Odessa via Nicolaieff and Kherson to Jankoi, on the Sevastopol road, with a branch af about thirty miles to Ochakof. Although this road is principally of strategical value, it will be highly beneficial to the commercial development of the region by opening up a large tract of grain-producing country that has hitherto been severely handicapped owing to the lack of railroad communication. The dredging of the Ochakof bar and estuary of the River Boug—work forming a portion of the general scheme—has been completed. The fairway between the commercial port at Nicolaieff and the sea is now 25 feet deep by 350 feet wide at the bottom, and as it is now buoyed, will be officially thrown open to navigation. By the completion of this dredging nearly all the steamers that visit the Black Sea will be able to load cargoes at Nicolaieff, so that the latter port will become a powerful rival to Odessa in the grain-exporting trade.

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The directors of the Nord, Ouest, and Orleans railway companies of France, and representatives of Belgian, Dutch, German, Austrian, and English roads recently met at Paris, in order to make arrangements for a through-train service from Paris to Peking. It was shown at this meeting that the trip could be made by way of St. Petersburg and Siberia in eighteen or nineteen days, while the sea route, either by the Suez Canal or the Atlantic and Vancouver, requires from thirty-two to thirty-three days. All that seems necessary at present is an arrangement of time-table connections and the selection of cities in which through tickets may be purchased. It is said that through tickets will be delivered at both Havre and Cherbourg, and trans-Atlantic companies will be able to state before boats leave New York whether or not connection will be made with through trains to the Orient. The same arrangement will be made for the daily service between Southampton and Paris. It was also decided at the recent meeting to form a combination with the trans-American railroads and trans-Pacific lines, so that round-trip tickets from New York to Peking could be sold at the former city, with the privilege of going by the Pacific and returning by the trans-Siberian route, or vice versa. The time required from New York by either route is about the same.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

LONDONDERRY, AUGUST 21, 1787.

Sunday evening, a little after eight o'clock, between Lord Pery's gate and the town of Lucan, Mrs. Cradock was stopped in her carriage by three footpads, one of whom came to the head of the horses, and the other two to the sides of the coach, presenting large holster pistols, swearing that they would blow out their brains if any resistance was made, and demanding their money and watches. Mrs. Cradock gave one of them about ten guineas in a long purse, and a repeating gold watch in a shagreen case, the inner case cut in variegated flowers, the work went on a diamond, and made by Emery, Charing Cross. They took from a lady in the coach half a guinea and some pocket-pieces, one very small, less than a silver penny, with the impression of a mitre; they also took from the servantman a guinea and a half in gold, and then went towards Dublin.

On Saturday last was committed to the New Prison, on a charge of forgery, a man who says his name is M'Gee, who came on Thursday last to Mr. Cash, of Capel street, and bargained with him for a considerable quantity of books, which he proposed exporting to America, and offered for payment two bills, drawn in the name of Waddel Cunningham and Co., of Belfast, on Jackson and Co., London, for fifty guineas each which Mr. Cash, from the manner of the sharper's conduct, entertaining no doubt of the bills, gave him, on settlin, £9 3s. in change, being the balance, and the books were packed up in boxes ready for delivery, when fortunately, Mr. Cash observing one of the bills (for he had sent off the other to a correspondent in London) rather drawn in an unmercantile manner, he went to make enquiry of a gentleman, well acquainted with the hand-writing of the drawer, who assured him it was a forgery. On his return the sharper had brought a car to take the books away, when he was secured, and carried before the sitting justice, where he behaved like an old offender, and refused giving back the money, but at length it was obtained, except about three half guineas, and Mr. Cash gave security to prosecute the offender.

DUBLIN, THURSDAY, AUGUST 30.

The demand for crown glass for the French market, has, we hear, encouraged a wealthy company from England to build a glass house in the neighbourhood of this city: the situation they have chosen, it is said, is at the foot of Ringsend bridge.

DUBLIN, FRIDAY, AUGUST 31.

The following curious attempt to evade justice was made a few days ago. At the last Assizes of Trim one Kelly, a noted robber, was capitally convicted, and received sentence to be executed on Wednesday, the 22nd of August; previous to being led out, he contrived to cut his blankets into stripes of four inches broad, joined the pieces together with strong woollen thread, and formed a double fling, which passed under each ham, and the ends fastened at his neck with an iron hook to receive the rope; thus accoutred, he proceeded to the place of execution, where he addressed the hangman (who, by the bye, is supposed to have been bribed), told him he forgave him, but requested he would draw him close up to the pulley, and when dead to let him down gently; the unfortunate wretch, too confident of success, was shortly after launched from the table, but not having allowed for the extension of the blanket by his own weight, after hanging about eight minutes without appearance of life, the hook fastened in his windpipe, and gave him such exquisite pain that he suddenly raised his arms, seized the rope, and struggled for a considerable time till he expired. After being cut down the whole apparatus was discovered, to the astonishment of the sheriff and a number of gentlemen present.

The Princess Royal Packet lately launched at Pargate for the Channel service, is esteemed a model of elegance, and well deserving the appelation she bears. Last week she made her first voyage to our bay, and much admired by many personages of taste and distinction; the King, Queen, and Prince of Wales packets are also fitted in the most elegant and commodious style, so that passengers to and fro from this kingdom find their voyages uncommonly safe, pleasant, and expeditious.

It is thought that the theatre in Crow street (such is the expedition with which the works there are carrying on) will be ready to open for dramatic representations by the middle of December next.

Early on Saturday morning last the inner office of Mr. Cox, brewer, at James's-gate, was broke open and robbed of cash, watches, and other securities for money, to a considerable amount.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.

A corespondent who has lately viewed the rooms now building by the Dublin Society in Hawkins's street, for the purpose of showing the different pieces of mechanism to be executed under their immediate inspection, expresses the highest satisfaction at their neat and simple elegance, particularly a geometrical staircase, upon a construction entirely new, having no support but the connection of each stair with the other; they are winding, and though each step is four feet broad, the whole is contained in a circle of nine feet diameter. the above ingenious production, we are happy to hear, is designed and executed by an Irish carpenter.

In consequence of a number of armed ruffians, with their faces blackened, having a few nights since broke into the house of one Quirk, a farmer, between Maynooth and Kilcock, and robbing him of 61 guineas (nearly his whole property) which he that day received for cattle sold at a fair, and a number of robberies lately committed in that and the adjoining neighbourhood, a subscription has been most spiritedly set on foot by his Grace the Duke of Leinster, the Right Hon. Mr. Conolly, and the principal gentlemen in the county Kildare, for the purpose of apprehending and bringing to justice these pests of society, which we hope will be attended with most salutary effects, and which spirited conduct we most earnestly hope will be an example to the gentlemen of other counties.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1787.

The curiosity of the populace was yesterday forenoon much excited by an odd exhibition in the person of a countryman, who went through several of the most frequented streets of this metropolis on his bare knees. Some private transgression wherewith he charged himself occasioned this singular peregrination, and being fraught with an idea of expiating it by public humiliation, he voluntarily underwent a penance, which, if not efficacious, was at least exceedingly tedious and painful.

DUBLIN, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 3.

Since the levelling of the Mall in Sackville street the name of it has been changed to Sackville place, and boards to this purpose has been put up. The figure of Neptune, which has been spoken off as the present of his Grace the Duke of Rutland to ornament the place, will not be erected there until the beginning of next spring.

DUBLIN, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.

We are happy to find that the good intentions of our Legislature, who in the last session of Parliament enacted a Bill for the completion of a survey whereon to erect a canal, on a line from this city through Kilcock, Mullingar, Virginia, etc., is likely to be carried into execution. The numberless advantages of such a navigation are too well known to all that may be eventually concerned, to require elucidation.

The fields on the northern side of Dorset street, which leads by a pathway to Glasmanogue road, are the resort of the lower orders of the people every Sabbath day; where they employ themselves at football, wrestling, leaping, boxing, etc. It is, however, hoped that a stop may be put to such assemblies, where the day which should be devoted to the service of the Almighty is thus prostituted by the "mobility." This has been the place of rendezvous since they were prohibited from meeting in the fields near Merrion Square.

DUBLIN, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.

On Monday next a Post Assembly will be held at the Tholsel, to take into consideration such an extension of the pipe-water works as may supply an additional number of conduits, or public fountains, in several parts of the city, for the benefit of the poorer inhabitants and other useful purposes.

Some foreigners, seemingly of distinction, having landed late on Tuesday night from on board one of the packets, and among them a French lady, her companion, and a female servant, it was said with some degree of confidence that they were the Count and Countess De la Motte, and some friends, who being apprehensive of being kidnapped in London, by order of the French Court, had resorted to this island as a safer asylum. They were lodged at an eminent hotel in Capel street, and visited by two persons of the first distinction now in town.

On Tuesday afternoon the statue of Minerva, which, with two others, are to decorate the pediment of the new portico of the House of Lords, was raised thereon, and the two other statues are to be put up in the course of the week. Each of these figures are eight feet high, and the production of an Irish artist.

WATERFORD, SEPTEMBER 4.

The utility of the mail coming hither by way of Milford is now clearly evident to every one The despatch is so extraordinary that newspapers and letters arrive in due course, in three days from London to this city; which, before this establishment, never was effected in less than five, by way of Holyhead. The merchants and traders must be materially benefited thereby.

When the military road now making between this city and Cork is completed (by which the distance will be considerably shortened), the merchants and traders of that city will feel the good effects arising from this convenience, as a mail coach will be established between this city and Cork, which will pass and repass, in 12 hours, thrice a week. They will then receive the London intelligence in four days, a circumstance they were before unacquainted with.

(To be continued.)

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THE WEST GATE, CLONMEL.



REPRODUCTION OF ILLUSTRATION IN THE "DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL, 1836.

Above we give a picture of the West Gate, Clonmel, reproduced from the 'Dublin Penny Journal, 1836. The structure once formed part of the old walls of the town, for as the "Parliamentary Gazetteer of Ireland" (1844) informs us, 'Clonmel was at one time a walled and fortified town; but its castle or citadel was demolished in the civil wars of the 17th century, and the other fortifications have in a great measure yielded to the abrasions of time, and the sappings of prolonged National repose. Around three sides of the spacious cemetery, in the midst of which the parish church is situated, are remains of the old town wall, protected at regular intervals by small square towers; and at the north-west angle of the wall is a massive bomb-proof tower called 'The Magazine.' At the west end of the town, on the thoroughfare leading to Cahir, stands one of the old gateways of the wall, a plain obtusely pointed arch, surmounted by a battlemented quadrangular structure of two stories, from one corner of which ascends a circular battlemented turret."

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

A CHARACTER PORTRAIT OF SIXTY YEARS AGO.

(Continued from last week.)

As a professional man, O'Connell is, perhaps, for general business, the most competent advocate at the Irish Bar. Every requisite for a barrister of all-work is combined in him; some in perfection—all in sufficiency. He is not understood to be a deep scientific lawyer. He is, what is far better for himself and his clients, an admirably practical one. He is a thorough adept in all the complicated and fantastic forms with which Justice, like a Chinese monarch, insists that her votaries shall approach her. A suitor advancing towards her throne, cannot go through the evolutions of the indispensable Ko-tou under a more skilful master of the ceremonies. In this department of his profession the knowledge of the practice of the courts, and in a perfect familiarity of the general principles of law that are applicable to questions discussed in open court, O'Connell is on a level with the most experienced of his competitors; and with few exceptions, perhaps with the single one of Mr. Plunkett, he surpasses them all in the vehement and pertinacious talent with which he contends to the last for victory, or, where victory is impossible, for an honourable retreat. If his mind had been duly disciplined, he would have been a first-rate reasoner and a more formidable sophist. He has all the requisites from nature—singular clearness, promptitude, and acuteness. When occasion requires, he evinces a metaphysical subtlety of perception which nothing can elude. The most slippery distinction that glides across him, he can grasp and hold "pressis manibus," until he pleases to set it free. But his argumentative powers lost much of their effect from want of arrangement. His thoughts have too much of the impatience of conscious strength to submit to an orderly disposition. Instead of moving to the conflict in compact array, they rush forward like a tumultary insurgent mass, jostling and overturning one another in the confusion of the charge; and though finally beating down all opposition by sheer strength and numbers, still reminding us of the far greater things they might have achieved had they been better drilled. But O'Connell has by temperament a disdain of every thing that is methodical and sedate. You can see this running through his whole deportment in Court. I never knew a learned personage who resorted so little to the ordinary tricks of his vocation. As he sits waiting till his turn comes to "blaze away," he appears totally exempt from the usual throes and heavings of animo-gestation. There is no hermetically-sealing of the lips, as if nothing could restrain the fermentation within; there are no trances of abstraction, as if the thoughts had left their home on a distant voyage of discovery; no haughty swelling of the mind into alto-relievos on the learned brow—there is nothing of this about O'Connell. On the contrary, his countenance and manners impress you with a notion, that he looks forward to the coming effort as a pastime in which he takes delight. Instead of assuming the "Sir Oracle," he is all gaiety and good-humour, and seldom fails to disturb the gravity of the proceedings by a series of disorderly jokes, for which he is duly rebuked by his antagonists with a solemnity or indignation that provokes a repetition of the offence; but his insubordinate levity is, for the most part, so redeemed by his imperturable good temper that even the judges, when compelled to interfere and pronounce him out of order, are generally shaking their sides as heartily as the most enraptured of his admirers in the galleries. In the midst, however, of this seeming carelessness, his mind is in reality attending with the keenest vigilance to the subject matter of discussion, and the contrast is often quite amusing. While his eyes are wantoning round the court in search of a object to be knocked down by a blow of his boisterous playfulness, or, in a more serious mood, while he is sketching on the margin of his brief the outline of an impossible Republic, or running through a rough calculation of the number of Irishmen capable of bearing pikes according to the latest returns of the population, if the minutest irregularity or misstatement is attempted on the other side, up he is sure to start with all imaginable alertness, and, reassuming the advocate, puts forward his objection with a degree of vigour and perspicuity which manifests that his attention had not wandered for an instant from the business before him.

Mr. O'Conell is in particular request in jury-cases. There he is in his element. Next to the "harp of his country" an Irish jury is the instrument on which he delights to play; and no one better understands its qualities and compass. I have already glanced at his versatility. It is here that it is displayed. His powers as a Nisi Prius advocate consist not so much in the perfection of any of the qualities necessary to the art of persuasion as in the number of them that he has at command, and the skill with which he selects and adapts them to the exigency of each particular case. He has a thorough knowledge of human nature, as it prevails in the class of men whom he has to mould to his purposes. I know of no one that exhibits a more quick and accurate perception of the essential peculiarities of the Irish character. It is not merely with reference to their passions that he understands them, though here he is pre-eminently adroit. He can cajole a dozen of miserable corporation-hacks into the persuasion that the honour of their country is concentrated in their persons. His mere acting on such occasions is admirable: no matter how base and stupid, and how poisoned by political antipathy to himself he may believe them to be, he affects the most complimentary ignorance of their real characters. He hides his scorn and contempt under a look of unbounded reliance. He addresses them with all the deference due to upright and high-minded jurors. He talks to them of "the eyes of all Europe," and the present gratitude of Ireland, and the residuary blessings of posterity, with the most perfidious command of countenance. In short, by dint of unmerited commendations, he belabours them into the belief that, after all, they have some reputation to sustain, and sets them chuckling with anticipated exultation at the honours with which a verdict according to the evidence is to consecrate their names. But, in addition to the art of heating the passions of his hearers to the malleable point, O'Connell manifests powers of observation of another, and, for general purposes, a more valuable kind. He knows that strange modification of humanity, the Irish mind, not only in its moral but in its metaphysical peculiarities. Throw him upon any particular class of men, and you would imagine that he must have lived among them all his life, so intuitively does he accommodate his style of argument to their particular modes of thinking and reasoning. He knows the exact quantity of strict logic which they will bear or can comprehend. Hence, (where it serves his purpose) instead of attempting to drag them along with him, whether they will or no, by a chain of unbroken demonstration, he has the address to make them imagine that their movements are directed solely by themselves. He pays their capacities the compliment of not making things too clear. Familiar with the habitual tendencies of their minds, he contents himself with throwing off rather materials for reasoning than elaborate reasonings—mere fragments, or seeds of thought, which, from his knowledge of the soil in which they drop, he confidently predicts will shoot up and expand into precisely the conclusions that he wants. This method has the disadvantage, as far as personally regards the speaker, of giving the character of more than his usual looseness and irregularity to O'Connell's jury-speeches; but his client, for whom he labours, is a gainer by it—directly in the way I have been stating, and indirectly for this reason, that it keeps the jury in the dark as to the points of the case in which he feels he is weak. By abstaining from a show of rigorous demonstration, where all the argument is evidently upon his side, he excites no suspicion by keeping at an equal distance from topics which he could not venture to approach. This, of course, is not to be taken as O'Connell's invariable manner, for he has no invariable manner, but as a specimen of that dexterous accommodation of particular means to a particular end, from which his general powers as a Nisi Prius advocate may be inferred. And so too of the tone in which he labours to extort a verdict; for though when compelled by circumstances, he can be soft and soothing, as I have above described him, yet on other occasions, where it can be done with safety, he does not hesitate to appraise a jury, whose purity he suspects, of his real opinion of their merits, and indeed, not unfrequently, in the roundest terms defies them to balance for an instant between their malignant prejudices and the clear and resistless justice of the case.

There is one, the most difficult, it is said, and certainly the most anxious and responsible part of an advocate's duties, in which O'Connell is without a rival at the Irish Bar—I

de to his skill in conducting defences in the
wn Court. His ability in this branch of
profession illustrates one of those incon-
encies in his character to which I have
ady adverted. Though habitually so bold
sanguine, he is here a model of fore-
ight and undeviating caution. In his most
d cross-examinations, he never puts a dan-
us question. He presses a witness upon
ateral facts, and beats him down by argu-
nt and jokes and vociferation; but wisely
suming his client to be guilty until he has
good luck to escape conviction, he never
rds the witness an opportunity of repeat-
his original narrative, and perhaps, by
plying an omitted item, of sealing the
m of the accused.

'Connell's ordinary style is vigorous and
ous, but incorrect. The want of compact-
in his periods, however, I attribuate
fly to inattention. He has phrase in abun-
ce at command, and his ear is sensible of
ody. Every now and then he throws off
tences not only free from all defect, but
emely felicitous specimens of diction. As
is general powers of eloquence, he rarely
, in a case admitting of emotion, to make
leep impression upon a jury; and in a
ular assembly he is supreme. Still there
much more of eloquence in his manner and
os than in his conceptions. He unques-
ably proves, by occasional bursts, that the
nents of oratory, and perhaps of the highest
er, are about him; but he has had too
y pressing demands of another kind to dis-
t him from the cultivation of this the
st of all attainments, and accordingly I am
aware that any of his efforts, however able
successful, have deserved, as examples of
lic speaking, to survive the occasion. His
ner, though far from graceful, is earnest
impressive. It has a steady and natural
mth, without any of that snappish anima-
in which gentlemen of the long robe are
ne to indulge. His voice is powerful, and
intonations full and graduated. I under-
d that when first he appeared at the Bar,
accent at once betrayed his foreign educa-
n. To this day there is a remaining dash
Foigardism in his pronounciation of partic-
ar words; but, on the whole, he has
ught himself, as far as delivery is con-
ned, to talk pretty much like a British sub-
t.

t was my original intention to have dwelt
some detail upon O'Connell, as a popular
der, but I have no longer space, and I could
rcely effect my purpose without plunging
o that "sea of troubles," the present poli-
s of Ireland; yet a word or two upon the
ject before I have done. Indeed, in com-
n fairness, I feel bound to correct any de-
ciating inferences that may be drawn from
tone of levity in which I may have
noced at some traits of his public deport-
nt, and which I should have hesitated to
lulge in, if I not given him credit for the
l measure of good humour and good sense,
th can discriminate at once (should these
ges meet his eye) between an inoffensive
ly and a hostile sneer.

O'Connell has been now for three and twenty
ars a busy actor upon an agitated scene.
uring that period no public character has been more zealously extolled, or more cordially reviled. Has the praise or blame been excessive, or has either been undeserved? Has he been a patriot, or an incendiary? for, such are the extreme points of view in which the question of his merits has been discussed by persons, too impassioned and too interested im the result to pronounce a sound opinion upon it. To one, however, who has never been provoked to admire or hate him to excess, the solution may not be difficult. After reviewing the whole of O'Connell's career as a politician, an impartial observer will be disposed to say of him, that he was a man of a strong understanding and of stronger feelings, occupied incessantly, and almost always without due preparation, upon questions where it would have perplexed the wisest to discern the exact medium between disgraceful submission and factious importunity—that by necessity a partisan, he has been steady to his cause, and consistent in his ultimate object, though many times inconsistent in the adoption of the means to obtain it; and that now, in the long run, after all the charges of violence and indiscretion that have been heaped upon him, it is questioned by some of the clearest understandings in England, whether, in the present state of political morals, a more courtly policy than O'Connell's either is, or ever was, calculated to advance the interests of his body. But leaving his political incentives aside, and referring soley to the personal provocations to which he is daily exposed, I should say that it would be utterly unnatural in such a man to be other than violent. To O'Connell, as a barrister, his disqualification is a grievous injustice. It is not in theory alone that it operates. It visits him in the practical details of his professional life, andd in forms the most likely to gall a man of conscious powers andd an ambitious temperament. He has the mortification of being incessantly reminded, that for years past his fortunes have been absolutely at a dead stop, while he was constantly condemned to see men who started with him and after him, none of them his superiors, many of them far beneath him, partially thrust before him, and lifted into stations of honour and emolument to which he is forbidden to aspire. The stoutest adversary of Papal encroachments must admit that there is something irritating in this; for my part, instead of judging harshly of the spirit in which he retaliates, I rather honour the man for the energy with which he wrestles to the last with the system that would keep him down; and if now and then his resistance assumes such a form as to be in itself an evil, I am not sorry, for the sake of freedom and humanity, to see it proved that intolerant laws cannot be enforced without inconvenience. But in general (to speak the truth) O'Connell's vengeance is not of a very deadly description. He is, after all, a man of a kindly and forgiving nature; and, where the general interests of his country are not concerned, is disposed to resent his personal wrongs with great command of temper. His forbearance in this respect is really creditable to him, and the more so as it meets with no return. The admirers of King William have no mercy for a man who, in his seditious mood, is so provoking as to tell the world that their idol was "a Dutch adventurer." Then his intolerable success in a profession where many a staunch Protestant is condemned to starve, and his fashionable house in Merrion square, and, a greater eyesore still, his dashing revolutionary equipage, green carriage, green liveries, and turbulent Popish steeds, prancing over a Protestant pavement, to the terror of Protestant passengers—a nuisance that in the good old times would have been put down by Act of Parliament—these and other provocations of equal publicity, have exposed this learned culprit to the deep and irrevocable detestation of a numerous class of his Majesty's hating subjects in Ireland. And the feeling is duly communicated to the public. The loyal Press of Dublin teems with the most astounding imputations upon his character and motives. As a dish for the periodical libellers of the day, O'Connell is quite a cut-and-come-again, from the crazy Churchman, foaming over the apprehended fall of tithes, down to the political striplings of the College, who, instead of trying their youthful genius upon the cardinal virtues, or "the lawfulness of killing Caesar," devote their hours of classic leisure to the more laudable task of demonstrating, for the comfort of the Orange lodges, that "Counsellor O'Connell carries on a treasonable correspondence with Captain Rock." But the Counsellor, who happens to know a little more of the law of high treason than his accusers, has the good sense to laugh at them and their threats of the hangman. Now that all practical attempts upon his life have been abandoned*, he bears the rest with true Christian patience and contempt; and whenever any of his defamers recant "in extremis" and die good Catholics, as the most bigoted among them are said to do, if the fact be duly certified by his friend, Mr. Denis Scully†, who has quite an instinct for collecting materials touching this portion of secret history, O'Connell, I am assured, not only forgives them all their libels, but contributes liberally towards setting on foot a few expiatory Masses for their souls.

[The End.]

* I allude to what was really a shocking occurrence.—A Corporation has been defined to be "a thing having neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned." With this definition before him, Mr O'Connell did not imagine that he exceeded the limits of public debate in calling the Dublin Corporation a "beggarly Corporation." One of its most needy members, however, either volunteered or was incited to think otherwise, and called upon the speaker to apologise or fight. To Mr. O'Connell, a life of vital importance to a numerous family, and of great importnace to the best part of the Irish public, the alternative was dreadful. He saw the ferocity of the transaction in its full light, but he committed his conduct to the decision of his friends, and a duel ensued. The aggressor was killed. Had the result been different, his claims would probably not have been overlooked by the patrons of the time (1815); at least such is understood to have been the expectation under which he provoked his fate.

† The Catholic barrister, a gentleman quite clever and important enough to be treated apart. For the present, I shall merely record of him that one of his favourite theories is, that no rank Orangeman ever "dies game." He can tell you the exact moment when Doctor Duigenan began to roar out for a priest. He has a large stock of mortuary anecdotes illustrating his general doctrine, and he relates them with true Sardonic vivacity.

SLIABH-NA-MON,

AND

Its Fenian Traditions.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES BY REV. J. F. LYNCH.

VIII.

In this description Dubhthach is said to have an otter on each shoulder, and in "Silva Gadelica," p. 526, we are told that Liamhain, from whom was named Dunlavin, was wife of Fomu(34), and daughter of Dubhthach dubhtaire mac Fergna, King of the Decies of Bregia; but in "Silva Gadelica," p. 170, Liamhain of Dun Liamhana is said to be daughter of Dobhran dubhtaire, and it at once follows that Dubhthach dubhtaire and Dobhran dubhtaire must be equated; but Dobhran means otter, and hence in this case, also, Dubhthach is connected with the otter. Liamhain is a word meaning water, river, or lake, and it has the same origin as Leamhan, the old name of the River Laune, which flows from the Lake of Killarney into Castlemaine Harbour. Magh Lemna was the name of the plain of Clogher, in county Tyrone. Aboud two miles west of Lough Gur there is a district beside a bog which was formerly site of lake, and the name appears in State Paper dated 1200 A.D., as Liamhain. Near shore of the old lake is a stone circle, called Bailey's Drive by the people. I think that Bailey is the Irish baile, "a place," adopted from the name of the townland Ballycullane. On Knockderc, about a mile south of Lough Gur, is a stone chair named Chair Bailey, and the place of the chair is Moggabailey, for young men up to a recent period assembled there for celebration of games. In State Paper, A.D. 1200, this place is called Bali I nacalligi, that is, Baile na Caillighe, or "place of the hag."

In the tale of the Volsungs and Niblungs, translated from the Icelandic, by Eirikr Magnusson and William Morris, we read, that Fafnir the dragon, Otr the otter, and Regin the master-smith, were three brothers, that Otr, and Andvari a dwarf, in shape of a pike, dwelt in Andvari's waterfall, that the otter was slain by Loki, who had to go to Ran, wife of Aegir the Sea, for her net in which to catch Andvari, in order to obtain possession of his hoard of gold which Odin, Loki, and Hoenir had to pay as ransom to Hreidmar, the father of Otr. On the death of Hreidmar the gold, which has been cursed by Andvari, son of Oinn, is seized by Fafnir, who is slain by Sigurd with the sword made by Regin from the shards of Gram, the name of the sword of Sigmund, father of Sigurd. Regin drinks the blood of Fafnir, and then, having ordered Sigurd to roast the heart of Fafnir for him, goes to sleep while the heart is roasting.

"Therewith Sigurd cut out the heart of the worm with the sword called Ridil; but Regin drank of Fafnir's blood, and spake, 'Grant me a boon, and do a thing little for thee to do. Bear the heart to the fire, and roast it, and give me thereof to eat.' Then Sigurd went his way, and roasted it on a rod; and when the blood bubbled out, he laid his finger thereon to essay it, if it were fully done; and then he set his finger in his mouth, and lo! when the heart-blood of the worm touched his tongue, straightway he knew the voice of all fowls, and heard withal how the wood-peckers chattered in the brake beside him."

Sigurd having been told that if Regin awoke, and ate the heart of Fafnir, that he would slay him, accordingly slew Regin. This tale may be compared with the Irish tale of Finn and the Canuran Caoch. I have taken the Icelandic tale from "The Story of the Volsungs," edited for the Scott Library, by H. H. Sparling, who says that "the otter was held sacred by Norsefolk and figures in the myth and legend of most races besides; to this day its killing is held a great crime by the Parsees (Haug., 'Religion of the Parsees,' p. 212)." The skin of the otter had to be filled with gold, and covered on the outside with gold, and Mr. Sparling compares with this the penalty exacted for killing the cat of the Welsh King ("Ancient Laws and Institutes of Wales." Ed. Aneurin Owen. Longman, London, 1841, 2 vols).

In Aided Echac maic maireda, or "The Destruction of Eocho mac Mairedo," edited and translated by O'Beirne Crowe, we have the following account of the killing of the lap-dog, or otter of Liban:—

Tanic laech forgrainni, dub, mor, ocus romarb side a mesan-si. Foracaib-si do side ocus di a tuaith an gaisced fair an otraigib, ocus can an uile do digail doib no co rotroisetis acci-si: There came up a terrible black, large hero, and he killed her lap-dog. She left to him and his tribe their heroism on their filths and inability to avenge evils done to them, until they should fast at her hands." The tale of Lough Neagh has been altered by some early Christian writer, but it is not difficult to obtain from his version the material which came to him from a very early period; and in dealing with those Irish tales and monuments we must make allowance for various changes. In this article I have had much to do with the Fianna, or Fene, and I have treated the names which came under notice as belonging to the mythology, but in order not to be misunderstood, I wish to state that I am of opinion that there was a race of men in Ireland named Fene, who appear to be identical with the Iberians, considered by the bards to be the guards of Erinn, who are marching now from Ivernis, and who, we now know, were the Neolithic colonists of Ireland. We also know from the discoveries made by Professor Flinders Petrie, in Egypt, that the earliest white colonists of Egypt were a long-headed race, and we also know from the recent discoveries made in Palestine, that a similar race were the Neolithic colonists of that land. The late Canon Isaac Taylor and the Rev. S. Baring-Gould wrote in favour of the theory that the Neolithic colonists of Syria, Arabia, North Africa, and the British Isles, were the same race, and recent discoveries appear to be in favour of this theory. I think that the name Fene will consequently be of considerable importance as the name of the Neolithic folk of Ireland, who differed very much, according to Mr. Baring-Gould, from their palaeolithic predecessors, who curiously correspond to the Formorians, and the names of the Fene which occur in the mythology may be regarded as the sacred names of the Fene; and if the Iberian theory be found to be a true one, then it is hardly necessary for me to say that the Fenian names will be of supreme importance. The name Fene is from Fian, and this word Fian may be, I think, referred to the root, Fi, which means light.

Beside St. Patrick's Well, about a mile south of Lough Gur, we have identified Domnach mor Maighe Ane, "great church of the plain of Ane," of "Tripartite Life of St. Patrick," and Dun noac Fene, or "fort of the youths or warriors of the Fene," and in this case it appears to me that we must equate the Fene with the Iberians. O'Donovan ("Supplement to O'Reilly," p. 676), quotes a passage from the "Book of Lismore" concerning the Mairtine, and there can be no doubt about the Mairtine being a remnant of the old Iberian race in Limerick; and in this passage we find that "Druim meadhoin Mairtine" corresponds to "Ard-chluain na Fene." O'Curry ("Lectures," p. 486) quotes an old poem ascribed to Dubhthach Ua Lugair, in which we read concerning Crimthann, the famous King of Leinster:—

Bassil Siuir dar glun agraige,
Sech Dun Sige.
Cosnamaid h Erend uile,
Echtach Ane,
Atchess midac Maige Fine
Sech Ess Maige.

The Siuir flowed over the knees of his horses,
Passing by Dun Sige.
The conqueror of Erinn all,
The victor of (Cnoc) Ane,
The hero of Magh Fine was seen
Passing over Ess Maighe.

O'Curry thinks that Magh Fine was in Leinster, but there can be no doubt from the context of its being near Knockaine, and if O'Curry was aware that Dun noac Fene was near Knockaine (Cnoc Aine), he would doubtless have suggested that Magh Fine, that is, Magh Fene, was another name for Magh Aine, the name of the plain on which was raised Dun noac Fene, mentioned in "Tripartite Life of St. Patrick." Ess Maighe means waterfall of the River Maigue, and Caherass, that is, Cathair Essa, was a very important fort which guarded the ford beside the waterfall, and over this ford passed the road leading from South Limerick to Connaught, and the yew tree of Fer Fi grew beside this waterfall, for which see O'Curry's "Manners and Customs."

Professor Rhys considers that the Fene are quite mythical, and such appears to be the general opinion of those who have given attention to the mythology, but I have now given my reasons for the supposition that the Fene were the short, dark-haired, and long-headed race who reached Ireland so long ago, and raised those stones on Slievenaman, and Magh Feimhin, and told those tales which contain in them echoes of the legends told beside the Iberian watch-fires on the plains of Asia and on the shores of the Mediterranean, of which our old folk are so fond, for the surest and swiftest way to an old Irishman's heart is to tell him a tale of the Fene.

In connecting the Irish word Femeann with the English word woman and Latin femina, and probably German weib, I have omitted to state that I think the Irish Femeann is a combination of two old words,

(34) It appears to me that in this word Fomu we have the word mu, which is description of the growth of vegetation, production, fertility, etc. Mumu is the name of the southern province, which was regarded as the most fertile of the provinces, and hence the name Mumu, from root mu. Semitic scholars are now of opinion that the name of the letter M, in Hebrew and Phoenician, Mem, and in Arabic, Mim, does not mean water as Gesenius thought, but that it comes from the Assyrian root mu, to grow, to sprout; and in the pictorial script of Shumir, or Shinar, this letter is denoted by a growth of herbage. The Egyptian M is represented by the mulotch, or "horned owl," the first letter of this word begins with M. The Magi of Chaldoea applied the term mummu, mumma, or muma, from root mu, to the earth as containing the seeds of life, and it is strange that the Magi of Ireland made use of a similar term, and applied it in a similar way to the southern province of Ireland.

and that on account of this, the word Femeann has not the same signification as the Irish bean, "a woman," which is cognate with the Greek gune, English queen, and Gothic quino. In English we have the words woman or wife, and queen, corresponding to the Irish Femeann and ban, and I think that the word woman, if cognate with Irish femeann and Latin femina, must be regarded as a compound. In the old Irish tales we have two separate symbols for Femeann, one named Fe (Fia or Fa), and the other Meann or Men (Ma-n), and I think that this symbolism belongs to an old period, and is not a mere philological guess like many of the explanations given in "Dinnshenchas." Keating says that the plain of Femeann was named from the two oxen of the two women, and in "Silva Gadeica," p. 160, a place on or just at south side of Sliabh Fuaid, in county of Armagh, is named Caorthann ban fionn, or "rowan-tree of the white women," and Caorthann cluana dha dhamh, or "rowan-tree of the lawn of the two oxen." It appears from the "Chase of Sliabh Fuaid," in Os. vi., that there were two women named Glanluadh and Ailne connected with Sliabh Fuaid, and Dun an oir of Gleann an Smoil, and the two women, named Danann and Beuchuill, are the owners of the two oxen, according to Keating. It appears to me that we may equate the two oxen of Sliabh Fuaid, in which was Sid of Finnshad, with the two oxen of the plain of Femeann, and the two women of Sliabh Fuaid with the two named Glanluadh and Ailne, who may, I think, be connected with the Sid of Femeann, and hence the white women of Sliabh na mBan fionn are Danann and Beuchuill. I have already explained that Danann was the moon goddess, and Beuchuill, which means wife of Coll, or "hazel," appears to represent the sun. It also seems to me that the two oxen, like the two women, are symbols of moon and sun. The rowan-tree was also a sacred tree with the Teutons, and Professor Rhys says that the old Norsemen regarded the rowan-tree as sacred to Thor, from whom Thursday was named by the Saxons. The rowan-tree* was held sacred on account of the berries, red and bright, and as Thor was the god of lightning, or light, the rowan-tree was made sacred to him; while in Ireland the tree, which is mentioned in numberless tales, was for similar reason made sacred to the deities named from sun and moon. With regard to the white bull with red ears, I take the following extract from Rev. R. Owen's "Kymry," p. 53:—"The laws of Howel Dda rates the fine for insulting the Prince of Aberffraw at a hundred kine for every cantrev belonging to him; a white bull with red ears to every hundred kine; and a gold rod as long as himself and equal in roundness to his little finger, and as thick as the nail of a husbandman who has served for nine years." The ear occurs as a symbol in several Irish tales, but has no reference, as one might think, to ideas of hearing, obeying, glory, etc., but it is connected with ideas of bearing, growth, perfection, etc. The Irish au, "the ear," is connected with the Latin auris from ausis, Greek ous, of which the genitive is otos, Slavonian ucho, of which the genitive is usese, Anglo-Saxon eare, from ease, English ear for eas, and German ohr for aus; so we see that the letter S has fallen from the Irish word. The Hebrew word for ear is ozen, the Arabic uzn, Assyrian uznu. The Egyptian words for ear are athen, mester, and ankh. The word ankh, which is the term for the crux ansata, or Egyptian symbol of life, is also a word for flower; and I think that the word mester comes from mest, or mes, to produce, and also means son. The Irish aus, English eas, Greek ous, and Arabic and Hebrew uzen, and Egyptian athen, compare very well, and as the letters s, z, and t, are interchangeable letters, it is possible that these various words for ear have a common source, and that the source meaning of the word is growth, as shown by the Egyptian names, mester and ankh, and the symbolism of the ear in the Irish tales. In the Oxford Hebrew Lexicon the Hebrew ozen, as applied to ear, is supposed to mean pointed; but this is a mere guess, and in other Hebrew Lexicons other source meanings are suggested.

In a future article I shall connect the Irish article, pronouns, and numerals with the article, pronouns, and numerals of the Egyptian and Semitic languages, and from this connection, which will be fully made out, we may expect and look for cognate words in Irish, Egyptian, and Semitic languages, of which I hope to give examples.

[THE END.]

Dr. Oliver P. Hay, of the American Museum of Natural History, has found the humerus or upper wing bone of a great auk's wing among a number of bones and shells sent to the Museum for examination by the State Geologist of Indiana. The bird has been extinct since 1844. The most remarkable thing about the discovery is that the bone was dug from a mound at Ormond on the South coast of Florida. The North coast of Massachusetts is generally supposed to have been the most southern point the bird ever reached.

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* Professor Rhys in "Hibbert Lectures" says that he is unable to explain the reason why the rowan-tree was made a sacred tree, but in the "Pursuit" the berries are regarded as the food of the Tuatha De Danann, or gods of light, and so I think that the tree, on account of the berries, was made sacred to light, as was the sycamore in Egypt on account of its vitality. "Hone" (p. 466) says that the anti-witching properties of the mountain ash, or rowan-tree are held in high esteem in which the northern counties of England, and that the churn staff must be of rowan, or the witch will spoil the butter. Bowerby says that the rowan-tree was planted before Highland houses to avert "the evil eye," or luck, and was also carried about their persons as a charm; and Evelyn in his "Silva," says "this tree is so sacred in Wales that there is not a churchyard without one of them.' Professor Rhys that the English name rowan appears to be of Scandinavian origin, the O. Norse being reynir, Danish ronne, and Swedish onn, and he adds that the Welsh is cerddin or cerdin, of which the singular are cerddinen and cerdin, and that the Irish name is caerthann, which corresponds in its consonants to cerdin; and he says also that the etymology of these words offers more than one difficulty. The berries are named in Welsh criafil, and in Irish caor, or caer, that is, berry. It appears to me that the Irish word caer has for source meaning, round, and I think that the Danish and Swedish terms and also English and Old Norse for rowan-tree have source meaning of round with reference to berry. In the Welsh and Irish names for rowan-tree we may take caer or cer to be base, meaning berry, or round, and regard thann in the Irish and din in Welsh as extension. With regard to the Irish word caer, or caor, we know that the English word berry must be connected with the O. H. German beri, the Anglo-Saxon being berie; and in this word the letter r is a suffix letter, for berie or beri is connected with the Anglo-Saxon boeg, "a berry," and this is connected with the Latin bacca, which again is cog. with the Greek kokkos, that is, kokos, from root kok; so we see that the Irish word caer is really caeghr, from root cac, or coc, and with this root must also be connected the Irish cor, or car, a round hill, twist, turn, or return. In "Battle of Ventry," p. 47, we have Uair do impoigh a bel ar an tuaigh agus tandagar caera teimeadh fon fhaithcé don billi sin, "for the lip of the axe turned, and there went balls of fire over the plain from that blow." Professor Meyer says that Professor Rhys suggests the translation, "There came berries of fire over the plain from that tree," but Professor Meyer considers that Begley's caor theimtighe, "a thunderbolt," justifies his translation, and I think that is also justifies the explanation now given of the use made of the berry of the rowan-tree in the Irish mythological tales.

THE CALENDAR YEAR.

The measurement of the calendar year comes down to us from the Romans, who modified it a number of times prior to its having been adopted in a definite form, which was framed by Julius Cæsar.

The first Latins fixed the year at 304 days, distributed in ten months, the first of which was March, the others following in the order in which we know them to-day. Romulus accepted this division. But this year did not coincide with the sun's course or that of the moon. Numa Pompilius, his successor, regulated the year anew by the course of the moon, which is 364 days 6 hours and 48 minutes, to which he added one day, as says traditional history, on account of his love for odd numbers. Then, having abstracted from each one of the existing months six days, which without this act would have contained thirty-five or thirty-six days each, he formed out of this surplus two other months, January and February, one of which numbered 29 days and the other 28 days, setting January as the first and February as the last month of the year. It was only subsequently that February was placed between January and March.

All the months had an odd number of days except February, which from this circumstance was classed a fatal one. The solar year, comprising twelve days and a quarter more than the lunar year, there was introduced an intercalating month, which comprised alternately twenty-two and twenty-three days. It was inserted in the calendar after the 23rd of February, and bore the name of Mercedonius, in honour of the goddess Mercedonia, the patroness of merchants. Nevertheless, with this system, King Numa's year was one day too long, and did not conform any longer to the course of the sun; and this is the reason why Servius Tullius settled that every twenty-three or twenty-four years this month of Mercedonius should be omitted.

This regulation remained, however, nothing formal, and it remained at the disposition of the astronomical pontiffs intrusted to publish the changes of the moon. It was in Rome as with us politics were of prevailing importance with the Romans, in fact much more than with us. When the pontiffs found at the head of responsible public trusts persons they were dissatisfied with they would shorten the duration of their term by shortening the year. And per contra, when their friends were in power they managed to frame the year to the remotest possible period. Under this condition of computation up to Cæsar's time, it was thus that the beginning of the year was 67 days in arrears.

Cæsar desired then to effect a radical and serious change in creating what was termed the Julian calendar. He first caused the 67 days to be continued on the intercalating month, which addition constituted a very extraordinary year of 445 days, known as the year of confusion. He afterwards decreed that henceforth the year would be reckoned as 365 days and 6 hours, and that these 6 hours, forming in time one day, should be added in after the 6th of the calends of March. This Julian year, so named then from Julius Cæsar, remained in use in the entire world until the reform which was operated in 1581 by Pope Gregory XIII., which bore the appellation of the Gregorian calendar. Nevertheless, Cæsar, in establishing the solar year at 365 days and 6 hours, had given an excess of 11 minutes 10 seconds and 4.10, which during the space of 130 years gives a difference of one entire day.

With time this error produced a perturbation by which, in the sixteenth century, the days and nights were in arrears of ten entire days on the period of movements of the sun and of the moon. A fresh reckoning became necessaray, and in order to regain these days in arrears it was ordained by Pope Gregory XIII. that the day after the 4th of November, 1582, should be the 15th of November, 1582, and to avoid the recurrence of the same incident it was agreed to suppress three bissextile years in the lapse of 400 years. In order to constitute a regularity in this diminution in the number of these intercalations it was determined to eliminate the bissextile of all the century years, the designating number of which was not a multiple of 400. Accordingly 1600 was a bissextile adopted, while 1700 and 1800 were not; 1900 will not be a bissextile year, but 2000 will be. The Gregorian calendar is adopted by all the Christian nations, except the Russians and the Christians of the Greek Church.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

HOW TED VARLETT KEPT HIS PROMISE.

A TALE OF A FAMOUS SEA FIGHT.

By David Selden.

Up the steep main street of their New England town two lads of about two years under twenty walked slowly in the pleasant April sunshine. The street was steep, running straight up-hill from the pretty river at its foot, and the sidewalk was dappled with flickering shadows made by the elms with their swollen buds and blossoms, intertwining their branches in the soft spring breeze. Each boy had a newspaper in his hand, one the Republican sheet of the town, which boasted the requisite two, the other a Boston paper brought up by the afternoon train, which had passed an hour ago. Both read intently as they walked, bent forward to the ascent of the hill, both wore a look of excitement; one showing by his reddened cheeks and brief ejaculations that he was stirred, the other betraying a deeper feeling to the keen observer in his white cheeks, quick breath, and utter silence.

The shorter of the two, the one who had been exclaiming as he read, crumpled his paper in his hand, pushed his hat back, and said, "By George, I'm going!"

"Of course, Ed," assented his friend, moving his grimly set lips as though with difficulty. "What else could you do?"

The boy he called Ed seemed not to enjoy having his heroism taken for granted. "It's not 'of course,' at all, Ted," he said. "A good many fellows would hesitate about it, and there'll be plenty to go without me; I suppose it won't really be a war, in spite of the croakers."

"When Sumter's fired upon, and surrendered, and the President wants 75,000 men to put down the rebellion, as he says in this proclamation of yesterday, he needn't look any further than right here for one of that seventy-five thousand, and I supposed you'd make another," rejoined Ted, dryly. "I guess it'll be about all the war we want."

"You haven't any mother," said Ed. "You can do what you please, for nobody imagines your uncle'd interfere, but I'm not sure what my mother will say to letting me go."

"It will be the first time your mother ever objected to anything you wanted to do, if she does this time," said Ted. "If you wan't to go, you can all right; you know that, but if you don't, you're not obliged; it's a call for volunteers, not a draft—yet."

"Haven't I said I was going?" demanded Ed. with some irritation. "You couldn't keep me at home."

The friendship between the boys had been the result of accident, rather than choice or sympathy. They had been born, and had lived all their lives in houses that stood side by side; they had been class-mates at school, associates in all pleasures, and some trials, and they liked each other, indeed Ted loved Ed, though his sterling honesty and earnestness could not be unaware of qualities that were totally unlike his own in the jolly boy whose quick wit and tongue and liveliness made him more acceptable among their comrades than sober Ted was. But whatever deficiencies might lurk in Ed's mercurial make-up, he had been too young and untried till now for them to be apparent, and Ted himself did not realise that his affection took the form of protection, not that somewhere in what psychologists would call his "sub-consciousness" lay the feeling that Ed was not to be depended upon.

Now, Sumter had been fired upon, and events were rushing on which were to make men of boys, and weld lightly connected States into a nation. Ted's soul burned within him with a patriotism too deep for words and passionate desire to serve his country. Ed felt pleasantly excited; he longed for adventure; to him it was delightful to read the news that shortened Ted's breath, and he looked forward to enlisting much as he would to playing shortstop in a superior kind of ball match. It was with difficulty that the consent of his mother, "the Widow Allen," her neighbours called her, was obtained to his enlisting; Ed had spoken truly when he said that Ted had no one to consult but himself, but Mrs. Allen could not bring herself to say the fateful yes for a few weeks, so when the lads enlisted it was in May, when the President had made his second call for recruits, this time for three years' service, and part of them to go into the young navy. Both Ed and Ted had a leaning toward this service, so when the opportunity for it offered they embraced it, and left the quiet town for their ship with hearts that beat high at the prospect of seeing the glories of 1812 revived under their very eyes. When the hour of parting came the Widow Allen took both of Ted's hands in her own hard ones.

"You're more like a settled man than a boy, Ted Varlett," she said. "More of a settled man than my poor, gay boy, with his kind heart and lively ways, will ever be. I don't know as I could have brought myself to let him go if he hadn't been going with you. I trust him in your hands, and I want you to promise me faithfully that you'll see him through, and protect him from every kind of danger. I want you should promise it solemnly, Theodore Varlett, and if you do I'll rest satisfied that you'll bring Ed back to me."

Ted looked down at the hands knotted and wrinkled with hard work, the thin hands with prominent veins, and calloused finger-tips, and thought that he had no such hands to be clasped in prayer for him, to work for him, or cling to him. He looked into the patient, hungry eyes imploring him more eloquently than the pleading tongue to watch over Ed, as though he, a boy no older than his mate, held the power over life and death which could fill them with smiles or tears at his will, and realised keenly that there were no mother-eyes to watch or weep for him. "I'll do my best, Mother Allen," was all he said. "I'll watch over Ed as far as lies in my power, and if he does not come back to you it shan't be my fault. I don't know about bringing him back, but I'll try to send him back safe and sound," he added, as though with a sudden presentiment.

"That's all I ask," said the little woman contentedly. "It's borne in on me, somehow, that you'll be able to do what you promise."

And so the boys departed down the steep main street one day, under the elms, now in full leaf, to face not only the world which they had never seen, but the awful stress of such a civil war as had never been fought before upon its teeming surface.

The training of sailors for the navy was necessarily curtailed in those days when actual service was waiting for them; they were appointed to the Congress in the winner following their enlisting, and it was with their full share of the excitement of their mates that they found themselves one of the Federal fleet of five strong warships in the Hampton roads, waiting a probable encounter with the enemy late in February. No stronger fleet of like number existed in all the world; the big sloop Cumberland, with her twenty-four guns, the steam frigate Minnesota, and their own sailing frigate, the Congress, each felt equal to grappling alone with almost anything that came along, and patriotism, confidence in their ships, and inexperience, all combined to make the loyal boys in blue assured of victory.

For some time past Ted had noticed that, contrary to his natural disposition, Ed had grown sullen and taciturn; he showed enthusiasm for his work; indeed, he dropp a remark now and then disparaging his s vice, his commander, his leader, and ev his cause—remarks that had in them a twa of treason, and would have been serious made by any but Ed. Ted set them down his friend's flightiness, however, and paid li attention to them, being engrossed in drama about to be enacted before him, partly by himself.

There were rumours of various sorts afl regarding the steam frigate Merrimac, wh had been rescued by the Confederates from ruin she had been turned into on the seizur the Norfolk navy-yard by Virginia, and m over into an ironclad. The main purport these reports was disparaging to the Merrim but there was enough doubt left for the f glimpse of her to be awaited with ea curiosity, and an impatience which was soon to be allayed.

Ted and Ed leaned over the rail on Congress shortly after the mid-day meal a Saturday morning, when March had completed the first week of its age. war was a year old, and all allusions as to brevity, or the ease of the task either had undertaken were long past; Ted thinking sober thoughts, yet, like the g President, his was not a nature to be heartened by the knowledge of difficult rather did he arouse to meet them with solid courage that weighs chances, and t them gravely. Suddenly Ed grasped his "Look, look there!" he cried. A queer, black object was moving through the wa from the mouth of the Elizabeth River, wh she evidently had just issued, and t neither lad had seen it before, neither dou for a moment what it was.

"The Merrimac!" exclaimed Ted, an the same moment the officer on watch sig her, and gave warning, and all hands ordered to prepare for action.

Attended by her escort of four armed st boats, the Merrimac steamed rapidly dow the Congress. The frigate's guns wer trained on her, and as she came up belched forth their fire simultaneously, the shot rattled off her as though so peas has been blown at her by boys of six pea-shooters. She looked like a floating roof, with a long false bow cleaving the w beyond which projected the iron beak which she was soon to rend the Cumber waiting to receive her. The ship lay a the channel, and the Merrimac, ignorin Congress and her ineffectual fire for present, bore down upon her. Putting steam, she swooped down on the Cumber struck her with her cruel beak, and shelled her with all her guns. There wa an instant of hope as to the result; lik Congress, the Cumberland's fire had no an in the moment of encounter she was Ed fairly shrieked with frenzied de "She's gone, she's done for," he shouted. can't do a thing against that demon."

Ted seized him roughly by the sho "Are you mad, or are you——" He st abruptly at the word he would have ut "What do you mean by shouting ove destruction of the Cumberland? If they heard you, you would have been run the yard-arm without a minute to make peace with God. Are you mad, Ed, or ails you?"

Ed shook off his hand roughly. "Le alone," he muttered. "It's so fine, I which ship was ours. I'm going below; say something I'll be sorry for."

Turning on his heel he disappe Ted looked after him with a troubled f "Fine!" he muttered. "Forgot! Wh Cumberland's going to pieces oefor our and our turn is next! Now, God forgiv if I'm unjust to Ed, but I don't like it." he turned again to the battle, recollectio many things that Ed had said of late co unhidden to his mind.

Lower and lower sank the Cumbreland, while her dead were already floating on the water. Her gallant flag still flew, as she disappeared finally into her grave, and the Merrimac turned back to assail the Congress, which had been run and tugged aground while Ted was watching the tragedy of her sister ship.

The first shell that the Merrimac sent to her killed seventeen men, and the guns of the Congress were almost useless in her present position; two only were available, and these were quickly silenced. She was careening heavily, and it was evident that water was coming in below, though she had not been struck. An officer sent Ted down to discover the source, and he went gladly, being in a fever of anxiety as to Ed, who had not reappeared, and whose post was vacant. He made his way into the hold, and found himself up to his knees in water before he had gone far. Hastening to the point whence it seemed to be coming, it grew deeper, and he heard a sound of ripping boards. A dark form, dimly seen in the shadow, was tearing a hole in the side of the doomed Congress, and letting in the water which would scuttle her even if she might by any chance escape her foe ranging then but a hundred feet from her. Ted sprang forward and seized the wretch by the collar. As he wrenched his head around to look at his face he let go, and fell backward with a groan of horror, for the traitor was—Ed!

"You here?" he gasped, sullen, yet ashamed.

"Yes, I am here," cried Ted, fiercely, forgetting old friendship in sudden hatred for such useless treason in the hour of fate. "Come up above, and before the old Congress goes to pieces she shall hang you."

"Is this your promise to my mother to keep me safe?" asked Ed, struggling ineffectually in his grasp. "No one knows this but you and me. Let me off, Ted, for your promise's sake, and I'll swear I'll do no more harm to your cause."

"My cause! Your cause, too, isn't it? I promised your mother to protect you, but I promised God and Abraham Lincoln to protect my country, and that promise is first," said Ted.

"What harm can you do by letting me off? I'm dead tired of the whole thing, and I wanted to scuttle the old ship, that's all. Do you remember when I was punished two weeks ago for breach of discipline I said I'd get square, and I have. The old hulk will go down, even if the Merriman doesn't sink her, but I'll swear to you that I'll do no more treason, as I suppose you call it, and if you hang me, how can you go back to mother with my blood on your hands?"

Ted stood aghast at this revelation of utter dastardliness, but as he stared at what had been his friend, the memory of old days and the pleading eyes, the worn hands of the mother to whom he had given his solemn promise rose before him.

He shuddered, sick at soul. "If I keep silence, what guarantee can I have that you will keep your oath?" he asked.

"I'll swear it, and if I break it you may kill me," said Ed. "As soon as my time is up I'm going home, and till then I'll be harmless."

"Swear, then," said Ted, turning away. "Look, how the water rushes in! I'll stop this hole with my arm. Swear, and then go up and tell them I am here—I can't hold out long if I lie down in this depth of water. See, I'll give my arm to stop the ravage you have made. Swear to serve the Union, and go, and God forgive you, and forgive me for my weakness in your behalf."

As he spoke, Ted threw himself down in the rapidly increasing waters, thrust his arm through the opening made by Ed's treachery, and raised his head to hear the oath. Holding up his right arm toward heaven, Ed swore, through the din of the Merrimac's fire, to serve his country, and without another word left his comrade alone amid the rattling shells, the rushing waters, his true right arm stopping the hole his friend's traitorous hands had torn.

Coming up on deck, Ed found the battle fought, and lost, if battle it could be called, in which the Congress had had no share. The flag was just hauled down, and the crew, or what survived of them, were about to abandon her.

"Don't leave Ted, sir," said Ed, coming up to one of the officers. "He doesn't know it's all over, and he's down below, stopping with his arm a hole in our side, to keep the water out. If you're going to abandon and burn the ship, for the love of heaven send someone to get him out."

"What's the matter with you that you can't go back to save your friend; he'd do more for you," said the Lieutenant, roughly; he had never liked Ed. "I suppose you're afraid of getting left there yourself. Very well; stay where you are, and I'll get fine old Ted."

He went below, and hastened to the spot where Ed said his friend was keeping off destruction from the Congress as long as he could. He shouted to him before he got to him, but received no answer. Coming closer, he saw the lad lying on his face, and he saw the bleeding stump that had been his arm, severed from his body, and still thrust in what had been a hole small enough to be closed by it. But a shell had come downward through the deck, and torn off the boards around it, the water was pouring in, and only the tilt of the ship as she lay over on her left side left Ted's body visible. The Lieutenant groaned, and raised him; needless task. The shattered shoulder was bare to the bone, the chest was torn no less. Ted was dead, and he had fulfilled his promise; no one now could betray Ed to the punishment he merited.

Rushing back to get aid, the Lieutenant had Ted's mangled body carried ashore as the crew left the Congress, before she was committed to the flames. Out of her four hundred and thirty-four men, but two hundred and eighteen quitted her; the old comrade and shipmate of many of them had slain three hundred odd of his old friends.

The story of the rest of that afternoon, and the attack on the Minnesota, is history's to tell. Night fell, and the Merrimac withdrew, and we know how the Monitor came down in the morning, and saved the day. When the battle was over the Lieutenant of the Congress, a few other of her men, among them Ed, were taken on board the Minnesota, and with them they bore the body of poor Ted, or lucky Ted, who had died so gallantly in the gallant fight. "They wanted to give him a proper funeral," his mates said, and the Minnesota dropped down the Roads just before sunset to perform the task.

The brave right arm which had stopped the way of the waters had been consumed with the ship for which it was given. They wrapped the mangled body of the young hero in a sheet, and sewed it securely in canvas, winding the flag about the yawning wound in the breast which had loved it loyally.

Ed watched the work, silent, morose, conscious-stricken; no one knew, nor ever could know, what was in his mind as he stood on the deck of the Minnesota in the fresh March wind, beside the friend he had, in a sense, slain. The lieutenant of the Congress read the service; around him were gathered the survivors of her crew, and Ed, as Ted's closest friend, stood nearest the solemn white form which had been the boy he had known. No fear now that anyone would ever learn that he had ever been a traitor; Ed wondered dully if it really had been he who had yielded to the base and foolish temptation. Well, Ted had kept the promise he had made to the worn little woman, praying for them both in her quiet New England town; her son, at least, would return to her; Ted had delivered him to her safe.

The lieutenant's voice rose and fell brokenly as the words of the burial service went on; they had all just escaped from the jaws of death, and no man could say what awaited him, and Ted had been well beloved. The grey-haired sailors from the Congress, and even the strangers on the Minnesota, were touched, and uplifted by the manner of his death. The last Amen was uttered sealing the silence which only the trumpet of the archangel would break. As the long, white canvass mass began to slide over the side the sun, which had been hidden by the wind clouds of the uncertain months, broke forth radiant, and the white of the canvas was bathed in crimson.

Not for long; the motion of the solemn form grew rapid from its own weight, and, amid unbroken silence, slid into the ruddy waters, reddened but a few hours before with the flames that burned the Congress, and with the blood of heroes.

The eddies widened, spread out, disappeared—the water lay smooth and unruffled in the glow of the sunset. Ted had given all that he had to give for his friend, and for the Union; his story was ended.

WITHERED FLOWERS.

BY HELENA CALLANAN.

Hidden away from others' sight,
Tied softly round with ribbon white,
I keep a few poor withered flowers,
Dead children of June's sunny hours.
They were the sweet gift of a friend—
With every leaf dear mem'ries blend.
How could I throw my flowers away?
She wore them on her bridal day.

I touch them tenderly as though
They lived and blushed in summer's glow;
Dried leaves, they wear for me a hue
Brighter than roses gemmed with dew.
I prize them for the giver's sake;
I prize them for the thoughts they wake;
Remembrance makes December May—
I cannot throw my flowers away.

Bright orange flowers green maidenhair,
Their fragrance filled the house of prayer;
Of one great joy they were a part—
Small things bring sunshine to the heart.
There is no beauty in them now,
Fast crumbling into dust—but how
Could I despise them in decay?
She wore them on her bridal day.

THE STUDY OF MAN IN ASIA.

Professor G. Frederick Wright, who recently made a trip across Asia for scientific study, says one of the surprises of Siberia is its abundance of public museums, in which special attention is devoted to anthropology. Since Asia has been regarded by many as the original cradle of mankind, this preference for anthropological study is particularly interesting. Professor Wright mentions a dozen cities of Asiatic Russia, including Vladivostok, Irkutsk, Minusinsk, Tomsk, Tashkend, and Tiflis, which contain excellent museums, and he says there is scarcely a town of 10,000 inhabitants in all Siberia which is not thus provided with an educational factor, bearing particularly on the study of the human race, which may well provoke our emulation.

NEW USE FOR ALUMINUM.

Owing to the property which aluminum possesses of producing a very high temperature when burned with substances that give off oxygen, it has lately been employed in Berlin for making a new detonator, for firing explosives which do not readily respond to the action of the detonating compositions hitherto used. The aluminum is used in the shape of a powder mixed with the other substances filling the percussion caps or detonators. The sudden high temperature induced by the pulverised aluminum results in a greater mechanical energy than can be produced with compositions not containing aluminum.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.

DOWNPATRICK, an unincorporated borough, market, and post-town, and parish, in the barony of Lecale, County of Down (of which it is the chief town), and province of Ulster, 18 miles (S.E. by S.) from Belfast, and 74 (N.) from Dublin; containing 9,203 inhabitants, of which number 4,784 are in the town.

This place, which was anciently the residence of the native kings of Ullagh, or Ulidia ,was originally named "Aras-Celtair" and "Rath-Keltair," one signifying the house and the other the castle or fortification of Celtair, the son of Duach; by Ptolemy it was called "Dunum." Its present name is derived from its situation on a hill, and from its having been the chosen residence of St. Patrick, who, on his arrival here in 432, founded in its vicinity the abbey of Saul, and, shortly after, an abbey of regular canons near the ancient "Doon" or fort , the site of which was granted to him by Dichu, son of Trichem, lord of the country, whom he had converted to the Christian faith. St. Patrick presided over these religious establishments till his death in 493, and was interred in the abbey here, in which also the remains of St. Bridget and St. Columbkill, the two other tutelar saints of Ireland, were subsequently deposited. The town was constantly exposed to the ravages of the Danes, by whom it was plundered and burnt six or seven times between the years 940 and 1111; and on all these occasions the Cathedral was pillaged by them. In 1177 John de Courcy took possession of the town, then the residence of Mac Dunleve, Prince of Ullagh, who, unprepared for defence against an invasion so unexpected, fled precipitately. De Courcy fortified himself here, and maintained his position against all the efforts of Mac Dunleve, aided by the native chieftains, for its recovery. In 1183 he displaced the canons and substituted a society of Benedictine monks from the abbey of St. Werburgh at Chester. Both he and Bishop Malachy III. endowed the abbey with large revenues; and in 1186 they sent an embassy to Pope Urban III. to obtain a bull for translating into shrines the sacred reliques of the three saints above named, which was performed with great solemnity by the Pope's nuncio in the same year. De Courcy, having espoused the claims of Prince Arthur, Luke of Brittany, assumed, in common with other English barons who had obtained extensive settlements in Ireland, an independent state, and renounced his allegiance to King John, who summoned him to appear and do homage. His mandate being treated with contempt, the provoked monarch, in 1203, invested De Lacy and his brother Walter with a commission to enter Ulster and reduce the revolted baron. De Lacy advanced with his troops to Down, where an engagement took place in which he was signally defeated and obliged to retreat with considerable loss of men. De Courcy, however, was ultimately obliged to acknowledge his submission and consent to do homage. A romantic description of the issue of this contest is related by several writers, according to whom De Courcy, after the termination of the battle, challenged De Lacy to single combat, which the latter declined on the plea that his commission, as the King's representative, forbade him to enter the lists against a rebellious subject, and subsequently proclaimed a reward for De Courcy's apprehension, which proving ineffectual, he then prevailed upon his servants by bribes and promises to betray their master. This act of perfidy was carried into execution whilst De Courcy was performing his devotions unarmed in the burial-ground of the Cathedral: the assailants rushed upon him, and slew some of his retinue; De Courcy seized a large wooden cross, with which, being a man of great prowess, he killed thirteen of them, but was overpowered by the rest and bound and led captive to De Lacy, who delivered him a prisoner to the King. In 12[illegible], Hugh de Lacy was made Earl of Ulster, and for a while fixed his residence at the castle erected here by De Courcy. In 1245, part of the abbey was thrown down and the walls of the Cathedral much damaged by an earthquake. A desperate battle was fought in the streets of this town, in 1259, between Stephen de Longespee and the chief of the O'Neils, in which the latter and 352 of his men were slain. Edward Bruce, in his invasion of Ulster, in 1315, having marched hither, plundered and destroyed the abbey, and burnt part of the town: he again plundered the town three years afterwards, and on that occasion caused him to be proclaimed King of Ireland at the cross near the Cathedral. To subdue the opposition raised by the wealthy abbots of this district, under Primate Cromer, against the spiritual supremacy of Hen. VIII., Lord Grey, then Lord Deputy, marched with a powerful army into Lecale, took Dundrum and several other castles, and in May, 1538, having defaced the monuments of the three patron saints and perpetrated other acts of sacrilege, set fire to the Cathedral and the town; three years afterwards, this act was made one of the charges on which he was impeached and beheaded. On the surrender of the abbey in 1539, its possessions, with those of the other religious establishments in the town, were granted to Gerald, eleventh Earl of Kildare. In 1552 the town was plundered and partially destroyed by Con O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone; and two years afterwards it was assaulted by his son Shane, who destroyed its gates and ramparts. During the wars of 1641, the Protestants of the surrounding district having fled hither for protection, the town was attacked by the Irish under the command of Col. Bryan O'Neil, who burnt a magnificent castle erected by Lord Okeham, and committed a great slaughter of the townsmen; many that escaped were afterwards massacred at Killyleagh.

The town is built upon a group of little hills, on the south shore of the western branch of Lough Cone or Strangford Lough. On the eastern side the hills rise abruptly behind it, commanding views of a fertile and well-cultivated tract abounding with richly diversified and picturesque scenery. It is divided according to ancient usage into three districts, called respectively the English Irish, and Scottish quarters. An ancient ferry across the western arm of Strangford Lough connected this town with the neighbourhood to the north until a bridge was erected about one mile from the town, with a tower-gate upon it, which was destroyed and the bridge itself greatly damaged in 1641.

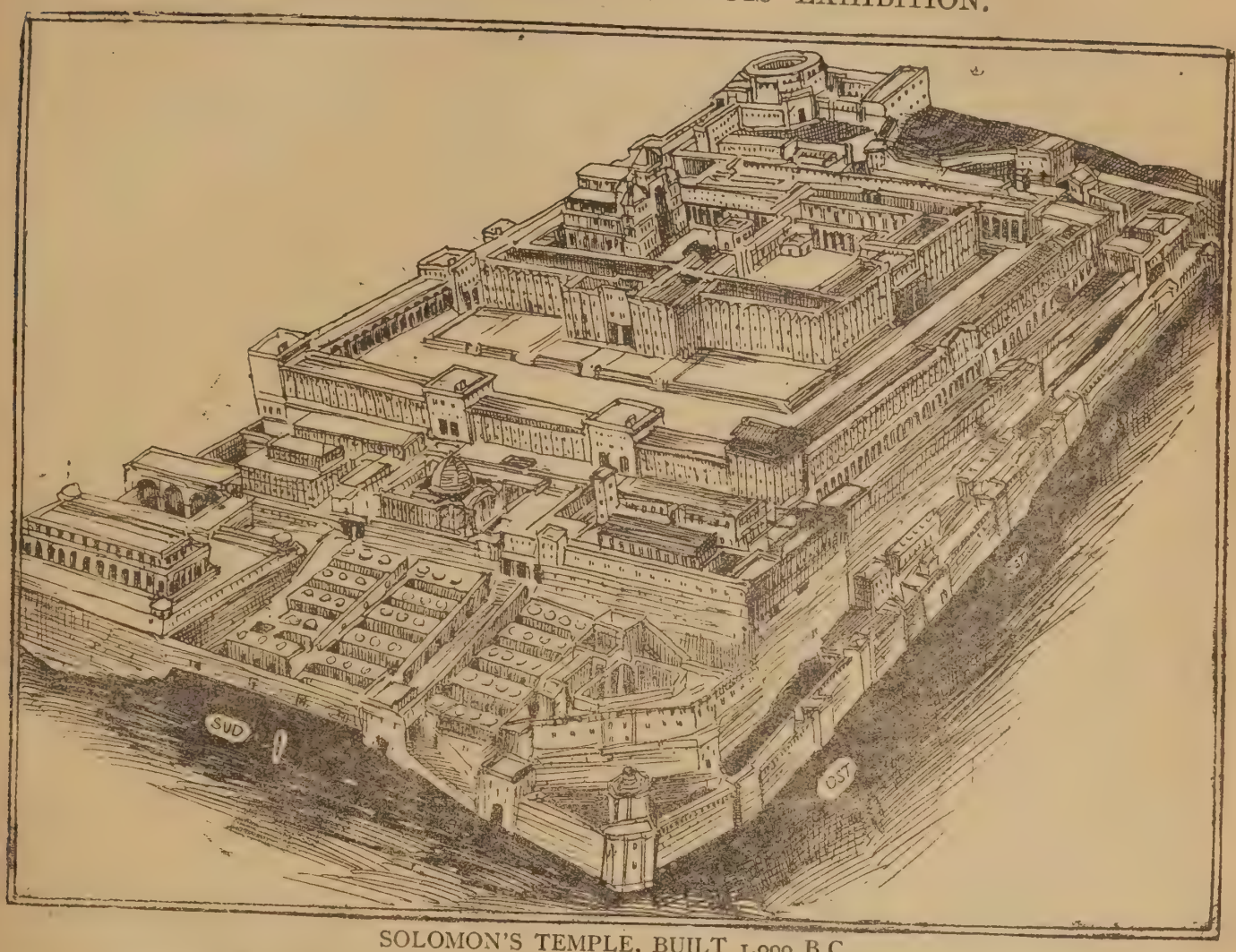
Downpatrick had a corporation at an early period, the existence of which is recognised in 1403, when letters of protection were granted to it by Hen. IV., under the title of the "Mayor, Bailiffs, and Commonalty of the City of Down, in Ulster." The borough returned two members to the Irish Parliament so early as 1585: this privilege was exercised till the Union. The right of election was vested in the pot-wallopers, but under an act of the 35th of Geo. III. it was limited to the resident occupiers of houses of the annual value of £5 and upwards, registered twelve months before the election.

Besides the abbey founded by St. Patrick, there were, prior to the dissolution, a party of regular canons here, called the priory of the Irish, founded in honour of St. Thomas, in 1138, by Malachy O'Morgair, Bishop of Down; the priory of St. John the Baptist, called the priory of the English, founded by John De Courcy for crossbearers of the order of St. Augustine; an abbey of Cistercian monks, founded in the 12th century by — Bagnal, and a Cistercian nunnery, of both which no further particulars have been recorded; a Franciscan friary, founded about 1240 by Hugh de Lacy, or, according to some writers, by Africa, daughter of Godred, King of Man, and wife of John de Courcy; and an hospital for lepers, dedicated to St. Nicholas, which in 1413 was, with the hospital of St. Peter at Kilclief, granted in trust to certain individuals by royal charter: there are no remains of these ancient establishments; even their sites can scarcely be distinctly traced. There are several forts and raths in the parish; the most noted are the large rath or 'doon" near the Cathedral, which gave name to the town and county, and one at Ballykilbeg, finely planted by J. B. Johnston, Esq. In 1825, the head and horns of an elk of large size, the latter measuring 5 feet 11 inches between their extremities, and the head of a spear, were found in a marl-pit near the town. The celebrated Duns Scotus was born here in 1274; he was educated at Oxford, and in 1307 was appointed Regent of Divinity in the schools of Paris; his works are very voluminous.

The so-called gutta-percha tree which has been grown experimentally in the island of Zanzibar appears to be of doubtful enconomic value, as the latex obtained from it loses its plastic character after a few months, and becomes friable.

THE GREAT TEMPLES OF JERUSALEM.

MODELS FOR THE ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION.



SOLOMON'S TEMPLE, BUILT 1,000 B.C.

THE TEMPLE MODELS.

By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE.

(From the "Scientific American.")

An interesting exhibit of the forthcoming World's Fair at St. Louis will be the late Dr. Schick's famous models of the temples which have stood upon Mount Moriah, Jerusalem. It was on this spot that Solomon built his historic temple, 1,000 years before the birth of Christ. Since that period no less than seven other great structures have in turn occupied the sacred site—two Jewish, one pagan, two Christian, and two Mohammedan. Of these eight buildings, the most notable are the Temple of Solomon, the Temple of Herod, the Church of Justinian, and the present Mosque of Omar.

Dr. Schicke made very elaborate models of these four temples, and his son-in-law, Dr. L. Schoenecke, to whom the models now belong, has decided to exhibit them at the St. Louis Exhibition of 1904. More than ordinary interest attaches to this exhibit, as it will be the first time the models have ever been seen outside of Jerusalem. Previous efforts to secure them for exhibition purposes have always failed. As already stated, they represent the work of the late Dr. Schick, a well-known German archæologist, who gave thirty-two years' patient study to the buildings which have occupied this particular spot during the last 3,000 years. He made a very exhaustive study of the locality itself, as well as of all literature, both sacred and profane, dealing with the ancient buildings. He died on December 23, 1901, at the age of eighty, fifty years of his life having been spent in Jerusalem. "No one living," wrote the Secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund at Jerusalem at the time of his death, "knew Jerusalem better than he did." He was honoured by several learned societies, and was much sought after by scholars and others interested in the archæology of Palestine.

The models, which are works of art, are of wood, and made to a scale of 1 foot to every 200 feet of the entire plateau, or temple site. They are in many pieces to facilitate removal, and when put together each model forms two quadrangles, each about 9 feet long and 5½ feet wide, and some twenty inches high. The model of Solomon's Temple, for instance, which naturally attracts prior attention, is 18 feet long and nearly 6 feet wide.

Beginning at the south-east corner, we see part of the mount rising in rock steps up to the city wall, the valley of Kedron to the right, and the Tyropœan valley to the left, and inside, the wall of the mills bastion and the "house mills." Following up are two streets leading to the double and triple gates of the "king's house." On a higher terrace is the palace of the king, Solomon. Here to the left is the "house of the forest of Lebanon," and crossing above the double passage we reach the judgment hall, in which was the throne of the king, and, further, after crossing the triple passage, the king's private lodging. Above this terrace of palaces and on a higher level are the outer temple walls and porches forming a great square. Inside the porches extends the outer court, or court of the Gentiles, behind which none but Jews could go. A

rise of twelve steps brings us to another platform or terrace called Chel, or the Rampart, on which stands a large building with three wings and three stories high. Inside this building are the middle court and the inner court. Fifteen steps, on which the Psalm of Degrees was chanted, led up to this inner court, and thence up five steps to the court of the priests, and there, on the holy rock of Sakhra, stood the altar of burnt offerings and the brazen sea. Up twelve steps more, on the highest platform, stood the House of the Lord, where the Ark of the Covenant reposed, beneath the outspread wings of the cherubim of the holy of holies. The house faces to the east. On the north, outside the temple inclosure, we see the fortress with the towers Mea and Hananeel, mentioned by Nehemiah.

(Next week we will give the picture of the model of Herod's Temple, with the accompanying description.)

NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE MacCARTHYS IN FRANCE.

With reference to the note published under the heading, "The MacCarthys More, Reagh and Glas," in the "Dublin Penny Journal" for December 20th last, its writer has since ascertained that although the only son of the Duc de Clancarthy, Blarney, of 12 Rue du Commerce, Nantes, is dead, his daughter's children have assumed the ancient Celtic surname of MacCarthy; so that there is every likelihood of the name and title of Clancarty Blarney surviving, it is to be hoped, for many generations in the friendly land of France.

J. C.

THROWING THE DART IN DUBLIN.

Cork is now the only place in the three kingdoms where the ancient custom of "Throwing the Dart" is still (triennially) kept up, a custom said to be of Danish origin, and observed in former days at several places on the east coast of England. In Dublin, too, though given up a good many years, it appears to have existed till about the beginning of the 19th century, as is evident from the following extract from Wright's "Picture of Dublin," which was published in 1821:—

"The authority of the Lord Mayor extended not only all over the city, but part of the Bay of Dublin is considered within his jurisdiction. The limits of his authority over the watery world are determined in the following manner: At low water his lordship rides to the very water's edge, and from thence throws a dart as far as strength and skill enables him; where it falls is the boundary of his power. His lordship then proceeds to perambulate the bounds of the city, or of his jurisdiction. Upon this occasion, not many years since, all the guilds attended, and formed a procession of great splendour and magnificence."

Evoc.

TRISTAN'S SONG.

By Arthur Symons.

If this be love I die,
I die of hoping love,
That will not hence remove,
Nor will not all deny.

His sharp and bitter dart
Is fast within my side;
Come, my old courage, hide
Thy death within thy heart.

I will not shrink, although
This death in love there be:
She whom I love is she
Who is through love my foe.

THE FIRST MAP BEARING THE NAME OF AMERICA.

By A. GEHLEN.

We have all learned as boys at school that Columbus, the discoverer of America, was deprived of the honour of having the newly-discovered continent called after his name by the German geographer Martin Waldseemuller. It was in his book "'Cosmographiae Introductio,' published at St. Die in the year 1507, that this scientist first proposed the name "America" for the new land, in honour of Amerigo Vespucci, of Florence. The famous passage reads as follows: "Quarta pars (i. e., of the earth) per Amerigum Vesputium . . . inventa est, quam non video cur quis inre vetet ab Americo inventore. . . . Ameriijen quasi Americi terram sive Americam dicendam, cum et Europa et Asia a mulieribus sua sortita sint nomina." ("The fourth continent was discovered by Amerigo Vespucci; and I do not see why one should have any just reason against it, that this country should be called after its discoverer the land of Amerigo or America; for Europe as well as Asia have received their names from women.')

But where was this name of the new world first practically used? What map first bore the name of America

A. von Humboldt, in his "Critical Researches" (Berlin, 1852) still maintained that the map of Apian of the year 1520 had this honour. Scientists, however, soon agreed that there must have been earlier maps that contained the name "America," and Prof. Elter (De Henrico Glareano, Bonn. 1896) demonstrated that a map of the geographer of St. Die must have existed as far back as the year 1507, and that this was the first map that contained the name of America, the later maps (also that of Apian) being to a great extent copies of it. Elter even gave hints for its reconstruction.

But where was this map to be found? To discover it was regarded among specialists as the highest prize of untiring historico-geographical research.

Then, quite unexpectedly, in October, 1901, German, and soon also American journals, brought the news that the map of Waldseemuller, so long forgotten, had at last been found. The fortunate discoverer is the Rev. Joseph Fischer, S.J., Professor of History and Geography at the Stella Matutina Colloge at Feldkirch (Vorarlberg). The recent book of this scientific geographer on "The Discoveries of the Northmen in America" * gives us further information on this interesting subject.

Engaged for more than seven years in scientific investigations on the discoveries of the Northmen in America, Fischer searched, either personally or through his friends, in different libraries and archives of Germany, Austria, Italy, France, and Belgium for documents bearing on the subject of his investigations. How much new material and how many documents he has found, how many questions in the interesting controversy of the Norse discoveries he has solved or brought nearer to their solution is evinced in every part of his book.

The most remarkable discovery, however, of the wars 1507 and 1516 respectively. was that of two large maps of Waldseemuller Fischer himself thus narrates his discovery:

"On the third day of my systematic searching in the library of Prince Waldburg in the folio with the inscription 1515, containing, besides others, two large maps of the world. Each of the maps covers twelve pages, about 580 millimeters in length and 420 millimeters upper part, the following four the middle, the last four the lower part of the map. The two maps together, therefore, comprise 24 pages. This valuable codex was formerly in the possession of John Schoner, the famous mathematician and cartographer. On page 9 Fischer found printed in large letters the name "America." Then followed on the next three pages the title in large capital letters: 'Universalis Cosmographia secundum Ptholomaei traditionem et Americi Vespucci aliorumque lustrationes. ('Universal Cosmography, According to the Traditions of Ptolemy and the Voyages of Amerigo Vespucci and Others.")

The second map bore on the upper margin likewise in big capital letters the title in Latin: "Marine sailing chart, giving the general outlines of the voyages of the Portuguese, as well as the shape and nature, the situation and the boundaries of every known sea and land, as explored in our own times, and differing from the traditions of the ancients, and not mentioned by any of the olden writers.' As to the time of the production of the second map, page 20 mentions expressly that it was printed "on the vigil of Pentecost, 1516." On the following page a long inscription was found, beginning with the words: "Martinus Waldseemuller (!) Ilacomilus lectori felicitatem optat incolumem." ("Martin Waldseemuller wishes the reader unimpaired happiness.") The Carta marina, therefore, was a map of Waldseemuller. And this was affirmed on page 24, which at the same time contained the place where the map was printed.

It was not easy to determine the first map which bore the title "Universalis Cosmographia.' But that also this was the work of Waldseemuller, and that it was completed several years before the Carta marina, was evinced by the legends of both maps; that it is of the year 1507, and that it also was printed at St. Die, was established by Fischer together with his former teacher, Prof. Wieser, of the University of Innsbruck, an authority of the first rank in the science of cartography. Details about it will be given in the preface to the publication in which Fischer and Wieser are about to communicate to the world in fac-simile reproduction the two famous maps so long lost.

Suffice it to say for the present that the famous "Cosmographiae introductio," the writing accompanying the map, already proves its genuineness; all the statements of the "introductio" are verified on the map: the Papal keys, the imperial eagle, the crescent, the crosses signifying dangerous places, the name America, etc.; the Cosmographiae introductio is nothing else than an explanation of this map.

It is interesting to remark that on Waldseemuller's map of the world (Cosmographia universalis) North and South America are separated by an arm of the ocean; that in his Marine Chart (carta marina) the continent opposite the island Isabella (Cuba) is called Terra de Cuba, Asie partis, that therfore Waldseemuller was still of the same opinion as Columbus, that the newly-discovered countries formed the eastern coast of Asia.

Still more interesting is the fact that the German geographer in his second map tried to right the wrong he had done to Columbus. The name of America is here replaced by "Brasilla sive terra papagalli" (parrot s land), and in a legend added to the map Vespucci is named in the third place, while Christopher Columbus is mentioned first: "Hec per Hispanos et Portogalenses frequentatis navigationibus inventa circa annos Domini 1492, quorum capitanei fuere Cristoferus Columbus Ianuensis primus. Petrus Aliares (Cabral) secundus. Albericusque Vesputius tertius." ("These countries were discovered in several voyages about the year of the Lord, 1492, the captains being, first, the Genoese Christopher Columbus, next Peter Alliares (Cabral), and thirdly, Albericus Vespucci.")

But it was too late! The map of 1507 (one thousand copies of which had been printed) and the accompanying Cosmographiae introductio had already spread the name "America" far and wide.

THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK.

By CHARLES SMITH, M.D.

Æquum est enim meminisse & me, qui discerem hominem esse et vos, qui Judicetis ut fi probabilia dicentur nihil ultra requiratis. Cicero Univers

In Two Volumes.
VOL I.
The Second Edition, with Additions.

BOOK II.

Containing the Topographical Description of this County, including the City of Cork.

Chapter I.—Continued.

Agharlow, in the parish of Kibonane, is well improved and planted, also the estate of Mr. French; the parish church is in ruins. About a mile E. by N. from Agharlow is the castle of Kilcrea, formerly a seat of the Earls of Clancarty. It is a strong building, having an excellent staircase, of a dark marble, from bottom to top, about 70 feet high. It stands a little south of the river Bride. The barbicans, platforms, and ditch still remain. On the east side is a large field, called the bawn, the only appendage, formerly, to great men's castles, which places were used for dancing, goaling, and such diversions; pleasure gardens and other improvements being then unknown in this country. In these bawns they also kept their cattle by night, to prevent their being carried off by wolves, or their more rapacious neighbours. Kilcrea (27) was a manor belonging to the Lords Clancarty. Near this castle are some quarries of a fine clouded grey marble, which takes a good polish. About two fields east of this castle are the ruins of the abbey of Kilcrea, founded by Cormac, surnamed Laider, Lord Muskery, for Franciscans: he also built the above-mentioned castle, and was buried in this abbey, an. dom. 1494, being wounded at Carignamuck. The foundation of this abbey was began, according to Ware, in 1465, but the Ulster annals place it in 1478 (28).

An. 1614, Sir Arthur Chichester, Lord Deputy, committed the care of this abbey to Charles MacDermot Mac Carty, Lord of Muskery, who was a Protestant, upon condition that he should not permit the friars to live in it, and that none but English Protestants should be admitted as tenants to the lands. This lord (29) was buried here ann. 1616. A great part of the building still remains, among which is the nave and choir of the church. On the S. side of the former is a handsome arcade of three gothic arches, supported by marble columns, thicker than those of the tuscan order. This arcade continues to form one side of a chapel, being a cross isle. In the choir are some old tombs, several of the Lords Clancarty being here interred (30), as were the Barrets and other principal persons of the country, who always opposed the entire demolishing of this pile. The steeple is a light building, about 80 feet high, placed between the nave and choir; it is still entire, and supported by gothic arches. There is something very awful and solemn when one enters these reverend piles, once erected for the uses of religion. Long sounding aisles, intermingled with graves and human bones, the twilight vaults, the caverns piled with skulls, and the gloomy darkness, occasioned by the height of the walls, overgrown with shrubs and ivy, so sadden all the scene, that he must be a person who never reflects at all if he thinks not of futurity, on entering (as Mr. Pope says)

In those deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly pensive contemp ation dwells,
And ever musing melancholy reigns.

From the gateway of this abbey to the road, there are high banks on either side, formed entirely of human bones and skulls, cemented together with moss; and besides great numbers strown about, there are several thousands piled up in the arches, windows, &c., which show this place formerly to have been a very great cemetery (31). At the end of a lane leading to this ruin stands a large wooden cross since the time of the demolition of the abbey, and this entrance is by an avenue of venerable oak. The river Bride winds sweetly away through the vale below this ruin, and turning north falls into the Lee. The Lord of Muskery, at the time of the dissolution, had the lands of this abbey granted to him; but after the wars of 1641, Oliver Cromwell gave them to Lord Broghill. It was in these wars that the greatest part of the building was destroyed; but part of it was afterwards rebuilt by Captain William Baily, who placed a garrison therein.

Kilcrea was purchased by Captain Hedges from the trustees of the hollow-blade company (who bought it after Lord Clancarty's forfeiture). He built here an handsome seat, and adorned it with fine plantations; it is now called Snugborough, and inhabited by Mr. French. A mile north of Kilcrea is Garyhasty, a pleasant country house of Mr. Riggs Faulkner, of Cork, on the S. side of the Bride. And a mile S.E. is Ballygromane, belonging to Mr. Haddock. The lands are dry and fertile, and proper for tillage. To the S. is the parish of Knockavilly, where the soil is, for the most part, cold and bleak; yet being manured with lime, affords good crops of corn.

The Ovens, or St. Owens parish, is washed on the S. and E. sides by the Bride, and on the N. by the Lee. It is a most remarkable cave, beneath a stupendous limestone arch, 12 feet high at the entrance, but declines to less than six. In some places it is higher, and in others so low that one is obliged to creep in advancing through it. The passage is on the W. side, but in about 20 yards the cave winds towards the S. and S.E. Another way leads on due S. to a well about fourscore yards from its entrance. There are many other branches, some running in a serpentine manner, others like so many alleys, crossing each other, mostly so broad that six or eight persons may walk abreast, the whole forming a perfect labyrinth underground. In order to visit these passages, it would be necessary to take the same precaution as Ariadne made

(27) Almost the whole of this barony, before the commencement of the rebellion of 1641, belonged to Donough, Lord Muskery who held it in domain as of fee, and the rest in service, reversion, and remainder. His ancestors, for their fidelity and great services performed to the Crown of England obtained several letters patent, containing large and ample privileges, concessions, and royalties inherent in the Crown. As the creating the castles of Blarney, Kilcrea, and Macroomp, into three several free manors; the whole barony of Muskery (being reputed to have belonged to one or other of those three), yielding and doing suits of court leet, and court baron to them. They had the liberty to erect a free park, consisting of 200 acres, at Blarney, with privileges of free chase, free warren and all others appertaining to the masters of the royal game. To appoint seneschals, and clerks of their markets. They had the disposal of goods of felons and fugitives, and of all the ayries of hawks in their territory. They presented to several parish churches, founded by the lords of the family in this barony. They had also power to hold several fairs and markets. The reserved rent, to the Crown, in the first patents, was only £16 per annum, but in the last patent of King James I, it was raised to £100. This patent was granted to Charles Oge. They were also, by this patent, to pay 3s 4d out of every plowland yearly, as a composition royal, throughout the barony, except some domain lands adjoining to the above manors that were free.

(28) MSS in Marsh's Library.

(29) From him descended Tiege, ancestor to the Cartys, of Aglish; and Daniel, ancestor to the Cartys, of Carignavare.

(30) Viz. Cormac Mac Tiege Carty, called Laider, who founded it, as above. Cormac Oge Laider, his son, buried here, ann. 1536. He fought the celebrated battle of Mourne abbey, where he vanquished the Earl of Desmond. Tiege his son, Lord Muskery buried here, ann. 1565; he was father to Sir Cormac Mac Tiege. Dermot, his son, buried here, ann. 1570, ancestor of the MacCartys of Inshirahill. Cormac, his son, buried here, ann. 1616, who was the last lord of this family that was here interred

(31) This abbey was dedicated to Saint Bridget, according to Wadding. Father Mac Carty, who wrote the transactions of Ireland for many ages, and was a reputable author, lived in this house; as did Friar Philip O'Sullivan, who wrote Historiæ Catholicæ Hibernicæ Compendium; printed in 1621, 4to. with other works.

Kilcrea signifies the cell of St Cera, whose festivals are celebrated on the 16th of October, and 5th of January, being the days of her birth and death. According to Colgan (Act. Sanct. p. 15), her father's name was Dubh, who was of the race of Cornarius, and monarch of Ireland, about the year 157; from whom descended Carbery Riada, Carbery Bascoin, and Carbery Musc. The first was the founder of the Daileriadan family in Ulster and Scotland; from the 2nd, the sept of the country of Corca Bascoin was derived; and from the youngest, the family of Muskery.

Colgan places an abbey of Austin Nuns at Kilcrea, and says, it was founded in the 6th century by St Cera. But in the records, it is said to be at a place called Grany, now Grange, which is a mile E. of the abbey of Kilcrea, in the parish of St Owens, called the Ovens. Kilcrea is in Desart parish. Colgan places another abbey of Canonesses at Kilcuana, in Muskery, where St Conera was abbess This last place is not now known.

Theseus use when he was obliged to fight the Minotaur in the Cretan labyrinth, which Virgil thus elegantly describes:

Ut quondam creta fertur labyrinthus in alta
Parietibuus textum cæcis iter, ancipitemque
Mille viis habuisse dolum, qua signa sequendi
Falleret indeprensus & irremeabilis error.
Æn. lib. v. v. 585, &c.

And as the Cretan labyrinth of old,
With wandering wave and many a winding fold,
Involv'd the weary feet without redress,
In a round error which deny'd recess.
—Dryden.

This grotto is all lined with a natural gypsum or stalactical matter, which pervades through the rocks, and is a stronger cement than human industry has yet invented. By my computation, I went a quarter of an English mile under ground in this place; and the country people say that it runs to Gill-abbey, near Cork; there is also another entrance near the church to this cave. Grange, near the Ovens, is the house of Mr. Onesiphorus Phaire, whose ancestor, Col. Phaire, was governor of Cork, ann. 1651, being so appointed by Oliver Cromwell. He was one of the persons to whom the warrant for the execution of Charles I. was directed. On the 18th of May, 1660, he was carried prisoner, with a guard of 50 troopers, to Dublin from Cork, and was sent to London, where by the interest of Lord Clancarty (whose life he is said to have saved) as he was going to be executed, by a party, who made him prisoner, and did not know him) he obtained his pardon, and returned to Cork. He was again concerned in the fanatic plot, ann. 1666, for seizing the castle of Dublin and the other garrisons of Ireland, which was discovered by the 1st Earl of Orrery, and Captain Oliver, to the Duke of Ormond, the management of that business in this county being committed to Col. Phaire. However, there being a peace soon after between England, Holland, and France, the plot was dropped, and the projectors of it suffered to go unmolested by the Government. He died peaceably near Cork, and was buried in the anabaptist burying yard of that city.

Cooleroe, the house of Mr. Wetherall, on the S. bank of the Lee, with good plantations, and an handsome avenue leading to the house. Near it is the bridge of Inniscarra, of six stone arches. The river is here contracted, having a fall, and runs with great rapidity. Cooleroe is in the barony of Barrets.

There is no part of Ireland where so much lime is burned as in the S. side of the barony of Muskery. From the head of the vale of Castlemore, down below Kilcrea, on all the adjacent hills, there are great numbers of lime kilns. It is not uncommon to see several on one farm, and some hundreds of them are constantly kept burning all the summer season, being mostly turf kilns, besides some of furze, which are here seldom used. The common labourers in this part of the country will set down their kilns and burn them without the assistance of a mason; in one of them they commonly burn 200 barrels of roch lime, which will make 500 barrels of slack; when it is burned, they take out the lime before it slacks, otherways it would burst the kiln. They also use sea sand for manuring, particularly in the S.E. of this barony, it lying within two miles of the Bandon river, where it is navigable up to Inishannon. Several of the cottagers in this tract pay their rents by lime-burning, and will often sell roch lime, 10 or 15 miles from the kiln, at a shilling the barrel.

CHAP. III.

A Description of the Barony of Kinalea and Kerrycurihy, the Towns of Kinsale, and Bandon, with the adjacent Baronies of Courcies, Ibawne, and Barriroe, and the Cantred of Kilbritton.

The barony of Kinalea and Kerrycurihy (1), the latter called, formerly, Muskery Millane, was possessed by Richard Cogan, and came from him to the Earls of Desmond; it was given by James, the 15th Earl, to his brother Maurice, as I have mentioned before. This country, lying on the S.W. of the channel of Cork, has the convenience of that harbour, and another channel that runs up a lime-stone vale to Carigaline: besides, it has the sea-coast and Oysterhaven to the south, and on the S.W. the bay and harbour of Kinsale; it hath lime-stone for manure, and is sufficiently provided with several kinds of it, drawn from the sea, by means the river Bandon being navigable up to Inishannon.

Monks-town is the nearest parish, in Kerrycurihy, to Cork. The castle was built by the family of Archdeacon, ann. 1638. It is large, and in ruins, and is flanked by four square turrets. To this family also belonged the castle of Barnahely. Ballybritton is a pretty seat in this parish, the gardens lie to the water; it is at present occupied by Mr. Connor. Beyond it is Coolemore, the seat of Thomas Newenham, Esq. More to the south is Crosshaven, a safe creek lying on the W. side after you enter Cork harbour. Sir Francis Drake, in 1589, having a small squadron of five ships of war,, was chased into this harbour by a superior fleet of Spaniards; he ran into Crosshaven, and moored his ships behind the shelter of Corribiny hill, in a safe basin. The Spaniards sailed up the harbour of Cork, and were surprised not to see the ships they had just before chased into it; thus, having missed their prey, they came out again, without doing Sir Francis the least harm.

The castle of Carigaline is situated on the upper end of this haven, on the N. side of the river Oonbouy, built on a limestone rock, by the Cogans, but was many years after possessed by the Desmond family. In Queen Elizabeth's time it was called the impregnable castle of Carigaline (2), but it is now entirely demolished. The parish church is in decent order, and stands a little way to the S., and near it is an handsome house and improvement of Alderman Atkins, of Cork. Shannon Park, alias Ballinrea, was formerly the seat of Francis Lord Viscount Shannon, who had here a neat house and fine park, both entirely gone to ruin; notwithstanding this seat in its time was justly reckoned one of the most pleasant in Munster. The first Earl of Cork designed to build a town at Carigaline; and as it lay nearer the harbour's mouth than the city of Cork, and also had the advantage of a deep and navigable channel, he intended it should rival that city in trade. He was induced to pursue this scheme out of a pique to the citizens of Cork, who entered a bye-law in their council books that no citizen should sell any lands or estate in the city to that nobleman; but the rebellion of 1641 ruined the design. From Shannon park, a rivulet empties itself into a creek, a little to the S. of Monks-town, on the lands of Barnahealy, which works a large bolting mill, erected by the late Mr. Carre, merchant in Cork; and this water is conveyed to it by an aqueduct near a quarter of a mile.

(To be continued.)

(1) Kerrycurihy contains 10 parishes, viz., Templebreedy, the impropriation of Monk's town, Kilmurry, Lisnadeary, part of Carigaline, Kilanully, Ballyneboy, Kilpatrick, Barnehelly, and Riniskiddy, containing 53 plow-lands, and 12,994 Irish plantation acres. Kinalea is divided into 19 parishes, viz., Dunderrow, Leofine, Inishannan, Templemichael, Taxaxon, Brinty, Knockavilly, Ballymartle, Ballynaboy, Knocknamanaghan, Cullen, Bealfoyle, Nohavel, Kilmahonoge, Kilpatrick, part of Carigaline, Kinure, Ballyfeard, and Tracton. It contains 310 plow-lands, in which are 40,088 Irish plantation acres.

(2) The lands of Carigaline, alias Beaver, containing four plow-lands, Ballingay, alias Balinrea, containing six plow-ands, and Crosshaven 80 acres, were demised, by Sir Warham St. Leger (to whom they were granted by Queen Elizabeth) to Stephen Golding, Thomas Petty, and others, who surrendered them to King James I., March 31, 1612. And new letters patent were passed for the same, by Sir Richard Boyle, knt., who purchased them from the said Golding.
MSS. at Lismore.

NATURE'S UNUSED FORCES.

In his Christmas lectures at the Royal Institution Professor Hele-Shaw is dealing with "Locomotion—Past, Present, and Future," and on Saturday afternoon he indulged in some interesting speculations regarding the electric railways of the future, and the possibility of utilising some of the world's water power for the supply of electric current. He prophesied a great future for the "Lightning Mono-Railway," the invention of Mr. F. B. Behr. Electric tramcars were found in every large city of the world. London, having to obey the laws of motion of all ponderous bodies, was moving in the same direction, but was behind many smaller cities. The lecturer then dealt with the sources of power in nature which hitherto had, to a great extent, been untouched. He showed slides of the great Niagara power installation. Here were twenty 5,000 horse-power twin turbines supplying current for various purposes over considerable areas. The horse-power available was some ten millions, but at present only 100,000 was used. The Victoria Falls on the Zambesi were twice as high as Niagara, and twice as much water came over the falls. The available horse-power all the year round was some 35,000,000; yet all this power was running to waste. Some day it would be used to supply electricity, and then electric railways would spread all over Africa. In conclusion, the lecturer reminded his hearers that the great Faraday, who had so often delighted juvenile audiences in that theatre, had been the first to discover the mutual conversion of work and electricity by means of electro-magnetic induction.

ANCIENT INVENTIONS.

Many reputedly "modern conveniences" really antedated the wonderfully inventive nineteenth century. Some wise men say that our most marvellous inventions had been invented long ago, invented and lost, and that the telephone, the phonograph, the electric light, the telescope, the Roentgen ray are at most but rediscoveries. Not only that, but ancient inventiveness is said to have gone so far as to throw modern appliances completely into the shade. Whether this be true is very doubtful, yet the catalogue of "Lost Arts" is certainly a formidable list.

A distinguished Orientalist tells us that the use of microscopes of immense power in ancient Egypt, Persia, and Greece is fairly presumable, because there is a gem shown at Parma, once worn on the finger of Michael Angelo, the engraving whereon is two thousand years old and which reveals the figures of seven women only with the aid of a strong magnifying glass. Sir Henry Rawlinson brought home from Nineveh a stone about twenty inches long and ten inches wide, containing a whole treatise on mathematics that was utterly illegible without a microscope. And if it cannot be found without a microscope, it could not have been engraved without similar aid. Mr. Phillips averred that the art of colouring reached a perfection among the ancients far beyond our own. The burned city of Pompeii was a city of stucco. The exterior of the walls of all its buildings were of stucco, and the stucco was stained with Tyrian purple—the royal colour of antiquity. The city has been buried 1,800 years, yet whenever the walls of one of the houses are dug out, the royal purple flames up to view with a great deal richer hue than any we can produce. Evidently the Pompeians possessed a secret for making fast colours that we have not.

When the English despoiled the summer palace of the Emperor of China they brought home curiously-wrought metal vessels of every kind, and European metal workers confessed their inability to reproduce them. Sheffield steel is an English boast, but it will not bear the atmosphere of India without gilding. Yet the Damascus blades used in the Crusades were not gilded, and they are as bright and keen to-day as they were eight centuries ago. There was one shown at the London Exhibition in 1862, the point of which could be made to touch the hilt, and which could be put into a scabbard like a corkscrew and bent every way without breaking. The best steel in the world to-day does not come from either Europe or America, but from the Punjaub. Sir Walter Scott, in his tales of the Crusaders, describes a meeting between Richard Coeur de Lion and Saladin, in which the English monarch is made to think that Saladin practices the black art because the latter takes an eiderdown pillow from the sofa, and causes it to fal lin two pieces by drawing his keen blade across it. Travellers in India tell of seeing Hindoos throw handfuls of floss silk into the air and cut them in pieces with their fine-edged sabres. There is no steel made in Western workshops of that quality.

So, too, with the art of glass cutting. It was supposed thirty years ago that there were no ancient glass factories, but the Pompeian excavation revealed a workshop full of ground glass, window glass, cut glass, and coloured glass of every variety. We plume ourselves upon our canals, but ancient Palestine had many magnificent canals, with perfectly arranged gates and sluices. It is doubtful if, notwithstandind MacAdam, we build any better roads than the Romans. We have not yet discovered a perfect way of ventilating either our public buildings or our private houses, but the exploration of the pyramids in Egypt show that those Egyptian tombs were ventilated in the most scientific manner.

Our architects are well aware that their ancient predecessors knew some things that are still mysteries to them. Mr. Archibald Dunn, president of the Northern Architectural Association of Great Britain, in an address reprinted in a recent issue of "Architecture and Building," speaks in this sense of the stupendous works of the Egyptian builders of the Nile temples. He says that it almost passes belief that the blocks of granite used in building those wonderful structures could have been handled at all and lifted into their places. For example, many of the stone slabs forming the room of the great Temple of Karnak weigh upwards of fifty tons, and some of them are believed to weigh from one hundred to three hundred tons each. Yet all these huge stones are set without mortar, and to-day, after all the centuries that have passed since they were placed, they are found to be joined with such accuracy that the blade of a penknife cannot be forced between them. Lord Armstrong wrote with wonder and admiration of the great statue of Rameses the Great, which is cut out of a single block of syenite calculated to have weighed 1,300 tons before the artist commenced upon it. He observed that to bring such a block of stone from a distance of 135 miles was a feat which would daunt the courage of a modern engineer, although aided by powers and appliances unknown to the ancient Egyptians." These huge blocks of stone were quarried by means of wooden wedges, which were inserted and afterwards swelled by water, and Lord Armstrong was of opinion that no present day engineer could so detach them.

A distinguished Chinese, asked to admire the speed of train, trolley, and automobile in New York, said: "You will go as fast as you can, and then you will learn to go slowly. We tired of all these things in China thirty centuries ago." Was his speech merely a bit of Oriental braggadocia? Are our "new" inventions really older than our own era?

A LITERARY INSTINCT.

BOOK COLLECTORS AND OTHERS.

The collector's instinct is like genius, in that it is based upon an infinite capacity for taking pains. It is this which has brought much ridicule upon the craft. And, in fact, money values do come to depend upon the infinitely little. At a book sale the other day a first edition (1846) of Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse" was sold. The book generally is of no great rarity, fetching ten dollars, or thereabouts. But the copy in question was "in the original paper covers as issued," and the fact that no one had taken the pains to bind the two volumes properly was responsible for a price of 170 dollars. In the same sale a first edition of Emerson was commended because its paper label was in perfect condition; a 'crack, a finger-mark, a dog-ear, or a torn corner would notably have lessened the value of the copy. It might be said that these discriminations are often based on reason. One would rather have a clean copy of a book than a soiled, a fair white margin than a page cropped to the head-lines. A margin, too, is a pleasing thing around a print, and early states of a famous etching are often preferable, on artistic grounds, to impressions from the finished plate. But these considerations do not explain sufficiently the startling caprices of collecting values—as the fact that Thackeray first editions, neatly bound, may be had for a song, while the same volume in its original serial parts, with the advertising pages and the ugly yellow-paper covers, may be worth a missionary's ransom; that we pay in banknotes for every centimetre of extra height of a rare Elzevir, and must cover every sixteenth of an inch of margin about a Rembrandt print with gold.

What is really paid for in every instance is simply rarity. The unique copy or impression is the ideal for the enlightened collector; and the anecdote which relates how a famous bibliophile pleaded with an associate for a certain book, raised his offer to an irresistibe price, and then threw the book into the fire with the taunt, "Now my copy is unique," expresses the spirit in which many collections are made. A kind of madness Didbin called it, and yet a madness which is fully justified of its children; for the supply of collectors is unfailing, that of desirable objects ever less. This makes a collection which has been shrewdly assembled with due regard to condition and speculative value one of the very best investments. And it must be said that very little collecting is free from this taint of commercialism. The books in a great private library are usually too valuable to be used, even if the collector, which rarely happens, is a reader also. His prints are of a kind too precious to be framed. his china too good for household use. What is he but, on the one hand, a dealer for probable or possible resale, or, on the other, an irrational idealist in the pursuit not of the beautiful but simply of the rare?

But the anti-social nature of collectors—their neglect of wife and family for the rare example. their disingenuous wiles for catching the unwary dealer or the ignorant owner—have been fully exposed by members of the craft; and since collectors glory in these things, the severe moralist finds their case beyond the power of rebuke to reach or of warning to stay. It should be said, however, that there is a kind of collector who is free from this reproach. Dealers do not favour him, or even admit that he is a collector at all, though they depend largely upon his enthusiasm for their support. He is unknown to the famous salesrooms, but a familiar figure at the bookstalls and smaller shops. This collector buys the books which he loves in the form in which he loves to read them. He buys cheap, and often wastes his money, but he satisfies his soul. His attitude towards books is a sentimental one. He is not wise about margins and labels, or even about editions; but he loves the smell of old Russia; he knows, with Charles Lamb, that Beaumont and Fletcher never taste so good as when taken in folio; or he may have an invincible prejudice against reading Chaucer except in black-letter. He values books for their human associations, for all the homely signs of use, the scribbled "valde absurdum est" on a margin, or the signature of a former owner which defaces a title-page.

Only this kind of collector, after all, knows the real luxury of possession. His books, when he is beyond using them, may cut but a sorry figure in the salesroom, and his heirs and assigns may resent the thriftlessness which was willing to amass such merely personal treasures as are negotiable only at an appalling discount; but he himself should have the pardon of him who has loved greatly. We should not fail to admire the minute special knowledge, the painstaking sagacity, and the fanaticism in the quest exhibited by the great collectors of whom history takes account. But we do well, also, to praise the obscure and disinterested collector who loves his possessions for their own sake; and we may well suspect a definition so rigorous as to exclude from the line of collectors Charles Lamb, who loved old books with a kind of passion, and Sir Walter Scott, who made Rhbotsford a veritable museum of objects which, apart from their personal associations, were of pitifully slight value.

THOMAS O'CONNELLAN, POET & HARPER —DIED, 1700.

Chief of the Bards, whose strains still wake
To living ecstacy the Celtic mind,
Entombed thou liest by that enchanted lake,
Where echo has so oft thy numbers joined,
At evening's close, when dewy hills and rocks
would take
The melting cadence and prolong the sound,
And fill the air, until the throbbing wire
Waked tones æolian like the fairy choir.

The Desmond Hall, where oft thy pœans rung,
Is near thy grave, a mouldering heap,
And those who raptured, on thy harping hung,
Are here joined with thee in their lowly sleep.
All changed, forgotten, those; but still thy song
Is fresh and beautiful. The numbers keep
Ready for fingers deft to thrill the golden string,
And freedom's efforts proudly praise and sing.

Meet for a Bard, thy tomb is crowned
With wreathed ivy, and the hawthorn spray
Sighs luscious perfume on the hallowed mound,
Where warbling at decline of day,
The wild birds' melodies resound.
Pale o'er the lake the moon unfolds her ray,
Beams on the water a long, silvery path,
From Leaba-mûice to Bantee's mystic rath.

Hushed is thy harp; but not its magic power,
Like to its trembling strings are those bright
waves,
Which night winds bring all singing to the shore,
To fall on pearly sands, soft as rose leaves,
Or in wild tumult surging roar,
Gair's weird response when Eire's bosom heaves
In lofty diapason as a valiant part,
Thrilled through fingers from a minstrel's heart.

—E. B. F.

Lough Gur, in county Limerick, lies within a few miles of The Bruff, as the name signifies, it is the lake of enchantment. Around the lake are many Druidical monuments, stone circles, pillar stones, raths, and there are two picturesque old castles. Tradition says the lake heaves and roars tumultuously when ever any eventful matter convulses Erin. Bantee's rath is the favourite seat of the Banshee. Leaba-na-mince is a Druid's weird grave, near the minstrel's tomb.

15th January, 1903.

E. B. F.

LITERARY NOTES.

In view of the fact that certain lives of the late Lord Dufferin have been announced for publication, the "Athenæum" is desired to state that the only biography authorised by his family is that which is now being prepared by Sir Alfred Lyall.

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It is probable, we believe, that this year Mr. Andrew Lang will pay a long-contemplated visit to the United States, and may travel as far as Samoa in order to form acquaintance with the exile-home and haunts of his old-time friend Stevenson. Mr. Lang will finish the third and concluding volume of his History of Scotland this year, when, it is said, he will begin the preparation of a complete edition of his works.

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Mr. Ernest A. Vizetelly has now completed the English translation of M. Zola's last work, "Truth," which will be issued in a variety of languages about the middle of February next. It wil be found that M. Zola's last book is also his longest. The English version makes a volume of nearly 600 pages. Messrs. Chatto will issue it in England, and Mr. John Lane in the United States.

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We hope, remarks a contemporary, that Mr. Inderwick may yet find time to give us not a few more contributions to literature. As a busy man at the Bar he has contrived to find leisure to issue several extremely interesting works; we trust the duties of his new post may not prevent him from adding to his list. For a considerable time he has acted as Chairman of the Committee of the Bar Library, a position in which his literary sympathies have been found extremely valuable.

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A correspondent of the "Author" suggests that publishers should provide means by which a book-buyer might see a volume which he feels disposed to buy before making a definite purchase. His idea is that books might be collected in some central shop, and a fee charged for examination. But we hardly think (the "Academy" remarks) such a scheme would work. After all, the majority of serious book-buyers know perfectly well what they want. And do not certain publishers already undertake to send on approval, through the nearest book-seller, any volume appearing in their catalogues?

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The new Archbishop of Canterbury has not been a very voluminous writer, and it is hardly likely that the high duties that will now be cast upon him will leave him much leisure for letters. He is best known, of course, from the point of view of literature by the Life of his father-in-law, Archbishop Tait—about whom, by the way, we came across an amusing anecdote the other day. It was when he was appointed Headmaster of Rugby. A small Scottish laird hearing of this, and knowing the family, exclaimed with a groan, "What! Crauford Tait's son made a dominie! Eh, sirs, that I should have lived to see it!" It reminds us of old Boswell's sneer at Johnson keeping a "schule" and "calling it an acawdemy"!

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"Harper's Magazine" publishes this month an article on "The Coinage of Words," by Professor Kittredge, of Harvard. Professor Kittredge devotes most of his space to discussing new compounds and the possibilities of the suffix; only at the end does he touch upon the "boldest kind of word-coinage—that in which the new term appears to be made by a single act of creative instinct, without regard to precedent." Professor Kittredge continues —"It is a difficult categoy to discuss; for the history of such terms is seldom ascertainable, and we are in danger of referring to this lawless group a number of well-behaved formations which sprang from obscure or forgotten analogy. One theory, however, is certain. The words that we are here contemplating are the product of language-makers who stood in no awe of the dictionary." Of such words Professor Kittredge gives very few examples, the best being Lewis Carroll's "chortle." "It suggested," he says, "the gurgle of senile exultation." But words of that kind hardly come into the general question of word-coinage; they are "sports," and never come into really literary English.

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The current number of the "Monthly Review" prints some anonymous satirical verse called "Le Byron de nos Jours, or the English Bar and Cross Reviewers." It is a piece of excellent fooling; light, terse, and neatly turned. We quote the opening lines:

Still must I hear?—while Austin prints his verse
And Satan's sorrows fill Corelli's purse,
Must I not write lest haply some K.C.
To flatter Tennyson should sneer at me?
Or must the Angels of the Darker Ink
No longer tell the public what to think—
Must lectures and reviewing all be stayed
Until they're licensed by the Board of Trade?
Prepare for rhyme—I'll risk it—bite or bark
I'll stop the press for neither Gosse nor Clarke.

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That Dickens might have had many originals of Squeers may be proved by a story related to the Devonshire Association at Ashburton some years ago by the Rev. S. G. Harris, Vicar of Highweek. Mr. Harris told how as a boy he was sent to an Ashburton school, which bore a considerable likeness to Dotheboys Hall. "I remember the master chuckling over 'Nicholas Nickleby,' which was then (about the year 1837) coming out in numbers; but it was only the outside which we were permitted to see. On one occasion the master's wife took the boys to hear a public lecture, when the lecturer, with some amount of rudeness, burst into a fit of laughter, and then apologised, on the ground that the school before him so much reminded him of Mr. Squeers's academy. I could not for a long time understand why we were fed perpetually with fried potatoes (though with little of goodness added to them) for breakfast, until I realised that potatoes were then about 1s 6d per bag."

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As to the identity of Mr. Wackford Squeers, an Eastbourne correspondent sends us, says the "Daily Chronicle," a newspaper cutting from his grandfather's scrap-book, compiled between 1830 and 1840. The advertisement sets forth how "at Mr. Ralph Simpson's Academy, Newsham Hall, near Greta Bridge, Yorkshire," youths are instructed "at twenty guineas a year, including clothes, books, and other necessaries." Here is a significant addition. "There are no extras or vacations," and "Mr. Simpson pays strict attention to the moral and religious improvement of his pupils." But it would be unfair to regard Mr. Simpson, or any other individual, as the original Squeers. In his preface to the "Charles Dickens" edition, Dickens mentions (we are quoting from memory) that many Yorkshire schoolmasters resented their own likeness, but assures his readers that no particular schoolmaster sat for the picture.

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Reviewing the fiction of the year in the "New York American," Mr. Harry Thurston Peck takes no cheerful view of the future of the novel as the vehicle of ideas—"Looking back upon the year that is now ending, its literary record is noticeable from the fact that no single novel has attained a phenomenal success. Many have reached sales which would once have been thought remarkable, yet which are so no longer. More novels are being written than ever, and probably more are being read; yet they do not attract the attention given to them a few years ago. Why is this? I think it is because the novel is once more sinking to its normal place—the place it occupied before, with Dickens, it began to usurp a field which cannot be permanently its own. It will hereafter remain simply a source of pleasure and of amusement. It is not going any longer to be accepted as a means of preaching political, social, and economic doctrines. It is bound to revert to what it was when Fielding wrote, when Richardson wrote, when Scott wrote—mere literature."

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Continuing, Mr. Peck writes—"The nineteenth century saw the apotheosis of fiction. Fiction could then get a hearing when argument and persuasion in less attractive forms were utterly unheeded. Dickens used it to blot out the workhouses and the Yorkshire schools. Charles Reade reformed the lunacy laws of England by a single novel. Disraeli smoothed the way for political changes in his works of fiction. In this country, Mrs. Stowe perceptibly hastened an inevitable war by her one great book. Edward Bellamy in the pages of 'Looking Backward' raised socialism from the slums and made it popular in the drawing room and the halls of the university. In France, Emile Zola attempted to demonstrate by works of pure imagination the solutions of all sorts of problems—ethical, physiological, and psychological. Fiction to him was an exact science, an instrument of precision; and men listened to his claims with serious attention. We have gone beyond this stage at last. The twentieth century will not be a century of novel-reading. Fiction has done its work. It has won a hearing for many causes. It has created or excited an intelligent interest in all sorts of problems and conditions. Yet it cannot solve these problems nor alter those conditions; and so it must give way to other forms of literature that bear directly on them both. So long as there are young men and women who love and marry, so long as the spirit which seeks adventure still exists, for just so long will novels and romances find eager readers. Yet the world, grown wiser, will go to life itself and to the records of life for serious instruction; and it will not accept the novelist as a teacher or a demonstrator.

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We announced some time ago (says the "Academy") that a Life of Lord Beaconsfield was being written by a man of letters who has made a life-long study of his fascinating subject. This Life, which is to be in two volumes, is already well advanced, and will certainly be published this year. In the meantime the much discussed question of Lord Rowton's silence on the subject has been revived by the "Morning Advertiser." That journal prints the passages from Lord Beaconsfield's will which bear upon documents and their custody, and draws the conclusion that it is clear that "Lord Beaconsfield did not intend the Life to appear for many years after his death," and that "the King's consent would have to be obtained before the correspondence with Queen Victoria could be published." In an admirable leader upon the subject the writer says:—"Twenty-four years have passed since Lord Beaconsfield set his name to the document, and twenty-one years since he died. In the absence of an authorised life, the loss of which we naturally deplore, the name of Benjamin Disraeli tends to become the centre of a myth rather than the label of an individuality. He lives—and possibly he may have desired to live—as a memory, as the expression of an idea. Was it the exquisite cunning of his statesmanship which framed a will so binding and so exacting as to make the revelation of his real self almost impossible, even twenty years after his death?" So far as the personal documents and correspondence in Lord Beaconsfield's possession at the time of his death are concerned, the discretion of publication is entirely in the hands of Lord Rowton; but we believe that in the case of many of them access has not been refused. At any rate there is ample material for a Life which shall hurt no susceptibilities and yet be reasonably full.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

It has been found that when photographic dry plates are cut with a diamond on the side opposite the film, and then developed, the film turns dark along the edge of the plate to the breadth of a few millimeters. The film always develops first on the side next the glass. This effect has been traced to a momentary fluorescence along the line traced by the diamond, the radiation penetrating the plate.

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Professor Exner, founder and director of the Technological Museum of Vienna, recently declared that the five million technical experts of all grades throughout the world had too small a share in law making and the administration of the various States. He maintained that technical knowledge was of such importance as to warant the creation of politically independent technical departments in every country.

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A series of experiments has been made by Schaible to determine the effect of diminished air-pressure on the growth and germination of plants. The apparatus used is fully described and illustrated, and details of numerous experiments are given. The results arrived at were that, as compared with similar plants grown under normal barometric pressure, those under the diminished pressure—in most cases about one-quarter atmospheric pressure was employed—(1) grow more rapidly; (2) germinate more slowly; and (3) execrate drops of water from their leaf surface.

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During the progress of some excavations in Alexandria, Egypt, the workmen came across several huge block of masonry, some as much as three yards square. The remans of the entablature of a large edifice, which probably consisted of two stories, were also found. Some of the blocks bear quarry marks difficult to decipher. These masonry blocks, which have been examined by experts on the spot, are believed to be the ruins of the ancient theatre of Alexandria described by Strabo. The discoveries are to be carefully investigated by expert Egyptologists to ascertain their exact origin and the era to which they belong.

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The formation of the gold fields of South Africa is peculiar. The gold is in reefs. According to the "Mining and Scientific Press," these reefs are massive and made up of coarse granite conglomerate and sandstone, with here and there large or small cement seams. The gold is not in the quartz or sandstone, but in the cement. The streaks which carry the gold are from 6 inches to 60 feet in width, and almost invariably widen with depth. When the outcropping is first discovered it looks like a vertical vein, but soon flattens out on depth. The mining there is more like coal than gold mining anywhere else. Shafts are nearly all 16 x 8 or 16 x 6.

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Some interesting experiments in the interest of science have recently been undertaken at the Turin Physiological Institute, with the object of ascertaining the proportion of carbonic oxide necessary in the air to destroy human life. Signor Teodoros Scribante, of Turin, placed himself unreservedly in the hands of Professor Mosse for the purpose of the investigation. On three successive occasions Signor Scribante was confined in a hermetically-sealed iron chamber, the air of which was mixed first with 1-333 of carbonic acid, then with 1-285, and lastly with 1-233. At the third experiment the courageous patient was found to be in a cataleptic state, from which he was only restored by means of oxygen.

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Some two years ago, while tending the roots of the vines in a vineyard at Attenburg, Lower Austria, a gardener unearthed the lower jaws and upper molars of a gigantic animal, presumably a rhinoceros, which were taken to the high school at Vienna for further investigation. Prof. Toula closely examined the relics, and recognised from the structure of the teeth that the remains were not those of the ordinary wooly rhinoceros. He immediately repaired to the vineyard, where he continued excavations at the point where the skull was disinterred, and discovered practically the whole of the skeleton of the interesting animal, which has now been mounted. Although a portion of the skull is missing, there is sufficient to show that the beast was of the two-horned species found in Sumatra. The breccia where the skeleton was found is of the Pleistocene age. It also contained the remains of a goat.

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The city of Bombay, India, is to be equipped with an extensive system of electric traction and lighting, while another scheme for operating a stretch of railroad is to be carried out. Water is to generate the necessary power for both projects. For these purposes two huge water-power plants are to be constructed. The machinery for supplying the electricity to work the railroad is to be installed on the Doodh Sagar River, about 300 miles north of Bombay, at a waterfall which is about 2,500 feet in height. It is anticipated that with the projected machinery for this installation 50,000 horse-power will be generated—available throughout the year—sufficient to operate some sixty miles of track. The power for lighting and working the street railroads of Bombay is to be transmitted from Neral, about forty miles distant from the city.

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A comprehensive scheme of electric traction is to be installed upon the roads of the foreign settlement of Shanghai. Competition for the construction contract was very keen, but the order for the equipment has been placed with two English houses. Work is to be commenced immediately. The present contract comprises the construction of nine and a half miles of double track, and eight miles of single track, the necessary equipment and cars. The work is to be completed by the end of 1904, and the cost is estimated at 3,500,000 dollars. The Shanghai Municipal Council reserves the right to take over the roads at the end of twenty-one years on specified terms.

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A system of electric heaing has been adopted in the cars of the electric railway to Versailles. In each car of the central corridor class, ten heaters are placed on the floor between the seats,so that they act as foot-warmers. The heaters are of the Parvillee type, in which the resistance consists of a mixture of metallic powder, quartz, kaolin, and a flux, and are connected five in series—being supplied from the third rail at 550 to 600 volts. At 110 volts each takes one ampere, and the total power for each carriage, which seats forty passengers, is therefore 1,100 watts. Assuming a cost of 15 centimes per kilowatt hour, it follows that the expense of sixteen hours will be 2.64 francs. The mean temperature obtained at the surface of the heaters is 70 deg. when the external temperature is 0 deg.

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A. Kinkelmann states that as a result of his experiments on the diffusion of hydrogen with platinum, he finds that the rate of diffusion increases after the platinum has been treated for some time. It is proved that this is not due to expulsion of occluded air, but to the crystalline structure assumed by the metal. When the platinum has passed into this state, it persists therein. The diffusion of hydrogen through red-hot platinum is not proportional to the pressure of the gas, but it is probable that the diffusion is accompanied by a dissociation of the molecules, and only the atoms of hydrogen pass through metal. The results agree with the formula obtained in previous experiments. The present experiments were made with a platinum tube 19 cm. long, 1 mm. in diameter, and 0.1 mm. thick in the walls. The metal was heated electrically.

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Electric traction is especially active in Italy at the present time. One of the most important electric railroads, the Milan-Varese system, has recently completed an important branch from Varese to Porto Cerisio, and the tests which have been made on the line from Gallarete to the last named point proved quite satisfactory. The grades are considerable over the new branch, and in many places reach as high as 20 per cent. The electric locomotives however have no difficulty in making the trip at a speed of 35 miles an hour, which could not be reached before by the steam locomotives. The train makes the run from Porto Ceriso to Varese, or 8.4 miles in 17 minutes in spite of the grades and sharp curves. The Milan system, which has already been described, contains a line from Milan to Gallarete, 24 miles, and from this point all three branches to Porto Ceriso, Laveno, and Arona, of 20, 15.6, and 18.6 miles respectively. Trains have been running from Milan as far as Varese, or 35.4 miles, for some time past, but it is only recently that the line has been extended to Porto Ceriso, 8.4 miles, making the total distance 43.8 miles.

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Prof. A. L. Rotch, of the Blue Hill Meteorological Observatory, intends to explore the upper regions of the air above the equator by means of kites and balloons sent up from ocean steamers. In this manner Prof. Rotch hopes to study the overlying and anti-trade winds and to make a map of their course. It is only on the peak of Teneriffe that the anti-trade winds can be observed the whole year. Their mean lower limit is at the height of 9,000 feet, and their height is greater in summer than in winter. In October this altitude sinks to 6.000 feet. We know that the anti-trade exists over the trades, at least in the North Atlantic and at the Sandwich Islands, but no one has found this upper current in Central America or in Ecuator, while the smoke of the highest volcanoes around Quito constantly indicates a strong wind from the east. It remains to be seen whether kites or balloons sent up from ocean-going steamers will add something to our very limited knowledge of the anti-trades.

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At the recent annual congress of the Swiss Society of Natural Sciences, held at Berne, a new and interesting theory as to the origin of the appearance of the higher atmosphere, which is popularly styled as the "blue sky," was advanced by M. Spring, a well-known scientist of Liege. Hitherto the azure tint has been supposed to be due to the refraction of light upon minute corpuscles disseminated in the air. M. Spring, however, has conceived a new explanation of the phenomenon. He has carried out a number of experiments with luminous rays under almost all conceivable conditions, injecting them into agitated solutions, and into a glass tube, containing pseudo solutions such as chloride of aluminium of absolute limpidity; but although he could obtain red, yellow, violet, etc., under no circumstances could he obtain blue, until by the use of electricity he secured a perfectly pure atmosphere in which blue was clearly discernible. M. Spring, therefore, concludes that the blue of the sky is purely electrical in origin, and is an essential quality of the air.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

CORK, SEPTEMBER 6TH, 1787.

Within these few weeks a commission was received here from America for the purchase of osnaburghs to a very considerable amount; but could not be executed, as the establishment of that manufacture in this kingdom had been prevented by a combination of the linen weavers.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11TH.

Yesterday a Post Assembly was specially held by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs and Commons of this city, at the Tholsel, to take into consideration a grant of a certain sum of money for the purpose of better supplying the metropolis with water, and for erecting many additional fountains, that the poor may have no reason to complain of the want of that necessary article of life. The Sheriffs and Commons came to a resolution purporting that they were ready to agree to any reasonable mode with the Commissioners for paving, lighting, etc., for that purpose, and that the business be referred to the pipe-water committee for their investigation and report.

We hear the vaults at the Rotunda and Newrooms have been purchased from the Governors of the Lying-in-Hospital for ever, by an eminent wine merchant in this city.

A few days ago Mr. Peter Wilson, formerly an eminent bookseller in this city, overseeing a number of labourers employed in digging a piece of waste ground, near his residence at Killiney, in the Co. Dublin, discovered several stone coffins, and the remains of a Druidical temple. This gentleman has communicated the discovery to Col. Vallancey and several other antiquarians, who intend to assemble there for the purpose of examining this piece of antiquity.

We are authorised to assure the public that an advertisement which was industriously circulated, importing, that the redundancy over nine pence was to be refunded to such porters and messengers as had taken out badges, was a spurious one, and that on the contrary, the Commissioners of Police are determined to put the law in force against any porter or messenger who ply for hire without a badge or licence for which such porter or messenger is by an old Act of Parliament obliged to pay five shillings; neither is it in the power of the Commissioners to dispense with the payment of it, as it is appropriated to the purposes of the Act.

A model for a Canal Lock of a very valuable and curious construction has lately been presented to the Company of Undertakers of the Grand Canal by an artist in this city, having among some other improvements on the old locks the following remarkable ones:

1. That of raising or falling a boat from a level of sixty feet by a single lock.

2. That of obviating, by a single contrivance, the waste of water, for at the passage of any boat through it, more than nine-tenths of the water will be retained for the next occasion; so that this useful Lock will not require a sixth part of the water now expended in the smallest lock in the navigation.

The model is now in complete order at the Navigation House, and was particularly intended by the inventor to answer the great fall from the level of the Canal at James's street to the river Liffey; an object not fully determined upon by the Company, which Company has, however, as a token of its approbation of so very ingenious a contrivance presented the inventor with twenty guineas, and should his plan be ever executed by them, there is no doubt but he will be rewarded according to his merit.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12TH.

By the last accounts from the Vicregal excursion, we find that his Grace the Duke of Rutland has continued his tour through Connaught, and is at present at Belleek, in the county Mayo, the seat of the Right Hon. Henry King, where he is experiencing the pleasures of social life, and true Irish hospitality.

From the county of Mayo we hear his Grace proceeds to visit the counties of Leitrim, Sligo, and Roscommon; from thence to Longford, and thence returns to Dublin in a straight line, stopping only a few days at Portlemon, in the county of Westmeath, the seat of the Right Hon. Sir John Blaquier. The principal place that will attract his Grace's notice to the circuit are—Haslewood, in the county of Sligo, the seat of the Right Hon. Owen Wynne, and the Earl of Kingston's residence, near Boyle, in the county of Roscommon. Than the former place, Haslewood, it would be difficult for the most fertile imagination to picture one more beautiful. It presents to the eye a variety of natural and artificial beauties, and is nearly insulated by an extensive lake through which islands are scattered, clothed with wood. Kingston House is also worthy of notice, but the improvements are vastly superior to what they were some years since.

The additional buildings at the Yarn-hall are nearly completed. They form two entire new squares, and will afford a convenience of accommodation to persons who deal in the staple manufacture of the kingdom, which was very much wanted. The rooms formerly occupied were by no means adequate to the purpose, and thenecessity of these buildings was, of course, indispensable, particularly when it is reflected that this branch of our trade is daily increasing.

We are glad to have it in our power to inform the public from the best authority, that it is determined on to preserve an uniformity in the wings of the Parliament House.

The great utility of the Belfast Bank begins to be experienced, not only by all the traders of the North, but even in this city, and every trading part of the kingdom where these notes (being payable in Dublin) all circulate as cash, which is a most pleasing circumstance. Formerly the linen merchants were put to the great inconvenience of carrying down the specie, which was disagreeable, besides the risk of being robbed of it on the road, but they now can procure notes for the cash in Dublin, which they are sure of receiving the specie for whenever they choose to send to the Bank in Belfast.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1787.

The Soldiers Infirmary in the Phoenix Park is carrying on with the greatest rapidity, and when finished will be a most complete building, simply elegant, and well adapted for the purpose.

Within these two days have been erecting on the centre of the North front of the New Custom House, four Colossal statues emblamatic of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, executed in Portland stone by Banks of London, from which place they were imported a few months since.

Extract of a letter from Castlebar, Sept. 10th—"On Friday last his Grace the Duke of Rutland arrived here, and was received by a vast concourse of people, who lined the roads and welcomed his approach with shouts and acclamations of joy. At the entrance of the town he was met by the magistrates and corporation, who attended him to the Castle, where they had the honour of presenting him with a very dutiful and loyal address, accompanied with the freedom of Castlebar, enclosed in a gold box, ornamented with the arms of the corporation, and an inscription expressive on the occasion. They had afterwards the honour of dining with his Grace.

"In the evening the town was illuminated throughout. Bonfires blazed in all the streets —the cannon at the Castle hill fired; and the army being drawn out, gave a feu de joye.

"The next day his Grace visited more particularly every part of the town and its environs, and declared his satisfaction and surprise at beholding the great market of linen, and also the market of corn and every kind of provisions with which the town is blessed in the greatest abundance."

Tuesday night some citizens returning into town in a hackney carriage, from being on a party of pleasure, were stopped near Chapelizod by six armed footpads, who surrounded the carriage, and robbed the company of two guineas and a half in gold, and seven shillings in silver, with which they got clear off. One of the fellows fired a shot at the coachman, but it fortunately missed him.

History does not furnish us with an instance of a kingdom arriving at such perfection in arts, sciences, and commerce, within a period of thirty years, equal to that of our native country. 'Tis not more than forty since our manufactures and the necessaries of life were brought to the metropolis on pack horses. No such thing is now to be seen, and by means of general roads throughout the kingdom, correspondence is rendered quite facile, the people civilised, and the spirit of trade and enterprise pervading from the extremities to the very centre of the nation. Our seaports are crowded with vessels, insomuch that there were twenty-seven discharging at our Custom House last Monday, our external exports greater than at any former period, and our commerce extended to the most distant parts of the globe.

That our staple commodity, linen, has trebled in increase within a few years no one can deny. In the memory of numbers living, the yarn and linen business was transacted in a few obscure inns in Thomas street, but now we see a most sumptuous pile of buildings adapted to and fully occupied by that trade, which is an incredible source of wealth to the kingdom, and which, under the auspices of the present Governors of the Linen Board, we doubt not will be brought to such a degree of perfection as to gain a preference in, and to bid defiance to, the manufacture of any other quarter of the world.

Yesterday Mr. Sheriff Thompson visited the Liberty and its vicinity, and in his perambulation seized a large quantity of bread which was considerably deficient in weight, which he distributed to persons in the following manner:

5 loaves to St. Sepulchre's Marshalsea, 24 ditto to the Four Courts ditto. 31 ditto to the City ditto, 17 ditto to the widows of St. Catherine's Almshouse, 8 ditto to St. Michan's ditto, 12 ditto to the Dissenters, Dolphin's Barn ditto.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14TH.

Very considerable preparations, we are informed, are making on the south-west coasts of this kingdom for the pursuit of the herring fishery in the approaching season, by spirited individuals, and one company, we hear, has been formed near Newport-prat, Co. Mayo, with a capital of about £3,000. This sum, though comparatively small compared to the capitals of our neighbours, will afford employment to numbers, and be sufficient for every purpose of tackle, curing, etc. Of all other pursuits this is the most lucrative, and our coasts have been very justly compared to a mine, which the more it is worked, the more it produces.

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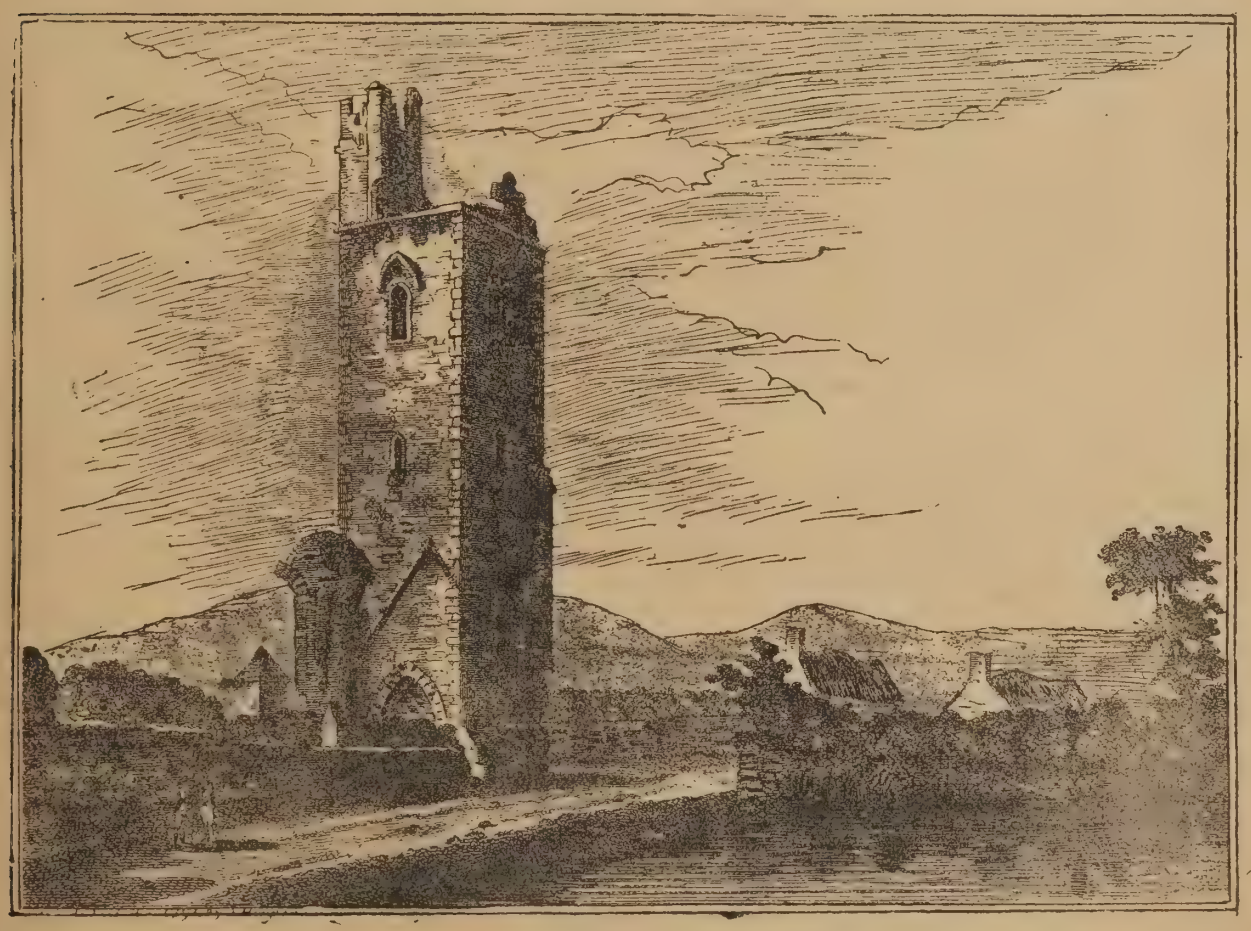
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THE GRAY FRIARY, DUNDALK.



FROM A VIEW BY FRANCIS GROSE, 1770.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.

DUNDALK, a seaport, market and post-town, and parish, in the barony of Upper Dundalk, county of Louth, and province of Leinster, 10¼ miles (S.) from Newry, and 40 miles (N. by W.) from Dublin, on the mail road to Belfast; containing 14,300 inhabitants, of which number 10,078 are in the borough and liberties. The earliest historical notice of this place occurs in 1180, when John de Courcey with 11,000, marching against a prince of Argial who had destroyed one of his ships, was encountered by the native chiefs with a force of 7,000 men, by whom he was defeated with the loss of 400 of his troops. The English power being soon afterwards firmly established, Dundalk with some other territories were granted to Bertram de Verdon, who founded here a priory for Crouched Friars of the Augustine Order, which afterwards became an hospital; and in the reign of Hen. III., Lord John de Verdon founded a Franciscan friary in the town. In 1315, Edward Bruce took possession of the town, and caused himself to be proclaimed King of Ireland. He maintained his assumed dignity here for

nearly a whole year; but being attacked by John de Birmingham, his army was totally defeated and himself slain. Some time after, O'Hanlon, an Irish chieftain, came with a large force to demand tribute from the inhabitants, by whom he was so vigorously repulsed that 200 of his men were left dead on the field. In 1338, Theobald de Verdon obtained a grant of a market and fair for 15 days. Rich. II. confirmed by charter all the privileges the inhabitants had previously enjoyed, and made the town a free borough; and Hen. IV. granted the bailiffs and commonalty certain customs, to surround their town with walls, which, from its exposed situation on the north of the English pale, were necessary for its protection. In 1558, the Lord Deputy Sidney appointed an interview with the powerful chieftain Shane O'Nial, who at last agreed to come to him here on condition of being received as his "gossip." The town was, in 1650, besieged by the O'Nials, but was so valiantly defended that they abandoned the design. A subsequent attempt was made, with no better success; and in 1562, the Earl of Sussex, Lord Deputy, sent some forces to the assistance of the townsmen, between whom and Shane O'Nial a mutual restitution of plunder took place. So great was the power of the native chieftains in 1596, that in a conference held at Faughart it was proposed by the English Government to make this town the frontier of their dominions in Ireland; but all overtures for a pacification were rejected. On the breaking out of the war in 1641, Roger Moore and Brian MacMahon posted themselves near this town, of which they held possession, with a force of 2,500 men, and bade defiance to the Irish Government; but Sir Henry Tichborne assaulted, and, after an obstinate resistance, succeeded in gaining possession of the town. Col. Monk, who had been appointed Governor, was, in 1649, compelled by Lord Inchiquin to surrender it to Cromwell. In the war of the revolution, some forces of Jas. II., which had been stationed in the town, abandoned it on the approach of William's army, commanded by Duke Schomberg, who encamped his forces on some low, marshy ground, about a mile to the north, where they suffered much from disease. James detached a party to seize the pass at Newry, which, on the first appearance of opposition, retired to Sligo. He soon after advanced at the head of the Irish army, and drew up in order of battle, but just at the moment when an engagement was expected, drew off his troops and retired to Ardee.

The town is situated on the south side of the Castletown river, which suddenly expands as it opens into the bay of Dundalk; and consists of two principal streets, each about a mile in length, intersecting each other in the market square, and of several smaller streets. The harbour is formed by the innermost recesses of the bay, which is seven miles across at its mouth from Dunany Point to Cooley Point, and extends nearly the same distance to the town. It is very safe, and the bay affords good anchorage in from four to eight fathoms of water.

Since the confirmation of its privileges by Rich. II., the town has received various charters from succeeding sovereigns; it is now governed by that of Chas. II. The borough first returned members to Parliament in 1374, and continued to send two to the Irish Parliament till the Union. There are some remains of the Franciscan friary on the east side of the town, consisting of the tower, a lofty square pile surmounted by a slender turret commanding an extensive prospect. After the dissolution it was granted by Hen. VIII. to James Brandon, at a rent of sixpence per annum, and a renewal fine of £9 10s. Of the religious establishment founded by Bertram de Verdon, there are no remains; its revenues were granted by Elizabeth to Henry Draycot, who had previously obtained a lease for 21 years. Near the town is a spring, arched over with ancient massive masonry, called the Lady Well, and much resorted to on the patron day, Sept. 29th. On the plains of Ballynahatna are the remains of a Druidical temple partly enclosed by a curving rampart, on the outside of which is part of a circle of upright stones; and on a rising ground near this place is a circular fort surrounded by a double fosse and rampart, supposed to have been thrown up by the earliest inhabitants of the country. Dundalk formerly gave the title of Baron to the family of Georges.

Grose, in his "Antiquities of Ireland," 1791, says:—There were two monastic foundations here, one for cross-bearers, which Bertram de Verdun, Lord of the town, erected about the end of Henry II.'s reign; they followed the rule of St. Austin, and their patron was St. Leonard. This was also converted into an hospital.

The other was the Gray-friary, which was built at the east end of the town in the reign of Henry III. by Lord John de Verdun, the east window of which was admired for its curious and elegant workmanship. The tower given in the plate is part of this building. It is a square battlemented steeple in good repair. In the west side is a Gothic window, over which is a projecting stone cut into a grotesque head. The terminations of the arch of the window are similarly ornamented. The prospect around is fine and extensive.

LOVES THAT ARE GONE.

BY HERCULES ELLIS.

Grief follows gladness,
And blends its dark charms;
Mirth springs, from sadness,
As rainbows, from storms;
All things are dying,
Or flying, or flown;
How vain, then, is sighing
O'er loves that are gone.

If, falsely, they've left thee,
They're not worth a sigh;
If death hath bereft thee,
'Tis man's lot to die:
All things are dying,
Or flying, or flown;
How vain, then, is sighing
O'er loves that are gone.

CELEBRITIES WHO LOVED A SMOKE.

The famous writer, Thomas Carlyle, was rarely seen without a clay pipe between his teeth, and one of his most famous literary panegyrics is devoted to the delights of "Lady Nicotine." Victor Hugo was also a passionate lover of tobacco, and paid fabulous prices for his cigars.

Guizot, the French historian, considered that it was tobacco which lengthened his life to an inordinate degree; whilst Charles Kingsley, the author of "Westward Ho!" was unable to compose a single line of his work until a cigar was firmly set between his lips. Robert Burns was a persistent smoker, and would sometimes consume 1lb of tobacco per week.

The late Lord Tennyson, when being asked how he had enjoyed a Continental tour, confessed that he had disliked Venice because "they had no good cigars in the town," but towards the latter portion of his career the Laureate abandoned cigars in favour of clay pipes, made especially for his own use.

Prince Bismarck was an inveterate cigar smoker, but that his good-heartedness could triumph over his love of the weed was proved during the Franco-German campaign, when he resigned a cigar which he had been treasuring for use after the battle to a wounded soldier, who cast longing eyes at the precious weed. His great contemporary, General Moltke, was equally devoted to smoking joys, and was rarely seen without a huge cigar between his firm lips.

Professor Huxley stated, in the course of a lecture, that he considered tobacco a "sweetener and equalizer of temper," and he supported his theory by consuming vast quantities of the same on all occasions. Charles Lamb, the delightful essayist, held a similar opinion, and he was once heard to express the wish that "his last breath might be drawn through a pipe and exhaled in a puff."

Both Charles Dickens and William Thackeray loved a good cigar, though, curiously enough, the former rarely refers to the smoking habit in his fictions with any degree of enthusiasm; but Lord Lytton, the famous contemporary of the two aforesaid writers, not only revelled in the making of smoke, but glorified the process in various portions of his voluminous works.

Thomas Alva Edison smokes, to use a popular simile, "like a funnel," and has often been known to consume a dozen cigars in the course of a working day. When pondering the details of a novel invention he confesses that he is greatly aided in the process by the presence of a fragrant weed, and there are few brainworkers who do not find their wits stimulated and sharpened by such extraneous aid.

On the other hand, there are many famous people who view all forms of tobacco with undeniable aversion. Napoleon the Great was one of this class, and after making an heroic attempt to smoke a pipe in his early manhood, he abandoned the business with alacrity, and never smoked again.

The celebrated Dr. Abernethy hated nicotine with fervent hatred, and, on being asked if tobacco injured the brain replied, testily, that the question was a vain one, seeing that nobody possessed of brains would contemplate smoking for an instant. Equally Mr. Algernon Swinburne, the famous poet, is an enemy of the weed, and cannot remain in a room where the odour of tobacco has penetrated.

THE TOLKA.

A FAMOUS COUNTY DUBLIN RIVER.

ITS HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

I.

The scenery in the neighbourhood of Dublin has been a theme of praise to every Irish tourist, from Giraldus Cambrensis to S. C. Hall. Its beauties have been compared to various models of the picturesque, with comparison of its bay to the bay of Naples, to the complimentary one of an unfinished mill on the canal, to the ruins of the Colosseum. It has a point of resemblance to Athens, too. The Tolka and Dodder are the Cephissus and Ilissus of Dublin; and, in some of their associations, may challenge comparison with the rivers that watered the city of Minerva.

The Tolka lies on the north of the city. it springs in a dead flat; and its uniform, sluggish stream, surrounded by pastures and farms, is, until it approaches within six miles of Dublin, by no means picturesque. The first towns to be passed are Dunboyne and Mullahuddart, now miserable villages, but once, ere Corporation reform was dreamed of, boroughs. The latter place is under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin. It has one of the numerous Irish wells dedicated to her, which was once a place of pilgrimage much resorted to. It also boasted of an ancient society, established as early as the reign of Henry VI., A.D. 1532, the "Guild or Fraternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mullahuddart." This guild is stated by Mr. Mason (His. St. Patrick's Cathedral) to have been established by Act of Parliament, convened by Richard Talbot, Archbishop of Dublin, and then Lord Justice. It was possessed of some property. Near the ruined church there rests, among others of minor note, the dust of one man, remarkable in Irish history, Richard Beling, Secretary to the Supreme Council of the Confederate Catholics at Kilkenny, after the rebellion of 1641, the emissary from that body to the Pope, and the man who brought Cardinal Rinuccini in Ireland. On Cromwell's arrival he fled to France, where he is supposed to have written "Vindiciæ Catholicorum Hiberniæ." At the restoration he returned to Dublin, and his ashes repose in Irish clay.

The next village the tourist will pass on his way to Dublin is Clonsillagh. It is under the special protection of St. Mochta, the disciple of St. Patrick; but the good saint has left nothing to identify him with the place, save the questionable virtues of a holy well. All Irish saints had wells, like eastern patriarchs; but these were not so restricted in the allowance, for St. Patrick alone had some hundreds to his own share, including one we shall presently pass at Finglas

From Clonsillagh, the interest of the journey to the mouth of the Tolka rapidly increases. The river runs through a well-planted valley, overshadowed by magnificent trees, as perfect a specimen as could be found of that rich and peaceful landscape which the English pen and pencil love to paint, particularly in the neighbourhood of Sheephill. Scribblestown (or Skebrystown), and Cardiff's Bridge.

On the high road at the left, as we descend the river, stands the observatory of Trinity College, at Dunsink. It owes its origin to a bequest of Provost Andrews, who died in 1774, out of which, with large additions made by the Board, it was erected in 1785. The Professor of Astronomy lives here. The first who held the office was Dr. Henry Ussher, who was succeeded by Dr. Brinkley; and on his promotion to the Bishopric of Cloyne, Professor, Sir William R. Hamilton, was appointed. The character of the two latter in the world of science is well known.

At Cardiff's Bridge are the ruins of an iron factory; insignificant in comparison to the giant creations of modern mechanics, it was curious for its antiquity; it was an iron mill in the sixteenth century. A little lower down the river, on the opposite bank, there are the remains of an old tannery, and a curious irregular old house. This house, with its square "look-out" rising stiffly from the roof—its red tiles and blackened walls, unsheltered by a tree—is very conspicuous on the top of the hill, looking as wild and rigid as an electrified tortoise-shell cat. It is one of the places in the neighbourhood which claims the honour of having entertained James II. in his flight from the Boyne to Dublin. Tradition assigns the same distinction to the mansion-house of Johnstown, in the neighbourhood of Glasnevin, of which the site only now remains, the old house having quite disappeared. It is most probable both claims are equally unfounded. After the battle, James fled as fast as horse could carry him to the Castle of Dublin. He arrived at night, not having, as he told Lady Tyrconnell, "appetite for supper after such a breakfast." It is hardy possible he would have stopped within two or three miles of the city on such a journey, in such a mood.

But though the Tolka was not honoured by the last of the Stuarts, its banks were, no doubt, the residence of his successor during his brief visit to our capital. The site of the house in which he abode is at the next bridge as we descend the river, at the picturesque village of Finglas Bridge. From the high road to Finglas, the traveller will observe, on the low ground under the bank on which Dr. Gregory's Asylum stands, a small manufactory, lately used for iron. This building stands on the site of a very ancient mill, which was burnt down in the year 1827. It was, in 1690, the manor mill, and there was a mansion-house attached to it. In that house William reposed for the week during which he remained in the neighbourhood of Dublin, after the decisive victory of the Boyne. On July the 1st, as all men know, that famous battle was fought. On the day but one after, William marched southward, and on the 4th pitched his camp at Finglas. The encampment extended along the slopes which lies above the river, extending from this place to Finglas; and the house referred to, being at the extremity nearest Dublin, became the royal residence. Here William passed what were, probably, the least anxious nights he experienced during many years of his singular career. On the 6th he made his triumphal entry into Dublin, but returned to Finglas; and on the 7th received three deputations from the Bishops and clergy then in Dublin, to congratulate him. The following day he reviewed his army.

But the germ of matters more weighty than the visit of Bishops, or the parade of troops, sprung during William's sojourn in that now forgotten mill. On the 7th of July, the third day after his arrival, was issued his proclamation, promising pardon, with some exceptions and limitations, to such of his enemy's adherents as should come into his allegiance before the 1st of August. This was the first foundation of the celebrated commission for inquiring into and seizing the forfeitures accrued to the Crown by the (so-called) rebellion of the Irish. The first commission of seizures issued five days after, on the 12th of July, the source of such protracted and angry disputes between William and the English Parliament, and commencement of these extensive forfeitures, in which upwards of a million of acres of Irish estates were involved.

On the 9th he broke up his camp at Finglas, and marched southward with a portion of his army, despatching the remainder to the west. Before his departure was prepared the proclamation, which issued on the following day, on a pecuniary subject of less magnitude than the forfeitures, but with which the "glorious memory" is even more intimately associated in popular recollection—the brass money. The circulation of the brass money was not wholly prohibited until the following year; but, by the proclamation of the 10th of July, 1690, its value was cried down—the large half-crowns and crowns to pass for one penny, the small half-crowns at three farthings, and the shillings and sixpences at a farthing. This reduction, great as it was, was insufficient. The intrinsic value of twenty shillings of the money was only two pence. The mint established by James in Dublin in the preceding year had coined old brass and pewter into crowns, and the half-crowns had been re-stamped and issued as crowns. The money so issued was rumoured to be £1,000,000, or more, and Luttrell had threatened to hang any man who would refuse it. The suppression of such "raps" formed nearly as important a feature in William's merits in the eyes of the Dublin tradesmen as the deliverance from the twin evils of "Popery and slavery."

Nearly 115 years after William's departure, a memento of his residence at the old mill-house was oddly found. In 1804 the mill was taken for the purpose of being used in the cotton manufacture, in which it continued to be employed until it was burnt down. A gentleman (Mr. Cockson) who was then residing in the house, returned home late one night, and as he was going for a light along a passage from one room to another, trod upon some nuts which had fallen through a mouse-hole from the room above. He lighted a candle, and on going to look at the nuts, found among them what appeared to be a tarnished halfpenny, but heavier, and which, on being rubbed, proved to a new guinea of the reign of Charles II. Surprised at finding such a curiosity on the floor of a common passage, used and swept every day, he searched for the place it came from, and put his hand on the top of a corbel stone, which protruded from the wall a little above his head, leaving a few inches between it and the ceiling. Here, enveloped in dust and cobweb, he found a little pillar consisting of no less than twenty similar pieces. They had been deposited there by some one about the person of William, and, forgotten in the hurry of his departure, had remained untouched for upwards of a century, for want of a housemaid sufficiently diligent to dust their resting-place, though during the entire time the house had been inhabited.

Finglas was an unlucky locality for the family of Stuart. Forty years before William's arrival, the same ground that his camp occupied had held another encampment, and had been the scene of other deliberations, connected with the first great disaster of their house, and which, like the victory of the Boyne, preceded by a few months the then impending ruin of their cause. In 1649 Lord Ormond was making the last stand for Charles I. On June 19th, he encamped with a portion of his army at Finglas, where he had his head-quarters. Dublin was then held by Jones, with the Parliamentary forces, and Ormond's camp was not broken up until the defeat of Rathmines. There are at Finglas the remains of two old military mounds or batteries; one situated just at the back of the modern glebe-house, and the other in a neighbouring field. They consist of high embankments, enclosed between stone walls, about twenty feet broad, ending with a perpendicular wall at the end, and in an inclined plane at the other. The tradition of the neighbourhood is, that they are the remains of the camp of William. The

field in which the one last-mentioned stands, is still called "The King's Field," and two batteries would have commanded the road which then led to Dublin. But William's troops stayed there only a few days, and it seems more likely that such substantial works were thrown up by Ormond's army, whose sojourn there lasted for months.

The military fame of the Tolka is, indeed, of very ancient date. According to Mr. Dalton ("Hist. Co. Dublin") it would seem that it was the scene of the battle of the Wood of Tolka, celebrated in Irish history as the last struggle made by the Hy Nial dynasty with Brian Boroihme. Malichi, the reigning prince of that house, resigned his throne and the palace of Tara to Brian in 1001. Aodh, the heir presumptive to Malachi, however, determined to make the effort from which the more prudent Malachi shrunk; he collected what forces he could, and met the conqueror in a pitched battle, but was defeated. The restoration of Malichi to be the first of the Irish princes, took place in the same neighbourhood. On Good Friday, 1014, was fought the famous battle of Clontarf; when, on the death of Brian and his son, Malachi resumed the command. The Irish army was, previous to the battle, encamped at Kilmainham, and as the struggle is supposed to have closed near the seashore at Clontarf, the Tolka must have witnessed much of the fighting. Finglas was also the scene of one of the triumphs of Miles de Cogan and Reginald le Gros, at the time of King Henry's conquest. They, with 500 men, routed there, according to the English accounts, some thousands of the Irish, who, under Roderic O'Connor, were then ineffectually attempting to reduce Dublin by a siege.

Having brought the reader to Finglas, we will carry him back to remoter ages still. There is nothing in the ruined and dirty village to please the eye; but there is much in its traditions to amuse the fancy. It was a favourite resort of St. Patrick, and the site of a church and abbey founded by him. He endowed his holy well there with many virtues, and, looking down from this elevated site on Dublin, prophesied that it would become a great city, and the capital of Ireland. The parish church was dedicated to St. Canice. That holy person died about A.D. 600. He was born in Ulster and educated in Britain, and, like many of our other early saints spent much of his time in propagating Christianity, and the learning of his age among the then more barbarous nations of the Continent; but his native country was also the field of many of his labours, and the Christian community at Finglas partook of his care. He himself planted several yew trees about the original church, which, in the twelfth century, had attained a great degree of sanctity. Shortly after the victory of Miles de Cogan, abovementioned, some of the English archers, coveting the goodly trees for bows, laid sacrilegious hands upon them. The indignation of the blessed saint was awakened, and one of the sinful archers, with many of their companions, perished by a plague. This incident is recorded by Giraldus Cambrensis, the first Englishman who published an Irish tour, and if the reader will not believe it, there is little use in telling him (though the fact be recorded by Mr. Dalton), that the old trees lately standing in the grave-yard are the veritable blessed yews in question.

There is, at the gate of the old churchyard, a monument of less questionable authenticity—viz., a perfect old cross. In the opinion of some antiquarians this was one of the crosses used to mark the districts which, from a very early age of the Irish Church, were subjected to the jurisdiction of the Bishops, and known as "crocea," 'or cross lands. According to another theory, the cross is a sepulchral monument. It was the practice with the ancient Irish Christians to mark the grave of a man of peculiar sanctity with a cross; and monuments similar to that in Finglas, used for this purpose, are assignable in date to a period prior to the ninth century. The abbey and church of Finglas counted among its inmates, from the eighth to the eleventh centuries, many a holy anchorite and abbot, or Bishop (for the titles seem used indifferently in the Irish annals). The cross may have been erected over some of them.

But whatever the origin of this cross may be, after it had been long forgotten, the cross itself attained a high degree of sanctity. Upon the arrival of Cromwell, his soldiers, on their march from Dublin to Drogheda, indulged their habitual zeal against images and relics, by breaking the shaft of the cross and prostrating it. Some pious neighbours, to preserve the relic from further desecration, determined to hide it until the danger of its destruction should be passed; the two fragments of it were accordingly buried. It had been concealed and almost forgotten for more than 150 years, the place of its sepulchre being preserved only in the traditionary learning of some of the peasantry, when Dr. Walsh, the then vicar of the parish, and who was in 1812 its curate, heard the story of the cross from a very old parishioner, named White. White himself had heard it from his father, who had died at a very great age. He was a Roman Catholic, and was at first unwilling to tell the place, from a fear that the Protestant clergyman intended some desecration to the venerable stone; but was induced to overcome his fears, and showed a spot near the gate of the old churchyard, not far from the place where the cross now stands. After digging for a few feet under the surface, the cross was found. Dr. Walsh had it exhumed and erected in its present position. The fracture of the shaft is apparent, but in other respects it is quite perfect. It is a little ornamented, and is made of granite, a stone not found within several miles of this neighbourhood, so that it must have been brought from the southern side of Dublin. It would be a great improvement if this curious piece of antiquity were moved from the obscure nook where it stands to the open space opposite the new church.

The parish of Finglas was among the parishes confirmed by the bull of Pope Celestine III., A.D. 1191, to John Comyn, Archbishop of Dublin, as part of the College of St. Patrick. The result of the grant was that the tithes of the parish, instead of being devoted to their legitimate object of paying the spiritual pastors of the parishioners, were soon attached to support the dignity of one of the officials, Finglas, with some other livings, being assigned to the chancellor of the cathedral. This annexation was made in 1219, by one of the most celebrated men among the Irish hierarchy—Henry de Londres, Archbishop of Dublin; Martin Thomas de Castello, the then prebend of Finglas, was the first chancellor of the cathedral. The rectory subsequently continued to be devoted to the same purposes, being annexed to the living of St. Werburgh's, in the city of Dublin.

Among the illustrious dead who died at Finglas, there are two Archbishops of Dublin —Fulk de Sandford (1271), and Archbishop Fitzsimon (1511). The ruin of the old church is associated with one name which deserves more particular mention. It was originally built on its present site in the age of St. Canice; but the first chapel and monastic buildings had perished, and, in 1609, the church, of which the ruin is now standing, was rebuilt. Its original shape was a long rectangle. The visitor will observe another aisle at right angles to the main portion of the building. In the days of the village's prosperity, this limb was thrown into the church, which had become too small for its congregation; but it was originally separate, and was intended for a library, and erected by the exertions of the poet Parnell, who ended his days as vicar of the parish. Through the interest principally of Swift, he was, in 1716, promoted to this living, at that time a handsome preferment. Goldsmith and Johnson, his biographers, kill the poet in the following July, 1717; but he lived for at least one year longer than they allow him, for there is an entry in the parish vestry book, dated April 12, 1718, and signed with Parnell's name, in his own handwriting. He went to London shortly afterwards. His plan of founding a library was commenced, and resolutions of the vestry for completing it were forwarded to him there; but he died on his way back.

Among the eminent literary names associated with Finglas, its former vicar, the Rev. Dr. Walsh, is not to be omitted, whose kind and unobtrusive manners endeared him to his friends, as much as his talents and learning won the favour of the public.

(To be Continued.)

WHEN I GET RICH.

BY REV. P. H. M'CAULEY.

When I get rich, oh, many things I'll do
For all poor folk whose lives are full of care.
Their days, now drear, I'll make so sweet and fair,
They'll know no grief, no sorrow, no despair
When I get rich!

When I get rich the friends I love so dear
Shall know no more those weary, toilsome hours;
I'll light their skies with sunshine, and the showers
Will scatter on their pathway fairest flowers,
When I get rich!

When you get rich! Those friends you loved so well
May not be here, but far beyond the skies.
And never know the hidden love that lies
Within your heart—ah! foolish, vain surmise—
When you get rich!

Wait not till rich, but haste to do it now!
Yes, scattered sunshine—dry the falling tear—
Light up with hope the darkened heart and drear,
That may be near you—Oh, ne'er mind the year
When you get rich!

THE KILDARE ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual general meeting of the Co. Kildare Archaeological Society was held on 20th inst. in the Courthouse, Naas, the Right Hon. the Earl of Mayo, P.C., chairman, presiding.

The Chairman proposed a vote of condolence with the family and relatives of the late Mr. Thomas Cooke-Trench, D.L., on their bereavement, which was carried unanimously.

Sir Arthur Vicars, Secretary, read the report of the Council, which contained a feeling reference to the loss the Society had sustained by the death of Mr. T. Cooke-Trench. The report stated that the Ulster King-at-Arms wished to mention an incident as indirectly traceable to the revived interest in antiquarian research in the county (?). Through the kindness and foresight of the Rev. Father Dunne, of Baltinglass, Co. Wicklow, a valuable official heraldic MSS. of Ulster's Office, over 300 years' old, was discovered in a farmhouse near Baltinglass and restored to the Office of Arms.

The retiring members, Rev. E. O'Leary and Mr. G. Mansfield were re-elected.

The Chairman read an interesting paper on "Some notes on the Vikings, their ships, and how they have harassed Ireland." His lordship pointed out that although Brian Boroimhe defeated the Danes at Clontarf Dublin never maintained the capital of Ireland so far as habitation by Irishmen was concerned.

Rev. E. O'Leary, P.P., read a peper on "Additional Notes on John Lye and Clonaugh, Co. Kildare."

Lord Walter Fitzgerald dealt with the "Pyles or Peel-Towers of Kildare," their method of defence and the engines used to bring their garrisons to surrender.

It was decided that the first week in September be selected for the annual autumnal excursion, the venue being Monasterevan, Dunamaise, and Maryborough.

The proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the readers of the papers, the chairman for presiding, and the High Sheriff for granting the use of the Courthouse.

WERE THE FIRST "GERMANS" CELTS?

By C. M. O'Keeffe.

I.

A very inscrutable problem is the origin of the German people. When Tacitus wrote his "Germania"—in the latter part of the first century—the country we term Germany was occupied by Celts. But when the light of history dawns a second time upon the country we find it in possession of das Deutsche Volk. Latham, in his work on Tacitus, is sadly puzzled by this fact, and, after long labours to elucidate it, reluctantly confesses: "It looks as if the Germans of Tacitus were not the Germans of subsequent history." No; they were not. A migration which unquestionably took place is covered with clouds and darkness that seem to be impenetrable. The Germans know nothing of it themselves; and, of course, other people know, if possible, still less. They were not in those times a literary people. "We can follow the High-German as well as the Low-German branch of the Teutonic," says Max Muller,(1) "back to about the seventh century after Christ, but not farther." During these six hundred years —the interval between Tacitus and Charlemagne—the Teutonic race ascended the Danube, as Max Muller fancies, and took possession of the country they now occupy. Higher than this "history cannot ascend." Hence Latham says:—

When the Germans of Charlemagne and his successors conquered (or reconquered) Transalbian Germany, there were neither trace nor record of any previous German occupancy. Yet such previous occupancy rarely occurs without leaving signs of its existence. Sometimes there are fragments of the primitive population safe in the protecting fastnesses of some mountain forest, or fen, whose savage independence testifies their original claim upon the soil. In this way the Welsh of Wales and the Basques of the Pyrenees are monuments of that aboriginal population which held possession of Spain and Britain long before the beginning of history, and which practically holds possession of them now. Yet there is no want of natural strongholds in the country in quesion. The Saxon, Switzerland, and Bohemian range, the forests of Lithuania, might well have been to the Germans of Tacitus what Snowden was to the Britons of Agricola or the Pyrenees to the old Iberians; in which case the present Germans of those countries would be the oldest inhabitants of them—not the newest, as they are.

Some of the German scholars of our day resemble "Japhet in search of a father." They traverse the whole world in search of an ancestry. Thus Von Hammer calls the Germans "a Bactriano-Median nation." Althamer makes Germanus equivalent to homo pronsus virilis and the same as Alaman—i.e., Ganzmann. Wackernagel, on the other hand, explains Germanus by G'ermanus—i.e., Volksgenosse. Luden thinks the term Germania is nothing more than the German Wehrmannei; while Von Hammer makes the name Germani, or Sermani, in its primitive import to have meant those who followed the worship of Buddha: and hence the Germans, according to him, are that ancient and primitive race who came down from the mountains of Upper Asia, and, spreading themselves over the low country more to the south, gave origin to the Persian and other nations. Hence the name of Dschermania, applied in early times to all that tract of country which lay to the north of the Oxus. Jacob Grimm is less hazardous and make the Germans of Tacitus the prothan Von Hammer. He would find the ancestors of the Germany in Germany itself, genitors of the modern Germans.

We are informed by Tacitus, in the second chapter of his famous work, that the inhabitants of Germany were accustomed to celebrate in songs of great antiquity the founders of their race—the god Tuiscon and his son Mann. These are the first specimens of the native language which we find in the pages of Tacitus. But they are not German, and they are certainly Gaelic. Tus is a word signifying "first." There is no word which in meaning resembles Tus more closely, perhaps, than the German word Furst. It signifies "a chief," and has an affinity, in form, to the Latin word dux, in meaning to princeps. The well-known patronymic McIntosh—whose correct Gaelic form is Mac-an-Tuis(2)—signifies the "son of a chief." Tus signifies "primary, a beginning." Thus in Furlong's Irish version of the "universal prayer," the second paragraph begins with the words, Adruighim tu mar mo cead Tus—"I adore you as my first beginning." And thus we read in Donlevy's Irish Catechism, Do cum Dia ar d-tus Adam—"God formed Adam in the first place."

The second syllable of Tuiscon is as Gaelic as the first. The word con in Gaelic signifies "sense, meaning, intelligence, wisdom." It seems to be the radix in such compound names as Connal, Maccon, etc., which are often, though erroneously, supposed to derive their origin from the genitive case of cu, "a hound." Eacconn signifies "rage, madness, want of sense." Eaccon duine signifies "a silly, foolish man"; eacconach, "mad, doting, absurd," the prefix eac being a negative particle. If this be so, Tuiscon signifies "primal wisdom,' 'and seems to be a most suitable name for the divine mind of the universe.

Among the European scholars who attempted to explain this epithet Leibnitz holds a first place; but, ignorant of Gaelic, which at that time was little known to Continental scholars, the efforts of Leibnitz were futile. He was obliged in his despair to suppose the manuscript corrupt, and substitute the word Theutates for Tuiscon. It was an evasion of a difficulty rather than an explanation. This evasion has been adopted by many of his successors. They suppose Theut, or Theutates—not Tuiscon—to be the founder of their race, and from him they fabricate the term Teuton first and Deutsche afterwards.

Absurd as this may appear, it is scarcely more so that what we find in a recent commentator on Tacitus, who is not ashamed to say as an illustration of this subject: "The root of the word Teuton is thu, or do, which originally represented the idea of 'activity,' of 'living, procreating, nourishing,' and also of 'taming, educating, and ruling.' From this root are formed the following words, some of which are still used in the popular dialects: Teut—'God, creator, ruler, father, nourisher' (Thor, Tuisco)."

It is to be observed, in this instance, that while the word to be translated is Tuiscon, the word this commentator chooses to translate is an entirely different word—namely, Theut. He shuts his eyes to the object of inquiry and directs his attention to an object we have not inquired about. This is not all: he appears to consider three words which have no radical connection—namely, Tuiscon, Thor, and Thent—to be identical. Now, the Celtic word Thent (more correctly tuatha) signifies "a layman, an illiterate person"; thor (properly toir) signifies "a noise, thunder"; while Tuiscon (not Tuisco) signifies "primal intelligence." Indeed, it is impossible that the alleged founder of the Deutsche Volk could derive his name from the German thun or the English do, for we are expressly told that Teut, or Teutates, was a Celt, and, being Celtic in his race, it is almost certain that his name likewise was Celtic. We learn from Leibnitz that Teut, or Teutates, was the most famous of the Gallic Celts, and occupied with armed force a large portion of Europe and Asia. He was the Mercury of the Celts; and we know that Tacitus, Deorum maxime Mercurium colunt. Tuatha, or Teutates, represented that portion of the Gaelic nation which was devoted to mechanical and commercial pursuits—the Tuatha-de-Danaans of early Irish history. They were a conquered people who had been subjugated by the Milesians, and who, like other conquered races, applied themselves in their slavery to manufactures and industry. In short, under the name of Teutates, the Gael worshipped the genius of Commerce, who invented their arts and protected their highways.

Tacitus goes on to tell us that Tuiscon, the founder of the German nation, issued from the earth. If this signifies that human wisdom results from the contemplation of the physical universe, the notion harmonises remarkably with the philosophy of Bacon and the ideas of modern times. Be this as it may, certain it is that, according to Tacitus, Tuiscon had a son named Mann—a name which appears to some German writers to be perfectly German. But this is by no means clear, for the Celts venerated a famous hero named Manannan MacLir, or "Manus, the son of the sea." One of the most beautiful of Moore's lyrics relates to this Lir, possibly the mother of Manus, whose daughter, "the fair-shouldered," was transformed by enchantment into a swan, and condemned to wander for many hundred years over lakes and rivers in Ireland till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the Mass-bell was to be the signal for her release. Moors says:—

"Silent, O Moyle! be the roar of thy water;
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes," etc.

The subject of this beautiful song—Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir—was the sister of Manannan, who, according to Cormac's Glossary, "was a famous merchant who resided in and gave name to, the Isle of Man. He was the best merchant in the whole of Europe, and could divine, by inspecting the skies, how long the fair and foul weather would last."

The word Lir is the genitive case of Lear, which signifies "the widespread extensiveness"—a figurative name of the sea. "His real name," says O'Flanagan, "is obscured in the glare of fabulous story." He appears to be the Neptune of Gaelic mythology, for he is termed Sidhe na Cruac—— "the spirit of the cliff"—and was possibly worshipped on those Irish headlands which, according to O'Connor ('Rerum Hibernicarum'), were regarded by the Phœnicians as sacred. He is termed Mac Lir thainigh accein—that is, "the son of the sea who came from afar." Accein is derived from a, "from," and cian, "distant." Manannan is compounded of "Mana," the Isle of Man, and an, "of, or belonging to."

So far as these words go there is nothing in them to prove—what Jacob Grimm(3) vainly labours to establish—that the inhabitants of Germany in the days of Tacitus were Deutsche Volk. Jacob Grimm's "Geschichte der Deutschen Sprache" may be described as an ingenious effort to transmute Celtic words into German. He says, for instance, that that noble tribe, the Marcomanni, derived their name, without doubt, from the German word Mark, "a border." They were borderers, he fancies—lived on the selvage of some undefined territory; they were the Grenzoldaten of some archaic monarchy. But he cannot divine on what frontier they kept guard. Here are his words: "Ohne Zweifel druckt der Name aus Grenzbewohner"—i.e., Without doubt the name comes from "borderers." He admits, however, that the demarcations of ancient territories were forests, not men, and he cannot find in the word Mark any trace of

(1) "Lectures on the Science of Language," vol. i., p. 205.

(2) Tuis being the genitive of tus.

(3) "Geschiete der Deutschen Sprache."

the word forest, or Wald. What Grimm endeavours to prove is simply that the Marcomanni were "border-men" because they lived in a central district! They lay in the heart of the country salvaged by the Rhine on the west, by the Danube on the south, and by the Mænus, or Main, on the north; therefore they were Grenzesoldaten. This derivation is quite on a par with the lucus a non lucendo. The Marcomanni bore the name of "borderers," forsooth, because they were really "middlemen"! "Nevertheless," he says, "the appearance of these people in the army of Ariovistsus seems to mitigate against my derivation, and intimate a different origin for their name." The truth is that the name is derived from the Gaelic marc, "a horse," and beann, "a horn." Their helmets were possibly decorated with horns.

In an account of the invasion of Greece by the army of Brennus,(4) Pausanias (p. 335) tells us that in the language spoken by these formidable invaders the horse was termed marc. According to Irish orthography the word Marcomanni must be written Marcai-mbeann. Of this we have many illustrations. "The old name of Dunmanway, in Cork," says Joyce, "was Dun-na-mbeann (Dunnaman), the fortress of the pinnacles. Dunnaman," he adds, "which is correctly Anglicised form of Dun-na-mbeann, is the name of a townland in Down," etc.

Grimm has attributed not only the vocables of the venerable Gaelic language, but some of the customs for which the Gaels were most remarkable to their countrymen. He has endeavoured to purloin the heroes of the Celts, somewhat as McPherson endeavoured to purloin the Ossian of Ireland. For instance, fosterage in ancient Ireland, and its kindred on the Continent, was regulated by law. The privilege of nursing the children of their chiefs was so highly prized by the Irish, that on receiving the infant they paid a high price for the favour. An old English writer says: "It is not to be passed over that the Irish in particular look upon their foster-brothers in a higher degree of friendship and love than their own brothers, which Spenser takes notice of in his 'View of Ireland.'" "The genius of Ireland," says Grattan, "is affection," and the Brehon laws concerning fosterage prove this to demonstration. Having imbibed milk from the same breast, the youths loved one another in after-life with a fervency of affection surpassing that of twins. When peace was established between rival chieftains, their political alliance was confirmed through the medium of fosterage. If O'Neill was reconciled to O'Donnell, he received into his family the infant son of his rival, and reared it as his own. Irish history has preserved the memory of the intrepid self-devotion of foster-brothers who received the enemy's fire—made a target of their own bodies—shed their blood, and lost their lives in the vicissitudes of war, to save their "milk-brothers" from destruction. When Cæsar, in his "Gallic War," draws a picture of Celtic chivalry he says (l. vi. c. 15), after describing the Druids:

"The knights are another class. Familiar with war, when necessity arises or hostilities break out (which before the arrival of Cæsar was of almost yearly occurrence, as they alternately repelled or made inroads into adjacent territories), and as each chief is great in proportion to the number of his kinsmen and friends, they love to surround themselves with ambacti."

Speaking of this word, Jacob Grimm asks, "Sind es wirklich Gallische?"—"Is it really Gaelic?"—and then takes a world of pains to prove that it is not. It has its root, he thinks, in "amt," "an employment," and comes directly into the German from the Gotric "andbahts," "a deacon," of "amphats," "a servant." He confesses, however, that the Romans at an early period had borrowed this term from the Gaels. "Ambactus," says Festus, "lingua Gallica servus appellatur"—that is, "'Ambactus' in the Gaelic language signifies a servant." For this explanation Festus quotes Ennius. And an old glossary explains "ambactus" in the following words: δοῦλος μιθωτος ὡς Ἔννιος. Jacob Grimm describes a Gaelic coin representing an ox-head and containing an inscription in which "ambactus" occurs. The word gave rise, he says, to the mediæval Latin "ambasciare" and "ambasciator"—the Spanish "embaxador," Italian "ambasciadore," Portuguese "embaixador," French "ambassadeur," and English "ambassador." "Being deeply rooted in the German language and growing out of its very substance," says Grimm, "it must be a stranger to the Celtic tongue, which can furnish no explanation of its meaning unless the idea or the word be subjected to violence."

But the true root of the word "ambactus" is, "am," "a people," and "beact," "a ring, a circle, a compass." The "ambacti" were the encircling swordsmen, the "medios satellites," the royal guards of the chief.

Notwithstanding that passion for Sanskrit which is the incurable malady of many German philologists and blinds them to more copious and adjacent fountains, Jacob Grimm does not venture to derive "ambactus" from "badsch"—"colere." "Die Deutsche Wurzel liegt naher"—i.e., the German root is more at hand and India too distant. He goes on to derive the second syllable, "bact," from the English "back" for a very extraordinary reason. Lucian says, in his "Toxaris," that when seeking to avenge an injury a Scythian, to enlist a faction, sacrificed an ox to the gods, cooked the flesh in a cauldron, spread the hide on the ground, and, sitting on the skin, feasted his friends. Every man who trod on the ox-hide and partook of the flesh pledged himself thereby to assemble partisans and assist in avenging the wrong. Spenser, in his "View of Ireland," tells the story quite as well as Grimm:—

"You may read in Lucian that it was the manner of the Scythians, when any one of them was heavily wronged and would assemble unto him any forces of people to join with him in his revenge, to sit in some public place for certain days upon an ox-hide, to which there would resort all such persons as, being disposed to take arms, would enter into his pay or join him in his quarrel. And the same you may likewise read to have been the manner of the Irish."

This is what Lucian terms, "Kathizesthai eju tes burses." The Scythian seeking to enlist partisans lay upon his back while explaining his grievances, and the men whom he gathered round him and excited to sympathy or fired to anger were termed "ambacti," because, forsooth, the injured Scythian lay on his back! Here is what Grimm writes: "Lage in bak wie Tergum zuweilen, in Tergus immer auch die Bedeutung Corium, so wagte ich, da ienes Ambactus mehr einen edlen Gefahrten als Knecht aussagt, Andbahts sogar auf das symbolische Betreten der 'bursa,' zu ziehen—that is, ehe ventures to derive the word "andbahts," which he deems identical with "ambactus," from the custom of begging help while lying on the ox-hide, as he deems the office of "ambactus" more honourable than that of servant.

Jacob Grimm, on this occasion, has fallen into a serious mistake. The Gaelic "ambact" has no connection whatever with the English word "back"; but it has a most intimate connection with the French word "bague," "a ring." In fact, "beact" and "bague" are identical, at least as to meaning. The verb "beactaim," "to embrace, to encompass," and the adjective "beactamail," "round or ring-like," show that the word—contrary to the opinion of Grimm—has its roots in the Gaelic, the language of ancient France. In endeavouring to make it Teutonic he has subjected the word to violence and distortion. His derivation is fanciful and far-fetched, and Diefenbach, in his "Origines Europeæ," entirely disapproves of it. It is worthy of observation, also, that this French name for a finger-ring is utterly unknown in the other languages of Continental Europe. The Latins term a finger-ring, "annulus"; the Italians, "anello"; the Spaniards, "anillo"; the Portuguese, "annel" or "argola"; the Germans, "Ring"; the modern Greeks, "Kripos," etc. We seek to gain for the origin of the French word "bague" in any of the Continental languages. They contain nothing even remotely akin to it. We are compelled in this way to regard it as a modification of the Gaelic "beact"—a word which signifies not only a ring but a moral quality.

Writing on this subject, W. K. Sullivan (5) informs us that "rich princes in Ireland prided themselves on being surrounded by a brilliant and richly-armed retinue." To a portion of this body-guard the term "amus" was applied. "The 'amus' of Ireland," says Sullivan, "is the 'ambactus' of Cæsar's 'Commentaries.'" "The Gaulish 'ambactus,'" he adds, "is generally considered to have been a servant or attendant, and the functions given to the Irish 'amus' correspond to this view." Sullivan, however, labours under a mistake. The word "amus" is not the word "ambact." "Amus" is derived from "am," "without," and "fios" (6), "knowledge." The "amus" was a military apprentice, the squire of mediæval chivalry. The epithet was likewise applied to a madman—"Tigh na n'amus" signifies a "Bedlam." In both cases the idea of ignorance is conveyed by the word "amus"—an idea which "ambact" never conveys.

(To be Continued.)

AN APPEAL

The Council of the Irish Texts Society find it necessary to make an urgent appeal to those interested in the revival of the Irish language, for subscriptions in aid of the completion of the Modern Irish-English Dictionary, which is being edited by the Rev. P. S. Dinean under their auspices. The want of a standard modern dictionary is so widely realised that the Council feel confident that help will be forthcoming for the purpose of completing the work. The dictionary will incorporate the modern portions of O'Brien's, O'Reilly's, and Coney's dictionaries, and, moreover, every page of it will be carefully collated with Peter O'Connell's great manuscript dictionary, which took thirty years to compile. It aims at being the most reliable modern Irish dictionary yet produced. Through the unremitting energy of the editor and his assistants, a good portion of the work approaches completion, and a mass of material for other portions has been collected. The editor has secured the able assistance of Mr. J. H. Lloyd and other competent helpers as proof readers. A sum of over £200 has been raised privately, partly as a loan and partly in donations, among members of the Council and their friends, but it is found that if the dictionary is to be completed in a manner corresponding to the portions already done, and to the requirements of the case, a further sum of £350 to £400 will be absolutely necessary. The Council, therefore, make an earnest appeal for aid in this important undertaking. It is hoped, if the necessary funds are raised by means of which sufficient assistance can be given to the editor in his arduous work, that the book will be ready before the end of the year, but without such assistance it will be impossible to push it through rapidly. The money raised will go to the remuneration of the editor, assistants, and proof readers. The names of the subscribers will be published in the volume. It is also suggested that schools, colleges, and public institutions interested in the teaching of Irish should subscribe for a number of copies for prizes and other purposes. Subscriptions will be received by the Hon. Secretary, Irish Texts Society, 20 Hanover square, London, W.

(4) Brain, or Brenn, Gaelic for "chief."

(5) Manners and customs of the Ancient Irish, v. i.

(6) The "f" in this and similar cases become through the junction with certain letters, according to the well-known eclipsis, as it is called, of Gaelic grammar.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

ASMEDAI'S RING.

A LEGEND OF SOLOMON AND WHAT THE SAMIR BOUGHT.

(From the "Talmud.")

By Clinton Harby Levy.

The edict had come forth from God that the Holy Temple which was to be sanctified by His presence should be touched neither by iron nor any tool made of iron. The wisest of kings, to whom the sacred task of building the sanctuary had been bequeathed, was utterly perplexed by this command, and knew not how to proceed in the accomplishment of this holy purpose. "How is it possible to hew the immense masses of marble or split the hard logs of wood without the aid of iron?" In his helpless perplexity he summoned his Ministers about him, unfolded the cause of his trouble before them, and asked their counsel and advice. One of the wisest replied:

"Great and mighty King! Among those things created by the Divne Word is one which would serve your purpose excellently, things created by the Divine Word is one it's even more powerful. It was after the first day of creation, during the hour in which night contends with day for the mastery, that the Creator called into being a small worm, the Samir, which is possessed of the remarkable power of crushing the hardest stone by its touch. Where that little worm is, no mortal soul has been able to ascertain."

Complete control of all the spirits had been given to Solomon, so nothing on earth could remain hidden from him. Forthwith he pronounced the wondrous word summoning two Sedim (demons) and commanded them to reveal to him the place in which the Samir was concealed. Tremblingly they replied that this secret was known to their Great King, Asmedai, alone. When asked where that great prince lived, they answered—"He lives very, very far hence, on the topmost peak of a lofty mountain. He has hollowed out a deep well in that mountain, and has filled it with water. Upon its mouth he has placed a huge cover which is sealed to the ground. Every day he ascends to the heavens, and when he returns to earth he examines the seal carefully to see if anyone has tampered with it. Then he uncovers the well, drinks, and, covering it again, reseals the cover."

Thereupon Solomon dismissed the demons, and summoned his brave General, Benaiah, before him. The King gave him a chain upon which the ineffable name of God was graven, together with a seal bearing the same Holy Name, a large quantity of wool, and a thousand bottles of wine. Then said he—"Go and bring me the Samir or Asmedai!"

The courageous warrior lost no time in starting upon his journey. He travelled for many days, and at last reached the mountain and the well. The appalling desolation, lonliness, and silence of that spot would have overcome any other man. But the hero was not in the least discouraged, and prepared to accomplish his difficult task. Below the mouth of this well (dug by hellish art), and just to the right of it, he hollowed out a broad ditch into which he drew off the water that was in the well, stopping the hole in the side of the well with huge pieces of wool. Then he dug another trench, a little higher up, through which he poured all his wine into the well. As soon as he had finished his task he concealed himself and impatiently awaited the coming of the King of the Demons.

At the approach of night, Asmedai descended from heaven, examined the seal, and finding it untouched, removed the cover and lowered himself into the well. As soon as he noticed the wine, inhaling its balsamic perfume, he became suspicious, resolving not to taste it, and to be on his guard. But then he was seized with a burning thirst, and impatiently he swallowed a great draught of the wine. After the first, he drank again and again, swallowing it with all of a drunkard's eagerness. Then he became confused, his head reeled, he staggered and fell, sinking into profound slumber. Benaiah, who had watched every movement, hastily threw himself upon the sleeping demon, placed the holy chain upon his neck, and, closing it with the sacred seal, waited. At last the Prince of the Demons awoke. He felt the chain around him, and uttered so frightful a shriek that the mountain shook and trembled to its base. He writhed in his despair, foaming at the mouth and shooting flames from his eyes; he twisted, turned, and tossed. "Listen," said Benaiah. "Thou hast the Holy Name of God upon thee—all of thy efforts are vain." Asmedai lay still for a moment, and then declared himself ready to execute the will of his new master. Benaiah commanded him to follow, which he did! but wheresoever the King of the Demons passed he left tokens of his fearful power. Here, as his side brushed against a tree, it was blasted to the ground; there he touched a house and it fell into ruins. Later they met a festive marriage train, and the King of the Demons wept as he looked at it. "Why do you weep?" said Benaiah. "Oh, fatal feast!" answered Asmedai; "within three days the bridegroom will die." They went further and came to a farmer, who was just saying to a shoemaker, "Be careful; I want those shoes to last me seven years." Asmedai laughed aloud. "Why do you laugh?" asked Benaiah. "Why do I laugh?" replied he. "That unfortunate man will not live six days, and he wants a pair of shoes that will last him seven years!"

Now they came before the great King. Asmedai trembled with anger, but was silent. He threw a small stick that was between his feet towards Solomon's footstool. "What are you doing?" said the King. "You," fiercely answered Asmedai, "you will occupy no more space than that stick when you are dead, but yet, not satisfied with ruling the whole earth, you must needs also rule over the demons." "Do not be angry, Asmedai," said Solomon; "I require but one thing of you I must build the Holy Temple, and I need the Samir; tell me where the Samir is hidden."

"The Samir was entrusted to the King of the Sea, and he in turn entrusted it to the Woodcock, and bound it by the most terrible oath to keep it forever and never give it up. The Woodcock has taken it up to a lofty, bare, and lonely mountain, where it builds its nest. It feeds upon seeds which it has placed in the crevices of the rocks, and never goes away unless it carries that treasure, the Samir, with it, pressed under its wings."

Once more Solomon called for the trusty Benaiah and sent him to find the Woodcock. The hero started upon his journey immediately. He crossed rivers and climbed mountains, and upon the summit of a high mountain he found the Woodcock's nest at last. Intoxicated with joy, he ran up to it, and threw a large, hard glass globe over the young woodcocks. Then he concealed himself and waited. Before long the Woodcock returned, flew to its nest, and stood by the glass globe. It saw the little woodcocks within, it pushed at the globe, went all around it, struck it with its powerful wings, and pushed it hither and thither. Meanwhile the young birds chirped and cried, and the Woodcock ran round and round, pecking on every side, but all in vain. At last it had recourse to the priceless treasure, entrusted to its care, to break the glass. It drew the Samir from under its wing, and brought it close—but at that moment Benaiah uttered so terrifying a cry that the Samir fell to the ground, when Benaiah joyfully snatched it up and fled. The poor Woodcock, despairing over its broken oath, could only die. Thus it was made possible to complete the building of the Holy Temple; but the King of the Demons still lay chained at Solomon's feet. Intoxicated with power, he revelled in every pleasure. Never satisfied with riches, he piled up treasure upon treasure. Dissatisfied with his own greatness, he erected palace after palace and city after city. Ever seeking new enjoyments, he gathered male and female singers and dancers, and still was he dissatisfied. (See Eccl. chap. 2).

One day his royal prisoner said to him: "Great King, by the aid of the demons and my power thou art become the greatest of all mortals. But my might, thus shackled, accomplishes but a little of what I might perform if I were free. Loose my bonds, intrust thy holy ring to me for only a moment, and I shall make thee more than mortal."

The King, fired with wild ambition, ordered that the chains be removed, and gave him the sacred ring. The Demon, hardly free, made himself a giant whose feet were upon the earth, while his head reached to the clouds. Seizing the ring, he threw it into the sea, and picking up Solomon, he threw him a thousand miles away. Then he assumed the face and appearance of Solomon, and, placing himself among his ministers, pretended to be the King. Thus he commanded and ruled over Israel as king.

Meanwhile, poor Solomon, wandered alone and unknown in distant lands bearing none of the insignia of royal greatness. None noticed his coming in, none stood up when he spoke, none obeyed his commands. In vain did he seek to make himself known, vainly did he declare himself to be the great King of Israel. Scorn and insult followed his protestations; they called him "King of the Beggars," and ran after him with jeers.

The torment of recollections was added to the distresses endured by the unfortunate King. The fame of his great name, the power of his commands, the extent of his realm, the lofty state of his palace, the riches of his treasury, the luxury of his mode of life—thought of all these ran riot in his brain and almost maddened him with sorrow and anger. He looked about him and found himself deserted and alone. In thought he hastened to the seat of his domain, and ran into every glittering chamber, into each room bright with gold and sweet with perfume. Realising the contrast with his present condition, he felt the whirl of madness strike his spirit and chill his heart.

But, then, he thought, perhaps the contempt and ill treatment he had borne were due to the fact that he was so far away from his kingdom that little was known of him and his great power. He flattered himself with the hope that as soon as he showed himself in his royal city he would be greeted as king, and once more enjoy the honours which had been his.

Led, or misled, by this sweet anticipation, he again took courage, regained his former pride, and once more began the old dreams of greatness and good fortune. Then he started on his homeward journey. At this time he suffered the greatest privations and suffering—for he felt the pangs of unappeased hunger. His delusions were shattered, and his fears again roused. Fixing his mind firmly upon his beloved Jerusalem, he gained new strength and joyously continued his travel. Now he is near the holy walls, soon he will tread the sacred streets, already he sees the pinnacles of the chosen city. His heart expands, it throbs with joy, and his imperious gaze sweeps slowly around as if to issue a command and enforce due reverence. His steps become slower and more majestic, although inwardly burning to hasten. At last he entered the royal city, and met a hurrying crowd, coming and going in every direction. Solomon stood still in front of the rushing multitude, waiting for the sudden shout of greeting and homage to break forth.

But the crowd pursued its way, and none took notice of him. Partially undeceived, with trembling heart he hastened towards the

palace, certain that there at least he would find the desired end of his sorrows. He knocked imperiously at the door, and answered the inquiry of the porter, who asked him who he was, with regal dignity, "I am —the King." The porter gave him one insulting look, and, laughing heartily, slammed the door in his face. Solomon could not bear this outrage. He began to cry, threaten, and rage, so that soon a mob of inquisitive persons had gathered round him laughing and jeering. The royal cup-bearer happening to come out, Solomon rushed up to him. "And you," cried he, "you, my faithful servant, will recognise your King. Recall our many feasts, our cheerful entertainments, our sweet confidences." "That Satan may have told you these things I can well believe, but that you are the King no one will believe." Saying these words, he threw a cloak over the King's rags and tatters, and then drove him forth.

With despair at his heart, with bowed head, in deep reflection, he retraced his steps through the streets of Jerusalem. Of all the numerous citizens he was recognised by but one rich man and one poor man. The rich man invited him to dinner, and said to him: "Unhappy man, in what condition I find you after such greatness!" Solomon, angry at this disagreeable consolation, rushed away from the table. The poor man said to him: "Bear contentedly what God's will sends you, and do not lose hope. God can give you again all that He has taken from you." But these friendly words could hardly do much towards modifying the bitterness of his lot. To be an object of scorn where before all had bowed to his will was far greater pain than he could bear. Solomon determined to leave the ungrateful city. Driven by want, curiosity, by unknown hopes, he betook himself to the royal capital of Ammon, and went straightway to the royal palace. To gain admittance he applied to the servants, offering himself for the most menial and arduous labour. The King's cook just happened to need some one, so he engaged Solomon, and made him carry wood, draw water, and perform all such work. But the cook soon noticed that this man possessed higher abilities than befitted such occupations. He was astonished when he listened to the King's learned discourses about animals, plants and nature at large. The cook thus began to love and esteem him, and soon gave him a part of his work to do, keeping him busy in the kitchen. One day Solomon obtained the special privilege of preparing all of the dishes for the King's dinner. The food so tickled the monarch's palate that he called for the one who had prepared the dishes, and appointed Solomon chief of the kitchen.

The King of Ammon had a daughter by the name of Naomi, of rare and wondrous beauty. Wooed by royal princes, she always declined their offers, for she was consumed by a secret love for Solomon. Her mother, who knew of this attachment, determined she should marry him. But the King was very angry, and threatened them both with death. All that the tears of her mother could bring about was the commutation of the death sentence into banishment to the wilderness. In this solitude the generous tenderness of his bride increased the sorrow eating at Solomon's heart, for he could only requite it with tears. Then an ill-defined thought, at last becoming clearer, stole into his mind: there was still one trust, one hope left—prayer. He cast himself upon the ground, the tears gushed from his eyes, and he prayed and humbled himself before the Lord of Thrones and all human greatness. Grovelling in the dust, he prayed and wept again and again.

Then he started on the road to a city which lay near the sea. A fisherman approached him and begged him to buy a fish. He bought it, opened it—when, lo and behold! to his great astonishment and greater joy, there he found the sacred ring which Asmedai had thrown into the sea. He shouted for joy, and already felt like a different man. He assumed his pristine majesty of mien, and felt as if he were ensouled anew by the Divine Spirit.

He hurried to Jerusalem, with his faithful consort, made himself known to the great Synhedrin, and related all his adventures in detail.

The Synhedrin asked Benaiah how the present King treated him, and learned that the King had driven away his faithful counsellors and taken away his commission. He asked the men of the royal court if the King really looked like Solomon, and if they had ever happened to see his feet.* They replied that the King was always careful to cover his feet, and wrapped them in a white robe.

The Synhedrin then advised Solomon to go suddenly into the royal chamber. He went in there, and made the holy ring shine into Asmedai's eyes. Asmedai uttered a fearful cry and vanished.

Thereafter Solomon was tortured by such fears that, as is stated in the Song of Songs,† his bed was guarded every night by sixty armed soldiers.

WHAT THE SEA SAID.

(By Rev. Joseph Farrell, Author of "Lectures of a Certain Professor," born 1841, died 1885).

The wash of the sea on the shingle,
The fringe of the foam on the sand,
The soft twilight hush, in which mingle
Faint sounds of the sea and the land.
All these, and the sun dies in splendour,
And shoreward the grey shadows fleet;
And the sea flings its song, sad and tender,
In waves at my feet.

The waves catch the starlight, and glisten
In broken and shadowy gleams,
And my ears are entranc'd as they listen
To music, like music of dreams.
O, ears! by what fanciful weening,
O, heart! by what magical love
Can one clothe with a voice and a meaning
The sound on the shore?

To my sad heart it whispers a story,
As sad as man's heart, and as old,
That the poet must purchase his glory
By sorrows that cannot be told—
That the crown of the singer, tho' shining
With gems, like a cluster of stars,
Round a pain-stricken forehead is turning,
Scarce hiding the scars.

For the spent wave has fill'd but to languish,
The sparkle is lost in the foam;
With a cry like despair, and like anguish,
The billows roll wearily home.
It was mute when it rose as a billow,
But moans when it strikes on the strand;
Singing death songs it sinks on its pillow—
Hard pillow of sands.

Dash, a heart in the hard world and break it,
'Twill break to the sound of a song.
Only hearts that knew sorrow can make it
Give music whose echo lives long.
Only sad hearts flash out into stories
That live on men's lips through the years;
Poets' lives, when most brilliant with glory,
Are glistening with tears.

Sad mem'ries and ghosts of long faces
Crowd in from the song from the past;
For tho' grief lose its first sting, its traces
Are branded on life to the last;
And to-day will melt into to-morrow,
And years may be added to years,
For from sorrows come harvests of sorrow
And fountains of tears.

THE CENTRE OF SPEECH.

Professor D. J. Cunningham, of Dublin, in a recent lecture, described the inherited nature of righthandedness in man. He also made some very interesting statements about the location, in the brain, of the centre of speech. In all right-handed persons this centre is on the left side of the brain. But in left-handed persons the speech centre is shifted to the other side, so that, as Professor Cunningham says, "The left-handed speak from the right brain."

*Referring to the current belief that the feet of demons have claws like birds.

‡Song of Songs 3:7.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE RUINED CHAPEL AT KILLINEY.

Will any one kindly give some information about the ruined chapel at Killiney? How old is it supposed to be, and if the little enclosure is still used as a graveyard. A few words about the Druids' grove in the neighbourhood would also be acceptable and interesting to

"INQUIRER."

M. D'ARBOIS DE JUBAINVILLE.

In view of the fact that one of this writer's important works dealing with Celtic Ireland, translated into English by Mr. R. I. Best, of Dublin, is shortly to be published by O'Donoghue and Co., South Anne street, the following extract from a review of his "L'Epopee Celtique en Irelande," by James Darmesteter, London, 1896, will be found interesting—"To M. d'Arbois de Jubainville, the great Celtic scholar, we owe the entry of Celtic studies into the programme of the College de France; before him they were represented solely by the learned M. Henri Gaidoz, the founder of the 'Revue Celtique,' and lecturer on Celtic Literature at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes. When M. Henri Martin established for M. d'Arbois de Jubainville the Professorship of Celtic at the College de France, we all felt that a master had appeared. Since then he has not ceased an instant from his researches. With a talent and a patience alike indefatigable, he has tilled with fecundity the vast uncultured province, which he, above all others, has contributed to bring within the domain of science. Leaving on one side the Gaulish remains of the time of Cæsar, and passing by the modern dialects of Wales, Brittany, and Scotland, corrupted from their primitive state, he has concentrated himself upon the study of Ireland. Ireland, in fact, has the peculiar privilege of a history continuous from the earliest centuries of our era until the present day. She has preserved, in the infinite wealth of her literature, a complete and faithful picture of the ancient civilisation of the Celts. Irish literature is, therefore, the key which opens the Celtic world; and in Irish literature M. d'Arbois de Jubainville attaches a special importance to the early spies and juridical texts, because they bring us nearest to the real social life of their epoch, and to the soul, the instincts, the imagination, and the spirit of the race. The volume which we introduce to our readers proves that now we have a school of Celtic scholars. 'L'Epopee Celtique en Irelande' is the product of M. d'Arbois de Jubainville's lectures at the College de France, and is due to the collaboration of the professor and his pupils. In his former works M. d'Arbois de Jubainville had drawn up a catalogue of Irish epics, had examined them and briefly defined their character and their literary importance; he taught us how to distinguish the cycle of Ulster, which crystallised around the heroic figure of King Conchobar or Conor—the cycle of Leinster, which celebrated the deeds of Oisin, or Ossian, as the moderns have it, and finally the mythological cycle formed on earth, sea, and sky around the conceptions of a religious imagination. He showed us how the two epics of the North and East artificially combined were idealised out of all semblance by the rhetorical Macpherson, in whose mutilated paraphrase a whole generation found a joy for ever. M. d'Arbois and his collaborators, M. M. Dottin Duvan, and Ferdinand Grammont, give in the present volume numerous specimens of these various epochs, which dwell, still unpublished, in the dusty seclusion of libraries and archives."

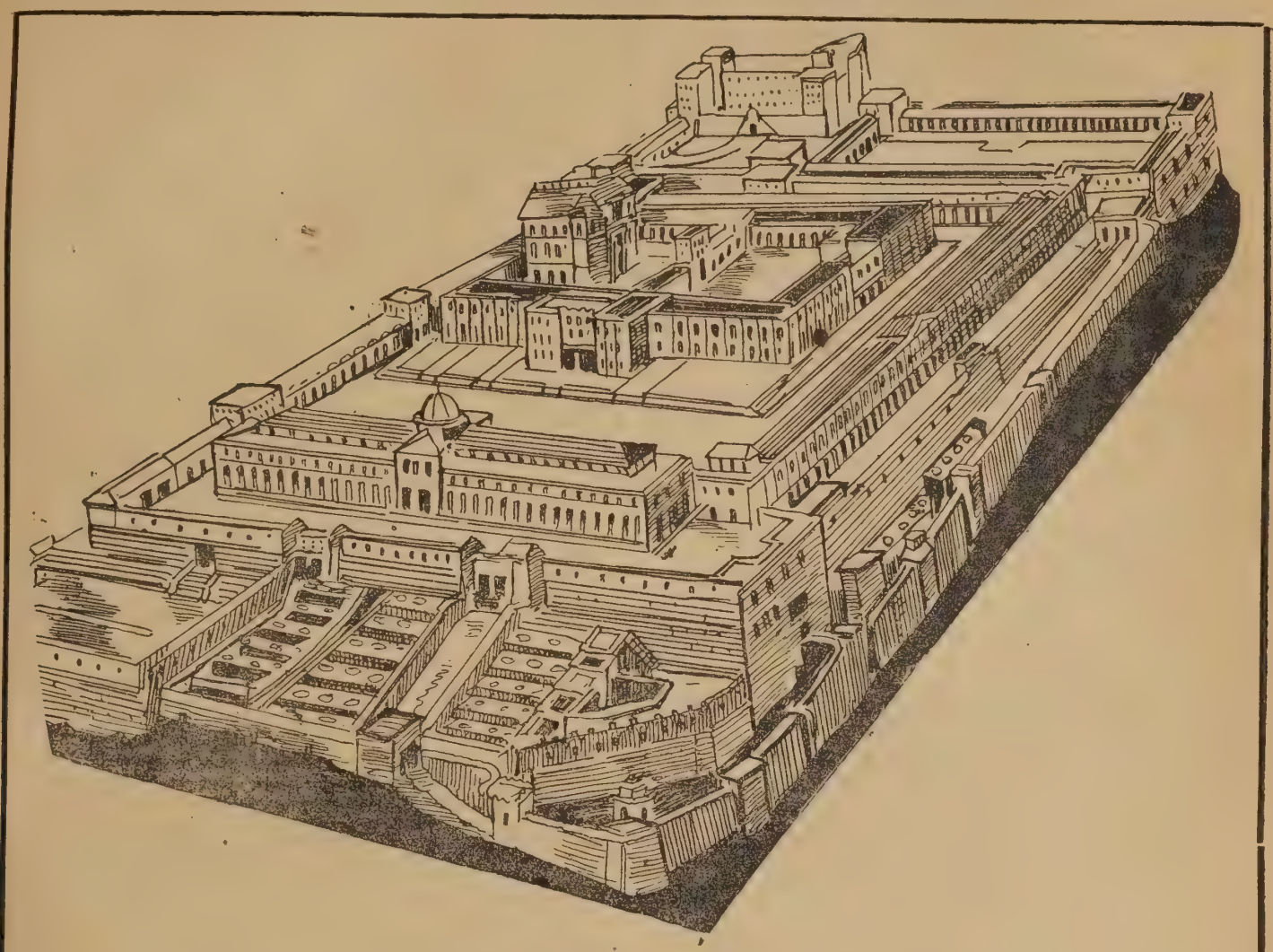
LECTOR.

WHY THE PTARMIGAN'S TAIL IS BLACK.

One of the most entertaining of recent chapters in natural history is that which relates to the many curious means that birds and other animals possess of deceiving the eyes of their enemies. Mr. E. Sandys, in writing of upland game-birds, calls attention to a remarkable and beautiful instance. When the ptarmigan puts on its winter dress it has a black tail. One might suppose that this would attract attention to the bird crouching on the snow, but in fact it serves for concealment. Every projection on a snow-field casts a dark shadow, and that is what the tail of the motionless ptarmigan looks like, the body of the bird resembling a mere hump on the white background.

THE GREAT TEMPLES OF JERUSALEM.

MODELS FOR THE ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION.



HEROD'S TEMPLE, BUILT 30 B.C.

(CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.)

The great Temple of Solomon was destroyed by the Chaldeans, and after the captivity of the Jews, a new one was built upon the same site by Herod, which is known as Herod's Temple. It was finished about thirty years before the birth of Christ. An inspection of the two models reveals a considerable difference in the design of the various buildings. Herod enlarged the temple area, taking into the inclosure the ground space formerly covered by the palaces of the king, and extending the wall to the west. A grand porch, called Solomon's Porch in John, was built where the line of palaces had been, but the inner temple with the Chel and its buildings were arranged much as in Solomon's time. The altar is larger and of stone. The marble pillars in the courts have taken the place of pillars of brass. The upper stone has a greater roof, and the middle tower of the front is unfinished. Herod's fortress, Antonia, has taken the place of the old strong place on the north-west. This temple was destroyed by the Romans.

Equally interesting is the model of the great Christian Church of St. Mary, built in the reign of the Emperor Justinian and known as Justinian's Church. A detailed description of the model is unnecessary here. Dr. Schick was of the opinion that it was erected on the foundations of the temple of Jupiter, built in the second century by Hadrian. The fourth model, Haram Es-Cherif, shows Mount Moriah, the site on which the preceding temples have been built, as it is to-day. It will be seen that a beautiful mosque has taken the place of Justinian's Church. The first building within the inclosure is the Aksa mosque, and close to it the mosque for the women, once the armoury of the Knights Templars. The great mosque shows traces in its architecture of all the phases of ownership it has seen—Byzantine, Crusader, and Saracen.

As could only be expected, the models have caused a great deal of discussion in archæological circles. It is impossible to know in certain instances the exact architecture of the buildings, but all are agreed that Dr. Schick's models represent with marvellous ingenuity and faithfulness the great and ancient worshipping places that have stood upon the famous temple site at Jerusalem. They undoubtedly show great intelligence, patient industry, and profound scholarship. Dr. Schoenecke, the present owner of the models, is always pleased to show them to visitors to Jerusalem, and many Americans have expressed interest in them.

IRISH COUNTY AND FAMILY HISTORIES.

Judging from several of the enquiries that from time to time have appeared in the "Dublin Penny Journal," no very clear idea seems to exist even in Ireland as to what Irish county histories have actually been published. The following list of the Irish county histories that have so far been written, though not claiming to be complete, it at least fuller than that contributed about three years back to a leading Dublin newspaper by one of the most erudite and indefatigable of living Irish writers. It shows also how very much remains to be done in this direction; for whilst some counties have had two, three, or more historians, the greater number have not found one, and still await some intelligent, patriotic, and dutiful son, able and willing to undertake what should surely prove a labour of love, in removing from them this reproach. As to Irish family histories—a subject in which the Irish probably take more interest than any other nation under the sun, querists on this head have hitherto been limited almost exclusively to that interesting and valuable London weekly, "Notes and Queries"; but as its circulation is relatively limited in Ireland, it often happens that enquiries of this nature inserted in its pages receive no reply, from the fact that they are not seen by the persons (in Ireland) most likely to be able to give the information sought for. In such works as, first and foremost, "Burke's "Landed Gentry," Lodge's "Peerage," Dod's "Who's Who" Richard Connelly's, O'Hart's "Irish Pedigrees," etc., is contained a great deal of information relative to Irish families and Irish personages in general; but besides these well-known publications, a considerable number of Irish families have published their own particular histories—as a rule for private circulation only, in consequence of which they are not easily accessible or procurable through that usual channel, the second-hand bookseller. Whilst making no pretensions to be exhaustive, the subjoined list of Irish family histories is, so far as the compiler knows, the first of its kind yet attempted; and it is hoped will lead other contributors to make it as complete as possible. Now that Ireland possesses for the first time in the "Dublin Penny Journal," a weekly publication opening its columns to Notes and Queries of this and all other kinds relating to this country, it should be the endeavour of all its readers to shed as much light as possible on this and like subjects whether of general or particular interest, or in any way connected with our native land.

COUNTY SURVEYS.

The first works issued dealing with the Irish counties collectively were the "County Surveys," brought out mainly by the Royal Dublin Society in the first decade of the 19th century; but even this series stopped considerably short of completion, those of the counties Carlow, Fermanagh, Kerry, Limerick, Longford, Louth, Tipperary, Waterford, and Westmeath having we believe, never appeared. Though the "Surveys" actually published contain only portions of the history of their respective counties, it may be useful to enumerate them, as follows:—

Antrim, by Rev. John Dubourdieu—Dublin, 1812.

Armagh, by Sir Charles Coote—Dublin, 1804.

Cavan, by Sir Charles Coote—Dublin, 1802.

Clare, by Healy Dutton—Dublin, 1808.

Cork, by Rev. Horatio Townsend—Dublin, 1810.

Donegal, by James McParlan—Dublin, 1802.

Down, by Rev. J. Dubourdieu—Dublin, 1802.

Dublin, by Lieutenant Archer—Dublin, 1802.

Galway, by H. Dutton—Dublin, 1824(?)

Kildare, by Thomas James Rawson—Dublin, 1807.

Kilkenny, by William Tighe—Dublin, 1802.

King's and Queen's Counties, by Sir Charles Coote (one vol.)—Dublin, 1801.

Leitrim, Mayo, and Sligo, by James McParlan (one vol.)—Dublin, 1802.

Londonderry, by Rev. G. V. Sampson—Dublin, 1802.

Meath, by R. Thompson—Dublin, 1802.

Monaghan, by Sir C. Coote—Dublin, 1801.

Roscommon, by Isaac Weld—Dublin, 1832(?)

Tyrone, by John McEvoy—Dublin, 1802.

Wexford and Wicklow, by Robert Tighe (one vol.)—Dublin, 1801.

FORMAL COUNTY HISTORIES.

Carlow, by John Ryan—Dublin, 1833.

Clare, by James Frost—Dublin, 1893.

Clare and the Dalcassian Clans, by Very Rev. P. White—Dublin, 1893.

Cork, by Dr. Charles Smith—Dublin, 1749. 3rd. Edition—Cork, 1815. 4th Edition, Guy and Co.—Cork, 1893.

Cork, by Rev. C. B. Gibson—London, 1861.

Cork, by M. F. Clare Cusack—Cork, 1875.

Down, by Walter Harris and Dr. Lyons—Dublin, 1746-1757.

Down, by Alexander Knox—Dublin, recent.

Dublin, by Walter Harris—Dublin, 1766.

Dublin, by John D'Alton—Dublin, 1838.

Galway, by James Hardiman—Dublin, 1820.

Kerry, by Dr. Charles Smith—Dublin, 1756.

Kerry, by M. F. Clare Cusack—Dublin, 1871.

Kilkenny (vol. I.), by Rev. W. Healy, P.P.—Kilkenny, 1893.

Limerick, by Rev. P. Fitzgerald and J. J. McGregor—Dublin, 1826-7.

Limerick, by Maurice Lenihan—Dublin, 1866.

Longford, by J. P. Farrell, M.P.—Dublin, 1891.

Monaghan, by Philip Evelyn Shirley—London, 1879.

Queen's County, by Daniel O'Byrne—Dublin, 1856.

Sligo, by Very Rev. Archdeacon O'Rorke—Dublin, recent.

Sligo, by Colonel Wood—Martin (3 vols.)—Dublin, 1882-92.

Waterford, by Dr. Charles Smith—Dublin, 1746.

Waterford, by Rev. R. H. Ryland—London, 1824.

Waterford, by Joseph Hansard—Dungarvan, 1870.

Wexford, by P. H. Hore, Parts I.—III.—Elliot Stock—London, 1900-2.

To the above might, perhaps, be added such works as—

Louthiana, by Thomas Wright—London, 1748.

Meath—Antiquities by F. Groves, with Annals and Records by John D'Alton—Dublin, 1833.

and Wexford—Chronicles of the County, by George Griffiths—Wexford, 1878.

Though more restricted in their scope, the few Irish Diocesan Histories published up to the present are for the most part exceedingly interesting and valuable works, containing an unexpected amount of local history and biography, such as

Ardagh and Clonmacnoise, Records of (Catholic), by Rev. Canon Monahan—Dublin, 1866.

Cork, Cloyne, and Ross Records, etc. (Protestant), by Dr. William Mazere Brady.

Down, Connor, and Dromore (Catholic), by Rev. James Laverty, P.P., five volumes, 1878-1895.

Killaloe, from the Reformation (Protestant), by Rev. Philip Dwyer—Dublin. 1878.

Killaloe, Kilfenora, Clonfert, and Kilmacduagh (Protestant), by Rev. E. A. Cooke—Dublin, 1886.

Kilmacduagh (Catholic), by Rev. Dr. Fahey—Dublin, 1893.

Meath, Ecclesiastical History of (Catholic), by Very Rev. Dean Cogan—Dublin, 1862-70.

IRISH FAMILY HISTORIES.

Ash Family Records—Edited by Rev. E. F. Martin—Belfast, 1890.

Ball—Anglo-Irish Families of surname Ball, by Rev. W. Ball-Wright—Dublin, 1887.

Barrymore—Records of the Various Branches of the Barrys, by Rev. G. Barry—Cork, 1902.

Beresford of Beresford—Eight centuries of a gentle family.—

Blake Family Records, by Martin Blake—London, 1902.

Blayney, of Ireland and Montgomeryshire, by E. Rowley Morris, 1874.

Boyle—Memoirs of the Boyle Family, 1754.

Brabazons of Brabazon Park, Mayo, and Earls of Meath down to 1825—Paris, 1823.

Brontes in Ireland, by Dr. William Wright, 1894.

Butlers—Some account of the Butlers, 1716.

Coffey—Records of the Sept Cobhthaigh, now Coffey, by H. A. Coffey—Dublin, 1863.

Colles—Records of the Colles Family, by R. W. Colles—Dublin, 1892.

Copinger or Coppinger, of County Cork, etc., by Dr. W. A. Copinger—Manchester, 1882 and 1884.

Corry—Corry Family of Castle Coole, by Earl of Belmore, 1891.

De Burgh—In Marquis Clanricarde's Memories, 1757.

Devereux of Wexford, by Dr. G. O'C Redmond—Dublin, 1891.

Echlin—Genealogical Memoirs of, by Rev. John R. Echlin, 1882.

Flemings of Slane—By Sir William Betham, 1829.

Forbes—Earls of Granard, by Admiral Forbes, 1868.

French—A. D. Weld French—Boston, U.S.A.,

Fortescue, by F. Fortescue (Lord Clermont), 1880.

French—A. D. Wild French—Boston, U.S.A., 1892.

French, Nangle, Nugent, and De Bermingham Pedigrees—By John D'Alton, in One Vol—Dublin, 1847.

Fuller—Some Royal, Noble, and Gentle Descents of the Kerry Branch, by James F. Fuller, 1880.

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LECTOR.

THE MATIN CAROL.

BY D. M. MOIR.

The splendid matin sun
  Is mounting upward through the orient skies;
The young day is begun,
  And shadowy twilight from the landscape flies.

No more the grey owls roam,
  Seeking their prey 'mid duskiness and shade;
The bat hath hied him home,
  And in some creviced pile a resting made.

Haste, then, my love, O! haste;
  The dews are melting from the fresh green grass;
Arise—no longer waste
  The pleasant hours that thus so sweetly pass.

The frolic hare peeps out,
  Out from her leafy covert, and looks round;
The wild birds flit about,
  And fill the clear soft air with gentlest sound.

Come, love! of softest blue,
  Beneath the bordering trees, the stream flows on;
The night-hawk thou may'st view,
  Sitting in stirless silence on his stone.

The lark soars up, soars up,
  With twinkling pinions to salute the morn;
Over its foxglove cup
  The wild bee hangs, winding its tiny horn.

Bright flowers of every dye,
  Blossoms of odours sweet are breathing round;
The west wind wanders by,
  And, kissing, bends their lithe stalks to the ground.

All things of bliss, and love,
  And gentleness, and harmony proclaim;
Echo, from out the grove
  Murmurs, as I repeat thy dear-loved name.

Haste, then, beloved, haste;
  Come to these cooling shades, and wander free;
My spirit will not taste
  Earth's cup of joy till first 'tis kissed by thee!

THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK.

BY CHARLES SMITH, M.D.

Æquum est enim meminisse & me, qui discerem hominem esse et vos, qui Judicetis ut si probabilia dicentur nihil ultra requiratis. Cicero Univers

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THE SECOND EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

A mile S.W. of Carigaline is Kilowen, a new house and pretty seat of Mr. Nash; and more W. is Meades-town, where stood a castle built by the Meades. Hoddersfield, called formerly Ringabroe, a mile W. of Crosshaven, is the seat of Mr. Hodder; on a rising ground near the house is a gazebo which commands a prospect of the harbour of Cork, the ocean, and a vast tract of sea coast. The castle of Ballea is a large ruin a mile W. of Carigaline; it was formerly possessed by the Mac-Cartys, of Cloghroe; and opposite to Coolemore are the ruins of another castle, built by one of the Desmond family. Rinabelly, about three miles S. of Carigaline, is a good house of Mr. Hodder; there is here a dangerous sandy bay, sometimes fatally mistaken by mariners for the mouth of Cork harbour; an hard sand obstructs the entrance. The mouth of this bay opens due W., whereas that of Cork harbour lies in N. More to the S.W., in the parish of Bealfoyl, is Barry's castle, built on a rock, hanging over the coast. At Britfield's town, in this parish, the sea eagle, or osprey, breeds in the cliffs. On the E. side of Oysterhaven is Mountlong, an handsome castle of the Longs; not far from it is Bellgooly, where the Irish had their camp for the first years of the wars of 1641; and this castle is now inhabited by Mr. Bustead. Oysterhaven is still remarkable for excellent oysters.

That part of this barony called Kinalea lies between Kerrycurihy and Bandon river. This tract was named Insovenagh, and was formerly granted to Robert Fitz-Martin; but it belonged to Barry-Oge until the rebellion of 1641. The abbey of Tracton stood two miles S. of Carigaline; it was founded ann. 1224, for Cistercian monks, by the Mac-Cartys. This foundation was confirmed by King Edward III. The abbots of it formerly sat in Parliament. The monks pretended to have a piece of the cross, which, they said Barry-Oge, at a great price, obtained and gave them; this was so firmly believed that on every Holy Thursday vast multitudes resorted to pay their devotions to this supposed relic. This abbey was granted by Queen Elizabeth to Henry Guilford, gent., and Sir James Craig, March 20, 1568, on their paying beforehand the sum of £7 15s. sterl. Sir James Craig assigned to the Earl of Cork, who passed a patent for this abbey, March 23rd, 7th of James I., and was by him given to his son Francis Lord Shannon. The monks came from Alba Lauda, in Wales; and this house was called De Alba Tractu; it is now quite demolished; and near it is the seat of Samuel Daunt, Esq.

On the S. side of the river Oonbouy is Rigg's Dale, a pretty seat of the Riggs's, with good plantations, five miles from Cork; this island was famous for producing excellent cheese. And on the other side is Ballynahassick, a small village. Mr. Bennet has here an agreeable country house, well wooded on the S. side, with large orchard and gardens. The river Oonbouy runs near it, under a stone bridge of three arches, being confined by a narrow channel; but is deep, and stocked with good trout, pike, tench, and large eels.

The village of Brinny is in the western extremity of the barony, where there is a decent parish church, and a handsome seat of Mr. Nash.

The castle of Dundaneere stands near the confluence of the Brinny and Bandon rivers. It was built by Barry-Oge. About the year 1612 (3), the East India Company of England had a settlement here for carrying on iron works and building large ships, for which uses they purchased the adjacent woods and lands for £7,000. The following year two new ships of 500 tons were launched, and a dock was erected for building more; they kept a garrison in the castle, and built three adjacent villages; but they were much disturbed in their undertakings by Walter Coppinger and others, against whom they petitioned the Government; and such was the implacable spirit of the Irish against them, that by continually doing them several mischievous ill offices, they forced them at length to quit the country. The great woods on the Bandon river were from that time much demolished, and began to forfeit Spenser's description of it, who named it "The pleasant Bandon, crowned with many a wood." But there are still some large plantations remaining W. of Inishannon. The earth hereabouts is a rich, loamy soil, producing excellent wheat, barley, and potatoes. They manure with sand, lime, and dung.

Inishannon is pleasantly situated on the river Bandon, six miles from Kinsale. The river is navigable to Collier's-quay, half a mile below the place. On the W. side of the town is a fair stone bridge. It was formerly walled, and a place of some note, as appears by the foundations of several castles and large buildings dis-

(3) MS. Sir Richard Cox.

covered in it; but notwithstanding its excellent situation on a navigable river and very fruitful country, it continued to be a poor, decayed village until within these three years that it began to be rebuilt by Thomas Adderly, Esq., who has erected a range of decent slate houses for linen manufactures, with a bleach yard and other conveniences; and so well has the design flourished by the indulgence and encouragement of that worthy gentleman, that although this business is but in its infancy, there were manufactured and bleached at Inishannon, from the 1st of Feb., 1748, to the 1st of Nov., 1749, 422 pieces of sundry kinds of linen, sheetings, diapers, &c., containing 13,886 yards; besides 240 pieces that came to be bleached from the neighbourhood, the water being found to be most excellent for that purpose; and from the 15th of Aug., 1749, to the 23rd of Dec., 1749, there were 318 pieces more manufactured here, containing 12,229 yards, besides 59 pieces then in the looms, of which there are erected for linen and sheeting 59; also two broad diaper looms, and one narrow, besides four for weaving canvass being 66 in all belonging to the factory, and kept employed by Mr. Adderly: he caused all the cloth that was made in this town to be carefully viewed by several gentlemen and dealers in linen, who have certified that for goodness, breadth, strength, and colour, the linen made here equals any other manufactured in Ireland.

What will also much contribute to the establishment of this factory, is a charter-school, which has been lately erected by the encouragement of Mr. Adderly, who has bestowed two acres of land on it for ever, set 40 acres more at half value for 21 years, and promises to renew the lease when required without any consideration. He gave £200 towards the building, also liberty to raise stones and slates on his land, with turf for the use of the school, and obtained an annual subscription of £30 towards its support, by all which encouragements this school proceeds in a happy, thriving way. The Bandon river not only affords the inhabitants excellent water for bleaching, but it gives them the advantage of carrying great quantities of turf down to Kinsale, which firing they have near Inishannon in great plenty. These boats return laden with sea-sand for manure, which is carried into the barony of Muskery and the adjacent country upon horses' backs; the country people give about 16s. for 120 bags of this sand, which hold about a barrel each. They have lime here from the parish of Moviddy in Muskery, which place supplies Bandon and a great part of Carbery with it for manure and building, at a very reasonable price. In digging a canal, to draw water to the bleach-yard of Inishannon, there was some show of coal, frm the deep, black tinged, slaty stones there dug up. On the bank of this canal there is a good appearance of potter's clay, very easy to come at; and near the town is an excellent slate quarry. To the west of this place, Thomas Corker, Esq., has a pretty seat.

From Inishannon to Kinsale the river Bandon is extremely pleasant, having several houses, castles, and woods n its banks, which are high and beautiful. As one rows down this river, it winds in an agreeable manner, and at the end of each turn the sight is pleasingly entertained with the prospect of some neat seat, or romantic building, which opens upon the eye one after the other.

Next below Inishannon is Coolemoreen, lately improved by Mr. Hodder, of Cork, who has built a good house, drained the land, and embanked a part of it formerly overflown by the river. Below this is Golden-Bush, a good house of Mr. Hay's, pleasantly seated on the river. A mile lower is the castle of Poulne-long, i.e., Ship-pool, built by the Roches, as appears from their arms over a chimney-piece. This castle was taken by the Bandonians in 1642, whereby the gained a correspondence to and from Kinsale. It is now a pleasant seat of Edward Herrick, Esq., with good gardens and other improvements; he has also made a very handsome dining-room in this castle, which affords a very beautiful prospect of the river. On the opposite side, but lower down, is Carriganassick, a ruined castle of MacCarty Reagh, in the barony of Courceys; and on the same side are several fine slate quarries.

Dunderrow is a small village two miles from Kinsale, with a parish church in repair. It belonged to the Roches, who had a castle near the banks of the Bandon river. In the churchyard is a monument, with an inscription to the memory of Edward Roche, Esq., of Trabolgan, and his wife, Mrs. Mary Archdeacon, of Monks-town, who both died in the same hour, on the 23rd of January, 1711. Arms, gules three roaches naiant, impaled with gules, a fess between three lions rampant; or, the 1st for Roche, the 2nd for Archdeacon; and within the church is a monument for the lady of Francis Roche, of Holly-hill, Esq., who died the 18th of June, 1731. The other being for his parents.

Near Dunderrow is a large Danish intrenchment, from whence it has its name; dun signifying a fortified place.

[Dr. Smith here details the history, &c., of Kinsale. His account has already been published in the "Dublin Penny Journal" (No. 14), 5th July, 1902.]

Garrets-town, in this barony, is the seat of Francis Kearny, Esq., situated on a rising ground, commanding a prospect of the ocean, on both sides the isthmus of the Old-head of Kinsale, and a good part of the neighbouring country, which is here diversified into agreeable hills and pleasant vales, well cultivated. The house, with the contiguous offices, form an handsome area; the pediments, coigns, doors, and window frames are well built of rustic work and hewn stone; a considerable part of the ground on which they stand was levelled at a great expense, being hewn out of a deep, solid rock. The sea shore, south of the house, is a fine strand, and is, in the summer season, a very agreeable ride; it is called Garrets-town strand, which, with the adjacent lands, were so named from the family of the Cores, many of whom were successively named Garret, who were, before the rebellion of 1641, proprietors of this place. When I was at Liscarol, in the barony of Orrery, where the celebrated battle was fought ann. 1642, the country people showed me a Danish fort, called Lis-Garret, which was defended by 18 of these Cores, who were slain and buried there. The present family of the Kearneys have been settled here since the beginning of the reign of King James I., being forced from the county of Limerick by the oppression of the Earl of Desmond, in Queen Elizabeth's time.

Kinalmeaky (4) was formerly a part of Carbery, and being forfeited by O'Mahony, in the Earl of Desmond's rebelilon, it was, by Queen Elizabeth, granted to Greenville and Beecher, English undertakers, by whom it was first planted with English, and then got the name of a barony. It afterwards gave title to the noble Lewis Boyle, Lord Viscount Kilnalmeaky, and Baron of Bandon Bridge, who was unfortunately slain at the fight of Liscarol. It was formerly a mere fastness, being all wood and bog, so that ann. 1602 the army could not pass it, being obliged to go round by Kinsale in their march from Cork to the siege of Dunboy in Berehaven, but it is now as well improved as any part of the county.

The most considerable place in this barony is Bandon, built by the first Earl of Cork (5), who purchased Beecher's grants; it was incorporated by the interest of the same nobleman, and is divided into two parishes (6) by the Bandon river. There are two churches, and two market houses, one on either side; and beside the churches, there is a Dissenting and a Quaker's meeting-house. The north

(4) This barony contains the parishes of Maragh, Kilbrogan, Briny, Templemartin, and Kilmodane, being 19,273 Irish plantation acres, and 62 plowlands.

(5) In a letter from the first Earl of Cork, to Mr. Secretary Cook, dated April 13, 1632, he says:—"Upon conference with the commissioners, I have been desirous to satisfy myself, whether the works done, by the Londoners, at Derry, or mine, at Bandon-bridge, exceed each other: All that are judicial, and have carefully viewed them both, and compared every part of them together, do confidently affirm that the circuit of my new town of Bandon-bridge is more in compass than that of Londonderry; That my walls are stronger, thicker, and higher than theirs, only they have a strong rampier within, that Bandon-bridge wanteth: that there is no comparison between their ports and mine; there being in my town three, each of them containing 26 rooms; the castles, with the turrets and flankers being all plat-form'd with lead, and prepared with ordnance; and the buildings of my town, both for the number of the houses and goodness of building, far beyond theirs. In my town there is built a strong bridge over the river, two large session-houses, two market-houses, with two fair churches; which churches are so filled every Sabbath day, with neat, orderly, and religious people, as it would comfort any good heart to see the change, and behold such assemblies; no Popish recusant, or unconforming novelist being admitted to live in all the town. The place where Bandon-bridge is situated is upon a great district of the country, and was, within the last 24 years, a mere waste bog and wood, serving for a retreat and harbour to wood-kernes, rebels, thieves, and wolves; and yet now (God be ever praised) is as civil a plantation as most in England, being for five miles round, all, in effect, planted with English Protestants. I write not this out of any vain glory: yet as I, who am but a single man, have erected such works, why should not the rich and magnificent city of London rather exceed, than fall short, of such performances?"

(6) On the south, the parish of Ballymodan; and on the north, the parish of Kilbrogan.

church is called Christ-church, and was built an. 1625, in the shape of a cross; it is well pewed, and strongly roofed, with fine oak, the timber being as straight and as sound as the day it was set up. Where this church stands, there was formerly an old Danish intrenchment. The glebe belonging to the incumbent lies farther north, on the site of the old parish church. The oldest grave-stone in this church is dated ann. 1629, over one Mr. Crofts, one of the first burgesses of this corporation. On the left hand of the altar, beneath an escutcheon, is this epitaph:

From the rude world's campaigns, the much admired
Legard! to this dark garrison's retired.
Legard! the darling soldier, whose loud name
Shall ever flourish in the book of fame.
Whose fair example might alone depaint,
What 'tis to be a military saint.
True to his God, his prince, his friend, his word,
Rare ornaments, but fit t' adorn the sword.

Beneath lieth the body of Edward Legard, Lieutenant to Captain Robert Hyliard, who died the 6th of January, 1678.

On a tomb in the churchyard, I find that Mr. Thomas Harrison, who died anno 1674, bequeathed £10 per ann. to the poor of this parish for ever. They here show the graves of three of Clancarty's men, John Barry (a sergeant) and two others, who were killed by the inhabitants in the late King James's time, on what they call here the black Monday insurrection, which I shall give a farther account of in its place.

In the other church is a fine monument to the memory of Francis Bernard, Esq., one of the justices of the court of common pleas. On the right is a Minerva, reclining on her ægis; and on the left is justice, leaning on her arm, her sword in her hand. Over an obelisk of fine Egyptian marble is a coat of arms, viz., three escalop shells on a bend. On the table is this inscription, in gilt letters of raised brass:

Francis Bernard, Esq;
Obiit Jun XXIX. MDCCXXXI.
Ætatis suæ. LXVIII.

Beneath the west door and the south cross aisle, beneath an escutcheon, is this inscription:

Below this pride of ancestors there lies
Mouldered in dust, death's lovely sacrifice.
Her parents darling, and her husband's pride,
When she was once, a daughter and a bride.
Lovely without, but fairer much within,
Her virtues daily triumph'd over sin.
Thus, ripe for nobler joys, she swiftly fled
To the immortal living, from the dead.
1684.

"Beneath lies interred the body of Mrs. Mary Synge, wife of Mr. George Synge, rector of Kilbrogan, the third son of George, late Lord Bishop of Cork, and daughter of Mr. Thomas Hewit, of Glan-Coole, gent., who deceased the 23rd day of November, 1684.

If grief cou'd speak my loss, or tears retrieve,
Thy weeping monument, I'd ever live."

The market-houses are neat, decent buildings; that on the south side of the river forms a piazza, and is called Saturday's market-house; and the other, on the north side, is called Wednesday's market-house.

In this town there is not a Popish inhabitant (7), nor will the townsmen suffer one to dwell in it, nor a piper to play in the place, that being the music used formerly by the Irish in their wars. They can raise 1,000 men fit to bear arms in this town; and on the last array they had a considerable number in uniform regimentals, being red, faced with black. This place is very populous and industrious; most of the inhabitants are employed in the woollen manufacture, which if properly encouraged would undoubtedly make it the bulwark of the Protestant interest in this part of the country. The linen manufacture may be said to be here only in its infancy. There are two of the four quarter sessions for the county held here, the two others being at Rathcormuck and Mallow. In the year 1623, the August assizes for the county at large were held in it by the interest of the Earl of Cork. Here is a public school, founded by that nobleman; the master has £30 per ann. Besides the Bandon river, over which there is a bridge of six arches, there is a small one which runs through the town, and separates it from part of it, called Bridewell. The streets were so placed that almost every house had a garden to it, which being planted with trees some years ago (8), made it seem as if it was built in a wood, This town within the walls estemed to be 27 acres in its area.

(To be Continued.)

THE DAISY.

BY D. M. MOIR.

The Daisy blossoms on the rocks,
Amid the purple heath;
It blossoms on the river's banks,
That thrids the glens beneath:
The eagle, at his pride of place,
Beholds it by his nest;
And, in the mead, it cushions soft
The lark's descending breast.

Before the cuckoo, earliest spring
Its silver circlet knows,
When greening buds begin to swell,
And zephyr melts the snows;
And when December's breezes howl
Along the moorlands bare,
And only blooms the Christmas rose,
The Daisy still is there!

Samaritan of flowers! to it
All races are alike,—
The Switzer on his glacier height,
The Dutchman by his Dyke;
The seal-skin vested Esquimaux,
Begirt with icy seas,
And, underneath his burning noon,
The parasol'd Chinese.

The emigrant on distant shore,
'Mid scenes and faces strange,
Beholds it flowering in the sward,
Where'er his footsteps range;
And when his yearning, home-sick heart
Would bow to its despair,
It reads his eye a lesson sage,
That God is everywhere!

Stars are the Daises that begem
The blue fields of the sky,
Beheld by all, and everywhere,
Bright prototypes on high:—
Bloom on, then, unpretending flower!
And to the waverer be
An emblem of St. Paul's content,
St. Stephen's constancy.

(7) This was a bye-law of the corporation, made soon after the town was incorporated.

(8) Description of Bandon, by Judge Cox, MSS.

HOW TO KEEP WELL.

GOOD HINTS ON HYGIENIC POINTS FROM A PHYSICIAN.

Said a well-known physician in a chat not long ago: "The growing tendency to keep well instead of being cured is fast relegating medicine to the dead arts.

"We must keep up with the procession, even if it robs us of occupation, and I'll assure you, if every man understood giving himself massage he might practically be his own doctor. For instance, half the world either has, or claims to have, liver troubles. A spare five minutes can be turned to excellent account by giving your liver a lift. Place one hand heavily on the right side at the lower border of the ribs and rub it down slowly four or five inches. Do this a dozen times and you will empty the overfull liver of its superabundant contents. This cures heartburn and remedies cramps by removing the acidity from the stomach as well as relieving the liver.

"The food of a dyspeptic remains too long in his stomach, fermenting and causing inflammation. Try helping the stomach to get rid of its contents. Place one hand at the extreme edge of the left side immediately under the ribs and slightly overlapping them. Then work it round to the right by pressing the fingers in as hard as you can, drawing the hand across to the right with the other hand, at the same time swinging the body to the right, then to the left. Practice never 'set like lead' on your stomach.

"Here is a good suggestion for a plethoric, or full-blooded, man. When waiting for the fellow that doesn't keep his appointment, place your hand at the back of your neck where the hair joins it and rub downwards. You will thus empty the glands and prevent their turning into boils. Or put your fingers on the neck at the angle of the jaw and draw them firmly downward over the course of the jugular vein. This will remove the used-up blood from the brain and make that organ feel light and clear, helping you to keep from getting 'hot under your six collars,' like Kipling's engine.

"If you have a tendency to varicose veins, when you sit down elevate your feet. The blood will flow out of the turgid veins and give you great relief. By deep friction from the heel upward you can encourage the return of the blood to the heart as well as give tone to the feeble veins.

"If you have a red nose it is because the blood enters the superficial vessels of the skin and does not return from it. If you would remedy this condition perform regularly this little feat: Grasp the tip of the nose between the thumb and fingers and massage upward to the root. This method empties the vessels of unused blood, and allows fresh blood to flow. Besides, you are not half as likely to be afflicted with cold in the head.

"One exercise especially designed to prevent a 'bay window' below the ribs is this: Lie flat on your back, raise one foot and leg to its full height without bending the knee, then the other, alternating the motions, or vary the exercise by putting the toes under the bed clothes, raising the body to the sitting posture several times. This exercises the muscles of the abdomen and prevents the accumulation of fat.

"Cold feet, so often found among brain workers, can be obviated by promoting a vigorous circulation. Immediate relief can be had by standing in about one inch of cold water in a bathtub. Stand on one foot and rub it with the other, alternately a number of times for not more than three or four minutes. Follow this up by vigorous rubbing with a crash towel, and the good effects are almost equal to walking in dew, recommended by Father Kneipp.

"A fit of blues is a habit that grows upon one so rapidly that in a short time it becomes a disease. Whenever I feel an attack coming on I put on stout walking boots and tramp till I can go no farther. This effectually dispels melancholia.

"An Oriental philosopher says fast, breathe and exercise and you will never be ill, so we might as well accept the situation that doctors are no longer needed."

LITERARY NOTES.

Sir Leslie Stephen will contribute to the "Atlantic Monthly" during the ensuing year a group of reminiscent papers dealing with English men of letters of the last half century.

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The agreeable writings of Sir John Skelton should also be utilised. Disraeli had a real friendship for Skelton, and so had Froude, and it was partly at Skelton's instance that Froude wrote his little book on Beaconsfield. I am sorry to hear, by the way, that there is no chance of a biography of Skelton being published.

✧ ✧ ✧

Charles Reade's masterpiece, "The Cloister and the Hearth," has always been a favourite. Sir Walter Besant once said it was the best modern historical novel with which he was acquainted. An edition de luxe of the work is now promised by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. It will have sixteen photogravure and eighty-four half tone illustrations by Matt B. Hewerdine.

✧ ✧ ✧

We understand, remarks a contemporary, that an injunction has been taken out by the representatives of the late George Douglas Brown, author of "The House with the Green Shutters," against the writer of a proposed unauthorised biography of that dawning genius. It would almost seem that the "Bookman" sketch by his friend Mr. Melrose, the newspaper and magazine notices, would be amply sufficient for a life that was, unfortunately, more promise than performance.

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The interest which attaches to the stirring events of French history at the beginning of the nineteenth century will be augmented for readers in these countries by a volume which Mr. Grant Richards announces for immediate publication, entitled "Memoirs of a Contemporary: Being Reminiscences of Ida Saint-Elme, Adventuress: Of her acquaintance with Certain Makers of French History, and of her Opinions Concerning Them, from 1790 to 1815." The translation is the work of Mr. Lionel Strachey, and the book will be illustrated by a number of portraits and other plates.

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The author witnessed the battle of Waterloo on horseback behind the French lines, and the following tribute to Napoleon may be quoted—"Those who say that Napoleon was a coward, and that he fled from the field after watching the battle from a safe spot, never saw him in war. During the fight at Mont Saint-Jean I watched the Emperor's face through a telescope shortly before the rout began. He was giving an order for the Grenadiers to make a final attempt to cross a ravine choked with the bodies of French soldiers. His countenance was absolutely impassive. About him were falling the bravest and best. He never frowned. . . . When the Prussians appeared instead (of Grouchy's army), and were already upon our decimated ranks, his officers surrounded him and took him away."

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There is perhaps a touch of unconsidered humour in binding up Dickens's "Christmas Books" with "Hard Times," but they form the contents of volume 9, just out, of Messrs. Chapman and Hall's Biographical Edition. The introduction shows that the notion of the "Christmas Carol" flashed upon Dickens during a hasty visit to Manchester in the autumn of 1843. In a little over six weeks the story was ready for the printer. Looking to the enormous popularity of the "Carol" since its publication, it is somewhat startling to find that the profit on the first copies greatly disappointed Dickens, and led him, for a time, to suspend his relations with his first publishers.

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Annie S. Swan has contradicted the ridiculous report in a Scottish newspaper that she was in receipt of a yearly income of £20,000 from her literary earnings. Her whole earnings, she takes the trouble to say, put together over that period fall very far short of that sum. She is quite right to observe that such a statement shows utter ignorance of the subject. "Fortunes are not made in the literary life," she says, "except, perhaps, by the very few at the top of the tree. For the rest, a fair competency is all that can be reasonably hoped for, and that even must ever be a precarious quantity. To be accredited with fabulous wealth lays one open to serious misrepresentations." It is now a good many years since Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier published "Aldersyde," the sale of which was stimulated by a postcard from Mr. Gladstone.

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It seems we are, says the "Sketch," to have a Life of Lord Beaconsfield as well as Mr. Morley's Life of Gladstone. There have been many Lives of Lord Beaconsfield, one of the most interesting being that by which Mr. T. P. O'Connor first made himself known. But we have had no authorised biography, and the personal documents and correspondence from which alone a complete Life could be written are in the hands of Lord Rowton. It is said that Lord Rowton has given access to many of them, but whether or not they will be employed in the forthcoming book is not stated. I may venture to refer the biographer to the Life of "Shepherd" Smith for some interesting Disraeliana. "Shepherd" Smith was for many years the oracle of the "Family Herald," and numbered among his friends such men as Professor De Morgan. He was for years on cordial terms with Lady Bulwer-Lytton, and in her letters to him may be found some very curious glimpses of Disraeli and his wife. It would be unwise to accept every statement of Lady Bulwer-Lytton's as accurate, but in this case there are marks of authenticity about the particulars.

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The "Academy's" latest competition has been directed to the best original motto in verse to be inscribed on a house once occupied by a deceased, or now occupied by a living author. Some of the attempts are interesting, though, as the judge remarks, the mottoes have usually a too general application. Indeed, many of them do not name the author. Here are some best attempts:—

STEVENSON.

Here I fought: here was my body slain:
Here I wove spells which winged their kindly flight
Soothing for others, as for me, earth's pain:
—Go thou and likewise fight.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

He not alone his Pegasus could ride,
But galloped gaily down the country side:
A brilliant parson, singer of that blast
From the north-east which struck him down "At last!"

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The darkness and the strife without
Should make all wanderers in doubt
Knock at this door and pray to win
The sweetness and the light within.

CHARLES DARWIN

Here dwelt the man whose god was Nature's law,
Who solved the riddle of Creation's scroll,
Who worshipped Truth with reverence and awe,
And only doubted God and his own soul.

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A writer in the "Forum" has been discussing the already much discussed question of Hawthorne's work and personality. Hawthorne, says the writer of the article, never so matched his individual strength against the world as to acquire from the battle confidence and serenity. He never had, either, "that savage but sustaining joy of scorn of the world." He thought like a man with low vitality, and only reached to strength in his supreme work. As an example of the supreme work "The Scarlet Letter" is cited. Of it the writer says—"In that book Hawthorne put the quintessence of all qualities which lay potentially in his previous work—an extraordinary power of visualisation, a sense for the physical symbol, and a relentless pursuit of the symptoms of disordered conscience. By 'The Scarlet Letter' he stands or falls." We should be sorry (the "Academy" remarks) altogether to agree with that somewhat sweeping judgment, for, beautiful as "The Scarlet Letter" is, it cannot stand on its psychology. The "relentless pursuit of the symptoms and disordered conscience" in the book sometimes degenerates into pretty triviality. Its power lies in its elusive spiritual atmosphere, its half-driven inferences, and its delicacy of style. Hawthorne was too introspective to write a really great book, but he lives, and will live.

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Mrs. Meynell contributes to the "Atlantic Monthly" an article on "Dickens as a Man of Letters." In the main it is appreciative, and that in directions which may, perhaps, surprise those readers who are inclined to neglect Dickens nowadays. It is an appreciation of him as a master of style. We read:—"Dickens, however, was very much a craftsman. He had a love of his metier, and the genius for words, which the habitual indifference of his time, of his readers, and of his contemporaries in letters could not quench. To read him after a modern man who had the like pre-occupation, displayed it, and was applauded for it phrase by phrase—Robert Louis Stevenson, for example—is to undergo a new conviction of his authorship, of the vitality of his diction, of a style that springs, strikes, and makes a way through the burden of custom." There follows this characteristic and true passage:—"The style of Dickens is assuredly not great. It has life enough for movement, but not life enough for peace. That it has life, whether restless or at rest, is the fact which proves its title to the name of style."

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The instances which Mrs. Meynell quotes show a close and intimate knowledge of her author, as also do the instances quoted of Dickens's lapses into sentimentality:—"As you read him you learn to understand how his vitality was at work, how it carried him through his least worthy as well as his most worthy moments, and justified his confidence where a weaker man had confessed unconsciously the ignominies of false art and luxurious sentiment. Charles Dickens seems to defy us to charge him with these. None the less do we accuse him—at Little Paul's death, for example. Throughout the child's life—admirably told—the art is true, but at the very last few lines the writer seems to yield to applause, and to break the strengthening laws; because in what Hamlet calls the modesty of nature there is not only the beauty, not only dignity, but inimitable strength. The limitations of nature, and of natural art, are bracing. A word or two astray in this death scene; a phrase or two put into the mouth of the dying child 'the light about the head,' 'shining on me as I go,' phrases that no child ever spoke, and that make one shrink as though with pain by their untruthfulness—and the sincerity of literature is compromised." With only one adjective employed by Mrs. Meynell are we inclined to disagree: she calls Dickens's writing "unrhetorical." But surely passage on passage might be quoted of almost pure rhetoric, passages in which the Macaulay influence to which Mrs. Meynell refers was rampant and unashamed.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

The Rome-Paris telephone line was opened to the public in the beginning of December. The trials were most successful. The line is the longest in the world, covering as it does 1,000 miles.

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The contract for replacing the great telescope that was destroyed by fire recently at the Yerkes Observatory at Williams Bay, Wis., will probably be given to Prof. John Brashear. Six months will be required to complete the work.

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The first allotment of grants by the Carnegie Institution, which has been endowed by a gift of £2,000,000 from Andrew Carnegie, has been made to Prof. Atwater to enable him to continue his investigations with the Wesleyan calorimeter. The trustees of the Carnegie Institution have also made awards to Yale University. The departments of the University which are to be benefitted are those of palæontology and psychology. The work of Prof. Marsh in the former and of Prof. Scripture in the latter has undoubtedly done much for Yale.

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Floyd J. Metzger makes a preliminary announcement on a new method of separating thorium from cerium, lanthanum and didymium. He finds that from a 40 per cent. alcoholic solution, thorium is precipitated quantitatively on the addition of fumaric acid, while no change is produced by that reagent in cold solutions of cerium, lanthanum or didymium. When thorium is precipitated in this way in the presence of the above-mentioned elements, traces of these are carried down with the thorium, but may be removed by a single reprecipitation. A number of other weak organic acids are being investigated in the same way, and several of these show interesting results.

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Experiments have been carried out on a railroad near Frankfort with a device to prevent collisions, with conspicuous success. The invention consists of a small apparatus fitted to the locomotive, which gives visible and audible signals if another locomotive is approaching on the same line of rails, or if a switch is misplaced, while in addition it also renders telephonic communication between locomotives possible. For the purpose of the experiments two locomotives were started for the same point on the same line of rails. When they were a certain distance apart, the apparatus on each locomotive gave signals to the engineers, who were then able to enter into communication.

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The Department of Vertebrate Palæontology of the American Museum of Natural History has come into possession of three specimens of rare interest. The first is the complete skeleton of a small dinosaur, which has been named "the bird catcher," by reason of its apparent ability to run fast and its long, slender, grasping fore limbs. The second specimen is the great Portheus molussus, secured by Charles H. Sternberg in Kansas in 1900. The fish is 16 feet long, and is one of the most striking specimens of a fossil to be found in any of the world's museums. The third exhibit is a superb pair of tusks of the great Elephas imperator, found last year in Texas. The tusks are 13½ feet in length and about 2 feet in circumference.

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In order to determine the density of the earth, President F. W. M'Nair, of the Michigan College of Mines, and Major John F. Hayford, of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, will conduct experiments at the Tamarack mine, which is particularly well fitted for this purpose, since its shaft is one of the deepest in the world, penetrating to a depth of 4,550 feet in strata of uniform density. The density of the earth is largely a matter of scientific conjecture. It has been computed by formulae based on Newton's laws of gravitation. It is true that Sir George Biddel Airy, the British Astronomer Royal, computed the earth's density from experiments which he carried on at a Welsh colliery, but the figures which he obtained varied so much from those based on the formulae that they have not been generally accepted.

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It is very doubtful whether the splendid work carried on at Ben Nevis will be continued. Want of funds threatened an interruption in the observations some years ago. Then Mr. Mackay Bernard, of Dunsinnan, came to the rescue. Since 1883 the Ben Nevis Observatory and the Low-Level Observatory at Fort William, connected with it, have altogether cost £24,000, some of the observers giving their services for the cause; £17,000 were received by subscription. The Meteorological Council has allowed £100 yearly for the Ben Nevis Observatory, and, since 1890, £250 for the Fort William station. The directors were officially informed this summer that the latter sum would be stopped.

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The new steel tramway on Murray street between Broadway and Church streets, New York City, was recently tested with a two-horse ashcart with a hopper body of sheet iron, the whole weighing 3,700 pounds. Instead of a dynamometer a short ice balance was used. It was found that the cart was started on the steel by a pull of 320 pounds. The wheels were somewhat too wide for the track, so that it was difficult to keep them from binding on one side or the other against the flanges of the steel plates. It was while they were thus bound that a pull of 320 pounds was required to start the cart. Later it was found that only 200 pounds was required. After it had gathered way, the cart kept moving by an average pull of 100 pounds.

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One of the latest long-distance and high-speed electric railways is that from Seattle to Tacoma,, which has recently been completed and put into operation. The power is furnished from the Snoqualmie Falls plant, which is 31 miles from Seattle. The line is about 34 miles long, and the current is transmitted outside of the cities at 27,500 volts; and at sub-stations distributed along the line this alternating current drives motors direct-connected to direct-current generators, which will supply the third rail with current at 600 volts. The third rail weighs about 100 pounds to the yard. It is expected to maintain an hourly service between the two cities. The trains will consist of two cars, as a rule. The motor consists of a combination baggage and passenger car, about 42 feet long, equipped with motors with an aggregated capacity of 500 horse-power, and it is expected to make a speed of a mile a minute.

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The United States Department of Agriculture has been carrying on the work of introducing tea culture in the United States. Experiments conducted at Pinehurst, Summerville, S.C., in co-operation with Dr. Charles U. Shepard have yielded interesting results. Dr. Shepard now has at his place about 100 acres in tea gardens. His factory is well equipped for carrying on the work on a commercial scale and for accurate scientific experiments. The yield of tea in Dr. Shepard's gardens last year was 4,500 pounds. For 1902 there were about 9,000 pounds of marketable tea. Some of the gardens have proven very prolific and profitable, while others have given very slight yields of tea of pure quality. A tea farm is soon to be established in Texas if suitable land can be secured. Whether or not tea growing in America can be made a commercial success will depend in a large measure upon the most rigid attention to the details of field and factory work.

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Faraday and a host of subsequent experimenters have investigated the electrolytic oxidation of sulphur dioxide in aqueous solution, and have found that under normal conditions one-half the oxide undergoes oxidation to sulphuric acid at the anode, the remaining appearing as sulphur or sulphuretted hydrogen at the cathode. In 1895, however, Dr. Leonard Wacker succeeded in rendering the oxidation quantitative by the concurrent use or production of carriers of oxygen, such as the persulphates, or even the halogens. Mr. Charles B. Jacobs now finds that the same result may be accomplished by a judicious application of the principle that oxidation is facilitated by a concentrated solution and low current density at the anode. In Jacobs' apparatus the anode is a porous composition through which the gas is injected in a continuous stream into the cell, and the anode area is 33 times that of the cathode. The vessel is provided with horizontal electrodes, and an interposed diaphragm. The porous anode constitutes a partition near the base of the cell, and into the lower compartment so formed sulphur dioxide is injected through the pipe, passing through the previous anode and undergoing oxidation therein. An outlet is provided for withdrawal of the sulphuric acid when the hydrometer shall indicate that the desired density has been reached. A refrigerating jacket is provided in order that advantage may be taken of the increased solubility of sulphur dioxide at 0 deg. C. Jacobs, like Wacker, finds that by continuously injecting sulphur dioxide, the sulphuric acid may be brought to standard concentration. While, as stated, the reaction, chemically considered, is quantitative, all of the sulphur dioxide being converted, the electrolytic efficiency is given as 54 per cent; this result is attained with a potential difference of two volts and a current density of 15-20 amperes per square foot of anode surface. Our information is taken from an article by Mr. Clinton Paul Townsend in the "Electrical World."

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In a letter addressed from Eustis, Florida, to a New York contemporary, Mr. Sydney C. Haley writes:—"It has long been a matter of speculation with me just why a rain will help plants so much more than any form of artificial watering. The popular theory is that when water is applied to vegetation by the latter method, the heat of the sun causes a kind of steam to form, which scorches it. This is obviously incorrect. My own conclusion, which I reached some time ago, and which may, for all I know, be the accepted scientific explanation, is that rain stimulates the plants on which it falls because it is charged with electricity, and that the mere wetting of a plant has little effect on it. A few weeks ago I was reading in your journal, I believe, of an experiment that confirms my view, and incidentally suggests an idea, which, if carried into execution, might prove of immense value. It appears that some experimenter passed a current through some pots in which plants were growing, with the effect that they showed a decided gain in size and fertility over those similarly situated, but not so treated. The difference, if I remember aright, was 40 per cent. Now, why would it not do to apply water electrically charged to the vegetation, and thus stimulate, as nearly as could be, nature's method? The water could be placed in a vessel from which the electricity could not escape, an insulated barrel, for instance, or a pail bottomed with rubber or glass. After the water was charged, it could be applied with the aid of an ordinary rubber hose, with a non-conducting nozzle; and that would be all that would be necessary. Now, I am not an electrician, and have not the means of trying this experiment myself, but if some experimenter would follow my suggestion, I believe discoveries of great practical value might be made."

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

DUBLIN, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14TH.

The grievance arising from the scarcity of weighty half guineas and silver having for some time past being greatly detrimental to the trading interest of the province of Ulster, but more particularly to the inhabitants of Belfast, on Saturday last there was a meeting of the Sovereign, Burgesses, and principal merchants and traders of that town, convened by public notice at the Town Hall, to take the same into consideration, when they unanimously agreed to the following petition:

"To his Grace CHARLES DUKE OF RUTLAND, etc.

"The humble Petition of the Sovereign, Burgesses, and principal inhabitants of Belfast,

"Sheweth,

"THAT the linen trade is the staple of the province of Ulster; that the trade cannot be carried on without half guineas and silver, on account of the multiplicity of very small payments to be made; that very great distress hath been felt for a long time by the linendrapers, manufacturers, weavers, spinners, and every description of persons concerned in the linen trade, as well as by all persons paying or receiving money throughout said province, from the want of half guineas and silver, and that said distress is daily increasing.

"That the town of Belfast is the capital of said province from wence specie is supplied to almost the whole, and that Petitioners are informed that there are half guineas and silver in great abundance in the Mint.

"Your Grace's Petitioners therefore humbly pray that your Grace may be pleased to make such representations as may be needful, in order to procure for your petitioners a supply of half guineas and silver of the new coinage, adequate to the necessities of this extensive and populous province, and your Grace's Petitioners will ever pray."

DUBLIN, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1787.

The improvements at Crow street Theatre advance with great rapidity. Between fifty and sixty men are daily employed in them. A coffee-room will be attached to the buildings, at the angle near Fownes's street. The upper gallery will not be so curtailed as was at first imagined—two of the front seats will be taken off the pit and galleries, and the stage will be so enlarged as to run into what is called the Tap-room of the Shakespeare Tavern in Temple lane. Upon the whole, the improvements are very judicious, and will contribute very much to that accommodation which the public have a right to expect at all places of public amusement.

A savage practice prevails in the markets, which in itself is highly criminal, but from the consequences it is liable to be attended with, merits a most severe and exemplary punishment. The markets, it is known, swarm with rats, and when any of those vermin are caught, it is frequent to besmear them with spirit of turpentine, to set them on fire, and let them loose. An instance of this occurred a few days ago in Ormond Market, and the animal made its way into the warehouse of a merchant on the quay, and would not have only set it on fire, but in all probability the whole neighbourhood, were it not for the immediate exertions of one of the shopboys, who luckily seized the creature, and extinguished the flames.

Wednesday night, between seven and eight o'clock, Dr. Quinan, of South Anne street, was stopped in his carriage by five armed footpads, between the Park and the Horse Barrack Gate, aid robbed of his watch, hat, shoes, and buckles.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

A great improvement might be made by rough-casting and repairing Ormond and Bloody Bridges, and erecting stone or iron pallisades open down to the crown of the bridge, which would keep the pavement constantly dry and ventilated, as is the case on the Iron Bridge at Colebrooke-dale, where there is an iron pallisadoe open to the gravel, by which the track over the bridge is constantly dry.

Some various improvements might be made in Dublin at little expense, similar to those at Paris, in the public walks, called the Elysian Fields, where the road is only fenced out by trees, as in St. James's Park. The same improvement might be made at Stephen's Green, by taking away the disagreeable wall that surrounds it, and substituting posts for globes, where the trees are wanting. This, with the putting up an iron railing to the College Park in Nassau street, would have a most beautiful effect, and might be completed at no great expense.

The Mansion House in Dawson street has been for some time past fitting up in the utmost style of elegance for the reception of the Lord Mayor-elect, and the stables enlarging which were hitherto but small and inconvenient. The house, it must be confessed, is a noble old structure, being built about a hundred years since, and according to the taste of the times, was wainscotted with good old Irish oak. It has been purchased by the Corporation of the city for the residence of the Chief Magistrates in the reign of George the First, and had been originally the dwelling of a peer of this kingdom.

'Tis with much pleasure we learn that the return of her Grace the Duchess of Rutland to this kingdom will be much sooner than was generally expected. In her absence, her Grace has not been unmindful of Irish manufactures, but in wearing them almost constantly, has given that stamp of fashion which must prove of essential service. No doubt her presence will restore splendour to the Viceregal Court, and give that fillip to trade in general which is at present much wanting in this city.

Yesterday, pursuant to public notice, a Post Assembly was held at the Tholsel by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Aldermen, Sheriffs, and Commons, for electing an Alderman in the room of Sir Anthony King, Knt., deceased, when the four following Sheriffs Peers were returned by the Board of Aldermen to the Sheriffs and Commons:—John Carleton, Esq.; Richard Bolton, Esq.; Hugh Trevor, Esq.; John Sankey, Esq. When the Sheriffs and Commons proceeded to ballot, and on casting up the number of votes, there appeared—For Mr. Carleton, 66; Mr. Bolton, 52. Whereupon Mr. Carleton was declared duly elected, and took the usual oaths of office accordingly.

Among those characters who stand high in the public estimation for a residence on, and unwearied application to, improving their estates, the present Earl of Carhampton may be reckoned one of the first. His seat at Luttrellstown is an earthly Paradise, in the completion of which he every day in the year gives bread to upwards of one hundred industrious labouring men and their families. If such were the practice of the landed gentlemen in general, the nation would soon grow into opulence.

By the preparations making for the Lord Mayor-elect (Alderman Alexander), the City Court promises to be kept for the ensuing year in a style of elegance equal to the Mayorality of any other Magistrate who has come within our knowledge. The carriage is most superb, and we are informed the Aldermen has purchased six elegant black geldings for the purpose of drawing it.

Throughout the whole of his tour, the Duke of Rutland has not expressed so much satisfaction as at Lord Lucan's improvements at Castlebar, where utility and beauty have been so happily united, that 'tis difficult to say whether the ornament of the country or advantage of the people has been most considered.

It is rather unfortunate for the rising feature of commerce in this kingdom, that it should be damped with more bankruptcies since the liberation of its trade, than at any time before. America is the great temptation for making swindlers in this country; it is only to impose upon credit to amass all the money that credulity can produce, and then run off to the Western Continent. One man decamped last week with property to the amount of £30,000. This is a severe stroke to many honest individuals, and several people have smashed, as it is generally termed, within the last fortnight. This proves that there is a radical evil in the bankrupt laws of this country, and must convince, that if some examples are not made, both free and private traders form but a farcical idea in this country.

In Ireconnaught and Connemara, an extent of 40 miles, in the county of Galway, there is but one feeble Magistrate to administer justice, and protect the lives and properties of the inhabitants. For two successive years every species of rapine and plunder has been practised with impunity in this mountainous half-peopled country, and the confederated gang of ruffians laugh at the law; and there are not more than six ploughs employed in this large tract of country. The Barrack of Oughterard is about 20 miles distant, and can be but of little service in a country abounding with havens and fastnesses. There is a vote on the "Commons' Journals" for erecting a second barrack, but through some means or other, never carried into effect. It is hoped, however, the Government will now take the matter up, and by erecting said barrack, give peace and security to that part of the country, in common with the rest of the kingdom.

Mr. Morne, a gardener, residing in Palmerstown, returning home late on Wednesday evening from this city, was attacked on the road by 7 footpads, who took several guineas and some silver from him, but did not offer to take his watch. The instant they had thus plundered him, a gentleman's carriage was passing the road, which they also stopped, and Mr. Morne saw them present pistols, but he hastened away and did not know the result, but supposed the persons inside were treated in the same manner as himself. This happened at a small distance from Chapelizod. The villains made use of horrid imprecations, and threatened his life if he should utter a single word.

LIMERICK, SEPTEMBER 13.

On Wednesday morning Mr. Tomkins, Surveyor, assisted by Mr. Murphy, Gauger; William Wilson, Esq.; a Magistrate for the county of Limerick, and a party of the 27th Regiment, seized in the town of Cahirconlish, a large quantity of private malt, which was safely lodged in his Majesty's stores.

Last Tuesday Mr. Downs, Inspector of Excise; Robert Lloyd, Esq., Surveyor; and Mr. Francis Hayes, L.C. Officer, seized one car load of leaf tobacco, conveying by smugglers to the Irish town, which was safely lodged in his Majesty's stores.

(To be Continued.)

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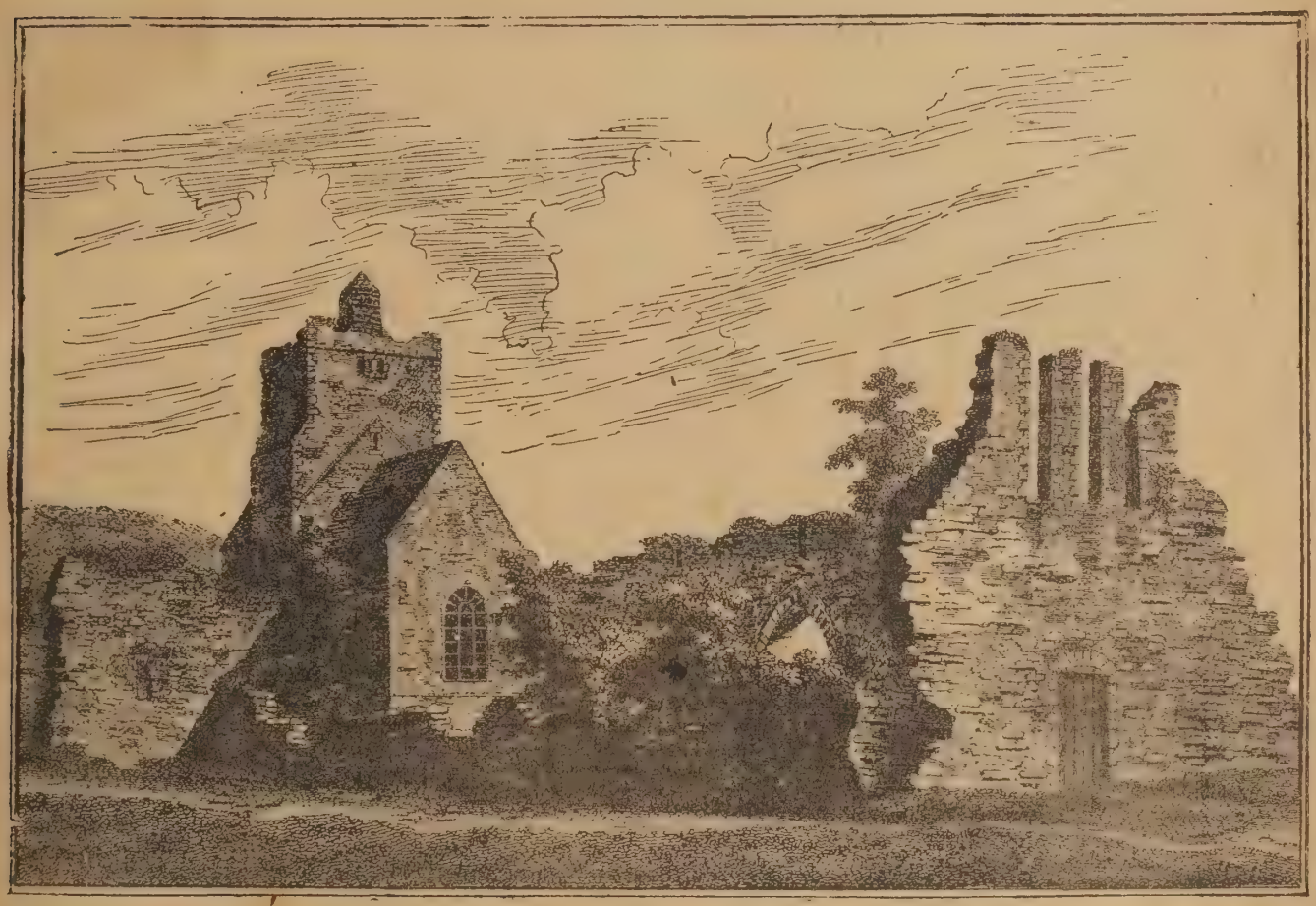
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BALTINGLASS ABBEY.



AN OLD COUNTY WICKLOW CISTERCIAN MONASTERY.

FROM A DRAWING BY LIEUTENANT DANIEL GROSE, ANNO 1792.

(From Grose's "Antiquities of Ireland," 1791.)

Dermod Mac Murrough, King of Leinster, founded this abbey for Cistercians in 1148 or 1151. The abbot was mitred, and sat in Parliament. King John confirmed its lands, and granted others, and particularly a salt-pit at Arklow. In 1185 Albin O'Molloy was abbot; in a sermon which he preached in Christ Church, Dublin, he inveighed bitterly against the debauched Norman clergy, who had vitiated the probity and innocence of Irish ecclesiastics. He was after Bishop of Ferns.

John Galbally, the last abbot, surrendered the 15th of December, 1537, and had a pension. A grant was made the 33rd Henry VIII. to Thomas Eustace Viscount Baltinglass, of the abbey and its possessions; and another, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to Sir Henry Harrington, Knight. The abbey stood on the banks of the river Slaney, which runs in front about 100 yeards from it. There are a long ruined chapel, a belfry, and a lofty plain east window. Not far is Baltinglass Castle, in good repair and inhabited.

WERE THE FIRST "GERMANS" CELTS?

By C. M. O'Keeffe.

II.

Another example of Gaelic chivalry is found in the third book of Cæsar, which is likewise appropriated by Grimm and wrongfully transferred to the honour of the Deutsche Volk. In his account of the Aquitanian war Cæsar informs us that a chief named Adcantuanus, who was invested with supreme authority, endeavoured, at the head of six hundred devoted followers, to break out of the beleaguered city of the Sotiates. These heroic associates of Adcantuanus were termed "soldurii." Each soldurius had a comrade with whom he shared whatever property he possessed. If disaster befell one the other was bound to participate in it or perish by his own hand; "and it was never known in the memory of man," says Cæsar, "that when one soldurius fell the other refused to die." Jacob Grimm roundly asserts that no Celtic language is capable of elucidating the word "soldurius—taugt Soldurii zu erlautern." It is pure German, he says, and its root is the Gothic "skula," "a debtor." But in this instance, as in many others, Grimm prefers Germany to truth. The true form of the word is found in the Greek of Athenæus, and is written by him "silodouroi." The first syllable of this word is "siol," "a tribe." Thus the children of Israel are termed "Siol Israel"; in the Irish Bible the Irish family of Macnamara, for instance, are termed "Siol Aodha," "the tribe of Hugh," etc. The second syllable is "ochda," "of the breast." It is the genitive case of 'uchd," "the bosom." The third part of the word is a modification of "urra," "a chieftain," and the whole means "the tribe or children of the chief's breast." It is a variation of the well-known phrase, "A chuid mo croidhe." The words applied to the heroic clansmen of Lochiel were likewise applicable to the soldurii:—

"They were true to the last of their blood and breath,
And like reapers went down to the harvest of death."

The satellites of Adcantuann seem to have been identical with the "Red Branch Knights" of Conor, King of Emania, who in Irish chronicle make so brilliant a figure, and whose memory still lives in the title of their residence in the County Armagh, in Ireland. "Military orders of knights," says O'Halloran, "were very early established in Ireland. Long before the birth of Christ we find a hereditary order of chivalry in Ulster called Curaidhe na Craoibhe ruadh, or the Knights of the Red Branch."

But if Jacob Grimm can maintain with any show of reason that "soldurius" is German, he cannot at least deny that Adcantuann is Gaelic. The central syllable is this title—for such it is—"can," signifies "the head," and is a misspelling of "ceann," a Gaelic word having the same meaning and sound. The prefix "ad" is intensitive. It is an augmentation of the signification or sense, and signifies "illustrious" in this instance. Adcantuann was the supreme head of the Sotiates, who, as appears from the syllable "tuan," belonged to the Firbolg race. They were plebians and he was their leader. This is shown by the final syllables, the Gaelic form of which is "tuathanach" (from "tuanna"), a word that signifies "of or belonging to the rustics." He was chief of the plebeians. From all this it seems evident that neither "ambacti" nor "soldurii" belonged to the race of the Deutsche Volk. Neither the titles nor those who bore them were of the race of the modern German people. The two words are purely Gaelic, and those whom they designate likewise belonged to the race of the Gael. They were the "knights companions," or "Duinibh uasul," of the Gaelic chieftains.

To render this more intelligible it is necessary to observe that the inhabitants of Ireland consisted in archaic times of three nations, two of whom had been conquered by the third. They were named respectively the Firbolg, the Tuatha-de-Danaan, and the Gaels (Milesians), or Tighernai, the last of whom had mastered the other two. Hence we find in those terrible raids with which they occasionally ravaged the Continent of Europe during two hundred years such terms as Volgae, Volcae, Belgae, Bolgus and Teutomarus, Teutoni, Teutomates, Tigurini, Teutomal, etc.

As an illustration of this we may state that the Eburones, for instance, of the Latin writers were governed by two chiefs, one of whom was termed Catevolcus, the other Ambiorix. The Eburones consisted of two nations, who are represented in these names. The Firbolgs are ruled by Catevolc, whose name is cead, "first"; te, "person"; volcae (bholcae), "of the Firbolgs." The other chief is "am," "the"; "bi," "life"; "toruis," "of the expedition." The sound which "is" has in the Gaelic language ("ish") is represented in Latin by "ix." The O'Moores of Leinster, for instance, occupied a district in the now Queen's County termed Laeighis (pronounced "leesh"), which in Latin is commonly written "Leix."

The name of the Eburones is derived from the place in which they resided—namely, the two banks of the Mosa, or Meuse. "Eb," or "Ib," signifies a "tribe," "ur" signifies "the margin or brink," and "obhan"* (pronounced "oan") signifies "a river." The Eburones inhabited the two sides of the Mosa.

An unbroken chain of testimony, whose primal links are connected with the age of Alexander the Great, attests the existence of a people in classical times who were termed Kimmerii and Cimbri. The peninsula which is now termed Jutland—where it selvages the Northern Ocean—is indicated by many ancient authors as the residence of these people. In conformity with the genius of the Latin language they are termed "Cimbri" by the Romans, while the Greeks term them "Kimmerii" for a similar reason. "The Greeks," says Strabo, quoting Posidonius, "give the name of Kimmerii to those whom we now call Cimbri." This alteration is regarded by Plutarch as trifling and pardonable, and calculated to excite no surprise. The modification of the name is ascribed to time by Diodorus Siculus, who has no doubt as to the identity of the peoples. Ancient writers of high authority give us an explanation of the name. "Cimbri in lingua Gallica latrones dicuntur," says Festus—i.e., "Robbers in the Gaelic language are termed 'Cimbri.'" Plutarch agrees with Festus. In the life of Marius, cap. ii., Plutarch says: "The Germans term robbers 'Cimbri.'" Strabo in like manner (s. 292, 293) indicates the Cimbri as "wanderers and plunderers." But no word which resembles "Cimbri" and expresses robbery is to be found in the Gaelic language, according to Jacob Grimm: "Nun kennt aber keine der heutigen Keltischen Sprachen einen solchen Ausdruck." "The Irish for a robber," he adds, "is 'creachadoir,' or 'spionneadoir,'" and the Welsh term "Cymro" has no connection whatever with "Cimbri."

In what he has said on this subject Grimm does not prove that the Gaelic is destitute of the word "Cimbri," but he proves that he himself is wanting in a knowledge of the Gaelic language. The word "cimb" is found in Cormac's "Glossary," and signifies "money." This is the most ancient form of the vocable, and the Romans, when writing "Cimbri," seem to have had it before them. The letter "b" is dropped as superfluous by modern writers, and is not to be found in O'Brien and O'Reilly. This is the first syllable; the second is "raidhe" (pronounced "ree"), and signifies a "tribe." Thus the "Calraidhe" (Calry) are the tribe of "Cal"; "Ciarraidhe" (Kerry) the tribe of "Ciar," etc. The Cimbri, in short, were warriors in search of booty—soldiers on the look-out for gold. They realised the definition of a Gael as given in Cormac's "Glossary," and translated by Pictet: "Homme allant par violence (pillage, vol) a travers tout pays habite"—"A man who, searching for plunder, traverses every inhabited land."*

There is no word in the Irish or perhaps any other language which carries the mind back to a period so archaic and remote as this worm "cim." It means not only money but slaves. Everyone knows that there was a time when wealth consisted exclusively of cattle, as is evident from the fact that "pecunia," "money," comes from "pecus," "a herd." But this was comparatively a modern period. There was an age still more remote—the twilight of time—when property consisted exclusively of captives and bondsmen, and man was the principal property of his fellowman. This idea seems to be established by the fact that while "cimb" signifies "money," "cime" signifies "a slave." St. Patrick was a "cime." The men who captured him in Gaul, and transported him to Ireland and sold him to the "Cothraighe," were "Cimbri."

It is evident from all this that Jacob Grimm is in error when he asserts—so confidently—that "Cimbri" is a word not to be found in the Irish dictionary. The fact is, it is to be found in no other dictionary; no other language can supply its interpretation, as is evident from the fact that Grimm has explored them all in vain for this purpose. And, as he well observes, the national name of the Welsh has no connection whatever with it. That national epithet is not Cymro, according to Pictet; the true form is Cyn-Bri. It is compounded, he says, of "cine," "a tribe," and "Bri," a proper name. The first colony that ever settled in Britain was led by an adventurer named Bri. The inhabitants of that island were the descendants of these colonists. "Tain" is "a region," "Bri" a man's name, etc.

The Cimbri, unlike the Cyn-Bri, were not a nation; they were a profession. The Romans are termed by an orator in Tacitus "Raptores orbis," but it by no means follows all the citizens of the Roman Republic deserved so opprobrious a name. They were not all robbers any more than they were all soldiers. The Cimbri are found everywhere. Few in number but renowned in history, the Cimbri, says Tacitus, occupied a gulf near the Cherusci and were proximate to the Northern Ocean. Here they pitched their tents and entrenched their camp, the vestiges of which on either side of the river lend corroboration to their fame. Their settlement, consisting of "castra" and "circumvallations," was military, not civil, and their residence apparently transitory in duration and hasty construction.† Of all the writers by whom Cimbri are mentioned a contemporary of Aristotle's named Philemon is perhaps the most ancient. He says that in their language the sea near which the Cimbri abode was termed "More morusca," which signifies, according to Pliny, "mortuum mare," "the lead sea." An explanation of

* De l'Affinité des Langues Celtiques avec le Sanskrit.

* Appearing still in English geographical names—e.g., Stratford-on-Avon, etc.

† In some respects—not all by any means—recalling the predatory expeditions of later times by the Northmen.

this term is to be found, says Thierry, in the Welsh tongue where "mer" signifies a "sea," and "morosis" "dead." But this Welsh explanation has been objected to by Latham, who observes very truly that of all the seas on earth the Baltic is the last which should be termed "dead." Mad with tempests and torn by whirlwinds, it is never tranquil, never dead. This difficulty is easly removed by having recourse to the Gaelic language. The term "more morusea" consists of three words: "muir," the sea; "marbhach" (pronounced "morowa"), "deadly, cruel killing"; and "uisce,"‡ "water." The Baltic is a deadly sea because it is stormy and tumultuous—because, in short, it is not "dead." It is a devouring and insatiable flood. The name applied by the Cimbri to the Baltic is derived from the Gaelic verb "marbhaim" (pronounced "morowim"), "I kill," and this owing to the turbulent character of that furious sea, swollen with the invasive rush of the Atlantic Ocean, lashed with polar gales, and paved with the bones of mariners. In harmony with this view a Greek writer quoted by Strabo describes the Cimbri as Celts—a term which, in his system of geography, embraces all the inhabitants of Western Europe. Nor is this all. The Cimbri are spread by the well-informed Pliny over a wider surface. He does not confine himself to Jutland he discerns them roaming the Mediterranean and encamping on the margins of the Rhine.

As to that terrible band of Cimbri who, between the years 113 and 100, rushed, sword in hand, into Italy and spread havoc and destruction through its northern provinces, and who, as Florus informs us, were believed to have issued from the remotest countries in the West, we can only say of them that they formed not a nation but an expedition. This is evinced by the titles of their leaders. The supreme commander of the Cimbri is termed by Plutarch "Boiorix"—that is, "the life of the enterprise," the vital principle of the expedition. His title, if written in full, would be "fear," "a man"; "beo," "living": "thoruis," "of the foray." (In Gaelic "t" when aspirated becomes silent.) He was the life of the foray. Another is termed "Cesorix"—that is "ceas," "the eyesight"; "thoruis," "of the raid."" Let us here observe, once for all, that an "expedition, journey, pilgrimage, or tour" is always understood by the word turns. When commanded with certain other words the initial of "torus," ceasing to be sounded, becomes, according to the euphonic rules of Gaelic, mortified or eclipsed. The word then becomes simply "orus." "Torus" is the nominative case; "toruis" (pronounced "torish") the genitive. This is the modification of the word which in Latin versions of Gaelic names is often represented by "orix."

Our Celtic historians, such as Thierry and Godwin, entirely unacquainted with the language of the Celts, affirm that "Boio-rix"—as they write it—signifies "King Boio." But this is simply impossible. "Righ," not "rix," is the Gaelic for "king," and it is quite evident that these Cimbri were Gaels. "Rioh' is likewise the human arm, because the king is the arm or executive of the nation. The character which historian ascribe to Boiorix seems to prove that he was worthy of this title. We are told, on the authority of Livy, that his age was youthful, his temper violent, and his courage intrepid. All the inferior chiefs were subjected to Boiorix, the guiding spirit of the great invasion.

Speaking of this expedition of the Cimbri, a commentator of Tacitus says—"Strabo places them on the ocean: Mela in the islands of the Baltic; Pliny to the east of the Elbe, and on the peninsula which took its name from them; Tacitus places them in the same quarter; Ptolemy at the extremity of the Cimbric Chersonese. But upon examination it does not appear that they ever inhabited these places." No, they were not the "inhabitants" of these coasts; they merely landed at them. Their home was "the farthest part of the west." They fortified a camp on the margins of the Elbe, and then marched into the interior, sword in hand. The truth is that these expeditions were Irish, precisely like that which in after ages and in a different locality carried St. Patrick a chained prisoner into Ireland. These warriors were the knights-errant of pagan times, ransacking Europe in search of adventure, gold, and renown. Owing to the frequent recurrence of these invasions, repeated during centuries, the peninsula in question was termed "Cimbric" by the Greeks and Romans.

Speaking of the Gaelic chiefs of Scotland, Sir Walter Scott says—"A young chief was always expected to show his talents for command as soon as he assumed it, by leading his clan on a successful enterprise of this nature (a foray, or "creacadh") either against a neighbouring sept, for which constant feuds usually furnished an apology, or against the Saxons, or 'Sassanachs,' for which no apology was necessary." J. O'Donovan, in his notes to the "Annals of the Four Masters," corroborates this statement by assuring us that the Irish had a similar custom. He describes the "ceanurra," or captain, of an Irish "nation" as organising a foray as soon as he was inaugurated—when he stepped down from the "far-seeing hill."

When the newly-chosen chief descended from the rock of inauguration he hastened at the head of his clansmen to invade some adjacent principality. Now, what was true of the provincial chiefs was likewise true of the "Ardrigh," or supreme monarch of Ireland—the "Imperator Scotorum," as he is termed in a venerable manuscript. He summoned his "urriaghs," marshalled his tributaries, prepared his fleet, embarked his forces, and set sail for the Continent. Being unable—like a modern potentate—to mortgage posterity for the payment of his army, he promised them abundance of booty, kingdoms to ravage, and termed them "cimbri," or pursuers of wealth. We must always remember that the Irish monarchy existed at least two thousand years. "Compared to 'Ierne,'" said Archbishop Ussher, "the name of Rome is modern." Donald O'Neill, in his celebrated letter to Pope John XXII., written in 1316, affirms—what has never been denied—that previously to the arrival of St. Patrick, one hundred and thirty-six kings reigned in Ireland. Many of these kings, however, were "righe go freasabhra," "reges cum reluctantia"—sovereigns whose sway was reluctantly submitted to, whose dominion was not commensurate with the extent of the island. They assumed the title of "Ardrigh," however, when two provinces and a fragment of a third acknowledged their authority. But this was a rare occurrence. The number of Irish kings who in the course of ages could boast of being "righe gan freasabhra"—"rulers whose authority was entirely unopposed"—was comparatively few. These were the men, however, who led armies on foreign expeditions. In his "Life of Nelson," Southey says that Henry II.'s object in invading Ireland was to paralyse the Irish nation and prevent the havoc of his dominions by expeditions of this nature—an object in which he certainly succeeded. Speaking of these expeditions, W. K. Sullivan says:—

"The political organisation of Ireland was very weak for the purpose of defence against an invading enemy; the chief king had no power over the numerous 'subreguli' beyond what he could enforce by his arms, and there was no cohesion even among clans the most closely related . . . Such countries, however, might have sent forth very formidable invading armies in which the principle of military honor, fidelity to the chosen war-chief, and a sense of the common danger in an enemy's country would give that unity of action which could not be attained at home."

Owing to the frequent repetition of these expeditions and the restless character of the Cimbri, owing to the appearance of their armed bands at widely separated points of the Roman frontier; the classical writers were persuaded that the north of Europe was eminently populous, crowded with warlike communities. They describe the Cimbri as extending from the Baltic to the Euxine, and flourishing at one and the same time on the Rhine and the Mediterranean. They give them armies of three hundred thousand men, exclusive of women and children. These exaggerations originated in the mobility and restlessness of the Cimbri, constantly changing their place of encampment and living in chariots and wagons. They appeared in all the splendor of arms, with plumed helmets and dazzling spears, sometimes at the Euxine, sometimes at the Baltic, and sometimes on the Rhine; but it by no means follows that they occupied the intervening country. The French, for instance, at the present day hold Algiers; they have also a settlement on the Gulf of Guinea, but do not occupy the territory between these settlements. The Cimbri were λπάνηστε. They were constantly doing what the Helvetii were restrained by Caesar from accomplishing, what Orgetorix advised them to do—"ut de finibus suis cum omnibus copiis exirent. Niebuhr pronounces the expedition of the Helvetii "one of the most extraordinary phenomena in history." But this was by no means the case. The Cimbri pursued the same practice. It appears astonishing to Latham that a people acquainted with the arts of agriculture should desert their country, burn their houses, and become as nomadic as the Tartars of Asia, who are destitute of corn. The following extract from Keating is calculated, we think, to elucidate this custom. Keating informs us that the Feine-na-h-Erionn*—the ancient militia of Eire—spent one-half of the year in hunting, and during the other half were billeted on the agriculturists, and thus combined the vigilance, energy, and agility of men who live by the chase with the industry, skill, and social virtues of the class who live by agriculture. Thus when they conquered foreign countries they were prepared for either mode of life, and were ready, like the Cimbri, to lay aside the sword and use the ploughshare, or, like the Helvetians, to turn their back on the plough and unsheathe the sword of war—were by turns military nomads and settled agriculturists. We do not see anything incompatible in these occupations. What Tacitus says of the Suevi, "multum sunt in venationibus,' would not hinder them from assiduously applying themselves in the intervals of war to the arts of peace, or from occasionally throwing off the restraints of a monotonous tranquillity and sallying forth like one man, sword in hand, to carry war and devastation into the precincts of "peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote."

To return. The object of Jacob Grimm's work is to demonstrate that in the days of Tacitus the "Vaterland' was inhabited, as it is now, by "Deutsche Volk." More ancient writers, however, such as Pelloutier, maintain that those inhabitants were Celts. J. Grimm labours to establish his theory by showing that the names of the tribes mentioned by Tacitus are "High-German." In seeking to effect this object, however, he entirely fails. For instance, as every Irish scholar knows, the word "sturrich" (pronounced sturree) signifies in Gaelic the summit of a hill. From this word the name of a tribe mentioned by classical writers, the "Sturiori," is naturally derived. Grimm, however, has a different etymology. He fancies it comes from the German "sturm"—the English "storm"—and this for a cogent reason: the "Sturiori," he maintains, were "Cimbri;" the Cimbri were a stormy people. Therefore, the "Sturiori" were "Deutsche Volk."

To conclude, we are compelled, after a read-

†Uisge appears in modern times in English geographical names in the form Usk as applied to a river.

*Fin, or feine, means a rustic or farmer in its literal acceptance; fingast, a diligent farmer.

ing of the "Geschichte der Deutschen Sprache," to declare that very many of Grimm's derivations are, to say the least, far-fetched and fantastic. We regret that we cannot fully coincide with him in his efforts to prove (ingenious as those efforts are) that the "Catti" of Tacitus and Hessians of modern times are one and the same people. We may be considered as fastidious; but we cannot believe that these names are identical. Grimm's conclusions are possibly true, but we hesitate to accept them. We think it is a case in which "the vowels go for nothing, and the consonants if possible for less."

[THE END.]

THE POET'S FAREWELL TO KILLARNEY.

(Air: "Rodney's Glory.")

This quaint composition was written by Daniel Roderick O'Connor, who lived towards the close of the 18th century. It forms the concluding portion of the author's "Loch Lene, the celebrated Lake of Killarney, in a Tour of Six Days." O'Connor's works appear to have been published in two volumes, principally in Cork, according to the "Dictum of Irish Poets." (On November 2, 1788, O'Connor was in correspondence with a brother bard, James Connolly, of Macroom).

"Farewell, you sweet, enamelled plains,
You graceful nymphs and sportive swains,
You bubbling rills, whose tuneful strains
Afford such recreation.
Here new Hesperia seems to rise,
Or Eden greets my wondering eyes,
While fragrant flowers perfume the skies,
And Carrocks sing
On fluttering wing
Lough Lene, the theme of every string,
The source of inspiration.

Here Flora lavishes her pride
Along the lake's transparent side,
Where trout and salmon gently glide,
And leap with exultation.
There Nature yields her choicest store
In richest mines of golden ore;
Thus blest, what need ye wish for more?
Should South or East
With us contest
Still would Killarney be confessed
The glory of our nation.

Who would not Cahirnone survey,
Or Muckross in the month of May?
When foreign peers and noblesse gay
Here seek for recreation;
They are inspired with transports great
When they behold Glena's retreat,
And fair Bellevue's romantic seat
Here satyrs prance
With looks askance,
And nimbly lead the mystic dance
With sportive emulation.

Who would forget the west domains,
Where Dyna murmurs thro' the plains,
And Zephyrs whisper lovesick strains
Along the new plantation?
Fam'd Aghadoe's exalted green,
Dunloe's high fort, and breezy Reene,
And Prospect Hall improve the scene.
Here lambkins feed,
While in the mead
Each tuneful shepherd tunes his reed,
A stranger to vexation."

THE ODDS IN WEATHER FORECASTING.

People have learned by experience to make allowance for error in the predictions of the Weather Bureau, but Professor Arthur Schuster thinks that the allowances should be officially stated. Astronomers, he remarks, are in the habit of giving the value of the "probable error" when publishing their observations. But although meteorology lends itself more readily than any other science to the valuation of deviations from the mean result, the weather forecasters have not adopted the custom of stating the probable error. Professor Schuster looks forward to the time when weather forecasts will be accompanied by a statement of the odds that the prediction will be fulfilled. Then, perhaps, we shall read in the weather column not simply, "rain to-morrow," but "three to one," or "nine to one for rain to-morrow."

THE TOLKA.

A FAMOUS COUNTY DUBLIN RIVER.

ITS HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

II.

There is a patent, dated the 16th June, 1718, to the Archbishop of Dublin, for holding two fairs on the 25th April and 29th of September, and weekly markets at Finglas; but for a century none have been held, and, in lieu of them, an annual festival was celebrated on the first of every May. The name of the village is derived from "Fion-glass," the "pleasant green." There stood there, until half a century ago, on the triangular patch of grass in the centre of the village, the May-pole. The only other May-pole near Dublin was at Harold's Cross, but it was an obscure concern, when compared with its Finglas rival. A new pole was from time to time provided, as the old one decayed and became unsafe to climb. It was painted once a year, usually at Easter, and sometimes in a very fantastic fashion, with stripes of bright colours like a barber's sign. Maying was a very ancient custom, as every reader of Chaucer knows, and was fashionable ages before the Bluebeard Henry VIII. profaned it. A pole, painted with alternate dark and light colours, emblematic of the division of summer and winter, was a usual accompaniment: but this was not an Irish custom. A budding bush was, and is, Paddy's more appropriate symbol of opening Spring. It is not easy to ascertain when the pole was erected at Finglas. It was prior to the Union, when the village was a favourite watering place, the resort of the fashionable and wealthy, and counted several noblemen among its inhabitants. The pole was probably erected, in those days of its prosperity, by some aristocratic admirer of English pastimes; and the sports about it were originally altogether on the English model, consisting of a Queen of the May ("maid Marian"), dancing round the pole, etc. But "the May" at Finglas attained the height of its celebrity at a later period, about forty years ago, after the society of the village had lost its aristocratic, and assumed a more jovial and rollicking, caste. Noblemen and M.P.'s were succeeded by Smithfield dealers and Dublin shopkeepers—several of whom helped to keep up the sports, and also to change their character. A gentleman named Shew contributed with his purse, and two well-known characters, Watty Cox and Bryan Maguire, aided by their exertions to sustain the sports with spirit. About twenty-five years ago they were beginning to decline, and a club was formed who, for a few years longer, sustained them. In its palmy days the May of Finglas rivalled Donnybrook Fair. The sports consisted of climbing the pole, to the top of which was suspended a leg of mutton, or a pair of breeches; donkey-races, in which each man rode his neighbour's ass, and the last won; running in sacks, in which the man or woman who did not run was sure to win; chasing pigs with soaped tails, grinning through collars, and other like exercises, which, if less athletic, were more merry than their prototypes at the Olympic Games. These were open to all comers, and the prizes were provided from funds subscribed for the purpose by the patrons of the sports and residents in the neighbourhood. Had the meetings ended thus, they might still have survived; but as the neighbourhood became less populous these games were less patronised, and gave place to orgies of a very different class. Attempts were made for some years to put a stop to the proceedings by police interference; and when the last May-pole, in the year 1843, was cut down, some gentlemen interested in the welfare of the neighbourhood very judiciously discouraged the erection of another. The celebration of the May has been for a considerable time interrupted, and will probably never be renewed.

Among the ancient celebrities of Finglas is St. Patrick's Well. It is now a neglected hole in a field at the rear of the parish schoolhouse, with the remains of a small building or arch over it, which was erected by one of the Plunkets of Dunsoughly, about 1756. It was greatly resorted to, especially in the summer of 1768, when, according to Dr. Rutty, "it undoubtedly produced some notably good effects in the cure of divers impetiginous disorders, sore eyes, and inveterate and ill-conditioned ulcers." It was used by applying wet rags to the place affected, and by drinking it. It continued in good repute when Rutty wrote (about 1770). In 1811, the arch over it is stated to have been in good repair, and to have formed a bath, six yards long and three broad. It was bottled, and made a subject of export. It was much used by Dr. Achmet Buromborad, of whom the reader may find a caricature, with some truth, in "Barrington's Sketches." He in his day was in Dublin as great a man as St. John Long in London, and contrived to get large grants of the public money for his baths and quackeries. The Finglas well was, according to tradition, especially blessed by our patron saint.

The Tolka boasted of another spa, in a field near Drumcondra Bridge. About thirty years ago it was brought into note by an enterprising dancing-master named Duval, the builder of the house now called Clonturk House, in the lawn attached to which the supposed spa water was drunk. If spas had half the virtues ascribed to them, every citizen of Dublin might rival old Parr in longevity. In 1732 another spa was opened at Templeogue, near the bridge over the Dodder. Rutty enumerates no less than eleven spas in the city, and others, at various times, obtained celebrity at Goldenbridge, Leixlip, in the Phœnix Park, and at Lucan. With the exception of the two last, they are all now forgotten, and the Lucan spa alone is seriously used for medicinal purposes.

Descending the river from Finglas bridge, we come to the classic neighbourhood of Glasnevin—Glasseeneven, "the pleasant little field"—once the residence of Steele, Tickell, and Delany, and the occasional resort of their illustrious friends, Swift and Addison. Close to the bridge there stood till a few years ago a round house, with a conical roof, which looked like a squat Esquimaux variety of one of our genuine Irish round towers. That odd building was an inconvenient parish schoolhouse, built by the good-natured and hobby-horsical Delany; it was his little whim. If the reader raises his eyes, he will see at the top of the hill a high roof, and four staring windows appearing over a dashed wall and a large wooden gate, the ascent to which is a continuance of the village street, straight up the steep hill. This was the doctor's great whim—the far-famed Delville, designed and named by philosophers, ridiculed and immortalised by wits and statesmen. Here "the Dean," the first of Ireland's patriots and of England's wits, had often met the affectionate friends with whom he loved to mix, when "the cold weather gathered together Dr. Delany's set." Here he thought, and wrote, perhaps printed, some of his bitterest invectives. Dr. Delany was a Fellow of Trinity College, who lived here till near his death, in 1768, at the ripe old age of 83. He is buried in the church-

yard of Glasnevin, his monument adjoining the boundary wall of his favourite lawn. Not far from his tomb the remains of another Fellow, the eccentric "Jackey Barrett," repose. Delany had also some preferments in the Church. But whether it was that his Fellowship was not profitable, or that the purse of men of his disposition is as impossible to be filled as the tubs of the Danaides, he was still a struggling man; and this same house, and his passion for building and beautifying, was no small cause of his embarrassments. In 1729 he wrote his well-known "Address to Lord Cartaret," and he sums up his wishes in a distich which gives a prominent position to his hobby:—

"My lord, I wish to pay the debts I owe;
I'd wish beside to build and to bestow."

The address was unsuccessful; but in 1735 he was made Dean of Down, and in 1743 he married his second wife, Mrs. Pendarvis, a widow with a fortune. These accessions to his means enabled him abundantly to satisfy the two last wishes, though their gratification prevented him from ever attaining to the first. The address, if it did not gain him promotion, procured for him abundant notoriety; and a war of squibs was waged, in which Delville forms a favourite topic. The "Christmas-box for Dr. Delany," evoked "An Answer to the Christmas-box." Delany is described as:—

"Quite ruined and bankrupt, reduced to a farthing,
By making too much of a very small garden."

. . . . .

You, forsooth, your all must squander
On that poor spot called Delville, yonder."

Swift's mock description of it concludes thus:—

"In short, in all your boasted seat
There's nothing but yourself is great."

When the villa was finished, its position, on the top of the hill of Glasnevin, looking down upon the city of Dublin (of which, by the way, it commands a very striking view), suggested the motto, still legible in a small temple in the grounds, "Fastigio despicit urbem." The same punning propensities suggested the name of Delville. It was planned by Delany himself, in conjunction with his friend, Dr. Helsham; and as a memento of their joint labours it was christened with the first syllable of each of their names—Hel-Del-Ville; but, as the commencement of this name suggested uncomfortable associations, it was soon dropped.

Many years ago in removing some old lumber from an out office a concealed printing press was discovered, which is supposed to have been used in printing the "Legion Club." This ferocious satire was printed by Swift in 1736, and he passed the summer of 1735 at Delville. Twice before, Swift's printers had been endangered for printing his pamphlets—once for "The Public Spirit of the Whigs," in 1714, and, ten years subsequently, for the fourth "Drapier's Letter." These publications were comparatively mild. The mad virulence of the "Legion Club" naturally frightened any Dublin printer from venturing openly to publish it. The tradition that Swift printed it privately at his friend's, is therefore not without probability. In the small temple before referred to there is a medallion likeness, still in tolerably good preservation, of Mrs. Johnston, the celebrated Stella. It has been engraved, with some other likenesses of her, in Wilde's Notes on Swift. The portrait at Delville present a less pleasing impression of her personal appearance than the others.

It is impossible to visit Delville—to see its many old-fashioned rooms, its temples and terraces—without fancying its old proprietor and his friends before us. Delany's simplicity and vanity; his almost childish gratification at Swift's praises; his sincere veneration for his friend; his unsophisticated ignorance of the world, and voluntary exposure of himself to ridicule; his innocent, though absurd self-conceit; his constant hospitality, and no less constant pecuniary embarrassments, form a character so distinct, it is easy to summon the picture of the man who was always in debt; who got from his friend the Dean a recommendaton to Bolingbroke of a rogue; and who, after soliciting the honour of preaching before George II., came late to the church, and threw the service into confusion, from his neglect of the usual forms:—

"Let the Dean say what he will,
Delany, you're Delany still."

It is less easy to realise the eccentric character of the great Irish patriot—the vigorous and original genius, who truly boasted that he never borrowed an idea; who, without a model, has been without a rival; who, like Lorenzo de Medici, unaided by the weight of office, was courted by the most powerful of statesmen and swayed the most important councils of the nation; whose pen determined the peace of Europe; whose daring courage evoked from the death-like stillness of Irish subserviency the first healthful breath of independence; whose versatile powers could shine in the most childish trifles; whose fastidious dirtiness could revel over the most degrading necessities of every-day life, and whose reforming mania descended to the wants of a cobbler and the duties of a kitchen-maid. Yet the host and the chief and most frequent guest at Delville, are not the only characters that stand prominently forward in Glasnevin society. The tasteful Parnell, who, as before mentioned, was vicar of Finglas, often figured in the circle. Tickell "Whiggissimus," as he was nicknamed, another poet of no mean pretensions, was proprietor of the premises now occupied by the Botanic Gardens. Here, too, was seen the brilliant pertinacity of Steele, then proprietor of Hampstead, immediately adjoining Delville. Occasionally a Whig more illustrious still appears. The awkward shyness of the elegant, but too frugal, Addison mixes with the scene, and the great luminary of the Whigs is pictured chatting with the giant of the Tories. Nor are we to forget the sprightly trifles and droll extravagance of the elder Sheridan; Helsham, Stella, Mrs Delany, and many others now forgotten, but who then made no obscure figure in society, fill up the crowd. How different was the intercourse of Boswell and Johnson from that of Swift and his friends Delany and Sheridan! How pleasing their intercourse, contrasted with the mean subservience of the Prince of Toadies to his ponderous idol! With every wish to paint the amiable side of his character, Boswell exhibits to us a selfish, overbearing tyrant, crushing all opposition to his own opinions or prejudices. We see Swift, on the contrary, courting a return of the blows he gave, and good-humouredly entering the lists in the war of trifles which his friends excelled in. Yet, strange to say, the popular impression generally recurs to the good-nature of Johnson and the moroseness of Swift. It is not more strange than that the former should be held up as a model of austere virtue, though Boswell confesses, with pain, his Eastern sensuality; while the latter, whose chastity was his crime, is quoted as the great master of ribaldry and grossness.

But the by-gone days of Glasnevin will lead to endless digressions, if we indulge these fancies. It is now a declining village, and, like its neighbour Finglas, mourns over the fickleness of fashion. About fifty years ago, Finglas was described (in Archer's Dublin) as a "large and handsome town." Even then (1801) the neighbourhood was decaying. Glasnevin, until nearly the same time, had a considerable tavern, a celebrated resort of Dublin citizens on Sundays. Finglas is now but a single street, of ruinous, beggarly houses, and but few of them. The large mansions have long lost their titled proprietors, and are either converted into lunatic asylums, or left as desolate as their humbler neighbours. The modern predilection of the citizens of Dublin for the sea has, in a great measure, caused this. But the neighbourhood had a worse evil to contend with—the curse of turnpikes was upon it.

Before leaving Glasnevin the reader should visit the National Institution at Claremont, for Educating the Deaf and Dumb. Immediately above the bridge the river is bordered by the Botanic Gardens of the Royal Dublin Society on one side, and at the opposite side by a demesne which was once one of the "show places" of Dublin, belonging to a gentleman named Mitchell. It was some time since occupied by the "last" Bishop of Kildare, with whom the see was extinguished. It is mentioned as an incident connected with Christ's Church, the deanery of which was attached to this see, that it was built by the first Bishop, and rebuilt by the last. He was an amiable man, but excited some popular dislike by establishing a large dairy, of which he sold the milk. He was then christened by the dairy boys "the buttermilk bishop." He once got into personal collision with a drayman, who was at the wrong side of the road, and a caricature was published of him as "the boxing bishop."

The Botanic Gardens are on the site of the house and demesne formerly occupied by Tickell, the poet. He first came to Ireland in 1714, with his friend Addison; but in 1725, was himself made Secretary to the Lords Justices. He married in 1726 a lady who was a native of Dublin, and soon afterwards settled at Glasnevin. The house which he occupied is still standing, and the ornamented ceiling of the room used for lectures in botany is said to be his own design. He is supposed to have here composed the pleasing ballad of "Colin and Lucy." There is a walk between yew trees, called Addison's-walk, in the gardens, which is popularly said to have been planted by Addison himself; but as Tickell did not go to live there until 1726, and Addison died in 1719, that is not likely. The walk was probably named as a tribute of affection from Tickell to his friend. The lands were purchased by the Royal Dublin Society, in 1795, from Major Tickell, a member of the poet's family.

It is an odd coincidence, that the publication of the first work on Irish botany was contemporaneous with Tickell's own acquisition of the place. In 1726, Dr. Threlkeld published his "Synopsis Stirium Hibernicarum," which was the first modern attempt made to illustrate the flora of this country. The origin of the garden is due to the zeal and energy of Dr. Wade, backed by the strenuous assistance of Mr. Speaker Foster (Lord Oriel). In 1790, Wade drew up a petition, which was presented to Parliament by Mr. Toler (Lord Norbury), and out of the sum then voted to the Dublin Society £300 was allocated towards the foundation of a botanic garden. Additions were made in the following years. Among the grants proposed in the last session of the Irish Parliament, in 1800, one of the few devoted to a meritorious object was the large increase of the vote to the Dublin Society, of which £1,500 was appropriated to complete this garden. The grounds include thirty acres. Though the first botanic garden was established so late* in Ireland, the management of the institution has made up for the delay. In beauty of situation, and taste in their arrangement, the gardens at Glasnevin are unrivalled, and, in a scientific point of view, the collection is most excellent.

(To be Continued.)

According to a French contemporary, a good, simple test for the poles of an electrical apparatus is a slip of ferro-prussiate paper moistened and held on the pole. The negative pole makes a white mark on the paper, which, by the way, is the same as that used for making copies of engineering designs, where the lines appear on a blue ground. Old blue diagrams of this kind cut into slips will serve as test papers.

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*The earliest establishment of this kind in Europe is said to have been the garden at Padua, opened in 1540, under the auspices of the Medici. In the next century, similar establishments were set on foot in different parts of Great Britain and the Continent.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

THE KINGSLEY AFFAIR;

OR,

HER BROTHER'S DOWNFALL.

A REPORTER'S STORY.

By Susan Keating Glaspell.

Nine o'clock can never be counted a time of play in the local room, but to-night the tension seemed unusually strong. The clink of the typewriters rang monotonously in the city editor's ear as he relaxed long enough to run his nervous fingers through his hair and tell himself the morning issue ought to be a good one. Not for a long time had the seething mass of comedy and tragedy aggregated by the humanity of the big city been as varied or as lurid. It was gratifying, as well as a little refreshing, at this hour of night to think it all over and tell himself he had covered everything well. The usual run of stuff, another fight in the council, a hot political story, and then the best story of the day, best story of many a day, that unexpected and altogether sensational Kingsley affair.

"That's what they'll want in the morning," he murmured soothingly to the fierce Indian head that always stood guard in front of him, "that's what they'll go after like hot cakes. One of the star family of the town arrested for forgery, those don't come our way every day."

And then with a small grunt of satisfaction he confided to the barbaric but sympathetic chief that he wasn't afraid to match his story against any the town could put out. "They can't beat it," he said with an assuring nod, "not one of them."

For all that he was not just satisfied with the story. It was a good straight story, as good straight stories go, but it might have been made more human. To make it just right the boys should have gotten it out at the house and coloured it up with a little of the inside atmosphere. As he saw it now that should have been made the feature of the story. He was so sure of it that he hated to give it up even at this late day. It was one of those rare opportunities, and he had men who could write it, too.

Then he brought his fist down on the table in a way that made the red chief tremble. "That's just it," he said, "ought to have thought of it before."

He beckoned sharply to a small boy who was deeply engaged in constructing a domicile of copy paper. "You run over to the Masonic Temple banquet room," he jerked out, "and tell McMasters to come here on the jump."

The boy grinned appreciably, and made his exit with more speed than grace. The city editor made another attack upon his hair and stared fiercely at the unoffending chief. McMasters was the cub reporter of the shop. He had only been there a couple of months, and so far had not done anything sufficient to raise himself from cubhood. Before he was reduced to a newspaper office he had been the pampered son of a millionaire. The millionaire father went down one day and the reporters said McMasters then entered the "journalistic field" looking for an easy and elegant life. They snubbed him accordingly, but the city editor thought he saw something in him, and so let him stay on.

He had it pretty well thought out when McMasters arrived, looking breathless but important. He swung round in his chair and looked him all over.

"You have a pull with the Kingsley's, haven't you?" he asked.

"I have an acquaintance with them," said McMasters with some surprise.

"About the same thing. You know Margaret Kingsley pretty well, I suppose?"

"I used to, fairly well."

"Well, then I've got an assignment for you that will give you the best chance you've had yet. I want you to go to Kingsley Place and have a talk with Miss Kingsley. You can tell her you come as an old friend to get the story as they want it printed, and I am inclined to think that will make her talk all right. It's the personal side you want, you know; we have all the rest. I've been reading the story over and I see we want more of the human in it; I believe we ought to have a new lead. It will be sombre out there at the house, and you ought to be able to picture that up a little, and then anything Miss Kingsley may do or say can be used as good stuff. They tell me she's the society girl of the town. The great thing now is to hurry for your life; better take a cab. If you can get just what I want it will be a mighty good thing for you."

McMasters had learned that cub reporters are not supposed to enter demurs to their city editors; but while he was being driven at a reckless rate to Kingsley Place, he fell to thinking of how he liked his assignment. He saw vaguely there was a good story in it, but underneath it all he was uncomfortable about the position in which it placed him personally. There was a time, and not long ago either, when Margaret Kingsley and he had known each other as persons of the same set. She would remember that, and probably receive him, although refusing all other newspaper men of the city. He then, availing himself of the confidence reposed in him as a gentleman born and bred in her world, would lay before a hundred thousand or more people what emotion she might display in speaking, to an old friend, of her brother's downfall. It sounded ugly that way; it seemed like resigning everything he used to think was best in life because he had been forced to resign money and position. He tapped nervously on the window pane—it was making capital of an old friend, and a girl at that. He was still Fred McMasters, if he was a newspaper cub trying to earn a living, and he half rose to order the driver back. But he did not; he only sank back into his seat and told himself this was a poor time to begin playing the baby. He tried to face the other side of it and to contend he should have shaken off his highly developed notions when his father went to the wall.

In the days when he drew a bigger allowance than any fellow in college it was all well enough to look out for the finer side of situations. But he was not a college man, or a swell, just now. He was a newspaper reporter, with a duty before him, and Margaret Kingsley's feelings were nothing with which he need especially concern himself. She and her kind belonged to the very much dead and buried past. Frequently he saw her riding down the avenue, looking like a young queen in her dashing trap, and several of the old boys he kept in touch with a little gave him glowing accounts of how she shone at dinner parties, but other than that her brilliant light had passed clear out of his busy life.

The cab stopped, and he ran hurriedly up the stone steps. As he stood there awaiting the answer to his ring he thought of the times in the old days, the good, happy-go-lucky old days, when he stood before that magnificent entrance. Life was a queer sort of a twist, and it was not easy, he thought, to foresee situations. He remembered Margaret's coming out party. It was in holiday week of his sophomore year, but it all came before him as something that had happened but yesterday. Then there were the dozens and dozens of times he had come home with Bob. He had always been treated well at Kingsley Place. As he thought of it now it seemed he had been treated unusually well. He rather wished the idea had not occurred to him so forcibly just at that moment.

The door opened; the lights in the great hall were dim, and there were shadows everywhere.

"Miss Kingsley is not receiving this evening," said the servant, taking the card doubtfully.

"I wish to see her on a special matter," McMasters answered quietly, and then he stepped into a little reception room on the right that he knew of old. The air seemed heavy, and he walked restlessly about while he waited. In a moment the man returned. "Miss Kingsley asks to be excused, she is not seeing anyone to-day."

"Just one moment," said McMasters. Quickly taking a card from his pocket he wrote upon it, "It will be better for your brother that you see me," and handed it to the servant, saying: "Now if you will take this, please."

The man hesitated. "Miss Kingsley does not wish to be disturbed again," he said uncompromisingly.

"The matter is important. You take it and I'll answer for the results," said McMasters, and his easy assurance prevailed.

Again he waited nervously, but when the man appeared the second time it was to say, "I will show you up now." And so he followed down the sombre hall and up the imposing stairway. It was all so quiet and depressing, so sadly different from the other times he remembered when music and flowers and richly-dressed women made it aglow with life and beauty. A large chrysanthemum in a jardiniere on the stairway was hanging its regal head in a suggestive human fashion, and the first thing he saw upon reaching the upper hall was Miss Kingsley's much petted poodle crouching drearily beneath a cold looking statue.

The man led him to the extreme end of the hall, and when the door opened he found he was standing in Bob's den. Things were scattered about, in Bob's characteristic disorder, and it brought the old days back so strongly that he was half-surprised when he saw it was Miss Kingsley instead of her haphazard brother who was coming towards him.

He had never seen Margaret Kingsley look like that before. She was trying hard to hold her head high and seem composed; but instead of the girl of the world he had known, she looked like a broken-hearted child that had been sobbing its heart out all by itself. McMasters felt something coming up in his throat as he took her hand impulsively in his, and said in what could not be called a business-like voice:

"I'm so sorry, Miss Kingsley, so very, very sorry."

"I know you are, Mr. McMasters," she said, and the big tears were running down her cheeks now, "I know you liked him, and I know how much he always liked you. I didn't want to see you at first, I haven't seen any one to-day, but I am glad now that you

came. You were always a good friend to Bob, I haven't forgotten that. There's nothing you can do now, though, it's too late for any of us to help Bob now."

She stood there for a minute, her whole face quivering. Then she turned with a heavy sob to the couch behind her, and McMasters saw she had buried her head in the big bear-skin that had always been Bob's special pride, and was crying as he had never supposed a girl like Margaret Kingsley could cry. McMasters sat there looking silently about the room, and thinking of the things that had come to both of them, and above all to Bob, since he had been there before. He was not sure that he was not crying a little himself; it was awful to see a girl like Bob's beautiful sister broken down that way. It was she who spoke first.

"It's all my fault and not his, Mr. McMasters," she said, her face wet and her voice trembling. "You know him so well, and you know how it is here at home, can't you understand how it happened, and how it's my fault instead of Bob's?"

He did not answer, and she went on in a voice so low he could barely hear; "my mother died eight years ago this month, Mr. McMasters. The last thing she said in this world was to ask me to be good to Bob. She told me to take care of him just as she would, and not let anything happen to him. I told her I would, but you see I haven't done it; mother told me to, but I didn't do it. I meant to, I did try to, but I've been too busy since I been going out. I left Bob to take care of himself, and—and, this is the end of it."

She was crying again, and McMaster said as soothingly as he could: "Don't talk like that, Miss Kingsley, it would make Bob feel awful. I have never seen a brother think as much of a sister as he does of you. He wouldn't let you blame yourself if he was here. I have heard him say a hundred times that you were both mother and sister to him."

But he could not comfort her. "I have not been enough," she moaned, " or he would have come to me. I know he would have gone to mother if she had been alive. I would have done anything in the world for him, and I guess Bob didn't know it."

It had been a long time since McMasters had seen such suffering as this, and he little thought to see it in Margaret Kingsley. He had come as a newspaper man, and she was pouring her heart out to him as Bob's friend. He could not bear to let her see. She had no mother, and her father was worse than stone. She had to tell it to some one, and she was telling it to her brother's old friend.

She had pulled a bit of paper from her belt and was holding it in her hand. He sent me this this morning, Mr. McMasters; this was the first I knew. I am going to let you read it because it will make you think better of Bob, and it will help me to know there is someone who understands and will say a good word for him when all the rest are saying everything bad."

She handed him the crumpled bit of paper. He looked at her strangely; yes, she had entirely forgotten, she was talking to Bob's old friend. The note was written in pencil, and so many tear drops had fallen upon it that he could barely read. Slowly, and with tears in his own eyes, he made out the words:

"My Little Sister—Something awful is going to happen; Maggie and I want to write you about it before the rest of them tell you. It is all my fault, but it is going to make you suffer, too, and that is the awful part of it. I do not know how to tell it, sister; it is not easy to tell, and I am afraid not even you will understand it just as it is. I had to have some money, and I got it in a wrong way. I did not think at the time about it being very wrong. I intended to pay it all back, and I didn't think it would hurt anybody. You know I wouldn't really steal or cheat, don't you, Maggie; don't you know I never did it in all my life? I do not expect any of the rest of them to stand by me, but maybe you will, you always have. It will make it easier if you do, for I'd rather have you than anybody else in the world. You have been such a good sister to me, I'd rather die this minute than bring this on you. Be brave as you can, and try and be happy without any brother Bob monkeying around. Maybe it will come out right some day after all. "BOB."

McMasters folded the little paper almost tenderly; he knew what it meant to the girl. Another thought flashed upon him just then, he knew what it would mean to the city editor. He put that resolutely away, and said as he handed the paper back:

"Thank you for letting me read it, Miss Kingsley. It sounds like Bob, and I think I can see how it all happened, and what the boy has suffered. You may be sure I will say all the good things in the world about him every time I get a chance."

She had risen, and was looking at him wistfully. "Maybe you can help him some?" she said. "I do not understand those things very well, but in your position maybe you can. He will need all his friends, you know."

She looked so worn that he thought he must go at once. He tried to say a few things to help her, and she seemed grateful. She told him again to be good to Bob, and then she said good-bye. He left her sitting there alone in Bob's old den, with the poor little worn note in her hand. She had trusted him unquestioningly, and had taken some small comfort from the thought that he was going to stand up for Bob.

He went down the splendid stairway, out through the long, quiet hall, and closing the great door heavily behind him, started for the office. The wind came cuttingly, and he shivered from head to foot. He was not dressed warmly, and that made him think of how badly he needed money and how ambitiously he had longed for promotion. He let himself think for a minute of what he could do if he threw off personal feeling, but when he tried to formulate the story he saw only the picture of that sobbing girl with her face hidden in the bear-skin rug, and her brother's crumpled note in her hand.

He had been unconscious of the people he was passing until the name Kingsley fell on his ear. He turned in time to hear a jarring laugh and the words: "It will go a little hard I fear with the haughty Miss Margaret." As they passed under the street light he recognised them; they were men whom it was generally supposed were warm friends of the Kingsleys. He leaned against the building for a moment, looking back at them. Miss Kingsley was right, they would need their friends, every one of them.

He had a block to go before reaching the office, and he went in quickly. He burst open the door and cleared the steps three at a time, never thinking of an elevator. The city editor turned expectantly as he heard him coming.

"You got a good story?" he asked.

Several of the reporters were sitting there, and they, too, looked up as they waited for his reply. He grew very red as he answered in a slow, steady voice:

"No, I'm sorry, but it was so I couldn't get a thing.' '

There was a peculiar noise from one of the reporters, and the city editor turned sharply back to his desk. McMasters thought of the little piece of paper, but he did not speak.

"Do you mean to say," asked the city editor, wheeling round again, "that after this long absence there is absolutely nothing on the story you can write?"

"I am sorry," answered McMasters, "but that is just it."

He waited a minute and then asked: "Is there anything else for me to-night?"

The city editor looked him all over in his queer way. "No, Mr. McMasters," he said, "I think maybe we can pull through the night without you."

There was another strange noise from the reporters, but McMasters did not look that way. He turned and started down stairs. "Still a cub," he muttered, and then with great vigour he began to whistle.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

UNIQUE BOOKS UNKNOWN TO BIBLIOGRAPHERS.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Dear Sir—The "Recording Angel," the Bibliographer, up to the appearance of my friend, the indefatigable Mr. E. C M. C. Dix and his coadjutors, has given little attention to Ireland and her books. True, Belfast had been fairly well done previously. Mr. Dix is gradually laying the foundation for bibliographie of Dublin, Strabane, and Armagh. It is to be hoped that friends will help for Cork, Waterford, Limerick, Galway, Ennis, etc., etc.

England's books are well recorded, and Scotland is quite to the front at present. The Bibliographers of France may be considered cosmopolitan in their works, and Germans have done most accurate work for the Fatherland. Holland's Bibliographers have always been steady and accurate. Of the Elezenir Presses, for instance, very few would venture to assert that a single Dutch printed book escaped the Dutch and French Bibliographers. But is this so? My assertion as to the book (4) which I give in this letter, refers to the publication of it as an Elzevir only. It may be found in the collected works (of a much later date) of this author.

(4) Joannis Meurs I. Lectionum Libri VI. In quibus Antiquitates plurime, nunc primum in lucem erutae preferuntur.. Lugduni Batavorum, Ex. officina Elzeviriana Colophon.—Lugduni Batavorum, Typis Isaaci Elzevir I. Anno. 1617..

Instead of the Sphere, Isaac Elzevir, at this period, used the Eagle with the motto, "Concordia res parvae crescaut." The beautiful large Roman, Greek, and Black Letter Types produce a remarkably pleasing impression on the eyes of the Book-Lovers, three great ones of whom confess it, by writing their names on the title. The great Dutch archæologist and historian, John Meursius, father (Jo. Meursius, pater), was well appreciated in his day by the judicious, but fell foul of the Dutch politicians for telling the whole truth. He is well handed down to posterity in this most beautiful Elzevir, now lying before me, with its side and bottom margin of nearly two inches. Collation.—Title 1 p., Dedication "Viro magnifico Jacobo Dyekio, 3 pp., Benigue Lector, 1 p., Errata (one only) 1 p., Text 376 pp., Index 32 pp.

No other such fine copy of a 4to. Elezevir, I am certain, exists.

JAMES HAYES,
Bookseller, Ennis.

DUBLIN CITY TOWER.

Isle of Man.

In the "Dublin Penny Journal" of 17th inst, it is stated that the above, or Brown's Castle, was near the Marshalsea, commonly called the Black Dog, from the sign of a Talbot hung up there. I would be thankful to be informed what is meant by a Talbot.

W. M.

From Chamber's Encyclopædia we take this answer to our correspondent's query:—Talbot, a kind of dog, deriving its name from the family of Talbot, who had a dog in their coat of arms. The Talbot seems to have been the same as that also called the St. Hubert's breed, the oldest of the Slow Hounds, and perhaps the the original stock of the Blood hound.

OLD STONE MONUMENTS.

DRUID CIRCLES, CROMLECHS, Etc.

By Rev. J. F. Lynch.

A single holiday does not admit of seeing everything, and the traveller who is going on into Cornwall will find moors enough before his distant journey is completed. We pass by, therefore, all the tempting routes which might be followed from Lydford, and return towards Tavistock, whence we shall make for Launceston, and so leave this lovely county, which has surely not its equal either in beauty or in memory of famous men. But before we go it is right to say something very briefly of those ancient stone monuments, the circles, and the avenues of winding stones, which must have stirred a temporary interest in the most careless traveller, while to the enthusiast they offer a problem knotty enough to occupy his utmost faculties during something more than the brief span vouchsafed for life on earth.

Here and there, in lonely places on the hillside, there are circles traced upon the grass—let us call them cromlechs, as the archæologists do, or ought, for they are not always of the same mind about their terms, the enclosure being formed by large upright stones placed at even intervals, the blocks for the most part of regular size, and tracing such a perfect circle as to prove that those who built them were not ignorant of science. In the days when these stones were set up—we know no more than that they were immensely distant from our own—vast labour must have been expended in moving them without cranes or pulleys, and as men do not take great pains save in the pursuit of some great object, it is clear that these cromlechs stood in some close relation to the inmost life of a long vanished people, and that if we could know certainly to what use they were put, we should have sent a strong and vivid ray of light through that darkness of the past which has so many secrets yet to yield.

There are many parts of Great Britain, and also many other countries—France, Moab, India—in which these cromlechs still stand as if to taunt us with our dulness; but on Dartmoor they possess one feature which is almost peculiar to the district. Wandering away from many of the cromlechs, there radiate rows of little stones, sometimes single, sometimes double, continued for great distances, in one case for as much as two miles, and ending so commonly in a menhir, or tall, single stone, as to give colour to the idea that this was the regular plan, and that these rows are ruined or imperfect, which do not end in this way. Sometimes the cromlech is built around a barrow—that is, a mound over what is certainly a grave—or at least encloses one, and so mound, circle, avenue, and distant menhir constitute a relic of old days, which can hardly be looked upon without a throb of curiosity to know what it meant, and in what age the people lived who held those faiths and fancies which are worked out in stone at the cost of such toil and labour.

We are here in presence of an antiquity so remote that the age of those which we call ancient things is as nothing when beside them. Rome was not built, Troy, perhaps, was not yet burnt, when the oldest of these stones were set up on the Devon hillside; and it may be that in ages far earlier than those the rites were practised for which these hoary enclosures were designed. It is strange that even in Devonshire and Cornwall where the legends are so very plentiful and ancient, bringing down to our own day, however mutilated, many a fragment of forgotten truth, there is not one which sheds even the faintest ray of light on the origin of these monuments; and that these very conspicuous objects should be left practically untouched by a cycle of traditions which records in its dim way so many very ancient things, gives them a strange aspect of detachment from all we read or learn, and from all the peoples, Saxon, Briton, Celtic, whose blood we know to mingle in our own. Of almost all things else, when we question the past some whisper comes in answer, some faint voice which can be heard by straining ears. On these things there is deep silence. Their use is forgotten, even by legend, which forgets so slowly, and she can no more divulge their origin than she can tell how the granite tors were fashioned out of molten rock, or the river valleys cut down deep and hollow by the running water.

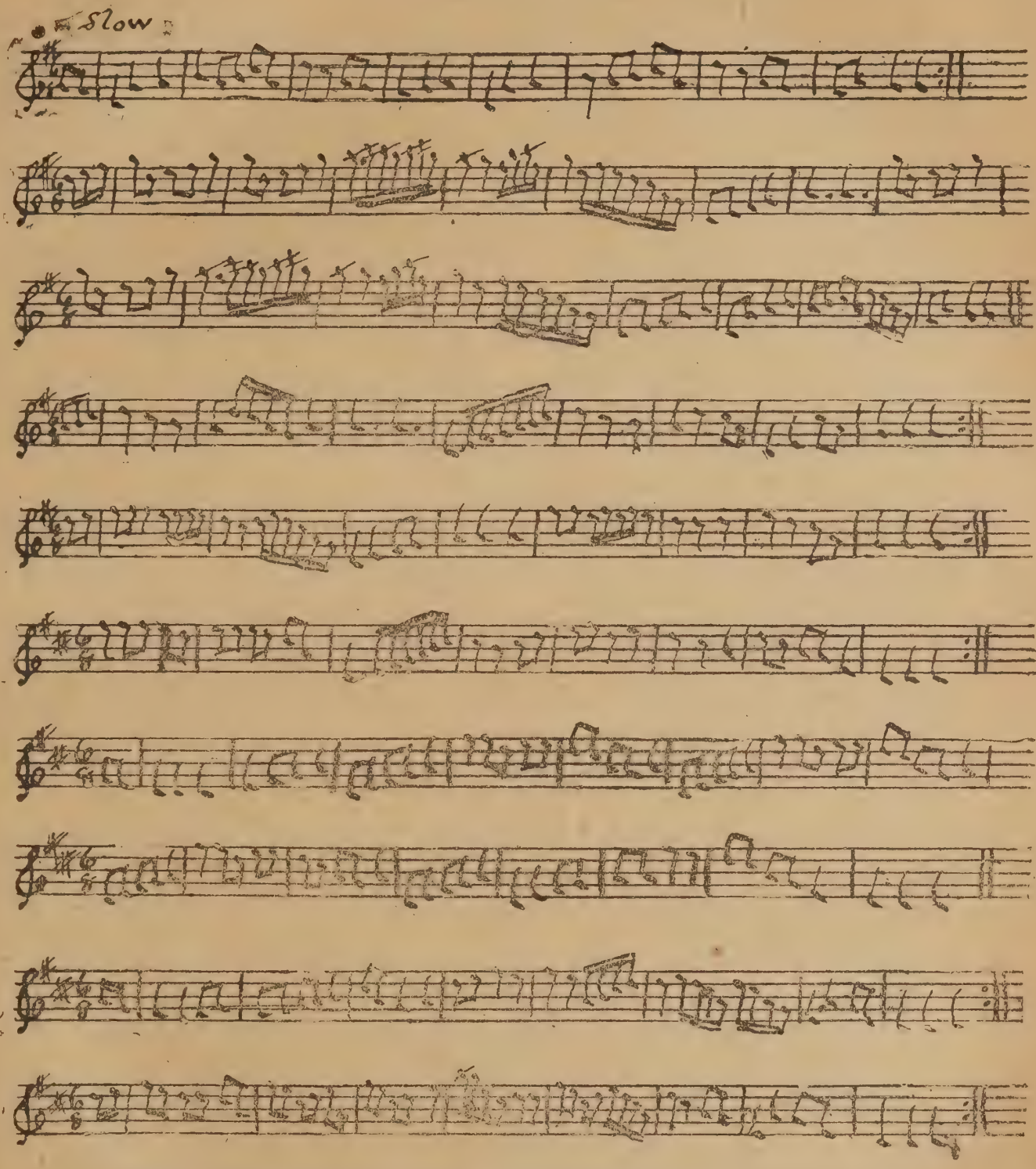
Of course there are in existence names given to the cromlechs in ages possibly very distant, and even stories which relate to them; but they betray at once their origin in the brains or fancies of a people who know no more of the true use of the stones than we ourselves. The cromlechs are dubbed "Grey Wethers," or "Hurlers," or "Nine Maidens"; and the rustics tell you they represent people who danced or played the ancient game of hurling on a Sunday, and were turned into stone as a punishment. Similarly the dolmens, or chambered tombs built above ground, so much more plentiful in Cornwall than in Devon, are "Giants' Quoits," and there is generally some tale explaining how the local giant, Bolster, Cormoran, or another, hurled the huge flat capstone from some inconceivable distance. So that the riddle was already a good deal perplexed by obviously modern nonsense when certain very learned persons in the middle of the last century perplexed it infinitely further, and sent several generations of honest inquirers off upon a wildgoose chase by declaring that all the old stone monuments were the work of Druids.

Never did an utterly baseless notion obtain wider currency. Druid judgment seats and places of assembly were discovered in wild profusion throughout the West. Druid groves were recognised where no one previously had suspected anything more remarkable than a simple oak-wood. Countless pages of eloquent description were written upon the rites of this long-vanished priesthood. The very children took the new idea up; and to this day, if you question a West country peasant concerning any one of these remains you will probably receive an answer in which the Druids figure largely. So men amused themselves for the best part of a century; when, having succeeded in driving into the mind of the general public the idea that Druids built the cromlechs and the menhirs, they at last set themselves to inquire what the evidence was for any such belief. The moment this question was asked the whole fabric of imagination tumbled down. It had absolutely no foundation. It served no other purpose than to hide the truth; its debris embarrass more sober reasoners to this hour; and it need only be added that a scientific inquiry into the perplexing subject is hardly older than the present generation. Recent as this inquiry is, it has already rendered some results of the very highest interest; such as tempt me sorely to dilate on them. But prehistoric archæology is still a battle in which he who engages must be prepared to join the fray and use his hands, well armed with scientific bludgeons to keep his head, which is else like to be broken. There is no place on that field for peaceful tourists. We shall do better to keep the ring; and catch what plain words we may hear emerging from the strife of tongues. Some day all will become clear. Archæologists will be patient of each other's views, and agree, at least, upon some small details. But till that happy time shall come, I know of no conclusion more deserving of attention than that put forward by Mr. Worth, not solely as his own, but as resulting from the work of a group of very able men, whose toil he shared. "Devon," wrote this careful inquirer, "shows us that we are more likely to err in bringing down the date of these memorials than in carrying it back." And he proceeds to say that on Dartmoor the cromlechs are clearly of the same age as the old hut dwellings which are found here and there upon the moor. If, then, the age of the huts can be determined, a real step will have been gained.

Now the huts have been carefully dug out, and the discoveries made therein prove them to have been the dwellings of a people who did not know the use of metal, but fashioned their arms and implements of stone. From this it follows that the cromlechs have stood where we see them now, not only through the nineteen centuries or so which our English history runs, but also during the whole of that period known roughly as the "Bronze Age," because there is no better measure to apply to it. And how long was that? Why, Mr. Borlase puts its best period at about ten or twelve centuries before Christ, and its commencement, of course, some centuries further back; while Mr. Worth, reasoning on certain facts connected with ancient stream works in Cornwall, suggests a mode of calculation which throws back the commencement of the Bronze Age at least 1,500 years before our era. Before so great antiquity one hesitates and fears to take the figures. It is very strange to find ourselves confronting monuments which looked just as they do now when Homer lived, and were already ancient when the first walls rose on the Seven Hills of Rome. We think of these islands as peopled in those days by mere barbarians. We must learn to understand that civilisation of a sort is immensely ancient, and that our small faculties have no right to set up limits of what was possible in the early ages of the world. Many dynasties and races have looked at these stones with wonder and passed on into the night of time. Is ours the last of all that long procession? There are such numerous remains of this nature in Cornwall, whither we are going, that it will not be possible to avoid speaking further of them; and therefore I shall leave the subject for the present, merely remarking that it is not to be supposed that every old stone monument bears the vast burden of centuries which is ascribed to the cromlechs and the rows. The dolmens are in many cases much more modern, extending down into the Bronze Age; and of the barrows there are some which are not earlier than the first years of the Christian era.

The above disquisition is taken from "Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall," by Arthur H. Norway, and it puts before the reader very lucidly the important question concerning the stone monuments from an English point of view, but it is to be noted that Mr. Norway makes no reference to the stone monuments of Ireland, and when he tells us that concerning the stone monuments there is no information from the past he is not correct. The old names of numbers of the rude stone monuments of Ireland have survived to our time, and all we have to do is to determine by means of the mythology the character of the personage whose name has been connected with the monument, and then we shall be able to define exactly the reasons for which such monument was erected. Outside Ireland I do not think that the original name of even one stone circle has survived, but there are such survivals in Ireland.

THE BANSHEE'S WAIL.



MUSICALLY NOTED BY Mr. JAMES BUTLER, LOUGH GUR.

THE BANSHEE'S WAIL.

Lough Gur, Holycross,
Kilmallock, Co. Limerick,

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Dear Mr. Editor—I enclose music of "The Banshee's Wail," written by Mr. James Buttler, of Lough Gur, who says it is to be played in the Key of G, but towards the finish the "wail" softens down to the Key of D. The wail is traditionally supposed to be caoined from the summit of Carrig na Galour at the time of the burial of the great Irish minstrel-bard, Thomas O'Connellan. The Rev. J. F. Lynch, who has done more in elucidating the long-lost history of Lough Gur's antiquities than any other historian, past or present, believes that Aine, the celebrated Tuatha de Danaan princess of Knockaine, is the Van Caointé of Lough Gur, and there are several persons still living around the Lough who positively assert that they have on various occasions distinctly heard the heart-rending, melancholy wail of the Lough Gur Banshee before the death of any member of those old families whose ancestors were unflinching adherents and clansmen of the great Earl of Desmond.

Tradition says the Banshee caoined a sad and lonely wail,
With a grief human bosoms never know,
As she paced those ramparts towering o'er the sunny vale,
When they laid him in silent Teampul Nuadh.

I remain, dear Mr. Editor, your faithfully,

OWEN BRESNAN.

THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK.

By CHARLES SMITH, M.D.

Æquum est enim meminisse & me, qui discerem hominem esse et vos, qui Judicetis ut si probabilia dicentur nihil ultra requiratis. Cicero Univers

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THE SECOND EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

About a quarter of a mile west of Bandon is Castle-Bernard, formerly Castle-Mahon, once the residence of O'Mahony. It is now a beautiful and pleasant seat of the Bernards, being rebuilt anno 1715 by Judge Bernard.

Kilbritton is now a distinct cantred, which anciently belonged to the barony of Courceys. The castle was formerly a seat of the Lords Courcey; and afterwards of Mac-Carty Reagh. The old Irish have a story that the Lord Courcey pawned this castle and lands to Mac-Carty, to secure the restitution of a white weasel he borrowed from him; and it unluckily happening that the weasel died, this accident gave title, or, which was equivalent in those days, a fair pretence to the more potent Mac-Carty to keep possession. When this castle was up it was a stately building, environed with a large bawn, fortified with six turrets on the walls. These buildings were taken down by the present proprietor, Jonas Stawell, Esq., who has erected a large modern house where the castle stood. It is pleasantly situated on a mount, between greater hills; the sea flows almost up to it, through the harbour of Court Mac-Sherry. To this castle belongs a privilege of fairs and markets, granted by several patents. Not far from it, on the sea coast, lies Coolmain, another castle of Mac-Carty Reagh; both these castles were taken by the Bandonians, in May, 1642, and kept in English hands ever since. The castle of Kilgobban, on the river Bandon, as also that of Cariganass, both belonged to Mac-Carty, as did that of Dundaniel, which being on his estate was reckoned a part of Carbery, though on the other side of the river. That part of Bandon, called Bridewell, belonged to this cantred, and another part of it, called Irishtown. The lands are well laid out in this neighbourhood, under pasture and tillage. The soil is mostly a light grey clay, with a slaty bottom.

Ibawne and Barryroe compose one barony: the first signifies the fair territory, as, indeed, it is in respect of the adjoining rough country of Carbery; the other has its name from the Barrys. In those two half baronies are many navigable creeks, with several sandy strands for manure, but especially that of Red Sand bay, which is mostly composed of broken cockle shells, and is accounted to bring several crops of wheat and barley more than any other sand, being carried on horses' backs 12 miles up the country.

The seigniory of this barony belongs mostly to the Earl of Barrymore. Places of most note in it are Timoleague, i.e., Tee mologa, the residence of the saint Molaga. This village is situate on an arm of the ocean which flows in between the hills, whose feet it washes. From Court Mac Sherry (the harbour's mouth) to Timoleague, it is two miles. This harbour was formerly navigable, but is now quite obstructed with sand; so that only small sloops and boats can come to Timoleague, and smaller sand vessels about a mile above it. A small river discharges itself here, called the Arigideen, i.e., the little silver stream; it runs at the foot of an hill, covered with an oak wood, for a mile before it reaches this town, in a serpentine form. At its entrance into the town, it washes the walls of an ancient castle (built by an Irish sept, called O'Shaghnassy) now belonging to the Earl of Barrymore, who is also proprietor of the whole town and parish, which consists of seven plow-lands. A few years ago, the castle was fitted up, and some looms erected in it, for linen weavers. This river, in its course, next washes the verge of the church-yard, which commands a prospect down to the harbour's mouth; and the other side is bounded by a circular meadow, reclaimed by Colonel Moore. It next glides by the walls of an ancient abbey of Franciscans, founded in the reign of King Edward II., in the beginning of the 14th century, by the Mac-Cartys. Some records mention a castle belonging to the Morils to have stood here, and that Mac-Carty Reagh took it from them and placed Franciscans in it. In this abbey, Edmund de Courcey (9), Bishop of Ross, was buried in March, 1518, he being a Franciscan. He new built the steeple, dormitory, infirmary, and library, and was otherways a great benefactor to it, both in his life-time and at his death, as the obitual book of this convent testifies (10). The building (though not roofed) is entire, consisting of a large choir, with an aisle formed by arcades on the south, which lead to a lateral wing. There is an handsome, square gothic tower, about 70 feet high, between the choir and the aisle; and one side of the same aisle is a square cloister arcaded, with a platform in the middle; this leads to several large rooms, one whereof is said to have been a chapel, another the chapter room, a third the refectory, besides a spacious apartment for the guardian of the house; there was also an hall, dormitory, kitchen, cellars, &c., altogether composing a large pile of building. Here are several tombs of the Irish families, viz., Mac-Carty Reagh's, in the midst of the choir; west of it is an old broken monument of the OCullanes; and on the right a ruined tomb of the Lords Courcey. The O'Donovans, O'Hea, &c., were also buried here. There were but 4½ acres of land found to belong to this house at the time of the dissolution, which was then possessed by the Lord Inchiquin, and now by the Lord Barrymore. A considerable part of the tithes were also granted to the college of Dublin. Timoleague was formerly a place of some note, being much resorted to by the Spaniards, who imported large quantities of wine here; and it is said there were formerly no less than 14 taverns that sold sack in the town. It is situated between the castle and the abbey, under an hill, which shelters it from west and northerly winds. Here is a regular street, one side of it being new built for the accommodation of linen weavers by the late Lord Barrymore, but the design, by the mismanagement of his Lordship's undertaker, failed. In it are some good slate-houses, a market-house, and bleach-yard; it has also four fairs in the year, but no regular market. Near it is a well dedicated to the Virgin Mary, much frequented on the 8th of September by numbers of the Irish. The festival day of St. Molaga (11), according to Colgan, is on the 20th of January, who was the ancient patron of this place.

To the S.W. of the town, on a rising ground, is Barry's-Hall, built by the Hon. Capt. Barry, on the estate of the late Lord Barrymore; it has a prospect of part of the arm of the sea, which comes up to the foot of the hill on which it stands, forming an handsome basin, interspersed with small islands. On the opposite side of the river is Maryborough, an handsome house, built by Captain Jervais, on a rising hill, commanding a view of the bay and river; beyond it, on the same side, is Burren, where Mac-Carty Reagh had formerly a castle, but it is now the estate of Mr. John Bowrn; on this side is the church of Rathclairn, and near it Mr. Scott has a good house. All this eastern side of Timoleague harbour lies in Carbery.

On the west side, as you go down the

(9) He had been a friar in this convent; was advanced to the See of Clogher by Pope Sixtus IV, June 18, 1484; and translated to Ross, the 26th of September, 1494, where he died in a very advanced age: He was brother to Nicholas de Courcey, baron of Kinsale, who died in Febrcary, 1474; he was assisted in new founding this abbey by his nephew James, Lord Kinsale, son to the said Nicholas. This Bishop was a great favourite of King Henry VII,, whose title and interest he constantly defended against the attempts of Lambert Simnel, and Perkin Warbeck. Upon Sir Richard Edgecomb's arrival at Dublin to take the oaths of the chief persons of Ireland, after the rebellion, he sent for him to advise him in his proceedings; and such an opinion was conceived of his loyalty that it was thought unnecessary to oblige him to take any oath. After the kingdom was settled, he assisted in July, 1489, at a provincial synod, convened by Octavian, Archbishop of Armagh, and was made an arbitrator between two contending Bishops of Kilmore. He was the first of English descent that ever sat in the See of Clogher.

(10) King's collect. in Marsh's library, p. 310.

(11) His life may be seen in the same author, taken from an ancient history: He was born in the territory of Fermoy, in this country, and was of the tribe of Dimma, which tribe, with those of the Deagadii and Luchtæ, possessed that part of the country, as the author of his life relates.

Colgan, Act. Sanct. p. 148.

bay of Court Mac-Sherry, is a good house, in a grove of trees, inhabited by Mr. Arundel; and about half way down, close to the shore, stands the ruins of Abbey-Mahon (12); it was founded by the Bernardine monks, at their own expense, who were a very rich order. The Lord Barry gave them 18 plow-lands, which constitute the parish of Abbey-Mahon; but this estate was only given them till the building was finished, which never happened; for soon after the dissolution of monasteries took place, and these lands were seized into the hands of the Crown. The walls of the church are standing, and an house is built on part of the ruins,, round which is a grove. In this parish is a good quantity of fine arable land. The next improvement on the river is the seat of Boyle Travers, Esq., encompassed with good plantations.

Close to the harbour's mouth is Court Mac-Sherry, built originally by Hodnet, an Englishman, who came from Shropshire; but the family degenerating into the Irish customs, assumed the name of Mac-Sherry.

The bay affords plenty of various kinds of sea fish; formerly pilchards were taken in it; and on the shore are several buildings, called in this country fish palaces, for curing that fish. Plaice are so good here that, when in season, many prefer them to turbot, and some are near as large. Considerable draughts of salmon have also been taken in this bay. On both sides are prodigious high cliffs towards the entrance of this bay, where eagles, hawks, and herons build their nests. The old head of Kinsale forms the east side; those on the west, in the parish of Lislee, are called Coolum, being of a vast height; these are on the lands of the present Bishop of Elphin. In order to take hawks, they let down a man from a shelving precipice, where the persons who hold him have scarce footing; the hawks having built under a hanging rock, the man, by the assistance of an hook fixed to a pole, which he carries for the purpose, lays hold of the cliff, and draws himself in; having pillaged the ayry, he quits the concave of the rock, swings off, and is pulled up by his companions.

Lord Barrymore is proprietor of the geratest part of the parish of Lislee, and claims the royalties from Court Mac-Sherry bay to Glandore harbour; those more westerly are Sir John Freke's, in virtue of a patent granted to the Coppingers by King James I.

This country abounds with potatoes; the inhabitants prepare their lay ground by grassing and burning—a vile practice where manure is so plenty. Some lay on sea-wreck (13) which they say makes potatoes wet if laid out too late in the year, and this afterwards produces a good crop of barley. In this parish is a peninsula of about five acres, to which is a very narrow passage; and on this peninsula are the ruins of an old castle, defended by square bastions, to prevent people from landing. The island is a rock, thinly covered with earth; but is constantly mowed every year, though never known to be manured. This was a place where the Irish formerly secured their cattle by night; there are many such on the coast, particularly one to the west, defended by a wall, a castle, and two turrets; under the castle are several subterraneous caves, running into the middle of the island, the ground of which is very fertile. Near Dunworly strand is a spring, called St. Anne's Well. To the west the coast is all a bold, high shore, abounding with stupendous cliffs, which astonish while they please us. The vast expanse of the ocean adds to the grandeur of the scene: there is no object affects the mind so much; for one cannot see the heavings of it, even in a calm, without a pleasing astonishment; but when it is worked up by a tempest, so that the horizon seems to be nothing but foaming billows and floating mountains, it is impossible to describe the agreeable horror that arises on such a prospect.

On most of this coast are great variety of caves, worked by the sea; these caves are generally the habitation of wild pigeons, gulls, and other sea-fowls, who live in the upper crevices; while porpoises, seals, and other monsters of the deep have their abode below. In the bay of Cloghnakilty, which divides Ibawne from Barryroe, is the pleasant island of Inchydony. This island, by an inquisition held at Cork, Nov. 4, 1584, was found to be escheated for want of heirs to Queen Elizabeth; and that the Bishop of Ross had but seven marks, half faced money, out of the same. In it is a pleasant seat of Mr. Hungerford. Not far from Cloghnakilty is Dunamore, belonging to Sir Charles Moore, Bart.

Rathbarry, an ancient castle of the Barrys, now called Castle-Freke, in the west of this barony, near Ross-Carbery, is a pleasant seat of Sir John Freke, Bart: it commands an extensive view of the ocean and coast to the west. Adjacent to it is a large park, and also a fine fresh water lake, stored with pike, over which is an agreeable terrace. To the east of it is Kilkerin, the house of Mr. O'Hea, where is also another fresh water lake, of 52 acres, stored with fish. Almost on every headland of this barony were castles erected by the Irish, seven of which belonged to the sept of O'Cowig, as Dun-deedy, Dun-owen, Dun-ore, Duneene, Dun-o-cowig, Dun-worley, and Dun-gorley. Dun-deedy now belongs to the Right Hon. the Earl of Egmont; it is a castle on a very small island, to which there is a narrow passage from the main, being equally the work of nature and art. It belongs to the manor of Liscarrol, in Orrery. It is commonly, by seamen, called the Galley-head, and is sometimes fatally mistaken by them for the Old head of Kinsale, when the light of the latter is not seen. This promontory, like that of Kinsale, stretches itself a good way into the ocean, and is also a considerable height; there are several caverns formed at its base, by the working of the waves.

About a mile south-west of Cloghnakilty is the ruined castle of Ahimilla, built by O'Hea.

(To be Continued.)

(12) This house has been mistaken for the celebrated abbey, called Sancto Mauro, alias De Fonte Vivo, which stood in the parish of Miros, in W. Carbery.

(13) Sir George Mac-Kenzy says, nothing makes their lands so fertile in Scotland, or gives a better increase to barley, than sea-wreck; but lands often used to this manure, yield but bad oats, and in small quantity; and the husks, both of barley and oats, that grow on such lands, are thicker than those which grow on other lands, and have also a greater mixture of darnel. Phil. Transact. n. 117. p. 390.

GLASHEN-GLORA.*

'Tis sweet in midnight solitude,
When the voice of man lies hush'd, subdued,
To hear thy mountain voice so rude,
Break silence, Glashen-glora!

I love to see thy foaming stream
Dash'd sparkling in the bright moonbeam;
For then of happier days I dream,
Spent near thee—Glashen-glora!

I see the holly and the yew
Still shading thee, as then they grew;
But there's a form that meets not my view,
As once, near Glashen-glora!

Thou gaily, brightly, sparklest on,
Wreathing thy dimples round each stone;
But the bright eye that on thee shone
Lies quench'd, wild Glashen-glora!

Still rush thee on, thou brawling brook;
Though on broad rivers I may look
In other lands, thy lonesome nook—
I'll think on Glashen glora!

When I am low, laid in the grave,
Thou still wilt sparkle, dash and rave
Seaward, till thou becom'st a wave
Of ocean, Glashen-glora!

Thy course and mine alike have been
Both restless, rocky, seldom green—
There rolls for me, beyond this scene,
An ocean, Glashen-glora! !

And when my span of life's gone by,
Oh! if past spirits back can fly,
I'll often ride the night-winds sigh,
That's breathed o'er Glashen-glora!

* A mountain-torrent, which finds its way into the Atlantic ocean through Glengariff, in the west of the County Cork. The name, literally translated, signifies "the noisy green water."

BRAIN WORK.

ITS EFFECT UPON THE BODY AND THE KIND OF FOOD IT DEMANDS.

The changes of tissue in the brain that take place during study and thought are very important and very rapid. It has been estimated that three hours of brain work cause as great an exhaustion of the forces of the body as an entire day of manual labour.

This waste must be replaced by abundant food, but its selection requires careful consideration and often self denial, for many things which the physical worker can eat with perfect impunity are slow poison to the brain worker, who exercises the brain at the expense of the body and rarely gives the latter sufficient exercise to counteract the mental strain and keep it in condition to resist disease. Bear in mind that, while the waste of the body is much more rapid, the deprivation of physical exercise encourages torpidity of the voluntary functions and renders them sluggish in eliminating those wastes; therefore it is of the utmost importance that the tasks imposed upon them should be light.

Brain workers require the most concentrated and easily digested foods. They should eat fresh beef and mutton, fish, eggs—cooked in many forms, but never hard boiled or fried—oysters and crisp salads, lettuce, chicory, tomatoes, watercresses, etc., with mayonnaise or French dressing. They should begin the day with fruit and make it form the principal part of the luncheon and be very sparing in their use of cereals eschewing entirely white bread and oatmeal. Their ideal luncheon, which must be light if they continue to work in the afternoon, is a glass of milk or cup of hot chocolate or, better still, a glass of fresh buttermilk, with two or three graham wafers or a bit of toast and some fruit, an apple, figs, or an orange.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.

DUNGANNON, a borough, market and post-town, in the parish of Drumglass, barony of Dungannon, county of Tyrone, and province of Ulster, 10 miles (N. by W.) from Armagh, and 76 (N.N.W.) from Dublin, on the road from Armagh to Coleraine; containing 3,515 inhabitants. This place appears to have been the chief seat of the O'Nials from the earliest period of Irish history; but the first direct notice of it under its present name is in a spirited letter addressed in 1329 to Pope John from Dungannon, by Donald O'Nial, in which he styles himself "King of Ulster and true heir of the whole dominion of Ireland." He declares that, previously to the coming of St. Patrick, 130 of his royal ancestors had been kings of Ireland; and that from that period till the landing of Hen. II., in 1172, "sixty monarchs of the same princely family had swayed the Hibernian sceptre." In 1364, O'Nial, in his letters to Edw. III., styles himself "Prince of the Irishry of Ulster," and dated from this place, whence, in 1394, he went to make his submission to Rich. II. at Drogheda. Henry O'Nial gave a splendid entertainment here to the Primate Bole, and assigned to the church of Armagh all his lands in Moydoyn; and in 1489 Con O'Nial founded a Franciscan monastery, which he amply endowed. This establishment continued to flourish till the Reformation, when it was granted by Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Westmeath, and it was subsequently assigned to Sir Arthur Chichester in the reign of Jas. I. In 1492, Con O'Nial, the founder, being murdered by his brother Henry, was buried in this monastery with great pomp; and Neal M'Art O'Nial, rising in arms to avenge his death, the Earl of Kildare marched into Ulster to oppose him, took the fortress of Dungannon by storm,, and soon reduced O'Nial to obedience. In 1501 the Albanian Scots attacked the fortress on St. Patrick's day, but were driven back with great slaughter by O'Nial, who then held it for the English Government. In 1517, O'Nial was found again in rebellion against the English, but the Earl of Kildare having reduced Dundrum and taken Maginnis prisoner, marched against Dungannon, stormed the fort and burnt the town, both of which were restored by O'Nial after his submission. Con O'Nial, in 1538, took up arms against Henry VIII., in favour of the see of Rome, marched from this place with a powerful army into the English pale, and laid waste the country as far as Meath, where he was met by the Lord-Deputy Grey, who defeated him at Bellahoe, and compelled him again to retreat to his stronghold of Dungannon; he soon after submitted to the English authority, and in 1542 took the oaths of allegiance. After this battle Henry assumed the title of King, instead of Lord of Ireland; and O'Nial covenanted to renounce the name of O'Nial, to adopt the English habit and language, and to build houses and farm the lands after the English mode. For this submission he was created Earl of Tyrone, and his illegitimate son Matthew was made Baron of Dungannon, and received the state of the O'Nials by patent. In 1552, Shane O'Nial, son of the Earl of Tyrone, appeared in arms against his father, and destroyed the fortress of Dungannon, and committed other depredations; but in 1556, Fitzwalter, then Lord-Deputy, marched against him, expelled him from the territory, and replaced the Earl in his possessions. Shane again revolted in 1559, and in the following year burst into the English pale, but was reduced to submission by the Lord-Deputy Sussex. From Dungannon he proceeded to England, accompanied by his body-guard, consisting of 600 soldiers, who marched through the streets of London, armed with their battle-axes and dressed in the costume of their country. He was graciously received by Elizabeth, pardoned, and loaded with favours; but shortly after his return to Dungannon, he again appeared in arms, destroyed the city of Armagh with its venerable cathedral and monasteries, and left only a few mud cabins remaining; he also destroyed the city of Derry and laid waste the whole county; but in 1567 he was treacherously murdered in the Scottish camp. Hugh O'Nial, who by the favour of Elizabeth had been raised to the Earldom of Tyrone, commenced building a magnificent castle at Dungannon, and imported large quantities of lead for its roof; in 1587 he obtained from Elizabeth the grant of a weekly market and fairs, and in 1591 the lordship of Tyrone was formed into a county, subdivided into eight baronies, and this place made the county town and a gaol built in it accordingly. In 1595, the Earl of Tyrone rebelled against the English Government, and, placing himself at the head of 14,000 men, took and destroyed several forts, burnt Portmore bridge, laid siege to Monaghan, and having melted into bullets the lead which he had imported under pretence of roofing his castle, ultimately made himself master of the whole of that county. Having defeated the English in many engagements, particularly at Benburb, he was universally hailed as the champion of Ireland, and received in his fortress here the envoy of the Pope, who brought him valuable presents. The Lord-Deputy Mountjoy marched against this powerful chieftain and defeated him in several battles; and in June, 1602, having secured Armagh and Charlemont, advanced towards Dungannon. Tyrone, aware of his approach, set fire to the place and retreated northward; but being thus driven from the venerable seat of his ancestors, he never regained his lost power. In the following year he made his submission at Mellifont, and was pardoned; he was restored to his Earldom, and obtained a grant of his lands by letters patent; but meditating new designs against the State, he was discovered, and dreading the power of Jas. I., fled to the Continent in 1607, leaving the whole of his extensive possessions to the King, who, in 1610, granted the castle and manor of Dungannon, with all their dependencies, to Sir Arthur Chichester. In 1612, Sir Arthur obtained from the King a charter of incorporation for the town which he was about to build, a grant of 1,140 acres of land, and 500 acres more for the site of the intended town; upon teh former he built a bawn of limestone, 120 feet square, with bulwarks and a deep fosse; and upon the latter, previously to 1619, six large stone houses, six strong houses of frame-work timber, and a spacious church, which, with the exception of the roof, was completed at that time, whence may be dated the origin of the present town. On the breaking out of the war in 1641, Sir Phelim O'Nial, having taken the fort of Charlemont by stratagem, and made the governor prisoner, seized the castle, town, and fort of Dungannon on the same night; and having put many of the inhabitants to death, kept possession of it till after the battle of Benburb, in 1646, after which the town and church were burnt, and soon after the castle was dismantled by order of Parliament. The castle was rebuilt soon after the Restoration, and in 1688 the Rev. George Walker, rector of Donaghmore, raised a regiment in his parish and marched with it to Dungannon, to secure the garrison for the Protestants; it was entrusted to the care of Col. Lundy, who deserted his post on the 13th March, and the inhabitants fled to Strabane. It was garrisoned in 1689 by the troops of Jas. II., who, on the 13th of April in that year, visited this town and inspected the garrison, whence he marched to Omagh and Strabane; but his forces occupied the town and neighbourhood during the whole of that important struggle. From this period the only event of historical importance connected with the place is the meeting of delegates from 269 corps of Ulster volunteers, who in 1782 assembled at Dungannon and passed 20 resolutions, declaratory of the independence of the Parliament of Ireland.

The town, situated about three miles from the shore of Lough Neagh, is spacious, handsome, and well built. The surrounding country is richly diversified, and the situation of the town on a lofty hill of limestone, commanding interesting and extensive prospects on every side, renders it both a healthy and a pleasant place of residence. It is second only to Omagh in extent, and is rapidly increasing in opulence and importance. The inhabitants, under the title of the "Provost, Free Burgesses, and Commons of the Borough of Dungannon," received a charter of incorporation from Jas. I., in 1612, by which the site of the town, with three parcels of land called Crosse, Brough, and Fernes-keile (with the exception of the castle and a space of 500 feet around it in every direction from its walls), was created a free borough. The charter also conferred the right of returning two members to the Irish Parliament, which was exercised till the Union.

Of the castle and fortress of the Earl of Tyrone, not a vestige is remaining; nor are there any traces of the castle and bawn erected by Sir Arthur Chichester.

The monastery, founded by Con O'Nial, was situated near the site of the present distillery; some fragments were remaining a few years since, but every vestige has now disappeared. Dungannon gives the title of Viscount to the family of Trevor, of Brynkinalt, near Chirk, in the county of Denbigh.

AWFUL DEVASTATION BY FOREST FIRES.

The enormous loss of life and property every year by forest fires, as shown by a recent bulletin of the Bureau of Forestry of the United States, is astonishing. Investigation has shown that in an average year sixty human lives are lost in these conflagrations, twenty-five million dollars' of property is destroyed, more than ten million acres of timber land are burned over, and young forest growth worth, at the lowest estimate, seventy-five million dollars is killed. The figures are mere estimates, and fall far short in showing the full damage done.

"No account at all is taken of the loss to the country due to the impoverishment of the soil by fire," continues the bulletin, "to the ruin of water-courses, and the drying up of springs. Even the amount of timber burned is very imperfectly calculated, and the actual quantity destroyed is far in excess of that accounted for. Forest fires in this country have grown so common that only those are reported that are of such magnitude as to threaten large communities. The lumbering industry in remote sections of the country may be ruined and people forced to flee for their lives without a mention of the disaster beyond the place near where it occurred.

"The fires that burnt this year in Washington and Oregon were uncommon only in the number of lives lost. The burning of logging and mining camps and farm buildings, the loss to the country in the destruction of timber and young tree-growth, are of yearly occurrence. Every fall, not only in Washington, Oregon, Colorado, and Wyoming, but up and down the Pacific coast and all over the Rocky Mountain country, fires burn great holes in the forests and destroy the national wealth. The air of the mountains over hundreds of miles is pungent with the smoke of conflagration, and navigation on Puget Sound has often been impeded by smoke. The following comment by Dr. Henry Gannett, of the United States Geological Survey, should convey a fair idea of the damage done in the State of Washington: 'In less than a generation two-fifths of the standing timber has been destroyed in one of the richest timber regions on the Continent, and of the destruction more than half has been caused by fire. Assuming that the timber would, if standing, have the value of seventy-five cents. per thousand cubic feet, not less than 30,000,000 dollars worth has gone up in smoke, a dead loss to the people of the State.'"

A few of the States have adopted laws designed to suppress forest fires, and the Bureau of Forestry is making a special effort to secure similar legislation in other States, and to create what will be even more effective, a public sentiment against this ruthless waste of one of the country's greatest natural resources. In many localities there is on the part of most people an amazing indifference to the destruction of woods by fire so long as their own property is not endangered.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF IRELAND.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

The annual general meeting of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland was held on 28th ult. at the rooms of the Society, 6 Stephen's green. The proceedings were private. Mr. J. Ribton Garstin, F.S.A., D.L., was appointed President for the next three years, and the following were also elected:—As Fellow—P. L. Connellan, 6 Via Augusto Valenziani, Porta Salaria, Rome. As Members—Mrs. Mary Allen, Ailsa Lodge, Kilrane, Co. Wexford; Dr. James Barkley, Maghera, Co. Derry; Rev. T. R. Brunskill, B.A., The Rectory, Killencoole, Castlebellingham, Co. Louth; Miss Carolin Colville, Ph. —., Orono, Maine, U.S.A.; Robert Coulter, Merchant, Thomas street, Sligo; Rev. Canon M. A. Fricker, P.P., the Presbytery, 25 Rathmines road, Dublin; Rev. Robert F. Hanna, B.A., the Manse, White Abbey; Mrs. Learmont-Anderson, Ressnashane, Ballymoney, Co. Antrim; Count Arthur Moore, D.L., Aherlow Castle, Co. Tipperary: Mrs. Marion Mulhall, 35 Via Venti Settembre, Rome; Mrs. O'Neill, Jocelyn street, Dundalk; C. A. Pim, Monarna, Whit Abbey, Co. Antrim; Jonathan Pim, Barrister-at-Law, 10 Herbert street, Dublin; The London Library, St. James's square, London, S.W., per Charles Hagbert Wright, LL.D., Librarian; Hector Wallis, J.P., Balheary House, Swords, Co. Dublin; Rev. Thos. F. Watters, B.A., St. John's, Blackrock, Co. Dublin; T. W. Wilson, 10 Selborne road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

The report dealing with ancient structures said that an important advance in connection with the preservation of our national monuments was made in the introduction of Sec. 19 of the Local Government (Ireland) Act, 1898, which enabled any County Council to take charge of any monument in the county not already vested. The report contained the following reference to the Hill of Tara:—

The County Council of Galway is entitled to the honour of being the first to make the section operative, and under its provisions the High Cross of Tuam, and the ruined Church Temple Jarlath in the same town have been judiciously repaired.

HILL OF TARA, COUNTY MEATH.

The irreparable injury done by the partial destruction of the "Rath of the Synods," continued during a portion of the present year, has occupied the serious attention of the council, and everything that was considered practicable was done to stop the work of destruction.

The alleged object in digging up this mound is stated to be in search for "The Ark of the Covenant," which the instigator of the search has stated he believes to have been deposited in this particular rath.

The search, as prosecuted by him, involved the digging up and consequent destruction of the contour of the portion of the mound examined, and it is to the credit of Irish archæologists that they have not allowed themselves to be identified with this act of vandalism.

The search having proved fruitless, and a strong feeling of indignation being gradually aroused in the locality and elsewhere against the continuance of the work, and for other reasons, it was abandoned during the week ending 28th June last. On the 18th of that month, the Navan Rural District Council, in whose district the monument is situate, adopted a strongly-worded resolution against the action of the parties now engaged in obliterating the ancient and historic land-marks of the far-famed Hill of Tara in the idiotic search for the mythical Ark of the Covenant."

The report stated that three years having elapsed since the election of Professor E. P. Wright as President, Mr. John Ribton Garston, M. A., F.S.A., D.L., had been nominated the President for the three years next ensuing. He had been long and intimately connected with the work of the Society.

The report was adopted.

Mr Garston was elected President, and the honorary officers were re-elected.

EVENING MEETING.

At the evening meeting Mr. John Ribton Garstin, President, occupied the chair, and there was an extremely large attendance.

The President delivered his inaugural address to the members of the Society. He said the Society having been originated in Kilkenny, it was fitting that they should select their president from the provinces. He (Mr. Garstin) had come into office after one whose presidency had been a period of remarkable prosperity. Dr. Wright had brought exceptional experience, knowledge, and zeal to bear upon the presidency of the Society. The President referred to the advent of the new Sovereign to the Throne as affecting them in relation to the coinage. Although they had many notable numismatists, such as Lindsay, Simon, Aquila, Smith, and Dr. Fraser, this important branch of research seemed to have been greatly restricted. The study of postage stamps and book plates had monopolised most of their attention, being a more fashionable, if less instructive, branch of research. Antiquarian journals used to make countless references to the ancient coinage, but now there was scarcely a contribution on the subject to be met with. Volumes might be written on the subject of the Lial Fail—Stone of Destiny—which since its removal from Scotland had been used at every Coronation at Westminster Abbey. There were controversies about its supposed connection with Tara and the early monarchs of Ireland; about the connection of the stone with Egypt and Spain, and with the Milesian incursion into Ireland. It was alleged to have been the stone on which Jacob had rested his head at Bethel. What, asked the President, did they know of the Irish regalia in the past? He recommended it to the members as a fitting subject for further investigation. Dealing with the question of coinage, the President pointed out how completely Ireland had vanished from the coinage. No coin with the image or inscription of any of the early monarchs of Ireland was known, nor did the letters commonly called Irish appear on any coin now extant, the inscriptions from the earliest times being in Latin. From the time of Charles II. to the present no silver money was coined in, or exclusively for, Ireland, except Bank tokens. No money of any kind was struck for Ireland in the reign of Queen Anne. The Irish series, exclusively copper, survived the Union, but came to an end with the issue of pennies and half-pennies coined in Birmingham in 1822. Since then they had no coins but those common to the United Kingdom. The President traced in interesting fashion the changes in design and formulæ in the coinage, pointing out how all reference to Ireland had disappeared in it. Was it, he asked, too much to hope that the arms of the United Kingdom might reappear on the gold coinage—that the Shamrock, Rose, and Thistle might be less sparingly used. Referring to the dispute over the ancient Irish gold ornaments discovered in 1896, and now in the custody of the British Museum, he said the Council had not touched upon it in their report, and he proposed to follow their example. As the case was sub judice it would be improper to discuss its merits. The Society of Antiquaries of London should have abstained from interfering with the Government on behalf of the British Museum, especially as the Museum official who bought the ornaments was Secretary of the Society, and its President was one of the Trustees of the Museum. They seemed to suggest a desire that outside of London no Society of Antiquaries, no National Museum, and no gold ornaments should be tolerated (laughter).

The Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Canea, proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Garstin for his address. He said the address covered a wide field and had left nothing to be added. It showed an amount of patient research, erudition, and eloquence which was seldom to be found in addresses of the kind (applause).

Dr. Perceval Wright, the outgoing president, seconded the vote of thanks, which was passed unanimously.

Dr. Ffrench read an interesting paper by Miss J. Clarke on "Kilree, with some mention of Kells in Ossory." The paper, which was illustrated by a series of excellent lantern slide views, was referred to the Council for publication. The reading of the other papers on the agenda was postponed to the next meeting.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. H. W. Massingham will in future contribute a weekly causerie on "Politics and Persons" to the "Speaker." Lord Rosebery's attacks on the Government he wittingly describes this week as "about as serious as a charge of Amazons at an Empire ballet."

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Mr. Stead, in the "Review of Reviews," starts the "romance that is never to end" that in ages far earlier than arose the rites Hall, the seat of Lord Gordon, on the confines of Windsor Forest." We hear that the Australian "Review of Reviews" has scored heavily by announcing the immediate publication of a "romance that is never to begin."

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Mr. Maeterlinck contributes to the February number of the "Pall Mall Magazine" a picturesque article on the "Battle of the Spurs." There is also a "Real Conversation" by Mr. Archer with "Lucas Malet." Lord Wolseley continues his study of "The Young Napoleon." Sir F. C .Burnand gossips delightfully about "Punch's" unscrupulous competitors; while Mr. Mallock serves up new rashers of Bacon.

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Messrs. Heinemann's new publication, 'The Masters 'Masterpieces," is an attempt to choose from the work of each of the 60 greatest masters in painting one representative work, so as to afford a bird's-eye view of the realm of art. Nearly every picture has been reproduced from negatives newly and specially taken for this collection, and only in a few instances have existing photographs been employed.

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The monument to R. L. S., which it was hoped would be ready by midsummer of last year, is not yet complete. M. Saint Gaudens, who was chosen to execute the work, has been suffering from ill-health; but he has now remodelled the bas-relief which forms the body of the Memorial, and it is being cast in Paris. It is expected that the monument will be ready for erection in Saint Giles' High Kirk, Edinburgh, in five or six months.

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I notice (says a literary critic) that Mr. Alfred Nutt has taken the trouble to correct a "Saturday Reviewer" for saying that Lady Gregory in her "Cuchulain of Muirthemne" has done for Irish legend very much what Lady Charlotte Guest did for Welsh. Perhaps the reviewer only meant what Mr. Yeats means when he says in his introduction that Lady Gregory has given modern Ireland its Mabinogion—namely, that she has made the old legends practically available for modern readers. It is true, of course, as Lady Gregory states herself, that her book is a compilation and rearrangement of previous versions, not, as Lady Charlotte Guest's was, a literal and original translation. Probably Mr. Nutt feels that in the warm welcome given to Lady Gregory's book, the services of earlier translators are being unduly ignored, and particularly the especial service of Miss Eleanor Hull in her "Cuchullin Saga," published four or five years ago in his "Grimm Library."

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Mr. Gosse has given this week in the "Daily Chronicle" an interesting account of the emergence of the Goncourt Academy from its long litigation and of its present constitution. When the first meeting came to be held only seven of the Academicians originally designated by Goncourt himself survived. These were: MM. Gustave Geffroy, Leon Hennique, J. K. Huysmans, Paul Marguerite, Octave Mirbeau, and the two brothers Boex, known to the literary world as "J. H. Rosny." They completed their number by the election of MM. Elemir Bourges, Lucien Descaves, and Leon Daudet, the last-named taking the place of his father, Alphonse Daudet, whom Goncourt nominated. Goncourt would not have either poets or critics in his Academy; and Mr. Goss tries to enable the public in these countries to realise what kind of a body it was that Goncourt had in mind by drawing up a fancy list of the writers of whom a similarly constituted academy might perhaps consist in England. He suggests the names of Mr. Conrad, Mr. George Gissing, Mr. Robert Hichens, Mr. George Moore, "Mark Rutherford," Mr. Zangwill, with Mr. Wells for president, who might proceed to elect Mr. Bernard Capes, Mr. Arthur Morrison, and Mr. Benjamin Swift.

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Herr Ebertein, the sculptor of the Goethe monument presented by the German Emperor to the city of Rome, has followed a custom which has lately come into fashion with such memorials. The poet is represented as he was in the bloom of early manhood, exhibiting the youthful strength and masculine beauty which distinguished him on his first visit to Rome. He stands amidst a heap of ancient fragments of Roman art, as a type of the influence of classic antiquity upon his life and work. Three subordinate groups are placed at the base of the monument—Iphigenia and Orestes, Mignon and the Harper, and Faust and Mephistopheles; these figures personifying respectively the drama, the lyric poetry, and the philosophy of Goethe.

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There is a very interesting paper by Mr. George Iles in the February number of the "World's Work" on Mr. Herbert Spencer at work and at play. When Mr. Spencer began his composition of "First Principles" in 1860 he adopted the practice of dictating to an amanuensis:—

He was spending the summer by the shore of a Scottish loch. His habit was to dictate for a quarter of an hour, then row for an equal period, with the object of so stimulating the circulation of the blood as to carry him through another fifteen minutes' dictation, and so on through the forenoon. Neither then nor afterwards has he worked in the afternoon. Ten years later, at times when his health fell to a low ebb, he would go to a racket-court in the North of London, play with the man in charge, and dictate in the intervals of the game.

One of the most abtruse portions of the "Principles of Psychology" was composed under these unpromising circumstances.

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Particulars are given of how Mr. Spencer wrote the volumes of the "Synthetic Philosophy." He used to leave his house soon after nine in the morning and go to Kensington Gardens. There he walked for an hour:—

Regularly at ten o'clock he appeared in his work-room in Leinster place, a retreat known to hardly anyone, and sacred against intrusion. He first dictated his correspondence, often rebelling at its onerous demands. Then he turned to his systematic work, soon rising to the full tide of dictation; usually he went on without breakfast till close on one o'clock, when he hurried away to luncheon. If his health was out of order he would stop abruptly at any moment and leave the house, saying that his head felt queer. When fairly well he would smoke half a cigar.

The dictation, it seems, was continuous; there were no interruptions, and only brief pauses. In resuming his task he seldom needed to be reminded of the last word spoken.

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Mr. Spencer, we are told, has never been much of a reader; "he was wont to say that if he were to read as much as other people he would know as little as they":—

He has never bought many books. . . He used to read but little in the forenoon, he dared not read at all in the evening, through dread of insomnia; but for all that he seemed to miss nothing that bore on his work. Almost all his reading must have taken place at odd moments just before breakfast, after luncheon, and in the afternoons passed at the Athenaeum Club.

He is familiar with Shakespeare and Scott. He has a hearty admiration of "Tristram Shandy"; he regards "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" as a gem.

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There reaches us (the "Academy and Literature" remarks) from New York a beautifully printed thin volume which bears upon its title page: "Some letters, by Robert Louis Stevenson, with a autroduction by Horace Townsend." Mr. Townsend tells us that these letters were addressed to Mr. Trevor Haddon, at that time (twenty-three years ago) an unknown but aspiring art student. Mr. Haddon wrote to Stevenson as an admirer, and from that introduction followed the letters here first printed. They are delightful and characteristic letters, hardly touching Stevenson's highest in the way of correspondence, perhaps, but full of wisdom, kindliness, and good counsel. We extract the following from a letter dated from Hyeres, where Stevenson, it will be remembered, was so happy and contented:—

In your own art, bow your head over technique. Think of technique when you rise and when you go to bed. Forget purposes in the meanwhile; get to love technical processes, to glory in technical successes; get to see the world entirely through technical spectacles, to see it entirely in terms of what you can do. Then when you have anything to say, the language will be apt and copious.

And again:—

Cling to your youth. It is an artistic stock-in-trade. Don't give in that you are aging, and you won't age. I have exactly the same faults and qualities still; only a little duller, greedier, and better tempered; a little less tolerant of pain and more tolerant of tedium. The last is a great thing for life but—query?—a bad endowment for art?

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The last letter was written in 1884. Stevenson had been seriously ill, and had "fallen into a kind of blindness." This more inclines me," he says, "for something to do, to answer your letter before I have read it, a safe plan familiar to diplomatists." Then he falls into his old habit of sermonising, but how excellent and strong it all is:—

You seem to me to be a pretty lucky young man; keep your eyes open to your mercies. That part of piety is eternal; and the man who forgets to be grateful has fallen asleep in life. Please to recognise that you are unworthy of all that befalls you; . . . but, indeed, we are not worthy of our futures; love takes us in a counterfeit, success comes to us at play, health stays with us while we abuse her; and even when we gird at our fellow man, we should remember that it is of their good will alone that we still live and still have claims to honour . . . I have been getting some of the buffets of late; but I have amply earned them—you need not pity me. Pity sick children and the individual poor man; not the mass. Don't pity anybody else, and never pity fools. The optomistic Stevenson; but there is a sense in these wanderings.

All this is real Stevenson.

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The "Young Man" prints this month the opinions of various writers concerning the decay of the novel. The opinions, naturally, differ, and none are particularly illuminating. We like best what Mr. Jerome and Mr. E. F. Benson have to say. Says Mr. Jerome:—

The form of the novel will change with the changing ages. But delight in the pictured story—in the imagined life—will remain wth us till man has ceased to dream.

And Mr. Benson writes:—

Personally, I don't believe novels are any worse now—i.e., the best of them—than they ever have been. Because an enormous number of indifferent novels are written, it does not follow that the art of novel-writing is perishing, but only that an increased number of folk are attempting to practise it. If I go on, I shall express an opinion, so I will stop.

If other opinions had been expressed with equal simplicity we should have thought them better. worth reading. When Miss Barlow says "there are at present no great novelists" we begin to doubt her critical faculty.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

George Craig, an aged inventor, of Lyons, Mich., has invented a scheme by which he says that watchmen in banks and other similar institutions will be entirely dispensed with. His invention consists of a secret chemical compound stored in the door of the vault, which being feloniously opened allows an overpowering stench to fill the room, overcomes the intruder and renders him unconscious, in which condition he remains until he is discovered.

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A collapsible lifeboat invented by Valdemar Engelhardt was recently tested by order of the American Navy, War, and Treasury Departments. The boat is 20 feet long and 6 feet wide. It has collapsible gunwales 2½ feet high. It is claimed for it that it can be easily handled and stowed away. The sides are composed of canvas braced by stanchions. Around the gunwales is woven a fabric of waterproof material lighter than cork. The inventor claims that his boat is unsinkable.

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An electric dynamo which had been installed in the Yale and Towne Works at Stamford, Conn., burst on January 3, while it was being tested. At the time of the accident the machine was making 3,600 revolutions per minute and had been running at top speed for ten minutes. Although there were six or eight men in the dynamo room at the time, and huge fragments weighing from 200 to 300 pounds were scattered about, no one was injured. The windows and woodwork, however, were badly damaged.

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The largest pair of animal tusks ever found in the frozen North have arrived in Seattle from Keenwalik, a mining camp 300 miles north-west of Nome, well within the Arctic circle. The remains of the animal were found by M. F. Moran, the postmaster of Keenwalik, and will be forwarded to the Smithsonian Institution. The tusks are twelve feet from end to end. One weighs 168 and the other 172 pounds. Both are in an excellent state of preservation, the ivory being perfectly sound and of fine quality.

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During the recent shortage of coal in the United States the Standard Oil Company decided to make some experiments with the use of oil as fuel. The tests were made at the works at Greenpoint and Hunter's Point, near New York, and the result was so satisfactory that it is extremely probable that the oil burners will be adopted permanently and extended to the company's other works. The device used was the invention of Henry M. Pratt, one of the millionaire directors of the company, who has worked in every capacity in many of the different yards of the company, in order to familiarise himself with the details of the work done at the different plants.

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On January 5 the huge Pennsylvania Railway bridge crossing the Pacific River at Newark was raised. The steel structure was divided into three parts, two of which were first lifted 13 feet above their former level, whereupon the raising of the third part began. The work was accomplished by nightfall of the same day. The reason for the lifting of the bridge is to be found in the fact that the tracks through Newark are elevated. A second bridge crossing the Passaic, and used by local and freight trains ordinarily, is now in use for all traffic until the main bridge is raised to the height of the track elevation and is made safe for travel.

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An automobile in which there is a total absence of belts, chains, or gearings has been designed by two New Yorkers, C. J. Dorticus and E. W. Schneider. The only noticeable feature of the vehicle is the construction of the wheels, each one of which contains an electric motor in the hub. The current is the carriage and driven by an oil engine. One of the advantages of this system is said to be that there is almost no occasion for a vehicle becoming stranded on the road. Even if three of the motors should become disabled, which is almost out of the question, except in case of a smash-up, the one remaining motor is sufficient to bring the carriage home. The vehicle is steered by shutting off the current to the wheels on one side while it is applied to those of the other.

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Among the recent pamphlets issued from the American Census Office is one entitled "Patent Growth of the Inventive Arts, 1870-esting information about the patent system of this country. It states that the Bell telephone patent was the one which made the greatest amount of money, and the next best record was that of the four-motion feed for sewing machines. The latter is said to have netted its owners 32,000,000 dollars. The patent was first issued in 1850 for the term of fourteen years, and was twice renewed for terms of seven years. The authorship of the American patent system is discussed, and the credit is allowed to rest between James Madison and William Pinckney. Both offered orders which were allowed to go to the Committee, and a clause finally reported and adopted which embodied the ideas of both gentlemen.

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The lifeboat invented by Mr J. Mitchell, of Manitoba, was recently launched at Dartmouth, N.S., and tested by Captain Bloomfield Douglas, R.N.R. The boat, which is cigar-shaped, was launched from a wharf 14 feet above the level of the wates. After showing the easy manner in which the boat could be rowed, the crew made a test for the purpose of proving that the boat was self-righting. With the efforts of a number of men pulling on ropes attached to both ends, the boat was overturned. Almost instantly it recovered its proper position. The lifeboat is capable of seating 25 persons comfortably, but can hold more. Since the boat is entirely closed, its occupants cannot perish from exposure. The boat need not be launched from a sinking ship, for it is provided with a suspending rope which runs through its entire length on the interior, through holes at both ends of the boat, and which is attached to the davits. When all the passengers have been received on board the craft, the rope is cut from the inside, so that the boat drops, and is free.

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A monument was recently unveiled with great ceremony near Junction City, Kan., to mark the supposed site of the famed city of Quivira, which the natives of that section think lies buried beneath their feet. The obelisk is the contribution of the members of the Quivira Historical Society, who are scattered through Kansas, Minnesota, and other North-Western States, the leading spirits of which organisation are J. V. Bower, of St. Paul, Minn., who claims to be the rediscoverer of Quivira, and Robert R. Henderson, of Junction City. The location and even the existence of Quivira has been an active subject of discussion for a hundred years, and much has been written on the subject. It has been located at different times at various places in Mexico, Arizona, and other parts of the South-West, but this is the only location which can lay claim to a substantial monument to mark its supposed site. Those who doubt the existence of the "City of Gold," as Quivira is spoken of, say that the Indians who were supposed to have peopled the city, and who bore the same name, were the poorest tribe known to history.

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Dr. G. H. Bryan has raised the question of the escape of light gases from planetary atmospheres. The question was suggested by the apparent absence of helium and also of hydrogen from our atmosphere, and the apparent want of a lunar atmosphere, and is exceedingly difficult to deal with; many assumptions have to be made, for instance, as to the temperature of the outer layer of our atmosphere. Prof. Bryan now comes to the conclusion that helium and hydrogen might escape at negligible rates if the mean probable velocity were ten times as large as we assume it to be at ordinary temperatures. In reality there is probably only diffusion of the light gases into the higher strata. Prof. Bryan offered figures as to the amount of hydrogen we should have to generate to keep the quantity of atmospheric hydrogen constant, supposing that it was one of its constituents. Asked whether these two gases would still be in our atmosphere if they had been there when the earth was at high temperature, Prof. Bryan replied that that was a far wider and very difficult problem, since mass would in that period have been much more diffused than now.

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During last year there has been greater activity in railroad building in the United States than in any twelve months for ten years past. After the extraordinary activity of the period of 1885-1890, when the total construction in one year was about 12.000 miles, there was a rapid decline until 1895, when the small total of 1,428 miles was built. Since that year there has been a steady increase, the total in 1898 being 3,265 miles; in 1900, 4,894 miles; in 1901, 5,368 miles, while in 1902 the total exceeded 6,000 miles. All but a few of the States in the Union participated in this extension. The greatest aggregate length, 570 miles, was laid in Oklahoma; the West, as is natural, being the field of the greatest activity. The second greatest length of road was that built in Texas, where about 500 miles were constructed. Then follow in their order Arkansas, with 370 miles; Indian Territory, with 363 miles, and Georgia with 336 miles. In addition to the total track embraced in these figures, it must be remembered that a considerable length of second track and track for sidings was constructed. There was also a vast amount of reconstruction work carried out which does not figure in this estimate; and this, if recorded, would convey an even stronger impression of the railroad activity of the year.

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At the recent International Aeronautical Congress at Berlin, Prof. Dr. Assmann, Director of the Aeronautical Observatory of the Prussian Meterological Institute, described his registration baloon of caoutchouc or Para rubber, which was one of the novelties of the meeting. The ordinary ballon-sonde, made of silk or paper and open at the bottom, has the great disadvantage that, when it approaches equilibrium in the upper strata of the atmosphere, its velocity of ascent decreases and the effect of isolation on the thermograph becomes greater, without it being possible to determine afterwards the place where the solar disturbance began during the ascent or where it disappeared during the descent; in fact, it is only in certain cases that we can distinguish between the insolation influence and the curious thermal anomalies that have been described by Teisserno de Bort and Hergesell. The use of a closed balloon made of elastic material has this advantage, that in proportion as the inclosed gas expands the ascensional force is increased so that the balloon rises faster with augmenting height until it bursts and then falls to the ground with diminishing velocity, because checked by a parachute. The time of equilibrium is therefore reduced to an instant, and although the higher the altitude the more intense is the solar radiation and its effect on the thermograph, yet the speed of ascent and descent is also increased, and, consequently, the ventilation, which counteracts the radiation, is likewise stronger. The least possible weight of balloon envelope and of registering apparatus is required, for the lighter the whole apparatus, the less gas is needed, and the smaller the quantity of gas the more it can expand before the envelope bursts at a proportionally greater height.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

DUBLIN, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.

Last Tuesday evening, a gentleman on horseback, was stopped at Inchicore by four footpads, well dressed, who robbed him, and cut the reins of his bridle to prevent pursuit.

Same evening, about eight o'clock, a gentleman's servant was stopped in the Hospital lane, leading to Island Bridge, by the same gang of villains, as is supposed, who stripped him of his surtout coat, and, because he had not more than a shilling about him, beat him most unmercifully.

DUBLIN, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18.

A great resemblance has been observed by travellers in many circumstances between Paris and Dublin, particularly in the disposition of the quays in the two cities. One of the great improvements that are now in contemplation at Paris, is that of opening the quays from one end of the town to the other, and removing all the houses that touch the river; and this would be a most striking and obvious as well as a cheap and practicable improvement in Dublin, particularly the removing the houses in Pudding row. The French also mean to take down the houses on St. Michael's Bridge, which are a great eyesore in Paris.

Yesterday morning presented a fight in this city "nouvelle." A considerable wager had been laid by an officer of our garrison (which was accepted of), that he would at half after eleven o'clock in the forenoon, run from King William, College Green, to the Barracks, with his coat off, in seven minutes; accordingly at the appointed time a number of the military and others attended, and the gentleman ran over the ground in six minutes and a half; but the astonishment of the inhabitants of the different streets through which he passed can be better conceived than expressed, at seeing a party of the military clearing the way with the greatest rapidity, and a man running in the midst of a crowd without his coat through the metropolis at noon day.

Another correspondent informs us an officer of the 15th Regiment of Foot, ran for a wager of one hundred and fifty guineas from the Phœnix Tavern, in Church lane, College Green, to the Foot Barrack Gate; he had seven minutes and a half to perform it in, but accomplished it in six minutes.

Saturday last one Ferguson was apprehended, charged before Justice Wilson for having in company with three others, armed with pistols, stopped a servant belonging to Lord Bellamont on Ranelagh road on Friday night last, whom they robbed of a silver watch.

There never appeared a greater proof of female industry, than that lately furnished by the women confined in the New Prison, in the excavation they had made for the purpose of escaping. The miners of Vauban could not make a more regular sap in a siege, than they did under the foundation of the building, and all without any implement but an old poker, the indefatigable exertion of their hands, and a fund of patient perseverance almost beyond an example.

Yesterday a great number of the military assembled at the front of the New Prison, demanding the release of Richard Allen and William Gardiner, two soldiers belonging to the Royals, who had been confined there for robbing James Foley of his shoes and buckles the night before. They were clamorous, and threatened to force the gaol, in consequence of which the guard there was last night doubled.

There has been an increase of four ounces this week in the assize of bread, and there is a prospect that the increase for next week will be still greater in proportion, for the Canal Corn Market was this day uncommonly great.

Late yesterday evening Mr. Gallagher was stopped on Rathfarnham road by two well-dressed men, one of whom presented a pistol, and robbed him of a guinea, six shillings, and a crown piece coined in the reign of King Charles the First; the latter he requested they would return, which they did, after much earnest entreaty.

This assuredly seems to be the area of Canals in this kingdom, for almost in all parts of it some improvement of the kind is going forward, even in the little town of Bray, in the county of Wicklow, a navigable cut from the sea to the town is nearly perfected, by which the entrance of vessels into its port is much facilitated, and for the dangerous and inconvenient navigation of a paltry creek, a safe and commodious channel is substituted. This useful work is done at the expense of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, particularly Mr. Grattan, Lords Powerscourt, Meath, etc.

On Sunday evening last an affray happened at the Pigeon House between two sailors belonging to some of the packets in our harbour, when after boxing for a short time, one of them was killed on the spot.

The exportation of butter from the several parts of this kingdom promises this season to be greater than has been known for many years, as the great abundance has enabled the sellers to open the market at six shillings a hundred weight cheaper than last year. Yesterday twelve hundred barrels were exported to Malaga, in Spain.

Last Thursday a physician (coming home from visiting some patients) was stopped in Barrack street, and robbed of what money he had about him, together with his clothes, watch, shoe and knee buckles, hat, wig, and even stripped of his very shirt.

WATERFORD, SEPTEMBER 18.

At the last meeting of the Corporation of this city, the thanks of that respectable body were unanimously voted to the Right Hon. the Earl of Tyrone and the Right Hon. John Beresford, for their having (through their influence) established the mail coming hither by way of Milford, the happy consequences of which are now so evident to this part of the country as not to need elucidation.

DUBLIN, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19.

A correspondent informs us that there has been lately established a printing yard on a most extensive scale at Mulmedderin, in the county of Meath (but now called Mesney, after the great printing grounds near Manchester), on the estate of Thomas Pepper, of Ballygarth, Esq., within four miles of Drogheda and three of Balbriggan, under the direction of an eminent calico printer from Manchester, where this branch of business bids fair to be brought to the greatest perfection; the situation, from the excellence of the water, and being contiguous to the great manufactory of calicoes and cottons belonging to one of the most capital houses in this city, is the most happily adapted.

It is observed that the market now completely established on the Quay of the Grand Canal, exceeds the most sanguine hopes of its best friends, as there is actually more grain, flour, and other provisional articles sold at that place, on a weekly average, than at all the other markets, not excepting that of Thomas street. In consequence of an expected increase of business, the company are enlarging their Quay, and preparing to erect an additional number of stores and offices for public convenience, which, when finished, will render the commerce to that of many considerable sea ports, and prove a permanent benefit to the citizens of Dublin.

We hear that the Munster farmers are busy in digging potatoes for a fleet of boats, which will set out for Dublin, both coastways, and by the Grand Canal. When this supply shall arrive, which may probably be about the middle of October, our poor will have no reason to complain, especially as the herring fishery must add to the store. Monopoly and forestalling are the only evils we have to apprehend.

Monday a number of coal porters were taken up for not wearing badges, agreeable to Act of Parliament. Several of them paid and took out badges, and those that did not comply remain in confinement.

The burial place, lately discovered at Killiney, near Bray, must be of a very ancient date, by the manner of the interments; the coffins are made of thin flag-stones, and are regularly laid side by side, and exactly formed like coffins of the present day. Those coffins have no flags at bottom, but are nicely covered at top by the same kind of stone that the sides and ends are composed of; in breadth there were about ten coffins, and by the side of the last were a number of skeletons of people, supposed to have been interred without coffins, but at the same depth in the ground, and regularly laid side by side. When the labourers had dug up one row of them, it was observed they were continued regularly up the hill, and that the head-stones of the first row of coffins were the foot-stones of the next row. How far they are continued has not yet been determined. The skeletons were all perfect at the opening, but by the want of bottoms to the coffins, the clay had got in, which prevents the bones from being taken out whole; the teeth are as perfectly white as the moment they were put into the earth; the other bones are somewhat rotten, and when dry are hard and brittle. It appears to those who have seen them, that they must all have been buried at one time, by their being so exceeding regularly laid down, at an equal length and distance from each other, about two feet from the surface; and it is believed there must have been a battle fought there, and those who were honoured with coffins must have been the chieftains and officers, the others the privates. From the "Cork Evening Post" of Monday last.

"Sunday morning, the 9th inst., an inquest was held upon the body of Timothy Sulivan, weaver, who died in Dunmanway from the effects of a severe beating he received at the fair of Ballabouy on the 6th of August, when the jury brought a verdict of wilful murder against John Morgan, of Kilronane, in the parish of Fanlobbus, farmer. This villain was at the head of a desperate mob, armed with swords, scythes, and pistols; and on Sulivan coming forward, with some others, to preserve the peace, he cut him severely with a hanger, and with a bludgeon gave him several concussions on the head, under which he languished till the 7th inst., and then died. Morgan has since absconded, and is supposed to be lurking in the neighbourhood of Kinsale or Berehaven. It would be an act of signal justice to apprehend him, as he has been charged with two murders before. He is a very tall, swarthy, active fellow, about 32 years of age, with a black beard, and an ill-looking countenance."

We hear from Cove, that the Whiteboys went out on Saturday night or Sunday morning last in large bodies in that town, and the avenues leading thereto.

(To be Continued.)

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DUNLEARY IN 1803.



THE OLD COFFEE HOUSE.
FROM A PLATE IN "THE HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE."

THE PORT OF KINGSTOWN.

(Formerly known as the Port of Dunleary).

FROM THE HISTORY OF THE COUNTY DUBLIN.—PART I.

By FRANCIS ELRINGTON BALL.

We take the following from Mr. Elrington Ball's valuable History of the County Dublin:—

WITHIN Kingstown Harbour, at its south-west corner, there is a small pier used by colliers. This pier formerly enclosed the harbour of Dunleary, and, up to the time of the construction of the refuge harbour of Kingstown, was the only shelter for vessels on the coast between Wexford and Dublin. Dunleary, a name which is supposed to be derived from the place having been the site of a dun, or fort, erected in the fifth century by Leaghaire, King of Ireland, first came into notice in the time of the Commonwealth as a landing-place for the ships of war, which lay out in the bay. A fishery, which probably had been established in the time of the Monks of St. Mary's Abbey, existed there, and Ludlow mentions that, when leaving Ireland in 1655, he gained the ship in which he was to cross the Channel by means of one of the largest of the herring vessels which lay in the creek below Monkstown. From that time, although Ringsend was the usual place place of embarkation, the creek of Dunleary, which is now crossed by the railway, was occasionally made use of by travellers to or from England, and a quay was built. In the Restoration period, the Earl of Essex, on his arrival as Lord Lieutenant, landed there, and the appointment of an excise officer indicates the increasing importance of the port, which became the constant station of a man-of-war (1).

A poet of the period commemorates the departure from Dunleary, in September, 1709, of their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Wharton. He describes seeing, from Killiney's craggy height, two warlike vessels, gay with bunting, prepared to carry away the ruler of the land, and how the people gave way to grief and sighs, which he calls on them to suppress, since the destiny of their happy isle is committed to such Lords Justices as the famed Cæsar, General Ingoldsby, and the learned Lycurgus, Lord Chancellor Freeman, who, like comely twins, combined to fight its battles and protect its laws." Swift, who sailed in the Government yacht

(1) Joyce's "Irish Names of Places," ed. 1895, vol. i., p. 140; "Memoirs of Edmund Ludlow," ed. by C. H. Firth, vol. i., p. 425; "Liber Munerum"; King's "State of the Protestants of Ireland," p. 323; Monkstown Parish Register.

in the following year, gives the Dunleary boatmen a bad character, and relates how they made him double their remuneration under threat of losing the yacht, for which he found he was in ample time. In 1741, James O'Hara, second Lord Tyrawley, then Ambassador to Portugal, landed at Dunleary from his Majesty's ship "Lymn," which he had joined at Cork, where he had arrived in the Lisbon packet boat; and, in 1743, Richard Annesley, sixth Earl of Anglesey, landed there, and proceeded to his seat at Bray, on his arrival to defend his title against the claimant, James Annesley. Early in the morning of a September day, in 1753, their Excellencies the Duke and Duchess of Dorset arrived in the bay in the "Dorset" yacht, and were put on shore at Dunleary by their barge about 8 o'clock. They had been expected to land at Ringsend, where great preparations had been made to receive them with concerts of music, guns, and pedereroes. Most of the performers were unable to reach Dunleary in time, but many persons of importance went out in boats to pay their compliments to their Excellencies before they disembarked. On the shore their Excellencies were awaited by the coaches and servants of the Lords Justices, and proceeded to town amongst crowds, who expressed their joy by loud acclamations. The journals of the day specially note the selection by the Duchess of Irish poplin for the material of her dress (2).

Though less fashionable than Newtown Castle Byrne, Dunleary was then a seaside place of amusement. Swift, writing in 1721 to his sub-dean, asks him how often he had been with his wife to Dunleary, and about the same time some verses appeared, which invited the ladies of Dublin to repair in coach or on car to Dunleary, where they would find honest residents and could procure good ale. Such luxuries as meat and wine they were recommended to bring with them. Dunleary was also possessed of at least one good dwelling, known as the Great House. In it probably died, in 1711, Lady Mary Sheares, of Dunleary, daughter of Richard, second Earl of Barrymore, and wife, first of the Rev. Gerald Barry, and secondly of the Rev. Christopher Sheares, of Tanderagee, and in it resided, successively, Lord Tullamore, afterwards Earl of Charleville; Lord Southwell, and Viscount Lanesborough. Later on, Mr. John Carden, ancestor of the Cardens, of Fishmoyne, leased a large place near Dunleary, which comprised lands known as the Seafield, the Rockfield, and the Towerfield, and which were bounded on one side by the sea, and on the other by the high road from Monkstown to Bullock. A fishery still existed—in 1751 the Dunleary fishermen brought to shore a shark, the first ever caught there—but from the hopes expressed that foreign fishermen might be induced to settle near Dublin, and that the city might be then supplied with fresh fish, it cannot have been carried on with much vigour. The inhabitants of the village were, owing to the frequent presence of men-of-war in the bay, constantly liable to be pressed for service in the navy, and in 1757, during an attempt of the kind, shots were fired, and one of the townsmen were wounded (3).

The necessity for building a pier at Dunleary was, in 1775, represented to the Irish House of Commons, in a petition signed by the inhabitants of Dublin. The petition set forth the danger which often attended the navigation of the Dublin port, and the advantages which Dunleary presented as a site for a harbour. The House granted the prayer of the petition, and voted a sum of £21,000 for the erection of the pier. Its erection occupied twelve years, the actual sum expended being only £18,500. Its completion was superintended by the well-known archæologist, General Vallancey. Before it was actually finished, it proved of service. In the summer of 1764, two men-of-war, "The Wasp" and "The Ranger," were repaired alongside, and during storms in the winter of that year seven or eight vessels were safely harboured under its shelter. It was then hoped that when the old quay was taken down, and some rocks at the end of the bay removed, there would be room for twenty sail at a time to anchor under its protection. This anticipation was, however, unduly optimistic. The harbour looked well. Austin Cooper, who probably saw it when the tide was full, describes it as a handsome, semi-circular harbour, enclosed by high banks of gravel, and by the pier, which was about 27 perches long, and which sheltered it from all winds except the north. But for practical purposes it proved, like many of the small harbours since constructed, a complete failure. It soon filled up with sand, which the dredging machines of the time was unable to remove; and, in 1776, a correspondent, styling himself "Hawser Trunnion," drew attention to its inutility, and expressed the opinion that the pier had been built in the wrong direction. The condition of the harbour was brought under the notice of the House of Commons, by a petition signed, amongst others, by Lord Chancellor Hewitt, who was then living at Stillorgan, and by Viscount Ranelagh; and a committee, presided over by Sir Nicholas Lawless, recommended the expenditure of an additional sum of £1,150 upon the pier (4).

The Viceroys and other families continued to make use occasionally of Dunleary on their arrival or departure. There the Duke of Bedford, in 1758, embarked on "The Dorset" yacht, which was convoyed to England by "The Biddefort," of twenty tons, and there again, two years later, having been accompanied from town by the nobility and gentry in their coaches and six, he embarked on the same boat, under convoy of "The Surprise." There landed, in 1780, the Earl of Carlisle, who had crossed from Parkgate, on the Dee, in "The Dorset" yacht, which was commanded by Sir Alexander Schomberg, and convoyed by "The Stag," frigate, and "The Townshend," revenue cruiser; in 1784 the Duchess of Rutland and her three children; in 1787 the Marquis of Buckingham, who proceeded to Mr. Lees' villa; in 1789, the Marchioness of Buckingham, who also went to "The Rock," and in 1790, the Countess of Westmoreland (5).

The packets from England then went to Ringsend, but passengers were sometimes put on shore, by means of boats, at Dunleary, when the wind was contrary. For their accommodation, a coffee-house, remains of which still exist, was opened near the pier. Possibly it was the same house as the one known by the sign of the "Star and Garter," which was, in 1754, advertised to be sold—a house described as fit for any nobleman or gentleman. Dunleary was at that time an inconsiderable and dirty village, the abode of a few fishermen; and the country between it and Bullock was a sterile tract, covered with furze and heath, and traversed by a few footpaths. The principal resident near the village was Mr. William Roseingrave, one of the Secretaries in Dublin Castle, whose house stood on or near the site of Salthill Hotel. He had filled several offices, and belonged to a family renowned for their musical talents. His father had been organist of the Dublin Cathedrals, and his uncle, who died in his house at Salthill, in 1766, was a talented, though eccentric, composer. The house and lands of Dunleary belonged then to Sir James Taylor, Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1765; and another resident of note was the revenue surveyor, Mr. George Glover, who gave elegant entertainments on "The Newtown" barge, and was presented with the thanks of the Corporation of Weavers for his exertions to prevent the smuggling of foreign silks. A humble resident of the name of Lawlor, also deserves record, on account of the extraordinary feat which he frequently performed, about 1760, of swimming from Dunleary to Howth; and an African diver ought not to be forgotten who, in 1783, attracted crowds to Dunleary to see his descents under the sea in a diving bell (6).

Projects in connection with the Mail Packet service from England, which would have affected Dunleary, had been more than once mooted. In 1778, it was announced that a new pier was to be built there, from which all packets were to sail.

(2) "The Diverting Post," preserved in Trinity College Library; Scott's "Works of Swift," vol. ii., p. 7; "Pue's Occurrences," vol. xxvii., No. 57, vol. xl., No. 71; "Dictionary of National Biography," vol. ii., p. 6, vol. xlii., p. 62; "Dublin Journal," Nos. 2757, 2758

(3) Scott's "Works of Swift," vol. xvi., p. 375; "A Petition to the Ladies of Dublin from Dunleary," preserved in Trinity College Library; Monkstown Parish Register; Prerogative Grant of Tutelage to Lady Sheares; Burke's "Extinct Peerage"; "Dublin Journal," No. 1885; Lease in Registry of Deeds Office; Steele's "Events in Ireland'," preserved in Bodleian Library, Oxford; 'Dublin Journal," No. 2592; "Pue's Occurrences," vol. liv., No. 59.

(4) Journals of the Irish House of Commons; "Dublin Journal," No. 3919; Cooper's Note Book; "Exshaw's Magazine" for 1776. p. 701.

(5) "Exshaw's Magazine" for 1758, p. 311, 1760, p. 290, 1781, p. 58, 1784, p. 223; "Dublin Chronicle," 1787-1788, p. 799, 1789-1790, p. 992; "Hibernian Magazine" for 1789, p. 333.

(6) "Universal Advertiser," No. 124; "Dictionary of National Biography," vol. xlix., p. 245; "Dublin Journal," No. 4087; "History of St. Audoen's Church," in "The Irish Builder for 1887, p. 192; "Pue's Occurrences," vol. lxviii., No. 7007; "Dublin Journal," No. 3672, 3962; O'Keeffe's "Recollections of his Life," vol. i., p. 385; "Dublin Journal," No. 6667.

In 1790 much conjecture was aroused in the neighbourhood by the packets anchoring in the man-of-war roads, where the mails were put on board by wherries, and, in 1801, there was a scheme to make a deep-sea harbour at Dalkey, and to connect Dalkey with Dublin by means of a canal. But it was not until 1809 that the proposal to construct the present harbour at Kingstown was made. In that year a petition was presented to the Lord Lieutenant, praying that the construction of an asylum harbour near Dunleary should be undertaken by the Government; and six years later an Act was passed authorising the work, at an estimated cost of £505,000. The first stone of the East Pier was laid in 1817, by his Excellency the Earl of Whitworth, and the embarkation from the head of that pier of his Majesty George IV., after his visit to Ireland in 1821, gave origin to the familiar name of Kingstown Harbour. Even at that early stage of its construction, its future utility was foreshadowed. It was on Monday, September 3, late in the afternoon, that the King embarked on his yacht, but, owing to high winds, it was not until the following Friday that he could set out for England. On Wednesday his yacht hoisted sail, and put out along the coast of Wicklow, but she was soon driven back, and was glad to remain under the shelter of the pier until the storm abated. The stone of which the piers are built was quarried out of Dalkey Hill, and was brought to Dunleary in trucks, drawn by horses on four railroads, laid side by side. So fast was the granite poured into the sea that the East Pier is said to have progressed at the rate of 100 feet a month (7).

THE DIPPING SWALLOW.

BY HERCULES ELLIS.

Dipping! dipping!
The swallows plunge beneath the lake:
Dripping! dripping!
Their glossy plumes they gaily shake;
Then mounting, on their new-bathed wing,
O'er woods, and hills, and dales, they spring.

Darting! darting!
They hunt, and seize the summer fly:
Starting! starting!
All birds, in fleetness, they defy;
The lark attempts the race, in vain;
He fails, though every plume he strain.

NEW FRUITS AND PLANTS IN YUCATAN.

The United States Consul at Progreso says that the fields and gardens of Yucatan are filled with useful vegetables and fragrant herbs unknown to the outer world. In the cultivated fields are grown species of Indian corn, beans, squashes and tubers, for which, in this country, we have no name, because we have never seen nor heard of them. In the forests and jungles grow wild fruits, already excellent in quality, which could be made delicious by scientific cultivation. Mr. Thompson, the consul, avers that there are half a score of wild fruits which offer more promising results to cultivation that ever did the bitter wild almond, which was the progenitor of the peach. There are six varieties of Indian corn in Yucatan, and the natives speak of this plant as "the grace of God."

(7) "Hibernian Magazine" for 1778, p. 247, 1801, p. 514; "Dublin Chronicle," 1790-1791, p. 296; Warburton, Whitelaw, and Walsh's "History of Dublin," vol. i., p. 1273; "Saunder's News Letter," Sept 4-8, 1821.

ARE THE OTHER WORLDS INHABITED?

BY REV. C. VAN DER DONCKT.

Are there other inhabited worlds?

Let us take a peep at them.

First the Moon, our satellite. It has no atmosphere. With air and without water, material life is impossible.

Of all the known planets Mercury is the sun's nearest neighbour, although its mean distance from him is over thirty-five million miles. As the period of its rotation is equal to its period of revolution round the sun, Mercury has always the same side turned toward the sun! Consequently its own hemisphere never sees the sun and is, therefore, in perpetual darkness and in eternal winter; whereas, on the other side the sun never ceases darting its fiery rays. Beings that could stand a cold exceedingly more intense than that of our polar regions or a heat of about 1,100 degrees would be the only suitable inhabitants for Mercury. Such should undoubtedly be made of quite different stuff from what we are acquainted with.

Venus, 67 million miles from the sun, is the latter's second closest neighbour. On account of the great inclination of its axis of rotation, there are no temperate seasons on that planet; and as its year lasts only about 244 days there are sudden changes from a burning heat to a cold approaching zero. The sun's diameter appears to Venus one-third larger than it does to the earth. Hence Venus receives twice more light and heat from the sun than we do. None of our equatorial beings would endure such a heat. Still, Camille Flammarion insists on peopling Venus with winged inhabitants who would by periodic flights strive to evade the murderous climate! Beware of grinning at his powerful imagination, else he will class you with "those sleepy minds which in their peaceable march scarcely go beyond the limits of classic timidity."

Mars, the next to be glanced at, is which it most resembles. Its distance from the sun is 141 million miles. Hence it receives only four-ninths, that is, a little less than half, the light and the heat that is shed upon the earth, whose mean distance from the sun is 92 or at most 93 million miles. Animals and vegetables as we have here could not conveniently live there except in the tropics. The remainder would be Siberia. As on our planet, there are clouds, seas, ranges of snow and ice on its continent. But the red colour of the latter is still a mystery. Most astronomers claim that it is the colour of the soil. Herschel maintains that it is owing to the abundance of protoxide of iron. This would prove that there is no life there, as any kind of vegetation would change that red oxide into deutoxyde, which is black. Still, there are many resemblances between Mars and the earth, though they are not so great as romancers of astronomy pretend.

The Asteroids—i.e., star-like minor planets, of which No. 1 (Ceres) was discovered at Palermo by Father Piazzi on January 1, 1801, while Bode and other German astronomers were searching in their country for the missing planet predicted by Kepler—are all very small, the largest being probably only 300 miles in diameter. Most of them are deprived of atmosphere, and their mass (or quantity of matter in weight) is so small that a man of our size would weigh there only about three ounces. He could easily thus by a muscular movement fly through space from one asteroid to another, and should the three hundred and more (No. 31 was discovered on June 11, 1891) of those minor planets wandering between Mars and Jupiter not satisfy him, he might even take a trip to his terrestrial brethren.

Owing to these singularities even the partisans of the plurality of worlds conclude that there is no life whatsoever, either animal or vegetable, in the asteroids.'

Now we arrive at Jupiter, the colossus of the solar system. Situated at 482 million miles from the sun, he has such a high temperature that dense layers of clouds completely obscure his body. It is generally assumed that Jupiter is an extinguished sun, still burning, though gradually cooling down. He has five moons (the fifth was discovered in 1892), and is, according to some astronomers, 1,200, and in the opinion of others 1,390 times larger than the earth. This globe, it appears, is not solid, and if not entirely liquid, it is at least like paste. Father Sechi and other noted astronomers after him maintain that Jupiter and the other three exterior planets, those giants of the solar family, are neither solid nor liquid globes, but nebulous mass in a gaseous condition. Though Jupiter is, according to some astronomers, covered with a liquid mass still half incandescent, the noisy Flammarion, who would make our erstwhile loquacious General Funston take a back seat, insists on peopling that planet with "beings, living in the high regions of the atmosphere, above the fogs and the vapours, feeding on the ethereal fluid, resting on the wind as the eagle in the tempest, and being always in the heights of the Jovian heaven." He who thinks otherwise, writes that famous brewer of rhodomontade, "deserves not to belong to reasonable beings, for he has put a triple bandage over his eyes, and is an obscure mind incapable of rising above vulgar appearances."

When after ages Jupiter will have completely cooled down, as he would receive from the sun twenty-seven times less light and heat than our planet, his mean temperature in the torrid zone would be below zero.

Saturn, 884 millions of miles from the sun, floats in perpetual darkness. On it as on Uranus and Neptune, respectively 1,780 and 2,780 millions of miles from the sun, life for such beings as we know of would simply be impossible, Neptune being completely frozen and the other exterior planets hovering in the zero temperature.

What are the requirements of life? Organic beings absolutely need air, water, and a suitable temperature, else they pine and perish. This is proved beyond the shadow of a doubt by chemistry and physiology. Germs are destroyed in a temperature above 122 degrees, or below the freezing point. Even on our planet living beings are scarce where the temperature approaches those extreme limits. The sandy soil of our torrid zones is a barren and naked desert, like the peaks of our highest mountains and the polar regions. If the burning Sahara still has some remnant of vegetable and animal life, and if there are to be found some cryptogams at a height of several thousand feet and some imperfect organisms even in the glacial sea, it is because the equatorial heat has not dried up all springs, and because the cold scarcely reaches the freezing point. Consequently, if the surface of our globe were a little hotter than our torrid zones, or a little colder than the polar regions, it would certainly be unfit for organic life and would be but a vast desert.

On applying these principles to the other worlds, we are bound to conclude that if material life exists there at all, it can be only in a few of them, and even there in relatively narrow strips. Nor shall wireless telegraphy or still more wonderful relations of human ingenuity, or anything short of Divine revelation, ever inform us whether the Creator has peopled any of those other globes with an intellectual race.

THE TOLKA.

A FAMOUS COUNTY DUBLIN RIVER.

ITS HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

III.

The Glasnevin Botanic Gardens are bounded on one side by the Prospect Cemetery. At the mouth of the river Tolka we meet another cemetery belonging to the Jews. It was always the custom of that people to bury outside cities; but their Christian neighbours here, as elsewhere, adhere to the revolting and unhealthy practice of crowding the most populous neighbourhoods with corpses. The first extramural Christian burial-ground established in Dublin was the burial-ground of St. George's parish, adjoining the Royal Canal. In 1829, a cemetery principally used by Roman Catholics was established at Golden Bridge. It was originally projected in consequence of an illiberal regulation enforced by Archbishop Magee, prohibiting Roman Catholic clergymen from officiating in it afterwards. It was followed by a cemetery at Harold's Cross. In February, 1832, the cemetery at Glasnevin was opened; it originally comprised only nine acres, but a fraction of its extent now. The approach was formerly filled with public houses, where crowds of mourners betook themselves to the "Cottage of Content," and other taverns, having names contrasting oddly with the vicinity.

The Jewish burial-ground at Ballybough-bridge is of very small size, scarcely exceeding a quarter of an acre. It is of ancient date, probably cotemporaneous with the settlement of Jews in Dublin in the time of Cromwell. It was part of his policy to encourage this industrious people, and in his time there were several of the community in our capital; but their numbers declined, and until the last 30 years there were not enough to keep open a synagogue. It is their custom never to bury one body in the grave over another; and ever since Abraham purchased the field of Machpelah, it has been the passionate desire of his sons to be buried with their fathers; yet this little burial-ground, probably the only Jewish place of sepulchre in Ireland, is not yet full.

From Glasnevin we pass on the river Tolka to Drumcondra. The adjoining church contains the monument of F. Grose, the antiquarian. The following is the inscription, which has the singular merit, for an epitaph, of being literally true:—

"To the Memory of
Captain FRANCIS GROSE, F.R.S.,
Who, whilst in cheerful conversation with his friends,
Expired in their arms without a sigh,
18th of May, 1791.
Aged 60."

He died telling a story after dinner, a short time after his arrival in Dublin, to prepare the learned work which was subsequently finished by Dr. Ledwich.

Up to the year 1716 the tide covered the entire district between Ballybough bridge and the Liffey, near the Custom House, from the street now known as the North Strand, to the North Wall Lighthouse. By an Act of Assembly of the 18th of January, 1716, the Lord Mayor, sheriffs, and citizens, who were owners in fee of the soil, divided the entire of the strand, from the Liffey to the sheds of Clontarf, into convenient plots, and passed a resolution for enclosing and draining it. It was accordingly mapped out, and the various divisions were distributed, by casting lots, among the several members of the Corporation. They were of two classes. Some were called acre lots, which included all except those abutting on the quay intended to be made along the Liffey, which latter were called foot lots. The sums originally appointed to be paid by the allottees were quite insufficient for the intended work; and an Act of Parliament was obtained in 1727, to raise further funds by a tax. At that time the Tolka meandered through the extensive mud, in a course different from that which Annesley bridge has since marked out for it. From the mode in which the enclosure commenced, the district has been all termed "the North Lots."

Parallel to the Tolka, as it approaches this locality, is the road called "Jones's," or "Buck Jones's Road." It was so named after Jones, the celebrated theatrical manager. He lived at a house subsequently called Clonliffe, in which the Catholic Diocesan College now stands, the grounds of which extend from this road back grounds of which extend from this road back to the Tolka. This residence was, in his day, known as "Fortick's Grove"; and he won it in a night's gambling from Lord Mountjoy. He was a favourite with the Duke of Richmond, when Lord Lieutenant. The extravagance and splendour of the entertainments at Fortick's Grove, caused its proprietor to end his days in poverty, but acquired for his house the reputation of great wealth. In the year 1806, while Jones occupied this house, a gentleman named Rammidge, who held a place in the Post Office, resided at the opposite side of the river at Richmond. He used, according to the then common practice, to keep the money which passed through his office in his own hands until settling day, carrying it home to Richmond with him. A gang of robbers, attracted by the grandeur of Fortick's Grove and reputed riches of Rammidge's house, laid a plan of, perhaps, the most extensive robbery ever designed in Dublin —viz., to plunder the entire neighbourhood in a single night. Jones's gardener was, as he alleged, forced to join the plot. Either from repentance or affection for his master, he disclosed to him the night on which the attack was to be made, and that his house and Mr Rammidge's, being considered the principal prizes, would be the first attacked. Jones, in the course of the preceding day, had a detachment of soldiers secretly conveyed into his house, who, with their muskets loaded, were prepared for the robbers' attack. It was arranged that the gardener should wear a signal in his hat, and should be spared if the soldiers fired. Fortick's Grove was the first assailed. The door was accidentally left open, and the gang got into the hall before the alarm could be given. One of them, opening the parlour door, and seeing gentlemen in uniform, fired into the room and wounded an officer. The soldiers, alarmed by the shot, rushed from the upper rooms and kitchens, where they were waiting, and fired from both sides on the crowd of robbers in the hall. Nine of them were shot dead, and several more wounded. Among the dead was the unfortunate gardener, whose signal was not seen in the darkness and hurry. This bloody catastrophe, of course, destroyed the gang. The nine ghastly corpses of the dead men lay for several days, according to the then revolting practice in such cases, at the side of the cross roads, where Jones's road joins Ballybough bridge. None of them were ever claimed, and they were ultimately buried in the corner of the adjoining field. Dead bodies were afterwards found in the hedges in the neighbourhood and Lord Charlemont's plantation, which were ascertained to be the corpses of some who had been badly wounded, and had not strength to escape further.

Near Annesley bridge is ——rino, built by, and the favourite residence of, the accomplished Lord Charlemont, whose pure patriotism and blameless life so well deserved the eminent position he long held in the most brilliant era of Irish politics. At the opposite side lies the classic neighbourhood of "Mud Island." This district was some seventy years ago celebrated as the resort of a character, known as the King of Mud Island. His name was M'Donnell; he owned some household property in the neighbourhood, but was an uneducated man, altogether in the rank of a peasant. He possessed extraordinary influence with the mob. He was guardian of some minor children, and, having been guilty of a contempt of court, an attachment was issued against him; but it was found impossible to execute it by the ordinary means of a bailiff, and, within half-a-mile of the city of Dublin, the sheriff found it necessary to take out a regiment of soldiers and a troop of artillery to arrest this modern specimen of Celtic royalty. His residence was well-known, and he was known to be in it; so the troops advanced to the attack. His Majesty's subjects, of course, immediately assembled in force, but the appearance of artillery, the great mob-queller, kept them quiet. M'Donnell's wife, a second Helen M'Gregor, presented a pistol from the window, swearing she would shoot anyone who dared to enter. In the meantime, he was dressed in woman's clothes, and so effectually disguised himself that he stayed quietly among the crowd, mixing with the soldiers and bailiffs in pursuit of him, while they were breaking open his house. When he had stayed long enough to test his friends, and gratify his taste for excitement, he leisurely walked away. On another occasion the sheriff succeeded in arresting him, and he was almost immediately rescued by a company of coalporters. M'Donnell enforced justice to himself by a more summary method. When a tenant was in arrear, he walked into the house and took and kept whatever he could lay his hands on to the value of the rent. This troublesome monarch died about 1848. He was said to have had three wives; no more than one, however, survived him, and this Queen-dowager of Mud Island died only a few years ago.

Another hero of the same stamp, but without the excuse of humble birth or neglected education, is associated with the river Tolka. Finglas and Clontarf were successively the residence of Bryan Maguire. He was the last of that race of gentlemen (?) of whom Fighting Fitzgerald, Tiger Roche, Pat Power, etc., are well-known examples, whose vices and violence have been too hastily imputed to a larger section of their countrymen, and have so much lowered the English estimate of Irish character. Maguire was descended from an ancient family, to whom the whole county of Fermanagh had once belonged. He boasted his lineal relationship to the chieftain of the sixteenth century, who sent the message to the Lord Deputy, "If your Excellency sends a sheriff to my county, I shall be happy to receive him; but let me know his eric, that I may be prepared to send the proper amount to the Castle of Dublin, when my people cut his head off." The message exhibits a greater respect for the law than appears to have been hereditary in the family. By successive confiscations and continued improvidence, their vast estates were exhausted, and the small patrimony which Bryan inherited was early squandered. He obtained a commission in the army, as his royal descent would not allow him to stoop to any other merely useful employment. He soon left even that. With a prince's pride and a pauper's purse, his position in society was anything but enviable. But he had one friend sufficient to silence the most importunate dun, and cow the most Quixotic acquaintance—and that was his pistol. With this weapon he had acquired such extraordinary skill that he used, with a bullet from it, to snuff a candle held by his wife in her hand, or hit a crown-piece held between her fingers; and so confident was she of his aim that her nerves never dis-

composed it by shaking these extraordinary targets. He had fought numerous duels; his favourite distance was eight paces, at which he could kill or wing his adversary, as it suited his pleasure. Such a redoubtable champion found few willing to encounter him. He had travelled in various parts of the world. It was towards the close of his career that he came to live at Finglas. He resided there for many years, and was a great patron of "the May." He usually appeared in public in a faded half-dress uniform, and was never without his pistols. He was continually beset by bailiffs, by whom he was often unsuccessfully pursued. His overbearing manners and duelling propensities made him shunned, for he had the misfortune to be born too late, when the boast of defrauding one's creditors and shooting one's friends had ceased to be a favourable introduction in society. He took to habits of gross intemperance, which undermined his health and accelerated his total ruin; and the imaginary descendant of kings, the real representative of a house once possessed of princely estates and an honourable name, died an inmate of Kilmainham, a pauper at the debtor's side of the prison.

Yet this bugbear of society was not devoid of some noble qualities. Courage he unquestionably possessed; and this he occasionally used with a generous and laudable object. As an instance, the following anecdote may be cited, which occurred while Maguire was at St. Helena, and which he was fond of recounting. He was one day going up-stairs at a billiard-room, and met a young ensign coming down, crying bitterly like a child. Maguire asked the cause, and the young man informed him that he had been grossly ill-treated by some officers above stairs, who were in the habit of insulting him, because his father was a London tradesman. "Come back with me," said Maguire, taking him by the hand. Entering the room, he met the officers, and asked them, "Which of you will have the courage to insult this young man?" upon which a general attack was made upon him. They drew their swords, and pressed round, crying, "Throw him out of the window," towards which he was backing slowly, with a pistol in his hand (without which he never travelled). The maxim that self-defence is the first law of nature suggested itself to his mind, and, marking a line across the floor, he swore that the first man who crossed it should receive the contents of the pistol in his body. The colonel of the regiment advanced his foot beyond the line, and immediately fell a corpse before him. Maguire was tried for murder, but acquitted upon the grounds that he did the act in self-defence. He had good reason to suppose that the party were in earnest in their threats of throwing him out of the window; and it was so high that the fall would have inevitably killed him.

Near the close of his career, a young gentleman, Sub-Sheriff of Dublin, found himself unexpectedly called upon to execute an habere against the house at Clontarf then occupied by Maguire. There were, at the same time, in the sheriff's hands—as there always were—several writs against Maguire's person. The inexperienced sub was cautioned that the utmost care was required in executing the process, as Maguire would think as little of picking down a sheriff as of shooting a snipe. The sheriff was, however, determined to do his duty. He summoned to his assistance some of the local police, who all appeared to have a timid respect for the redoubted duellist. They cautiously approached the house. The door was slowly opened by an old woman, the only living inmate beside Maguire himself. She implored them, as they valued their lives, not to approach the room in which he lay, or even the first floor, and then hobbled off as fast as her tottering limbs would permit, uttering prayers for their safety and curses at their temerity. The door of the dreaded chamber was riddled with holes, and the opposite wall bore evidence that the balls were not spent before reaching it. One of the police sergeants, whose voice was known to Maguire, commenced the negotiations by stating that the sheriff himself, out of respect to Maguire, had come personally, and that he was acting, most unwillingly, in discharge of a painful duty. After much swearing, and innumerable protestations of his intention to blow out the brains of the sheriff, or the Lord Chief Justice himself, if he dared to disturb him, he was at length made to understand that the writ was not against him personally, but his landlord, or rather against the house. He then consented to let them in. They heard a bolt withdrawn, and a shuffling inside, as of someone rushing back to bed. They entered, and stood in presence of the dreaded hero. He was sitting up in the bed, with a red night-cap, his face unshaven and unwashed, and a pistol in his hand. The sheriff told him his mission; and his gentlemanly manner so won upon Maguire that he consented to allow him to perform his duty, at the same time protesting that it was of his own free will and accord, as no earthly power could bully him. In all these propositions the sheriff prudently and promptly acquiesced; and then hinted that it would be necessary for Maguire to get up and dress himself, as he should, for form sake, leave the house, to enable the sheriff to give possession. The descendant of royalty begged the sheriff to approach, and then whispered to him the difficulty which prevented his compliance. All his clothes were pawned for thirty shillings, and he had not the means of redeeming them. The sheriff at once despatched a policeman for the clothes, and sent another messenger for some whiskey—a stroke of policy suggested by the friendly sergeant. They soon became great friends. The officer of the law sat on the bed beside Maguire, who entertained him with details (which he was fond of giving) of his numerous duelling exploits. One of the few articles in the room was a portrait of George the Fourth hanging over the chimneypiece. Maguire told the sheriff to look over the right eye of this picture. He saw a bullet-hole, and the bullet lodged in the wall. "That," said Maguire, "is my doing. I was lying here, after recovering from a fever. Some friends came to see me; and, seeing me so weak and low, insulted me with their pity. 'Give me my pistols,' said I, 'and I will show you that my hand is as steady as in my best days.' They did so, and told me to hit that spot. You see the result." The sheriff asked permission to extract and keep the bullet as a memento, which Maguire, evidently with much exultation, assented to. The officer soon returned with the clothes; but, when about to depart, a sudden change appeared to come over Maguire. He took a key from under his pillow; his eyes filled with tears. "I have," he said, "but one request to make of you, as I am about to leave this house; I am sure, from your kindness, you will attend to it. Take this key; in that closet you will find the remains of my darling child. Have him buried when I leave this. I have no place to keep him; and, after I am gone, the people here might treat him roughly."

Immediately on Maguire's departure, the sub-sheriff unlocked the door of the closet, which opened off the bedroom in which he found Maguire lying. To his infinite surprise, he found in it the body of Maguire's child, who had died twenty years previously. The unhappy father had himself embalmed the body, and carried it with him from lodging to lodging. That one object had power to melt the hardened desperado, to sober the maddened drunkard; and, as he went forth, houseless, from his last lodging was the sole object of his care.

Maguire had not long left the house when he was arrested by some special bailiffs, charged with the execution of some of the writs against his person. They had heard of the mission of the sheriff, and followed him in the hopes of the opportunity in which they had so often been disappointed before. The unfortunate man was soon afterwards, on the ground of ill-health, removed to Kilmainham, where as we already mentioned, he ended his days.

THE END.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

A SCIENTIFIC BARGAIN.

BY JAMES RAYMOND PERRY.

Professor Gilman heard about the meteorite that had fallen off Marston's farm not far from Oberlin, and passing through that locality on his way back from a visit to the Lick Observatory, he decided to stop and see if arrangements could be made for its purchase by the Urania University. The museum of the university already held an interesting collection of these visitants from undiscovered countries, and Professor Gilman delighted in adding to the collection. The astronomer was the more eager to secure possession of the meteorite for the university because it was rumoured to be not only of unusual size, but also of a somewhat unusual nature. Professor Gilman was ever eager for any new tale to be told of the great outside world of matter—that world infinitely larger that the little world which men explore, and make so great ado over!—and while he entertained no great hopes that the fallen meteorite near Oberlin could tell much that was new concerning the interstellar spaces, yet there was the possibility that it might. And it is possibilities that lure us.

So it happened that on a certain sultry afternoon Mr. Marston drove with Professor Gilman to the place where the far-faring traveller through space had at length found a resting-place.

Farmer Marston was neither poet or dreamer. The wings of his imagination seldom bore him beyond the boundaries of his fertile farm. So far as his fancy went a meteorite that had trailed a billion-mile path through space only to get caught in the meshes of the earth's atmosphere at last and fall upon his farm, was no more than any boulder half buried in the soil—something better gotten rid of than retained. That was his view of the matter before any hint of commercialism entered into the question. But when he discovered that there were persons possessing a discriminating taste in boulders, and that among such persons of taste were some who preferred a boulder dropped from the sky to one thrown up from the bowels of the earth, his view speedily changed, and straightway he began to appraise the sky boulder as somewhat beyond its worth. Timothy Marston had read a comic paper now and then, and he was not to be taken in.

The meteorite had fallen in a field and lay some two hundred yards from the road. As they walked towards the spot, after Marston had hitched his horse to the roadside fence, the farmer noted a thin cloud of bluish white smoke lying along the horizon south of the field. "Those blamed cowboys have started another fire," he said ill-temperedly. "If one of them gets caught doing it, he might as well say his prayers first as last."

Professor Gilman evinced no interest in the question as to when it would be most proper for a cowboy to say his prayers. If questioned he probably would have expressed some doubts about his saying them at any time

"What do you calculate it's worth?" Timothy asked with a shrewd glance at the professor when they stood beside the meteorite.

Professor Gilman's examination of the meteorite proved a mild disappointment. So

far as he could judge it presented features of no greater interest than many others which he had seen. In other words, it had no new story to tell. Still, the aerolite was of good size, and would be a considerable addition to the university's collection. He told Marston what he thought the university would be willing to pay.

But as it was not more than one-fifth of what Timothy Marston had decided the metal to be worth, he shook his head. "I reckon I can do better than that," he said.

Professor Gilman having had no intention of getting the best of Marston, had offered him as much as he thought the meteorite was worth, so now, instead of raising the bid, as Marston expected him to do, he said, "Well, perhaps you can, Mr. Marston. But" he added, "if the supply of these things is limited, the demand for them is limited also."

These words, and the way the professor uttered them, caused a sudden and marked decline in the value of meteorites, as far as Mr. Marston's appraisement went. Professor Gilman's offer was the only one he had thus far received for the boulder—that now looked to Marston's eyes about as cheap as any other boulder—and, what was worse, it might remain the only one. However, Farmer Marston had not read his comic paper in vain, and this bespectacled professor's words and unconcerned manner might be merely a bluff. He wouldn't begin to scale the price of meteorites just yet, thought the subtle Marston.

It was very provoking, however—and disquieting, too—to see how utterly the professor seemed to have lost interest in the meteorite. He scarcely glanced at it after his offer was declined, and as they walked back to where the horse was hitched, he seemed to have even forgotten its existence. Certainly he did not refer to it again, but plied the farmer with many questions about his crops and his methods of farming. "It's amazing what that professor fellow knows!" Marston confided to his wife afterwards. "He knows a darning sight more about farming than I do!"

But this belated burst of admiration for the professor's knowledge did not prevent his feeling at the time keen disappointment at the way the meteorite affair was turning out. Once or twice he was on the point of telling Professor Gilman he could have the meteorite for the sum offered, but each time his native —or acquired—caution, prompted him to wait. It might be a deep game, after all, that the professor was playing! If so, he would come back to the subject of his own accord. So Marston waited.

The cloud of bluish white smoke on the horizon had grown darker and thicker. "Looks as if they'd got a pretty bad fire started,' 'Marston said, glancing towards the smoke. "Hope the wind won't change and blow it up this way. That makes the fifth bad fire we've had in this part of the State since the first of July. There are two or three big ranches south of here, and lots of good grazing land has been burnt over. If they keep on having these fires there won't be anything for the cattle to feed on. Looks as if that fire was down on Foster's ranch."

"Are the fires of incendiary origin?" enquired the professor.

"Um," replied Marston, a little vaguely. Then resuming the conversation where he thought it had broken off, he said, "The fires have all been set, I reckon. Looks as if a gang of cowboys was doing it. Some of the boys on the ranches got to drinking so hard they weren't good for anything, and got discharged. And now I suppose they've got it in for the ranch owners. You can tell the fires were set, plain enough, for when you go to look at the spots where they started, you're sure to find some empty beer bottles, or whiskey bottles, where the fellows held a carousal first."

"If the men were intoxicated, I suppose the fires may have been set accidentally," said the professor, more by way of saying something than because he was interested in the subject.

"That might happen once, but I reckon it wouldn't happen five times agoing," answered Marston.

"It's been so very hot this summer," he continued, "that everything's got dried up, and when a fire once gets started it burns mighty fast."

"It looks as if another fire had got started near by," remarked the professor, who had glanced away from the distant smoke at which Marston was still gazing.

"By Jerusalem!" ejaculated Marston, and whipped up his horse. "That fire's in my north pasture. If it spreads it'll go through 160 acres of wheat!"

Every man on the farm was mustered to the north pasture, and for two hours they fought the fire. Even Professor Gilman took a hand at it. By dint of much exertion the fire was controlled and confined to the grazing land, and the wheat was saved from destruction.

"This is getting to be pretty serious business," Marston said, when the fire was finally under control. "Somebody's setting these fires, and we've got to find out who 'tis. Somebody set this fire. It couldn't have got started any other way."

"Do you suspect any one?" asked the professor.

"Not a soul. Somebody's doing it, but I haven't any idea who."

"There's no one about here who has a grudge against you?" queried the professor.

"I reckon there are enough persons round here who've got grudges against me," Marston said. "The trouble'd be to know which one to suspect!" From which Professor Gilman deduced that Mr. Marston did not enjoy universal popularity in the section in which he lived.

"It ought not to be a very difficult matter to discover who is setting the fires," said the professor.

"Well, they haven't been able to yet, and this is the sixth," answered Marston a little tartly. "But I'd give a good deal," he added, to know who set this last one."

"How much would you give?" the professor asked.

—"Eh?" Marston said. His "good deal" was a very indefinite sum, as it is likely to be with persons who would give a good deal to do or know something.

But the hazy meaning expression had put an idea into the professor's head. "If I should be able to tell you how this fire originated would you let the Urania University have that meteorite as payment for my services?" 'he said.

Since discovering the fire the farmer hadn't thought of the meteorite. But now that it was recalled to his mind it seemed of mightily little value, and he said promptly, "Yes, sir; if you'll tell me who set the fire and prove it. You may have the thing for nothing."

Professor Gilman did not trouble himself to correct Mr. Marston's way of putting it, though, as he had no idea who set the fire it didn't seem to him, if he gained possession of the meteorite on the terms proposed, that he would be getting it "for nothing."

Just then one of Marston's sons and a farm hand came towards them with another man—or boy, rather, as the lad could not have been over sixteen—between them.

"We've got the fellow that set the fire," shouted young Marston as they drew near. "I saw Billy skulking off up by the wheat field just before I caught sight of the fire. He started the fire down there in the hollow, so's 'twould work up with the wind towards the wheat, and then he skedaddled."

"You lie. I didn't do it!" shouted Billy.

"Oh, no, of course not," said young Marston mockingly. "What were you doing down there? May be you'll say you weren't down there next?"

But the boy was silent. It was evident that he was a good deal frightened. His eyes roved from one to another till they reached the professor, and then they rested. Perhaps he thought there lay some hope in the black-coated stranger. Certainly there was no pity to be detected in the eyes of the rest of the group. They seemed to have condemned him as guilty already.

"He's the fellow that did it all right," said the elder Marston to Professor Gilman later. "He owes me a grudge for a thrashing I gave him a few days ago. I caught him thieving in my orchard, and instead of prosecuting him I let him off with a drubbing. And this is the way he took to get even."

Professor Gilman had a talk with Billy, and the boy denied very earnestly that he set fire to the pasture. He said he was on the way from his home to the village, and to save time had "cut across lots" over Marston's land. The reason he ran when he saw young Marston was because Marston had told him if he ever caught him on his land again he would give him another thrashing.

"Can you show me where the fire started and where Billy was when you first saw him?" Professor Gilman asked of young Marston. The young farmer could, and the two walked down to the hollow in the pasture.

"There, you see the blaze began right here," said young Marston. "The wind was from the west, and it worked along up the hill with the wind, spreading out both sides as it went. I saw Billy skulking along by the fence up there just before I noticed the smoke. I was up at the other end of the pasture, with my back turned this way. It was plain enough that Billy had come up from here though. When he saw me he started to run, and went up the other side of the wheat field."

"Would he have gone up that way if he had been going from his home to the village?" the Professor asked.

"Yes, I s'pose he would," young Marston admitted.

"And as for starting to run when he saw you, I suppose the threat of another thrashing might have caused him to do that," said the professor.

"Well, I reckon maybe he was afraid of me," said the young fellow with a grin.

"Would the fire work back against the wind much, do you think?" the professor asked next.

"It might a little, but not much," was the answer.

"Then right in here, before the path of the fire broadens out much, is where you think it started?"

"Yes, sir."

Professor Gilman walked a few steps over the burnt ground, and with a stick he had picked up poked something lying on the blackened earth. It was a broken bottle. The professor gazed at it a moment meditatively. Then he said: "Your father was tell-

ing me to-day that there have been several fires in this locality this summer, and that they have all been set by disaffected cowboys, who have been discharged from the ranches for drunkenness. The presence of whiskey and beer bottles at the spots where these fires originated he cites as proof of the theory. You see this bottle—a beer bottle, I should say. Now, if the beer and whiskey bottles at the other places indicate that cowboys set the fires, why doesn't this bottle indicate that they set this fire?" and the professor glanced keenly at young Marston over his spectacles.

The young fellow laughed. "That sounds all right," he said. "But you see in this case I happen to know 'twasn't a cowboy who left that bottle there. Father and I were working down here yesterday, and we had some root beer in a beer bottle. When father opened it he broke the neck off, and after we drank the beer he threw the bottle away. I remember seeing where it fell, and that's the very spot, right there."

"Ah!" said the professor, "I see. Well, that seems to destroy the cowboy theory pretty effectually," and he turned away. As he did so he glanced towards the sun, now sinking towards the west, but still sending down fierce rays from a cloudless sky.

"It's been a pretty hot summer, your father tells me," remarked the professor. All thoughts of the fire and what caused it seemed to have left his mind.

"Yes, it's the hottest for a good many years,' 'young Marston answered.

When they got back to the house Professor Gilman wanted to see Billy. The boy had been held as a prisoner in the barn, and thither the professor and the elder Marston went. Young Marston had already gone there, and two or tree of the farm hands were there also.

"Billy," began the professor, "why did you set fire to the pasture?"

"I didn't," said Billy.

"How did you do it—with matches?" asked the professor.

"I didn't do it with anything," persisted the boy.

"Or were you smoking; and did you set fire to the grass accidentally?" Professor Gilman asked.

At that Billy only stared. This imperturable assumption that he had set the fire somehow was a bit staggering to the boy.

"You smoke, don't you?" asked the professor, when Billy failed to answer.

"No, I don't," answered Billy shortly.

"Doesn't he smoke?" turning to Marston.

"I reckon not. I've never seen him smoking," Marston answered.

"Do you carry matches with you?" the professor asked next.

Billy shook his head.

"Why didn't you wait and set the fire at night when no one would be likely to see you?" continued the professor.

"I tell you I didn't set it," Billy answered sharply.

"You knew Mr. Marston here"—indicating young Marston—"was working near by, and there were others in the fields near by, also. You must have known some one would see you there and suspect you. Besides, there would be persons to put the fire out as soon as it was started. Don't you think 'twas foolish to go there in broad daylight with men working all around, and set fire to the grass? I should think you would have had more sense than that." The professor spoke rather severely, but back of the spectacles lurked a twinkle, and the boy, who was not foolish by any means, saw it.

"I reckon 'twas sort of foolish," he drawled with a grin. He had suddenly become convinced that the black-coated stranger was friendly towards him.

The Marstons—father and son—both looked uneasy. The ridiculous side of this theory had not struck them until the professor had adroitly presented it.

"Mr. Marston," said the professor, turning to the elder Marston. "Whatever your opinion may be, I haven't the slightest idea that this boy set fire to your pasture."

"Well, if he didn't do it, who did?" demanded Marston crossly. "Can you tell me that?"

Professor Gilman was silent for a moment. Then with great deliberation he said, "Yes, Mr. Marston, I think I can. But you probably will not believe me if I tell you who did it."

"Well, who do you think did it?" questioned the farmer, now more curious than cross.

"You," answered the professor.

At that Marston laughed loud and long, and the others joined him. Billy looked discomfited. Why did this black-coated stranger have to make a fool of himself?

"Of course the idea sounds preposterous," the professor continued, "and I don't mean to say that you actually set fire to the pasture yourself. What I do mean is that I think you were chiefly instrumental in starting a fire there. Your son tells me that yesterday you and he had some root beer there, and that after drinking it you threw the bottle away. We saw that bottle a few minutes ago. It lies at the spot where the fire started.' "

"Well?" said Marston, mystified.

"Well, repeated the professor, "to-day, after the sun got well up overhead, that discarded beer bottle focussed its rays and set fire to the dried grass under it, just as any burning glass might. If the truth were known, all these other fires, which have been attributed to drunken cowboys, probably originated in the same way."

"You don't expect us to believe that, do you?" Marston asked.

"Perhaps not," said the professor slowly. "I don't know that your education and training is such as would make the theory appeal to you. I admit readily, that it is necessarily only a theory. As no witness saw the fire start, of course proof that it started that way is not obtainable."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Marston, with a shrewd look on his face. "We've got some more beer bottles just like the one I threw away. I'll put one out in the pasture where the grass didn't get burnt, and see if a fire starts from it. If it does, we'll believe the other one started the same way."

Marston's tone and manner indicated plainly that he thought he had the professor now. He'd show him that all farmers were not fools, ready to swallow any fairy tale. The comic papers had again come to his rescue.

"Very well," said Professor Gilman. "It is fair enough, I suppose, to put the matter to some such test; but if it fails, you must remember that it does not necessarily disprove the theory. The exact condition under which the sun's rays were focussed by the broken bottle might not again be repeated."

"He's backing down," Marston said to his son in an aside, and he chuckled.

A bottle was brought and put in the pasture, but the sun sank lower and lower, and no fire started.

"I didn't suppose a fire would start; the sun is too low," said the professor. "In order to make the test even approximately fair, at least a dozen bottles ought to be scattered on the grass and suffered to stay from early in the day until night."

"All right," said Marston. "We'll do it to-morrow."

The farmer was in good spirits now. Nothing would come of the test he was certain.

Professor Gilman had not intended to stay another day, but now decided to remain and watch the test.

When about a dozen bottles had been scattered in the pasture the next morning, and they were waiting to see if anything resulted from the experiment, Professor Gilman said, "If a fire starts from any one of these bottles you will accept it as evidence that yesterday's fire started the same way, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Marston. He was confident he would not have to accept the fool theory.

"And you will not any longer accuse Billy of setting the fire?"

"No."

"And the university shall have the meteorite without payment?"

"Yes."

"Very good," said the professor.

The sky was as cloudless as on the previous day, and it was hotter if anything. Professor Gilman walked from one bottle to another, and presently paused beside one with a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes. The rays of the sun seemed to be gradually approaching a focus through the glass bottle. The sun mounted higher. But instead of the bright spot under the bottle becoming brighter, it began to fade, and the professor knew the chance of proving his theory with that bottle had passed.

But a few moments later he paused by another bottle.

"See!" he said, pointing down. The rays of the sun had already come to focus in the glass, and even as Marston and the others looked, a thin thread of smoke arose from the dry grass where the rays were concentrated. In another moment the grass broke into a little blaze, and the fire began to creep along up the slope, burning more and more rapidly as it went.

"Well by—Jerusalem!" ejaculated Marston, gazing in open-mouthed astonishment at the phenomenon.

Professor Gilman smiled.

"The meteorite is mine, is it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, it's yours," Marston answered, awakening from his trance and hastily beginning to stamp out the creeping blaze.

If you ever visit the Urania University the curator of the museum will be glad to point out to you the Marston meteorite, so called, and if he happens to feel good-natured, he will probably tell you how Professor Gilman secured it.

SONNET TO THE LEE.

(From the "Dublin Penny Journal.")

Sweep on—let nothing check thy calm career,
To where thy waters shoot in silence from their cell:
How sweet upon thy grassy margin here
To dream away a life in this sequestered dell!
Here—where the embowering willows o'er thee bend,
And fling their tresses in thy warbling wave,
Where with thy waters' gleam the sunbeams blend,
And seek in thee their golden glow to lave.
On, on—let nothing with thy current jar;
Thy waters stilly sleep let nothing wake;
Thou art too peaceful for the headlong war
Of cataract—let nought presume to break
Thy stillness 'till thou'rt lost amid the boundless sea,
As time amid thy waves, shoreless Eternity.

COLONEL JAMES ROCHE, THE SWIMMER.

Colonel James Roche, or Roch, was a native of Kinsale, and seventeenth in lineal succession from Adam de Rupe, or Roche (one of the Anglo-Normans), who first came over to Ireland in A.D. 1170. Colonel Roche's father and brother were, like all the Roches of that period, devoted adherents of the Stuarts—a devotion which was ill-requited—for even the titled members of the family were so reduced in circumstances that, as vouched for by eye-witnesses, a Lady Roche was seen soliciting alms in the streets of Cork.

When the war of succession broke out James Roche peremptorily refused to cast in his lot with James the Second, and joined the Williamite army, where he soon attained the rank of Colonel. In this capacity he was sent, under General Kirke, to the relief of Derry in June, 1689, where he performed that heroic feat which won him the honourable sobriquet of "The Swimmer." The story of the siege of Derry and of its gallant defence are already well known, and it will be enough to narrate "The Swimmer's" share in it.

General Kirke, having arrived within eyesight of the town, proceeded no further than did former vessels sent to its relief. His vacillating conduct created universal disgust amongst his own subordinates; and when his wish to despatch a letter to the Governor of Derry was made known, not a man stepped forth to undertake the duty, not even when he offered 3,000 guineas to whoever became his messenger.

It was then that Colonel Roche announced his determination to be the bearer of despatches to the Governor of the besieged city, disclaiming, however, at the same time, the reward offered by the Generals.

Amidst the prayers and blessings of his companions, he was rowed in a small skiff down the lough, away from the city. When eleven miles distant from it he stepped ashore, and soon sped on his journey through a tract, where he lay hid till darkness came on. That night the flood gates of heaven seemed to open and pour down torrents on the earth, and, denuding himself of his heavy upper garments, bareheaded and unbooted, he crept forth from his hiding place. He traversed the enemy's camp without observation, and passed unchallenged one guard after another until he reached the waterside. He had now three long miles of river to get over, but the uprising tide bore him swiftly onward, and long before the sun glittered on the Cathedral spire a band of the 'Prentices admitted Kirke's wearied envoy, Colonel Roche, through the ferry gate into the city of Derry.

On the evening after his arrival, as soon as it was nightfall, Roche was again breasting the waters, bearing with him Governor Walker's reply. He passed the long windings of the river in safety, and reached his lair in the forest unharmed, but the clothes he had hidden had been discovered and removed.

It was not long ere pursuers were on his track. Like a hunted deer, he fled before them. For three miles he passed through the forest until he came again upon the waterside. Before he could plunge into the river he found himself in the midst of a troop of the enemy's dragoons, one of whom broke his jaw-bone. The rest tried to grasp him, but his want of clothes saved him. Blood-smeared and disfigured, he leaped into the river, where none were so courageous as to follow him.

Instantaneously a score of bullets plashed in the water, three of which hit him on the arm, breast, and shoulder. Still he struck out. Life and liberty were offered him, but all in vain. More shots were again discharged at him, but without effect. Weakened from loss of blood, he thought it would soon be all over with him. But, perceiving that he was again being borne back to the town, he made one more gallant struggle, and it was successful. He reached land, and was taken up by the grateful burghers, just as he fell down almost a lifeless corpse.

In a few days he was again abroad; and having failed to deliver to General Kirke the Governor's letter, he transmitted by a prearranged system of telegraphy from the Cathedral steeple some news both as to the garrison and his own fate.

More than a month passed by, and Derry was at last relieved.

Roche was ever after known through life as "The Swimmer," and by this title he was distinguished in the records and papers of his family. When King William the Third ascended the throne of England he did not overlook his service, and in answer to a petition declaring that Roche was sent by General Kirke into Londonderry at the time of the siege with notice of the intended relief, and did after great hazard of his life perform that considerable service, swimming up the river into the town, and was forced to stay two nights in the water, and received three wounds from the enemy's shot, which disabled him in body and prejudiced him in his health, the King granted him by patent the ferry of Kinsale, his native town, with all the boats, etc.

Two years afterwards King William made him a grant of all the undisposed ferries of Ireland. This grant embroiled him in law suits, and he made a fresh application, which the King granted, whereby he obtained the forfeited estate of James Everard, of the Co. Waterford, containing 1,321 acres, and various ferries in the counties Waterford, Wexford, Down, Donegall, Limerick, and Mayo, as well as three in his own county, Cork. These last were Kinsale, Donegal, now known as Passage West Ferry. (Donegal was on the Great Island opposite), and Rath Conray, or the East Ferry, at the opposite end of the Great Island in Cork Harbour—the nearest village to which on the county side is called Rathcoursey.

Colonel Roche got further grants of forfeited lands in the eleventh year of William's reign, and after the latter's death the Commons granted him the sum of £3,269 7s 7d out of certain Irish forfeitures, of which he ultimately received about a third. (Condensed from Sir Bernard Burke's "Family Romance," 1853.)

EVOC.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

"KILLYNY OR KILLENY."

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Dear Sir.—The following may be of interest to "Inquirer" in your Notes and Queries Column in your journal of 31st January, 1903.

J. M. Brewer, in his valuable book, "The Beauties of Ireland" (1825) tells us that "Killyny or Killeny, a small village, suiate on the coast, at a distance of eight miles from Dublin, is rendered attractive by its picturesque bay. Near this village are some traces of a curious relic of antiquity, to the following information concerning which we are indebted to a judicious work, entitled the "Dublin Examiner," published in 1816. In that work is an etching of a rude stone of mountain granite, deeply inscribed with a circle and a segment of a circle, supposed by the author "to represent the sun and moon," deities of nearly the same size, quite plain," and a stone seat or chair constitute the remains of an ancient temple near the village of Killiny. This temple, not very many years since, contained two other chairs, similar to the one remaining, one of which we have seen in an adjoining field, and was encompassed by a circle of stones, 18 or 20 in number. These stones have since been removed, or are covered with an embankment which appears to have been thrown up round it. The area within the circle has been converted into a kitchen-garden; and, when first turned up, some ornaments, Celts and Spearheads were, as we understand, discovered. About 25 or 30 years ago a number of rude slate coffins, containing skeletons, were found between the temple and the shore; and, about ten years since five large urns of baked clay, containing calcined bones, were dug up in the village of Killyny."

That circus of stone was used by the ancient inhabitants of the British islands for civic purposes—for assemblies of council, judicature, and election—is uniformly believed, on grounds which are stated at some length by the present writer, in the "Introduction to the Beauties of England and Wales."* But in the countries last named we meet with no peculiar vestiges to denote the civil appropriation of such rude structures. In the instance now under consideration it will be obvious that the "Chairs," termed by tradition the seats of the Brenons or Judges, of Ireland, under the legislation of its ancient septs, may have been introduced in later times into the circus habitually venerated.† But we should rather be inclined to consider the whole erection as contemporaneous, and to view the existence of these rude stone seats as an early peculiarity of the country. The conjectural solution of the circular indentations on the single stone noticed by our author is bold, but scarcely fanciful. That the deity, in his attributes of power and benignity, was worshipped by the pagan inhabitants of these islands through the medium of the Sun and Mono, the grandest of his works is not only probable, but is acknowledged on early testimony; and that circles composed of upright stones formed at the same time places of religious and civil ceremony, will hardly be doubted, after a due consideration of the simplicity of ancient manners.

I could give you some further information, but I am afraid I have already taken up too much of your valuable space.—Yours,

A. N. W.

IRISH COUNTY AND FAMILY HISTORIES.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

29 Gipsy Hill, Norwood, London,
31st January, 1903.

Dear Sir.—I notice your very interesting and important list of Irish County and Family Histories in this week's "Dublin Penny Journal," and have pleasure of enclosing prospectus of "The Warren Family History and Genealogy," which will enable you to add another to your list.—Yours truly,

THOMAS WARREN, F.R.S.A.I.

Warren.—A History and Genealogy of the Warren Family in Normandy, Great Britain, and Ireland, France, Holland, Tuscany, United States of America, etc. (A.D. 912-1902), with numerous pedigrees. By Rev. Thomas Warren, F.R.S.A., Ireland. London, 1903.

TO A RIVULET.

BY R. F. H.

Ten years, with all their changes, have passed by,
Since last, clear-gliding rivulet, I stood
Beneath the shadow of this pleasant wood,
And gazed upon thy waters. Lullingly,
As then, they slip along; as calm a sky
Purples their devious course; and flowers as bright
As those that laughed in youth's delicious light
Hang their fresh blossoms o'er thy current shy.
But they—the friends who made thy banks so fair,
Thy flowers so beautiful, thy song so sweet—
Ah, where are they? Some, by the hand of care
Untimely bowed, have met where all must meet;
And some, lone-hearted, gladly would repair
To the mute shelter of that last retreat.

* London, 1818.

† Upright stones were regarded with hereditary respect, and were connected with the solemnities of public assemblies among the native Irish, until the final rejection of the Brehon laws in the reign of James I. Spenser, writing in the latter years of the 16th century, observes that "They" (the Irish) "use to place him that shall be their captaine upon a stone always reserved for that purpose, and placed commonly upon a hill. In some of which I have seen formed and engraven a foot, which they say was the measure of their first captaine's foot whereon hee standing receives an oath to preserve all the ancient former customes of the country involable, and to deliver up the succession peaceably to his Tanist, and then that a wand delivered unto him by some whose proper office that is; after which, descending from the stone, he turneth himselfe round, thrice forward and thrice backward. View, etc., p. 11.

THE GALWAY OF THE PAST.



A STREET IN THE CITIE OF THE TRIBES.
AS IT WAS SIXTY YEARS AGO.

THE OLD STREETS & MANSIONS OF GALWAY.

THE STORY OF LYNCH'S CASTLE

The tourist on approaching Galway town perceives evidence that he is in a peculiar district; the dark features and coal-black hair of the people indicate their Spanish descent; and they are, for the most, so finely formed, so naturally graceful, that almost every peasant girl might serve as a model for the sculptor. Passing along the narrow streets, he is startled by greater singularities; houses and remains of "jalousies," and arched gateways, elaborately carved, mingled with modern buildings, indicating the comparatively unchanged "aspect" of the inhabitants and their dwellings; such, for example, as this ancient gateway, through which is seen the aged, venerable, and most interesting church, full of the very singular and picturesque remains of antiquity.* These records of old times are rapidly falling into ruin; only a few small portions of the "walls" remain; even the Moorish eyes and complexions are not as common as they used to be; and probably, in a few years, Galway will have lost its distinctive character. The "remains" are, as we have intimated, very varied in style; they belong, indeed, to no order of architecture, but seem to have been designed according to the whim or fancy of the builder. The observation applies not only to the private residences, but to the public structures.

* From the earliest periods Galway was a famous trading port with Spain; and its merchants supplied nearly all Ireland with wine. The records of the town state that in the year 1615, "upwards of 1,200 tons of Spanish wine was landed here for account of the merchants of Galway." Although this exclusive trade has of late years greatly diminished, it is still carried on to some extent; and we are informed that a gentleman named Lynch a large importer, is the lineal descendant of the merchants Lynch, who for above 400 years have carried on this branch of commerce. Indeed, antiquaries consider the ancient name of the town—Clanfirgail, the land or habitation of the Gael, or merchants—sufficiently indicative of its very early trade. In 1614, Sir Oliver St. John writes thus of Galway—"The merchants are rich and great adventurers at sea;" previously Sir Henry Sidney had described them as "refined, of urbane and elegant manners, and as having contracted no stain from their rude and unpolished neighbours;" and about the same period, old Heylin calls it "a noted empire, and lately of so great fame with foreign merchants, that an outlandish merchant, meeting with an Irishman, demanded in what part of Galway Ireland stood." In an old MS. largely quoted by Mr. Hardiman, its "credit and fame" is attributed to certain "new colonies and septs"—made famous to the world for their trading faithfully. These new colonies consisted of several families who became settlers, "not together, but at different times;" and whose descendants are known to this day under the general appellation of the "Tribes of Galway"—"an expression first invented by Cromwell's forces, as a term of reproach against its natives, for their singular friendship and attachment to each other during the time of their unparalleled troubles and persecutions; but which they afterwards adopted as an honourable mark of distinction between themselves and their cruel oppressors." These families were 13 in number, viz: Athy, Blake, Bodkin, Browne, D'Arcy, Ffont, Ffrench, Joyes, Kirwan, Lynch, Martin, Morris, and Skerrett. From these names it will be obvious that they were of Anglo-Norman descent; and although they in time became "more Irish than the Irish," they were for a long period at continual war with the ancient families of the district. Several curious rules and bye-laws of the old corporation, prohibiting all intercourse with the natives, are yet preserved. In 1518 they ordered that none of the inhabitants should admit any of the Burkes, M'Williams, Kellys, or any other sept into their houses—"that neither O ne Mac shoulde strutte ne swagger through the streetes of Gallway;" and the following singular inscription was formerly to be seen over the west gate—

"From the ferocious O'Flahertys,
Good Lord deliver us."

The history of Galway is full of interest—from the year 1178, when the Anglo-Normans first set hostile foot in Connaught, to the war of the revolution, when the town surrendered, upon honourable terms, to the victorious Ginkle, who had previously routed the Irish forces at Aughrim. During all the terrible contests of centuries, Galway had its ample share of glory and grief; participating largely in the persecutions of the several periods, but maintaining a high character for courage and probity throughout.† Of its old strength as a fortified town, there are, as we have intimated, few remains; but of its former wealth and splendour, as compared with other towns of Ireland, there are many—they exhibit, generally, tokens of the commercial habits of the people rather than of their military character. The house still known as "Lynch's Castle," although the most perfect example now remaining, was at one period by no means a solitary instance of the decorated habitations of the Galway merchants. Nearly every lane and alley contains some token of their grandeur; and over the doorways of a very large number of the dilapidated houses are still standing the armorial bearings, carved in stone, of the early occupiers.‡ So remarkable, indeed, are those "bits" of Spain transferred to the wild West of Ireland, that Mr. Inglis, who had visited the former country a short time previous to his tour in the latter, thus refers to the resemblances he observed between them: "I had heard that I should find in Galway some traces of its Spanish origin, but was not prepared to find so much to remind me of that land of romance. At every second step I saw something to recall it to my recollection. I found the wide entries and broad stairs of Cadiz and Malaga; the arched gateways, with the outer and inner railing, and the court within—needing only the fountain and flower vases to emulate Seville. I found the sculptured gateways, and grotesque architecture, which carried the imagination to the Moorish cities of Granada and Valencia. I even found the little sliding wicket for observation in one or two doors, reminding one of the secrecy, mystery, and caution observed, where gallantry and superstition divide life between them."

† We can scarcely imagine a greater treat to the student of heraldry than a stroll among the streets and lanes of Galway; perhaps in no city of the British empire will he meet with so great and public a display of "coat-armour." Nearly all the old mansions of which there are very many, have all their gates shields in abundance, displaying the arms of the occupant and those of his more immediate connections, in conjunction with their ancient "marks" as merchants—those significant hieroglyphis of commerce and wealth. Not unfrequently the names of the parties are also engrvaed above the shields, and their surrounding scrolls of ornamentally elaborate character, together with the date of the year when sculptured. The ancient inhabitants of Galway, who thus exalted their gates, have affixed to each house an indelible air of aristocratic dignity, which still clings to them, although, in most instances, they are little more than ruined walls, or, if inhabited are the sheltering places of the poorest of the population, who bear with the half-roofed, comfortless home they afford, from stern necessity alone. These melancholy vestiges of fallen greatness, in the mere course of things, must rapidly pass away. Age and neglect are fast hastening the period.

‡ The name Lynch, as either provost, portreeve, sovereign, or mayor of Galway, occurs no fewer than 94 times between the years 1274 and 1654; after that year it does not appear once. The house above pictured was the residence of the family for many generations. It had, however, several branches whose habitations are frequently pointed out by their armorial bearings, or their crest, a lynx, over the gateway. One of its members is famous in history as the Irish Junius Brutus. The mere fact is sufficiently wonderful without the aid of invention; but it has, as may be supposed, supplied material to a host of romancers. The story is briefly this:—James Lynch Fitzstephen was mayor or warden of Galway in 1493; he traded largely with Spain, and sent his son on a voyage thither to purchase and bring back a cargo of wine. Young Lynch, however, spent the money intrusted to him, and obtained credit from the Spaniard, whose nephew accompanied the youth back to Ireland to be paid the debt, and to establish further intercourse. The ship proceeded on her homeward voyage, and as she drew near the Irish shore, young Lynch conceived the idea of concealing his crime by committing another. Having seduced or frightened the crew into becoming participators the youth was seized and thrown overboard. The father and friends of Lynch received the voyager with joy; and the murderer in a short time became himself a prosperous merchant. Security had lulled every sense of danger and he proposed to a very beautiful girl, the daughter of a wealthy neighbour, in marriage. The proposal was accepted but previous to the appointed day, one of the seamen became suddenly ill, and in a fit of remorse summoned old Lynch to the dying bed, and communicated to him a full relation of the villany of his only and beloved son. Young Lynch was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to execution—the father being his judge. The wretched prisoner, however, had many friends among the people, and his relatives resolved with them that he should not die a shameful death. They determined upon his rescue. We copy the last act of the tragedy from "Hardiman's History of Galway":—

"Day had scarcely broken when the signal of preparation was heard among the guards without. The father rose, and assisted the executioner to remove the fetters which bound his unfortunate son. Then unlocking the door, he placed him between the priest and himself, leaning upon an arm of each. In this manner they ascended a flight of steps lined with soldiers, and were passing on to gain the street, when a new trial assailed the magistrate, for which he appears not to have been unprepared. His wretched wife, whose name was Blake, failing in her personal exertions to save the life of her son, had gone in distraction to the heads of her own family, and prevailed on them, for the honour of their house, to rescue him from ignominy. They flew to arms, and a prodigious concourse soon assembled to support them, whose outcries for mercy to the culprit would have shaken any nerves less firm than those of the mayor of Galway. He exhorted them to yield submission to the laws of their country; but finding all his efforts fruitless to accomplish the ends of justice at the accustomed place, and by the usual hands he, by a desperate victory over parental feeling, resolved himself to perform the sacrifice which he had vowed to pay on its altar. Still retaining a hold of his unfortunate son, he mounted with him by a winding stair within the building, that led to an arched window overlooking the street, which he saw filled with the populace. Here he secured the end of the rope—which had been previously fixed round the neck of his son—to an iron staple which projected from the wall, and after taking from him a last embrace, he launched him into eternity. The intrepid magistrate expected instant death from the fury of the populace: but the people seemed so much overawed and confounded by the magnanimous act, that they retired slowly and peaceably to their several dwellings. The innocent cause of this sad tragedy is said to have died soon after of grief, and the unhappy father of Walter Lynch to have secluded himself during the remainder of his life from all society, except that of his mourning family. His house still exists in Lombard street, Galway which is yet known by the name of 'Dead Man's Lane;' and over the front doorway are to be seen a skull and cross-bones executed in black marble, with the motto, 'Remember Deathe—vaniti of vaniti, and all is but vaniti.'"

Although Mr Hardiman has here drawn upon his imagination, we believe there is little doubt of the fact that the son was actually hanged by the hands of the father. The house in which the tragedy is said to have occurred is standing to this day; but the tablet which contains the "skull and cross-bones" bears the date 1624—upwards of a century after the alleged date of the occurrence.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.

DUNGARVAN, a sea-port, borough, market and post-town, and a parish, in the barony of Decies-without-Drum, county of Waterford, and province of Munster, 22 miles (S.W. by W.) from Waterford, and 97¾ miles (S.W. by S.) from Dublin, on the road from Waterford to Cork; containing 12,450 inhabitants, of which number 8,386 are in the town and borough. This place, formerly called "Achad-Garvan," of the same import as its present appellation, "Dun-Garvan," derived that name from St. Garvan, who in the 7th century founded an abbey here for canons regular of the Order of St. Augustine, of which there are no vestiges. Raymond le Gros, one of the earliest English adventurers, in 1174, brought hither the plunder he had taken in Offaly and Lismore, which he put on board some vessels he found lying at anchor; but, being detained by contrary winds, was attacked by the men of Cork, whom he repulsed with the loss of eight of their vessels, with which he sailed away in triumph. Soon afterwards the town, which then formed the frontier barrier of the dependencies of Waterford, was, together with other territories, totally surrendered to Hen. II. by Roderic, Sovereign of all Ireland; and a castle was erected for its defence by King John, who is also supposed to have surrounded the town with a wall strengthened with towers. The same monarch granted the custody of the castle, and of the territories of Waterford and Desmond, to Thomas Fitz-Anthony, at a yearly rent of 250 marks, but retained the fee in the Crown; during the minority of Edw. I., it was granted to John Fitz-Thomas at a yearly rent of 500 marks, but was subsequently recovered by Edward in a judgment against Thomas Fitz-Maurice, his cousin and heir, and in 1292 given to Thomas Fitz-Anthony. In 1447, the castle, honour, lands, and barony of Dungarvan, together with other extensive territories, were granted to John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury; but the unsettled state of affairs during that period prevented the improvement of the town either in extent or importance. In 1463 an act was passed at Wexford, setting forth that, "whereas the lordship of Dungarvan was of old the greatest ancient honour belonging to the King in Ireland, and that by war and trouble, and want of English governance, it is for the most part totally destroyed; for the relief and succour whereof it is ordained that the portreeve and commonalty, their heirs and successors, may have and enjoy all manner of free grants, liberties, privileges, and customs as the tenants and inhabitants of the honourable honour of Clare in England enjoyed, with a further power to take customs of all kinds of mer-

chandise bought and sold within the franchises, as the mayor and commons of Bristol did, to be yearly expended on the walls and other defences of the town, under the inspection of the Hon. Sir Thomas, Earl of Desmond, and his heirs." By another statute of the same Parliament, the entire fee farm of the town was granted to the said Earl during his life. In the 4th of Henry VIII., an act was passed confirming the castle and all its dependencies to the Crown; but in the 26th of this reign the manor was granted to Sir Pierce Butler, who was likewise created Earl of Ossory, and appointed seneschal, constable, and governor of the castle and manor of Dungarvan, into which the Earl of Desmond had forcibly intruded. In the reign of Edw. VI., Robert St. Leger, brother to the Lord-Deputy St. Leger, was confirmed in the government of the castle, to which he had been appointed in the preceding reign, on condition of keeping a proper ward in it; and other constables for the Crown were subsequently appointed with extensive powers and emoluments, to one of whom, Henry Stafford, a commission of martial law, extending over the whole county of Waterford, was directed, in the first year of the reign of Elizabeth. In 1575, the Lord-Deputy, Sir Henry Sidney, came from Waterford to this place, where he was met by the Earl of Desmond, who, with great professions of loyalty, offered his services in reducing the country to obedience; but towards the close of the year 1579, when Sir William Pelham, then Lord-Justice, was at Waterford, the Earl led a large insurgent force to this place, with which the 400 foot and 100 horse, which had been sent against him were unable to contend. In the 2nd of James I., the manor was granted to Sir George Thornton, but subsequently was with the castle, by Act of Parliament, vested in the Earl of Cork, from whom it descended to its present proprietor, the Duke of Devonshire. In the 7th of his reign, James, in reward of the loyalty of the inhabitants during the reign of Elizabeth, granted them a new charter of incorporation; but early in the rebellion of 1641 they broke their allegiance, and took part with the King's enemies; in March, 1642, the town was, however, taken by the Lord President of Munster, who placed in it a royal garrison, but it was soon after retaken by surprise, and the English inhabitants were plundered. The insurgents, while in occupation of this place, exported merchandise to France, and in return received warlike stores for fortifying the town and castle, of which they kept possession till 1647, when they were taken by Lord Inchiquin with a force of 1,500 foot and the same number of horse. The town remained in the possession of the Royalist party till December, 1649, when Cromwell, having abandoned the siege of Waterford, advanced to besiege it; after a regular investment and a few days' siege, in the course of which several neighbouring fortresses were taken by detachments from his army, the town surrendered at discretion. It is said that Cromwell ordered all the inhabitants to be put to the sword, but recalled his mandate in consequence of a female drinking to his health as he entered the town, which, with the exception of the castle and the church, he saved from being plundered by his troops. The charter of the inhabitants was renewed by Richard Cromwell in 1659, and in 1689 a new charter was granted by James II., which, on the accession of William, was annulled.

The town is situated at the head of a spacious bay to which it gives name, on a peninsula formed by the two arms of the bay. The harbour affords good shelter for vessels drawing from 14 to 15 feet of water at any time of the tide; vessels drawing 18 feet of water may enter at spring tides, but larger ships can enter only at or near high water of spring tides. Its situation is peculiarly healthy, from the constant current of air blowing or passing near it, caused by the parallelism of two chains of mountains running nearly east and west, and leaving between them a valley in which the town lies considerably protected from the north winds; in consequence, the cases of sickness are very few compared with the population.

By charter of James I., the parish of St. Mary, and that of Nugent within the ancient liberties, were erected into the borough of Dungarvan. Previously to the Union, the borough returned two members to the Irish Parliament.

There are some interesting remains of the ancient castle, and of the walls and defences of the town; the former are those of a massive keep in a quadrilateral area, surmounted with a wall defended by a circular tower at each angle, and formerly mounted with cannon; the entrance is by a narrow passage under a tower gateway, flanked by circular bastions, and within the enclosure are the modern barracks. Some of the towers of the town walls are still remaining in connection with modern buildings; and to the west of the town is Cromwell's mount, supposed to have been thrown up by his forces while besieging the town. In the Abbeyside division are the ruins of a lofty, square castle, of which nothing more is known than that it was anciently the property of the M'Graths. There are no traces of the abbey founded by St. Garvan, but nearly adjacent to the last-named castle are the ruins of a religious house founded in the 13th century for Augustinian friars, probably by the M'Graths, who, with the O'Briens of Cumeragh, were its chief benefactors. The remains form an interesting pile; the walls, windows, and arches are still entire: the old conventual church consists of a narrow nave and chancel connected by an arch of elegant design supporting a light and enriched tower, 60 feet high and still in good preservation; the entrance, at the west end, is by a small, pointed doorway, and a large east window admits a fine view of the sea; below the window is a tombstone of Donald M'Grath, dated 1400; on the foundation of some of the ancient cells the R. C. chapel of Abbeyside has been erected, the bell of which hangs in the old tower, and the walls and entrances of the ancient abbey are preserved in good order. An hospital for lepers, dedicated to St. Bridget, was also founded here, but nothing further has been recorded of it. At Shandon are two caves in the limestone rock, one on the sea shore, about 40 feet square, with a long passage leading to inner apartments; the other is in the middle of a plain field, near the river Colligan: in both are stalactites. To the west of the town is a large barrow, surrounded by a fosse. Dungarvan gives the inferior title of Viscount to the Earl of Cork and Orrery.

MIDNIGHT IN PHILÆ.

Alone in the light of the midnight hour
I sit on this temple grey,
Where the fleecy snow and the cool-winged shower
Never wander by night or day;
Where the dust of a thousand years, unlaid
By the sprinklings of the sky,
Are piled in its courts; where Osiris' shade
Glides softly with Isis by.
And the Gods of Central Afric stand
All crowned and mitred near,
With sceptres and scrolls from the mystic land,
The dwelling of Hope and Fear.
Disturbed by my footsteps rude from sleep,
A frown sits on their brow;
And their whispers along the dim walls creep—
I hear them, and tremble now!
They scowl on the stranger from northern clime;
But no armed priest appears,
As in those far days of the olden time
When they fed upon blood and tears.
And I lay my hand on the beards of Gods
In their ancient dwelling-place,
Transformed by Time into dark abodes
For the owl and the serpent race.
Behold, over Athor's queenly brow
The dull snail travels slow;
And the Nymph of the Hills and the Virgin Vow
Feels the bat on her bended bow.
Here Typhon, the fratricide, is meek,
His plots and battles o'er;
And the peasant breathes upon Ammon's cheek,
For his thunders scare no more.
But the rushing Nile, in untiring might,
Still rolls his blue waves by;
And the cold stars, robed in trembling light,
Yet love on his breast to lie.
And, hark! as of old o'er Syene's rocks
He pours his thundering tide,
While the Arab, amid his desert flocks,
Sleeps sound on his flowery side.
And lo, where below his fierce wave dashes
In foam o'er the granite isles,
The tropic moonbeam brightly flashes,
Wreathing each crag with smiles.
On the distant waste the antelope bounds,
Companion of Thirst and Fear,
While the yelping of Fancy's swiftest hounds
Comes booming upon her ear.
The river's voice invites in vain,
And the young corn sprouting fair;
She speeds to her desert home again,
Like a meteor through the air.
Home: ah!—that word, like magician's spell,
Creative of woe or bliss,
Bears my soul to its hearth in the Alpine dell,
And my clustering children's kiss!
They are sleeping now, and their sunny dreams
Their father perchance recall,
Wandering beside far tropic streams,
Or through Isis' pictured hall;
And they start with extended arms to press
His much-loved form in vain;
But, hushed by a mother's tenderness,
Relapse into dreams again.
Sleep on, sleep on, my children! soon,
If Love had a prophet's power,
We shall, hand in hand, gaze on yon moon
From the depth of your summer bower.

TO HARNESS THE COLORADO.

Arizona engineers regard the Grand Canyon of the Colorado as affording one of the greatest fields in existence for the development of electricity from water-power. In addition to the immense power of the Colorado itself, large stores of energy are available in the smaller streams that leap into the vast chasm. The plan by which the power of the main stream will, it is now thought, eventually be utilised is that of "picking up" the fall of the river by means of tunnels. At a point about 70 miles north of Williams it is said that a fall of 5,000 feet can be found in a distance but little exceeding a mile.

THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK.

By CHARLES SMITH, M.D.

Æquum est enim meminisse & me, qui discerem hominem esse et vos, qui Judicetis ut fi probabilia dicentur nihil ultra requiratis. Cicero Univers

In Two Volumes.

VOL I.

The Second Edition, with Additions.

Chapter IV.

A Description of the Barony of Carbery.

This was the largest barony in Ireland, but it is now divided into two parts, viz., east and west Carbery (1), by a line northwards, from a place called the Leap, near Glandore harbour, to the bounds of Muskery; and has two high constables, one for each division. It is, from Kilbritton to Mizen Head, upwards of 40 Irish miles in length; and was, in former times, of greater extent, as is shown in the first book. A part of this barony divides Ibawne and Barryroe, and forms the bottom of Cloghnakilty bay.

Cloghnakilty (anciently Clowncallow) is a town situated near the sea, which affords it more pleasure than profit; the mouth of the harbour being choked with sand prevents vessels of burden from coming up to the town. It is built in the form of a cross, and here is a decent new church, situated on a rising ground; this is a noted market, on Fridays, for linen yarn, which they bring in from west Carbery in considerable quantities; £30 has been often laid out for yarn in one market day, and £20 is a general computation. Here is also a remarkable fair for all kinds of poultry, on the 29th of September, which supplies Cork, Kinsale, the neighbouring gentlemen, and the shipping in both harbours with great quantities of turkeys, geese, &c. This place was incorporated by the interest of the first Earl of Cork, ann. 2 Jac. I., and is governed by a sovereign and burgesses. The heirs of the said Earl have a power by the charter to appoint the sovereign and recorder, who hold sessions of the peace for the town and liberties, which are extended a mile and a half round the centre. They may have a court of record, and therein implead for any sum not exceeding £20 Irish. The sovereign is feodary, coroner, clerk of the market, master of the say, &c. The method of chosing him is thus: three candidates are returned to the lord of the borough, who, on St. James's day, makes choice of one; and on the St. Luke's day following he is sworn into his office. The late King James, by a new charter, dated July 12, 1688, incorporated this place, and appointed Daniel Mac-Carty, Esq., sovereign thereof, with 24 burgesses; but this charter soon became void.

At the breaking out of the Irish rebellion, ann. 1641, the charter and other records of this borough were saved by Mr. Walter Bird (2), who, at the hazard of his life, escaped with them to Bandon. In the streets of this place (3), two full companies of Lord Forbes's regiment were slain by the Irish, in 1642; and the third company being Bandonians, made good their retreat a full mile to an old fort in the high-way to Ross, which they also maintained till the rest of the regiment, then at Rathbarry, came to their relief; and then they all fell upon the Irish, and killed above 600 of them. This town flourished greatly before the wars of 1641; but being then entirely burned down, it has since but slowly recovered. At present it belongs to the Right Hon. Henry Boyle, and begins again to thrive, by means of the linen trade. About a mile to the north-east of this place, on the lands of Temple-Brien, are the remains of an ancient heathen temple, which I shall give a particular description of in another place.

Six miles north of Cloghnakilty is Iniskeen, a village consisting of about 38 houses. It takes its name, according to tradition, from Kean Mac-Moile-More, ancestor of the Mahonys; it is very large, containing no less than fourscore plowlands, and lies on both sides the Bandon river. In this village they carry on the pernicious trade of distilling whisky spirits. About three miles west there is a manufacture of earthen ware, the clay for which is brought from the county of Kerry. The lands here are mostly under meadow and pasture; there is likewise some corn, and no inconsiderable quantity of flax; but from Iniskeen to the village of Nuce's-town, the country is for the most part mountainy and rocky, being covered over with heath, furze, and fern. To the north of Iniskeen is the ruined church of Kineigh, with a remarkable round tower, above 70 feet high, and 124 feet from the west end of the church; contrary to all others of the kind, the first story is in the form of an hexagon, but the other five stories above it are round. I shall mention more of this tower in another place.

Six miles west of Bandon, a little east of Iniskeen, is Palace-Anne, an handsome, large, well-built house of Roger Bernard, Esq., with kitchen and pleasure gardens, good orchards, and other large plantations. On the south side of the Bandon river is Warren's-brook, a good house with improvements of Mr. Warren. Two miles more west, on the north side of the river, is Connorsville, the house and seat of William Connor, Esq.; the improvements are but in their infancy. On the other side of the river is Pheal, a good house of Mr. Wade; and on the same side is the castle of Ballincarrigy, built by Randle-Oge Hurley, or, as some say, by his wife. In the wars of 1641, this castle (4) was a noted pass, being then esteemed indifferent strong, and was at that time garrisoned by the English. To the south of it is the small castle of Ballinward, also built by the Hurleys.

Some years ago, Sir Richard Cox, by the six days labour only, had a fine level road made to the east of Dunmanway, which was carried two miles through a morass, and is now a pleasant coach road; the old road being hilly, rocky, and a great way about.

Dunmanway is now a pleasant, thriving little town, 12 miles west from Bandon, and the seat of the late Sir Richard Cox, Bart., whose grandfather, towards the end of the last century, undertook to plant an English colony here, directly on the great road leading from Cork to Bantry. King William, to encourage his design, granted him a patent for fairs and markets; and by an Act of Parliament, in the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, the site of the parish church was removed two miles to the projected town of Dunmanway; for the convenience of passengers, an handsome stone bridge was built over the Bandon river. Of late years Dunmanway is become a very thriving place, where the linen manufacture is in a most prosperous and flourishing state, by the patronage and industry of Sir Richard Cox. The house wherein Sir Richard resided is in the midst of the town, and is pleasantly adorned with handsome avenues, and good plantations of fir, elm, lime, chestnut, and some beech. The town is seated in the centre of a small valley, surrounded with hills to the W., N., and S. Those to the north are rough and rocky; but from hence to Bandon, along the river of that name, is a fine, well-improved vale, consisting of a light, gravelly soil. Here are a considerable number of looms at work for linen, as well chequered as white, diapers, fustians, handkerchiefs, girtweb, &c., and the manufacturers were, by several premiums given by their landlord, according to their respective merits, kept constantly employed. A good house, rent free, was given to a master who that year made up the best and greatest quantity of linen; and this

(1) The barony of Carbery anciently extended from Kinsale to the bay of Bantry, or, as an old Irish verse has it, from Carig O-Glavin to Cork. E. and W. Carbery contain 39 parishes, viz., Ballindeghie, a part of Inishannone, Templetown, Ringroan, Kilbritton, Ballymodan, Rathclarin, Kilmolday, part of Timoleague, Disert, Kineigh, Fanlobbus, Kilmihil, Drinagh, Ballymony, Kilmine, Killgariff, Inchydony, Castroventry, Temple-Quinlane, Temple-Amalus, Kilnagross, Ross-Carbery, Kilmac-Abea, Miros, Castlehaven, Creagh, Cape Clear, Affadown, Abbey-Shrowry, Caragh, Drumleague, Durres, Kilcrohane Kilcoe, Scull, Kilfaghnabeg, Kilmore, Tullagh alias Baltimore, the whole being 196,321 Irish plantation acres, making 766 plowlands, viz., 366 in E. Carbery, and 400 in W. Carbery.

(2) MSS. at Lismore.

(3) MSS. Sir Richard Cox.

(4) MSS. Sir Richard Cox.

inscription, in gold letters, was placed over the door of such as deserved this reward:

"DATUR DIGNIORI.
THIS HOUSE IS RENT FREE FOR THE SUPERIOR INDUSTRY OF THE POSSESSOR."

Which board was annually removed with great pomp and solemnity, being called The Table of Honour.

Sir Richard also gave premiums to the apprentices and journeymen, and to the girls of the spinning school, according to their merits. Those who bought and sold the greatest quantity of linen cloth manufactured in this county, at the fair of this place, had premiums also. And so greatly has this manufacture increased since its first settlement in this country but a few years ago, that, in 1748, there were, by a moderate computation, 400 hogsheads of flax-seed sown on this side of the county. But its effects still appear in a stronger light, from the increase of the number of houses and inhabitants in Dunmanway. In 1735 there were not more than 50 very indifferent houses, 12 not inhabited, or by beggars only, and 30 by people who were for the most part poor and idle for want of employment. In May, 1747, there were 87 houses, which contained 250 Protestants and 307 Papists, in all 557; there were reckoned in the town 87 flax-wheels, and 51 woollen-wheels. In May, 1749, the houses were increased to 117, containing 405 Protestants and 402 Papists, in all 807. In all the houses there were 226 flax-wheels and 28 woollen-wheels, besides those of the spinning-school. On the first of May, Sir Richard annually appointed a review of all the wheels, on a pretty green near the town, which makes no unelegant entertainment, to see so many young creatures rescued from want, idleness, and misery, decked out in decent apparel, earned by their industry; and to countenance this review, the young ladies of the best distinction in the neighbourhood exhibited their skill in spinning in this public assembly.

Here are two very good and convenient bleach-yards, that never want full employment. That to the south is supplied with water from an adjacent lake, which is very soft, and is found excellent for whitening linen-cloth.

The parish church is exceedingly well filled on the Sabbath day with a well-looking, industrious, thriving people, who increase so fast that, besides a large gallery erected in it, Sir Richard Cox had thoughts of enlarging it further.

In this church is an handsome monument, with this inscription:

In hopes of a joyful resurrection,
Is deposited the body
Mary, Lady Cox, the beloved wife
Of Sir Richard Cox, knight and baronet
Who was successively Lord Justice of both benches,
Lord High Chancellor of Ireland,
And three times one of the lords justices,
General, and General Governors of this kingdom.
Obiit 1 mo. Jun. 1715.

Happy would it be for many parts of this country if, instead of that spirit of devastation which dairies produce, our villages were thus filled with manufactures, who ought to be supported and encouraged in this manner, by an indulgent landlord, which would in the end produce honour and wealth to him and his dependents.

Sir Richard Cox gave two acres of land, rent free, for building a charter school, and set 18 more at half rent for 990 years, the whole well enclosed. He provided slate and stones for the building, as also labourers, and bestowed £20 per ann. to it. This school is designed for 40 children.

The country to the north of Dunmanway is prodigious rocky; within a mile of the town is a perfect wall or mound of rocks, running a considerable way; a yew tree grows out of the crevices of these rocks, the body of which is 17 feet in circumference, and grows in a reclining manner.

Mohanagh, a mile south of Dunmanway, is the seat of Roger Fenwick, Esq., with two loughs (5) on the south, and a wood to the north. It is observable that in those loughs are a large kind of trout that feed on the spawn of eels.

South of this place, in the parish of Kilroan, are three plowlands belonging to the see of Dublin, granted by King Charles II. in augmentation to that see.

(To be continued.)

(5) Mr Fenwick assured me that on of these lakes, which is called Lough a Drippel, did not frieze in the great frost of 1739.

OUR OWN FIRESIDE.

BY JOHN CLARE.

Our fireside's easy chair—
  Is there any place beside
Where such pleasant cheer we share?
  Where the hours so gently glide?
Though but humble be the fare
  That Want's daily toils provide,
Dainty's cup can ne'er compare
With the joy that sparkles there,
  By our own fireside.

Would you meet with genuine Mirth
  Where she comes a willing guest?
'Tis the quiet social hearth,
  Well I wot, she loveth best;
Where the little ones at play
  Prattle by their mother's side,
And the elder, mildly gay,
Laugh and sing the hours away,
  By their own fireside.

An honest man, though poor,
  Yet may feel an honest pride,
While he tells his troubles o'er
  Where his heart had nought to hide.
He who falls from big estate
  No great grievance hath to bide,
If he calmly meets his fate,
Where Content and Quiet wait
  By the rustic fireside.

They who love us till we die,
  Who through troubles have been tried,
Who will watch the closing eye
  When all grows cold beside—
Where shall friends like these be found,
  Search we earth and ocean wide?
Where, on all this weary round,
Save that hallowed spot of ground
  Called our own fireside?

In my chimney's cosy nook
  Thus I chant my rustic lay,
'Neath the rafters, brown with smoke
  Curling up for many a day.
Wealth may boast his splendid hall,
  Pomp and luxury and pride,
Sculptured roof and pictured wall—
There's no comfort in them all
  Like my own fireside.

THE DUBLIN MOUNTAINS.

On the 27th ultimo the Museum demonstrations were continued in Leinster House, Kildare street. There was a fairly large attendance when Mr. Henry J. Seymour, B.A., F.G.S., proceeded to give a very interesting demonstration on the "Genesis of the Dublin Mountains." He said the purpose of this demonstration was to give an account of the history and origin of the hilly ground to the south of Dublin, and which was familarly known to us as the Dublin mountains. Before discussing this matter it was necessary to get some ideas about mountains in general in order that the special characteristics of the Dublin mountains might be more readily understood. The term mountain is, strictly speaking, not a scientific term, for it is applied to many forms of ground differing one from another in size, structure, and origin. Generally it is applied to any considerable elevation, the word hill being applied to lesser heights. Mountains are divided into three main groups for purposes of classification, known respectively as mountains of circumdenudation, of accumulation, and of elevation. All these types owe directly or indirectly their origin to one prime cause—the contraction of the earth, and the consequent wrinkling of the earth's crust. The outer crust, not contracting as much as the interior, is compelled to accomodate itself to a continually decreasing nucleus. This movement of the crust is always going on slowly, and occasionally suddenly, resulting in the latter case in the production of earthquakes. Evidence that this movement is in progress was then given, and the inferences to be drawn from the formation of raised beaches such as that which connects Howth with the mainland was pointed out. The characteristics of the first two classes of mountains was then demonstrated with the aid of models and drawings. The mode of origin of Laccolites, or large dome-shaped masses of igneous rock, and their structure was then discussed, and an account given of the experiments made recently in America with a view to their artificial production on a small scale. The granite mountains of Dublin were next dealt with. It was pointed out that the evidence of their being Laccolitic in origin is not very satisfactory, but this theory gives a fairly good explanation of the relation which exists between the granite and the Silurian and Cumbrian rocks with which it is associated, at least so far as is at present known. It may be also merely an intrusion on an enormous scale along a line of fissures, occurring along the axis of a Caledonian fold, this term being applied to folds in the earth's crust, occurring with a N.E. and S.W. trend, and produced at or about the beginning of the old red sandstone period. At any rate they are typical mountains of elevation, and belong to the great class forming the majority of the mountain ranges of the earth. The granite forming them originally consolidated deep down in the earth's crust, and is now exposed to view because its former covering has been denuded off by weathering agencies acting during a long period of time. The age of the mountains was then referred to, and the evidence thereanent mentioned in detail. Finally, a short account was given about the granite rock composing the hills, and its structure and mineral composition explained by means of actual specimens of the rock.

A VANISHING PEOPLE.

Mr. Peary says that the tribe of Eskimos living on the shore of whale Sound in Greenland are the most northerly people in the world. Their isolation has differentiated them from all other races. They do not exceed 200 in number, and are being destroyed by an unknown disease which appears to be a slow malignant fever. Lieutenant Peary became personally known to every man, woman, and child belonging to this remote and perishing community of human beings.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Gosse's imaginary English analogue of the Goncourt Academy, if it has interested nobody else, appears to have interested considerably the gentlemen whom Mr. Gosse nominated to compose it. For the majority of them have been moved thereby to put their views in print. They would all naturally welcome the income, and are disposed to consider the dinners favourably, but there their enthusiasm ends. Mr. Gissing deprecates the responsibilities of patronage involved in co-optation; while Mr. Zangwill pleads that he is disqualified because he is or has been a critic—he has even criticised Mr. Gosse.

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The last issue of the "Ancestor" accused Sir Conan Doyle of certain gross heraldic errors in his romance, "The White Company." The current number of the "Ancestor" contains a reply from Sir Conan Doyle, and comments upon that reply by the "Ancestor's" editor. It must be admitted that in this battle of the experts Sir Conan Doyle comes out second best—nay, he is soundly beaten. The question is one of pure fact, and the professional antiquarian scores. Sir Conan Doyle writes:—

To take a few concrete examples where the editor in accusing me of inaccuracy has been inaccurate himself: he says that the cadency mark of crescents for the second son only came in two centuries later than the date of "The White Company." That date is 1367. The editor will find—and it is a real pleasure to give him some information after all he has given to me—that in a window of the Collegiate Church of St. Mary, Warwick, erected in 1361, the arms of the six sons of Thomas Beauchamp, fifteenth Earl of Warwick, appear differenced with a crescent, mullet, etc. it is probable, therefore, that the custom was perfectly known to the prince's "herald or scrivener."

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To which the "Ancestor" replies:—

No such window, we believe, exists at the present day, although the figures of the earls sons are found in seventeenth century drawings, at which date there remained some in the window of the choir, and some in the great north window. The choir was not built in 1361, having been begun in pursuance of the will of the Earl, who died in 1369. . . . But Sir Conan's date matters little. What does matter is that, although the younger sons difference their arms, as did many fourteenth-century knights, with small charges, the "cadency mark of the descent for the second son" is not to be found, the second son differencing with a ring

It is pretty obvious that the "Ancestor" is right and Sir Conan Doyle wrong. Sir Conan has been misled by the "makers of bad handbooks." The pity is that Sir Conan Doyle should have thought it worth while to defend himself from experts in a matter which only casually touches actual romance.

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The objection Matthew Arnold had to being addressed as Professor is well known, for it is embalmed in his best-known preface. How do modern men of letters feel about it? The writer of "Provincial Letters" in the "Cornhill Magazine" quotes in the February number from a friend's diary: "Superior persons jeer at the title of professor, but I think I should like to bear it, provided I professed a recognised science in a recognised university. There is a grave decorum about the word that pleases, only its association with hair-cutting and legerdemain and poetry has undoubtedly a little soiled it. My respected acquaintance, Mr. Booker Washington, who has done so much for the education of negroes, is the subject of a story which throws a grim light on the degradation of the world in the United States. Two New York citizens were discussing his settlement, and one asked the other how he treated him is they happened to meet. "I shake hands and say, 'How d'ye do, Mr. Washington?' "Well," said the other, 'I can't bring myself to call a nigger Mister; I just say, "Good morning, Professor."'

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I observe (says a literary critic) Mr. Goldwin Smith has been expressing his opinion of a grievance, about which I have had my say from time to time—the grievance of people libelled in fiction. "Personal libel under the term of fiction," (M. Goldwin Smith writes, "is of all kinds the most cowardly and disgraceful. It is absolutely free from the restraint of truth, and the person libelled has no means of vindicating his character. If he resents the calumny, he is said to be putting the cap on his own head." And the amusing thing is that novelists who deal thus lightly with other people's characters and private concerns are indignant at the critic's faintest censure of their published work. In the case of the great writers, there is some compensation in the public gain; much will be forgiven to Thackeray, to Dickens, to Charlotte Bronte, (even by Mr. Goldwin Smith's leave) to Disraeli. But the licence of the smaller fry is a mere iniquity.

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The ways of advertising are wonderful and sometimes shameless. The following extraordinary communication has been sent to us (says the "Academy") by a correspondent whose name appears to have been got from a directory. At any rate, he knows nothing of the writer. We have the title of the book and the name of the publisher:—

My Dear——,

——'s book is now on sale. . . . Has he, or his brother, mentioned that he has adopted the "nom de plume" of . . . and that the work is entitled . . . .? (published by . . . .)

You might, for Auld Lang Syne's sake, give him a leg-up by inducing friends and the book-agents in your neighbourhood to promote inquiries about his initial effort

As you already know, —— is nothing if not satirical, and in this book his satire has found ample scope. . . . Several of our friends have been caricatured, you yourself not escaping, for there's no mistaking the "original" of his character of C. R.

However, his sarcasm, tho' keen at times, is never spiteful, and I don't think your annoyance will prove lasting.

Trusting you're in the best of health, with kind regards from wife and self,

Yrs. sincerely,

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In an article entitled "Antiseptic Humour," the "Academy" remarks that the task of the humourist is no longer to laugh at kings, but to laugh at humanity, and with the laughter to bring healing. The post of king's jester, the man who told the truth as a joke has been taken up by men half unconscious of their mission, men such as Mr. Gilbert, Mark Twain, and many others. For democracy has its period of hysterics, just as the palace. We go suddenly mad about æsthetics, or Imperialism. There is a Woman Question. Christian Science comes to the front. A Durbar is held in India, a Coronation in England. America has a difficulty about the Philippine Islands. What is to be said about these things? The world flies into a sudden fury. Only the humourist keeps his head. Our debt to Mr. Gilbert will probably be paid on his tombstone, where people will remember that he saw through æstheticism to the sense that lay behind it. But of course he merely joked about it. He has joked about many things, including the sons of kings.

On the whole we are
Not intelligent,

say the sons of "Gama Rex"; and the Almanach de Gotha is less instructive. But this is not the sort of thing that can be said seriously—in a leading article, for instance. It can be said only in jest. And Mark Twain, who, as we have said, made one big mistake, made one big hit with his nonsense about Christian Science. It could not have been done seriously. But as mere nonsense it is a clean and swift antidote to hysteria.

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How, then (asks the "Academy"), does Mr. Dooley come out of the ordeal. For we have implicitly placed him in the succession of the humourists who count. The function of the humourist—the world's antiseptic—is to stand aside and watch. Then he must tell what he sees. The inventor of Mr. Dooley has invented a man who looks across a bar in New York and sees the world between him and Mr. Hennessy. Dooley talks of many things, of Arctic Exploration and Swearing, of Books and Woman's Rights, of the End of the Boer War, and the Home Life of Geniuses. He is funny enough. Dooley has been talking long enough now to enable us to be certain of laughter when he faces Hennessy and discourses at large on men, women, and things. One may dip here and there among these "Observations" and get the happy epigram on nearly every page. To take an example or two:—

Hogan says all janiuses was unhappily marrid. I guess that's thrue iv their wives, too.

Ivrything seems to be some kind of wurruk. Wurruk is wurruk if ye're paid to do it, an' it's pleasure of ye pay to be allowed to do it.

I don't think we injye other people's sufferin', Hinnissy. It isnt acshally injyement. But we feel betther f'r it.

I tell ye what, Hinnissy, th' day's Wurruk has broke up more homes thin comic opry. If t' coorts wad allow it, manny a woman cud get a divorce on th' groun's that her husband cared more f'r his Day's Wurruk thin he did f'r her.

A king nowadays is no more thin a hitchin' post f'r wan pollytician afther another. He ain't allowed to move himsilf, but anny crazy pollytician that ties up to him is apt to pull him out be th' roots.

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There is laughter enough there, continues our contemporary. But it is not enough to be funny in order to perform the antiseptic functions of the humourist. And if—when the laughter is over—you will take those extracts quite seriously, you will find they are really quite serious. The humourist's function—if he is to be anything more than a funny man—is to see things as they are, without passion or prejudice, and to present them as he sees them to an astonished public. Now, Mr. Dooley has much of that intellectual aloofness which is the mark of the great humourist. He sits quietly behind his bar and observes. He does not go to the Coronation; he is not married; he does not hold with reading, but he knows of each of these things "the way an asthronomer knows th' stars. I'm studyin' it through me glasses all the time." He is never carried away by popular enthusiasm, and even Mr. Carnegie's free libraries fail to move him.

Th' thruth is that readin' is the nex' thing this side of goin' to bed f'r restin' th' mind. With mos people it takes the place iv wurruk. A man doesn't think whin he's readin', or if he has to, th' book is no fun.

That is a thing which ought to be said in counteraction of the dim seclusion that the march of mind goes step by step with the manufacture of printer's ink. But one can hardly say it seriously. Too much truth is perhaps dangerous. Enthusiasms, hysterics, delusions have been strangely helpful in the world's history. And a whole generatiion of humourists would probably stand still and laugh at each other. But it is a wholesome tonic to find here and there, and now and then, a man who sees things as they are. The humourist is really but a man who sees a little more clearly than the enthusiast or the dullard, and gets a little nearer to the truth. And the truth well told, is one of the newest things in the world. It brings the shock of surprise.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

According to recent investigations, the chief cause of hostility between ant colonies of the same species appears to be a difference of odour accompanied by a difference in the age of the individuals composing two colonies.

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Recently fallen rain has the property of rado-activity for several hours after collection; that is, it gives off the so-called Becquerel rays, which are an emanation of matter of a very subtle kind, causing similar phenomena to those produced by X-rays.

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De Vries, a noted Dutch scientist, has, after long continued experiments, succeeded in producing a variety of clover which has naturally four leaves. Thus it is, a paper remarks, wittily, that science contributes daily to the increase of human happiness and "good fortune."

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According to M. Spring, of Liege, the blue colour of the sky is due to an electrical agitation of the air. This conclusion he arrived at after a long series of experiments carried on in his laboratory, when he finally obtained, by the application of electricity, a perfectly pure atmosphere in which blue was clearly discernible.

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According to Professor Ritter, of the University of California, Santa Catalina Island, off the coast of Southern California, is slowly sinking into the Pacific Ocean; while San Clemente Island, which lies south of the former, and San Petro Hill, on the opposite mainland, are slowly rising higher above the level of the sea.

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It is rumoured that A. Lawrence Rotch, of Boston, is to lend his aid in solving the meteorological problem concerning the permanent circulation of the atmosphere at altitudes greater than 15,000 feet. It is said that the German Government is to furnish Mr. Rotch with a ship equipped for three months' voyage in the tropics. The necessary apparatus and expenses are to be paid for by American scientific men.

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T. Tardy has studied the oils of Chinese anise, the oil of Japanese anise, and the oil of fennel. He finds that Chinese anise oil contains pinene, phellandrene, estragol, a dextrogyrate terpilenol, anethol, a levogyrate sesquiterpene, anisic aldehyde and acid, together with traces of a crystalline body of the formula C 20 H 22 O 3, and of the ethyl ether of hdyroquinone. The author attaches some importance to the presence of the terpilenol, to which he considers the particular odour of Chinese anise is due. The result of his study of Japanese anise (Illicium religiosum) shows that the oil has a low rotation.

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The rise of temperature with the depth of a mine is not as uniform as we are sometimes made to believe. There are great exceptions to this rule. At Comstock, Nev., boiling hot water was found at a depth of seventeen hundred feet, but at the two thousand foot level the temperature begins to decrease again, and at a further depth of thirty-five hundred feet a more comfortable temperature is found than there is half way to the surface. At the Calumet and Hecla shaft, in the Lake Superior region, the temperature at forty-seven hundred feet is 79 degrees F., or only 20 degrees warmesr than at a depth of one hundred feet.

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The Stanford University has received curios gathered by Mrs. Stanford during her long sojourn in Egypt. The collection is interesting, not because it contains many specimens of ancient Egyptian art, but because of its modern historic value. One of the most precious trouvailles of the collection is a set of volumes recounting the history and occupation of the Nile country by the French, and producing in colours the discoveries and conquests of Napoleon. The volumes were compiled by Napoleon's orders in 1812. A set of fine reprints in from twelve to eighteen colours of originals dealing with recent discoveries in the ruins of Karnak also constitute an important part of the collection. Besides these there are cases of gold embroideries, the work of the women of a great harem in Cairo; large numbers of ancient coins, vases, and lamps, statuettes, and bas reliefs of pottery.

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Princeton University recently received from John M. Clarke, New York State palæontologist, the body of an octupus-like creature, from Onondaga Lake. Dr. Ortmann examined the specimen, and found it to be a cold-water, short-armed squid, a species of devil-fish pervalent along the Atlantic coast from Cape Cod to Newfoundand. The fish was a salt-water specimen, and how it came to be found in fresh water is not easily explained. To be sure, the specimen examined by Dr. Ortmann differs from the ocean-bred squid in that it has not the delicate membranous folds on the arms that stretch out from its body. It may be that these folds constitute a real variation, but Dr. Ortmann is inclined to believe that the mebranes have been lost through abrasions or imperfect preservation. In every other respect the New York squid resembles the ocean kind.

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It was inevitable that the Rapid Transit East River tunnel, and the North and East Rivers tunnels of the Pennsylvania Road, should stimulate inventors to devise new and better means of tunnelling through silt or other soft material. All the later methods that have been outlined make provision for supporting the weight of the tunnel upon the firm rock bottom underlying the silt. The Chief Engineer of the North River tunnel, Mr. Jacobs, does this by opening the bottom of the tube at stated intervals, and carrying a concrete-filled cylinder pier down to bedrock, the weight of the tube and the trains being carried by two parallel trusses resting upon the piers, and constructed within and on each side of the tube itself.

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Another system which has recently been patented by Mr. Sooysmith, employs the freezing process associated with timber piling. When tunnelling by this method, a pile foundation is first driven from the river surface throughout the whole length of the tunnel; the material lying just above the piling is then frozen by driving a small pilot tunnel ahead into the surrounding material; and the tunnel is excavated through the material thus frozen, the steel tube resting upon the pile foundation that has been driven for it.

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The appetite of a whale is phenomenal. His chief diet consists of jelly fish. He has simply to open his mouth and paddle along leisurely in order to take in jellyfish by the wagon-load. Such is the method adopted by the whalebone whale. The sperm whale, on the contrary, captures huge squids weighing often several tons. Like his brother the whalebone whale, he must be constantly on the look-out for food. Otherwise he would starve. As many as fourteen seals have been taken from a thirty-foot "killer." Other fishes of enormous appetites are not uncommon. The bluefish, for example, thrives on sardines and other small fish. Assuming that one bluefish eats ten small fish a day, it has been figured that it requires ten thousand million sardines to feed the one thousand billion bluefish on the American coasts every summer. Most curious of all eaters is the hydra—a strange creature that can be turned inside out, without impairing its appetite or its power to eat.

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One of the most important discoveries made by the German Oriental Society at Abu Sir, in Egypt, was the find of a perfectly preserved mummy of Jen Em Jechvet, the high priest of the temple, who died about two thousand years before Christ. The body was found in a family vault which also contained the remains of the priest and reader and their wives. Only three tombs of such an age have been found in good preservation during the last century, and this is the first time that the contents have been brought safely to Europe. Jen lay in his coffin, enveloped in a brown linen shroud, just as he had been placed there four thousand years ago. In accordance with the fashion of his time, he has small side whiskers and a longer tuft on his chin, and his eyes are made to appear unnaturally long by means of the careful application of rouge. The wig, which is large and parted down the middle, has a bluish tint verging on green. The mummy was lying slightly on the left side, as Egyptians sleep to-day, and the head rested on a support such as is still in use in the Soudan. The eyes were turned towards the rising sun.

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The close of November on the Great Lakes usually marks the end of the season of through navigation, and the Government statistics show that for the first eleven months of the past year 77,408 vessels, of over seventy-one millions net tonnage, were reported as arrivals, and 77,899 clearances were reported, of over seventy-two million net tons. There are twenty individual ports on the Great Lakes having a registered tonnage ranging from one million to over five million tons. Cleveland heads the list with 5,637, 282 tons; and five other ports, viz., Duluth, West Superior, Milwaukee, Chicago, and Buffalo, recorded over four million tons of arrivals. The enormous volume of this movement is only appreciated when it is compared with similar marine operations on the ocean frontage. New York, during the entire year 1902, is credited with 8,982,767 tons of arrivals; London had entrances in 1901 amounting to 9,992,753 tons; and Hong Kong reported 8,626,614 tons entering in the year 1900.

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In the "Electrical Review" there appears a portion of the diary kept by Samuel F. B. Morse during his earliest work on the Baltimore and Washington telegraph line in 1843. The book was discovered in the library of Thomas A. Edison, at Orange, N. J., and contains what are evidently the first records. The first entry in this diary is dated March 14, 1843, and consists of a copy of the letter from the Secretary of the Treasury, J. C. Spencer, giving instructions as to the handling of the appropriation made by Congress for this experiment. The reply of Morse and other correspondence in the diary give a striking idea of the troubles which beset the pioneer's work, as well as of the untiring energy with which the inventor developed his great ideas. He never seemed to lose heart over the failures of others, which he had to overcome constantly. Under date if August 10, 1843, Mr. Morse describes certain tests he had made, and makes the following interesting prophecy: "The practical inference from this law is that a telegraphic communication on my plan may with certainty be established across the Atlantic. Startling as this may seem now, the time will come when this project will be realised." Commenting on this prophecy and old-time record, which is virtually the story of the beginning of the vast electrical industry of to-day, the "Electrical Review" says:—"How well this prophecy has been fulfilled! To-day there is no ocean unspanned by a telegraphic cable. This old record of the first work in telegraphy takes added interest from our latest accomplishments. We have completed the first Pacific cable, and have made a good start on the second, and Marconi has established communication across the Atlantic without wires. It is difficult to realise that this diary was written less than sixty years ago. Who will venture to predict the electrical developments of the next sixty years?"

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

DUBLIN, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.

Committed to the county gaol this day, by Sir Henry Mannix, Bart., John Murphy, of Knockargan, for having feloniously delivered a notice in writing, threatening a person who had taken his tithe; he was conducted to gaol by the constables of the district of Barrymore, and is the first person committed on the Act of last session, which makes the delivering of any notice, letter, or message, exciting any riot, tumultuous meeting, or unlawful combination death without benefit of clergy.

DUBLIN, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.

Saturday night last, between eight and nine o'clock, Mr. John Levins, who lives near Glasnevin, on his return home from this city in a one-horse chaise, was stopped near his house by five footpads, armed with pistols, who with horrid oaths and imprecations desired him to deliver his cash, watch, etc., or they would blow his brains out; and having compelled Mr. Levins to come out of the chaise, took from him his watch and a guinea, and stripped him of his hat, wig, shoes, and stockings, and also took a quantity of meat out of the chaise which he was carrying home to the family; they then whipped the horse which galloped off, and after detaining Mr. Levins a considerable time, permitted him to walk home barefooted. Fortunately he had left six guineas in the care of the landlord of a publichouse on the road.

The building of the New Four Courts is now carrying on with the greatest rapidity, and it is thought will be a most superb structure; the great hall will be amply lighted by a spacious dome in the centre of the building, supported by a number of beautiful columns; and each of the Four Courts will open into it; there are also offices to be built at the eastern, similar to those of the western wing, which when completed will be superior to any building of the kind now in Europe.

At this time when the rage for public buildings is so great, the University of Dublin is not dormant in that particular; the workmen are every day clearing away the old building at the north-east angle of the New Square in Trinity College, for the purpose of erecting a chapel and a hall upon that site, the front of which will consist of a portico of four columns of the Corinthian order, exactly similar to the New Theatre now erected on the opposite square; the present steeple is intended to be taken down, and an elegant lofty one erected in a suitable style.

The price of flesh meat has at last suffered a reduction in our markets, but whether it is owing to the abundance brought in, or the paucity of buyers, we shall not pretend to say; prime pieces of ox beef and finest veal being yesterday offered at from threepence to threepence-halfpenny per pound; prime mutton, however, still keeps its ground at fourpence.

Added to the daring robbery of the Cork mail, Mr. Kennedy, Treasurer of the Theatre Royal, Smock alley, on his crossing Dublin Hill, near Cork, was set upon by three villains, well armed, two of whom seized the reins of his bridle, and held pistols to his breast, while the third searched his pockets and took thereout fifty-three guineas in gold and his watch, the latter of which they returned after some debate. Intelligence of the above robbery being immediately forwarded to Cork, two of the villains were apprehended and lodged in gaol by the laudable activity of Mr. Sharpe, high constable. Many other robberies have lately been committed of a similar nature on the same road.

The bridewell in Smithfield (formerly Judge French's house) is fitting up with all possible expedition, for the purposes intended in a House of Correction, properly accommodated. When this is finished, we are informed that it is the intention of the Commissioners of Police not only to order all common prostitutes to be taken up, but also to order all idle vagabonds to be apprehended who cannot give a proper account of themselves, according to the intent and meaning of the Act of Parliament.

On Sunday morning last, about one o'clock, two gentlemen on horseback, who were returning to town from the Curragh, but had stopped to dine on the road, were attacked by four persons armed with pistols, near the Blue Bell, and robbed of three guineas and some silver.

Between the hours of seven and eight o'clock on Monday night, as Mr. John Casey, of Summerhill, gardener, was returning home, he was stopped on the brow of the hill by three footpads, two of them armed with pistols, and the third with a large knife, who cut him under one of his cheeks, and took from him a new hat and nine shillings in silver; then they let him depart. On coming to his place of residence he gave the alarm, and many neighbours having set off in pursuit of the villains, one of them was secured. The prisoner was searched, the knife taken, and Mr. Casey's hat found on his head; they then conducted him to the watch-house of the Rotunda division.

DUBLIN, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.

We hear that the Grand Canal Company, willing to put their navigation on the most commodious and respectable footing, have it in contemplation to adopt the modes and rules established on the Dutch and Flemish canals, as far as may be consistent with the relative situations of both countries; these chiefly regard the accommodations of passengers and the furniture of the boats, in which the foreign canals have greatly the advantage.

On Monday night, a countryman bringing a hogshead of whiskey from Kilcock, was stopped between Chapelizod turnpike and Island bridge, by three fellows, who demanded what he had got in his pockets. The countryman attempting to slip a small bag into his shoe, was immediately knocked down and plundered of twenty-six shillings, which were sent by several persons to buy different articles, besides thirty-four shillings of his own money. The villains then threatened to pierce the hogshead, and let the liquor run, but the entreaties of the poor countryman prevailed. Single persons, or even more, if not well armed, should be cautious of venturing on that, or Kilmainham road, after seven in the evening, as they are at present infested by an armed banditti, consisting of about twenty desperate men.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

The Autumnal Equinox has seldom set in with as much violence as at present. About seven o'clock on Thursday evening a dreadful storm of rain and wind arose, which continued with little intermission for twenty-four hours. Much damage has been effected in the city, and the reality of what has been done in our Channel is of a melancholy nature. The "Favourite Nanny," a fine vessel, Capt. Gunderson, bound for Bordeaux, which sailed out on Wednesday, was driven back and struck on the North Bull, where she was seen yesterday evening cutting away her masts, and the sea rolling over her in a most perilous manner. Mr. Foster, a merchant of this city, and several other passengers were on board, but it rolled such a sea, that neither ship nor boat could venture to their relief, so that it was ultimately feared the whole would be involved in the boundless ocean.

Besides the above, a Swede and a Collier were also driven on the North Bull, where, it is said, the collier went to pieces, and a vessel was seen, through a telescope, drifting towards Howth, the men of which were lashing themselves to the mast, but whether she was foundered or wrecked has not yet come to our knowledge. The storm was so dreadful, that not only several houses, but even steeples seemed to shake. The accounts expected from sea occasion fears that are truly alarming.

Thursday night, about nine o'clock, a large leaden tablet, upwards of an hundred weight, on which the arms of Dublin had been embossed, was blown down from the front of the Tholsel into Skinner's row, and though a number of people were passing by at the time, happily no person received any hurt.

The thieves were not unmindful of the opportunity the above storm afforded them, and thought to have reaped a plentiful harvest; for yesterday morning, between the hours of two and four, the house of Mr. Frode, at Clermount, near Glasnevin, was broken open, and robbed of watches, plate, jewels, and other valuable articles to a very considerable amount. The whole neighbourhood was alarmed, in consequence of which a number of persons set out in search of the robbers, a large gang of whom were apprehended in a ditch near Glasnevin, and being severally tied together, they were conducted to Kilmainham Gaol.

The Lord Lieutenant, after having spent some days at Westport, the seat of Lord Altamont, in the county of Mayo, set out for Dunsandle, the residence of the Right Hon. Denis Daly, near Loughrea, in the county of Galway, where he remains at present. He is expected in Dublin next Thursday se'nnight, after having made a circuitous tour, which had taken in, when he reached Westport, little short of 1,900 miles, including his visits to the different cities, towns, and boroughs, besides various seats in their neighbourhood.

It is expected that her Grace the Duchess of Rutland will meet her consort here in the first or second week of the next month, her health being sufficiently established to return to this kingdom.

As a Grand Jury presentment has been made for the rebuilding of Ringsend Bridge, we are to suppose that the long-talked-of project of turning the course of the river Dodder to the eastward of Irishtown, is for the present, at least, abandoned, as a measure whose prosecution would be attended with a certain, and very heavy expense, and its arvantages highly problematical. The Harbour Commissioners, however, have not, we find, lost sight of the gerat loss and inconvenience suffered by the shipping who frequent the port of Dublin, in consequence of that dangerous and destructive bank, called the Bar of Dodder, for which purpose they have for some months employed a number of their gabbards incessantly to drudge or raise the sand and gravel that formed this great obstruction to the navigation of the River Liffey, and happily with such success, that we have the satisfaction to acquaint our readers that the Bar of Dodder is no more, and where this sand bank stood, the water is actually deeper than it is in many other parts of the ship channel, between that place and Poolbeg. The public may form an idea of the labour and attention bestowed on this necessary work, when we inform them that since the beginning of last spring there have been upwards of 47,000 tons of sand and gravel raised there.

(To be Continued.)

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Donoghmore Church and Round Tower, Co. Meath.

THE RUINS AS THEY WERE A CENTURY AGO.

From GROSE'S "ANTIQUITIES OF IRELAND," 1791.

The following is the description of the rch and round tower of Donoghmore in se's "Antiquities of Ireland":—

OGHMORE is a small village near Navan, re St. Patrick founded an abbey named etortain, over which he placed St. tin; it was after called Domnach-tor-, and now Donoghmore.

he church is at present ruinous, but one of it remaining. The round tower is ilar to others; the door is to the east, 6 feet from the ground; over it are ptures of our Saviour on the cross. It is on an eminence, not far from the road leading from Navan to Slane.

This view, which represents the south-east aspect, was drawn by Lieutenant Daniel Grose, anno 1792.

In Walsh's "Ecclesiastical History of Ireland," the following particulars of this foundation are given:—

Domnach-mor in campo Ethnach, near Navan. The original church of Donoghmore was built by St. Patrick, who placed there his disciple St. Cassanus, whose relics were preserved in this church and held in the highest veneration fo rages after his death.

A.D. 843 died the abbot Robertagh, the son of Flinn.

The round tower of Domnachmor has a doorway with a figure of the Saviour crucified, sculptured in relievo ,on its keystone, and the stone immediately placed over it; the head of the figure reached the joint of this upper stone, while nearly approaching the curve of the keystone. On each side of the door is a human head carved: the

one partly on the band, and the other outside it. This doorway, placed at an elevation of 12 feet from the base of the tower, measures 5 feet 2 inches in height, and its inclined jambs are 2 feet 3 inches asunder, and 2 feet at the spring of the arch.

This tower is considered to belong to the 10th century. That the round towers are of Christian origin is undeniable. Nowhere are they as yet discovered, unless in connection with the ancient ecclesiastical establishments of the country. If they had been used for other purposes than Christian belfries, or for the worship of fire as some pretended, in ignorance of the early history of the Irish Church, how is it that at Tara, the stronghold of that form of paganism, there is no vestige of any such tower or building? nor at Downpatrick in Tyrawley, another place in which the fire-worship was observed, nor in the islands of Aran, to which the obstinate votaries or priests of the old superstition had fled, sooner than embrace the saving truths of the Gospel? When St. Patrick founded Armagh, there is no record of the existence of a round tower there, while the building of St. Patrick's Cathedral is so accurately described, as well as the office of his "campanarius" or bellman, and if a tower of this description had been converted into a belfry, how is it that such a fact would be unrecorded? When the converted princes gave up their fortresses, as at Fenagh and Killbannon, mention is made of those grants; of the yew-tree, which the apostle planted at Newry, memory is kept in the Irish annals, and if the apostle had consecrated the pagan places of worship to that of the true God, such an act of triumph over the errors of paganism would be faithfully recorded. At Kildare, which took its name from the oak tree growing there at the time that St. Brigid founded her church, there was no round tower until a subsequent period. The worship of fire was carried on in many places over the country, and those places still retain the names which designate the fact, such as Greany, Tomgreany, &c., and in which no traces of the round tower exist.

The annals of Ireland point out the era of the erection of some towers, as at Clonmacnoise and Annadown. In the former establishment is Temple-Finghen and its round tower, which is entered by a doorway from the church, and level with the floor thereof. If some towers remain without vestiges of ecclesiastical buildings attached, be it remembered that many of these churches were built of wood and consigned to the flames by the plundering Danes, who devastated in particular everything sacred.

These towers were used, it appears from the Irish annals, not alone as belfries, but also as places of security for the valuables of the altars in cases of sudden attack, being, by their construction and solidity, capable of resisting every kind of military machine then known, and also fire. They were also in many places, as at Killala, peculiarly adapted for the purpose of signal towers, as well as beacons to guide the weary traveller towards the sacred buildings, where they found religion as well as hospitality practised towards them.

"KOMATICKING" IN LABRADOR.

By ANNETTA HALLIDAY-ANTONA.

"God made this country last!" is a Canadian proverb regarding Labrador, yet, sterile and forbidding as it lies among its fogs and icebergs, this desolate Arctic land has its pleasures, of which a "komatick" ride is not the least.

The komatick is a big sledge, nine to thirteen feet long, two or three feet wide, and eight inches high. It is made of pine wood, with bevelled sides, and instead of being nailed together, the sections of the sledge are sewed in place with coarse salmon-net twine, the holes through which the twine is passed being bored out with a red-hot iron, that they may be smooth and even. Last of all, the komatick is shod with runners of whale's bone, fastened to the sledge by pegs of wood run through gimlet holes and planed smooth. Whales are often found dead on the coast, and the large rib bones are in demand for komatic runners.

It was near the 1st of November, and the youths at the hospitable house where I was spending an Arctic winter waited impatiently for the time when they might introduce me to the long-talked-of sport of komaticking. At last the weather seemed propitious. The first snow-storm, with fierce wind and blinding snow, gave place, after several days, to fixed cold, eighteen degrees below zero, not much for this region, and only the beginning of winter.

The drifts had settled into ridges, and the cold had so hardened the crust that it could be readily walked upon; but just as the dogs were fairly harnessed to the sledge the wind began to blow again, the horizon darkened, the sea beat with broadsides of water upon the rocky beach, and soon the snowflakes and the hail told us that the Labrador hurricane had not yet reached its apex.

The next afternoon the sky cleared, and the day stood forth, bleak, cold, desolate, with ice in the bay solid enough to travel upon, if one heeded the dark-coloured patches of water on the surface of the snow, which told where danger lay.

The eight dogs, harnessed to the sledge by a long, thin thong of sealskin, trotted on with the confidence that only those lean, wolfish Eskimo dogs can show. All were many rods in advance of the sled, and the leader was some distance in front of the others. The boys guided the team by the voice only, but carried in the sledge a "drag" of thick rope to throw over the runners when they wanted to stop, and a long stick to sound the ice to ascertain its safety.

Continuous shouts and crying urged the dogs into a brisk gallop, and soon the hobgoblin arctic turnout was sliding along at a smart pace over the ice and snow of the frozen bay.

The excitement of the trip entered my blood. As we rounded the turn of one sparkling slope, one of my companions spied fresh tracks of ptarmigan in the snow. After leaving the bay, the path lay over low hills, river ice, and snow patches, where the wind had laid the grass and moss bare, and over places flooded with water, where an instant's delay would have sunk the sledge. Over these the dogs, knowing the peril as well as ourselves, passed so rapidly that the danger was behind us before it was realised. I can compare the speed of the dog-sledge with nothing but ice-boating, so swift is the movement.

Up-hill the pace was naturally much slower, but going down left one breathless, and the whining, barking and jumping of the dogs and their evident eagerness to go on, was amusing each time we stopped the komatick.

Our ride had an object besides mere pleasure. It was the cutting of young spruces and firs in the dense patches of evergreen thickets within a twenty-mile circle from home. Most of the trees cut there every year find their way to Ottawa, Quebec, and across the border in time for the decorations of Christmas-tide.

After several make-believe attempts, the day turned out to be fine, with little wind and clear blue sky, and a panorama of boreal-like views presented itself on all sides. The scene was a grand network of ponds and hills, with deep gullies overgrown with dwarf spruce, birch and alder. All exposed rock looked to contain feldspar and quartz.

We met a party of Indians, returning homeward to their birch-bark tents, and stopped to see the partridges, which, stupefied by the cold, had been knocked over in the spruce woods with the end of a gun-barrel; they were good eating, and made an excellent soup. I noticed that the Indians all wore sealskin boots with dogskin tops, the sole having no stiffness whatever, leaving the foot perfectly free to feel its surroundings.

These Indians told us that they were going home to attend to their traps, in which they expected to capture marten, beaver, otter, and Canada lynx, valuable to them for their skins, and that then they would break camp and prepare for the hunt, a large herd of deer having been sighted a day's journey eastward.

Everywhere snow, snow, snow. The cold air, however, was unusually invigorating, and as we swept along, the dogs galloping at full speed, I seemed to be journeying in some fantastic Arabian Nights fashion.

Isolated knobs of ice on far ridges took on a dull glare in the waning afternoon, and a keen appetite and full load of fir-trees decided us to turn homeward. On sped the sturdy dogs, and on leaped the komatick over treacherous spots in the bay. So swift was the motion and so pleasant the excitement that I could have wished that ghostly ride to last all night.

Here the sea was frozen in a mass if icy needles, treacherous and cutting to the dogs' feet; there lay, piled in every position, broken and grotesquely shaped blocks of ice; yonder glimpsed the far-off shores of Newfoundland, an icy plain spreading toward them, with a channel of open water in the distance.

Most of the names of inlets, coves, or hamlets passed bore witness to the influence of the French tongue; Belles Amours Bay, Bonne Esperance Point, the village of L'Anse Loup. It is a land of superstition dense and terrible, of religion simple and fervent. I believe no other region on earth offers such elemental powers, such weird scenes, such impressive hardships.

Just before we reached home a most beautiful aurora presented itself, its beginnings like small pencils of light floating in the air. Soon these pencils united into one long, sinuous band, low down in the atmosphere, and in rapid, waving motion, like streamers undulated by some unseen hand. Again and again it coiled and recoiled itself, like an immense snake, its enormous length spanning the heavens from horizon to horizon, and under its weird luminosity the snow and ice around us gleamed like bubbles of fire. Bathed in its radiance, we glided into the home harbour, drove the dogs into their kennel under the house, and rejoiced in the hot tea and savory fresh pork that awaited us.

We had travelled more than sixteen miles over hummock, hillock, and bay ice in our dog sledge that afternoon.

NATURAL COLOURED SILK.

Recent experiments in France have shown that the yellow and green colours possessed by the silk spun by certain caterpillars are due to colouring matter derived from the food, and passed through the blood of the spinners. By impregnating leaves with artificial colours the experimenters caused some species of caterpillars to produce silk of bright orange-yellow and fine rose hues. By the aid of the spectroscope the presence and nature of coloured pigments in the blood of the little animals was established.

OLD DUBLIN.

ITS HISTORY, CHARACTERISTICS, & MANNERS.

By LADY MORGAN.

I.

The following sketch of Old Dublin—its istory, manners, characteristics, &c.—has eemed to us for two reasons worth disenombing from the pages of the "New lonthly Magazine," in which it appeared the first quarter of the last century—rst, because of the interesting informaon that will be new to many which is ended with what they already know, and econdly because of the vivid and picuresque style of the author, who before er twentieth year had made as Sydney wenson a brilliant name for herself as oet and novelist, and who as Lady Morgan as the author of many literary works hich had a great vogue, and some of hich were savagely assailed by Gifford in e "Quarterly Review." On the other and, speaking of an issue of her collected orks, the "Athenæum" wrote:—"So long wit fascinates, so long as beauty of style as power over the soul, and so long as oodness, gaiety, and dashing spirits are the ascendant, so long may we expect a iblic for the works of the writer."

"Full of state and ancientry."
—Shakespeare.

The ford of the hurdles! The town of the rd of the hurdles!! The brow of the hazelood!!! The place of the black chan-!!!! (1) It would be difficult to trace, in e barbarous simplicity of such descriptive ithets, any sketch of rudiment of the modern d beautiful capital "of the most unhappy untry in the world." Such, however, were e primitive, and not unpoetical names of the sh metropolis—names which go near to overn "the golden palace of Tara," to level the uble wonders of Emania, (2) and scarcely to ve a stick or stone together of that "superb fice" Rath-Eochaiath—the royal seat of the preme kings of Connaught. (3) Annals and nalists have, however, asserted (what in Ireld it is deemed anti-patriotism to doubt), at the Milesians, immediately on their tling in the country, having cleared away e woods, and placed agriculture upon a foot; to which the new light of modern times is but "a darkness visible," erected "sumptuous edifices" (4); which is the less to be wondered at, when it is known that they had, en passant, built the city of Braganza, and studied the principles of architecture under the first pyramid builders or Wyatvilles of Egypt.

It is, however, on historic record, that Henry the Second (as a galanterie de sa part) erected a royal palace in Dublin, "with uncommon elegance, in the Irish fashion (ad modum patriæ illius), of smoothed wattles, in which, with the kings and princes of Ireland, he solemnised the festival of his first Christmas in Ireland." (5) It is probable that wattle architecture was long the Irish Doric order, and that the heroes of the Fionne Erin, the Ossians, the Fingals, and their successors, the O's and the Macs, occupied pretty much such dwellings as are inhabited by their genuine descendants, the Irish peasantry, of the present day. Be it, however, some solace to national vanity, to learn that the rude small grey stone towers, of tenure and defence, raised by the English invaders, were scarcely a degree less barbarous than the fabrics of twigs and hurdles built by the invaded; and this, too, when the Medici, the Strozzi, and Frangipani, the free and anti-feudal citizens of Italy, were erecting their marble and domestic palaces, which are, at this day, the admiration and the wonder of the enlightened world.

The town of the hurdles, on its Dubh-lin or black ford, with its huts of twigs, and humble and unaspiring architecture, attracted the special protection of Heaven, at a very early period of its existence; "for," says Father Jocelyn in his life of the patron and chief of all Irish saints, "St. Patrick, departing from the borders of Meath, and directing his steps towards Leinster, passing the river Finglass, came to a certain hill, almost a mile distance from Ath-cleath, 'the place of the ford,' now called Dublin, and casting his eyes about the place and the land circumjacent, he broke forth into this prophecy: This small village (Dublin) shall hereafter become an eminent city: it shall increase in riches, and in dignities, until at length it shall be lifted up into the throne of the kingdom."

It appears, therefore, that the present glory and splendour of Dublin is of divine origin, referable to none of the laws and circumstances which govern the ordinary progress of cities and societies, but in direct opposition to them all; and as it flourishes in its present beauty and extension, it is an effect without cause: a standing miracle! (6)

Increased in dignities! lifted up into the throne of the kingdom! one part of the Saint's prophecy also remains unfulfilled—"increase of riches!!'

But as Rome was not built in a day, neither was Dublin; and though in the tenth century it was pompously designated "the most noble city" by King Edgar, which, saith he, "with all the kingdoms, and the islands of the ocean, I have by the most propitious grace of God the thunderer, subdued under my power" (for the kings of the tenth, like the kings of the sixteenth century, held "le meme jargon par le meme propos); still this "most noble city" was deemed of so little consequence by the English invaders, that Henry the Second gave it to his good subjects of Bristol, as a sort of "Etrenne," or New Year's gift.

The first symptom of the accomplishment of St. Patrick's prophecy exhibited itself in the erection, by the English Government, of a strong fortress, called "the Castel of Dublin," erected, says the patent, "for the defence of the English entered in Ireland"—a purpose to which it has been most religiously applied ever since.

If the first lay building of lime and stone erected in Ireland obtained the name of the "wonderful castle" (7), the admiration of the simple inhabitants of Dublin may be easily imagined, when, in the midst of their dens of wicker and hurdles, they beheld the gradual elevation of a castle "with stone walls, gate-towers, portcullis, and courtines, a donjon for a State prison, and a waste parcel of land lying round about it;" in a word, just such a quartier-general of despotism, just such a depot of suspicious power, as may be seen, in the present day, in almost all the frontier towns of Continental Europe, but more particularly in Austrian Italy, where the relics of feudality are carefully preserved, under the special care of the Imperial "custode" of that "royal antiquarian society"—the Holy Alliance.

Still, however, with the exception of its fortress castle, and of its ecclesiastical edifices, which for the times were sumptuous and numerous, the Irish metropolis, down to the latter end of the sixteenth century, continued a city of mud and hurdles, unable to furnish forth a commodious or secure residence for the English chief Governor and other English officials, who with their suite of retainers, their guards and councils, were lodged and quartered in the stately halls of the abbeys and monasteries of the capital; which thus imagined the ancient power and wealth of the Church of Ireland, as the huts of

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1) Drumchallcorl, Ath-Cliath, Ballyathcliath, i Dubh-lin, or Deblana.

2) "The "Regia Sedes Ultimorum."—See O'Halan.

3) "The palaces of our ancient kings were high-celebrated for their magnificence and the taste their decorations."—O'Halloran's Antiquities Ireland.

Ir. O'Halloran gives a list of the state apartnts of the Irish royal palaces, which may stand comparison with those of the Louvre or Verles. "Besides the palace of Tara, of which the idcuarta was but a state form, there were ers erected for the reception of the different vincial kings (Salle des Rois): Grianan-na-ghean was the palace where the provincial ens were entertained. Realla ne Thileadth the place appointed for the judges, poets, iquaries, and other literati, etc., etc. Caircer N'Guill was the state prison where were ged the hostages which the Emperor (O'Conl took from such of the princes whose fidelity doubted." This Carcere duro of the Irish perof smells a little of the regime of the Aus-n Emperor; however, Mr. O'Halloran assures that many of the principal Irish Carbonari of e times claimed and obtained an old heredi-privilege, "Not to wear any kind of shackles but such as were of gold—hence Or-gi, or the Golden Hostage."—"Antiquities of Ireland."

(5) Patrick Finglass Loquire, chief baron of the Irish Exchequer in the reign of Henry the Eighth, to show his loyalty, and to encourage the King to conquer Ireland all over again (for it appears that the "Irish nation," and particularly the "Irish lordes and gentilmen," were then so rebellious, that all the londe was of Irish sale") points out various facilities of doing so; and incidentally bears testimony to the low state of the architecture in Ireland at the time of the English invasion. "Englishmen have grete advantage to get this londe now, which they had not at the conquest; for at that tyme there was not in all Ireland, out of city's five castles or piles, and now there be five hundred castles or piles." These castles or piles were all "English built," and here mentioned are so many fortresses devoted to the great cause of Irish destruction.

(4) Cambrensis, Chap. 33.

(6) On the taking of Dublin, however, by Earl Strongbow and his traitorous ally, Dermod M'Murragh, King of Leinster, it is said by the curious historiographer† of the Irish King, "The soldiers got good spoile, for the citizens were rich." All these citizens were put to the sword by the advice of the King of Leinster, whose motive for undertaking the siege was the mortal hatred he bore them; "For his father being on a tyme in Dublin, and sitting at the door of an ancient man of the city (an humble and patriarchal position for a king) they (the citizens) not only murthered him, but in contempt buried him with a dog." It cannot too often be impressed upon the modern Irish, that the misfortunes of their ancestors were almost invariably the fault of their disunions; and that Ireland's worse foes, from the English conquest effected by one Irishman, to that, her second conquest—the Union—effected by another, have always been found among her own sons.

† "Maurice Regan: his History of the Invasion," was translated by a contemporary, "his famyliar acquaintance," into French metre. Of the French spoken at that time by the Fitzgeralds, the De Montmoriscos, De Cogans, De Courcys, and De Lacey's, the following program of O'Regan's history is a curious specimen:

"Parsoen demande latinoner
L'moi couta de fin historie
Dunt far ici la memorie
Morice Regan iret celui
Buche a buche parla alui
Mi cest gest endeta
L'estoria de lui me Mostra
Jeil Morice cret Latinner
Al rei re murcheo
Sic cerrai del Bachuller, del Rei Dermodvous, soit couten."

(7) By Roderick O'Connor, 1161.

wicker and hovels of sedge figured the subjection and dependence of the people.

It was in oratories and refectories that the collective wisdom of the nation then assembled, that armed senators took their seats, in the face of cowled monks and hooded friars (of whom it was impossible to clear the gallery when abbots sat on the woolsack, and the crosier was the mace). It was along "long sounding aisles and intermingled graves" that some made their speeches, and others made their souls, while the indissoluble union of Church and State was typified by mitred peers pairing off with mailed commoners; and some patriot proser, a Geraldine or a De Courcey, got on his legs to tell them "right plainly and sharply of their unfitting demeaning," and threatened if they did not mend their manners "that they would become Irish every one of them"—without the least regard to the House or fear of being called to order.

Churches and cloisters were then the scenes of all the ceremonies and pageantry, which in modern times are exhibited in palaces and courts (8). It was in Christ Church that Lord Deputy Kildare did homage, and took the oath of office to Sir Richard Edgecomb (9) the King's Minister, and went in state from thence to St. Thomas's Abbey (O'Neil carrying the sword before him), in which abbey he entertained the nobility and King's Commission.

It was in the spacious apartments of the priory of Kilmainham, that the Lord Deputy Sussex held his Viceregal Court, and received the homage of Irish toparchs, and English Pale-lords; and that mirror of magistrates, and model of Irish Viceroys, Sir Henry Sidney, having landed at Monkstown, and stopped to take a stirrup cup 'at the house of one Fitzwilliam of Merryon," entered the city in state, and "proceeded forthwith to his lodging in St. Mary's Abbey."

Many of the great monasteries had then their "chamber of presence," or "the king's chamber"; and "the commons' house" was an epithet applied to an old apartment in the Cathedral of St. Patrick, even down to those times when a House of Commons had ceased to exist in the realm.

The dissolution of all monasteries, and the forfeiture, or rather the transfer, of their immense revenues to the ecclesiastical princes of the new Church, at the time of the Reformation, dissolved the rites of hospitality between Abbots and Viceroys; the latter of whom, probably, long lamented the loss of that "right good cheer," which the jovial monks of Kilmainham and St. Mary's so sumptuously dispensed. Sir Henry Sydney, however, was the first Lord Deputy who removed from his "snug lying in the abbey," and took up his residence in the "castel." Previous to his departure, he took special care to erect "certain lodgins, and other fair and necessary roulmes, both for a convenient plaice for the Lord Deputy, and receaving of ony Government hereafter, as for the better and more commodious resort and assembling of the councaill, and greater ease of all suitors, boath rich and poore, which heretofore were accustomed to travail to and from plaices, both farder distant, and less commodious for the dispatch of their causes; and for the keeping of the said house and roulmes newly erected, and swepping and keeping clane the walkes upon the walls and platforms, as for the tending and keaping of the clock within the castel, an honest, careful, and diligent person was appoynted, with the fee or enterteynment of sixteen pence currant money of Ireland per day, and withall a convaynient roulme for his lodging within the sayd castel at the assignment of the Governour for the tyme being."

Ye ploughers of the half-acre of modern times, behold here in the "suitors boath rich and poore," that haunted the castel in Elizabeth's day, the antiquity of your vocation! and you, ye exclusive elegants of Almack's, ye dandy habitues of Brookes's, who canvass the official dignities of the Irish Viceregal household with "all appliances and means to boot," behold in the "honest, careful, and diligent person," who "kept the roulmes and walkes of the castel clane," and wound up the clock into the bargain for sixteen pence a day current money, behold the origin and type of your controllerships, your stewardships, and your chamberlainships, and of all those splittings and splicings of an homely office, which once included all your several services! (10)

(To be Concluded next week.)

(8) The state of the neighbourhood of the capital in the latter end of the 16th century, is curiously depicted by an item in the laws, viz.: "That the deputy be eight days in every summer cutting passes of the woods next adjoining the King's subjects, which shall be thought most needful." A "newe ditche" was then an improvement, which brought some MacAdam of the age emolument and promotion; and the boldly cut "passes" of Powerscourt, Strenanlora- Branwallehangry, and others in the vicinage of the pale, were then deemed as important, and now sound as classical in the ears of the true Irish antiquary, as that of Thermopylæ. "Och ye've sould the pass," is an ancient Irish figure of speech applied to some real or supposed traitor to "th' ould cause."

(9) "The seyd Sir Richard landed at Malahide, and there a gentlewoman called Talbot, receaved hym, and made him right good cheer; (a) and the same day at afternoon, the Bushopp of Meath, John Streete, and others, came to Malahide aforesaid, well accompanied, and fetched the seyd Sir Richard to Dublyn, and at his coming thither the mayor and substance of the city receaved hym at the Black fryars gate, at which Black fryars the seyd Sir Richard was lodged."—Sir Richard Edgcomb's Voyage to Ireland, 1788. The Black fryars was a Dominican abbey, near the old bridge, where King's Inn now stands.

"The seyd Sir Richard, at the desire of the seyd Erle, went to the monastery of St. Thomas the martyr, where the lordes and council were assembled, and ther in a great chambir, callid the King's chambir, the seyd Sir Richard took hommage, first of the seyd Erle, and after that of othir lordes, whose names be written hereafter in the boke; and this done, the seyd Erle went into a chambir, wher the seyd Sir Richard's chaplain was at masse, and in the masse time, the seyd Erle was shriven and assoiled from the excommunication that he stood in by the virtue of the Pope's Bull, and befor the Agnus of the seyd masse, the host divided into thre partes, the priest turned him from the altar, holding the seyd thre partes of the host upon the pattege, and ther in the presense of many persons, the seyd Erle, holding his right hand over the holy host, made his holy oath of ligeance unto our soverain Lord Kyng Henry 7th in souch form as was afor devised; and in like wise the Bushopps and Lordes, as appeareth hereafter, made like oaths; and that done, and the masse endid, the seyd Erle, with the seyd Sir Richard, Bushops and Lordes, went into the church of the seyd monastry, and in the choir thereof the Archbushop of Dublin began Te Deum, and the choir with the organs sung it up, solemnly, and that tyme all the bells in the church rang. This done the Erle and most part of the seyd lordes went with the seyd Sir Richard into his lodging and dined with hym, and had right good cheer; and the seyd Sir Richard at their making of the seyd Erle's hommage put a collar of the King's livery about the seyd Erle's neck, whych he wore throughout the seyd citty of Dublin, both outward and homeward."

It is worthy to observe, that the descendants of the gentlemen who had large estates in the county of Dublin at this period, and who came into Dublin to do homages to the "King's deputy" in the fifteenth century, are in the actual possession of those estates at the present day; for instance, "Item—Peter Talbot Knight, Lord of Malahide, at the monastery of our Lady St. Mary, Develin (Dublin), made both his hommage and fealty."

"The same day, William St. Lawrence of Houth, fecit fidelitatem: Item, Barnabas Barnwell."

"Item, Sir J. Plunket, Lord of Dunsany, and Christopher Bellew, of Bellewstown, &c., &c., &c.

(a) The room where "Sir Richard" received his "good den" from the hospitable Lady of Malahide, stands at this day in high preservation. Its lofty and impregnable walls, its fine rafted roof of black Irish oak, still enshrine the same spirit of hospitality that distinguished their noble masters in the 14th century.

"Item, Christopher Barnewell, Lord of Tremlestown." The professed Irish antiquaries will call these families interlopers, new settlers, and "boddie sassoni," English churls; and there is no disputing that their tenures are not above six hundred years old.

(10) It is but fair to say that this remark is the pure abstraction of patriotism; for however multiplicity of official places may deserve to be cried down upon a general principle, the private society of Dublin stands largely indebted to the English gentlemen who fill them, for the educated minds and polished manners they contribute to the social weal.

SALTZBURG.

BY J. R.

On Salza's quiet tide the westering sun
Gleams mildly; and the lengthening shadows dun,
Chequered with ruddy streaks from spire and roof,
Begin to weave fair twilight's mystic woof,
Till the dim tissue, like a gorgeous veil,
Wraps the proud city, in her beauty pale.
A minute since, and in the rosy light
Dome, casement, spire, were glowing warm and bright;
A minute since, St. Rupert's stately shrine,
Rich with the spoils of many a Hartzwald mine, *
Flung back the golden glow: now, broad and vast,
The shadows from yon ancient fortress cast,
Like the dark grasp of some barbaric power,
Their leaden empire stretch o'er roof and tower.

Sweet is the twilight hour by Salza's strand,
Though no Arcadian visions grace the land:
Wakes not a sound that floats not sweetly by,
While day's last beams upon the landscape die;
Low chants the fisher where the waters pour,
And murmuring voices melt along the shore;
The plash of waves comes softly from the side
Of passing barge slow gliding o'er the tide;
And there are sounds from city, field, and hill,
Shore, forest, flood; yet mellow all and still.

But change we now the scene, ere night descend,
And through St. Rupert's massive portal wend.
Full many a shrine, bedeckt with sculpture quaint
Of steel-clad knight and legendary saint:
Full many an altar, where the incense-cloud
Rose with the pealing anthem, deep and loud;
And pavements worn before each marble fane
By knees devout—(ah! bent not all in vain!)
There greet the gaze; with statues, richly wrought,
And noble paintings, from Ausonia brought,—
Planned by those master minds whose memory stands
The grace, the glory, of their native lands.
As the hard granite, 'midst some softer stone,
Starts from the mass, unbuttressed and alone,
And proudly rears its iron strength for aye,
While crumbling crags around it melt away;
So, midst the ruins of long eras gone,
Creative Genius holds his silent throne,—
While lesser lights grow dim,—august, sublime,
Gigantic looming o'er the gulfs of Time!

HUDSON RIVER MASTODONS.

The remains of another mastodon were found recently by labourers digging muck and marl from a small swamp near Newburgh, Orange County, New York. This part of the Hudson River valley, on the west shore, just north of the Highlands, appears to have been a favourite habitat of those gigantic animals, for three skeletons of mastodons have been unearthed in former years from the swamps of Orange County. The latest find differs from the others in that the bones, instead of lying close together at the spot where the monster had become enmired, were found scattered over about 1,000 square feet, at depths varying from two to eight feet

* The dome of the Cathedral of St. Hubert is covered with copper; and there are many altars an shrines in the interior constructed of different sorts of marble, brought from quarries in the vicinity. St. Hubert, to whom the Cathedral is dedicated, was descended from the dukes of Ireland, and was baptised by St. Patrick.

A FRENCH WRITER ON EARLY IRISH LITERATURE.

Abridged by "Lector" from J. Darmesteter's "English Studies," as translated by his widow. London: Unwin, 1896.

France, the land of Gaul, was the natural cradle of Celtic studies; but they died young, destroyed by the absurdity of the Celto-maniacs, with whom it was an article of faith that Primitive Man conversed in Bas-Breton. The public englobed in the same lisdain the Celto-maniacs and Celtic studies, with the result that when the creation of comparative philology renewed linguistic studies, the reconstitution of Celtic research took place, not in France, but in Germany. The Bavarian Zeuss taught the descendants of the ancient Celts the lesson of their origin. The "Grammatica Celtica" of Zeuss appeared in 1853, but was little read in France, where Celtic studies began none the less to revive, but only in the direction of archæology. There were many to collect and study the monuments, the coins and the inscriptions of Gaulish and Gaulo-Roman times. Others edited the ancient texts which bore on our national antiquities. M. de la Villemarque was the first to turn his attention towards manuscripts. If he had so chosen, he might have laid a wide and firm foundation for Celtic science in France; but he did not choose. It is only fifteen (now twenty-five) years since Celtic history and philology have made any definite advance in France; and this progress is almost entirely owing to M Gaidez and M d'Arbois de Jubainville. Founded by M. Gaidoz in 1870, the "Revue Celtique' soon became an international authority—a trysting place for the Celtic scholars of Europe. A little later he inaugurated at the Ecoledes Hautes Etudes the first course of lectures on the subject ever heard in France; and thanks to the initiative of M. Henri Martin, these studies, national above all others, entered with M. d'Arbois de Jubainville into the programme of the College de France. By his severe and trenchant criticism, pitiless to all hypothesis, and his creating the "Revue Celtique," M. Gaidoz has especially contributed to Celtic science; whilst on the other hand M. d'Arbois has chiefly merited by his original research in regions hitherto unexplored, and by the mass of fresh information which he has placed at the disposal of the public. The two first years of his professorship were fruitful in two considerable works, as interesting by the novelty of their facts as by the originality of their conclusions. With their aid I hope to give some idea of the Celtic question.

Few people have wandered more about the world than the Celts. Colonisation was their speciality. Natives of Asia, as we may suppose, like the other Aryans of Europe, they populated Gaul and Britain, Spain, Northern Italy, and Southern Germany, settled north of the Danube, and went as far afield as the great plains of Asia Minor. They terrorised Europe and threatened Rome, only to recoil before the advancing fortunes of the Roman armies. Rome subdued them to its own colour, but they were not, however, assimilated by Rome; so that the earlier civilisation of the Celts remained always recognisable in certain shreds and patches in Ireland especially, and in Wales, Cornwall, and the North of Scotland. In our times the Celtic idiom, formerly spoken from Ireland to the Black Sea, is the tongue of scarce three millions of men, scattered through the countries just cited, and along the Breton march of France, whither in the early Middle Ages, the English Bretons fleeing before the Saxon invaders, brought their language and their civilisation.

The Celtic dialects still extant are divided into two families, the Breton, to which Wales and Brittany belong; and the Gaelic, of Ireland and the Scottish Highlands. This division, imposed by philology, is confirmed by history, as the Bretons of France came from Wales, the Celts of the Highlands from Ireland; in other words, the two principal forms of speech scattered at present athwart the last Celtic fastnesses are derived from two old forms—that of Ireland, and that of Great Britain. Too little remains of the ancient tongue of Gaul for science to decide upon its origin; and in all probability it was third deviation, nearer to Welsh and Breton than to the Gaelic dialect.

As a rule in studying a family of languages the philologist attaches especial importance to the oldest, that whose texts and inscriptions date farthest back in history. Rightly learned, this tongue will help us to interpret the others, for it is probable that it has preserved the primitive forms, altered or worn into insignificance in the kindred branches. It is this which gives especial value to Sanscrit. The inscriptions of Gaul—were they but more numerous—would stand for the Sanscrit of Celtic tongues. They date from the first century, and even further back. In them the Celtic language is intact, and pure as Greek. But, alas! they are as rare as they are priceless; and Gaul being almost mute, Ireland must be the spokeswoman.

In studying the texts of Ireland for the purposes of science the Celtic scholars of our time rediscovered a fact almost forgotten, namely, that Ireland in her day possessed a literature as rich and cultivated as that of any civilised people—that in her hour of glory she was the light of Christendom—girt with her cohort of bards and her wealth of epics, at a moment when everywhere else in Europe art and letters appeared to droop and fade. These poems, almost entirely unpublished, remain in their thousands on the shelves of the great libraries of Ireland. The mere catalogue of manuscripts relating to epic poetry fills a whole volume recently published by M. d'Arbois de Jubainville, without exhausting the material. This literature interests us in its more ancient parts especially, because they show us most clearly the life and manners of the ancient Celts.

The period of invention, the true creative ferment ceases with the seventh century of our era, when the triumph of Christianity was assured in Ireland. Then began a second period of collecting, editing, and systematising the epic wealth of the preceding centuries. The monks who undertook this pious labour naturally baptised their antique heroes; but their thin veil of piety is perfectly transparent—the rugged features of a primitive age appear behind it. The Christian editors were not too exacting. The Irish clergy showed themselves ever clement to popular tradition, and their tolerance was rewarded. Their religion was accepted as not incompatible with the beloved ancient stories, which had charmed the vigils of generations in every hut or castle. Thus by its welcome to the national epic, Irish Catholicism ingratiated itself yet further in the favour, in the heart of a people whose sensitive imagination it had never ruffled. The epic poem, with its myths, its heroes, and its legends, thus survived the early faith of Ireland. The hymns of the Church did not drown the ancient harp in Tara's halls; the stories of the Gods, sons of Dana, of Conchobar, and Ossian, continued to ring along highways and byways, round the peasant's hearth, and in the great halls of the royal duns.

It would be interesting to know the history of the society which produced such literature; we can but guess at it from the witness of the pages that survive it. Real historical documents we have none until the beginning of the decadence—a decadence so glorious that we might almost mistake it for a Renaissance—a growth less original, certainly, but scarcely less wonderful, if we consider the condition of Continental Europe at that date.

For the classic tradition, to all appearances dead in Europe, burst out in fresh flower in the Isle of Saints; and the renaissance began in Ireland 700 years before it was known in Italy. During three countries Ireland was the asylum of the higher learning which took sanctuary there from the uncultured States of Europe. Alas! all this brilliant delicate efflorescence was foredoomed to perish. Soon the invasion of Danes and Saxons, the raids of pirates and barbarians destroyed all before them. Learned Ireland perished or crossed the sea to Gaul. Yet even the barbarians who stamped out this miraculous civilisation in Ireland soon became its pupils in Ireland. Mr. Sophies Bugge, a valiant Scandinavian, who was not afraid to speak the truth, amid a perfect tempest of patriotic clamour, has recently shown us that the poets of the Edda are the disciples of the Irish File. They copied from the monks and minstrels of Erin even their peculiar metres, and from the fragments of quainty assorted mythology and Bible history, which they picked up around the firesides of the castles and convents of Ireland, they constructed with barbaric ingenuity a religion of their own, and a National Valhalla.

A people which lives against the background of such a past cannot appear entirely destitute of nobility, however forlorn or even servile may be the present. 'Tis with the glory of the past that a downtrodden nation finds means to build itself a future. Homer and the gods of Olympus inspired the revival of Greece. Her scholars and students are responsible for a united Germany, and the same impulse is at work in Hungary to-day. But, unfortunately, in the scientific reconstitution of early Irish literature and history the artisans are German, English, and French, with few exceptions. There will not be a united Ireland until there be an Irish philology.

Years must pass ere it will be possible to draw up so much as a catalogue of Irish letters in their several branches of poetry, jurisprudence, history, and theology. Of our crown of jewels in this abundant treasure, viz., the Irish epics, I hope to show the interest which they offer, not only to lovers of poetry, but to students of the history of literature. The Irish epics comprehend three great cycles, the Mythic, the Heroic, and the Legendary. The mythic cycle has for its object the origin in history of the gods, of man, and of the world. The Heroic cycle clusters round the adventures of Conchobar and Cuchullin. 'Tis a subject born of the fusion of ancient myths with historical traditions; and it treats of the struggle which Ulster in the North maintained against the rest of Ireland. Tradition places the adventures of the two heroes somewhere in the first ages of the Christian era. The Heroic epic gives us a faithful picture of Irish manners and customs prior to the conversion of the Isle of Saints. The third cycle, the Legendary, celebrates the historical events of the second and third centuries after Christ, and sings of the chivalry of Ireland and of the exploits of Finn (MacPherson's Fingal) and his Fenians, whose name, at least, modern Ireland has resuscitated.

The fragments of the mythic cycle are too rare—too insufficiently edited—for us to gather a clear idea of the religion of the ancient Irish. Still, we perceive that it was germane to the other Arvan mythologies, and composed of much the same naturalistic elements and ritual. In Ireland, as elsewhere, the war of light and darkness is the centre on which the life of the universe depends; as elsewhere, the mystic powers of worship maintain the stars in their courses, and are even stronger than the gods to whom they are addressed. As in India the world was created by a God-made priest, by means of a burnt offering; so in Ireland the heaven, the earth, the sea, and the stars are the work of three Druids older than any god.

All cosmology tends towards history. Myths, infinite in form, identical in essence, sooner or later group themselves in successive series. When a poet of genius, or even merely fortunate in his choice, takes up the vague material in his inspired hands, turns it, and forms it, and makes it into shape, his production imposes himself upon posterity, and he bequeaths a chronology to future historians. The Irish poets fix, more or less approximately the order of their mythic dynasties; races, human and divine, succeed each other on the green soil of Erin—succeed, or it may be jostle, each other—innocent and astonished neighbours. Thus they sing the destinies of Ireland, from the first Colonist, Partholon or Nemedh, until the last comers, the Picts and Scots—finding place between them for the human tribe of the Firbolgs, the demon tribe of Formore, the divine children of Dana, and the Milesians, who sailed thither from the realms of death.

With the historic period begin the two heroic and legendary cycles of Conchobar and Ossian—less unknown to Europe than the reader may suppose—since it was they who furnished forth the elements of those "Poems of Ossian," which some hundred and odd years ago lit up such a flame in the enkindled imagination of our ancestors. The semi-forgeries of MacPherson (the author of these poems) are now clear in all their details: they are the combination of two independent epic cycles, welded together against nature, transformed to suit the adaptor's pleasure, without heed to the veracity of his presentation—prettified and airified to suit 18th century tastes and aspirations, then weary in truth of a classic convention, and in quest of a newer convention, which it dubbed "Nature." So that the rude, ferocious, half-barbaric heroes of Ireland appear as generous Paladins worthy of Tasso, with the delicate point of honour and the chivalry of a knight errant. The Irish legend in its tragic

beauty, with its grandeur of superstition, and its vivid bursts of passion—all these details disappear in the rendering of MacPherson. The literature of Ireland is the key of the Celtic world; but it is not the whole of Celtic literature. Brittany contributes her share to the treasure; but it is less ancient and still comparatively unexplored. The Breton cycle is dominated by the grand figure of King Arthur, who passed from Wales into Brittany, and thence into France, whither all Europe has come to do him homage and sit among his knights at the Feasts of the Round Table.

Gaul, no less, we may suppose, had its own early letters, now lost beyond recovery. All we can do for Gaul is to illuminate the scanty fragments which remain of her perished culture by the borrowed lights of Ireland.

I will quote one example of such unexpected revelations. The cities of Gaul had made up a purse to raise at Lyons a temple to the divinity of Cæsar Augustus. On the 1st of August a festival was held there, with annual games. This yearly feast, it may be imagined, was given on the 1st of August in homage to Augustus, but Irish poetry teaches us that the 1st of August was one of the three great National holidays held in honour of a divinity named Lugu. Now Lyons, in Latin, "Lugdunum," or more anciently "Lugu-Dunum," signifies the "Fortress of Lugu." It is, therefore, probable that the 1st of August had long been celebrated in honour of Lugu, and had been the National festival of Lyons for many generations before the Gallo-Romans transferred their homage to the Emperor Augustus. In Ireland, at the annual feast of Lugu, the File or Bards used to recite their poems, old and new, so that Caligula's Rhetors at Lyons were but the continuation of these File.

Ireland has not yet given up to us in her texts and monuments any memorial of the Gaulish gods quoted in classic antiquity. Yet one of them, the Hercules Ogmios of Lucian, the God of Eloquence, is admitted to be the Irish Ogme, the inventor of the Ogam writing.

In an hour when national antiquities meet with more attention in France than has ever been paid to them before, it is but just that the most considerable and the most enduring of the constituents of the French character should receive its due; but Gaul has disappeared from the surface of the Gallic soil, although abundantly treasured beneath it. To rediscover Gaul let us cross the Channel to Ireland. This is the reason why Irish archaeology and Irish philology should become a branch of the study of our national antiquities. Ireland alone remembers a portion of our forgotten past.

THE YUCATAN TOE.

The toes of civilised people have lost much of their cunning as helpful members of the body in any work that requires skill. The Maya people of Yucatan, however, have kept the free-and-easy use of the toes in doing many kinds of work. It is said that the Maya women, who always go barefooted, will pick up a pin from the floor as easily with their toes as with their fingers. An archeologist who has spent some time among that people in the interest of the Peabody Museum, of Harvard University, tells the following anecdote of his landlady at Chichen Itza:—

Coming into the house one day, the American noticed that the pig had been rash enough to trespass upon the domain of the mistress of the house. The woman was in close pursuit of the intruder, but piggy would look in any direction other than towards the door.

Had she been compelled to stoop and seize the animal with her hand, the outcome of the chase might have been doubtful. Mayan training, however, gave her a great advantage. She reached out her foot as the pig ran by, seized him by the tail between her great toe and the second toe, and with a graceful swing of the leg she landed the pig some yards beyond the threshold.

When told by the American that he had never seen the thing done in his own country, the Mayan woman replied that it was as easily done with the toes as with the fingers.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

A WINDMILL WHICH WOULD NOT TURN.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

Maitre Humeau's windmill turned so quickly and so well, both day and night, and in all kinds of weather, that everybody marvelled at it: and what everybody marvelled at, too, was that the miller was rapidly growing rich.

The mill stood high up on top of a hill, firmly set, the foundation being of stone work from whence rose up the timber work. . . Oh, the beautiful wood work, my dear children! He who had made it in the good old times must have been a splendid workman. It commenced by a single pivot, whence jutted out more than thirty curved beams, supporting the cage, the wings, the roof, and the miller who was not to be seen.

For more than a hundred yards round about all the trees had been cut down, and as the country was flat, very extensive and very open, the windmill could be seen from everywhere around. The slightest breeze which rose encountered it. A storm made it go mad. In winter time, when the biting north wind was blowing, the miller drew in his sails and left but those frames of chestnut wood, which were quite sufficient to turn the mill, and very prettily, I can assure you.

When not asleep, Maitre Humeau watched the donkeys coming up to his mill from his window, and counted the farms; or oftener, when money was due to him, and provided the crops were ripening well. he rejoiced within himself at the thought that other people's success would bring him more profits.

"One sack of wheat, two sacks of flour," was his motto and measure.

In a few years he earned money enough to become the greatest personage in the country. All through the week he was a miller white from head to foot; but on Sundays one would have taken him for a real lord, for he wore such fine clothes, and his countenance was so fresh, and he appeared most contented with life.

Everybody would greet him "Maitre Humeau!"

"Well, my good man," would reply the worthy miller.

Yet no one envied his luck. He was an honest man.

Unfortunately, however, as he grew old he also grew a little avaricious. Riches hardened his heart, and he began to show himself more and more exacting towards those debtors who were not paying up well. Furthermore, he proved himself less condescending to the poor who possessed neither horses nor carts, mules nor donkeys, and who carried all their wheat to the mill in a bag.

One fine day, when a fresh breeze had sprung up over the fields, now fair with stubble, and had made the four wings of the mill turn with fury, the miller and his daughter stood talking over the future with their arms folded on the window sill. As is always the case, they imagined it as being more beautiful than the present.

The girl was pretty, and more like a lady than a miller's daughter; though not of a wicked disposition, she had a habit—the fault of her parents, who had spoiled her—of judging everyone from the height of their windmill that is, a little too high.

"Jeanette!" said the father, "business is going on well."

"So much the better for you——"

"So much the better for you also, Jeanette, for in two years—or I'm not Maitre Humeau—your marriage portion will be put aside, the windmill will be sold, and I think all the middle-class gentlemen of the town, even the richest of them, will be disputing the honour of becoming the son-in-law of a man having an income as I."

The daughter smiled.

"Yes! I was right," continued he, "in sending away those small customers, who, with their own sack, give as much trouble as my best customers, and don't bring any profit after all. I don't want the custom of the needy, and I'm not dependent upon it. Let them go elsewhere! That's the way, isn't it, my dear little girl?"

The young girl extended her arm towards a hollow road, an old route now almost deserted and quite covered with willows, which opened out at the foot of the hillock on which the mill was built, and descended to the very depths of the valley, and, there meeting a stream, followed it, twisting and turning itself like a large green ridge, till all traces of it were lost in the extreme distance.

But in the harvest time carts laden with hay, wheat, or oats began to wend their way along this road again, and all throughout the year, though in smaller numbers, came the inhabitants of the few and far between farm houses which lay lost in the humid portion of the plain.

Jeanette showed him then a point of this old road, and remarked:

"Look! here comes at this very moment Widow Guenfol! She has her son with her. What on earth are they carrying on their backs? Some sacks of corn, if my eye don't deceive me! She's a good customer is this Widow Guenfol!"

Then she burst out laughing so prettily that the windmill, which would turn for even less than that, began to spin round quicker and quicker.

"A miserable gleaner and a beggarly woman!" growled Maitre Humeau. "You'll just see how I'll receive her!"

He remained there leaning with his elbows on the window ledge, and put forward his head a little as the woman painfully began to climb the steep ascent.

Widow Guenfol was quite bent under the weight of a sack three-quarters full which she was carrying on her back and held firm over her left shoulder with her two hands. She stopped three times before reaching the summit of the hill. And when at last she had thrown down her sack near to the door of the mill, she sighed with fatigue and pleasure.

"Ah!" she said, looking at her little son, a curly headed fellow of five summers, "we are at last at the end of our toilsome journey, Jean du Guenfol!"

Then she raised her head.

"Good day! Maitre Humeau and company. Look at this beautiful wheat I've brought you. There's not much of it, but it's of good sort, I think."

"You can take it back," growled the miller; "my mill doesn't turn any longer for your four bushels of wheat. It requires bigger mouthfuls."

"But you did it for me last year!"

"Yes, I know; but I'm not doing it any more. You understand?"

It was so well understood that the widow had already begun to weep, regarding her sack of corn and the small bag of little Jean standing by her side, like a grey hen and her little chick.

Carry them back! Could it be possible? Surely the miller was not so cruel—he was certainly joking.

Then making off as though to return, she said aloud:

"Come, Jean du Guenfol! Maitre Humeau will take your sack and mine, and will give us back our white flour."

She took her son by the hand: he was looking up in the air in the direction of the skylight of the mill, and said:

"No, he will not; wicked miller, he will not."

Scarcely, however, had she descended halfway down the mound when the man, now quite angry, appeared in the doorway, and, opening the sack, dug his hands deep down and drew them forth full of corn, which he threw after these poor people.

"There's your corn for you! Look at it! Come back and take it if you don't wish it all to go after you in the same way. Beggars that you are, and bad payers in the bargain!"

Thus the corn of the gleaning passed out of his heavy hands; it rolled upon the skylights; it rained down upon the mother and son, and such was the miller's strength that a whole handful flew right up to the top of the mill, and fell like hail upon the roof.

A cracking noise was heard, and the wings came to sudden standstill. But the miller paid no heed to it, for he had already gone up the inner ladder, whilst the widow, quite desolate, took her half empty sack up again and went off.

The beautiful Jeanette was laughing at the window.

A grey petticoat and a black vest soon became invisible in a verdant country.

Then they stopped laughing, and soon noticed that the mill was no longer turning. The wings were fidgety and trembling from end to end; they were bent a little as if impatient to start off again, but the pivot resisted the wind. The machines had now stopped.

"I'll go and give out a bit of sail," said the worthy miller; "the wind has dropped a little."

And then with a turn of a crank he unfurled all the sail he usually let out on days when the wind was languishing lazily in the calm heavens.

The timber work shook from corner to corner, the walls of the mill trembled, and one of the wings broke with a terrible crash under the violent pressure of air.

"Cursed beggars! this is what we get for listening to them. There must have been a sudden change in the wind whilst I was engaged in sending them away."

The following day workmen were sent to repair the broken mill.

He paid them up, spread out once more his sails in the usual style, and listened from the inside of his little nook, near to his motionless mill stones, awaiting that peculiar rolling noise from above, that shriek of the wood which every morning betokened that the wings had begun to turn.

But he was obliged to draw in his sails very quickly for fear of another accident. The long beams bent like hoops, and nothing turned round.

"These village workmen are ignorant asses —mere bunglers!" retorted the miller. "I'll get some others from the town, and then we'll see."

Then came the workmen from the town, who took off the roof, replaced the four wings, put him to very great expense, and yet did not succeed any better than the others.

When they tried to set the new machinery in motion the wind could not move them. It blew in to the cross pieces, spread out the sail, bent it even, but that was all.

The customers, however, went away. Maitre Humeau began to have law-suits on account of contracts which he had made and could not fulfil. Jeanette's marriage portion did not increase; on the contrary, it was daily growing less.

The miller and his daughter began to weep.

"I can't understand anything of this affair which has just happened," simpered Jeanette; "but I think that the family Guenfol are somehow the cause of it. We have offended them, and perhaps they can discover the reason why our mill won't turn."

"If it only needs a nice present to take away this curse and misfortune which is hanging over us," answered the miller, "I'm not against giving it."

"Go, then, and be very kind, father, for our fortune depends upon these poor people, perhaps," suggested the daughter.

Maitre Humeau always obeyed his daughter, even when she was wrong. And in this circumstance he did well to heed her words.

Along the roads, so green that they seemed almost black, he wended his way by the side of the brook to Guenfol's cottages. As he advanced towards the level of the plain the air became more and more humid; frogs leaped about on the moss in the deserted roadway; the perfume of many plants filled the air; reed appeared everywhere and encroached upon the pathway.

Accustomed to the heights of his mill, the miller breathed this air with difficulty, and felt himself so much the more inclined to pity.

Beneath the branches at some paces from the stream he perceived the house of the Guenfols all covered with mouldiness; grass and wild herbs lay at the base of the building, the same were hanging from the roof; it looked like a shaggy head dress which the wind entangled and disentangled at will. One could not enter the house without stooping.

Maitre Humeau did not go in, for he discovered at the same time a very narrow field which ascended a gentle rising, a field which resembled a flower bed. Here a young boy was working. Jean du Guenfol had thrown his jacket upon the slope, and was digging away with all his might in a small border of earth.

Around him were to be seen so many flowerless stalks of poppy, mint, and lavender especially—the number of these was even greater than that of the stubble stalks.

"So here's the miserable bushelful of earth from which they make their living," thought Maitre Humeau, "and it's the little one that's working it up."

"Halloa there, Jean du Guenfol!" shouted the miller.

The little fellow turned round, recognised Maitre Humeau, and blushed. He did not even leave the furrow in which he was working. But since he had the habit of speaking honestly to everybody, he asked—

"What do you want, Maitre Humeau?"

"Since the day you and your mother came to my windmill has never once turned round, my little friend."

"But I can do nothing for it."

"Perhaps you can, perhaps you can't. But my daughter Jeanette has got it into her head that my mill, which stopped at seeing your backs, will begin to go again at seeing your faces."

"My mother is now dead of misery," responded Jean du Guenfol. "I have been left alone for fifteen days to sow our field, for my grandmother is very old. Leave me alone, Maitre Humeau; I've no time to follow you."

He had lifted up his spade and struck the earth, which fell down in lumpy clods. The poppies fell, the mint crumbled into dust, and the lavender broke into blue threads.

"You are doing nothing but burying bad seeds in your field," continued the miller. "Listen to me. If you will accompany me, and if you discover what is wrong there, I will give you five sacks of flour, enough to feed you for all the winter."

"I've got no time."

"But you can have your choice of ten sacks straight from the mill."

"Maitre Humeau, I'm not a workman experienced in the windmills, and I don't know what is the matter with your wings."

"Jean du Guenfol, I will build you a new house at the bottom of my hillock for you and your grandmother, and I will give you one of my fields three times larger than yours."

The little fellow let his spade fall and followed the man.

When they stood before the mill the wings did not turn at the mere sight of the boy's face, as Jeanette had thought, but the little fellow went up the ladder with the miller, his daughter behind him, who having no longer any other hope, besought him one after the other.

"Look well, Jean du Guenfol! unbewitch our mill. Look at it well; look at everything!"

The little fellow searched in every corner, for he took great pleasure in visiting the windmill. He wished to climb right up to the pivot, so the miller stopped, saying:

"Get upon my shoulder, my little friend; on my head if you like, you are not heavy! Do you see anything near the pivot?"

"I see nothing," replied Jean; "but I smell our corn."

At this word Maitre Humeau was so agitated that he nearly fell backwards. He supported himself against the wooden walls of the mill, and said:

"Jean du Guenfol, I promise you again——"

The child had already put his hand into the opening in which the beam of the pivot used to turn so well. As he had a fine hand, he felt the edges of the fent, recognised the grain of the wheat by his very touch, and drew it ouf. . . . At once the four wings impelled by the autumn wind turned rapidly round, making the whole wooden mill sing.

Since then, night and day, the windmill never stops more.

It is for that reason that now a new house is to be seen upon the hillock with a field which yields an abundance of corn and which has no other shade in summer but the wings of the windmill.

SONG OF THE FAIRY CAPTIVE.

BY ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

Stars are brightening
Over the hill;
Clouds are whitening—
Still, oh! still,
Ever and ever my doom shall be
To go with the fairy companie,
Over the moorland and over lea,
'Till my true love, Dermid, come for me!

Oh! There is singing
By wood and glen;
Bugles are ringing
O'er rock and fen:
Not an owl dare scream or hoot—
All the voices of night are mute,
While the dancing lasts to the harp and flute,
Down by the oak tree's mossy root.

Oh! it is weary
The long night-time,
Darksome and dreary,
'Till matin chime,
Down o'er the lonely streams to sail,
Ever away in the moonlight pale;
Thus to dance in some trackless vale,
With none to list to my ceaseless wail!

Oh! I am sighing
To meet and find
Voices replying
Of human kind—
Sighing some friendly face to see,
Sighing for Dermid to come to me;
In the strength of his love to set me free
From the wiles of the fairy companie!

PEAT AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR COAL.

The consequences of the recent coal strike have directed attention to the manufacture of peat briquettes in Canada as possibly indicating a substitute for anthracite as fuel. United States Consul Gunsaulus, at Toronto, reports that improved methods have resulted in the manufacture of blocks of peat of such density and quality that they serve very well in the place of coal. The maximum manufacturing cost is 1.50 dols. per ton. The Canadian experiments in this industry have continued for several years, but the best results have been attained within the past few months.

ANCIENT DIGNITY OF IRELAND.

The following history, which we take from the Appendix to the General Council of Constance l'Abbe and Cossart Concilia, vol. xii., col. 1727, et seq., Ed. Paris, 1672), will be interesting to Irishmen, as showing the respect which was paid to the ancient dignity of Ireland.

We must explain that there was an ancient custom in these countries of voting by "Nations," as it was called. Four "Nations" were acknowledged—viz., France, Spain, Germany, and Italy. These "Nations" were not "Kingdoms." Each was a collection of several independent kingdoms. We have the lists, and we find that each "Nation" comprised six or eight Kingdoms, whose Governments were independent of each other.

At the Council of Constance, which was held A.D. 1414, the King of England claimed that the English should be acknowledged as a separate "Nation," having a vote of their own in the Council. The King of France was very jealous at this, and ordered his ambassadors to protest against it in the Council; their protest is given in the Appendix of the Council to which we have referred. The Ambassadors of France insist that England had always been reckoned part of the German "Nation" in all general Councils, and they maintain that it ought to be so still, for as England had only twenty-five Bishops, it was absurd that so few should have a separate vote in the Council.

The Ambassadors of the English King were heard in reply, and they do not deny either of the above statements; but they say, in answer to the fewness of their Bishops, that the Irish, who had sixty dioceses, were united with them in the "Anglican Nation," and taking in the Welsh and some Scotch Bishops, who joined with them, there were 110 Bishops altogether. And in answer to the statement that England had always been counted part of the German nation, and not a nation in itself, they do not deny it; on the contrary, they seem to admit that this was true; but then they quote St. Albert the Great and Bartholomoeus as follows:—"That the whole world being divided into three parts—viz., Asia, Africa, and Europe, Europe is divided into four kingdoms—first, the Roman; secondly, the Constantinopolitan; third, the kingdom of Ireland, which is now translated to the English; and fourth, the kingdom of Spain. From which it appears that the King of England and his kingdom are of the most eminent and the most ancient kings and kingdoms of all Europe, which prerogative the kingdom of France cannot obtain."

Such was the defence of the Ambassadors of England. They did not rest their claim upon the rights of England itself, but on her inheriting the ancient rights of Ireland; and thus England, obtained dignity in Europe and influence in Christendom by her union with Ireland. For this defence having been heard by the Council of Constance, they decided that England and Ireland united should rank and vote as a separate nation, thus giving them an influence in the Council which the King of France sought to prevent, and which would have been wholly lost if England had stood alone. We observe, as an appropriate acknowledgment of their obligation to Ireland, that ths "Anglican nation" was throughout represented at that Council by Patrick, Bishop of Cork.

The rank assigned to Ireland among the Kingdoms of Europe, in the above extract, may not appear so absurd if we reflect that all the other kingdoms of modern Europe, which have any antiquity, arose out of the ruins of the Roman Empire, and can trace their origin no farther back than its decay; while Ireland, which had never been conquered by the Romans, could show the succession of her kingdom for ages before. This was, no doubt, the reason of the precedence assigned to her by St. Albert and Bartholmoeus.

In the preface to Lynch's Feudal Dignitaries, it is stated (p. 8) that the French rolls in the Tower contain enrolments of the proceedings on behalf of England at the Council of Constance.

ST. BRANDAN.*

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

St. Brandan sails the northern main,
The brotherhoods of Saints are glad;
He greets them once—he sails again—
So late! such storms! The Saint is mad!

He heard, across the howling seas,
Chime convent bells on wintry nights;
He saw, on spray-swept Hebrides,
Twinkle the monastery lights.

But north, still north, Saint Brandan steer'd—
And now no bells, no convents more;
The hurtling Polar lights are near'd,
The sea without a human shore.

At last—(it was the Christmas night,
Stars shone after a day of storm)—
He sees float past an iceberg white,
And on it—Christ!—a living form.

That furtive mien, that scowling eye,
Of hair that red and tufted fell—
It is—oh! where shall Brandan fly?—
The traitor, Judas, out of hell!

Palsied with terror Brandan sat,
The moon was bright, the iceberg near;
He hears a voice sigh humbly, "Wait!
By high permission I am here.

"One moment, wait, thou holy man!
On earth my crime, my death, they knew,
My name is under all men's ban—
Ah, tell them of my respite, too!

"Tell them one blessed Christmas night—
(It was the first after I came;
Breathing self-murder, frenzy, spite,
To rue my guilt in endless flame)—

"I felt, as I in torment lay
'Mid the souls plagued by heavenly power,
An angel touch mine arm, and say:
'Go hence, and cool thyself an hour!'

"'Ah, whence this mercy, Lord?' I said,
The leper recollect, said he,
Who asked the passers-by for aid
In Joppa, and thy charity.

"Then I remembered how I went,
In Joppa, through the public street,
One morn when the sirocco spent
Its storms of dust with burning heat;

"And in the street a leper sat,
Shivering with fever, naked, old;
Sand raked his sores from heel to pate,
The hot wind fever'd him five-fold.

"He gazed upon me as I pass'd,
and murmur'd: 'Help me, or I die!'
To the poor wretch my cloak I cast,
Saw him look eased, and hurried by.

"Oh, Brandan, think what grace divine,
What blessing must full goodness shower,
When fragment of it small, like mine,
Hath such inestimable power!

"Well-fed, well-clothed, well-friended, I
Did that chance act of good, that one;
Then went my way to kill and lie—
Forgot my good as soon as done.

"That germ of kindness, in the womb
Of mercy caught, did not expire;
Outlives my guilt, outlives my doom,
And friends me in the pit of fire.

"Once every year, when carols wake
On earth, the Christmas night's repose,
Arising from the sinners' lake
I journey to these healing snows.

"I staunch with ice my burning breast,
With silence balm my whirling brain;
O, Brandan! to this hour of rest
That Joppan leper's ease was pain."

Tears started to Saint Brandan's eyes,
He bow'd his head—he breathed a prayer—
Then look'd, and lo! the frosty skies!
The iceberg, and no Judas there!

*Better known as St. Brendan, the Navigator, after whom Mount Brandon, in Kerry, is named.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

A TIPPERARY RAPPAREE.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Dear Sir—Edmond O'Ryan, called Eamon-na-Cnoc, or Ned of the Hills, was a Tipperary rapparee after Sarsfield's time in Ireland. He is said to have been treacherously beheaded in 173[illegible]. His headless body is buried near Hollyford, Tipperary.

I am searching for information in regard to him. I have heard of two books treating of him—one stated to be about the size of Old Moore's Almanac, and another of a larger size, exposed for sale in Kilkee 30 years ago.

I would be much obliged for the information I require, or for directions where to obtain it, or for a loan or offer of sale of the books mentioned, or others on the subject, through your kind offices.

E. O'RYAN.

[We shall gladly take charge of any books that may be entrusted to us for the writer of the above query.—Ed. D. P. Journal.]

IRISH ORIGIN OF SCANDINAVIAN NAMES.

From C. F. Keary's "Vikings in Western Christendom" is copied the following passage, showing the Irish origin of some present-day Scandinavian surnames:—"Though there must be less Scandinavian blood in Ireland than England, the Northmen seem at their first coming to have mingled more with the rest of the people, identified themselves more with the national politics, so to speak, of Ireland, than they did at their first coming into England. The reason of this may very well have been the anarchic condition of the former country, which, whatever point they wished to attack secured from the invaders some allies. Let us note one proof only of the admixture of Celtic and Scandinavian blood during the Viking occupation of Ireland—the extreme commonness at this very day in all Scandinavian countries of the name Niel, and its derivations, Neillsen, Nelsen, etc., and Nelson, probably. Yet that name is not Scandinavian, it is true Irish, and every Scandinavian Niel, or Njall, from, as before, Burnt Njall, down to our Niels, Nielsens, and Nelsons must, doubtless, have had an Irish ancestor of the race of the northern or southern Hy. Njall. Cormac is another name which became common in Scandinavian countries, especially in Iceland. Such names would spring from marriages, which very early became fully recognised between the Vikings and the Irish. The Vikings attacked Cork Harbour for the first time in A.D. 822."

LECTOR.

"KING'S IRISH BIBLIOGRAPHY."

The attempt which has been made by Mr. J. King, 53 Khedive road, Forest Gate, London, to provide something in the way of a "Subject Guide for Irish Books" is one for which he deserves credit and thanks. That it is not perfect in any respect, the compiler frankly and fully admits in his introduction, but he rightly assumes that if perfection in completeness, arrangement, and the gathering of specialised information have yet to be waited for, nevertheless what he has done will prove of much use, especially to busy men. So much, indeed, must be conceded, and his work will be by no means without value for others, to whom the compiler appeals for help to do better at a later date. The present Subject Guide ought to serve at least to roughly blaze the way through the forest of Irish publications, and thus make easier the preparation of a more ideal work. We trust that the compiler's hope that the first edition of 2,000 copies will sell rapidly may be fulfilled. Each copy is well worth the moderate sum (one shilling) asked. Its speedy sale, the compiler says, will enable him to bring out a more complete "Irish Bibliography" in the near future.

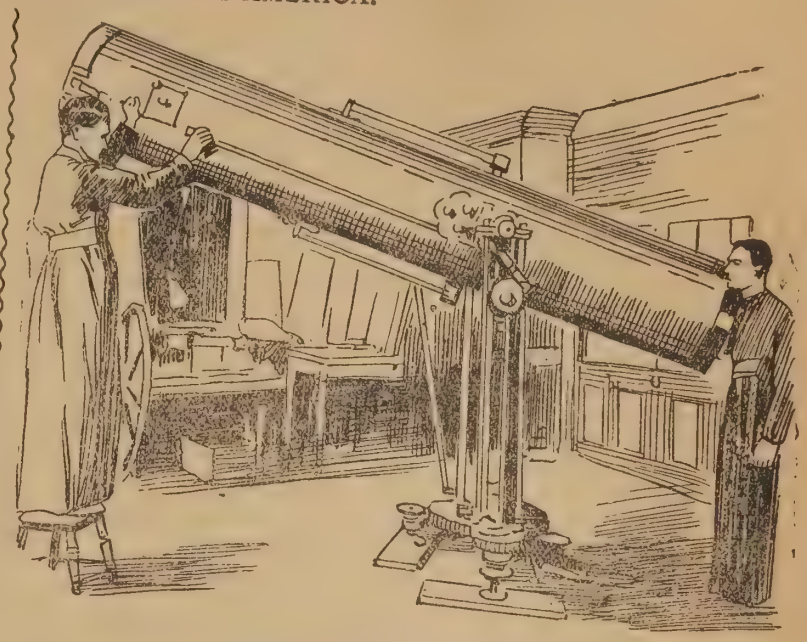
A BIG CANADIAN TELESCOPE.

ITS CONSTRUCTION AT THE JESUIT COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

THIRD LARGEST IN NORTH AMERICA.



POLISHING THE MIRROR.



THE TELESCOPE COMPLETED.

THROUGH the courtesy of the Rev. Father Foullety, we are enabled to give our readers an account of an undertaking through which the Jesuit College at Montreal, Canada, has secured a telescope which satisfies all the demands made upon it (says the "Scientific American" of 24th ult.). The telescope was built from the designs of the Rev. Father Garais, by the members of the Jesuit College. The spherical mirror of this telescope is in point of size the third in North America, being excelled only by those of the Yerkes and Lick observatories. No little admiration is due to the man who has not only designed the whole and constructed the principal parts of so intricate an instrument, but who has moreover with his own hand erected the machinery required for its production.

We are informed that a lathe was put up, upon which the crude block of Mantois glass for the mirror was ground. The process used for cutting the mirror shows some novel and interesting features, and is best explained by reference to our diagrams.

A cast-iron wheel, four inches in diameter, C (Fig. 1)) was rapidly rotated by means of a driving belt, d, from the pulley, W. The wheel, C, was so fixed that it could be raised or lowered at will by means of a fine adjustment. Under it was placed the block of glass. This block, M, was firmly fixed upon the table, N, which could be rotated about a vertical axis by the handles, h h. The table, N, carrying the glass, could also be moved in a straight line parallel with the direction of the belt, d. From a reservoir, R, sand and water were fed upon the grinding wheel, C. The process adopted was as follows: The rapidly rotating wheel, C, was lightly applied to the glass block. While sand and water were continually fed from the tank, R, a slow rotary motion was given to the block by turning the handles, h h, the wheel, C, being gradually lowered as the glass wore away. In this way an annular channel was ground. The block was then moved in a straight line parallel to the belt, and outward from the pulley, so that the wheel, C, came nearer to the centre of the mirror; thereupon another

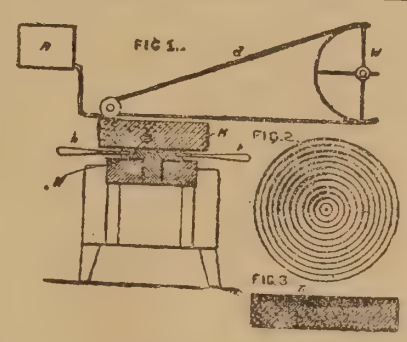


Diagram Illustrating the Method of Grinding the Lens.

rather deeper groove was ground close to and concentric with the first. In this way the block was worked until its condition was that shown in Figs. 2 and 3 in plan and section respectively. By a similar process the ridges, r, left by the first operation were next reduced. After this the remaining roughness was ground away with cast iron laps ruled with a network of interlacing furrows forming squares. It is gratifying to us to hear from Father Foullety that in this matter an article which appeared in the "Scientific American Supplement" (No. 582) helped to furnish the requisite information. For the polishing process, the mirror was fixed upon a cask, as shown in picture, and the operator, circling slowly and regularly around this, giving at the same time a rotating motion to the lap, worked the latter with great care over the surface of the glass, finally approximating it to a parabolic shape by polishing a little more toward the edges.

The final polish was effected with the finest emery, the lap being covered with a layer of wax half an inch thick. This delicate operation required about 50 hours' work. The whole of the grinding and polishing took some 320 hours.

The process used for silvering the mirror was that described in Troost's "Chemistry," French edition, 1884, p. 675. Four solutions are prepared.

1. 40 grammes of silver nitrate, dissolved in 1 litre of distilled water.

2. 60 grammes of ammonium nitrate, dissolved in 1 litre of distilled water.

3. 100 grammes of pure caustic potash, dissolved in 1 litre of distilled water.

4. 25 grammes of cane sugar, dissolved in 250 grammes of water, inverted by boiling for ten minutes with 3 grammes of tartaric acid, then neutralised, added to 50 grammes of alcohol, and made up to 500 c. c.

The glass was thoroughly cleaned with nitric acid, then with caustic potash. Alcohol was unnecessary. It was washed in pure water and suspended with the surface to the silver downward in the bath obtained by mixing the above solutions in equal volumes. The operation was carried on in a room kept at 80 deg. F. (27 deg. C.). The mirror was kept immersed for about ten minutes.

It next became necessary to construct the

tube and the mechanism for efficiently mounting the mirror. A wooden mould was fixed by radial supports upon an iron cylinder fifteen feet long. Upon this sheets of paper were rolled, and by gluing 250 pounds of paper sheet upon sheet, an excellent tube of great rigidity and strength was obtained, which for lightness probably surpasses anything which could have been made with other material.

The working gear was prepared at the foundries of Garth & Co. and of Belanger, both of Montreal, under the supervision and after the directions of Father Garais, who also designed all the parts and furnished the wooden models.

One of our illustrations, which gives a full view of the completed telescope, shows also the mechanism by which the motion in right ascension is effected. Motion in declination is produced simply by hand, by tilting the tube about its axle.

We close with a table which will give an idea of the general dimensions of the instrument:—Diameter of mirror, 20 inches; weight of mirror, 150 pounds; radius of curvature, 21 feet 9 inches; focal length, 10 feet 10½ inches; aperture, 4 deg. 18 min.; length of paper tube, 12 feet; weight of tube, 350 pounds; total weight of instrument, 1,200 pounds.

THE WATERFALL.

BY ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

Where the moss-bronzed oaks are towering,
'Tween the rude rocks' hoary wall,
Into a chasm with sudden spasm
Rusheth the waterfall!
Breaking its prison thrall,
Bursting its rock bar,
Its voice rolls loud, from the bright spray cloud,
Over the hills afar!

All through the flame-browed Summer
'Twas but a tiny stream—
Brown Autumn gave the swelling wave,
And the fierce and fiery gleam,
Oh! wanderer, you would deem
That a bright-eyed monster there
Rushed out on thee with a roar of glee,
Mad from his yawning lair!

It springeth far in the hill-tops,
That torrent wild and rude,
And rolls along with its ancient song,
Through the deep solitude;
Then o'er the sedgy wood,
Down from the torn cliff,
With a sudden sweep it taketh its leap,
Into that caverned rift!

It boils, and writhes, and hisses,
As it leapeth down amain;
And its quivering roar shakes the valleys hoar,
Like a Titan's yell of pain!
Then darting on again,
Swiftly its wild waves go,
Winding away in their azure play,
Through the widening vales below!

Each moon-bright Hallow-even,
Go sit by that cataract lone;
And there a dream thou'lt hear by the stream,
The fairy trumpets blown—
O'er dingle and dell, and stone,
Thou'l't see them dance along,
Save one bright maid, who sings in the shade,
A low and mournful song!

The memorial tablet to Dickens and Landor were unveiled by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald at Bath on Saturday last, and enthusiasts gathered at the Assembly Rooms, there to discuss Dickens, "Pickwick"—and milk punch. The Mayor presided at the dinner.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.

DUNLEER.

DUNLEER, a post-town and parish (formerly a Parliamentary borough), in the barony of Ferrard, county of Louth, and province of Leinster, 10 miles (S.E.) from Dundalk, and 30 (N.) from Dublin, on the great north road to Belfast. This place appears to have been first brought into notice by its proprietor, George Legge, Esq., ancestor of the Dartmouth family, to whom Chas. II., in 1671, granted a market and fairs; and on whose petition, for the greater encouragement of settlers, the same monarch, in 1673, incorporated the inhabitants by charter. The corporation returned two members to the Irish Parliament till the Union, when the borough was disfranchised, and the £15,000 awarded as compensation was paid in equal moities to the Right Hon. John Foster, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and to Henry Coddington, Esq.

ENNIS.

ENNIS, a borough, and market-town, in the parish of Dromcliffe, barony of Islands, county of Clare (of which it is the chief town), and province of Munster, 18 miles (N.W.) from Limerick, on the mail road to Galway, and 111¾ (S.W.) from Dublin. This place derives its name, formerly spelt Innis or Inish, signifying an island, from the insulation of a considerable plot of ground by the river Fergus. According to the Ulster Annals, it was anciently called "Iniscluan-ruadha," and one of its suburbs is still called Clonroad. Mac Curtin states that it was eminent as a seat of learning, upwards of 600 scholars and 350 monks having been here supported by O'Brien, prince of Thomond, after the arrival of the English. About the year 1240, Donogh Carbrac O'Brien erected a noble monastery at Ennis for Franciscan friars, which in 1305, according to the Annals of Innisfallen, was rebuilt or repaired and much adorned by another branch of that family. It was for a long period the place of sepulture of the princes of Thomond, and occasionally of the chiefs of the sept of Mac Namara; and its prosperity appears to have been in these times dependent on this circumstance. In 1306, Dermot, grandson of Brien-Roe, at the head of a body of native and English forces, entrely destroyed the town. In 1311, Donogh, King of Thomond, bestowed the whole revenue of his principality for the enlargement and support of this monastery, and some time after the refectory and sacristy were built by Mathew Mac Namara. It is recorded in the Ulster Annals that Terence O'Brien, Bishop of Killaloe, was here barbarously slain, in 1460, by Brien O'Brien. The friary was reformed by Franciscans of the Strict Observance: it remained in the Crown for some time subsequent to the Reformation, and was granted, in 1621, to Wm. Dongan, Esq. In 1609, Donogh, or Donat, Earl of Thomond, obtained a grant of a market and fairs to be held here; and in 1612 "the town of Inish" was created a borough. In 1661 the goods of some of the townspeople were seized in payment of salary due to Isaac Granier one of their representatives in Parliament, but were released on their stating that he had agreed to serve gratuitously as their representative.

It is situated nearly in the centre of the county, on the principal or south-western branch of the river Fergus, which surrounds a portion of the town and its north-eastern suburbs. By the charter of the 10th of Jas. I. (1612), the corporation, under the style of "The Provost, Free Burgesses, and Commonalty of the Town of Ennis," consists of a provost, twelve free burgesses, and a town clerk, with power to admit an unlimited number of freemen to constitute a "commonalty." The borough sent two members to the Irish Parliament prior to the Union. The remains of the Franciscan abbey, founded by the Kings of Thomond, of whom several were interred in it, still present many traces of its ancient grandeur. Of these, the principal is the grand eastern window, upwards of 30 feet high, consisting of five lancet-shaped compartments, separated by stone mullions, and universally admired for its exceedingly light proportions and beautiful workmanship. In the chancel is the "Abbot's chair," which, with the altar, is richly sculptured with figures in high relief; and some of the ancient monuments, also profusely sculptured, still exist.

AN ECLIPSE IN CHINA.

In China an eclipse of the sun or of the moon is regarded as an evil augury for the Emperor, intended to warn him to examine himself and correct his faults. Hence an eclipse is always looked on as an affair of state, and the greatest care is taken to calculate the time when it will happen. M. Edmund Plauchut in his book, "China and the Chinese," describes a scene he witnessed when the moon played the astronomers of Pekin a mean trick.

The imperial astronomers had announced that on February 7th, at eight o'clock in the evening, the dragon which wanders to and fro in the regions of the air would endeavour to swallow the moon.

The eclipse was to be total, so the astronomers had warned the people that the attack of the monster would be terrible, and that the moon would very likely succumb if the shouts and noise of the gongs did not put the dragon to flight.

Long before the appointed time millions of Chinese issued from the towns to the open country, there, nose in air, to watch the wonderful phenomenon.

Those who had been unable to get gongs had provided themselves with saucepans, rattles, pieces of bamboo stems, and immense quantities of little red fire crackers.

But what a disappointment! At eight o'clock the gazing multitudes saw the moon rise, a full unspotted disc, without a sign of anything unusual. At nine she was still shining pure. Just as all hope was disappearing, a tremendous noise began on every side, for the watchers saw a black spot advancing slowly across the face of the moon.

It is impossible to describe the rage with which the Chinese beat their pans and gongs, whirled their rattles, and let off the crackers. The dragon was evidently frightened away by the row, for after looking up at the full moon for an hour and seeing nothing more of the black spot, the crowds, jubilant over their victory, began to disperse.

It was learned later that the Emperor sent word to the astronomers that the next time they made such a miscalculation he would relieve them of their appointments and send them into exile.

THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK.

By CHARLES SMITH, M.D.

Æquum est enim meminisse & me, qui disccrem hominem esse et vos, qui Judicetis ut si probabilia dicentur nihil ultra requiratis. Cicero Univers

In Two Volumes.

VOL. I.

The Second Edition, with Additions.

Chapter IV.—Continued.

Ross, or Ross-Carbery, was formerly called Ross-Alithri, i.e., the field of pilgrimage. It was granted by Fitz-Stephen and Cogan to Adam Roche, except the Bishop's lands. Hammer, in his chronicle, p. 53, says this town was walled about by a lady of that country; but by the wars of the Irish septs, particularly the Cartys, Driscols, &c., the foundations could scarce be traced. He adds, "that there was in it anciently a famous university, whereto resorted all the S.W. part of Ireland for learning sake." In this school, St. Brendan was reader. It may not be amiss to observe that it was an Irish professor who first opened the public schools at Oxford, which shows how famous this island hath been in ancient times for learning; and at this day it does not seem to have a better chance for being considerable. Cambden observes that the Saxons flocked to Ireland, as to a great mart of learning, which is the reason, says he, why we so often find this in our writers, such a one has sent his son over to Ireland to be educated (6). It is now a small market town, and Bishop's see. The Cathedral is supposed to have been founded by Saint Fachnan, who flourished in the beginning of the 6th century. The writer of the life of Saint Mocoemoge (who founded the church of Kineigh, an ancient bishoprick, but united to this diocese before the arrival of the English) calls him a man of wisdom and probity. He was named Fachnan Mongach, or the hairy, being born with hair; he was abbot of the abbey of Molana, an island in the Black-water, near Youghal. The same ancient writer relates the following passage of St. Fachnan, his abbey, and school: "Saint Fachnan lived in a monas-"tery of his own foundation; There is a "city grown up, in which always continued "a large seminary for scholars, which is "called Ross-Alithri." This saint is, in an ancient martyrology (7), called bishop, and his festival is observed on the 16th of August.

Saint Fachnan also founded an abbey here of regular canons, the ruins of which remain (8). The cathedral is a small, neat, gothic structure; the choir seems to be modern. On the south side of the altar is a small monument to the memory of Sir William Moore, of Ross-Carbery, who died the 28th of August, 1693, aged 31. The stalls, being newly erected, are neat and well disposed. In the S. wing, is an handsome chapter room. Here is a small square steeple, battlemented on the top. The church-yard is washed by an arm of the sea that flows up to the town, and is prettily planted with trees.

The harbour, according to Cambden, was formerly navigable for ships, but in his time it was quite choked up with sand; and it is now so shallow that no vessel can come up to the town; so that one may justly apply those lines of Spenser to this place:

> There also where the winged ships were seen,
> In liquid waves to cut their foamy way,
> And thousand fishers numbered to have been
> In that wide lake looking for plenteous prey
> Of fish, which they with bait used to betray;
> Is now no lake, nor any fisher's store,
> Nor ever ship shall sail there any more.
> Spensr's Ruines of Time.

In this town is a good foot barrack, and a small market house, with some other good houses.

Near the cathedral, about three years since, there were discovered several subterraneous chambers, of which I intend to give a more particular account in another part of this work. About a mile west of Ross are two remarkable great holes in the ground, 80 yards deep, and each about 300 yards from the cliffs, into both which the sea flows by subterraneous passages; these holes are called E. and W. Pouladuff; one is on the lands of Downeen, and the other on Tralong.

A mile N.W. of Ross stands Banduff, now Castle-Salem, built by the Donovans.

(6) Bede, in his ecclesiastical history (lib. 3. c. 7. and 27), often mentions particular persons, who were sent over into Ireland to be educated; and Cambden relates this passage in the life of Sulgenius, who flourished 600 years before his time:

> Exemplo patrum commotus amore legendi
> Juvit ad Hibernos, sophia mirabile claros.
>
> With love of learning, and examples fir'd
> To Ireland, fam'd for wisdom, he retir'd.

And perhaps, says the same author, our forefathers, the Saxons, took the draught and form of their letters from them; their character being the same with that at this day used in Ireland. Camb. in Hibern.

Diodorus Siculus (Lib. 3.) has preserved an account, out of Hecateus, a very ancient author, "of a northern island, little less than Sicily, situated over against the Celtæ, and inhabited by those whom the Greeks called Hyperboreans. It is, says he, fruitful, pleasant, and dedicated to Apollo; that God, for the space of 19 years, used to come and converse with them; and, which is more remarkable, they could (as if they had the use of telescopes) show the moon very near them, and discover therein mountains, etc. They had a large grove and temple of a round form, to which the priests frequently resorted with their harps, to chaunt the praises of Apollo, their great deity. He says they had a language of their own, and that some Greeks had been in it, and presented valuable gifts to this temple, with Greek inscriptions on them: and that one Abaris, who became afterwards a disciple of Pythagorus, went hence into Greece, and contracted an intimacy with the Delians." The situation of this island opposite to the Celtæ, who were the inhabitants of Britain and Gallia, its being compared with Sicily in size, its being dedicated to Apollo, i.e., the sun, which planet the Irish certainly worshipped. The description of their temples, which were always round, and the mention of their harps, are all so many concurring circumstances, which seem more than probable that this could be no other than Ireland. For the Mona or Anglesy of Rowland, is too inconsiderable a spot to be meant here (Vide Rowland's Mona Antiqua. p. 76). And if the learned of this island, who were then the ancient Druids of it, could, as with telescopes, show the moon nearer, it may be supposed that they had made greater progress in those sciences than is generally imagined. The 19 years converse with Apollo, which is the cycle of the sun, the notion of the moon's opacity, and of its mountains, rocks, etc, argue them to have been no bad astronomers. I have seen schemes of the Ptolemaic system, in some Irish MSS. of very great antiquity; it is also very remarkable, that they have a tradition at Lismore (where was formerly a celebrated school) of several Greeks, having studied there in former times, and that said school was founded by two Greek princes.

(7) Martyr. of Cashel.

(8) The following is a catalogue of the succeeding Bishops, whose names have been preserved.

St. Finchad succeeded St. Fachnan, being a disciple of St. Finbar, of Cork.

There is no account of any of the successors of this saint, till the arrival of the English, except one Dongal Mac Folact, whom Flaherty mentions in his Ogygia, and makes the 27th Bishop from Fachnan, all of the same family; and, for his authority, quotes an Irish distich, out of the books of Lechan, which he thus translates.

> Dongalus a Fachtna ter nonus episcopus, extat
> Lugadia de gente, dedit cui Roffia mitram.

Which distich has thus been paraphrased:

> Hail happy Ross! that cou'd produce thrice nine,
> All mitred sages of Lugadia's line;
> From Fachnan, crowned with everlasting praise,
> Down to the date of Dungal's pious days.

Benedict was bishop in 1172, and sat about 18 years.

Maurice, who succeeded, died in 1196.

Daniel; concerning the indirect means he used to intrude into this see. Vid. the Hist. of the bishops of Ireland, p. 584.

Florence sat in 1210, and died in 1222.

Robert, alias Richard, was bishop, ann. 1225.

Florence, or Finceu O-Clogheena, resigned in 1252.

Maurice, chanter of Cloyne, was made bishop in 1255, and died in 1269.

Walter O-Micthain succeeded in 1259, and died in 1274.

Peter O-Hallechan succeeded in 1275, and died in 1290.

Laurence succeeded in 1290 and died in 1309.

Matthew O-Fin succeeded in 1310. He recovered by default, and restored to this see several of its possessions, which had been unjustly usurped, by Thomas Barret and Philip de Carew. The Crown thought this recovery was by collusion, to avoid the penalties of the stat. of mortmain; therefore, an inquest was held to try the collusion. But the jury found in favour of the bishop. He died in 1330.

Laurence O-Holdecan succeeded in 1331, and died in 1335.

Denis succeeded in 1336; he died in 1377.

Bernard O-Connor succeeded in 1378.

Stephen Browne succeeded in 1402.

Matthew died in 1418.

Walter Formay succeeded in 1418, and died in 1424.

Cornelius Mac-Elchade succeeded in 1426.

Thady sat in 1488.

Edmund de Courcey succeeded in 1494, and died in 1518.

John Imurily succeeded in 1519, and died the same year.

Bonaventure sat ann. 1523.

Dermot Mac-Domnuil sat in 1544; he died ann. 1552.

Thomas O-Herlihy sat in 1563, and resigned in 1570. He was a member of the Council of Trent.

William Lyon succeeded in 1582, and died ann. 1617.

From this time, this see was united to that of Cork, under which the successors of Ross are given.

It is possessed by Mr. Morris, and is a strong, romantic building. About a mile west of Ross runs the river Rory; near it, at Ballyvenine, stands the ruins of the largest house in Carbery, erected by Sir Walter Coppinger, who also designed to build a market-town here; but was hindered by the rebellion of 1641, in which wars this house was destroyed. The soil between this and Ross is a light grey clay, mixed with sand; their manure is sea-sand, which affords them plenty of corn, potatoes, and some flax.

Thre miles W. of Ross is Glandore harbour, which, though small, is an exceeding good one; and near it is a castle of the same name. At the upper end of this harbour is a deep and dangerous glen, called the Leap, on both sides of which is the high road from Ross to the other parts of W. Carbery. The road crosses this glen, which is here as steep as a flight of stairs, so that few horses, but those who are well used to it, attempt it with courage. To the west of this precipice is an handsome seat, called Brede, with large plantations of Samuel Jervais, Esq. At Keamore, above the Leap, is a very extensive prospect of a great part of the sea coast, with the harbours of Glandore and Castlehaven.

On the west end of Glandore bay, not far from the Leap, by the working of the sea, a large part of the hill fell down, on which grew several trees; this piece formed an island of about 20 yards in circumference, and the trees continued to grow; but it is now almost quite washed away.

On the west side of Glandore harbour is the parish of Miros, called, in Irish, Garry, i.e., the garden, from its being much better land than the rest of W. Carbery. In this parish was anciently an abbey, called de Sancto Mauro, also de fonte vivo, founded anno 1172 by Dermot Mac-Cormac Carty, of Kilbawne, who was King of Cork, for Cistercian monks, which he brought from the abbey of Baltinglass. At a place called Carigiliky, in this parish, the foundation of extensive ruins were discovered, together with a large cemetery, with great quantities of human bones; it was, probably, the site of the abbey de Sancto Mauro, which some falsely place at Abbey-Mahon, near Timoleague. The house of abbey Shrowry was a cell to this; the parish church stands in ruins on the coast, and opposite to it, in a small island, called Arahas, is a ruined chapel.

Near Glandore harbour is another island, called the Squince, which produces a wonderful sort of herbage that recovers and fattens diseased horses to admiration.

In this parish is Banlaghan, the seat of O'Donovan, chief of that ancient family, a worthy, courteous gentleman.

The west side of this parish is bounded by the bay of Castlehaven, formerly called Glanbarrahane, and, by the Spaniards, Porto Castello, famous for a notable sea-fight between Sir Richard Levison and Don Pedro de Zuibar, the Spanish admiral, anno 1602. Near the entrance is an old castle to command the harbour; but the hills adjoining command the castle. The place formerly belonged to O'Driscoll, and afterwards to the Audley family (9). George, Lord Audley, who was Governor of Utrecht, and was sore wounded at the Battle of Kinsale, anno 1602, was, for his eminent services, created Earl of Castlehaven and Baron of Orier, in the county of Armagh, by letters patent, September 6, 1617, 14 Jac. I. The parish church of Castlehaven is dedicated to Saint Barahane; and near it is a deep, rocky glen, called Glanbarahane. There was, some years ago, a linen manufacture at Killehanghill, near this place, but it is now ceased.

The eastern point of this harbour is called Galleon Point, on which are the remains of entrenchments cast up by the Spaniards, and the ovens used by them are also still to be seen. On this side are the ruins of Rahine Castle, which belonged to the O'Donovan's. In the walls are several cannon ball, which were shot at it from some vessels in the harbour. On the western side of Castlehaven is Horse-Island, being of the same nature of the Squince island, above-mentioned, for curing horses. On the banks of the river stands Castletown, now Castle-Townshend, and formerly Slughleig, where there is a new erected castle of some strength, being situated on the side of an hill. This is the seat of —— Townshend, Esq., where boats may land at the door. Off this bay is a good fishery; and in it are excellent oysters, the water being eight fathom deep in most places. Castletown is a small, but well-looking village. An high promontory called the Toe-head, stands a little to the westward of Castlehaven, due south of which, in the ocean, are the high, steep rocks, called the Stags, which being always to be seen, are easily avoided; but I shall refer the hydrographical description of the coast to a particular chapter.

Some years ago the Rev. Dean Swift spent a summer at a clergyman's house (since also dead) in the parish of Miros; he often diverted himself in making little voyages on the coast, from Glandore harbour towards Baltimore; and these excursions occasioned his Latin poem, called Carberiæ Rupes, which he wrote in June, anno 1723. Having made the same voyage more than once, I had the pleasure of observing that the Dean's descriptions were as just as his numbers were beautiful, which I shall beg leave to insert in this place:

Ecce! ingens fragmen scopuli quod vertice summo
Desuper impendet nullo fundamine nixum
Decidit in fluctus: maria undiq; & undiq; saxa
Horrisono stridore tonant, & ad æthera murmur
Erigitur; trepidatq; suis Neptunus in undis.
Nam longa venti rabie, atq; aspergine crebra
Œquorei laticis specus ima rupe cavatur:
Jam sultura ruit, jam summa cacumina nutant;
Jam cadit in præceps moles, & verberat undas.
Attonitus credas, hinc dejecisse tonantem
Montibus impositos montes, & Pelion altum
In capita anguipedum cœlo jaculasse gigantum.
Sæpe etiam spelunca immani apperitur hiatu
Exesa è scopulis, & utrinq; foramina pandit,
Hinc atq; (10) hinc a ponto ad pontum pervia Phœbo,
Cautibus enormè junctis laquearia testi
Formantur; moles olim ruitura supernè.
Fornice sublimi nidos posuere palumbes,
Inq; imo stagni posuere cubilia Phocæ.
Sed, cum sævit hyems, & venti carcere rupto
Immensosvolvunt fluctus ad culmina montis;
Non obsessæ arces, non fulmina vindice dextrâ
Missa Jovis, quoties inimicas sævit in urbes,
Exæquant sonitum undarum, veniente procellâ:
Littora littoribus reboant; vicina latè,
Gens assueta mari, & pedibus percurrere rupes,
Terretur tamen, & longè fugit, arva relinquens
Terretur tamen, & longè fugit, arva relinquens.
Gramina dum carpunt, pendentes rupe capellæ
Vi salientis aquæ de summo precipitantur,
Et dulces animas imo sub gurgite linquunt.
Piscator terrâ non audet vellere funem;
Sed latet in portu tremebundus, & aëra sudum
Haud sperans, nereum precibus votisq; fatigat (11)

(To be Continued.)

(9) On the 12th of February, 1601-2, the garrison of Castlehaven surrendered to Captain Harvey, who took possession of it for Queen Elizabeth. The same day that the Spaniards quitted it, the O-Driscols, who had the inheritance of it, by flight, got into the castle, and made themselves masters of it. The Spaniards assaulted it, and were undermining the same when Captain Harvey came into the haven; but upon sight of his ships, the Irish, by composition to depart in safety, rendered it to the Spaniards, who had lost two of their soldiers in the attempt; and the Spaniards delivered it up to the captain.

Pacat. Hiebrn.

(10) This alludes to a stupendous arch, through which a boat may row. It is in the parish of Miros, and not far from the place where the dean usually embarked. Near the W. head of Castlehaven, are deep caves, which are low at the entrance, but grow higher within: The swell of the sea raises a boat up to the roof almost when one is in; which also by turns, closes up the entrance, and makes them very dark and gloomy.

(11) For the sake of the English reader, I shall fashion the following translation, by the Rev. Dr. Dunkin.

Lo! from the top of yonder cliff, that shrouds
Its airy head amidst the azure clouds,
Hangs a huge fragment, destitute of props,
Prone on the waves the rocky ruin drops.
With hoarse rebuff the swelling seas rebound
From shore to shore, the rocks return the sound;
The dreadful murmur heav'ns high conclave cleaves,
And Neptune shrinks beneath his subject waves;
For long the whirling winds and beating tides
Had scoop'd a vault into its nether sides;
Now yields the base, the summits nod, now urge
Their headlong course, and lash the sounding surge.
Not louder noise cou'd shake the guilty world,
When Jove heap'd mountains upon mountains hurl'd,
Retorting Pelion from his dread abode,
To crush earth's rebel sons beneath the load.
Oft, too, with hideous yawn, the cavern wide
Presents an crifice on either side;
A dismal orifice, from sea to sea
Extended, pervious to the god of day:
Uncouthly join'd, the rocks stupendous form
An arch, the ruin of a future storm:
High on the cliff their nests wild pigeons make,
And sea calves stable in the ouzy lake.
But when the bleak winter with her sullen train,
Awakes the winds, to vex the watry plain;
When o'er the craggy steep, without controul,
Big with the blast, the raging billows rowl;
Not towns beleagur'd, not the flaming brand
Darted from heav'n by Jove's avenging hand,
Oft as on impious men his wrath he pours,
Humbles their pride, and blasts their gilded tow'rs,
Equal the tumult of this wild uproar;
Waves rush o'er waves, rebellows shore to shore.
The neighbouring race, tho' wont to brave the shocks,
Of angry seas and run along the rocks,
Now pale with terror, while the ocean foams
Fly far and wide, nor trust their native homes.
The goats, while pendant from the mountain top,
The wither'd herb improvident they crop.
Wash'd down the precipice with sudden sweep,
Leave their sweet lives beneath th' unfathom'd deep.
The frighted fisher, with desponding eyes,
Tho' safe, yet trembling, in the harbour lies,
Nor hoping to behold the sky serene,
Wearies with vows the monarch of the main.

THE IRISH FUNERAL CRY.

(Abridged from "Dublin Penny Journal," 1833.)

The well known custom so long used in this country, of keening, or lamenting over the dead, is of the most remote antiquity. History informs us that it was known to the Greeks and Romans, who, however, seem to have borrowed it from the Eastern nations, among whom probably it had its origin; and from the Scriptures we learn that it was practised among the Israelites. Dr. O'Brien tells us that the word in the Irish language, as originally and more correctly written, is "cine," and not, as modern orthoepists have it, "caoine"; and this makes it almost identical with the Hebrew word "cina," which signifies lamentation or weeping with clapping of hands. The learned Jezreel Jones, in speaking of the Shillah or Tarmazeght, a language or dialect of the inhabitants of the mountainous part of south-western Barbary, in a letter to John Chamberlayn, dated "Westmonasterii, 24 December, 1714," declares that "the Shilenses have the same custom as the Arabs, the Jews, and the Irish, of lamenting over their dead, uttering various cries of grief, tearing their hair, and asking the deceased why did he die? why did he leave them, and desiring that death would seize them also, in order that they might rejoin him whom they lamented." According to an old work, Armstrong's "History of Minorca," the peasantry of that island in their lament, ask the dead "if he had not food, raiment, and friends—and wherefore then did he die?" Sir Walter Scott informs us that the "coronach" of the Highlanders is precisely similar to the "ululatus" of the Romans, and the "ullaloo" of the Irish; that the words of it are not always articulate, but when they are so, they express the praises of the deceased, and the loss the clan would sustain by his death.

The funeral song introduced in Shakespeare's beautiful play of Cymbeline, where the scene is laid in Wales, upon the supposed death of the disguised Imogen, will, no doubt, recur to some of our readers.

From the fourth volume of the "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy," we transcribe the following passages, descriptive of the ancient observance of the custom:—

"The Irish have always been remarkable for their funeral lamentations, and this peculiarity has been noticed by almost every traveller who visited them; and it seems derived from their Celti cancestors, the primæval inhabitants of this isle. Cambrensis, in the twelfth century says, the Irish then musically expressed their griefs; that is, they applied the musical art, in which they excelled all others, to the orderly celebration of funeral obsequies, by dividing the mourners into two bodies, each alternately singing their part, and the whole at times, joining in full chorus.

"The body of the deceased, dressed in grave clothes, and ornamented with flowers, was placed on a bier, or some elevated spot. The relations and "keeners" (singing mourners) then ranged therselves in two divisions, one at the head, and the other at the foot of the corpse. The bards and croteries had before prepared the funeral caoinan. The chief bard of the head chorus began by singing the first stanza in a low doleful tone, which was softly accompanied by the harp; at the conclusion, the foot semi-chorus began the lamentation, or "ullaloo," from the final note of the proceeding stanza, in which they were answered by the head semi-chorus; then both united in one general chorus. The chorus of the first stanza being ended, the chief bard of the foot semi-chorus began the second gol, or lamentation, in which they were answered by that of the head, and as before, both united in the general full chorus. Thus alternately, were the song and the choruses performed during the night. The genealogy, rank, possessions, the virtues and vices of the dead were rehearsed, and a number of interrogations were addressed to the deceased: as, why did he die? If married, whether his wife was faithful to him, his sons dutiful, or good hunters or warriors? If a woman, whether her daughters were fair or chaste? If a young man, whether he had been crossed in love? or if the blue-eyed maids of Erin had treated him with scorn?"

In ancient times it was the duty of the bard who was attached to the family of each chief or noble, assisted by some of the household, to raise the funeral song; but, at a more recent period, this has been entrusted to hired mourners, who were remunerated according to the estimation in which their talents were held. We are told that formerly the metrical feet of their compositions were much attended to, but on the decline of the Irish bards these feet were gradually neglected, and they fell into a kind of slipshod metre among the women who have entirely engrossed the office of keeners or mourners.

Till about the middle of the last century, the custom was very generally adhered to in Ireland, as well in families of the highest condition, as among those of the lower orders; and many of the elegiac poems, composed on such occasions, have come down to us, which by their figurative language, and highly poetical imagery, evince astonishing genius, and are strongly indicative of the natural talent of our people. The learned Dr. Adam Clarke has preserved one of considerable beauty, the music of which, he tells us, though rude and simple, is nevertheless bold, highly impassioned, and deeply affecting, and is often used among the descendants of the aboriginal Irish on funeral occasions. We, however, prefer giving the following "lament of Morian Shehone for Miss Mary Bourke," which is literally translated from the original Irish:—

"Silence prevails; it is an awful silence. The voice of Mary is heard no longer in the valley.

"Yes, thou art gone, O Mary! but Morian Shehone will raise the song of woe, and bewail thy fate.

"Snow white was thy virtue; the youth gazed on thee with rapture; and old age listened with pleasure to the soft music of thy tongue.

"Thy beauty was brighter than the sun which shone around thee, O Mary! but thy sun is set, and has left the soul of thy friend in darkness.

"Sorrow for thee is dumb, save the wailings of Morian Shehone; and grief has not yet tears to shed for Mary.

"I have cried over the rich man; but when the stone was laid upon his grave, my grief was at an end; not so with my heart's darling; the grave cannot hide Mary from the view of Morian Shehone.

"I see her in the four corners of her habitation, which was once gilded by her presence.

"Thou didst not fall off like a withered leaf, which hangs trembling and insecure: no, it was a rude blast which brought thee to the dust, O Mary!

"Hadst thou not friends? Hadst thou not bread to eat, and raiment to put on? Hadst thou not beauty, Mary? Then mightest thou not have been happy?

"But the spoiler came, and disordered my peace: the grim tyrant has taken away my only support in Mary!

"In thy state of probation, thou wert kind hearted to all, and none envied thee thy good fortune. Oh! that the lamentations of thy friends—Oh! that the burning tears of Morian Shehone could bring back from the grave the peerless Mary!

"But, alas! this cannot be: then twice in every year, while the virgins of the valley celebrate the birth and death of Mary, under the wide spreading elm, let her spirit hover round them, and teach them to emulate her virtues.

"So falls into the depth of silence the lament of Morian Shehone."

Of late years the custom has fallen into disuse, and is now of rare occurrence, except in some very few old families, and among the peasantry, and with them it has now generally degenerated into a mere cry of an extremely wild and mournful character, which, however, consisting of several notes, forming a very harmonious passage, approaches to a species of song, but is almost always destitute of words.

The crowd of people who assemble at the funerals of the peasantry in some parts of the country is amazing, often exceeding a thousand persons, men and women. They gather as the bearers of the hearse proceed on their way, and when they pass through any village, or approach any houses, the wail swells out still louder than before, which gives notice that a funeral is passing, and immediately the people flock out to follow it. In the province of Munster it is said that it is a common thing for the women to follow a funeral, to join in the universal cry with all their might and main for some time, and then to turn and ask, "Arrah! who is it that's dead? Who is it we're crying for?" The peasantry every where are wonderfully eager to attend the funerals of their friends and relations, and they make their relationship branch out to a great extent. The proof that a poor man has been well beloved during his life is his having a crowded funeral. Even the poorest people have their own burying places, that is spots of ground in the churchyards, which are situated sometimes in the wildest parts of the mountains, their situation indicated by some remnant of a ruin, and a few scattered tombstones and the low green hillocks of the graves. Here, they say, their ancestors have been buried ever since the wars of Ireland; and, though these burial places should be many miles from the place where a man dies, his friends and neighbours take care to carry his corpse thither.

NIGHT.

(From the German of Branner).

Gather, ye sullen thunder clouds;
Your wings, ye lightnings, wave,
Like Spirits bursting from their shrouds;

And howl, thou wild and dreary storm,
Like echoes of the grave,
Sounds of the brothers of the worm.

Ay, wilder still, ye thunders, roll,
Ye lightnings, cleave the ground:
Ye cannot shake the Christian soul:

In God's high strength she sits sublime,
Though words were dust around;
Defying Chance, outliving Time.

ALUMINUM FOR POWER TRANSMISSION.

One of the growing uses of aluminum is as a substitute for copper wire in the transmission of electric power over long distances. Alloyed with one and one-half per cent. of copper, it is thus used in transmitting 12,000 horse-power from the Snoqualmie Falls to the cities of Tacoma and Seattle, a distance of more than 40 miles. This alloy is at the same time so light and so strong that spans of 150 feet are safely made, thereby effecting a great saving in the number of poles needed on the line. But this applies only to bare conductors. Where insulated cables are required, the increased diameter of the alumnium conductor involves increased cost, and where lead is used for insulation the gain of weight obtained in bare aluminium cables is cancelled.

LITERARY NOTES.

Doctor Thomas O'Hagan, author of "In Dreamland," "Songs of the Settlement,' and several works in prose will in the near future bring out a new volume of Irish-Canadian verse, "The Maple and the Shamrock."

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The "Literary World" prints a list of "Fifty Representative Historical Novels," compiled by Mr. Jonathan Nield, who some months ago published a volume containing a list of romances covering practically the whole field of history. The list is distinctly interesting. Mr. Nield has included no book of doubtful pretensions, and the periods dealt with range from the sixth century B.C. to 1825.

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Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, answering the question of "T. P.'s Weekly" concerning the "Books of My Childhood," says:—

The "Pilgrim's Progress." What a dramatist Bunyan might have made if he had not fallen into the hands of the Puritans!

Does Mr. Jones (asks the "Academy") always read in terms of the Drama? Bunyan would have made one of the worst dramatists in the world.

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The dispute which has arisen between the friends of the late Mr. George Douglas Brown, author of "The House with the Green Shutters," and an "unauthorised" biographer is unfortunate. Apparently the biography which the late novelist's friends desire to suppress, with the aid of the Law Courts, is the one announced by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, unless, indeed, there is a second biographer in the field. Mr. Cuthbert Lennox is the author of the announced and denounced memoir, and Mr. Andrew Lang is its sponsor and introducer.

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It is possible to say with some certainty what are the best books on historical, scientific, or philosophical questions, but who is to decide which are the best current novels? A contemporary gives the following as the "Best New Novels":—"Lord Leonard the Luckless," W. E. Norris; "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," George Gissing; "The Golden Kingdom," Andrew Balfour; "The Red House," E. Nesbitt; "The Countless Londa," Guy Boothby; "The Gates of Wrath," Arnold Bennett; "The Circle," Katherine Thurston; "The Riggleses and Others," Evelyn E. Rynd; "Anthea's Way," Adeline Sergeant; "A Mixed Marriage,' Mrs. Frank Penny. We do not suppose that any two people would accept this selection as it stands.

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It appears that in Germany there is now a Poet's Trust. The lyrical poets of that practical country, to the number of about seventy, met some time ago to consider the matter of remuneration; perhaps pay would be a better word in the circumstances. They decided that they were not receiving high enough terms, and they have now entered into a compact not to accept less than sixpence a line. We sympathise, remarks the "Academy and Literature," with the gentlemen whose lyric fervours were rewarded with less than this; we sympathise, too, with the editors whose hands are to be forced, if the forcing comes about. To have seventy poets in a country, each of whom writes verses worth sixpence a line, must be a sore trial.

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The Great Storm of 1703, the memory of which has been so long kept alive at the Little Wild street Chapel (London), now being pulled down, will be brought to mind—especially this year—by the fact that it made Addison's fortune. His famous simile of the Angel in his description of Marlborough's conduct of the battle of Blenheim was paid for indirectly and ultimately, at a rate per line which has probably never been approached:—

So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

This simile not only procured Addison instant reward, but it took the sting out of the jibe to which the poem as a whole was open, of being "a gazette in rhyme."

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Maxim Gorky has achieved a mighty success in Russia with his new play, which was received at Moscow with enthusiasm unequalled in the history of the Russian stage. The well-known dramatic critic of the St. Petersburg "Noviski" writes that, although he has grown grey in the service of the theatre, he has never been present at such a first-night. "It was the apotheosis of a new literary idea. Maxim Gorky has proved himself a powerful sovereign of thought." He describes the play as a revolution breaking down all the old conventions—a revolution accomplished in the name of the rights of life and humanity. "It is a tremendous glorification of man, a hymn to humanity." The play, it is said, will be translated into English immediately, and it is likely that an adaptation will be produced on the English stage.

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Mr. W. G. Collingwood has an interesting article in "Good Words" on "Ruskin's Library. Ruskin's books were scattered all over his house, but in his study were kept his books of constant reference and his pet editions. Curiously enough, in that workroom there were few volumes on Art or Political Economy, save two—one an odd volume, mostly uncut, and Viollet le Duc's "Dictionnaire de l'Architecture." Ruskin, says Mr. Collingwood, "came to his own conclusions; he got at the root of the matter, mostly, and he could make you see it. All the tinkering criticism about his mistakes only shows that he thought 'first-hand,' so to say, and wrote with a full pen." Ruskin had one abominable habit—that of cutting down books to fit a shelf. It is almost incredible that he could saw off the top edge and rip out the best plates from so valuable a folio as Westwood's "Miniatures and Ornaments of Anglo-Saxon and Irish MSS." Yet he did it.

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The difficulties of the compilers of dictionaries are well illustrated in a note in "Notes and Queries," by Dr. Murray, editor of the "New English Dictionary." The word which Dr. Murray discusses is the now too familiar "Appendicitis." Dr. Murray writes:

When the portion of the dictionary dealing with "app-" was written in 1883, we had before us a single reference, from a recent medical source, for this word. As words in "-itis" are not (in origin) English in form, but Græco-Latin, and thus do not come within the scope of an English dictionary, unless, like "bronchitis," they happen to be in English use, I referred our quotation for "appendicitis" to a well-known distinguished medical professor. . . . His answer was that "appendicitis" was a name recently given to a very obscure and rare disease; the term was purely technical or professional, and had even less claim to inclusion in an English dictionary than hundreds of other Latin or Latinised Greek terms of which the medical lexicons are full, and which no one thinks of as English.

Yet, twenty years later, appendicitis appears to be a disease neither rare nor obscure. It is perhaps fortunate that our bodies are reticent concerning their dictionary possibilities.

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Mr. Dooley does not believe in free libraries. He says in the "New York American": "Libries niver encouraged lithrachoor annymore thin tombstones encourage livin'. No wan iver wrote annything because he was tol' that a hundred years fr'm now his books might be taken down fr'm a shelf in a granite sepulcher an' some wan wud write 'Good' or 'This man is crazy' in th' margin. What lithrachoor needs is fillin' food." In the conversation with his friend Hennessy the following passage occurs:—

"Has Andhrew Carnaygie given ye a libry yet?" asked Mr. Dooley. "Not that I know iv," said Mr. Hennessy. "He will," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye'll not escape him. Before he dies he hopes to crowd a libry on ivry man, woman, an' child in th' counthry. He's given thim to cities, towns, villages, an' whistlin' stations. They're tearin' down gas houses an' poorhouss to put up libries. Before another eyar ivry house in Pittsburg that ain't a blast furnace will be a Carnaygie libry. In some places all th' buildin's is libries. If ye write him f'r an autygraft he sinds ye a libry." Mr. Dooley always has his eyes open; he is a philosopher who gets at things from the inside.

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The February "Bookman" is an excellent Thackeray number. Mr. G. K. Chesterton supplies the leading essay, in the course of which he propounds the opinion that of all examples of misapprehension, "none is more perfect or amusing than the fashion which called Thackeray a cynic." What, then, was Thackeray? Mr. Chesterton's answer is, of course, interesting and eloquent. His gospel may be summed up as "the philosophy of the beauty and the glory of fools." He believed, like St. Paul, that "God made the foolish things of the world to confound the wise. He looked out with lucent and terrible eyes upon the world, with all its pageants and achievements; he saw men of action, he saw men of genius, he saw heroes; and, amid men of action, men of genius, and heroes he saw with absolute sincerity only one thing worth being—a gentleman. . . . He was a monk who rushed out of the monastery to cry out against a gaudy masquerade that was roaring around it, and ever since his monk's frock has been mistaken for one of the masquerade dresses, and applauded as the best joke in the whole fancy dress ball." All of which is finely said, if it is a little overpowering. It is, at any rate, an overwhelming foil to Ruskin's unpleasant remark that Thackeray settled like a meat-fly on whatever one had for dinner, and made one sick of it.

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A tragedy entitled "Clytæmnestra," by Arnold F. Graves, with a preface by Robert Y. Tyrrell, Litt.D., D.C.L., has just been published by Messrs Longmans, Green, and Co. "Clytæmnestra" is not a Greek play in English, but a Greek story treated from the standpoint of the modern dramatist. In selecting his theme, Mr. Graves has chosen perhaps the one subject in Greek Tragic Literature which lends itself to such treatment—the "Orestea"—a story dealing with emotions, passions, and situations common to all time, and appealing, not only to mature scholars and lovers of poetry, but to men, young and old, who are interested in dramatic literature and the analysis of human nature. The old Greek tragedy was to a large degree religious: in it moral duties were inculcated, and the denouement was brought about by the gods, who appeared at this critical moment to punish the guilty or reward the innocent. In Mr. Graves' play, on the other hand, the religious interest is subordinated to the human: the gods do not tread the stage; and the chorus, with its religious and moral reflections, is omitted. In this way the author avoids all invidious comparisons with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, who dramatised the same subject; though he follows their example by introducing fresh matter, and telling his tale so as to suit his own dramatic purposes. The result is a play which cannot be regarded as even an adaptation from any of the older tragedies. The book has been printed and bound in Dublin.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

Another new comet has been discovered by Professor Giacobini of the Nice Observatory. Like the one he discovered at the end of 1902, the newcomer is a telescopic comet, but it is of the tenth magnitude instead of the twelfth. It is now moving slowly through the constellatioi Pisces in a north-easterly direction.

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George K. Cherrie, curator of the Brooklyn Museum, is away on an expedition into South America in search of specimens of butterflies and mammals. He was acompanied by Benjamin Gault, of Chicago, who will scan the same country in the interest of the Field Columbian Museum for relics of the prehistoric ages.

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Ira F. Gilmore, of Bloomington, Ill., has perfected and patented a wireless piano which he has been working on for thirteen years. Being unable to get the reed made satisfactorily in the United States, he set about this task himself, and from a piece of steel he fashioned with a drill and file a five-octave comb reed, from which, it is said, combined with a bridge and sounding board, he secures a fine, sharp tone.

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The greatest and most modern armour plate press in the world has been received at the new works at Homestead. It was bulit at the Bethlehem Steel Works. The plate has a capacity of 60 tons, and is capable of pressing into shape the heaviest plates expected to be specified by the Navy Department. Some of the bolts of the press weigh as much as 40 pounds each.

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A series of experiments was recently carried out at the Altenburg colliery, near Saarbrucken, Germany, with lime, tar, and carbolineum, to determine the respective value thereof as preservatives of mine timber against rot. Lime was found to be of the least value, while coal tar, although insuring perfect preservation of the surface of the timber, failed to protect the interior, which in every instance, was found to be seriously attacked by rot. Carbolineum, however, gave excellent results, provided the timber coated had been previously barked and well dried.

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The extensive commercial use of celluloid has caused many people to try to find substitutes for, or imitations of, it. In Coburg, a popular imitation has been made by dissolving in 16 parts—by weight—of glacial acetic acid, 1.8 parts of nitro-cellulose, and adding 5 parts of gelatine. Gentle heating and stirring are necessary. After the mass has swollen, it is mixed with 7.5 parts of alcohol (96 per cent.), and stirring is continued. The resulting product is poured into moulds, or, after further dilution, may be spread in thin layers on glass. As an underlay for sensitive photographic films, the material has important advantages, not the least being that it remains flat in developing

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An Italian scientist, E. Salvioni, has constructed a balance which makes it possible to weigh very light objects and which on that account he calls a "micro-balance." It consists essentially of a thread of glass four inches long and about as trick as a hair line drawn with a pen of ordinary hardness. This thread is fixed at one end and kept in a horizontal position. The body to be weighed is placed on the other end and the flexure of the thread read off by a micrometer and microscope. With this simple but ingenious device it is possible to weigh as little as the one thousandth part of a milligram or less than one fifty-thousandth of a grain, Troy weight.

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James Edward Allen Gibbs, the inventor of the sewing machine which bears his name, died recently at his home in Raphine, Rockbridge County, Va. Paralysis was the cause of death. He was born on August 1, 1829. While a young man, the subject of the sewing machine was called to his attention while on a short business trip connected with the erection of some mill machinery which his father had manufactured, and on his return home he thought out the idea of the revolving hook, which is the main feature of the Willcox and Gibbs machine. In all he took out twelve patents covering the sewing machine. The village in which he resided was named by him when he returned to it in middle life. The name is from the Greek word which means "to sew."

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There are many nights at this season of the year (writes Henry Norris Russell in the "Scientific American") which, though perhaps the most brilliantly clear that we ever have, are practically useless for most astronomical purposes. They are usually marked by a sudden fall in temperature and a high wind, and may always be distinguished at a glance by the conspicuous and violent twinkling of the stars. On looking through a telescope on such a night shows what interferes with observations. The image of a bright star is enlarged into a blurred and unsteady mass, which cannot be brought to a sharp focus. With a larger object—the moon, for instance—the whole area is seen to be "boiling"—that is, trembling like a landscape seen across a broad stretch of hot ground on a summer day—and all but the coarsest details are invisible. In such weather few observations can be made with profit except those of comets and nebulæ, which have no sharp outlines, but, being faint, are best seen on clear nights.

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The explanation of this "bad seeing" is easy to understand. Every one knows that atmospheric air refracts the light which passes through it just as all other transparent bodies do, though in a relatively small degree. The refractive power of air depends upon its density, which is never quite uniform through any considerable region of our atmosphere, and it is farthest from being so on just such nights as we have described, when different layers of air, unequally cooled, are mixed together by the wind. The rays of light, proceeding from any given star, which reach different parts of the object-glass of a telescope, having passed through portions of air of somewhat different density, will be refracted in slightly different directions. Consequently they cannot all be brought to one sharp focus; and, as the wind carries new streaks of denser or rarer air across the line of sight, the blurred image will dance about and change its form.

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The twinkling of the stars, as viewed by the naked eye, is due to the same cause. An interesting confirmation of this theory may be obtained by viewing a screen illuminated by the light of Sirius. When one's eyes are sufficiently accustomed to the darkness, it is easy to see—at least on a night when there is much twinkling—that the star's light is not uniform, but that the screen is crossed by vague flickering alternations of light and shade, which are usually in rapid motion. These are "shadows" of the regions of varying density in the air. They move fastest on windy nights, and on calm nights when the air is steady they almost disappear.

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It should be remarked that it was predicted by Professor Young that a screen illuminated by a twinkling star would show such a phenomenon, many years before the writer succeeded in observing it. Similar flickerings can be observed in the light of a few other stars, but with great difficulty on account of their faintness. It is highly probable that the "shadow bands" seen just before and after total eclipses of the sun are phenomena of the same character. Another observation of some interest, that can be made while studying starlight in this way, is the comparison of a red and a white star. Alpha and Beta Orionis are well suited for the purpose. It will be found that the illumination of the screen produced by Alpha and Orionis is very much fainter than that due to Beta, although the former is now the brighter of the two to direct vision. The reason for this is that, in the case of a very faint light, the eye is sensitive to the green part of the spectrum alone.

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The second Berliner telephone transmitter patent, No. 463,569, dated November 17, 1891, which was held to be invalid some time ago by Judge Brown in the United States District Court, was on appeal to the United States Court of Appeals declared valid as to metallic electrodes by this court on January 16th last. The case was that of the American Bell Telephone Company against the National Telephone Manufacturing Company and others for the infringement of the patent. The opinion was written by Judge Colt, and was concurred in by Judges Putnam and Aldrich. It holds that Berliner was not entitled either to the credit of the advantages to be derived from the employment of a carbon electrode in telephone transmitters or to the discovery of microphonic action; that the former was discovered by Edison, and that Professor Hughes is entitled to the credit of the latter discovery, which is the principle utilised in every practical battery transmitter, and that Professor Hughes embodied his discovery in an instrument which he was the first to term a microphone.

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The Court further found that Edison's discovery of the carbon electrode and Hughes' discovery of microphonic action solved the problem of a variable-resistance transmitter, whereby speech may be transmitted long distances; and that both these discoveries were embodied in the defendants' transmitters. The Court further found that claims 1 and 2 of the Berliner patent in suit, although upon their face open to the objection of excessive breadth, may be sustained when read in connection with the specification, provided they are limited to metallic electrodes, but that when so limited the defendants' transmitters do not infringe. For these reasons the Court held that the decree of the Circuit Court must be affirmed on the ground of non-infringement. Under this decision, as heretofore, since Judge Brown's decision, the free use of variable-resistance carbon transmitters may be continued.

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Severe and successful tests were recently made by the Fire Department in New York city of the 6-inch standpipe in the new "Flat-iron" building in New York. The purpose of the test was to determine if the 6-inch pipe would stand the great pressure of twenty-three stories of water, and to find out how much force could be given to a stream from a hose attached to a standpipe at so great an altitude. Were there no standpipe, the upper stories of the building would be practically unprotected from fire. Two tests were made: First a 1⅛-inch nozzle was attached to a 3-inch hose on the roof, and the hose to the standpipe. The roof of the building is 304 feet above the street level. After the connections had been made, the full force of a fire engine in the street was turned on; in two seconds a strong stream spurted from the nozzle on the roof. A guage showed that there was a nozzle pressure of 120 pounds even at that great elevation. The second trial consisted in playing nine streams of water, one from each of the eight floors above the twelfth storey and one from the roof; ¾-inch nozzles were used; a pressure of 200 pounds was obtained upon each. The Chief of the Fire Department of New York considers the test eminently satisfactory.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

DUBLIN, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.

Mr. W. Rawson, of Bumelin, observing a few days ago an man that answered the description of Thomas Flanagan, who committed a robbery lately in the offices of Mr. Abbot, of Drumcondra, attempted to secure him, but the fellow perceiving it fled; Mr. Rawson, with a spirit that does him honour, pursued him, and with much difficulty (the villain having wounded him with a reaping-hook), took him, and lodged him in Kilmainham Gaol. It is thought this fellow has been guilty of many felonies.

A strong and convenient wooden bridge has just been constructed across the Dargle river, for the accommodation of the public, near Tinnehinch, at the sole expense of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan.

It is a wrong idea to imagine that there is any combination existing to keep up the price of wool in this kingdom; the great price it bears arises from a real scarcity of the raw material. That manufacture which goes under the denomination of common blankets, were sold about two years since at 2s. 4d. per yard, but have since arisen to 3s. 10d. and 4s. Those called second fines, which were formerly sold at 3s. 6d., are now risen to 5s., and the very finer sorts proportionately dear. Such are the Kilkenny prices, comprehending a rise of 6s. the pair, and blankets of the coarse sort, plaids, and flannels, have been raised 6d. in the yard.

Wednesday evening, between seven and eight o'clock, no less than six persons were robbed on the Lucan road, by a gang of villains who infest that neighbourhood; and same night, about ten o'clock, two countrymen were stopped near Island Bridge, by four fellows armed with pistols, who robbed them of a guinea and seven shillings.

BELFAST, SEPTEMBER 20.

Nautical experiments, we are happy to find, are not confined solely to London or Dublin, for on yesterday the Lough of Belfast presented to a vast number of spectators one of the best sailing matches we remember to have seen—whether we consider the manœuvres of the different boats, or the practical knowledge each seemed to be master of in conducting them through the mazy windings of our intricate lough—the race was between a boat belonging to the ship "Margaret," Capt. M'Kibbin, and a pilot-boat of Mr. M'Clean's. They started from the quay, and went as far as Garmoile, from whence they returned at half-past three, after displaying a variety of racks. The ship's boat, being the smallest, arrived first; the other was eight minutes behind, and it was generally supposed would have won had there been a smart breeze.

DUBLIN, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

The turf trade is again beginning upon the Canal; great quantities are daily selling at the Canal harbour, and we are assured that there are no less than 30,000 kishes at present made in the bogs, and intended for the Dublin market. This will be a substitute for at least £20,000 worth of foreign coals, and furnishes one proof of the advantages to the public from inland navigation.

We are informed that larger orders for beef and pork have lately arrived from France and Spain than have perhaps been known, previous to the slaughtering season, for many years past. Whether this may be occasioned by the apprehension of an approaching war, or any other particular cause, cannot as yet be determined.

To prevent imposition in the coal trade as much as possible, the Guild of Merchants have directed that all coal measures used in Dublin shall be sealed and supplied by the water-bailiffs, who are to be accountable for any mistakes that may happen in the size of those measures; heretofore nearly one half of the coal measures were supplied by coal-sellers and others, many of which were seized and condemned. The Guild of Merchants have appointed a standing committee to hear and determine complaints against master porters.

Mr. Geoghegan, upon whose property in the county Galway the depredations were lately committed, is an honorary member of the Dublin Society, and for his zeal in contributing to the utmost of his power to promote the prosperity of the kingdom, for having by his perseverance rendered the extensive territory of Connemara accessible by land, and for his suggestions of improvement in the art of agriculture, has been publicly returned the thanks of that most useful and patriotic body. It is, therefore, peculiarly incumbent on the magistrates and gentlemen of that neighbourhood to exert themselves, in order to procure a restoration of that property which has been licentiously torn from a praiseworthy individual, in contempt of all law and civilisation.

On Friday night last some villains broke open the warehouse of Robert Shaw, Esq., Fleet street, and carried off two chests full of plate.

A sloop from Dunleary, laden with stones for the works carrying on at the South-wall, was in the storm of Friday morning last, sunk off the Lighthouse, but the hands were providentially saved.

The trade upon the Canal having been much impeded in the late summer for want of a sufficiency of water, the Canal Company have resolved to bring in additional supplies to the summit level, from the springs of Rathbride, Pollardstown, and Morristown river; to effect this they have purchased the Armsborough Mills at Rathangan, and have issued a commission for valuing the other mills and lands to be purchased on this occasion, early in the next month. The Canal is full at present, and in no danger of wanting water without addition to the present supplies until the next spring, be the trade ever so extensive; and, in the meantime, these additional supplies will be brought in. The amount of these springs, measured in the driest season, was 96 locks full in 24 hours, which added to the present supplies may be considered inexhaustible; but should the trade be so extensive as to require additions, the Company can at the same place make a reservoir covering 340 acres, eight feet and a half deep, and containing upwards of 30,000 locks full. These are resources which as no other Canal in the three kingdoms can boast of, and will insure to the public permanency, in the great advantages of inland navigation.

The following advertisement appeared in "The Dublin Chronicle," September 22-25, 1787:—

"General Post Office, Dublin,
"September 17th, 1787.

"Whereas the Postboy bringing his Majesty's Mail of Letters from Cork for Dublin, which was despatched from Cork on Saturday Morning last, the 15th inst., was stopped and robbed about Eight o'Clock that Evening, nearly half-way between Lismore and Clonmel, by a single Highwayman, who tied the Postboy's Hands behind his Back, and tied a Handkerchief on his Face, while he cut open the Cork Mail, and took with him all the Cork Letters for and by way of Dublin, and those for and by way of Waterford; also, the entire Post-bag from Youghall for Dublin, with which he rode back towards Cork.

"The Postboy describes the Robber to be a lusty Man, of genteel Appearance, wore a light-coloured Surtoat Coat, and Rode with Pistols in Furniture.

"Notice is hereby given, that whoever shall apprehend and convict, or cause to be apprehended or convicted, the Person who committed said Robbery, will be entitled to a Reward of TWO HUNDRED POUNDS; or, if any Person, whether an Accomplice in the said Robbery, or knowing thereof, shall make Discovery, whereby the Person who committed the same may be apprehended and convicted, such Discoverer will, upon such Conviction, be entitled to said Reward of Two Hundred Pounds.

"By Order of His Majesty's Postmasters General,
"Dublin Castle, September 17, 1787.
"JOHN LEES, Secretary.

"His Grace the Lord Lieutenant, for the better discovering and bringing to Justice the Person or Persons concerned in the abovementioned Robbery, is pleased hereby to promise His Majesty's free Pardon to any one of them (except the Person who actually robbed the said Mail) who shall first discover his Accomplice or Accomplices, so that they, or any of them, be apprehended and convicted thereof.

"By His Grace's Command,
"S. HAMILTON."

The following advertisement appeared in the succeeding issue:—

"General Post Office, Dublin,
"September 22nd, 1787.

"Whereas the Postboy conveying His Majesty's Mail of Letters despatched from this Office last Night, was stopped at the eight-Mile Stone, on the Balbriggan Road, about the Hour of One o'clock this Morning, by a single Robber, who robbed the Mail of the Letters for the following Towns:—Derry, Strabane, Omagh, Armagh, Loughbrickland, Lisburn, Newry, Dundalk, Dromore, Carrickmacross, Monaghan, Balbriggan, Lurgangreen, Drogheda, and Flurrybridge.

"The Postboy describes the Robber to be a middle-sized Man, wore a White Coat, reddish Waistcoat, long Trowsers, round Hat, short Hair, and spoke with a singular Accent; and says, that while he was taking the Letters, he was spoken to by an Accomplice, who was in the Field, who he desired to stand off, as there was no occasion for him.

"Dublin Castle, September 17, 1787.

"Notice is hereby given, that whoever shall apprehend and convict, or cause to be apprehended or convicted, the Person who committed said Robbery, will be entitled to a Reward of TWO HUNDRED POUNDS; or, if any Person, whether an Accomplice in the said Robbery, or knowing thereof, shall make Discovery, whereby the Person who committed the same may be apprehended and convicted, such Discoverer will, upon such Conviction, be entitled to said Reward of Two Hundred Pounds.

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"By His Grace's Command,
"S. HAMILTON."

(To be Continued.)

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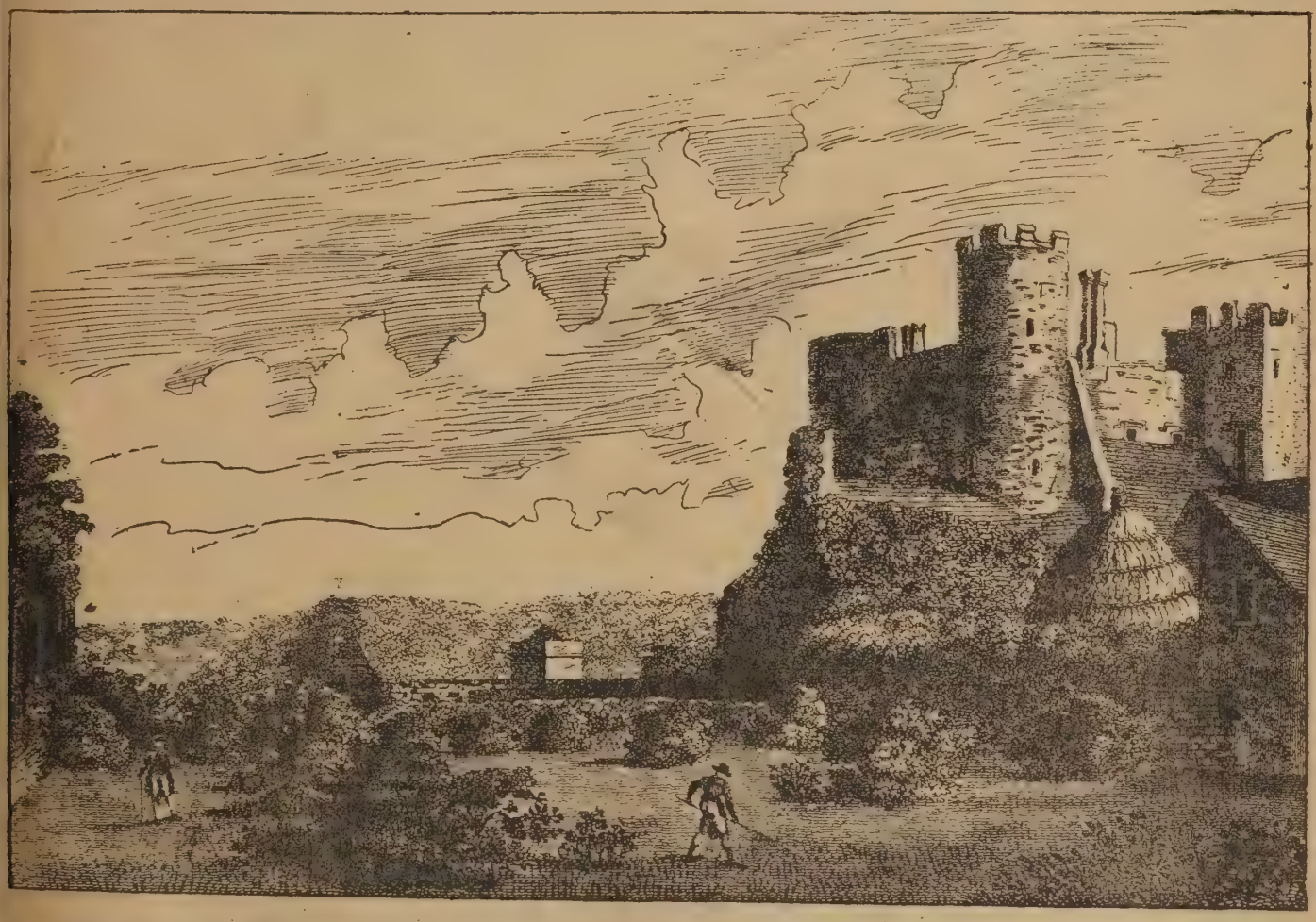
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FROM AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY DRAWING BY BARRALET IN THE COLLECTION OF THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM CONYNGHAM.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

HISTORY OF THE OLD IRISH BOROUGH.

From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.

ENNISCORTHY, a corporate, market, and post-town, and a parish (called St. Mary's, Enniscorthy), in the barony of Scarawalsh, county of Wexford, and province of Leinster, $11\frac{3}{4}$ miles (N.) from Wexford, and $62\frac{3}{4}$ (S. by W.) from Dublin, on the river Slaney, and on the road from Wexford to Dublin. This place probably derives its name from a beautiful island in the bed of the Slaney, which here divides that river into two channels. It is said by Seaward to have been originally the capital of the "Coriondi," and by other writers to have been called "Corthae," and subsequently given as a portion to Basilea, sister of Strongbow, on her marriage with Raymond Le Gros, to whom is attributed the erection of its ancient castle. In 1227 the town was surrendered by Philip de Prendergast to the Bishop of Ferns, who asserted a superior claim; and in 1231 it was confirmed to that prelate by Gerald de Prendergast, the son of Philip, to whom the Bishop restored it in exchange for other lands, on condition of his holding it under the see. The castle and manor afterwards came into the possession of the M'Murroughs, or Kavanagh's, and were granted by Donald, surnamed Fuscus, to the Franciscan monastery which he had founded, after the dissolution of which they were given by Queen Elizabeth to John Travers, who conveyed them for a term of years to the poet Spenser, by whom they were assigned to Sir Henry Wallop, Knt., ancestor of the Earl of Portsmouth. In 1649, the town and castle were taken by Cromwell, and soon after became the property of an ancestor of the

Carew family, but were subsequently restored to the Wallop family, in exchange for other lands, by Robt. Carew, Esq. In 1798 this place was the scene of mush hostility: the town, which was garrisoned by 300 of the King's troops, and by several corps of yeomanry, both horse and foot, was attacked on the 28th of May by nearly 7,000 of the insurgent forces, who, after a sanguinary conflict, compelled the garrison to retreat to the market-place, where, making a resolute stand, they ultimately repulsed the assailants. But the town being on fire in several places, and surrounded by an overwhelming number of the insurgents, the King's forces retreated to Wexford, and the enemy plundered the town, damaged the interior of the church, and converted the castle into a prison. On the 29th, the insurgents took their station on Vinegar Hill, an adjoining eminence, where, being joined by the disaffected from th surrounding country, the numbers increased to upwards of 10,000 men. Many of the loyal inhabitants of the town, who had not been able to escape with the garrison to Wexford, were brought prisoners to the insurgents' camp, tried by a court martial, and put to death. Gen. Johnson, with a party of the royal forces, succeeded in making himself master of the town; and on the 21st of June, Gen. Lake, commander-in-chief of the royal army, attacked the insurgents in their camp and routed them. The enemy fled with precipitation towards Wexford, leaving behind them great numbers of slain and thirteen pieces of ordnance.

The town is built on the acclivities of the hills on both sides of the Slaney; the streets are in general narrow, and in some parts inconveniently steep for carriages. By the charter of incorporation granted by Jas. I., in the 11th of his reign, the government is vested in a portreeve, 12 free burgesses, and a commonalty, assisted by a recorder, town, clerk, two serjeants-at-mace, and other officers. The borough returned two members to the Irish Parliament till the Union, when it was disfranchised, and the £15,000 awarded in compensation was paid to Cornelius, Lord Lismore, and Robert Cornwall, Esq.: to the former £12,300, and to the latter £2,700.

The ancient castle, now the property of the Earl of Portsmouth, is a venerable quadrilateral building with a round tower at each angle, and is surrounded with a high wall of more modern date. Of the Franciscan monastery, the only remains are a lofty square tower on four pointed arches, a great portion of the conventual buildings having been removed in order to furnish a site for the new market; a curious brooch of gold, enriched with emeralds and garnets, was found in clearing away the ruins. About three quarters of a mile below the town, on the west bank of the Slaney, and in the parish of St. John, was a monastery for canons regular of the Order of St. Victor, founded by Gerald de Prendergast, in 1230, and subsequently made a cell to the abbey of St. Thomas-juxta-Dublin, by John St. John, Bishop of Ferns, on which occasion it adopted the Order of St. Augustine.

EXCAVATIONS AT CORINTH.

By PAUL ELSNER, ATHENS.

Of the high mountains which border the Gulf of Corinth none has so beautiful and bold an outline as the inaccessible rocky pyramid of Acro-Corinth, which is crowned by a ruined fortification, at one time of the utmost strategic importance. With an air of command it looks down upon the palaces and towers, on the multitude of temples flooded with a halo of blinding sunlight from the glowing Greek skies, and upon the wealth of monuments, which mark the ancient city, once covering with bewildering glory the enormous "emporium," which, with an area of 20 kilometres, slopes gradually from the foot of the Acropolis to the shore of the sun-bathed sea. After a long epoch of highest culture, beginning about 800 B. C., the fall of Rome brought destruction upon this community, at that time permeated by the spirit of commercialism. For fully a century the weeds grew undisturbed in the streets of the city, which the Roman Consul Lucius Mummius destroyed 146 B. C. Cæsar rebuilt the city and during the height of the Roman Empire it attained a pinnacle of unwonted glory as a cosmopolitan trade centre. Mighty waves of Goths and Slavs swept over it and proved destructive to its wealth and position; then under the alternating dominion of the Frank, the Turk and the Venetian this splendid centre of culture finally disappeared altogether. Deeper and deeper grew the strata of earth which were layered upon the ruins of the city, stirred only now and again by the plough of the farmer.

To the later period of flourishing culture of the city, in ancient times, only a few pillars of a Doric temple bear pathetic testimony; these pillars are shaded by the high cypresses within the purlieus of the modern village called "Old-Corinth." When the American Archæological Institute in Athens began the large scientific enterprise of the systematic examination of this extensive site of Corinth under the leadership of its director, the eminent archæologist, Dr. Rufus Richardson, in the year 1896, it faced serious difficulties. For even the ancient temple, which in the course of the excavations was entirely exposed and definitely recognised as the Sanctuary of Apollo, furnished no valid clue to the topography of Corinth; and yet the excavations, interrupted only by the Græco-Turkish war of 1897, secured for the fortunate seekers a series of successes.

At the very beginning of the first effort the spade struck the ruins of a theatre of the Roman period built immediately above an older Greek theatre. It was found at a depth of about 15 or 20 feet and had been surrounded by a laurel grove. Its slumber of centuries duration "in the secret recesses of earth's deeps" had been disturbed only by a number of trenches, which now furnish an intelligent plan of its construction.

Three water-courses were also unearthed; the celebrated spring of flowing water called Peirene, walled up during the Roman period; a second spring disturbed by an earthquake, which lies between the theatre and the Temple of Apollo, at the foot of the hill crowned by the latter; and finally the old city fountain of Corinth. Time has dealt so kindly with this venerable structure, a fountain surmounted by a Poseidon with dolphins at his feet, that it is the best preserved type of any Greek water-course hitherto excavated. The fountain was enclosed in the time of the Romans by a balustrade, 30 metres in length, shimmering in red, blue and yellow colours. The sheen of the wealth of colour is as resplendent to-day as it was in the olden days, when the women and maids of Corinth gracefully bore their earthen jars to the melodious fountain to be filled. This resplendent balustrade is a most instructive example of the polychrome process used in Greek structures.

Further excavations of a part of a marble staircase which led from the propyla downward to the wharves and to the Agora (market-place) indicate clearly the contours of the topography of Corinth.

Furthermore, the spade disclosed by successive steps in a westerly direction all the structural appurtenances of the propylon, so that this triumphal arch formerly frowning down upon the city, could now be easily reconstructed. There are to be considered in this connection two colossal figures of Phrygians, dating back to the first or second century of the Christian era. Connected with the right and left pillar of the propylon, they bore the Corinthian capitals and the architrave of the triumphal arch, which have also been found. The features of the one colossal figure, 2,000 years old (found inverted in the soil), were fully preserved; in the other, the nose, formed of a separate piece, has been inserted. In the neighbourhood of their bases, which are ornamented in relief, there were found two female heads, more than life size, whose imposing beauty materially heightened the majestic impression of the propylon. The last finds of relief-representations of Helios and Selene furnish the last link in the series of structural parts of the propylon.

Of the rich statuary discovered, only the following can be mentioned here; a life-size head of Ariadne, a relief of two almost life-size dancing girls, with classically beautiful drapery of the garments, dating back to the Roman period, and a small Greek votive-tablet, representing seven gracefully grouped figures artistically finished.

Science has been presented with valuable additions by these relics of vanished ages, for which it is indebted to the American Archæological Institute.

TRAPPING ERMINE.

The colder the climate the finer the fur, says the author of "The Greatest Fur Company of the World," in "Frank Leslie's Magazine," and the difficulties of obtaining the rare furs are many. Ermine is at its best when the cold is most intense, the tawny weasel coat turning from fawn to yellow, from yellow to cream, and then to snow-white, according to the latitude and the season.

Fox, lynx, marten, otter, and bear the trapper can take with steel traps of a size varying with the game, or even with the clumsy but efficient deadfall; but the ermine, the fur of which is as easily damaged as the finest gauze, must be handled differently.

The hunter, going the rounds of his traps, has noted curious tiny tracks like the dots and dashes of the telegraphic alphabet. Here are little prints slurring into one another in a dash; there, a dead stop, where the quick-eared stoat has paused with beady eyes alert for snowbird or rabbit. Here, again, a clear blank on the snow, where the crafty little forager has dived below the light surface and wriggled forward like a snake to dart up with a plunge of his fangs into the heart-blood of the unwary snow-hunting.

From the length of the leaps the trapper judges the age of the ermine. The full-grown ermine has hair too coarse to be damaged by a snare. If, therefore, the tracks indicate a full-grown animal, the trapper suspends the loose of a looped twine or wire across the runway from a bent twig, which, when, released, springs upwards with a jerk that lifts the ermine off the ground and strangles it.

If the tracks are like the prints of a baby's fingers, close and small, the trapper hopes to capture a pelt fit for a throne cloak. Perfect fur would be marked by the twine snare, so the trapper devises as cunning a death for the ermine as the ermine devises when it darts up through the snow and fixes its spear-like teeth in the throat of a rabbit.

First he smears his hunting-knife with grease, then he lays it across the track. The little ermine comes trotting in dots and dashes, and gallops and dives to the knife. The knife is frosted like ice. Ice the ermine has licked, so he licks the knife. But alas for the resemblance between ice and steel! Ice turns to water under the warm tongue; steel turns to fire that blisters and holds the foolish little stoat by his inquisitive tongue, a hopeless prisoner, until the trapper comes.

OLD DUBLIN.

ITS HISTORY, CHARACTERISTICS, & MANNERS.

By LADY MORGAN.

II.

Still, however, even in the reign of Elizabeth, and down to that of her successor, James, with the exception of the "fair houses" and castles built of stone and lime, by the lords of the Pale, and the ecclesiastical palaces raised by the wealthy Church, the city of St. Patrick's prophesy and promise made but little progress in architectural splendour.

The hovels of mud and wattles were, indeed, exchanged for houses of cage-work and timber, and covered with tiles and shingles. But the arts of peace, an unshackled commerce, the protection of the laws, and above all, an equal distribution of justice, religious tolerance, and national unity, the source of all social improvement, and the basis of solid settlements, commodious and permanent dwellings, were still withheld from that unhappy country, for which no truce from suffering had yet existed. The burghers of the capital were in perpetual conflict with the bordering enemies (11), or in resistance to the encroachments of the Church on personal property.

The mass of the natives without the Pale, carring, flitting, fighting, shifting, hiding, pursuing or pursued, now pouring down upon the capital from their mountains in their neighbourhood, now beaten back to their impervious wildness (their only fortress and security), now taking "Irish leave" and bravely attacking their oppressors, now "coming in," falling on their knees, at the feet of the representers of English Sovereigns—the mass of the natives were thus kept at bay from all social improvement, and were thrown beyond the pale of civilised and commodious existence, as they were placed beyond the political boundary of good laws and wise government. (12)

If in the reign of Charles the First (13) the citizens of Dublin began to exhibit some improvement in architecture and accommodation, still the rebellion of 1641, the civil wars of the Commonwealth, the struggles of the houses of Stuart and Orange, and above all, the worse than all, the ferocious penal codes and paralysing statutes of Queen Anne and the two first Georges, produced the same effect on the material and physical aspect of the capital and country, as on the moral, social, and political existence of the people. In all its bearings civilisation was retarded; and in the early part of the eighteenth century Dublin was one of the most dilapidated, antiquated, and least commodious cities in Europe. It was, indeed, the reverse of that modish and well-worn figure of an oasis in a desert; it was a piggery in a paradise. Embosomed in picturesque mountains and luxuriant woods, watered by a noble river, and commanding its own magnificent bay, still it looked like some City of the Plague of Asiatic climes, where Nature and man are ever at variance.

The narrow lanes, shut-up closes, and pent-in courts, were calculated only to nourish disease and perpetuate infection. Even towards the middle of the eighteenth century, when the slow dropping off of one penal infliction after another gave some free breathing to the natural energies of the country, and permitted some effort at improvement in the wretched people, Dublin, with the exception of a few well laid out and spacious streets, had made such little progress, in spite of the prophecy of St. Patrick, that it was compared by a veracious and impartial traveller of that time, to "the worst part of St. Giles's in London," (14) its street ill-paved, and worse lighted, its raised flags few, and incumbered with bulks, its quays but partially banked in, its police neglected, and filth everywhere accumulated, rendered the ways impassable, and the air noxious.

The causes which had so long weighed down upon the material and moral improvement of the metropolis, were still more disgustingly obvious on the majority of its population. The lower classes, that crawled forth from their dens and alleys, (15) exhibited the most painful appearance; and at that early period of the day when the wealthy and luxurious had not yet issued forth to chequer the general wretchedness with images of wealth and splendour, it would have seemed to a stranger's eye, as if all the prisons and lazar-houses of the realm had emptied their cells and wards into the filthy avenues of the Irish capital. From two to three thousand professed mendicants then daily swarmed forth, with malady stamped on their squalid visages, while want or vice, famine or inebriety, (16) maddened them into vociferous cravings, or blasphemous imprecations. Thronging more particularly round the doors of the Catholic gentry (whose mistaken charity, in this instance, has ever served to perpetuate street beggary), they impeded the threshold of business, infected the avenues of pleasure, and presented one of the most fearful and obvious results of that fatal policy, which reduced the nation to a state vibrating between the extremes of a debasing mendicity and a vicious and overwhelming opulence.

A step above this unhappy order in caste, though differing from it but little in appearance, stood at the corner of every street and court incorporated groups of professed humourists, the conservators of that wit which is supposed to be the indigenous produce of the soil, who, scattering about in prodigal profusion lamp-black and lampoons, and who, steeped to the eyes in mud and merriment, obtained no small celebrity among the genuine lovers of low but racy humour, by the style and title of his majesty's black-guards, or the company of shoe-blacks.

Like the Forts de la Halle of Paris, the shoe-blacks of Dublin went for something in every city ceremony; and the names of two of their chiefs (17) are scarcely yet obliterated from the Fasti Dublinienses of wit and humour. Superior in grade to all others of the street population of Dublin (in the middle of the last century), and eminently influential in their vocation, were the hawkers of fly-sheets, or news criers, (18) who like the colporteurs of Paris of the same day, crowded the steps of every public building, "les nouvelles a la main," and slily circulated publications, which by being placed on the "Index Expurgatorius" of the constituted authorities of the day, no regular bookseller or printer would venture to vend. The fate of George Faulkner had produced a general intimidation at an epoch when the liberty of the Press in Ireland was, like all other liberty, in abeyance; and this order of men, whose cries rendered the streets of Dublin noisy as those of Naples, and whose verbal eulogium of their literary and political ware, might have rivalled the art of puffing, as practised by the first-rate London booksellers of modern times—this class, if not founded, was at least reformed, and regularly and systematically organised, by that idol of all the lower classes of the Irish, Dean Swift. (19) He, who wrote for the common people, wisely made use of the cheapest mediums for distributing productions beneficial to the country at large,

(11) The septs of the O'Burnes, O'Tooles, and Archibalds. The citizens of Dublin had not only to stand on the defensive against the Church, for their own cause, but frequently to fight for the holy order against another. In 1506 the prior of Kilmainham attempted forcibly to take some loads of hay from the Dominicans of Dublin, but the Mayor and commoners assembling together in favour of the priors, rescued the hay and drove the prior into Kilmainham. "The abbot of St. Thomas and the citizens of Dublin were perpetually at fisty-cuffs about a toll-booth; but the church had its revenge, for a citizen having shot a random arrow, struck the image in the rood-loft of St. Patrick's, during a riot in the church between the Kildares and the Ormonds; the Pope duly absolved them by the penance of the mayor and corporation, who in detestation of the feat, ordered to keep up the memory of it for ever, were to walk barefooted through the city in procession before the sacrament of Corpus-Christi day early."

(12) Whenever the citizens of Dublin who in their corporate capacity were always devoted to the dominant interest) had nothing else to do, they went out a "hosting" against their country neighbours, headed by some lord of the pale, or lord deputy, and pillaged, burnt, and spoiled all before them. Thus in 1505, "The mayor of Dublin, with Walter Pepar and Maurice Colton, bailiffs, marched out at the command of the Earl of Kildare, Lord Deputy, to Ballaghasped, against Carroll, whom they harassed and destroyed, and then returned to Dublin." The unfortunate borderers occasionally made reprisals, and the septs of the O'Burnes and the O'Tooles invading the Pale forts of Fassagarde and Bathcool, struck terror into the citizens of Dublin, "as well by their number, as their policies in laying ambushes in and down the woods of Glendolary, on the south side of the city of Dublin."

(13) In the reign of Charles the First, gardens, spaces of ground, and thatched houses, were to be seen within the narrow compass of the walls of Dublin.

(14) "You may conceive what the style of building was here formerly, when I tell you that the mansion house of the Lord Mayor is a brick house of two stories with windows of but two panes breadth in each."—"Philosophical Survey of Ireland, 1775." At this time, with the exception of Leinster and Charlemont House, both then recently finished, there were but two or three houses of hewn stone in Dublin; and Dr. Campbell observes, that "almost all the tolerable houses and streets have been built within forty years"; say from the year 1735 to 1775.

(15) A sort of bird's eye view may always be taken of the moral state of a country by the appearances of the street population, and the lower orders. "I cannot describe to you," says Dr. Campbell, "how much I was hurt by the nastiness of the streets (Dublin) and by the squalid appearance of the canaille: the vast inferiorities of the lower ranks in Dublin compared even with those of the country towns of England is very striking. Seldom do they shave, and when they do, it is but to unmask the traces of meagreness and ferocity. Here, to be sure, you meet some splendid equipages, and a large suite of lackeys after a Sedan chair; and you frequently meet faces fair enough to make Circassia gaze; but all these scarcely compensate for the painful sensations produced by the general mass." What a picture!—drawn, too, from the life. Such were the results of the penal lash in the middle and towards the close of the eighteenth century.

(16) The Government have always sacrificed the health and morals of the lower orders in Ireland to the supposed interests of the Exchequer. In 1685 Sir William Petty relates that in Dublin, "where there are but four thousand families, there are 1,271 alehouses and brewhouses."

(17) Waddy and Paddy Oughy's frequent pitting against each other "the keen encounter of their wits," finally led to an encounter in which Waddy fell by the hand of Oughy, who suffered in consequence the penalty of the laws.

(15) The hawkers of news and cleaners of shoes fill up the measure of the apparent poverty in Dublin. The filth of their bodies is offensive, their manners shocking, their outrages upon decency disgusting, and their several cries, infinitely more sonorous than the English, tingle in the ears with all the enraging variations of the brogue."—Campbell.

(19) Like all genuine Irish patriots Swift was too indignant, too mortified at the state of Ireland, and the submissive degradation of her sons, to flatter her: he did more—he wrote for her, served her, enlightened her; and that at the moment when, in the irritation of disappointed patriotism, he was wont to exclaim, "I am not of this vile country."

and calculated to go home to men's hearts and businesses of whatever class or rank. The "Drapier's Letters" were cried and sold by the hawkers of Dublin at a penny a-piece; everyone who could read, read the "Drapier's Letters," and those who could not, paused in the highways and public places to listen to their abrege, tolled out humorously in the slang brogue of Dublin by the criers and hawkers, who distributed them not only through the streets of the metropolis, but through the kingdom, where they were to be seen in all houses and cabins pasted against the walls, with "Don Belliamis of Greece," "The seven wise Maesters," "Black-eyed Susan," and "The last speeches and dying declarations of those who trusted they had not sin'd in vain." (20) It was the writings of Swift and Molyneux (whose politics were less revered by the Irish than the morality of Confucius by the Chinese) that first dispelled the dense cloud that hung upon the national mind by the gloomy overshadowing of the penal laws. The first let in some gleam of illumination upon the dark and brooding spirit of the nation, long steeped in the inertness of hopeless despondency. It was in vain that the book of Molyneux was burnt by the hands of the common hangman in Dublin, and that the Dean of St. Patrick's was punished in the incarcerated person of his devoted and patriotic bookseller: the disciples of these two illustrious patriots and of their doctrines increased (as in cases of all martyrdom) by perseverance; and, while the Dublin hawkers cried and sold their works, the minds even of the lowest and most degraded were enlightened, "sans s'en douter," and the national intellect was prepared to receive those seeds of freedom which burst into such vigorous blow in after-times, and led to the Irish hegira, the glorious and immortal 1782. In the middle of the last century even the most trading streets of a capital which possesses one of the finest ports in Europe exhibited but few images to cheer the eye, or exhilarate the heart; while penal disability, like an incubus, hovered over all. The little movement visible, even in the most commercial avenues, was like the drowsy rotation of some wheel of a ponderous machine, when the power that impelled it had ceased to act. In contrast to the general poverty and dreariness of the scene, the aristocratic part of the city glittered in all the clinquant of exterior splendour with which bad institutions ever seek to hide their inherent defects—Viceroys, in more than royal state, went to and fro, not only to open and to close Parliaments, but to feasts of public ceremony or private conviviality, with all the ensigns of office, and all the protection of an armed force. Peers and commoners in the full dress of the times perpetually drove from the Senate House to the Castle—(those markets of political corruption, where an English Viceroy had always the means of purchasing, and an Irish aristocrat always something to sell;) and city processions were zealously paraded through the streets to show the statute loyalty of the assistants: while incorporated ignorance, pranked out in all the fantastic drapery of "companies" and "bodies," perpetuated many an old papistical ceremony, unconscious of their meaning; and proudly rode the fringes (or franchises) which represented the freedom of the city, when the liberties of the nation lay prostrate in the dust.

The showy and cumbrous equipages of the always ostentatious Irish nobility then vied, and frequently surpassed the more elegant "set-outs" of the English officials; and multitudes of noddies (the Irish cabriolets) and countless sedan-chairs, (21) (for none of either sex then walked, save those who had no means to pay for being carried), contributed to give factitious elegance to a state of society and a capital from which all the true sources of national happiness and national prosperity were withheld. In a word, the metropolis of Ireland at this period resembled in its diminished scale the capital of France of the same era—the squalid misery of the lower classes, and the taste and splendour of the higher, were opposed in strong and fearful relief. While palaces now began to rise on every side, with the power of that overweening oligarchy for whom they were elected, and by whom at no distant day they were destined to be abandoned; there still remained, in the more ancient part of Dublin, some curious relics of the cage-work architecture of the old times, which were so well put together that they long survived the more stately edifices which had been built round them. (22). They still encumbered the neighbourhood of the Swifts and the Stellas; (23) they were to be found in these remote old up and down hill streets, now abandoned to the indigent and the lowly, but once distinguished as the avenues to the "Abbey of the White Friars," and to the hostel called, par excellence, the "Wine-tavern," and led antiquarian steps to "Big-butter-lane," or "Gillemoholmock's alley," in search of the authenticated residence of the gallant Sir Francis Willoughby, of Charles the First's time, or to the site of the domicile of old Dermott Fitz Gillemoholmock, a burgher of Dublin, and a stout ally of King John's.

Dick's coffee-house, in Skinner's row, the resort of the legal and the mercantile, was still kept in an old cage-work house called the Carberie (24), once the residence of the Geraldines, where the most powerful of the Kildares "suffered the Lord Skiffington to dance attendance among the suitors"; and Lucas's, occupying a part of Cork-house, within the purlieus of the Castle, was the daily resort of the wits, politicians, and dramatic critics of the day, who sipped their chocolate or their coffee in rooms where the Burlingtons and the Orrerys had held their statesmen circles and scientific coteries.

It was, however, from the memorable epochs of 1779 and 1782 (when some acquisitions were made by the long-oppressed Irish, by a partial amelioration of the terrific penal code) that the ancient capital of the country first acquired some of the features of the metropolis of a free people; for it is one of the fatal results of a bad Government, that the comforts' accommodations, and health of the community at large are ever sacrificed to the enjoyments, pleasures, and boundless indulgences of the privileged classes, and that the cities of despots are composed of palaces and dens, of spacious courts and luxurious gardens for the great, and noisome alleys and pestilential passages for the lowly! The filthy courts and noxious lanes of Dublin now gave way to spacious streets and healthful avenues, where the air of heaven was permitted to circulate, and its light to shine and cheer. Infection now lost some of its strongest holds, and plague and pestilence began to retreat before the commissioners of wide streets, as toads and serpents fled before the thrice-blessed crozier of St. Patrick.

Commerce, too, recovering from the palsying effects of jealous and impolitic restrictions, called upon the industry of the land; and wealth and confidence gave rise to vigorous speculation, reflecting upon the material as upon the moral aspect of the country. Edifices in the best taste, at once noble and simple, were erected for public utility by public spirit. As the gloomy pile of penal disabilities fell in part (and, alas! but in part), the capital of Ireland, which it had so long overshadowed with its baneful influence, cheered into beauty and spread into capaciousness, and the city of mud and wicker of the days of domestic and foreign despotism, in times of increasing liberality and illumination, became comparatively a city of marble." It did not, however, become so by the ostentation of some Imperial Augustus, but by the partial abolition of bad laws, and the operation of good, for the progress of Irish prosperity has ever kept pace with the decline of intolerance; and those who know her interests best, and love her most, are well aware that nothing but the total abolition of her dark, fearful, and atrocious code can restore her to peace, to confidence, and to the full benefit of those advantages with which Nature has bounteously endowed her.

[THE END.]

(20 Dr. Campbell makes a fearful addition to this picture of the lower orders of Dublin in the middle of the eighteenth century, when the penal statutes were in their fullest vigour, and ere one link had been knocked off the chain of enslaved Catholics. He describes bands of female harpies, covered with tattered weeds, the most horrid miscreants that ever degraded human nature—"With vociferations that would startle deafness, and execrations that would appal blasphemy, they celebrate their night orgies, to the reproach of magistracy, the scandal of decency, and the terror of sobriety.‡ Leagued with these are bands of robbers who infest this ill-policed city, and render it dangerous to the passengers who walk at night. My banker recommended to me a lodging in Capel street, near Essex Bridge, assigning as the reason, that as it was the most public part of the town, I was in less danger of being robbed on coming home late, for it seems that even two chairmen are not a sufficient protection."

‡See Barrack street in 1825.

(21) There is a most curious picture of the importunate insolence of Irish chairmen in the last century to be found in Swift's Correspondence. Like the Trasteverini of Rome, their physical force rendered them formidable to all classes: even in the finest weather they were wont to force the dandies of the day into their sedan, and frequently offered "to convey them and their dolls for nothing" to prevent the habit of walking becoming fashionable.

(22) Several of these kind of houses were to be seen in Castle street, High street, Wood quay, and Thomas street, between the years 1760 and 1780. The Winetavern street, so called in Camden, being the street where the taverns were kept in 1316, is still in high preservation.

(23) Swift was born in Haly's Court, and the "deified Vanessa" lodged in "Turn Style Alley, near College Green."

(24) The Carberie was also inhabited by the Ormonde family during the vicissitudes of the Geraldines. It became again the property of the Earl of Kildare, and the habitation of that illustrious chief, who continued to reside in it till the dispersion of the family in the reign of Henry the Eighth, when five of them were publicly executed, and the rest died in misery or fled into exile.

LOVE.

BY E. B. F.

Yes, better to have loved, altho'
Deceived and wronged thou art,
Than never to have felt the glow
Of love within the heart;
And better to have won and lost
Than never to achieve—
Altho' the heart's great love was crossed,
The heart should never grieve.

The loves of earth, however bright,
Are mingled joy and pain;
Earth's gems gleam with a wavering light—
Earth's constancy is vain:
Yes! only when, deceived and sad,
Resigned we look above—
Give heaven the place a mortal had,
We gain a perfect love.

WHY RAIN IS BETTER THAN THE SPRINKLING POT.

Many persons must have noticed that the most diligent sprinkling of lawns and flower-beds fails to impart to the grass and plants a vital stimulus equal to that which comes from a good shower of rain. A correspondent reminds us of the reason for the difference. It is because rain, falling from a great height through the air, brings with it a considerable quantity of carbonic acid, of nitrogenous particles, and of other elements nutritious to plants, which it has washed out of the atmosphere. So a sprinkler used from the top of a tall building might be slightly more effective than when employed at the surface of the ground.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

CONDEMNED.

By ETHEL GODDARD.

Old Mary Cafferty stood in the doorway of her little cabin. She shaded her eyes from the sun, and gazed intently at a cloud of dust which advanced down the road, for it was a cloud which promised something to be seen, perhaps even somebody to talk to, and though Mary lived all alone, resolutely refusing to share the home inhabited by her daughter and her half-dozen babies, she was by no means averse to a gossip when occasion offered. Mary was a tall, gaunt old woman, her brown face was thickly seamed with dirt, the wide, humorous mouth appearing to be but a deeper, more pronounced seam than the rest; her black eyes were both merry and sad at once. The whole face bore the imprint of Ireland's geniality and Ireland's insincerity, for, old as Mary was, neither of these qualities had become impaired, and the villagers who lived a mile away from her cabin said that she was "a 'cute ould wan enough."

The car drew up at Mary's door. The old woman hurried forward. What could "quality" want with "the likes o' her"? "Quality," represented by a young man clothed in a ginger-coloured waterproof, jumped off the car. "Good day, ma'am," he said; "can I have a look at your little place?" Mary ran her shrewd black eyes over the stranger. Here was clearly no scion of a family of "quality"—her unerring Irish instinct told her as much at once—but still the young man was not of the type which usually enjoyed a friendly "crack" with her, and as a novelty he was welcome.

"To be sure, sir; to be sure. Step inside. 'Tis a poor little place enough, but 'twas built by me father—heavens be his bed—an' built no thanks to any o' them too—built be snatches an' unbeknownst, till he put the roof on it and faced the world."

"Oh, ah! Squatted, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. Bend your head, sir, comin' in at the door. Now ye see me little place. An' what would be bringin' ye here, sir, if I might make so bould?"

"To see your little place, ma'am, what else? Why, your floor's all in holes, and look at the puddles. Scandalous! Look here, too!" He raised his stick and prodded the thatch, from which a dirty brown drip started in an instant.

"Shure, indade, 'tis not too good. I do be prayin' to the Blessed Mother to send me eight shillin's to buy straw till I'd get some o' the neighbours to thatch it for me." Mary's eyes wandered towards the pocket of the strangely inquisitive young man.

"Your floor's terribly dirty, and the smell would—would knock you down." The young man was groping for a pocket handkerchief.

"Ah, shure, that's the hens. They do be about it always, an', indeed, it's the gallows to keep them out." The young man backed out of the doorway.

"Good day, ma'am, I'll stay with you no longer, thank you. Your perfumes are a bit strong—more peculiar than pleasant! Good day."

The car whirled away again, this time towards the village, and Mary was left to ponder upon a new experience.

"Musha, bad luck to him," she muttered. "What call had he to be comin' in an' givin' impidence to a lone body—an ill-lookin' bosthoon like him."

All day Mary speculated as to the calling and position of her unknown visitor, but it was not until evening that light came to her. She was standing again in the doorway when, walking down the road, she espied the landlord's steward, John Muldoon. Now, anything which was to be known was known by John, and why should he not have some light to throw upon the question of the ginger-coated youth?

"Good evenin' to ye, Misther Muldoon," she called out. "Would ye be in a hurry?"

"No hurry in the world, Mary, an' 'tis you I'm comin' to see."

John seated himself upon a stone, leaned against the grass bank by the cottage door, and looked up at Mary, enjoying the inquisitiveness in her eyes.

"To see me, Misther Muldoon! Ah, now, an' what for would ye be doin' that?"

"Be the masther's ordhers, Mary. An' I'm not yer first visitor to-day, though I'm not so illigant as he was, to be shure."

Mary looked eagerly at him.

"Who was he, Misther Muldoon, ye'd know if anyone would?"

"What was he saying to ye, Mary?"

"That the floor was in holes. I'd like to see where he was brought up. An' that the smell 'ud knock ye down, an' that the little place was scand'lous. It that was built no thanks to anyone, in the masther's father's time, an' your father's time, too."

"Aye, it 'ud never have been done if I was there, Mary, ye may take yer davy o' that."

"Who was this young bosthoon, Misther Muldoon, with ne'er a word o' civility out o' him"

"He was askin' ye about the floor an' the roof, I daresay, too, an' said the smells 'ud knock ye down. Now, who would he be, Mary?"

"That's what I'm askin' ye, sir."

"Why, who would he be, Mary, only the sanitairy. An' the upshot of it is, ye're to leave to-morrow, for the house isn't fit for a Christian to live in."

The old woman's eyes flashed, all the pleasantly shifty expressions of a moment before was wiped away by the primitive fury which in Ireland is so very near the apparently gentle surface.

"I'm to go out of me home that I've lived to be eighty come Christmas in, all because of a blatherin' boy. The little place was run up widout the help of anyone, an' John Muldoon, yer father and' yer masther's father, was rare put out when they seen it, and' if yez think I'll go out o' it for the likes o' you, ye're mistaken, an' I'll say the same to the masther an' the bench o' judges. Sanitairy indeed; a young whipsther that makes his livin'; a turnin' decent people out o' their houses!"

Mary's face had turned to a dull red; her black eyes semed to have a fire behind them. She shook from fury and from a certain acknowledged fear.

"Quiet, now—quiet, Mary," said John, rising from the restful stone. "You'll have to do what the masther says, anyhow, and' he sez ye can't stay on an' the house in such a state. Shure yer daughter 'll take ye, an' she's a dacint girl, wid a quiet husband. You'll be better nor here." John's eyes wandered contemptuously over the smoke-begrimed cottage, which seemed to be surrounded by a puddle.

"The masther sez I'm to go—now do ye tell me? Aye, an' so did the masther that's dead an' rotten, say to my father (may he lie easy). Nor for masters or sanitairies, nor any o' the lot will I leave the little house me father built, an' ye may put that in yer pipe an' smoke it, John Muldoon."

"Look at here, Mary," said John earnestly; "look at here. Ye'll do best to go quietly; ye'll get more by it, do you understand?"

"Get more by it, more by it!" Her voice rose to a shrill scream, "God an' Mary'll mind the poor orphan, an' no need of masthers or sanitairies. Get more by it, get more, livin' wid me daughter an' her man, and them babbies, an' grudged the bit went into me mouth. Look at here, John Muldoon, out o' this I don't stir till they take me to me rest, an' that'll not be long wid the tratement I'm gettin'." The fury had broken, tears flowed copiously; John turned away.

"Mind ye," he said, "ye're warned, an' tomorra out ye go."

Next day down the road came an ominous procession. Many stood in the cottage doorway again to see who they might be who walked in a row and looked toward her cabin. She folded her arms, compressed her mouth so that it looked more than ever like a thick line, and bent a stern look upon the advancing party, which consisted of her daughter, John Muldoon, the police sergeant, and a few villagers, who looked forward to an amusing scene.

"Good mornin' to yez," said Mary. "Good mornin' to yez, ye're a pleasant party for walkin'. Mag, does yer man want no dinner that ye're out sthravagin' at this time o' day? An' is there nothin' for you to do, John, but be goin' gallavantin'?" John Muldoon said nothing but hung back, looking toward the woman whom Mary had called Mag. She stepped forward.

"Mother, the masther has sent word that the sanitairy sez yer house isn't fit for ye to be in, and Mick an' me wants ye to come an' live along with us, an' we'll do our best for ye."

"Thank ye kindly, Mag, but I'll not be troublin' ye. Will the sanitairy giv ye half what's he's after gettin' for swarin' a dacint woman out o' house an' home?"

There was a suppressed snigger in the group, Mary's tone of shrill and sardonic politeness being deemed vastly entertaining, but the sound of amusement roused the old woman still further.

"Why then, ye lot of good-for-nothin' thramps, will ye tell me what you may be wantin'? Peg Rafferty, do ye want to give me half yer outdoor relief Mrs. Brennan, ma'am, are you dyin' to give me a home? Begone the lot of ye I say; begone, an' lave a dacint woman alone." Mary's face was red from anger and excitement. She trembled visibly and clutched the rotten door-post with one hand; all her anger rose from one fear, the fear that they would tear her away from "the little place." She faced them all bravely

"Begone, the whole o' ye."

John Muldoon stepped forward. "Now, Mrs. Cafferty, I tould ye yistherday this was detarmined on. Go quietly now wid Mag an' give over this noise."

"Thank ye, Misther Muldoon, me house was built no thanks to anyone, an' wid the help o' God I'll stay in it till I die."

John Muldoon beckoned to the sergeant. "Spake to her, sergeant," he said, "tell her the law o' it."

The official drew himself up.

"Mary Cafferty, me good woman, the law of it is ye've got to go. The sanitary inspector has pronounced yer house to be unfit for human habitation."

"Whethen indade, Sargeant, ye're very good to be tellin' me the law o' the matther. Agen the law me father kem here an' agen the law I'll stay. Aye, me that's a poor orphan. There's none for the poor here, 'tis the masther, the law, an' the sanitairy here; wait though, an' there'll be a time when God and Mary'll crown the orphan, the poor lone destitute woman." Mary's angry declamation ceased, she wiped her eyes with the corner of an ill-used apron.

"Ah the crathur," said one old woman pityingly, "ah, look at her now. Shure, Mary, honey, go up an' live along wid Mag an' her man, 'twill be betther for ye nor here in the dirt an' could."

Tears were forgotten, the black eyes flashed anger again.

"Ye're a good one to be talkin', Moll Byrne, ye are, an' what keeps up your fine house only the money from yer son in Ameriky, an' he shipped off afther turnin' the dirty informer on dacint men worth a hundhred o' him!"

The shot struck home. Moll Byrne attempted no more consolation, but shrank back offended, and the little group looked to the sergeant to speak again.

"Come, come, Mary Cafferty, ye must g'up out o' this, an' not be obsthructin' me an' Misther Muldoon in the performance of our juties. I'll be obliged to forcibly resthrain ye an' to confine ye in the barrack if ye stan'

there givin' back answers to them as works for yer good. Go up now along with yer daughter an' yer goods 'll be sent afther ye in an ass cart."

"I'm mighty beholden to ye, sargeant, but I'm not thinkin' o' movin' at present. Now I'll thank ye all not to be stannin' pausin' there in front o' me door. Good day to yez." The abrupt speech was a last effort. The old woman looked angrily, furtively round the group, fully realising that her chance of remaining in the dear grimy cabin was but a small one. The sergeant laid his hand upon her arm.

"Me good woman, will ye proceed on quietly up to the village along with yer daughter, or will ye come in charge of me. Answer now sharp, for I've no time to stand dallyin'."

Mary vouchsafed no word to the indignant representative of law and order, she gazed over his head up to the clear blue sky, and shaking his hand off her arm stood silent for a moment. Then, turning to the wondering group, she spoke again in a shrill excited voice.

"When me father, that's in glory, set about for to build this little house the blessin' o' God was on him, for he got the roof on to it before ever the ould masther or John Muldoon's father set eyes on it. When I was left a lone orphan me man an me lived here too, and here I rared May there, that's come agen her ould mother this day. An' here I lived a widdy, dacint an' quiet, askin' to hinder no one,—Kape yer tongue in yer cheek, John Muldoon, an' don't be whisperin' there, 'tis the laste ye can do to let me spake. I'm gev notice to quit now on the head of a young whipsther of a sanitairy, and theres no one to spake for a lone woman, so go I must. Me things'll come on an ass cart! Aye will they. Any that's left over afther the thievin' they'll get! Who'll bring me the little Agnus Dei I got last Christmas from his riverence, an' it a little jool in lead, who'll bring me the little chain me husband's cousin's niece gev me, an' she breakin' up to go to Ameriky? Look at here, Sergeant, an' you John Muldoon, if e'er a screed is missin' God an' Mary'll remember it to ye. I'm an ould woman, an' there's no one to help the poor, only mind ye, blessed are they that weep; an ye've made me weep tears o' salt this day."

Pushing silently through the little group, disregarding all words of sympathy, Mary walked up to her daughter. "Come along with me, ye unnatural child," she said, "ye unnatural child that sides with a sanitairy agen yer own mother."

Weeping and wiping her eyes, Mary Cafferty turned away from her little cabin, feeling that she had discomfited the enemy, and had, at all events, scored a moral victory.

When installed in her daughter's house Mary became silent and morose, no friendly neighbour coming in for a "crack" could get one word of the old cheery gossip from the erstwhile garrulous talker, and the villagers began to whisper that "ould Mary Cafferty was a bit asthray since she was put out o' her little house." Surely enough, the old woman's gloom gave cause for alarm, and when one day Mary on meeting "the masther" launched forth into an excited and highly coloured description of how "the sanitairy had come an' thumped an' poked wid his stick, an' thramped about as never was an' had bruk a hole in her roof wid his meddlin' an' pokin', her daughter began to watch her carefully lest harm should come of her wild ideas and excited moods.

Mary Cafferty kept her thoughts in her heart and brooded silently over the seeming injustice which had robbed her of her little home, only occasionally did she unbosom herself and speak of her woes, and then it was always the same story which she poured forth, of how "the sanitairy had kem an' poked a hole in her roof an' then turned her out into the could."

Mary's daughter and her numerous family slept all together in a good-sized room opening off the kitchen. Mary elected to sleep in the kitchen itself, "for," she said, "I do be moidhered wid the childher squallin' an' Mary an' her man snorin' there, not like a poor ould body that can't get a wink o' sleep wid pausin' an' thinkin' o' better days."

It was on one wild and rainy night that Mary rose from her mattress, which lay on the floor near the dying fire, and moving stealthily, dressed herself in the ragged skirt and faded shawl which she wore by day. "Shure I cant see me boots, but what matther for that," she muttered, making a weird picture in the light of the flickering turf fire as she stood roughly and hurriedly dressed. "Mother o' God, 'tis a crule night," she whispered as the wind slashed the rain against the windows and rattled the door. Tiptoeing across the room, she lifted the latch slowly, timorously, well knowing that a tell-tale click would follow any quick movement.

Once outside, she did not fear detection, for the rain and wind would quite cover any sound of footsteps.

The old woman stood dazed for a second, while the rain and wind madea sport of her poor thin rags, then folding her shawl more tightly round her, she stepped forward bravely, with head bent, to the storm.

Mary's black eye shone joyfully; her face was full of a sort of excited joy, and out for an occasional stagger when the body momentarily asserted its weakness, she walked with the strength and speed of a young woman talking to herself the while in a strange exultant whisper.

"I'm right now—I'm right; I know every inch o' the road, though 'tis easy enough to lose yer way o' such a night. Me poor foot! That's a stone." She staggered heavily, almost falling. "Divil blister that haro for takin' away me boots. I'm right now, an' none o' them 'll get me out whin I get to it. Sanitairy an' all, I'll stay there now, an' the Blessed Vargin 'll purtect me an' keep from them that's agen me. Lawnies, 'tis a night! Ah!" With a deep gasp for breath Mary stood a while, trying to pierce the darkness, half blinded by the driving rain. On she went again, more slowly than before, and limping from the pain of her feet. "Here's the turn. Losh, I'm up on the toepat'." She scraped her nails along the whitewashed wall of a cottage, and carefully feeling her way from it gained the road again. Sog, sog, went the bare feet on the road. Mary was shivering with cold now, and the closely held shawl being wet through did but chill her to the bone.

"'Tis worse nor I thought." The first elasticity of excitement was worn off, and it was a very tired, footsore old woman, who, brave still, tramped on through the thick mire.

Swish, swish, went the trees beside her. "I'm at the plantation now," muttered Mary. Then came the sound of a trickling stream. "'Tis only a bit now," the voice ended in a gasp. On again bravely, steadily, then another stop, an excited whisper, "'Tis here now is the little turn in to it, here's the very puddle in the front o' it. Praise the Vargin I'm home agen, only if I had e'er a match on chancst that they shut the door. Ah!" Mary fell back involuntarily, then came forward again. "Vargin Mother, what's that an' me black sober an' ne'er a thing but a sup o' tay this month. Shure, I felt a sore prickin' sting an' a tear-like. There 'tis agen. Holy St. Joseph, if I had e'er a match." The whisper had risen to loud and excited speech, the "prickin' sting" had maddened Mary. Again she went forward, this time with her hands stretched out to ward off the pricks from her body. She came against what seemed to be a row of sharp pointed things which pierced the flesh. Mary felt the trickling blood running down her hands. Frenzied she dashed herself against the opposing force, clutching, clawing at it.

"Come out o' that ye devil," she screamed. "An, come out o' that wid ye. Would ye now, would ye." Another drive of pain, her hands seemed to be masses of agony; the sharp cutting things prodded her arms through her thin clothing, they pierced her legs, poorly covered as they were in wet rags. Mary raised the black eyes, erstwhile full of hope, now darkened with agony, to the inky heavens. Nothing but darkness was round her, darkness and driving rain; before her the stinging, mysterious enemy; beyond, home, "the little place."

"Come out of it ye devil. Mother o'God, dhrive them away." Again she pressed forward, contesting the way with the flesh-tearing terror. Her eyes were wild, haggard, her mouth strained sideways in pain and bewilderment. Her hands were wet; blood was on them—she felt it when she raised them to her face for an instant. She stood dazed, exhausted, torn, drenched to the skin, buffeted by the wind. The night, though fierce, was a summer night, and short. Over ahead of her came a break in the blackness, the first sign of dawn.

"Mary, Mother!" she muttered, her voice hoarse from chill and weakness. "Mary, Mother, dhrive away this devil now wid the dawn. Let me get sight o' the little home an' get in before the polis come."

Again she came forward, staggering this time, stretching out her hands feebly in an effort to regain her balance. Again were they torn by the relentless enemy.

Light was coming. Suddenly it seemed that the clouds broke. Mary peered before her; she saw the white walls gleaming. She stood back, sore, baffled, panting. She would wait. More light; the clouds scurried away from the brightness. She could not see much yet, but she realised dully that she was very cold, and that there was a tell-tale redness on her hands, and that a stream of blood had flowed down her skirt. More light, the sharp old eyes could see now, there were the white walls, but the roof; where was the old thatched roof? And that devil—ah, there it was, cruel, sharp, newly stretched—a barbed fence between her and the now roofless little place.

Mary's eyes seemed to grow dim; a scream forced itself to her lips, but could not get through because of the huskiness.

"May the curse of God light"—It was painful even to say so much, besides the will to say was gone. Mary's mouth worked loosely; she examined her raw and blood-stained hands with a childish smile and a wistful impersonal curiosity. "A pound o' chops," she droned, "a pound o' the best, the best, an' exthra for the orphan. Ah, ye would, would ye." Clutching at the air, Mary reeled and fell backwards into the brackish puddle, and the curtain fell between her and reality.

In the morning the searching villagers found her there, sitting still in the puddle, huddled up, her knees touching her mouth. In the kindly heat of the summer sun the moisture rose in steam from her soaked clothing; yet she sat there, indifferent, calm, watching the pitying neighbours.

"Musha, good day to ye all." The group drew near to hear the husky whisper. "Is there any man o' ye will open me door an' I shut out here, but ye see I've the best of a fire"—she looked intently at the steam from her ragged dress—"I've the best of a fire, and a good bit of mate, too. Look at here, he gev me exthra." She held up the red, raw hands with the bloodstained sleeves above them, smiling amiably the while, though all the time her mouth worked loosely and her eyes were restless. A murmur of horror ran through the group of neighbours, but the object of pity sat there to all appearance unconcerned.

They took her home. "Ye'll open me door an' bring me back," she said. "Aye, Mary, woman," they said, "when ye've had a dhrop o' tay."

That night Mary lay in the home of lost wits, dreaming the dreams of confusion with many other unfortunates. But never did the picture of the storm-tossed, blood-stained old woman fade from the minds of the villagers. "Musha," they said, "she lived there to be ould enough, an' when they went to save her life they as good as kilt ed her.

ANCIENT IRISH SOCIETY.

THE IRISH FIGHTING CLANS.

THE O'CARROLLS OF ELY.

By Rev. F. R. MONTGOMERY HITCHCOCK, B.D.

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PART I.

The O'Carrolls of Ely are another of the fighting clans who made the subjugation of Ireland an extremely difficult task to the English Lord Deputies and settlers. Though they never succeeded like the O'Conors in bagging a Viceroy and keeping him prisoner until a ransom and hostage were given for him, they displayed a certain amount of natural taste for warfare that was extremely disagreeable to their more peaceably-disposed neighbours. It is true that we do not find them carrying on long and organised campaigns like their friends in Offaly, but sallying from their strong castles—their "small piles of little importance, the chiefest whereof is Limwaddon," as Dimmock describes them in his Treatise on Ireland (1600), they were able to inflict many a crushing blow on their adversaries.

Ely O'Carroll, to call the clan by its proper name, derived its descent and domain from Eile or Ely, seventh in line from Cian or Kean, a son of the famous Olioll Olum, King of Mumha, now known as Munster, or Moonster (Mumhan-stadr), the place of Mumha. According to O'L-Uidhren Ely O'Carroll was divided into eight tuatha or districts, over which O'Cearbhaill or O'Carrol was the ruling chief. The territory of Ely is almost coterminous with that part of the King's County which belongs to the diocese of Killaloe, and includes the baronies of Clonlisk and Ballybritt. Ikerrin and Eiogarty, in Tipperary, were detached from it at an early date and given to "Ormond." Birr, the ancient Biorra, or plain of water, in the Umbilicus Hiberniae, or centre of Ireland, according to Giraldus Cambrensis, seems to have been the headquarters of the tribe when they first emerge into history. According to the poets they were a hospitable, fierce, and yellow-haired race, to whom the neighbouring tribes were compelled to pay tribute.

In the Book of Rights the tribute levied on the King of Caiseal (Cashel) by the King of Eile is thus described:—

The stipend of the King of Eile, often gold,
From the King of Caisial, of the banquets,
Six shields and six bright swords,
Six bardsmen, six bardswomen.

Up to the slopes of Sliabh Blahmo (Slieve Bloom) the O'Carrolls of Ely held sway, and were found to furnish fewer forces than the other kings. There was gold in the country in these days, the gold from which crosses and chalices, torques and chains, bracelets and bodkins, were fashioned, and with which the warrior's sword was inlaid and the lady's mantle inwoven. And in gold Ely was rich, for the O'Carroll was "King of Eile of the Gold." The chief was also rich in cattle and herds, that found pasture on the green slopes of the hills and in the well-watered plains of Ely.

A bard, O'Heerin, who died in 1420, thus alludes to this princely race:—

Lords to whom great men submit
Are the O'Carrolls, of the plains of Birr.
Princes of Eile, as far as tall Slieve Bloom,
The most hospitable land in Erin.
Eight districts and eight chiefs are ruled
By the Prince of Ely, of the land of herds;
Valiant in enforcing the tributes
Are the troops of the yellow-ringletted hair.

For it appears that in the year 212, when Ely comes into notice at a very early period. Fergus of the black teeth reigned in Ireland, that the King of Ulster gave a feast at Magh Breagh—the Plain of the Wolf—to which Cormac MacArt was invited. But the guest falling under the displeasure of the King, the cruel but curious order was given that Cormac's fair beard—of which the possessor was proud—should be burnt. Cormac immediately applied to Thady, who was then Chief of Ely, for assistance, and overthrew the King of Ulster in a great battle, and wiped out the disgrace of his burnt beard in the blood of his foes. To Birr, the seat of the pagan worship of Fen, and the chief stronghold of Ely O'Carroll, came the good St. Brendan, St. Columkille's friend, whose prophetic gift, long life, and profound piety formed the theme of many a legend, to spread the light of Christianity and to found a monastery, about 550 A.D. Here the Kings of Ireland and the Kings of Munster had royal meetings. Through here Felim of Cashel passed in his terrible expedition to Tara, plundering and slaying all that fell in his way. Hither the "foreigners of the Boyne" (as the Four Masters describe them), the Danes, penetrated in 841, of which inroad of destruction Ely O'Carroll has a perpetual record in the name of Oxmantown—or the town of the Ostmen. Here the tribe of the O'Conors, the Hy Failge, were defeated and many of them slain, with Cinaeth Cruach, in 949. From here a strong detachment of the O'Carrolls marched to join the standard of Bryan Boroihme, and helped to hurl the ruthless invaders—the Vikings of the North—into the sea on the strands of Clontarf. In 1121 the town lay under the fear and distress of a terrible siege. For Torlogh, the son of Roderick O'Connor, King of Ireland, had collected a great army and "encamped near Birr for some months," and then, to the infinite relief of the O'Carrolls, he was forced by the heavy snows and bitter cold of winter to withdraw to Connaught again. The history of the O'Carrolls begins with a sacrilege—the murder of a King. O'Hendersgeol of Cathuighe in South Munster, who was stabbed as he was leaving the church, and fell dead on the threshold (1154). And twenty years afterwards Rughry O'Carroll, King of Ely, was slain by his own brother on an island in the Shannon. It is the story of a red-haired and red-handed race that we are now commencing. But when we remember the fierce times in which they lived, and the wild and ungovernable passions of a people who had never experienced the blessing of peace, who had but half learnt the lessons of Christianity, and who had imbibed from their parents that inborn love of fighting which has now been happily turned by English influence into more useful but not less vigorous channels, we may not judge them harshly, though we may congratulate ourselves on the fact that their day is over, and their dread is past.

The English invasion should have had at any rate one good effect in making the isolated tribes and principalities of Ireland forget their private feuds for a moment and combine to some extent against their common foe. But the clansmen of the different tribes would not amalgamate; they had been so long accustomed to hate and fear, to distrust and dislike their neighbours. And so they presented an easier task to the Anglo-Normans than they had doubtless anticipated. It was in consequence of their dissension that the English King was able to portion out their dominions to his favourite and trusted knights, and that the latter were not afraid to occupy that part of the land that fell to their share.

It seems that Henry II., without consulting the wishes of the O'Carrolls, had made over the estates of Ely O'Carroll to Theobald Fitzwalter, the ancestor of the powerful Butlers of Ormond, and that the treacherous John, with an equal disregard for his father's promises, sold the same lots to Walter de Braosa for a large sum of money, so that Fitzwalter had to purchase Braosa's claim before he could take possession. This he at once proceeded to do, having granted part of Birr to Hugh de Hose or Hussy. The O'Carroll opposed his entrance into his dominions, but suffered defeat, losing his own life in the battle. The English invaders were now greatly aided in their conquest of Ely by the unpatriotic action of Moriertagh MacBryen of the Mountain, a Tipperary neighbour, who seized the opportunity while the O'Carrolls had their hands full, to overrun their country. According to the Annals of Clonmacnoise, this highland chief besieged the castle of Byrne, and at last burnt the whole town. He then attacked the castle of Kinnetty and the castle of Lothra, and broke them down and destroyed them, thus leaving the country of his neighbours completely exposed to the incursions of Fitzwalter and his men.

Kinnity was in one of the frontier fortresses of the O'Carroll sept. It is supposed to have got its name from the fact that the head (ceann) of Etech, an Irish heroine, was buried there. Its tower was built on a spur of the mountain range of Slieve Bloom, and several to protect the O'Carroll's country from the invasions of the foreign Danes and the native Irish. That castle, with others belonging to the sept, now fell into the hands of the English, who profited by O'Bryen's campaign by occupying and restoring the castles of Durrow, Birr, and Kinnetty. Having already erected a castle at Athlone, the central plain of Ireland was now dominated by English spearmen, archers, and cavalry.

But the O'Carrolls were not conquered. Far from it, for when defeated in the field they had strongholds to flee into, even those at Clonlisk, Dunkerrin, Emil, and Lemivanane, or Leap. Behind the stout walls and deep trenches of these fortresses they were safe until gunpowder was brought to bear upon them. Then only did they yield.

At Coulisk, the meadow of the fort, two miles from Shinrone, the O'Carrolls of the reddened spears were able to inflict a defeat upon a force of English who were marching to surprise them from the South, but who found in Shinrone (the seat of the Dzal) a veritable ambush of fierce and nimble warriors. Intestine feuds from this out helped to decimate the ranks of the O'Carrolls. The men of Ossory, on the one side, and the fierce kerns from Arran, on the other, proved relentless and persistent foes. The Lord of Ely was slain in battle on his own lands as he was leading his men against the Ossorians, and James, Earl of Arran, took Teige O'Carroll, his own brother-in-law, prisoner, and kept him confined for eight years. But Teige escaped from his dungeon, to be afterwards slain by Lord Deputy Scrope.

But amongst the fiery chieftains of this race some few were found who had more pious aspirations than to live the life of Ishmael, with their hand against every man and every man's hand against them. For, as we found an O'Conor withdrawn from the scenes of blood to the studies of the cloister, so we find Thady O'Carroll desirous of retiring into a more obscure but pious existence. But his clansmen and the lords of Eastern Munster prevailed upon him to remain as he was, so he compromised matters by paying a visit to the Pope, and afterwards was received at the Court of King Richard II., who was preparing an expedition to Ireland. But he seems to have been the solitary member of the reigning family that evinced such a desire, for those who went before him and those

who came after were conspicuous for the terrible Berserker rage that has ever distinguished the Celtic race.

Right up to the town of Birr in Ely ran the ancient territory of the O'Maolmuaidh, O'Mulloy, called Fearcall or Feara Ceall, which means the "men of the churches." The land of the O'Mulloys, which comprised the modern baronies of Eglish and Ballyboy, lay in the ancient kingdom of Meath, and between the dominions of the O'Conors on one side and the O'Carrolls on the other. We shall refer on a future occasion to this clan. It is sufficient to state here that in spite of the number of religious establishments and churches that were in this country of the O'Mulloys, the race were anything but religiously inclined, if we may judge from their perfidious and cruel treatment of their neighbours and their own people. The numerous strongholds and the dense forests, of which the "Great Wood of Fearcall" is still pointed out, offered facilities for treachery, for smiting men in the dark, for lurking in ambush, for doing foul deeds with impunity, of which the O'Mulloys were not slow to avail themselves. Cian, "the illustrious heir" of Ely O'Carroll, had a quarrel with an O'Mulloy, which was natural, seeing that they were close neighbours. And the O'Mulloys vowed vengeance. The result was that as Cian was passing carelessly one day through the woods on his own borders a javelin hurled by Hugh O'Mulloy—the heir to the lordship of Fearcall—who was in hiding, passed through his heart. This is put down as having taken place in the year 1380. Two years passed and Fergal Roe, son of MacGeoghegan, chief of Kinel Fiacha, was treacherously slain by the members of this clan.

Thus perished a scion of the fighting house sixteen years before Thady wished to resign the sword and take the vows. O'Carroll, a successor of Thady's, who did not take after him, becoming involved in a quarrel with the Butlers of Ormond, the latter entered Ely and dismantled two of O'Carroll's fortresses. Fifteen years passed by enlivened by the usual campaigns, when another enemy of an even more destructive nature invaded the land, and spared neither high nor low, priest nor peasant, Celt or Norman even—the plague. Then died Hussy of Galtrim, the claimant of Birr, whose battle cry of "Cor-deragh-aboe" had frequently terrified his opponents, and with him, it is computed, perished about 700 priests. But the O'Carrolls seem to have been but lightly touched, for we find them in power shortly afterwards, and compelling the counties of Kilkenny and Tipperary to pay 40 livres yearly. This was about the year 1460.

Great pressure was, however, brought upon the Lord Deputy, the Earl of Kildare, by the English of the Pale to release them from the tyranny of the O'Carrolls, and he invaded the country and besieged the Castle of Lemivanane (Leap), which, according to the Four Masters, was one of the best fortified and defended castles of the age. But he failed to take it, and, returning home to get more forces, fell sick at Athy, but managed to get back to Kildare, where he died. His son, Gerald, immediately assumed the reins of government, and resumed the siege of Lemyvanane, which he succeeded in taking.

(To be Continued.)

AIRSHIP CONTEST AT ST. LOUIS.

During the World's Fair at St. Louis in 1904 a contest of airships is to take place, the grand prize being 100,000 dollars. The sum of 50,000 dollars will also be awarded in minor prizes. The course to be sailed over will be L-shaped, one leg being longer than the other. Captive balloons will mark the end of each leg and the meeting point of the legs. The starting point will be at the angle, and each competitor must encircle the three captive balloons in opposite directions, and must make at least three complete trips at an average speed of not less than 10 miles an hour.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

REDMOND O'HANLON.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

20 Sydney Avenue,
Blackrock, Feb. 5th., 1903.

Dear Sir,—I daresay you remember me writing to you on the subject of Redmond O'Hanlon, which appeared in your issue of Dec. 20th, 1902. I desire to thank you and the gentlemen who were so kind as to answer my questions, in particular Mr. Phillip Crossle, of Newry, who wrote me and enclosed a very interesting communication which may interest your readers:—

"Bryan Mullane and Joane, his Wife v. Edward Courtenay and Others—26th Feb., 1700.

"Suppliants Bryan Mullane, now of the city of Dublin, and Joane, his wife, which Joane was sometime the wife, widow, and relict of John O'Hanlon, late, while he lived, of Ballynlen, in Co. Armagh, gent., deceased, who in his lifetime and at his death was debtor to H. M. and your late Queen Mary; and the said Joane is now administratrix of said John O'Hanlon, with the will anexed of the said John O'Hanlon being lawfully possessed of the leases of the several townslands of Aghenteragh, Ballynlen, Enagh, and Ballyhahilled, leased to him for 21 years from May, 1693. Said John O'Hanlon made his will on 27th Oct., 1693, and among other things demised one-third of all his leases and goods to your suppliant, Joane then being his wife, and the other two-third parts to his two children, Redmond O'Hanlon and Mary O'Hanlon, and of his said will appointed Father John O'Hanlon (a priest evidently), his father-in-law, John Duffy, and his two cousins, Redmond O'Hanlon and Phelemy O'Hanlon, to be his executors, and soon after died (on 31st Oct., 1693). Your suppliant, Joane, further showeth that in 1695 she married Loughlin Donnelly, gent., who soon afterwards died. Your suppliant soon afterwards married again according to the rites and ceremonies of the Holy Church your suppliant Bryan Mullane, whereof your two suppliants became entitled to said lands." (Information abstracted from Exchequer Bills, Record Office, Dublin).

Mr. Crossle in a subsequent letter put me in the way of finding another life of Redmond O'Hanlon in the "Newry Telegraph"; also a sentence of outlawry on Redmond and others. This, indeed, was painstaking which I fully appreciate. Mr F. J. Biggar, M.R.I.A., whose letter appeared in your issue of Jan. 3rd, upon my writing to him at once very kindly lent me "The Lives of Irish Rogues and Rapparees," a book, by the way, I never expected to see, and also presented me with a very interesting life of Aneas O'Haughan, the celebrated Northern robber, written by Mr. Biggar himself, and he also promised to look up another life of Redmond O'Hanlon which he thought was in the Journal of the D.S.A. This kindness was astonishing, not to say gratifying, and in writing this letter I wish to emphasize it, and to show that anyone who applies to the Notes and Queries column in the "Dublin Penny Journal" need almost be sure of an answer from some of its courteous readers. And I might mention that my purpose in inditing this tedious communication, after that of thanking the gentlemen I have mentioned, is to make more popular your "Notes and Queries" column if possible. Mr. James Coleman, of Southampton, also sent me interesting particulars of "The Cromwellian Settlement," by J. Prendergast, for which I was very thankful.

B. M. J. O'HANLON.

COLONEL JAMES ROCHE, "THE SWIMMER."

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

33 Longwood avenue, Dublin,
February 15th, 1903.

Dear Sir—May I, with your kind permission, add a few details to the very interesting sketch of Colonel James Roche, the swimmer. He is buried in Churchtown, Co. Waterford, about four miles from Carrick-on-Suir. A slab to his memory is inserted in one of the walls of the church. Near him lie several generations of the Everards, under a table tombstone, with the following inscription:—"Hic jacet Dons Carolus Everardus filius Gabrielis Everardi filii Joannis Everardi de Fethard, Equitis aurati et quon dam Justitiarius Regis Banco, hic quoque jacet uxor ei Catherina Wale filia de Gulielmo Wale de Cuilnemuc. Orate pro animabus suis [illegible] Mali 1643."

The Everards owned large possessions near Fethard, and also Burntcourt, near Clogheen.

The Walls held Coolnamuck Castle and demesne for probably seven hundred years. The last representatives of this ancient family left Coolnamuck about fifty years ago.—Yours truly,

P. J. GRIFFITH, M.R.S.A.I.

THE CRATHORNE ANCESTRY.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

14th February, 1903.

Sir—From the will of Ralph Crathorne, of Dublin, dated 1715, it would appear that he was married three times. Can any reader of the "Dublin Penny Journal" kindly give me particulars of his ancestry, or the names of his first wife and her children?

Was he identical with the Ralph Crathorne, of Crathorne, Co. York, born in 1634, who married Anne, daughter of William Tunstall, of Scargil Castle, York, or his son The family formerly resided in Baltinglass, Co. Wicklow, where a Geoffry Crathorne died in 1754.—Yours truly,

WILLIAM JACKSON PIGOTT.

NEVIN AND THULE—THEIR MEANINGS.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Sir—There appears in "Sullivan's Dictionary of Derivations—Celtic roots by O'Donovan (a very good authority)—that Glasgow, Glasnevin, Glasthule, Finglas, and Douglas are derived from the word glaise, a brook or stream, and that Ballyglass, Knockglass, and Moneyglass are from the word glas, green. Ardglass, Co. Down, was anciently Athglaise, the ford of the stream; its present name means a green height. The words gowan, a daisy, fionn, white or clear, dubh, black or dark, are easily understood. Would some one kindly explain the meaning of nevin and thule, and oblige—Yours truly,

Castletown, Isle-of-Man. W. MARTIN.

CHRISTOPHER MANUS O'KEEFE.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Christopher Manus (author of the paper "Were the First German Celts," published in Nos. 44-45 of the "D.P.J.") was on the literary staff of the "Irish People,' when it was edited by T. C. Luby, and after the seizure of that newspaper by the Government was one of the first Fenians tried at the earlier Special Commission. He was the only one who broke down in the dock, the dismal prospect of penal servitude to which he was sentenced, and which he subsequently endured in five different prisons having unmanned him. On his release he rejoined the Press. His last engagement in Ireland was that of Queenstown correspondent of the "Irish Daily Telegraph," a later form of the once well-known "Cork Southern Reporter." O'Keeffe was greatly liked in Queenstown, and his humorous reports of the affairs there afforded considerable amusement to his readers. On the extinction of the "Irish Daily Telegraph" at the close of 1873, Mr. O'Keeffe went to America, and was engaged by Mr. Ford on the "Irish World." He died at New York early in July, 1891. He was a good linguist, extensively read, the author of an Irish historical novel, "The Knights of the Pale," and of the "Life and Times of O'Connell," published by Mullany, Dublin. Simple-minded and sincere, he made many friends and no enemies. S.N.

As the author of "Absalom and Achitophel," Dryden was not only the most prominent literary figure, but the greatest force in contemporary politics. There have been many writers of political verse, both grave and gay, since Dryden, but none, from Pope to Mr. Owen Seaman, have combined in the same high degree literary merit with effective political partisanship (says a writer in "Longman's Magazine" for February). Never has any political writer turned mere party vehemence to such tremendous and permanent results. Even now his portrait of Shaftesbury—

Dark convict, seared by History's branding curse,
And hung in chains from Dryden's lofty verse

—discoloured as it is by the bitterest party prejudice, leaves an ineffaceable impression upon the mind.

THE RUINED TEMPLE AT PALENKE.



THE ANCIENT RUINS OF PALENKE.

REMAINS OF A HIGHLY CULTURED MEXICAN RACE.

By ENOS BROWN.

A TRAVELLER who recently visited the famous ruins at Palenke, State of Chiapas, Mexico, laments the changes which time and the elements are gradually making in their appearance and condition. Nothing has ever been done by the Federal Government to preserve these impressive monuments of the highly cultured race who constructed them and of whose history and origin but little is known. The climate of the region in which the ruins are situated is the direct opposite of that of Egypt, inasmuch as the rainfall at Palenke has been known to amount to 200 inches a year. The air is humid, and encourages decay, and at the same time stimulates the rapid growth of the vines and creeping plants, which are disintegrating the walls and pavements and will eventually level them to the ground. So dense is the foliage surrounding the ruins, that light from the sun is almost totally obscured. The photographer who was employed by the Mexican Government to take pictures of the ruins could accomplish his object in some instances only by means of a flash light. The ruins of Palenke are about 200 miles from the port of Frontera, and are reached by steamer up the Tabasco river to San Juan Bautista, and thence by trail. The group all lie within a radius of 2,000 feet, and consist of nine distinct structures, of which the "palace" is the largest and most central. The ruined buildings consist of temples, pyramids, acqueducts, and edifices whose purpose is not yet ascertained. The temple is the largest of all, and upon it the ancient builders lavished all their art. It includes a court and balconies, as well as great corridors in which tablets in bas-relief are fastened into the walls. Sculptures representing battle scenes and events of the nation's life are carefully depicted. From them the physical characteristics and domestic habits may be correctly ascertained. The dimensions of the "palace" are great. Its length is 238 feet, and breadth 180 feet, and it is elevated on a mound 310 feet long, 260 feet wide, and 40 feet high. The material used was stone, many blocks of prodigious size being used, and all joined together with mortar. As great architectural ability was displayed by the builders of the edifices at Palenke as was shown by the architects who erected those of the Nile. How it was possible for a primitive people to fashion, convey, and sculpture such immense stones as were employed is the wonder of modern archæologists .It would seem that the same people were the builders of these structures found at Milta, Mayapan, Tula, as well as at Palenke, a race which covered Yucatan and the Southern States of Mexico with mighty temples.

A French scientist with a lively imagination and unusual powers of observation credits the "Toltecs" with building these ancient temples, and fixes the seventh century as the period of their erection, but these confident assertions are doubted. Others place the era in which they were built as nearly as the date of the pyramids of Egypt. However, it seems to be proved beyond a doubt that many centuries before the discovery of America these ruins were in existence. It is not believed that Cortez or those with him knew of the Palenke ruins, though that conqueror must have been close to them at one time. Europeans first heard of them in 1750, but it was not until 1787 that they were explored. The key unlocking the mysteries hidden in the hieroglyphics which are carved on hundreds of tablets may some time be discovered, and the history of a great race of people and their origin be known, but their successors who now inhabit the region have no traditions that can aid the inquirer.

The ruins of Palenke should be preserved, and the Mexican Government owe that much to the world. If it were possible to clear the timber away and destroy the growth of vines which is rapidly overwhelming them, these interesting relics might be saved for the future. They have so far resisted the effects of time and physical convulsion, but must eventually succumb to the ceaseless, persistent, and silent assaults of an overwhelming tropical growth.

THE TOLKA.

ITS HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

SOME ADDITIONAL NOTES.

Mr. MacArthur writes:—In addition to those mentioned in the recent articles on the River Tolka, there are other interesting associations. The first town passed, Dunboyne, has an ancient record. Dr. Joyce gives the meaning as Baeithin's dun or fortress. We have another personage of that name remembered in the church at Dunganstown Parish, county Wicklow—namely, Ennisboyne (Baeithin's island or River Holm). In the reign of Henry VI, a writ was issued, 1423, ordering "the Provost and Commonalty of the town of Dunboyne to be at Trim with all their power for its defence." Dunboyne was burned down in 1798; the adjoining bog was called "the Moor of Meath." The ancient castle, formerly at Dunboyne, gave the title of Baron Dunboyne to the Butler family. Leaving Mulhuddart we pass to Clonsilla, "the Meadow of Sallows." The mill here was erected on the site of an ancient one called "the Devil's Mill,' 'from tradition of having been built in a single night, and was the old seat of the Carhampton Peers, Woodlands, later Lord Annaly's family, called Luttrellstown, and given by King John (who is said to have slept here one night) to the Luttrell family. Finglas, next reached, has many associations in addition to the ones mentioned in the articles. Archbishop King was Rector of Finglas at one time; Archbishop Narcissus Marsh lived at Violet Hill, Finglas; Dean Synge, of Kildare; Thomas Parnell, one time Vicar—these names appear in the Vestry Books, which are the earliest in the vicinity of Dublin, and commence 1657; they show the provision made for the supply of rushes at Whitsuntide and holly and ivy at Christmas. The monuments in the Parish Church include the Flower family (Lord Ashbrook), from 1681, and Colonel Bridge same time; the old Settle family of Finglas Bridge, with crests and coats of arms; the Cobbe family; also Gregory and Stubbs. The church plate dates from 1696 to 1705, the bells from 1729. Finglas Castle was in the rectory lawn, and was taken down in 1702, the first year of Queen Anne's reign. Cardiff's Castle was new, the foundations of which was discovered 60 years ago. In Finglas Wood was a castle of Queen Elizabeth's time. In addition to the famous Finglas Cross, there was another one in the churchyard, of what we have now no trace of any kind. In 1779 Austin Cooper visited it, and says: "There is likewise the remains of an old Cross, the top of which is broke off, and laid under the bottom stone or base." The Cross, coming to the light again in 1816, is another one, and was noticed in an early volume of the old "Dublin Penny Journal," also the "Dublin University Magazine." In the churchyard at Finglas rests Dr. Lanigan, the well known historian. The Finglas Manor was for years vested in the Archbishops of Dublin. Here died two holders of the office—Fulk de Saundford, in 1271, and Archbishop Fitzsimon, in 1511. The cotton mill of Fingals was burned down in 1828. The Finglas tannery, in Finglas Wood, lasted for close on two centuries. The old Finglas market was in the possession of the Archbishops of Dublin by grant of George I. The formerly famous Finglas fair was held here on May Day, and Finglas was one of the very last places near the Irish capital to have the Maypole up on each May Day, when all around the old Celtic custom dropped away. St. Canice, to whom the Finglas Church was dedicated, was educated at the great school of Clonard, along with the founder of the passed-away Church of Glasnevin, St. Movi, and when the latter left Clonard to go to the banks of the Tolka, the former came with him, and we see the name perpetuated in Finglas yet. The stay of the Williamite army in Finglas is remembered in the name of King William's Ramparts, at the back of the glebe house, and yet marked on the map by that name. The vicarage of Finglas was held for some years by Dr. Parnell, the friend of Swift, Pope, and Addison; and Swift names in his will, as one of his executors, a vicar of Finglas. The famous Cross, now in the churchyard at Finglas, gave the names to the Baronies in North Dublin of Uppercross and Nethercross; and as the articles in preceeding issues gave particulars, it need not be mentioned further. It appeared in "The Amateur Photographer" of November 6th last year. Joceline's account of St. Patrick visiting Finglas, and from there looking down on Dublin and predicting it would become a great city, is discounted by his later introducing St. Patrick into "the noble city of Dublin"; also Ptolemy's rendering centuries before of Dublin's status among their cities. Glasnevin, on the Tolka, the next place reached, is, according to Dr. Joyce, named from the little stream joining the Tolka from the classic grounds of Delville from the Bridge. Long before St. Movi established his Monastery, there lived a Pagan chief here named Naeidhe; from him it was called Glas-Naiedhen (Glasneean, "Annals of the Four Masters"), i.e., Naeidhe's streamlet—and the name later came to the whole village modernised into Glasnevin by the change of ah to v. Glasnevin has memories of Tickell, the poet, Addison, Swift, Dr. Delany, Steele, Sheridan, and Parnell. In the grounds of Delville was the temple, with paintings by Mrs. Delaney, and a medallion bust of "Stella"; in the grounds of Delville was found the printing press used by the great Dean of St. Patrick's in issuing his satires; on the other side of the Tolka was the residence of the Bishop of Kildare; a little farther Hampstead, where lived Sir Richard Steele; the old "Ink Bootle School" formed on the banks. Glasnevin Church was rebuilt in 1707, and in the churchyard there is a tablet to Dr. Delany, the famous vicar. The large field here was called "The Bloody Acre," from some engagement. Drumcondra or Clonturk next reached on the Tolka; the Bridge is the site of the original village; the old church past the "Cat and Cage" was erected by the Coghill family, who had a large tomb here to the memory of Marmaduke Coghill, Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, in his official robes. In the churchyard rests Grose, the historian, and Furlong, the poet, who was buried here in 1827. On the Richmond road years ago was an old Dublin Huguenot settlement. Ballybough Bridge was the site of the old village of Ballybough or "poor town," and formerly owned by St. Mary's Abbey, Dublin. On the dissolution of the religious foundations by Henry VIII., we have it recorded of the then occupants of Mary's Abbey: "Then they were taken to the village of Ballyboght, belonging to the said Monastery, and slain." The charter of John says of the bounds of Dublin about this district: "Between Clonlic (Clonliffe) and Crynan, as far as Tolecan (Tolka)"; a charter of Richard II. says: "As far as the trench of the land of Clonclyffe (Clonliffe), and so along the trench to a green lying on the north side of the Abbatial house of St. Mary, Dublin, and from them between the green and the said trench in the middle way, leading from Oxmanstown to Tulgin (Tolka), through the middle of the road of the village of Ballybough." One of Henry VII. says: "They proceeded southward until they came to the highway going to Ballyboght, and from the gate of Ballyboght they came to the water of Tulcan (Tolka) by the Bridge of Ballyboght." The Bridge of Ballybough was built by John a Decer, the great benefactor of Dublin. At the battle of Clontarf it is recorded that the Danes were pursued with great slaughter "from the Tolka to Dublin." Before the battle the Irish forces camped at their favourite ground at Kilmainham, and then crossed the Tolka by Glasnevin to take up their position. "The Annals of the Four Masters says of the end of the struggle that the Danes and their Leinster allies "were afterwards routed by dint of battling, bravery, and striking by Malachy from Tulcainn (Tolka) to Ath-Clinth (Dublin). In the annals of the battle it is called "the battle of the Fishing Weir of Clontarf," which was the mouth of the Tolka, where Ballybough Bridge now is, and the chief point in the Danish defeat appears to be when they tried to cross the Tolka at high water in their retreat on Dublin. Other memories of events connected with the Tolka may be held over for a future occasion.

HOW TO PRESERVE AND RESTORE FLOWERS.

Flowers may be preserved in a fresh state for a considerable time by keeping them in a moist atmosphere. Readers who love to see plenty of flowers in their rooms will be gratified by adopting the following plan:—Pour water into a flat porcelain or glass dish. Set a vase of flowers in the dish and over it place a bell-glass with its rim in the water. The air which surrounds the flowers being confined beneath the bell-glass, is kept continually moist with the water which rises in the form of vapour. As fast as the water is condensed it runs down the sides of the bell-glass back into the dish; and if means were taken to enclose the water in the outside of the bell-glass, so as to prevent it evaporating into the air of the sitting room, the atmosphere around the flowers would remain continually damp. Those who wish to "linger on the beauty" of a rare flower or a bouquet, will be repaid by this experiment. It can be tried on a small scale by inverting a tumbler over a rose-bud in a saucer of water. Another method by which some flowers may be preserved for many months is to carefully dip them as soon as gathered in perfectly limpid gum water, and after allowing them to drain two or three minutes to set them upright or arrange them in the usual manner in an empty vase. The gum gradually forms a transparent coating on the surface of the petals and stems, and preserves their figure and colour long after they become dry and crisp. Faded flowers may be generally more or less restored by immersing their stems in very hot water and allowing them to remain in it until it cools or they have recovered. The cooled portions of the stems must then be cut off and the flowers placed in clear, cold water. In this way a great number of faded flowers may be restored; but there are some of the more fugacious kinds on which it proves useless; but flowers may also be preserved and their tints deepened by adding to the water a little of the solution of carbonite of ammonia and a few drops of the phosphate of soda. The effect of this in giving the flower a deeper colour and a stronger appearance is quite wonderful, and by cutting off every other day about a half-inch of the stems of the flowers with a sharp knife they may be kept so long as their natural life would last.

A FOSSIL MAN FROM KANSAS.

In April last the bones of a human skeleton, including the skull, were discovered in the plain of the Missouri River near Lansing, Kansas, at a depth of 21 feet, beneath a previously undisturbed bed of indurated river alluvium. Prof. S. W. Willesten avers, after an examination of the bones and of the place where they were found by men driving a tunnel, that the fossil represents "the oldest authentic human remains hitherto discovered in North America." He thinks the man was buried by drift during the period of depression following the glacial epoch, in the time of the so-called equus beds, the time of the extinct mastodons, camels and llamas. The cranium of this ancient man appears to be of normal capacity.

THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK.

By CHARLES SMITH, M.D.

Æquum est enim meminisse & me, qui discerem hominem esse et vos, qui Judicetis ut ſi probabilia dicentur nihil ultra requiratis.
Cicero Univers

In Two Volumes.

VOL I.

The Second Edition, with Additions.

Chapter IV.—Continued.

About four miles west of Castlehaven the sea enters a narrow creek, and forms a fine salt water lake, called Lough-hyne. This lake being surrounded with high hills has a most romantic appearance; it is about two miles in circumference, and in the midst of it is a small island, on which stands the ruins of an old castle built by the O'Driscol's. This lake abounds with various kinds of sea-fish, as also salmon and white trout. Here are excellent lobsters, crabs, escalops, and small deep oysters, which I was assured, instead of having a milky juice in the summer season, as all others have, their liquor seems bloody. At half ebb, this water empties itself into the bay of Barloge, in a kind of waterfall, like the river Thames at London-bridge; seals also breed in this lake. It is the property of Sir John Freke, Bart., who has the opportunity of having excellent sea-fish from it in the most stormy weather. On one side of this lough is an hill, called Knockowne, remarkable for a very fine echo; and a little to the west is the castle of Ardagh, built by the O'Driscols, now also the estate of Sir John Freke.

Three miles more to the west is Baltimore, formerly called Dunashad, an ancient corporation, and an excellent harbour, the S.W. side of which is formed by the island of Sherkin. The first English plantation made here was by Sir Thomas Crook (12), who took a lease of it for 21 years from Sir Fineen O'Driscol. He settled a colony of English Protestants in the place, and procured a new charter of incorporation from King James I. The members consisted of a sovereign and free burgesses. He divided the town into several tenements, with lots for gardens, and gave to each inhabitant convenient land for building and grazing, estating them in leases for his own time; and to encourage them to build and plant, he procured a patent for the town to him and his heirs for ever, and promised to make over to each of the tenants an estate in fee-farm of the proportion he held; but death prevented his undertaking.

After his decease, and before the lease to him was expired, Sir Walter Coppinger, a native of the country, and a recusant, prosecuted a title; and without any of the English inhabitants being called to answer, got, by reference, an order out of the Chancery against the heirs of Sir Fineen O'Driscol; whereby the possession that had contained for 300 years in him and his predecessors, was ordered to be recovered; and thereby the patent of the heir of Sir Thomas Crook was suspended. Upon this, the sovereign of Baltimore, in behalf of himself, the burgesses, and inhabitants, with the heir of Sir Fineen O'Driscol, applied to the Government for relief (13). They proved that they had made a civil plantation of English Protestants there; that his Majesty had incorporated them; that Sir Thomas Crook had showed them a patent, whereby the town was granted to him and his heirs, and that he had promised to estate them and their heirs, in consideration of which they had expended £2,000 in buildings and other improvements; but that Sir Walter Coppinger had got possession of the castle of Baltimore, intended to bring Irish into the place, and remove all the English inhabitants. The Lords Justices summoned Sir Walter to answer this complaint; and all he endeavoured to show was that the inhabitants had not laid out the sum mentioned in their remonstrance. Upon which the Lords Justices issued a commission to Sir William Hull, Mr. Henry Beecher, and Mr. Barham, to examine what expenses the townsmen had been at, and to return them an exact amount of the same; and Sir Walter was dismissed, upon his promise to reinstate all the English, at such rents (upon a return of the valuation) as the council board should think proper. The substance of this return was that the English had erected 60 new houses on the place, and that they had bestowed, in building and enclosing, £1,642 15s. 7d., which account was no sooner given than Sir Walter Coppinger, contrary to his promise at the board, contracted with the above-named Mr. Beecher and granted him a lease of the whole, without any reserve to the inhabitants who had laid out their money; which occasioned another complaint to the Government from the sovereign, and Sir Walter was again summoned to appear, which for some time he postponed, and for his contempt was confined in the castle of Dublin. Mr. Beecher, being one of the commissioners, was judged as culpable as Coppinger, and was sent for to answer before the board. He made his addresses, privately, to the Earl of Cork, then one of the Lords Justices, who advised him either to surrender his lease to Coppinger, so as he might be able to perform his promise, or to estate the tenants during his own term, which last Beecher complied with, but would not give up any part of the fishery, a point the townsmen insisted upon; so that the matter was brought a third time before the council, where many voices were given for Beecher's being committed to the castle. But the Earl of Cork (who was his friend) moved, that since the place was come into the hands of an English gentleman, who had been a favourer of civil plantations, and that the season for fishing was come, they might be all licenced home, where they might amicably make up matters among themselves; which the Lord Chancellor, whose turn was to speak next, assented to, and so the affair ended.

The corporation offered (provided their estates were confirmed to them) to build a pier and erect a fort at their own expense, if his Majesty would give them some ordnance (14). On the 20th of June, 1631, a most terrible disaster happened this colony. In the dead of the night, two Algerine rovers landed their men, and having plundered the place, they made a great number of the inhabitants prisoners, with above 100 English, and carried them all to Algiers. Among others, William Gunter, a person of some credit, had his wife and seven sons carried away, as I find by his petition to the Lords Justices for their relief. Those Algerines were piloted into Baltimore by a Dungarvan fisherman, one Hacket, whom they took at sea for the purpose, and who, for this fact, was afterwards condemned and executed. Two ships of war, called the Lyons Whelps, stationed at Kinsale, received timely notice (as it appeared from one Mr. James Salmon, of Castlehaven) of this intended descent; but they did not stir to intercept them (15).

(12) MSS. in Lismore castle.

(13) From the original petition to the Earl of Cork and Lord Chancellor Ely, lords justices at Lismore.

(14) Original information in the Council Books.

(15) The lord president St. Leger, in a letter to the lords justices, dated the 27th of March, 1632, gives them the following account of the precaution he took to secure the coast against the Turkish pirates.

"I have ordered beacons to be set up on the following head lands and eminences: one at Dundeedy and at Dunworley, to alarm the inhabitants of Ibawne, who, upon the firing of the beacons, are to assemble under arms at Cloghnakilty; so that, if either Ross or Timoleague are attempted, they may readily relieve them. Castle-haven has not many inhabitants, and the harbour was secured by Mr. Salmon, who raised a fort, and mounted ordnance on it. I have ordered beacons to be erected on the promontory over the Dorseys; and by one of his own, the island of Cape Clear, at Missen Head, and one at Sheep's-head point. Mr. Daniel O-Sullivan has a house of reasonable strength at Bear-haven, and takes upon him to defend it and Ballygobbin; he promises to erect five beacons, one upon the Dorseys, and four upon the great island. I have directed O-Sullivan More (who lives in the river of Kinmair), to take warning from the beacon erected over the Dorseys; and by one of his own, to assemble his tenants and servants, at his strong and defenceable castle. But, I think, this precaution needless, as the inhabitants on both sides that river are but few, till as far up as Glanerought, where the pirates dare not venture. At Dingle there are great numbers of honest and well affected people, and a company may be placed there to secure them. Tralee is in the same situation as Glanerought, but freer from danger, by the residence of Sir Edward Denny and Sir Thomas Harris, who are well provided with will, judgment, and arms, to defend themselves. The fort of Castle-Park, near Kinsale, is in a ruinous condition, and the ordnance dismounted; and I humbly pray the same be repaired, as the inhabitants are more in dread of the invasion than those of any other place in this country, etc."

Capt. South, in the Phil. Transact. informs us that, in the year 1698, there were in Baltimore and about it, nine seamen, 188 fishermen, 84 boatmen, in all 281, whereof only two were papists.

The year following (16), Sir Vincent Gooking informed the Lords Justices that the Turks intended another attempt, which they advertised the English Government of; and they observe in their letter that if proper means were not taken to guard those coasts, the pilchard fishery would be entirely ruined, to the great prejudice of his Majesty's customs; adding that pilchards then brought into the kingdom, one year with another, £20,000. Baltimore never recovered itself since this accident; it is now a poor, decayed fishing town, with not one tolerable house in it. Here are the ruins of an ancient castle of the O'Driscols; and it has still the privilege of sending two members to Parliament, though it consists but of a few poor cabins. King James II. granted a new charter to Baltimore, anno 1687, and Daniel O'Donovan, Esq., was appointed portreeve thereof. The late Right Hon. John Calvert, Baron of Baltimore, who was proprietor of the province of Maryland and Avalon, in America, took his title from Baltimore in the county of Longford, and not from this place, as has been mistaken. The church is small, and situated low, at a small distance from the town.

From Baltimore, about five miles up the river Ilen, is Skibbereen, anciently called Stapletown; it was formerly a part of the domain of the castle of Gortnaclough, which belonged to Mac-Carty Reagh; this castle has been sometime entirely demolished, as is also Littertinlis, another of Mac-Carty's castles, E. of this place. Skibbereen is a small market town, where the collector, surveyor, and other officers of the port of Baltimore reside. On the W. side of the river is a new erected church, and in the town a decent market-house. The River Ilen runs through the place over which there is a stone bridge, but so low as to be sometimes overflown by floods; boats, at high water, row down to Baltimore. The clothing trade is followed in this place; they have also some share of the linen manufactory, particularly for striped linens and handkerchiefs, and a good weekly market. Near the town the lands are well cultivated, affording good quantities of corn and flax. They manure with sea-sand, the soil being a grey clay, and in some places red, with a slaty bottom. They have no limestone nearer than Muskery. West of Skibbereen is Abbey Showry, formerly a religious house, but now the ruins of a parish church. In it are several old tombs, and, in particular, a large one of the Roches.

Affadown, the seat of Col. Beecher, three miles W. from Skibbereen, is adorned with good gardens and plantations. The jaw-bone of a whale forms the side posts and arch of a gateway large enough for a coach to drive through, although some part is buried in the earth. Near it, on a rising ground, is a round tower; on its top is a lanthorn, from whence is a prospect of the adjacent coast and islands, with the ruins of several old castles.

About a mile S. is White-hall, called formerly Rincolisky, a good house of Samuel Townshend, Esq., pleasantly situated on an arm of the sea. The castle of Rincolisky belonged to the Coppingers, but it was originally built by the O'Driscols. To the W. of Rincolisky is a broad, deep bay, called Roaring-water bay, and, in Irish, Lough Trasnagh; at the head of the bay are the ruins of the castle of Kilcoe, built by the Mac-Cartys, a branch who styled themselves Lords of Clan-Dermot. They had also the castle of Cloghan. More to the west, opposite Horse-island, is the ruin of the castle of Rosbrin, which belonged to O'Mahony, being boldly erected on a rock which hangs over the ocean. The proprietor of this castle, in Queen Elizabeth's time, turned pirate; which caused the Lord President, Sir George Carew, to demolish it, and the W. side is battered to the ground. There is an ancient Irish MS. called, from this place, the psalter of Rosbrin, and contains little else than a genealogical account of this family of the O'Mahonys. Two miles more W. are the ruins of Ardintenant castle, the chief residence of O'Mahony, of W. Carbery, seated near the eastern point of Skull harbour. Skull is but a small, insignificant village, having few buildings besides the church and parsonage house. To the N. of it stands an high, conical hill, called Mount-Gabriel; on the top of it is a remarkable lough, which is but a few yards broad; it has been sounded from the N.E. with 100 fathom of line; although the lead stopped, yet the hole was deeper, it being choked up with a long, coarse grass, which the Irish call fenane. The water oozes out of the mountain to the N.W., and this cone is above 300 yards higher than the level of the sea; from it is a noble prospect of a vast extent of a rude, uncultivated country, from the Mizen head to Ross, with an infinite number, as Milton says,

> ———Of sea-girt isles,
> That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
> The unadorned bosom of the deep.

As also several bays, creeks, and harbours, which I shall particularly describe in another place. The mountains are here thrown together with such irregularity and confusion as to form a great variety of hollow bottoms, that often represent the figures of many artificial basins, where, if any springs chance to rise, they produce several lakes before they can find issues for the waters, or otherways constitute so many impassable turf bogs. Between the Leap and Skibbereen are many loughs, stored with trout and eels, which the Irish call aghills; and some have small floating islands, which swim from one side to the other: I have seen of them above ten yards broad; they are usually composed, at first, of the above-mentioned long grass, which gathering together by degrees, being blown off the adjacent grounds in September, form a kind of a tussock, and increase every year, by the addition of slime and other matter that they collect in floating about the sides and edges of the lakes. In the parish of Kilmacabea is a lake, called Loughdrine, which the country people hold to be miraculous, and say that on a certain day of the year all the islands in it change places and shift from one side to the other; at which time vast numbers of people assemble at this lough, where they erect booths, and feast, everyone bringing bits of bread, meal, &c., to feed the fish in the lake..

In the same parish is another, called Ballinlough, stored with a fine, large, red trout; on an hill, to the E. side of it, is an ancient Danish entrenchment, said to have a subterraneous passage down to the lake. In this and several other loughs are several fresh water wrinkles, exactly resembling those on the sea shore; and as mussels and other kinds of sea shell-fish are often found in fresh water, I do not wonder that we often discover varieties of shells in places remote from the ocean.

(To be Continued.)

(16) Council Books.

DETECTING BLOOD STAINS.

A new method of distinguishing human blood stains is now being employed with some success. It is the practical result of the experiments made by Bordet in 1898-99. He showed that by injecting defibrinated blood of an animal into animals of different species, the serum of the latter animals acquired the property, after a certain time, of agglomerating and dissolving the red corpuscles pertaining to the species whose blood had been injected. The serum thus obtained has been called cytolitic. He also showed that this serum, when mixed with defibrinated blood of another species, furnished at the end of a few minutes a red liquid, clear and limpid, while if added to the serum of the first animal whose blood had been used to prepare the cytolitic serum it gave an opaque liquid which soon formed a flaky precipitate. It is this observation which Uhlenbach has applied to the diagnosis of human blood. He injected every six or eight days about 10 cubic centimeters of defibrinated beef's blood into a rabbit, and after five injections he obtained a serum which dissolves beef's blood exclusively. By taking a one per cent. solution of the blood of 18 different animals and adding six or eight drops of the serum obtained from the rabbit, he found that all the tubes except that containing the beef's blood remained perfectly limpid, while the latter became cloudy and gave finally a woolly precipitate. A series of similar experiments upon human blood gave the same results, and he was able to distinguish between the former and beef's blood in samples which had been dried for over a month. The researches of Wassermann and those of Schultze, in which human blood has been compared with that of 23 different animals, confirm those of Uhlenbach, and the precipitate was obtained only with human blood; one exception must be made, that of monkey's blood, which at the end of a certain time gave a very slight precipitate. The method is very efficacious, and blood which is three or four months old may be detected in this way, where other methods fail. The experimenters state that the material of the blood stain to be examined should be soaked in a small quantity of a normal salt solution, and after filtering, the liquid is divided in equal parts in two test tubes. To one is added a few drops of the serum of a rabbit which has undergone the treatment with human blood, and to the second the serum of an untreated rabbit. A third tube contains diluted blood of another kind of animal, and to it is added another portion of the serum of the first habbit. The tubes are kept at 37 deg. C. and if at the end of an hour the contents of the first tube become cloudy and then precipitate while the other two remain clear, it is certain that the spot is that of human blood, except in the remote case where monkey's blood might be considered.

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS AN ADJUNCT.

In late years the photographic plate has become as essential an implement of the astronomical observatory as the telescope itself. The place can see much more through the telescope than the human eye. The reason is evident. When an astronomer is watching a certain star through his telescope, the rays of light which are emitted from that star only make a momentary impression upon the retina of his eye. They have hardly excited the optical nerve, when this effect is wiped out again and the eye made ready for a new impression. The sensitive plate, however, acts differently. The successive impressions made upon it by a luminous body remain, and added to each other increase in strength with the time of exposure. If, therefore, a plate remains exposed, say for hours, the object, however faint, will finally leave some impression upon the plate, and hence the great advantage of the camera for astronomical observations.

Not only have large numbers of stars and nebulae be discovered by means of photography, but the structure, too, of many celestial objects, particularly the nebulae, has now been revealed in a degree which surpassed all expectations.

Thus, for instance, a nebula was discovered some time ago which had never before been visible through any telescope. Photographs of this nebula were taken night after night, and by comparing them it was found that the nebula changed its form from time to time. New discoveries as to the form of the nebulae have also been made by photography. Photographs taken by a two-foot reflector show that the nebulae are not diffused, hazy masses, but that their structure is most complicated, often consisting of exquisitely fine filaments and delicate narrow rifts. In these photographs the inter-sections of such filaments and rifts can be set in the measuring machine with almost the same accuracy that is possible in the case of star images.

The nebulae of luminous clouds are altogether different from what we call stars, or star clusters. They are immense accumulations of luminous matter of a very subtle kind. As their light is very faint, they escape the ordinary observation; in fact, out of the eight thousand nebulae which have thus far been discovered, only two or three are visible to the naked eye. They are very different in form. Some of them exhibit a remarkable spiral structure, while others, called "ring nebulae," are circular with a dark spot in the centre. Again others are very irregular in form, sending out sprays and streams in all directions, and contain dark openings or lanes. With regard to the size of the nebulae so much, at least, can be said that, on the whole, it far exceeds the diameter of the largest known fixed star. Some, indeed, are so enormously large that the entire solar system, Neptune included, could easily move within them. And yet the diameter of Neptune's orbit is five billion miles. It would take an express train travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour ten thousand to fifteen thousand years to go from one end of such a nebulae to the other.

The difference between the eye and the photographic plate, mentioned above, which speaks in favour of the plate in a few extreme cases, is due not to a defect, as it may appear, of the human eye, but rather to one of its greatest perfections. For should the impression of a luminous object which we are looking at remain longer than a moment, it would badly interfere with the vision of another object at which we are looking right afterwards. If the impression of the things seen around us were not wiped out immediately, we should see a hundred different pictures at the same time, mixed together in a great confusion, and our eyes would be practically as useless as a photographic plate becomes when more than one picture has been taken on it by mistake. To the honour of the eye and its Creator it must be said that it is the most wonderful photographic camera ever devised. It is not only furnished with rapidly closing shutters, the eyelids, with an automatic, self-adjusting lens and diphragin, with a sensitive film, which is acted upon and developed instantly so as to represent the most delicate details with colour and all, but it is given to us in pairs and set in such a way that we are able to take stereoscopic pictures of the objects around us, and each one of the two is kept in good working order for years and years, is cleaned, repaired, lubricated automatically, requiring only a minimum care on our part for its preservation; not to speak of the marvellous vital process, which raises all these operations to a higher order, so that we become conscious of the world around us, and "see" the things as they are, not the impressions which they cause. Indeed, the eye alone is a stringent proof that there exists a wise Creator.

THE FISHERMEN OF WEXFORD.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

There is an old tradition sacred held in Wexford town,
That says:—"Upon St. Martin's Eve no net shall be let down;
No fishermen of Wexford shall, upon that holy day,
Set sail or cast a line within the scope of Wexford Bay."
The tongue that framed the order, or the time, no one could tell;
And no one ever questioned, but the people kept it well.
And never in man's memory was fisher known to leave
The little town of Wexford on the good St. Martin's Eve.

Alas! alas for Wexford! once upon that holy day
Came a wondrous shoal of herrings to the waters of the bay.
The fishers and their families stood out upon the beach,
And all day watched with wistful eyes the wealth they may not reach.
Such shoal was never seen before, and keen regret went round—
Alas! alas for Wexford! Hark! what is that grating sound?
The boats' keels on the shingle! Mothers! wives! ye well may grieve;
The fishermen of Wexford mean to sail on Martin's Eve.

"Oh, stay ye!" cried the women wild. "Stay!" cried the men white-haired;
"And dare ye not to do this thing your fathers never dared.
'No man can thrive who tempts the Lord!" "Away," they cried "the Lord
Ne'er sent a shoal of fish but as a fisherman's reward."
And scoffingly they said, "To-night our nets shall sweep the Bay,
And take the Saint who guards it, should he come across our way."
The keels have touched the water, and the crews are in each boat;
And on St. Martin's Eve the Wexford fishers are afloat.

The moon is shining coldly on the sea and on the land,
On dark faces in the fishing fleet, and pale ones on the strand,
As seaward go the daring boats, and heavenward the cries
Of kneeling wives and mothers, with uplifted hands an eyes.

"Oh, Holy Virgin! be their guard," the weeping women cried;
The old men, sad and silent, watched the boats cleave through the tide,
As past the farthest headland, past the light-house, in a line
The fishing fleet went seaward through the phosphor-lighted brine.

O, pray, ye wives and mothers! All your prayers they sorely need
To save them from the wrath they've roused by their rebellious greed.
Oh! white-haired men and little babes, and weeping sweethearts pray
To God to spare the fishermen to-night in Wexford Bay.

The boats have reached good offing, and as out the nets are thrown,
The hearts ashore are chilled to hear the soughing seawinds moan:
Like to a human heart that loved, and hoped for some return,
To find at last but hatred, so the seawind seemed to mourn.

But ah! the Wexford fishermen their nets did scarcely sink
One inch below the foam, when lo! the daring boatmen shrink
With sudden awe and whitened lips and glaring eyes agape,
For breast-high, threatening, from the sea uprose a Human Shape!

Beyond them, in the moonlight, hand upraised and awful mien,
Waving back and pointing landward, breast-high in the sea 'twas seen;
Thrice it waved and thrice it pointed, then with clenched hand upraised,
The awful shape went down before the fishers as they gazed!

Gleaming whitely through the water, fathoms deep they saw its frown,
They saw the white hand clenched above it,—sinking slowly down!
And then there was a rushing 'neath the boats, and every soul
Was thrilled with greed; they knew it was the seaward going shoal.

Defying the dread warning, every face was sternly set,
And wildly did they ply the oar, and wildly haul the net;
But two boats' crews obeyed the sign, God-fearing men were they,
They cut their lines and left their nets, and homeward sped away;
But darkly rising sternward did God's wrath in tempest sweep,
And they, of all the fishermen, that night escaped the deep.
Oh, wives and mothers, sweethearts, sires, well might ye mourn next day;
For seventy fishers' corpses strewed the shores of Wexford Bay.

TO CLIMB EARTH'S HIGHEST PEAKS.

The mighty peaks of the Himalayas, several of which rise far above the loftiest elevation attained by any other mountains on the globe, have long challenged the mountain-climber with impunity. Sir Martin Conway got to the top of one, 21,000 feet in height, in 1892, but the real giants rise more than a mile above that level. Now Dr. Jacot-Guillemot, with a party of two Austrians and three Englishmen, has started for India to attempt the ascent of Mount Godwin-Austen, formerly known as Mount Dapsang. If he succeeds in this attempt, he may yet try higher peaks. The highest climb on record is Fitzgerald's ascent of Aconcagua in the Andes, about 23,000 feet.

LITERARY NOTES.

The last was a week of obituaries. Three distinguished names—distinguished in very different ways—have been erased from the roll of the living—Professor Cowell, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Edna Lyall. Professor Cowell was one of the many men of whom the universities are honourably proud; he did his work to the utmost of his power, and devoted his gifts to helping younger men. When he became Professor of Sanskrit at Cambridge active steps were at once taken to promote an intelligent study of Oriental languages. First came the Semitic Languages Tripos in 1878; then, in 1893, the Indian Languages Tripos, and in 1895 the Oriental Languages Tripos. He gave Edward Fitzgerald Spanish lessons by way of the plays of Calderon, and it was he who brought to England the manuscript of the "Rubaiyat," and translated it to the wise Woodbridge recluse. In thinking of Fitzgerald's immortal rendering of Omar, Cowell's name should never be forgotten.

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Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was a man of a very different type; his enthusiasms took shape in action. At first he was associated with that spirited revolutionary party known as the Young Ireland Party, and he, with Thomas Davis and John Blake Dillon, founded the "Nation." The dead statesman's career has been the subject of many long newspaper articles during the past week, and we need not enlarge at any length in this place upon the position he occupies as a writer. Let it suffice to say that Sir Charles Gavan Duffy wrote on many subjects, and always with a certain grip and enthusiasm. Two of his best known books are his "Conversations with Carlyle" (whom he knew intimately), and "My Life in Two Hemispheres."

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The "Atlantic Monthly" prints a buoyant article on "The Literary Pilgrimage." Authors, says the writer, will for ever go a-pilgriming:—

An eternal type is this roadster of letters, successively reincarnated and with such singular persistence that thence comes a farm from incurious question: to find out what aim bids the sensitive author run hazards so dire. I note many aims, each good in itself,—or if not good, then at least serviceable and worthy of sympathetic consideration. See: they are these,—the love of truth, the love of art, the love of right, the love of men, the love of self. And however glib the scribe's plea that he serves but one lord, I must answer he serves all five; however distinctly he announces himself or ths or that and none other, I nevertheless declare him five fellows at once. He is scientist, poet, preacher, philanthropist, and blatant self-trumpeter.

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Thus, with his staff in hand, the literary pilgrim takes the road; he sees villages, towns, the broad country, the intricate alleys, and in circumstances he observes men and things Yet his life is not all joyous:—

The life is the life of the vagrant. For a thousand friends you have not one intimate. In a hundred cities men shout at you cheerily. "Why, man alive! where ever did you drop from?"—and then suggest birds and bottles, yes and pay for them! but the old friends,—the tried, faithful time-tested, long-loved comrades and yoke-fellows—these the literary seven-league-booter doesn't have and can't get. Nobody calls him by his first name. There are no babies named for him, and if he wanted to borrow fifty dollars, I don't know whose door he'd knock at.

And at the end comes weariness; the world-strangeness wears dull." Yet it was worth while, for a tthe end the pilgrim says:—

"I have fought a good joust, said my say, tried with what grace there was in me to interpret the world movement, and so to accelerate it." And when the din of the fray is stilled forever, and the last weapons laid down, and the troopers themselves put to rest and he with them, there will yet remain his testimony of whatever he saw and heard in the world,—a record of which history will one day make use; for he in his time did portray with candid, fearless truth the life men lived, the thoughts they thought, and the works they laid hand to.

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The "Author" is apparently not inclined to extend to aspiring amateurs quite the open-hand that was extended to them by Sir Walter Besant. In the current number it goes to Mr. Marion Crawford's novel, "The Three Fates," for a portrait and a denunciation of "ink-drunkards." Theirs must be a "black list" indeed. In Mr. Crawford's words, they "have looked upon the ink when it was black and cannot be warned from it, and their nostrils have smelled the printer's sacrifice." And then we have the "Author" comparing ink-drunkenness to that produced by opium, chloral, or morphine, with terrible results to those "beings who are rendered objects of pity to their friends and of despair to themselves by an insatiable desire to write."

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The ills the writer is heir to include "poverty, despair, heartsickness," not to mention a morbid industry. Since, however, we have actually mentioned it, here is Mr. Crawford's warning under this head:—

Let a writer work until his brain reels and his finger can no longer hold the pen, he will nevertheless find it impossible to rest without imagining he is being idle. He cannot escape from the devil that drives him, because he is himself the driver and the driven, the fiend and his victim, the torturer and the tortured.

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Certainly, the anxious father or friend who wishes to frighten away boy or girl from literature as a means of livelihood has not far to look for the "awful example" in literature. At this moment two books are newly published in which bitter things are said of the literary life. Robert Buchanan declared that he would rather see a son of his dead than see him take to literature. Mr. Gissing's book, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," has for one of its burdens and refrains an exultant escape from that New Grub street which Mr. Gissing drew such a powerful picture years ago. Henry Ryecroft writes in his diary:—

With a lifetime of dread experience behind me, I say that he who encourages any young man or woman to look for his living to "literature," commits no less than a crime. If my voice had any authority I would cry this truth abroad wherever men could hear. Hateful as is the struggle for life in every form, this rough-and-tumble of the literary menu seems to me sordid and degrading beyond all others. Oh, your prices per thousand words! Oh, your paragraphings, and your interviewings! And, oh, the black despair that awaits those downtrodden in the fray.

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Meanwhile, the whetting of literary appetites goes on. We are given in one quarter a long list of novelists who live in the country, far from the madding crowd, and visions of their rural independence are called up. Elsewhere the town-pent literary aspirer is told that it is becoming more and more the custom for authors to migrate in the winter. Mr. Kipling is at the Cape, Mr. W. E. Norris is on the ocean, Mr. Eden Phillpotts and Mr. Arnold Bennett are in Algeria, Mr. Mason is in Morocco, Mr. Zangwill fleets the time on the Riviera, and Mr. Barry Pain starts for Egypt next week. Who does not want to be an untethered novelist?

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Upon the borderland of literature lies the drama; and though its potentialities as a political instrument have never been entirely ignored, they have seldom been realised in practice. Nevertheless, there are a few historical examples on record of the drama turned to political ends. It is impossible to doubt that when Dryden wrote his "Amboyna" for the stage he was instigated by the Government, who wished to inflame national antipathy towards the Dutch before declaring war against them. One of the most curious incidents in English history was the political feeling aroused by Addison's "Cato." As a staunch Whig, and as a friend and associate of the great Whig officials, it is possible that Addison intended to perform a party service in the production of this patriotic play. But however, that may be, both Whigs and Tories resolved to turn it to account; both claimed its sentiment as peculiarly their own. Pope, in one of his letters, describes how upon its first night at Drury Lane "the numerous and violent claps of the Whig party on the one side of the theatre were echoed back by the Tories on the other," and how Bolingbroke, between the acts, sent for Booth, who played the part of Cato, and gave him fifty guineas for so ably defending the cause of liberty.

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At the time when it has become a popular literary pose to declare that Charles Dickens has ceased to be appreciated by the reading public it is interesting to find that dramatic adaptations of the novelist's works are to be the fashion in the London theatres during the coming season. Whatever the literary critics may say, the theatrical people, whose chief business it is to judge the public mind, do not believe that Dickens has lost his hold on the understanding and appreciation of the people. Indeed, with surprising unanimity they seem to have come to the conclusion that at the present moment Charles Dickens is a winning card to play. Several ambitious schemes for the dramatic presentation of Dickens's novels are already announced. The most ambitious and enterprising is perhaps that of a syndicate of London actors, with Mr. Charles Cartwright at the head, who are venturing their own money on a series of Dickens' adaptations to be played at matinees at a West End theatre. The strongly-marked characterisation of the great London story-teller appeals naturally to the actor, and in each of the novels there are sufficient good characters to go round. "David Copperfield," for instance, which will probably be the first of the syndicate series, is full of good character parts, as also is "Barnaby Rudge," which will probably be the second of the series of adaptations.

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This syndicate will not rely upon the existing dramatic versions, of which some were very hurriedly done, and others were prepared with special thought for the requirements of some actor-manager. Instead, an entirely new series of adaptations has been arranged for. Mr. Ben Landeck, one of the most ingenious and successful of the younger stage authors, has been commissioned to prepare the acting versions. At the Grand Theatre, Islington, another series of Dickens' plays is to be produced, with "Little Nell" as the opening piece. But a still more notable Dickens play to be shortly seen is Mr. Comyns Carr's version of "Oliver Twist," to be produced by Mr. Tree, with that distinguished actor in the striking part of Bill Sykes. Mr. Wilson Barrett also, always quick to see the tendency of popular appreciation, is contemplating playing the effective part of Ham Peggotty in an adaptation of his own of the "Little Em'ly" portion of "David Copperfield." And there are rumours of several other Dickens ventures. So many people are considering Dickens' plays that the stock of copies of the versions made by Andrew Halliday and other adapters has been sold out. The explanation of the Dickens revival is to be found in the great successes which have been made by Mr. Martin Harvey as the hero of "The Tale of Two Cities," and by Mr. Bransby Williams in a series of Dickens character impersonations he has given in the music-halls. It was the ready recognition given by the music-hall public to the characters Mr. Bransby Williams reproduced which suggested to the syndicate of actors before-mentioned the continued popular attractiveness of the great novelist's works.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

One of the latest long-distance and high-speed electric railways is between Seattle and Tacoma.

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The new U.S. cruiser "Baltimore" will be the first warship to be fitted with steel furniture. Naval Constructor Capps and his assistant, Constructor Nutting, have found that all the essential furniture of a man-of-war can be made of steel. The reason for the use of steel furniture is to be found in the fact that serious damage was done during the war with Spain by the furniture on the ships taking fire.

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The New York Aquarium added to its collection on December 10 a snapping turtle which was one of the best ever seen in captivity. Unfortunately, the creature died three days after it was received. It was a Mississipi snapper, and measured from the point of its beak to the tip of its tail 4 feet, 7½ inches. Its upper shell was two feet long. The total weight of the animal was 106 pounds.

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The value of waterfalls has greatly increased since the electrical era (says the "Mining and Scientific Press"). Time was when a cataract was valuable only for scenic purposes, but now it is useful as well as ornamental. Niagara is worth one thousand million dollars more as a source of electrical power than merely as a sight. California waterfalls are increasing in value in a commensurate degree. Snoqualmie Falls, in Washington, has enhanced in value 5,000 per cent. in the last few years.

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Professor Ferdinand Braun, of Strasburg University, announced before the Strasburg Scientific Society that he has discovered a method of producing electrical energy of unlimited volume and projecting it into space in the form of electric waves to any desired distance. Professor Braun claims that his new method secures greater accuracy of transmission in wireless telegraphy, and that he attains a more perfect attunement of transmitting and receiving instruments.

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The artist, J. F. Raffaelli, now in Paris, has devised a means of solidifying colours so that superior effects can be secured without the use of the palette and brush. It is also stated that the new method has the advantage of rapidity. An exhibition of seventy-two works of various character, done by twenty different artists, was held recently at the Durand-Ruel gallery in Paris, and attracted a great deal of attention, not only because of the novel method by which they were made, but because of the excellence of the results attained.

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Some experiments made by H. Schoentjes, of Ghent, with double glazing for windows, which is sometimes adopted with a view to reduce loss of heat, show that there is a certain distance of separation between the glasses at which the heat lost is a minimum. The glass used in his experiments was 2 millimetres (.079 inch) thick, and the loss was least when the distance between the opposing sheets was somewhere between 67 millimetres and 117 millimetres (2.64 inches to 4.61 inches). With double walls at the best distance apart the rate of loss as compared with single walls was about halved.

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Miss Ida May Fuller has brought a suit for infringement against Messrs. Gilmore and Thompson, of the New York Academy of Music, and Frank McKee, manager of the "Ninety and Nine" Company, which filled a date at that house recently. The alleged infringement consisted of the use of a device by which the flames are realistically imitated by the use of widths of silk, moved by the action of a rotary fan, the illusion being heightened by the coloured lights from a limelight. One of the thrilling scenes of this performance is the passage of an engine through the leaping flames, going to the assistance of some fire-stricken pioneers.

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The manufacture of lightning rods has declined to such an extent that the business has almost been lost sight of. There appears to be no mention of it in the American census reports, there being no reports of any output of this character made by any electrical manufactory, and only one firm of electrical engineers announces the design of lightning rods as a part of their business. Lightning strokes are reported to be more rare, especially in the cities, where there are such an abundance of electrical wires which serve to protect the surrounding properties.

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Mrs. Sarah Wood Clarke, of New York, is the inventor of a device which is said to greatly increase and improve the sound of the piano. There was recently given a demonstration of the improvement at one of the leading hotel ballrooms of New York. The device is a shell-shaped construction placed inside the lid of a grand piano, and when this is opened as usual for a performance the shell acts as an auxiliary sounding board, improving the tone of the instrument and increasing its volume.

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A. A. Phibbs, who is the inventor of a self-heating branding iron, has just returned to his home in Denver, Col., after a trip through all the principal countries of Europe in the interests of his invention. Although this method of branding was introduced only a short time ago, it is now being widely adopted through the West. The device consists of a copper brand on the end of a steel tube. The latter acts as a reservoir for gasoline, which is turned into gas and burned inside the branding metal, which is thereby kept hot constantly. The self-heating branding iron is now patented in fourteen countries.

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A paper improvement is announced from Chicago, by which the strength of the paper is greatly increased. This process was worked out by Dr. John Weisner and Adolph Gehrman, both of the Columbian Laboratory. The latter was until recently the City Chemist connected with the Health Department. The process is not ready to be announced, but Dr. Weisner says they have gone far enough to say positively that they have discovered a formula by which the strength of all paper can be increased four or five times by the addition of some chemicals while the paper stock is in the course of manipulation.

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Last spring Governor Odell, of New York, appointed a commission to inquire into the necessity for establishing a State Electrical Laboratory in connection with the Union College of Schenectady. The commission has completed its report, and recommends an appropriation of 275,000 dollars for buildings and electrical equipments. The laboratory is to supply information on questions of electrical science, and an official standard for electrical measuring instruments and apparatus, together with standards for electric wiring of buildings for the protection of the municipalities and the general public. Such a laboratory has been established in Germany, and has proved a success.

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A hollow axle for railroad cars is being made by the Howard Axle Company, of West Homestead, Pa., which concern is controlled by the Carnegie Company. For the purpose of fully determining the value of this innovation, the axles are being fitted to one of the pressed steel cars of the latest design, which after six months of service will be examined and compared with another car, fitted with the solid axle, which has been in the same service. The axle is being made under the Merader patent, and the advantages claimed for it are less weight, lower cost, and greater service. The manufacture of the hollow axle is a much simpler operation than that of the solid axle.

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A new steam yacht in New York waters is the "Revolution," which was built at the works of the Charles L. Seabury Company, at Morris Heights, to demonstrate the adaptability of steam turbines to commercial marine purposes. The engines are the design of Charles C. Curtis, and the boat is 178 feet over all, 16½ feet beam, and 7 feet draught. While the boat was not built for speed, she has shown herself to be one of the fastest crafts in the waters around New York. The "Arrow" of Charles R. Flint, which has a reputed speed of 39 knots an hour, barely beat her in a three hours' run, and the turbine boat pulled all around the "Monmouth," which is said to be the "Arrow's" second.

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A very startling instance of the deterioration of leather, produced under conditions demanding quicker tanning by the use of various chemicals, thus decreasing the durability of the material, is afforded by the fact that the British Museum expends £4,000 a year in rebinding books in leather. Modern leather is widely different from the material produced by what is now regarded as an effete process, its life being limited to fifteen years. In the search for cheaper and quicker processes of making leather, large quantities of sulphuric acid are used, and this chemical, in combination with others, causes the material to decompose rapidly in the course of a few years.

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The work on the other branches has not yet been completed. On this road motor cars and trailers are used, and trains are generally made up of two motor cars and two trailers. An electric locomotive is also used for freight and postal cars, and several new locomotives are to be built. At last accounts there were 32 trains running over the Milan-Varese section, among which were seven direct trains which made but one stop between the terminals and cover the 44 miles in 53 minutes. In view of the success of the recent tests and the completion of the new branch, the project for electric traction from Naples to Rome, which has been discussed for some time, is being actively taken up. Besides this, there will be several branches such as Velletri-Terracina and others in the South of Italy. The extensive system which is contemplated will take a large plant, this being estimated at 40,000 horse-power, of which the Naples-Rome system alone will require 25,000. A number of hydraulic plants are to be erected to supply the roads, and these will use the falls of the Liri and the Volturno, as well as the Anione, the Pescara, and several other streams.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

DUBLIN, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1787.

A bank, we are informed, is about to be established at Newry, to open in January next, and to be conducted on the same plan as that of Belfast.

Friday last six pieces of ordnance and two covered waggons were escorted from the Castle of Dublin to Chapelizod by a party of the Royal Artillery, preparative to the field practice and grand review of the present garrison. And there is every reason to conclude that the exhibition will be very grand and curious from the fine appearance of the men with their new uniforms, arms, and accoutrements; and also from the elegance and ingenuity of the plan, which, we are told, will be an attack and defence, from the Park-gate near the Circular road, to Castleknock.

On Monday next, the 10th of October (the usual day of induction falling on Sunday), Alderman William Alexander will be sworn into the office of Lord Mayor, at Dublin Castle, before his Grace the Duke of Rutland; after which William Humphrey and Brent Neville, Esq'rs., will be sworn into the office of High Sheriffs.

The Lord Mayor-elect is, we hear, to give a most sumptuous entertainment on the above day to his Grace the Lord Lieutenant, the nobility, and gentry.

Further accounts, in respect to the storm, mention that a great number of deer-skins have been driven in at Killiney Bay, which makes it apprehended that some American vessel has been lost not very far distant from that quarter; and another account mentions that several hogsheads were seen floating off the coast of Wicklow, which confirms the idea of further disasters by the storm.

A number of the military have been sent down to protect the Bordeaux vessel lately driven on the North Bull, which was chiefly laden with butter, a great deal of which is already recovered, and it is expected the whole will be got off without damage.

Early yesterday evening three post-chaises, with passengers, and a gentleman's carriage, were stopped on Donnybrook road, and robbed by a gang of villains to a considerable amount. Two hackney carriages were in the like manner stopped near Baggotrath Castle, and robbed.

Sunday night the house of Mr. Robinson, of Crampton court, public notary, was robbed of plate and wearing apparel to a considerable value, by a man whom the maid-servant brought in to spend the evening with her, unknown to the family; about twelve o'clock Mr. Robinson, not knowing of any person being in the house, locked up the doors and went to bed; in a short time after, the fellow wanting to go home, found he could not get out, but, however, broke open the doors, and made his escape with the booty abovementioned; the girl gave information where the fellow might be found, and he has, we hear, been taken and committed to the New Prison.

His Grace the Duke of Rutland has visited the ancient town of Galway, and the Corporation presented to him a most loyal and affectionate address, accompanied with the freedom of that town in a gold box. In the course of his Grace's tour he has also visited Birmingham, the elegant seat of Lord Louth, and was, when the last accounts came away, at Mr. Martin's, where, it is said, the elegant and rational amusement of private dramatic entertainments is exhibiting with the greatest eclat, and that Mrs. R. Martin has performed several characters in such a style as scarcely to be equalled on any stage.

On the Chapelizod road a most daring gang made their appearance on Saturday and Sunday nights, and committed several robberies; some of them were very closely pursued, but effected an escape near Mr. Gile's livery stables. It is, however, a very happy circumstance that several of them are known, and we doubt not but the accustomed vigilance of the Commissioners of Police will cause their officers and guards to use their utmost exertions to bring these different gangs of robbers to public justice, and timely extirpate such a set of desperate miscreants, who otherwise must prove of the most terrifying and fatal consequence to the public.

LIMERICK, SEPTEMBER 24.

Saturday the Right Hon. Henry Grattan and his lady arrived in this city from Killarney.

About the hour of ten o'clock last night, Mr. Andrew Vokes, of Ballynecurra, was stopped by two footpads armed with pistols, near Mr. Fennessy's Nursery, who robbed him of his watch and some cash.

BELFAST, SEPTEMBER 24.

In the storm of Thursday night last, we are sorry to hear that the "Hillsborough Packet," Captain Veacock, from Fortpatrick to Donaghadee, not being able to make the Pier, from the violence of the gale, was driven upon the rocks, near the town, and went to pieces. Though there were several passengers on board, providentially no lives were lost.

CORK, SEPTEMBER 24.

The Merchants, Traders, and Citizens, having met the Mayor this day at the Council Chamber, in consequence of his requisition to them, to consider of renewing their application to Government for establishing Mail Coaches between Dublin and Cork, and Cork and Waterford, it was unanimously resolved: "That a memorial to his Grace the Lord Lieutenant should be immediately prepared, to be signed by the Mayor, Sheriffs, Merchants, Traders, and Citizens, which will be sent to the Coffee-house to-morrow, at twelve o'clock, for their signatures; after which it will be forwarded by the Mayor."

We hear that a Privy Council will shortly be summoned for the purpose of carrying into consideration the expediency of establishing mail coaches on the three principal roads from Dublin to the extremities of the kingdom—that is, to Cork, Belfast, and Galway.

WHITEBOY INTELLIGENCE.

On the night of February, the 14th inst., about 200 of them, mounted and armed, went to the house of John Murphy, steward to Mr. John Casey, of Flower-hill, in the North liberties of this city, and obliged him to swear that he would inform his master, from Captain Right, "That if he did not turn out his tithe of hay for the Clergyman, which he had drawn in, and if he should take any more tithe whatever, they would hough his cattle, and otherwise injure him. On the same night one stack of barley, the property of John Dinan, farmer, and one stack of wheat, the property of the Widow Hurly, near Youghal, were burned. On the night of the 16th, they cropped a horse, at Raghduganig, in this county, which had been the preceding day employed in drawing the impropriate tithes of Dunmahon parish. On the night of Monday last they burned a large stack of corn on the lands of Ballinvriskig, in the North liberties, the property of Mr. Robert Parker, whom they suspected for buying his tithe, as he had threshed part of his corn. On the night of Tuesday last they cut off the ears of an horse, the property of John Creedon, of Shronagire, in the parish of Clonedrehad, in the barony of the west division of Muskerry, who had taken his tithe. On the same night they came to the houses of — Sheehan and—Murphy, farmers, near the Ovens, and burned a particle of tithe-corn which they had bought even under the Whiteboy prices. Last Wednesday night, from 30 to 40 of them, went to the house of Mr. John Archer, of Rathrout, parish of Ballinadee, to warn him against taking any tithes. They demanded a gun, and on his refusal to give it, one of them proposed to break open his door, but being informed that he was well prepared to receive them, they desisted. They then went to the house of the Rev. Mr. Weekes, curate of the parish, and fired several shots, which greatly terrified his family, and Mrs. Weekes having appeared to them, they also warned her and her family, under severe penalties, not to have anything to do with tithes. They went to several other houses in the parish, and left threatening letters in them, and afterwards proceeded to the house of Luke Murray, proctor to the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Jocelyn, rector of said parish, and obliged him to come out of his house to them, when they instantly knocked him down, dragged him with a rope a considerable way, and then horse-whipped him in so cruel manner, that he lies dangerously ill, and told him, if he had in future anything to do with tithes, they would put him to death.

CORK SEPTEMBER 24, 1787.

On Saturday evening last, as Mr. John Blake (one of the constables for the barony of Barrymore) and Corporal Baker, with a party of the 47th Regiment, were conducting one Kelly to the county goal, by virtue of a warrant and committal from Henry Peard, Esq., for a robbery, they were attacked near Dixon's Glin (near Upper Glanmire), by a riotous mob, consisting of about 60 or 70 men (with an intent to rescue said Kelly), all armed with muskets, blunderbusses, and pistols, and well supplied with ammunition, who kept up a continual running fight for about three miles from the corporal's party, who expended all their ammunition except one round. The corporal and his party kept up a constant fire upon the rioters, by firing single shots, but could not do much execution as the day was very wet, and as all the rioters were inside ditches on each side the road except one of Kelly's sons, who leaped into the road from behind a ditch, and fired at the soldiers, and wounded one of them in the arm, but was shot dead on the spot. By accounts from Glanmire, we hear there are three of the rioters killed and five wounded. Too much praise cannot be given to the corporal, constables, and soldiers for their cool and spirited behaviour on this occasion, as they brought off their prisoner, and lodged him in the county goal.

CLONMEL, SEPTEMBER 24.

Committed to the county goal, the 21st inst., by Edward Collins, Esq., Michael Bourk, otherwise Prince Bourk, of Tipperary, who stands indicted in the Crown Office of the county of Tipperary, for having, with some disorderly persons, by force, violence, and menace, tendered an oath to William Ryan, of the neighbourhood of Tipperary, farmer. He is also committed, by Nicholas-Southcote Mansergh, Esq., charged by information, with assaulting Thomas Maxcy, and taking out of his breeches pocket a silk purse, and nine guineas in gold. This man, for upwards of a year, evaded a strict search made for him by the gentlemen of the neighbourhood of Tipperary, but was at length apprehended by the activity of the sub-constables of Middlethird district, resident in that town, and was conducted here by the chief and sub-constables.

(To be continued.)

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LORD PORTLESTER'S CHAPEL.



ST. AUDEON'S CHURCH, DUBLIN.
FROM A DRAWING BY PETRIE, 1832.

LORD PORTLESTER'S CHAPEL.

WITH NOTES ON THE EUSTACE FAMILY.

The following sketch of this ancient icture from the pen of Petrie accom- ies his picture of it in the old "Dublin ny Journal," 1832:—

here is, perhaps, no ancient city of ent importance in the British Islands ; has preserved so few ancient architec- l remains as our own metropolis. Of ern ruins we have, alas, but too many t of ancient ones, such as the mind d take pleasure in surveying, there is ost none: there is not even a single house remaining erected previous to the last century, and with the exception of our venerable Cathedrals, we have no one important architectural characteristic of an ancient city, and no ecclesiastical ruin of any kind, except the little chapel which is the subject of our prefixed illustration.

This ruin, which is scarcely known even to most of our fellow-citizens, constitutes a portion of the ancient church of St. Audeon's parish, which was once the most wealthy and respectable within the city. The date of the original foundation of this church is unknown—it certainly existed previous to the arrival of the English, and was appropriated to the treasurer of the Cathedral of St. Patrick by Archbishop Henry de Loundres, in 1213, and in 1467 erected into a distinct prebendary. The present church, however, has no claim to such remote antiquity, as it exhibits the architectural peculiarities of the 14th and 15th centuries. It originally consisted of a double aisle, separated by six massive octagonal columns, supporting gothic or pointed arches; but the present church only occupies a fourth of the original edifice, the remainder being, as represented in our engraving, in complete ruin.

This parish church was eminently distinguished for its ancient monumental remains, few of which, however, have survived. Amongst these, one particularly deserving of attention lies near the east end of the south aisle. It is a handsome table monument of black marble, bearing the recumbent effigies of a knight in armour, and his lady, and is still remarkably perfect.

This tomb was erected in the year 1455

by a remarkable character of his time, Sir Roland Fitz-Eustace, Baron Portlester, in the County of Kildare. He successively filled the important offices of Deputy, under the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland of George, Duke of Clarence, the brother of Edward the Fourth—then of Lord Chancellor—and lastly High Treasurer of the Kingdom, which place he held for no less a period than 38 years. He was enobled under the title of Baron of Portlester by Edward the Fourth, in 1462; but after all his accumulation of honours, he ultimately experienced the vicissitudes of human life, having before his death been removed from the treasurership and subjected to many troubles and afflictions. He died in the year 1496, and was interred in the Franciscan Abbey Church of New Abbey, in the County of Kildare, which he had himself founded, and in which there is a similar monument to his memory, and that of his lady, the daughter of Jenico d'Artois.

The tomb in St. Audeon's Church bears on the margin the following inscription in the black letter or gothic character:—

"Orate pro anima Rolandi Fitz Eustace de Portlester, qui hunc locum sive capellumdedit, in honorem beatæ Mariæ Virginis, etiam pro anima Margaritae uroris suae, et pro animabus omnium fidelium defunctorum."

The steeple of this church was rebuilt in 1670, the former one having been blown down in 1668.

The history of the Eustace family being of considerable interest, we subjoin from Webb's "Compendium of Irish Biography" the following sketches of three remarkable bearers of the name:—

Eustace, or Fitz-Eustace, Sir Roland, Lord Portlester, was descended from a branch of the Geraldines to whom Henry II. had granted the country round Naas. In 1454 he was appointed Deputy to Richard, Duke of York; and again in 1462 he filled the same office for the Duke of Clarence. Subsequently he was tried for plotting with the Earl of Desmond, and acquitted. Created Lord Portlester, he married Margaret, daughter of Janico d'Artois, by whom he had two daughters; the elder married Gerald, 8th Earl of Kildare. He held the office of Treasurer of Ireland for many years, and was in 1474 appointed to the custody of the great seal, which six years afterwards he refused to surrender when the King granted the post to another. This was for a time a great hindrance to public business, until the King authorised the construction of a new great seal for Ireland by Thomas Archbold, Master of the King's Mint in Ireland, and that in Eustace's hands was 'damned, annulled, and suspended," while his acts as Treasurer were also repudiated. A turbulent spirit was at that time shown by many of those who should have been foremost among the King's supporters. Eustace refused to give up the seal; his son-in-law, Kildare, positively declined to admit a new Lord-Deputy, Lord Grey; James Keating, Constable of Dublin Castle, broke down the drawbridge, and defied the Deputy and his three hundred archers and men-at-arms to gain admittance; and the Mayor of Dublin proclaimed that no subsidy should be paid the Earl; while a parliament held at Naas repudiated Lord Grey's authority; and one summoned at Trim declared the proceedings of Kildare's parliament at Naas null and void. Lord Portlester died 14th December, 1496, and was buried at Cotlandstown, County of Kildare. Two monuments were erected to his memory—one in the new abbey, Kilcullen, which he had founded in 1460; the other in St. Audeon's Church, Dublin, where he had built a chapel to the Virgin.

Eustace, James, 3rd Viscount Baltinglass, a descendant of preceding, who distinguished himself in the Desmond war, was born early in the 16th century. Having with other lords of the Pale complained in 1576 to Elizabeth that their liberties and privileges had been annulled by the imposition of a cess, and that no tax ought to be levied upon them but by Act of Parliament, he was, with Lords Delvin, Howth, and Trimleston, committed prisoner to the Castle of Dublin, while their lawyers, whom they sent to represent their case to the Queen, were committed to the Tower of London. Mr. Richey says: "The opponents of the cess were the best and most loyal of the Pale—Baltinglass, Delvyn, Nugent, Howth, Plunket, Sarsfield Nenagh, and Talbot. Thus all these thoroughly English gentlemen were laid in prison in the Castle for stating that although most willing to supply the necessities of the Government, they objected to illegal exactions, forbidden by a series of Acts of Parliament, and which every Deputy had denounced as mischievous and unjust." After a year's confinement, they gave way; "but," says Mr. Froude, 'they went home in bitter humour, and the rebellion in the south was a sore temptation to them. Had they risen when Desmond rose, the resources of English power would have been severely tried. . . . [Baltinglass] was a passionate Romanist; but besides his creed he was connected in blood with the marauding tribes of the Wicklow mountains. He was the owner of Glenmalure, the scene of the murderous performance of the Naas garrison, and the victims of that remarkable atrocity were dependents of the house of Eustace. After vainly endeavouring to persuade the Earl of Kildare to rise with him, he, in the middle of July, 1580, threw off his allegiance, and sent letters to his friends asking them to join in defending their country and their religion from the assaults of the English, saying: "A woman incapable of orders could not be head of the Church—a thing which Christ did not grant to His own Mother." The Four Masters thus relate his proceedings: "James Eustace . . . broke down his castles, after having embraced the Catholic faith and renounced his sovereign; so that war and disturbance arose on the arrival of Arthur, Lord Grey, in Ireland as Lord Justice. The Kavanaghs, Kinsellaghs, Byrnes, Tooles, Gaval-Rannall, and the surviving part of the inhabitants of Offaly and Leix, flocked to the assistance of James Eustace; so that from the Slaney to the Shannon, and from the Boyne to the meeting of the Three Waters, became one scene of strife and dissension." One of Lord Grey's first acts was to collect a large force and march against him and his confederates entrenched in Glenmalure. Possibly they were put upon their guard by the Earl of Kildare, who was in Lord Grey's company. The English force of 800 men was led into an ambuscade and cut off almost to a man—Sir Peter Carey, Colonel John Moor, and Francis Cosby being amongst the slain, and the Lord-Deputy Grey escaping with difficulty. After this success, Lord Baltinglass appears to have hastened to join the Desmonds and their Spanish allies in Kerry, and to have taken an active part in the Desmond war. His fortunes, after the death of the Earl of Desmond in 1583, are thus related by Holinshed: "The Viscount of Baltinglass, being aduertised of the death of the earle of Desmond, which was no small grief vnto him, and he also verie wearie of his trotting and wandering on foot amongst bogs, woods, and desert places (being altogether distressed, and in great miserie, and now destitute of all his friends and acquaintances, and not able to hold head anie longer against her majestie's force), did embarke himself for Spaine, in hope to haue some releese and succor, and to procure some aid from the King of Spaine; and by that means to be of some abilitie to renew his force and rebellion. But he found in the end verie small comfort. And therefore of a verie melancholic greefe and sorrow of mind, as it is thought, he died, being in verie extreme pouertie and need." His death is supposed to have taken place in 1583. By an "ex post facto" law, known as the "Statue of Baltinglass," the Eustaces were deprived of their estates and titles. Sir Bernard Burke cites strong reasons in favour of the present representative of the family being legally entitled to the viscountcy.

Eustace, Sir Maurice, Lord Chancellor, descended from family of preceding, was born at his father's seat at Castlemartin, about 1590. He gained a fellowship at Trinity College, and was called to the bar, where he soon distinguished himself. He was a clear-headed man, and lost no opportunity of advancing his own interests in those disturbed times, and received grants of Harristown and other lands forfeited by Lord Baltinglass. As sergeant-at-law he attracted the notice of Lord Strafford, and in 1639 he was elected Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. His bombastic inauguration speech, given in "Flanagan's Chancellors," is singularly illustrative of the times. In the Journals of the House of Commons under 1647 is to be found his complaint concerning the stealing of his cattle from Clontarf for the use of the army. After the Restoration, in 1660, he was appointed Lord Chancellor; but as he was one of the Lords Justices, Archbishop Bramhall was appointed Speaker of the Lords. He opposed some of the most unjust results of the Acts of Settlement and Explanation. He continued Chancellor until failing health obliged him to resign the seals to Archbishop Boyle. He

elighted in rural affairs, and his demesne
; Harristown came to be regarded as the
ose beautiful seat in Ireland. The ex-
hancellor died in 1665, leaving his estates
, Kildare, Dublin, and Wicklow, besides
ie Abbey of Cong, to his nephews, Sir
ohn and Sir Maurice Eustace; also a
great house" (which probably gave its
ame to Eustace street) in Dame street,
» Trinity College for the maintenance of
Hebrew lecturer. He was interred in
t. Patrick's Cathedral.

KEEN ON MacCARTHY MORE.

BY MRS. DOWNING, 1765-1881.

Oh woe! Oh woe
That here thou'rt lying low,
hat the beatings of thy gallant heart are o'er.
That we bend above thee now,
With that death-white on thy brow;
Oh woe! Oh woe!
MacCarthy More.

Come round, come round
All you that often found
home within his ever-opened door.
Give your full hearts relief,
Raise high the wail of grief;
Let it pierce the mountain side,
Let it echo far and wide;
Oh woe! Oh woe!
MacCarthy More.

That yelping pack!
Bid the huntsman call them back;
ike the sails from the shallop on the shore.
Let the warhorse idly feed,
For of greyhound, boat, or steed
Now he'll never more have need;
Oh woe! Oh woe!
MacCarthy More.

The orphan's friend,
Who the widow dared defend,
hen, threatened and when wronged, she shrank
before
The tyrant of the plain;
But he never spoke again,
For thy bullet pierced his brain,
MacCarthy More.

Oh, bitter woe,
She, with her locks of snow,
mes to mourn for the noble one she bore.
With form so weak and frail,
With cheek so worn and pale,
Let her clasp the coffin lid,
Where her only son lies hid.
Well may she fainting fall;
Woe for her, and for us all.
Oh woe! Oh woe!
MacCarthy More.

And fair young wife,
Give up thy loving life;
t thy heart feel its anguish to the core.
Braid back thy yellow hair,
For the crape coif thou must bear.
And years of grief for him
Shall make thy bright eyes dim.
Are there any standing by
Who have greater cause to cry?
Oh woe! Oh woe!
MacCarthy More.

Fling wide the gate
Where the stricken clansmen wait;
e are coming with the master they adore,
Not to the hunting ground,
But to his burial mound,
Oh woe! Oh woe!
MacCarthy More.

Now, men of stalwart vein,
While your hot tears fall like rain,
Raise high the anguished cry,
Let it rend the rocks and sky,
Oh woe! Oh woe!
We come to lay him low,
Oh woe! Oh woe!
MacCarthy More.

AUGUSTA HOLMES.

A FRANCO-IRISH COMPOSER.

It is a sad coincidence that, just as the native music of Ireland is winning the general recognition for which it has waited so long, one of its most distinguished exponents should pass away.

Augusta Mary Anne Holmes, the daughter of Irish parents, and Irish in sympathy and temperament, was born at Paris in 1847. Her musical talent became apparent at any early age. Fearing that she might adopt the art as a profession, her parents did their utmost to discourage her purpose, in which, however, she persisted with a perseverance born of genius.

In her girlhood she became one of the most noted piano amateurs, and won spontaneous recognition wherever heard in public or private. By the time she had reached womanhood the brilliancy of her execution and a notable versatility had given her an established place as a virtuoso.

Mme. Holmes, in responding to encores, had frequently been carried by sheer force of inspiration into improvisation. Composers recognised upon these occasions an innate contrapuntal faculty demanding culture. She became a pupil of Franck and Saint-Saens, and produced a large number of works, including songs, dances, symphonic poems, and the various species of musical design which afford the contemporary composer an almost unlimited opportunity for invention and ingenuity.

Mme. Holmes was a passionate lover of the music of her race. Her symphonic suite, "Ireland," will always represent the highest achievement of her combined brain and heart. It has been frequently heard in European musical centres. Her most impressive compositions in addition to that are an opera, "Hero et Leander," the Psalm "In Exitu," performed by the Philharmonic Society in 1873, a symphony on the subject of "Orlando Furioso," of which an Adante Pastorale was performed at the concerts du Chatalet in 1877, a symphony on the subject of "Poland," universally popular in western Europe, and a symphonic ode entitled, "Ludus pro Patria," performed in 1888 at the Paris Conservatory.

Her prize competition, "Lutetia," was played for the first time in 1884. Another of her competitive compositions, entitled "The Argonauts," performed in 1881, raised her to the highest place in the estimation of orchestral writers.

Critics have agreed that the essential characteristics of Mme. Holmes' musical compositions are intense imagination, originality of design, and intrepid execution, together with, at times, an exquisite tenderness. The influence of Wagner is recognised in her ensemble effects. The spiritual melodiousness of her racial temperament is apparent in all her compositions. Probably her greatest public triumph was her wonderful symphonic poem, "Andromeda," and the triumphal ode which made a phenomenal success when first performed at the Paris International Exhibition of 1889.

Mme. Holmes felt at the start that her woman's name, if not her Irish parentage and sympathy, would be an obstacle in her career, at least as a composer. She, therefore, adopted the nom-de-plume of "Hermann Zenta" in her earlier published works. But at the Conservatory and in society she never concealed either her Irish descent or her Irish sympathy. She was also a delightful singer, having a well-developed voice of normal range, sympathetic quality, and unusual endurance, capable of conveying to an audience every phase of her own deeply Celtic emotions. She lived for a long time at Versailles, and was a familiar figure within the fane and in its environs, being also a devotee of nature, whose many lovely modes of expression abound in the vicinity of the best-known suburb of the French capital.

A Celt in every fibre, Mme. Holmes rendered arduous and unflinching devotion to the adopted country of her parents during its military vicissitudes.

Whenever Mme. Holmes' works were performed on miscellaneous programmes, the fact that their author was a woman did not occur to anyone, their constitutional strength and typical perfection commanding admiration on musical grounds alone. All critics agree that, as a composer, Mme. Holmes is not only the first of all women in music, but belongs in the highest category of the musical composers of the age. It was her own opinion, often expressed, that her Gaelic descent contained the richest portion of a natural endowment which made professional success inevitable.

Mme. Holmes was also a familiar figure in the libraries and literary circles of the French metropolis and other European capitals. Versed in the classics (which have always been cultivated to the highest excellence in higher French education), as well as in medieval and modern literature, she had no need to call upon others to write either prose or verse for her musical works, preparing her texts habitually herself. Parisian society preserves many delicious stories of the facility with which she improvised rhyme and unjingled rhythm while sitting at the piano and entertaining brilliant companies with musical extemporisations. She had also learned to play upon some of the principal orchestral instruments in order the better to qualify herself for orchestral composition. One of her most devoted advisers in the latter was Klose, the director of the band of the artillery of the Imperial Guard, and professor of the clarionet in the Paris Conservatory.

It was at her home and in her studio that Augusta Holmes was seen most characteristically. Naturally kind, her generosity to young aspirants in musical art was widely understood, and her purse was ever at the service of talent or misfortune. Her method of ascertaining merit was decisive and practical. She was indisposed to take anybody's word. As art is in its nature executive, the applicant for her assistance was promptly requested to prove title to encouragement by demonstration. If the musician that would be were an instrumentalist, a performance upon the chosen instrument was the only conclusive witness for Mme. Holmes. If a singer, she made scientific allowance for age, health, diet, previous instruction, climate, and the day's weather. Many good voices are unable to show their possibilities for weeks at a time on account of the influence of passing conditions upon the most sensitive of all musical instruments, the vocal chords. Many of the most popular singers in Europe owed to Augusta Holmes their successful start after prolonged rebuffs because she was willing to give them time and generally the necessary means requisite to a favourable examination. She was said also to possess an unerring judgment concerning fundamental ability in music which she believed to depend more largely upon temperament than on training. She was also inexorable in requiring apprentice singers to live a life of rigorous rectitude of mind and body as a pre-requisite to her co-operation in the profession. The "Latin Quarter" will talk for many months of the noble hearted

and clear-headed friend to whom so many of the poor and gifted among them are indebted for their opportunities in not only music, but also in the kindred arts.

THE HISTORY OF BREAD AND BUTTER.

"Nothing but bread and butter for breakfast," complains the school boy or girl. It was not ever so. "I know what's what; I know upon which side my bread is buttered," says Ford in his "Lady's Trial," plainly demonstrating that in the year 1639 buttered bread was considered not a necessity, but a luxury to be desired and striven for. And Lowell's immortal lines:—

The bread comes back in many days,
And buttered, too, for sartin,

are obviously an echo of this bygone state of things. Addison, again, writing early in the eighteenth century, tells a story of some young ladies who, in order to save the price of the "Spectator," proposed to their father to give up bread and butter for breakfast, much as people now might offer to give up bacon.

From such scattered hints as these we are left to construct as we can the history of bread and butter. The name and date of that inventive genius who first bethought himself to spread the one upon the other and thus combine two constituents in an organic whole is lost in the twilight of the past.

Butter is frequently mentioned in the Old Testament, but not in close connection with bread. Butter-making was not among the original arts of either Greece or Rome. The Greeks learned it finally from the Scythians, and give to the substance produced the name since adopted in all languages, Bourupoy (from Bous—cow, and rupos—cheese), a derivation which accounts for the seemingly weird forms, buttyr and butyr, not unknown among us even within the last one hundred years. The Romans, in their turn, were instructed in the mysteries of dairy work by the Germans. But in both the great nations of antiquity, though a pious opinion obtained concerning butter as a "pleasant food" and possible substitute for oil in cookery, it was practically used for medical and cosmetic purposes only.

This preference for oil has survived in Southern Europe even to our own days. In more northern regions the Teutonic tradition holding butter in high esteem probably kept its ground during the Middle Ages.

Falstaff's scornful allusion to his recruits as "toasts in butter" seems to imply that buttered toast at any rate was known in the days of Elizabeth.

ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

Some idea of the magnitude of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition may be gleaned from the following facts:—

The St. Louis World's Fair will be approximately twice as big as any former International Exposition.

The Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia covered 236 acres, the Paris Exposition of 1899-1900, 336 acres, the Columbian Exposition at Chicago 633 acres, the Pan-American at Buffalo, 350 acres.

The St. Louis World's Fair will cover 1,200 acres.

The construction cost of the Paris Exposition was 9,000,000 dols., that of the Columbian Exposition 48,320,000 dols., and the total cost of the Pan-American Exposition was 10,000,000 dols.

The estimated cost of the St. Louis World's Fair will be 30,000,000 dols. This will mean 40,000,000 dols. by the time the work is completed.

Before the Exposition gates are open the city of St. Louis will have expended the enormous sum of 20,000,000 dols. Of this amount 5,000,000 dols. was appropriated for the fair through the municipal assembly, her citizens raised 5,000,000 dols. additional by private subscription, and by popular vote at a special election the charter amendments were carried which will enable the city to expend 10,000,000 dols. for street paving and other improvements.

AN ARMY OF BRIDES.

M. Paul du Chaillu, the African explorer, during the course of a lecture given at St. Petersburg related that during his sojourn in West Africa he had received 22,000 offers of marriage. One black king offered him 753 brides in a single day. He had explained that if he married one the other 752 would be jealous. The king quite agreed with him, and invited him to marry all of them.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

LONGMAN'S TEST CASE.

BY CHARLES MORRIS BUTLER.

I.—THE SHERIFF'S LETTER.

Chicago's Chief Inspector of Police, John D. Shea, at 10 o'clock had finished reading his reports from the various precincts under his charge. Feeling relieved he had settled back in his seat for a quiet smoke and perusal of a newspaper, when he was handed a letter marked "private." It was as follows:—

"Bordenville, Ill., May 10.

"To Inspector Shea. Dear Sir—A series of very remarkable robberies has taken place in this (Borden) county, during the past few days.

"First, the store of Mr. W. T. Haynes, of Lewistown, was entered and robbed of all the available cash and notes usually kept in the safe for security. No violence was used in opening the safe or gaining entrance to the store. Hayes alone has knowledge of the combination of the safe, and only one other person has a key to the store.

"In Vaughanton, the general store and post-office of Miller Bros. was robbed in about the same manner as that of Hayes'. All the firm's money was taken, but not a dollar's worth of stamps or money belonging to the Government, and there was more value in these than all else stolen. Owing to this, the Government will not interest itself in the case.

"Several other places have been looted. The drug store of Janes and Co. and Dr. Wright's office in Bordenville. The police force is unable to cope with the theory, and Mr. Adolph Miller has requested me to procure a detective from your city to work up the case, guaranteeing reasonable expenses. I take the liberty of addressing you in this behalf, knowing of your interest in ferreting out crime; and trust that you will recommend to us a shrewd, secretive man for the position, one who can keep quiet, as we do not wish to alarm the neighbourhood.

"Yours truly,
"T. C. HANSCOMB,
"Sheriff of Borden County.

"P.S.—Enclosed find 50 dollars advanced fees for railroad fare, etc."

"Jackson," said the Inspector, turning to his stenographer, "answer this letter and say that I shall be pleased to detail a man upon the case at once." He then touched a button, and when a young lad opened the door entering, said:

"Alex, notify Mr. Jenks that I desire to see him."

A ministerial-looking personage entered the room almost immediately, noiselessly taking a seat near the Inspector. "Well?" he queried.

The Inspector handed him the letter. "This makes the sixth letter received from different parts this morning."

"True," curtly responded Mr. Jenks as he read the letter, "and all in the same strain, too; 'robbery; very mysterious manner; no clue; baffles the local police.' Quite an epidemic of crime."

"I want you to help me form some plan of procedure for the man I shall place upon the case. First look upon the map and see if Bordenville, Lewistown, and Vaughanton are connected by rail."

"The towns are connected," said Jenks examining the map. "Illinois Valley R. R. Bordenville, 4,500; Lewistown, 3,000; Vaughanton, 1,500 population."

"From first glance," mused the chief, "it looks very much like a common series of robberies—perhaps a gang following the wake of a circus or something like that. But I haven't had the privilege of adding a page to my 'unexplained crime scrap book' now for several months, and it is almost time to put down the outlines of another mystery not cleared up."

"For once in our lives," suggested Mr. Jenks, very affably, "suppose we simply call in the man we intend to send out and refrain from giving him any 'pointers,' but rather let him work up the case in any way he chooses—fail or succeed, just as he may."

"So be it," said the Inspector, "and what do you say to deputising Longman on the case? He made a very great success out of that Gardner-Wymer-Ravenswood affair, you know?"

"The very man! I have an idea that he will turn out to be the coming sleuth; sharp as a whip. You, yourself, Shea, were a little surprised at the development of the case." Mr. Jenks was the legal adviser of his chief, and seemed to be in very good spirits this morning.

Longman was called in from the waiting-room, while a letter of introduction was being written for his use.

"Longman," said the Inspector, "I am going to grant you a leave of absence, with privilege of working on a private case." He handed the detective Hanscomb's letter. "Do you want it?"

"Sure," spoke up the detective quickly, "of course, I want it! I am dying of inaction at present!"

"What do you think of it?"

"I haven't had time to think!" said Longman.

"Good!" exclaimed the Inspector, approvingly. "You are starting out all right. Now, Mr. Jenks wishes this to be a test of your ability, so I refrain from giving you any instructions. However, I can make you this proposition: If you succeed in clearing up this case I will see that you draw pay while away—if you fail, you get only what Hanscomb allows you. How's that?"

"I don't wish the city any bad luck," said Longman, "nor you either, Jenks, but as you consider this as a test of my ability rest assured that I shall do my best to clear up the mystery. I trust that it will be a complicated affair and that I can unravel it in a manner different from what you anticipate." The Inspector, Jenks, and Longman had been quite friendly ever since the case spoken of.

"You accept the case? You pick up the glove, as it were?" asked Jenks.

"Certainly," responded Longman.

"Then we will call the preliminaries closed," said the Inspector. "I will expect a report in writing every day. Here is your letter of introduction to the Sheriff and 50 dollars to pay your expenses. Good-bye, and don't let me see you for a week unless you clear up the case before that." And he bowed the detective to the door.

II.—EXTRACTS FROM INSPECTOR SHEA'S DIARY CONTAINING DETECTIVE LONGMAN'S REPORTS.

First Day.—Went to city office of Illinois Valley railroad for time table. Asked agent if circus company was or had been using tracks between here and Bordenville. No special cars out, but a company of theatrical people, thirty full fares and special scenery, knowing to be making one night stands along the route. Took train at 7.30 p.m. for Lewis-

Rostillian, two miles W. of Cloyne, formerly belonged to Robert Fitz-Stephen, to whom half of the kingdom of Cork was granted. But the castle, which some years ago stood here, was built by the Fitz-Geralds. It is at present the seat of the Right Hon. the Earl of Inchiquin, whose ancestor, Murrough, Lord President of Munster, took this castle, ann. 1645, which was the same year retaken by the Earl of Castlehaven. It is a noble seat, pleasantly situated on an arm of the sea at the S.E. side of the harbour of Cork, where the tide gently flows to the garden wall, and boats come up to the stairs. The present house was built on the ruins of the ancient castle. On a terrace, near the water, are some small pieces of cannon mounted, which, upon firing, render several echoes through the various hills that surround the harbour. In the house are several good family pictures; on the staircase are two large pair of those fossil horns, known by the name of moose horns. From this pleasing situation, one may see,

> ——The crouded ports,
> Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
> With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
> Of hurry'd sailor, as he hearty waves
> His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,
> Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.
> Thompson, p. 121.

This prospect is terminated to the W. by the islands of Spike and Hawlbowlin, and to the N. by the great island. White-well, near Rostillian, is frequented on certain days of the year by the superstitious Irish devotees; it is a fine limpid, soft water, flowing from a lime-stone rock, and not far from it is a pleasant light chalibeat spaw. Adjacent to the house is a noble park. To the S.W., near the harbour's mouth, is Cork-beg, now the seat of Robert Uniack Fitz-Gerald, Esq., built in a peninsula, to which is a narrow isthmus from the mainland; near it are the ruins of an old castle, said to have belonged to one of the Condons, for whom there is an old tomb in the decayed church of Cork-beg. Here is most excellent lime-stone, esteemed the best in the barony. On the E. side of the harbour are the remains of a large, regular fortification, with platforms below for gun-batteries, level with the water. This work was erected towards the end of queen Elizabeth's reign, but suffered to go to ruin. Near this is a lesser fortification, which, in the reign of the late King James, was made use of to annoy the landing of the Earl of Marlborough; this battery was soon taken by the seamen. The headlands, which form the entrance of this noble harbour, are little more than half an English mile asunder, so that vessels are no sooner in than they are land-locked on all sides in a large, deep, smooth, and still basin. The shore being very high on all sides, affords a noble shelter from almost every wind; but has this disadvantage, that there is scarce room to erect batteries to fortify the harbour. More to the S., on the sea-side, is Trabolgan, an old seat of the Roches, a branch of the Fermoy family.

Poor-head is the most southern cape of this barony, from whence one has a prospect of Kinsale head to the W., and a considerable tract of the sea coast to the east; this cape is bold and lofty, and well answers to Shakespeare's description, that,

> ——It is a cliff, whose high and bending head
> Looks fearfully on the confined deep.

On the western side of Cork harbour, within the mouth, is an high, round land, called Corribiny-point; on its summit is one of the ancient tumuli, raised to the memory of some Irish or Danish hero of former ages. These sepulchres were often placed on the sea-coasts; witness that of Æneas for his nurse Caieta, mentioned by the Mantuan bard.

> Tu quoque littoribus nostris, Æneia nutrix,
> Æternam moriens samam; Caieta, dedisti;
> At pius exequiis Æneas rite solutis,
> Aggere composito tumuli, postquam alta quierunt
> Æquora, tendit iter velis.
> Æneid. VII.

> And thou, O matron of immortal fame!
> Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name:
> Caieta still the place is call'd from thee,
> The nurse of great Æneas' infancy.
> Now, when the prince her fun'ral rites had paid,
> And o'er her bones a lofty mound had made,
> He plough'd the Tyrrhene seas with sails displayed
> Dryden.

And they were often, in after ages, used as land marks for mariners to steer by.

Not far from the strand of Ballycroneen, there stands on a hill a pillar stone, 8 feet high, the end of which seems to be buried deep in the earth. More to the W. is a place called Liscally, is a strong moated Danish entrenchment, with one of the highest mounds I have seen, being 12 feet high, and seems to have been less impaired by time than any other in this part of the country. Ballykendrick castle is a good, strong building, between this and Cloyne, and formerly belonged to the Fitz-Geralds.

A little to the N.E. of Middletown is a range of rocky hills, on which grow several aromatic plants; and the fields hereabouts are covered with great quantities of comfrey.

Middletown, so called from its situation, midway between Cork and Youghal, being 10 miles from each, is a borough and market town, well built and pleasantly situated, a river running at each end of it, and the tide flowing up to it, being in the N.E. angle of Cork harbour. It consists of one long street, ranging from the north to the south bridges. Here is a good market, both of flesh and fish. The Irish still call it Castre-ni-chora, i.e., the castle of the ford; and from thence an ancient abbey was called Chore abbey; in Irish, Monastre-ni-Chora, and in the records called Monasterium de Choro Sancti Benedicti Beat. Mar. Virg. It was a daughter of the abbey of Neany, or Magy, in the county of Limerick, the monks being furnished out of that house for occupying this abbey. It was founded about the year 1180, according to Ware, by the Fitz-Geralds; and, according to Jungelin, by the Barrys. Gerald Fitz-Richard, Bishop of Cloyne, appropriated the vicarages of Clonmult, Danigin, Donilbam, and Bally-spellany to this house, ann. 1476. It was granted, upon the dissolution, to Sir John Fitz-Edmond Fitz-Gerald, of Cloyne, who forfeited it in the rebellion of 1641. This town was erected into a corporation by the interest of Sir St. John Brodrick, who rebuilt the church and steeple and the greatest part of the town. It is governed by a sovereign, two bailiffs, and twelve burgesses, who return two members to Parliament. The late King James also incorporated the place; by whose charter, in 1687, Sir James Cotter, Knt., was appointed sovereign, and Philip Roche and Dominick White, merchants, bailiffs thereof; but this charter soon went into disuse. Here is a fair market-house, built with hewn stone, and adorned with a clock; and besides an English school for the education of poor children in the Protestant religion, there is a public free-school, which is an elegant building, composed of one main structure and two returns, over which was lately an handsome dome. This school was founded, ann. 1709, by the Lady Elizabeth Villiers; she was eledest daughter of Sir Edward Villiers, Father of Edward, Earl of Jersey, and maid of honour to Queen Mary when Princess of Orange; and in 1695 was married to the Lord George Hamilton, third son of William, Duke of Hamilton, afterwards created Earl of Orkney (26). She expended a considerable sum of money in building this house, and settled a good estate on this endowment, for the support of a master, two ushers assistants, a writing-master, and £50 a year for scholars entered from this school into the University of Dublin (27).

(To be Continued.)

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

By R. Heaton.

We spring from the earth at the Winter's birth
When the ground is bare
And we reign supreme, like a passing dream
Till the world is fair.

We brave the gale, and the rain and hail,
Afraid of none!
While our petals blaze like the golden rays
Of the setting sun.

From bronze we shade, and to pink we fade
As the rosy morn;
And our lips are kissed by the dewy mist
Of the early dawn.

To mauve we turn and to crimson burn—
Then fiercer glow.
But our souls delight in our petals white
As the driven snow.

(26) Collin's Peerage of England vol. 3. p. 533.

(27) She reserved to herself a power to make rules for the governing this school. The governors first appointed by the charter were the earls of Orkney and Inchiquin, Thomas Brodrick, Alan Brodrick, and Samuel Maynard, esqrs. lieut Peter Bettesworth, and their respective heirs, together with the bishop of Cork, and the sovereign of Middletown. They nominate the master, who has £100 a year salary; an usher, who has £20 per annum and a writing-master, £20 per annum. There is £10 per annum for repairs of the house, with the sum of £50 to be distributed in exhibitions to scholars (of this house) in Dublin College, as the majority of the governors shall direct, provided no more than £15 be paid to one person. And if such scholars are not to be had, this money is to go to such charitable uses as the governors shall direct. The estate bequeathed to this school, are the lands of Ballynehortig, Ballynereguine, Ballynemeuile, Ballynodagha, 64 acres of Tullaghloane, lying in the barony of Kinalea and Kerricurihy, and all the lands leased by the late king James to sir Richard Mead, at the rent of £100 per annum. The lands of Ballysabeg and Kilgoban, in the barony of Carbery, containing 331 acres, and all other lands in the said barony, formerly set to William North, esq, by the late king James, at £100 per annum.

ANCIENT IRISH SOCIETY.

THE IRISH FIGHTING CLANS.

THE O'CARROLLS OF ELY.

By Rev. F. R. MONTGOMERY HITCHCOCK, B.D.

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PART II.

We now come to an unpleasant episode in the history of the Sept, a family dispute, which did more to weaken its power than any foreign oppression could have done. To cut a long story short, when John, son of Maolroona O'Carroll, died in 1485, the chieftainship of the Sept was claimed by another O'Carroll, who was elected on account of his splendid qualities. This was the famous Maolroona O'Carroll, who, according to the Four Masters, was "the most distinguished man of his tribe for valour, prosperity, and excellence, to whom poets, travellers, ecclesiastics, and literary men were most thankful, and who gave, and entertained, and bestowed more presents than any other who lived of his lineage." But though devoted to literature, the patronage of all that was excellent, and the dispenser of princely hospitality, this, the best of the O'Carrolls, was, like the British Prince Alfred, equally proficient in the arts of war. For, while he was "the anvil of knowledge, and the golden pillar of the Elyans," he was also "the supporting mainstay of all persons, the rightful victorious rudder of his race; the powerful young warrior in the march of tribes; the active triumphant champion of Munster." This Maolroona O'Carroll was as popular among the English as he was among his own people. For he wooed and won no less a bride than the Lady Fitzgerald, daughter of the Earl of Kildare. Her sister had been previously wedded to Bryan O'Conor of Offaly. But Maolroona died, unlike most of the O'Conors, however, in his own castle on St. Matthew's Day (1532), after he had heard of the defeat of the Earl of Ormond by his sons, who took many horses, and some ordnance at a ford which was called Bel-atha-na-bh Fabcun, in memory of the achievement. His eldest son, Ferganainm, or the "man without a name," was chosen to succeed him. But the sons of John O'Carroll, the former chief, who had distressed the closing years of Maolroona by conspiring with his foes against him, at once took the field against Ferganainm, and, seizing the Castle of Birr, continued to harass the supporters of Ferganainm, who entreated the Lord Deputy, his uncle, to come to his aid. This the latter did without delay. And taking on his way the Castle of Killurin, in Geashill, the Castle of Eglish, and the Castle of Ballindoany, or Ballindown, where the sons of John had fortified themselves, he proceeded to storm the Castle of Birr. During the attempt on this fortress, which he assailed from the Monastery of Birr, the Earl was wounded in his side by a bullet, but still persisted in the attack until the place was stormed. The Earl was recalled shortly afterwards to England to give an account of his stewardship, and to answer why he, a person of English descent, had, in spite of the statute of Kilkenny, allowed his daughters to marry the Milanesian Irish, and was committed to the Tower by Henry VIII. There he died shortly afterwards (1535).

In the meantime he was succeeded by Lord Grey, whose presence was almost immediately required in the country of the O'Conors and O'Carrolls For "Silken Thomas" had commenced his absurd rebellion, and induced the only two willing clans to rally round the standard of revolt. Down to Offaly and Ely came the new Deputy, and took the castles of Eglish, Birr, Modereny, Modrymore, and Broghill, but not before much destruction had been wrought by Ferganainm. However, this proved an instance of the soft answer turning away wrath, for while O'Conor was driven from his land, and was followed by the unrelenting hatred and unremitting severity of Lord Grey, the O'Carroll succeeded in conciliating him and throwing dust in his eyes when he tendered his submission to him in Dublin Castle. It was one of the charges made against this unfortunate nobleman that he had overlooked the outrages that Ferganainm had committed. It would have been better for these Viceroys had they and their daughters seen less of the fascinating O'Carrolls.

However, the King himself in 1539 concluded a treaty with Ferganainm on the conditions that the latter was to pay tribute for Ely O'Carroll, to furnish forces to the King, and to give the Deputy passage through his dominions whenever it was necessary. Poor Ferganainm, however, did not long survive this new settlement of the question, for the unhappy man, now infirm and blind, was treacherously killed in his own castle of Clonlisk, by Seige, his kinsman, the son of Donagh and the grandson of John O'Carroll, and by one of the O'Mulloys, who seemed ever ready for such acts of inhumanity. It was a terrible scene, the assassins seemed to have got a secret entrance into the castle and attacked the blind prince unawares, but he defended himself with such vigour while some of his attendants, most of them unarmed, hurried to his assistance, and presented their defenceless bodies between the miscreants and their king, and thus obtained the glory of dying with their master.

Now ensued a decade of fighting with varying fortune, but out of which the O'Carrolls seem to have emerged the best. Trusting more to their natural wit than to the force of their arms, they secured favourable terms from their invaders, who saw that it would be wiser to treat the sept at all events with more apparent consideration than they had done. But it is questionable if there was any sincerity on either side. In 1548 it is said that Thady O'Carroll (Thady being the same as Teighe or Tadg, poet) made an arrangement with Brabazon by which he engaged himself to supply the King with forces, and that shortly afterwards he surrendered his dominion of Ely O'Carroll to King Edward VI., who restored it to him with the title of Lord Baron of Ely. But this statement is not well authenticated. It is certain, however, that this Thadeus was able to secure possession of Birr and to inflict a defeat on the English settlers. But Thadeus did not live long to reap the fruits of the victory, which were not, however, fated to be lasting. For he was slain by Cahir O'Carroll, who became Baron of Ely, and who perished as he deserved by the sword of another rival, William O'Carroll. The seed of dissension, sown by John O'Carroll and fostered by the English was indeed producing a harvest of blood in 1554.

This William wisely tendered his submission to the English, and was acknowledgde by them as the successor to the title of Lord of Ely, and having promised to fight for the King and Queen of England, and to send Queen Mary a number of horse and foot, was made Governor of Ely by Royal patent. This was all the wily William desired. The moment the Deputy's back was turned he began the old game of plundering the English settlements, in spite of the fact that the Deputy, before he had withdrawn, had taken hostages fro William and his confederates for their go behaviour, which did not last long. For find that after his return, the Earl of Ess was obliged to undertake an expedition throu Feascall to punish the O'Mulloys, and advan ing with great rapidity to Lemyvanane Castl now called Leap, he took William by surpris and the latter only escaped by the swiftness his horse. Teige O'Carroll was then put the Governorship in his place by the Englis Deputy, who saw the advantage of promotin division in the ranks of the O'Carrolls, whic was not hard to do among so quarrelsome sept. But William was not done with, for h returned in an unexpected manner to his f vourite stronghold, Caistan-an-Leine, the Cast of the Leap, and after slaying the Englis garrison, was once more master of Lemyvanan His triumph, however, was but short live for he was afterwards severely defeated by th soldiers of Essex, and had to draw in h horns and eat humble pie. It was at this tim that the districts of Leix and Offaly were mad into the shires of King's County and Queen County. Ely, which was omitted at the time being included in King's County afterward Dangen then became known as Phillipstown Maryborough being created the capital Queens County.

Under the 8th of March, 1546, we have a interesting document drawn up by "Betwyxt Sir Henry Sidney, Knight, Lord Deputy of Ire land, for and on behalf of the Queenes's Mos Excellent Majestie, of those parts, and Si William O'Kerroll, of Lemyvanan, in th countrie called Elye O'Kerroll, and now to l parcell of the King's County." This was deed of surrender, a full copy of which given in O'Donovan's translation of the Fou Masters. Its chief interest nowadays arise from the list of thirty-six landed proprietor who held the land of Ballybritt and Clonlisk under the O'Carrolls. The evident object Ely in delivering his possessions to th "Queene's most honourable Court of Chaun cerie of Ireland" was to secure them by letter patent, one of the conditions of the surrender for his illegitimate sons, of whom he ha four—John O'Kerroll, Teighe O'Kerroll, Cal loghe O'Kerroll, and Donoghoe O'Kerroll. An this he managed to do, and so excluded th legitimate heir, his own brother, Donogh Keoghe O'Kerroll, from the succession.

But the Irish septs of Ely, Leix, Offaley, an Fearcall still continued in a restless and un pacified condition. While giving fair words t the English Deputy they ceased not to pre upon each other, and to plunder the propert of the settlers, like the moss-trooping Scots o border fame. One of these expeditions agains Birr terminated fatally. For we read tha Conal Buighe, the son of Gillpatrick, the so of Pierce O'Moore, was slain at Birr in th territory of Ely, and the historian's commen is that "it was better that he was killed, fo it was to plunder the town that he had come But while the Irish wolves were quarrelling i their dens, the English bloodhounds were o their trail, tracking them to their lairs. Lor Grey, reinforced by cavalry and infantry fro England, was upon them, and "pacified" th O'Carrolls and the O'Molloys, whose chief h ordered to be executed as a seditious person On his return the Deputy released a hostage William, the son of Ferganainm, whose tragi cal death has been described. But the un fortunate man was not fated to enjoy th liberty of his native air, for as he was return ing he was attacked by some of his own clans men, who were opposed to his claims of th lordship of Offally, and who "slew him a once and left his body exposed to the claws o wolves and ravens." But the murdered man' son, John, was chosen to be the Lord of Ely He, too, did not enjoy his honours long. Fo Teighe's perfidious example was doomed to b perpetuated. John O'Carroll was stabbed th very next year, 1582, "with abominable an unprofitable treachery" by Mulroona, the so of Teige Caoch. The assassin then became victim of assassination, falling three month

afterwards by the hand of a brother of the man he murdered—Calvagh O'Carroll.

This Calvagh O'Carroll was then nominated chief of the clan, which position he managed to hold for fifteen years. He is described by the Four Masters as "a warlike, defending man, and a strong arm against his English and Irish neighbours; he was a knight by title and honour, by authority of his sovereign." In the Parliament convened by Sir John Perrott at Dublin (1585), this Calvagh O'Carroll was a distinguished figure. But there is an indelible blot of shame on his escutcheon. For it appears that Calvagh had hired some of the MacMahons from Monaghan to help him in the plundering expeditions, but when their time for payment came he had no funds to settle with them. With unspeakable truculence he conceived the idea of "removing" them. Accordingly, in his Castle of Lemyvanane, where O'Banane made his immortal leap, he made a great feast in honour of his mercenaries. But at the end of the banquet, when the revellers were overcome with the pleasures of the table, the orders were given to close the doors, and the perfidious host, violating all the traditions of hospitality, which were often of more weight in the eyes of the Celt than the laws of God, caused his armed retainers to fall upon the defenceless men who had fought his battles, and slew them to a man.

For this act of unparalleled atrocity Calvagh paid the penalty. The O'Neills from the North invaded his land, harrying and carrying all before them, and in June of the following year his life was taken "by some inferior gentlemen of the O'Carrolls and O'Meaghers." Such was the melancholy end of a great warrior, whose crimes prevent us from regarding him as a hero. When we compare the callousness and perfidy of such men—the prevalent type of the Celt at the close of the sixteenth century—with the gallantry and chivalry of their English contemporaries, of whom Sir Philip Sydney is an example, we cannot but lament the fact that his life of constant rapine and murder tended to foster all that was low and cunning, and banished all that was generous and noble from the heart of the Celtic Chief. There was nothing to encourage but much to impede the spirit of chivalry in the associations of the Irish chieftain, who knew himself to be safe in his stronghold from the representatives of the law he had so basely broken. It was well for Ireland that a new race was coming to infuse higher ideas and better customs into the wild but warm blood of the Irish clans, who when trained and disciplined have proved on many a field and in many a clime that they are inferior to no race in the game of war and the arts of peace.

In the last year of the century that had witnessed so many distressing scenes and doughty deeds we find that the O'Carrolls, who were then posing as dutiful and loyal, though, we need hardly add, little trusted servants of the Crown, were ordered to invade the O'Molloys of Fearcall, who were at this time living in the heated atmosphere of family feuds and open sedition. This order the O'Carrolls must have been only too willing to obey. Sir Charles O'Carroll appears in command of 100 men in the muster roll of the Lord Deputy Mountjoy, dated 26th March, 1600, and Captain Mulrooney O'Carroll as commanding 100 foot in O'Carroll's Country in the same and the two following years.

The seventeenth century saw many changes in this powerful sept. When the so-called "undertakere" were planted in Ely, O'Carroll, much to the disgust of the dispossessed, but much to the advantage of our poor distressful country, those of the O'Carrolls who fell in with the existing order of things fared well, while those who did not, for a time defied the English from behind their stout fortresses of Emill, Dunkerrin, or Frankfort, Lemvanane, and Clonlisk.

On an inquisition held in the year 1612 Tighe O'Carroll was found to possess some ninety acres, but Lord Thurles, on behalf of his father, the Earl of Ormond, declared that the said Teige had surrendered his claim to the Earl, and held the property as the latter's tenant. The O'Carroll afterwards disputed this statement when he found that Sir Laurence Parsons had been given possession of Birr, but after petitioning the King three times the decision was given against him. Thus endeth the connection of the O'Carrolls with their old town, which now, thanks to the genius, enterprise, and wealth of Sir Laurence and his worthy successors, was transformed from being the headquarters of a lawless predatory chieftain, and the scene of murders and rapine, into the centre of culture, civilisation, and religion—as it once was—in the midland counties of Ireland. Birr rapidly improved. Its streets were lighted, its poor were employed and protected, glass was introduced from the Bigo factory, chimneys were erected on the houses, and single women were forbidden, under pain of being exposed for three days in the stocks, to sell liquor. The "Black Castle" of Birr—a forbidding ruin that stood prominently above the river's bank, presents a significant contrast with the handsome baronial residence which has taken its place, and which has stood as many sieges and seen as much fighting under its valiant defenders—whose history in places reads like a romance—as any other castle in the land. In 1639 we read of a search made by Sir William Parsons, of Birr, and Captain William Paisley, Provost-Marshall of Munster, in the Castle of Clonles, where O'Carroll was suspected of plotting a conspiracy. The bird was flown, but the searchers found a quantity of muskets and pikes and a secret chamber, which had been used in former times for coining money. Another stronghold of the once powerful sept was Dunkerrin, the fortress of the ash tree, which afterwards passed into the hands of Thomas Francks, who obtained by grant the lands of Coologe and Castleroan; and became known as Frankfort Castle.

But the last memoirs of the O'Carrolls are associated with Emmell, a castle that had long been in their possession, and one that, like the others, except Leap Castle, which, strange to say, is now held partly in the O'Carroll name and right, was taken from them The Irish Rebellion of 1641 hastened the climax. Then the O'Carrolls, Molloys, Kennedys, and the neighbouring septs rose and burnt down the castles of the settlers, and in many cases murdered the inmates. This cruelty was not, however, universal. Many instances of gallantry and courtesy extended by the rebels to the English, notably the polite treatment which Lady Anne Parsons received from Colonel Moore, who besieged Parsonstown, relieve that story of some of its repellent and melancholy features. The tide of fortune turned, and Emmell was granted by Cromwell to Captain Rose, and its owner had to take up his abode in Cullenwaine, where he died in 1681.

He was succeeded by his son, Lord Anthony Carroll, who made a supreme but ineffectual effort to retrieve the fortunes of his ancient house. However, he was able to recover Emmell. For Captain Rose, not feeling at all safe among such determined and dangerous neighbours, who had been the loyal supporters of the House of Stuart, to which he and his late general officer, the Lord Protector, had proved traitors, was glad to dispose of it by deed of sale to Long Anthony in 1676. Anthony now became regarded as the Lord of Ely, and endeavoured, with some success, to unite the scattered fragments of his sept. However, the revolution of 1688 burst upon the land, fanning into flame the now dormant elements of party strife and hatred, and Anthony, like all the Irish chieftains, remained loyal to the King. Their loyalty cost them dear. Anthony armed his men, and took part in a great many encounters under the brilliant leadership of Sarsfield. In one of his expeditions he seized Nenagh, which was then in the hands of a party who had ever been opposed to the Stuarts. And although the castle was dismantled and its walls had not been rebuilt since Ireton demolished them in 1651, he thought of making it his headquarters for his operations in Ormond. However, he was forced to abandon it on the approach of General Leveson against him, so he evacuated the town after burning it down to prevent it being of use to the Orange party. There is no doubt that his movement was accelerated by the report that a strong body of William's men were marching against Emmell. Those men never reached their destination. The gallant Anthony was before them. And as the Dutchmen were endeavouring to pick their way through an Irish bog at Barna, the Place of the Gap, the Celts flew upon them like wolves upon their prey, and the scene of the slaughter that ensued bears the name of "the Blessed Togher" or pass through the bog.

But when King James fled, Anthony showed his wisdom by returning to his estates and submitting to the new condition of things, which he could not alter, with a good grace. Finally, the lavish hospitality of Anthony's great grandson, Richard O'Carroll, who was compelled to mortgage his castle and estates, extinguished the flickering glories of this illustrious house.

[The End.]

NOTES AND QUERIES.

RUINED CHURCHES AND SHRINES IN IRELAND.

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Sir—Reading the very excellent article on the Rock of Cashel, by the Rev. R. E. Fitzhenry, M. S.S., Ph., D., which appeared in the English "Catholic Fireside" some short time ago, allow me to correct through the columns of the "Dublin Penny Journal" a slight inaccuracy appearing therein. Mr. Fitzhenry states that in the tomb of the O'Kearney's is buried David O'Kearney, who was Archbishop of Cashel from 1604 to 1625. Dr. O'Kearney died on the 14th August, 1624 in the Cistercian Monastery of Carbon-blanc, near Bordeaux, and I have never heard his remains were brought for interment in our monumental tomb in the "Rock of Cashel," or our tombs outside of the rock, but always understood his remains were interred where he died. Dr. O'Kearney was for a time the sole representative of the Catholic Hierarchy in Ireland, but he, too, in the end was forced to fly. His will, executed at Carbon-blanc, bequeathed to the Jesuits a considerable sum of money, and to Paul Ragget, then superior of the aforesaid monastery, he left £100 for maintenance of the house. To the Jesuits of Cashel, his rich missals and breviaries. To his successor in the Archiepiscopal See a gold ring set in emeralds, presented to him by Pope Paul V, and to the same a pictoral cross of great price, given him by a princess of the Imperial House of Austria.

Being the last of the great and ancient family of the O'Kearney's, whose history and genealogy from the 10th century, I trust soon to add to your list of Irish County and Family Histories in the "Dublin Penny Journal," believe me, yours truly,

FRANK PATTERSON O'KEARNEY.

Salford, February 21st, 1903.

SOLUTION OF A PIANOFORTE PROBLEM.

Professor Henry T. Eddy, of the University of Minnesota, described at the Pittsburg meeting of the American Association an invention of Dr. S. A. Hageman, of interest to musicians. It is a pianoforte which renders the diatonic scale in perfectly just intonation to any desired key. It differs in outward appearance from an ordinary piano only in having, in addition to the usual pedals, a bank of a single octave, somewhat like organ pedals, which actuate a bank of sliding bars, and these in turn, move the bridges on which the strings rest, and adjust them simultaneously to any key. This Professor Eddy believes to be the first practical solution of the problem of just intonation for instruments with fixed keys.

A COUNTY CORK COMMUNIST.

Comparisons are frequently instituted between France and Ireland, but no two countries could present a greater contrast in respect to Socialism, Communism, or kindred "isms," whether in theory or practice, which find in France their centre and their life; whilst in all Ireland, and that only very lately, there is but one insignificant body, located in Dublin, which openly avows its adherence to Socialism. This contrast is all the more remarkable, seeing that Ireland is by far the poorer country, and that poverty engenders the discontent and desperation which are generally at the root of Socialism, and the still more baleful and destructive tenets of the Anarchists and the Nihilists. There are, of course, some forms of Communism or Socialism which are perfectly innocuous, such as those Communistic experiments not unfrequent in the United States of America, with one of which some of the most gifted of the American race have been connected, such as Nathaniel Hawthorne, the late Father Hecker, and other persons of education, talent, and position; but these, like similar foundations of a more radical or objectionable character, all alike end in failure. Reference will be made further on to some Communistic establishments set up in England; but nothing of the kind, we believe, has ever been attempted in Ireland, where the only prominent advocate of Communistic views was the now forgotten Corkman, William Thompson, who, curiously enough, belonged to that class which in this country is most tenacious of its rights and privileges, whether lawfully or otherwise obtained.

From a little book, long out of print, named "Sketches of Carbery," written by a Dr. Donovan, since dead, published by Gall, Dublin, in 1876—one of those much-needed local histories, of which there are unfortunately too few issued in Ireland—are derived the following particulars relative to the life and opinions of this extraordinary man—"In the neighbourhood of Lough Adereen, near Glandore, is a townland called Carhoogariff—i.e., "the Rough Quarter." This land belonged to a very remarkable and eccentric personage—a philosopher named Thompson, whose peculiar habits, strange creed, and extraordinary theories created a great sensation in Glandore and the immediate vicinity at the period alluded to. The philosopher was the son of a Cork merchant, and had spent a considerable portion of his time in France and Belgium previous to 1830, where he imbibed the revolutionary doctrines prevalent in France at that time. He was in the habit of visiting Glandore occasionally, and settled down there a short time before his death, which took place in 1832.

He soon became a local celebrity, on account of the eccentricity of his character. Thompson belonged to a Society of Communists or Socialists which made itself prominent in his time, and were known as St. Simonians in France and the United States. In Scotland and England Robert Owen, Hamilton, and Combe were the chief supporters of the system.

Thompson, being in possession of Carhoogariff, and having a considerable amount of money at his command, determined on gratifying his hobby, and carrying into practical effect his favourite idea, in the establishing of a community on the principles of mutual co-operation, united possessions, and equality of exertions and the means of enjoyment and he wrote a work indicating by its title the principles referred to.

Under the system which he wished to establish, a number of persons were to settle on a spot of ground, which was divided into equal lots of, say, one acre to each person, every individual, at the same time, bringing in a capital of from £20 to £100, as the case might be. Each person was to pursue the avocation in life which pleased him most, and for which he was best suited. He was to have an interest and share in the general prosperity of the community, whilst he contributed by his personal exertions to the welfare of all, exchanging when he wished the products of his own industry for any articles belonging to other members which he might require, and so forth.

Thompson laid the foundation of a row of buildings at Carhoogariff, where the co-operative community were to reside, and he also erected a sort of round tower or turret at Carhoogariff, which he furnished as a private residence, the ruins of which are still to be seen. He did not live long enough to carry his views into execution, as death cut him off in the midst of his speculations in 1832.

On his death all ideas of establishing the community were abandoned. He left the bulk of his property to some co-operative society to carry out the formation of a Socialistic community; but his will was upset at law, being declared invalid, as it was maintained that the property was willed for immoral purposes—one of his peculiar principles being that there should be a community of wives as well as of property.

Thompson, though a visionary and a theorist, was a man of acute intellect and considerable information. He was a strict vegetarian, and very temperate in his habits. His political opinions were those of a Red Republican, acquired in France, having adopted the revolutionary ideas prevailing there, which reached their climax in 1830.

He used to walk about Glandore carrying a tri-colour flag at the end of his walking-stick. The country people looked upon him as a sort of magician, as he was in the habit of publicly exhibiting experiments of a chemical nature, while in his own peculiar fraternity he was considered a man of ability.

One of his more practicable and reasonable speculations was the establishment of a Deep Sea Fishery Company, to superintend and develop the fisheries along the south coast, making Glandore the chief depot and centre of action, but this, like his other projects, fell to the ground.

In his will he bequeathed his body to his medical attendant, giving most minute particulars as to the preparation of his skeleton, and how the ribs were to be tipped with silver, that it might present a fashionable appearance, etc.

Monsieur Baume, a phrenologist, came across from London to claim the cranium, in order to lecture on its phrenological development. Thompson's property descended to his sister, but, being very heavily mortgaged, had to be sold in the Encumbered Estates Court. The turret he erected has tumbled down, and his co-operative buildings have been ra ed to the ground; but the eccentricities of the philosopher, his extraordinary will, and his strange career will long furnish subjects for story and gossip in and around Glandore.

The following supplementary details respecting Thompson are copied from that very entertaining volume "A Life Spent for Ireland, or The Memoirs of W. J. O'Neill Daunt" (London, Unwin, 1896). Writing under date of April 17th, 1857, Mr. Daunt says—"Rode yesterday to Skibbereen to consult Dr. Donovan (not the writer of Sketches of Carbery) about my infirm health. Discussing the best road to take home, he mentioned the little turret, for some years a noted landmark, near the base of Carrigfodha. . . . The me tion of the turret introduced the mention its founder, an eccentric man named Willia Thompson, usually called by his acquaintanc 'Philosopher Thompson.' I remember hea ing him spoken of by my father when I w a boy. The philosopher was an infidel. 'H bequeathed his body to me,' said Dr. Donova 'and with it the library, on condition of m string up his bones together "secunde artem," and sending his skeleton as a memen of love to a Socialist lady in England, a Mr Wheeler, to whom he had been attached.

"He was uncle to one of the Whites o Bantry, who expected to be his heir, and wh who insisted on having the body interred an the Anglican burial service performed over i before the will was read. The officiating par son was Jones, of Drumbeg. A poor woma became clamorous at the graveyard, insistin that no infidel should be interred among th graves of her deceased kindred. White silence her scruples with a sovereign, and she had no gone three fields away when, in crossing a ditch, she sprained her wrist, which accident she ascribed to a Divine judgment. After the funeral the will was read. The deceased had enjoined that no priest, whether Christian Mahomedan or Hindoo, should meddle with his obsequies. When Parson Jones heard this he became enraged at having read prayers over such a reprobate.

"I was anxious to obtain the library," continued the doctor, "and to entitle myself to it under the terms of the will, I exhumed the body and prepared the skeleton for Mrs. Wheeler, who sent to Ireland for it. The philosopher had bequeathed his whole estate to found a Socialist community at Cononagh, near Skibbereen, according to certain rules laid down in a work he had published. But the rules were so detestably immoral that no court of law would sanction them. The will, therefore, was pronounced to be void; and the testator's sister came into possession of the estate as next-of-kin. I never got the library, though I had earned it. . . . The philosopher had picked out a dozen or so of the most irreligious rascals he could find to act as his executors."

William Thompson was author of at least three volumes, whose titles are:—

1. Appeal of One Half of the Human Race, Women, against the Pretensions of the Other Half, Men, to Retain them in Political, and thence in Civil and Domestic Slavery (Against Mill's Article on Government). London: 1825. Prefixed to this work is a portrait of Mrs. Wheeler.

2. Labour Rewarded, the Claims of Labour and Capital Conciliated; or How to Secure to Labour the Whole Products of its Exertion. London: 1827.

3. Practical Directions for the Speedy and Economical Establishment of Communities on the Principle of Mutual Co-operation, United Possessions, and Equality of Exertions, and of the Means of Enjoyments, etc. 1830.

LECTOR.

NATIONAL AND STATE FLOWERS.

The national flower of England is the rose; Ireland, the shamrock; Scotland, the thistle; Germany, the cornflower; France (royal), the lily (imperial), the violet; Japan, chrysanthemum; Spain, the pomegranate; Greece, the violet; Prussia (as a State), the linden blossom; Saxony, the mignonette; Hanover, the red lily. Although the United States has as yet no national flower, about half the States have chosen a state flower, either by an act of legislature or the vote of the school children. Alabama chose the goldenroad; Colorado, the columbine; Delaware, the peach blossom; Idaho, the lilac; Iowa, the rose; Maine, pine cone and tassel; Minnesota, the moccasin flower; Montana, the bitter root; Nebraska, the goldenrod; New York, the rose; North Dakota, wild rose; Oklahoma, mistletoe; Oregon, goldenrod; Rhode Island, violet; Utah, sego lily; Vermont, red clover; Michigan apple blossom; California, poppy; Kansas, sunflower; Nevada, sage brush, and Washington, the rhododendrom.

LADY MORGAN.



FROM A DRAWING BY MACLISE MADE SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

LADY MORGAN.

"And dear Lady Morgan! look, look, how she comes,
With her pulses all beating for freedom like drums;
So Irish, so modish, so mixtish, so wild,
So committing herself, as she talks, like a child;
So trim, yet so easy; petite, yet big-hearted,
The truth and she, try all she can, won't be parted.

. . . . .

She'll put on your fashions, your latest new air,
And then talk so frankly, she'll make you all stare:
Mrs. Hall may say 'Oh!' and Miss Edgeworth say 'Fi!'
But my lady will know the what and the why.
Her books, a like mixture, are so very clever,
The god himself swore he could read them for ever;
Plot, character, freakishness, all are so good;
And the heroine's herself playing tricks in a hood.
So he kiss'd her, and called her, 'eternal good wench';
But asked, why the devil she spoke so much French?"

The above quotation from the author of "Ultra Lapidarius" serves well to describe Maclise's picture of Lady Morgan in Fraser's Magazine in the thirties, which shows the brilliant author of the papers on "Old Dublin," reprinted in our last two issues, sitting before a cheval glass in her baby house in London trying on the last sweet thing in the coal-scuttle bonnets then in vogue.

At her rooms in William street, London, after the death of her husband, Sir Charles Morgan, on her well-known evenings of reception, she loved to see congregated in her miniature but dainty rooms all the lions of the hour, artistic, scientific, and literary. Queen regnant of the motley crowd was the vivacious hostess, omnipresent among the heterogeneous conglomerate, with a smile for one, a tap with her memorable green fan for another, and an arch compliment for a third, blending into an harmonious whole, and reconciling with unerring tact, the most incongruous elements—Russian and Pole, Orangeman and Papist, author and critic, Royalist and rebel, Bohemian and banker, the threadbare journalist and the sprig of aristocracy—when she could catch him. Nay, it is even said that when an indignant Milesian presented himself with the expressed intention of reproaching her with her absenteeism and desertion of the "Liberator," she sent him away with the conviction that she was a femme incomprise—that her heart was in "dear old Dublin"—and that she only lived in England to benefit the Irish, and prevent them from being imposed on by the Sassenach! She was a woman who wore well, and to her was still applicable the description of one who had known her long ago at "the Castle" as "hardly more than four feet high, with a slightly curved spine, uneven shoulders and eyes, gliding about in a close-cropped wig, bound by a fillet, or solid band of gold, her face all animation, and with a witty word for everybody." Prince Puckler Muskau, who made a tour in Ireland in 1828, was struck by her as "a little, frivolous, lively woman, neither pretty nor ugly, and with really fine and expressive eyes." Another admirable pen portrait of her at a later period, in the midst of her London glories, was contributed by her friend, Mrs. S. C. Hall, to the charming memoirs of the husband of the latter, where her marvellous tact as one of the queens of society is pointed out—her brilliant talents, her expressive features, and the singularly pleasant intonations of her voice.

Of course, there are plenty of portraits of so celebrated and charming a personage. David D'Angers modelled her in France, Sir Thomas Lawrence painted her in England, and Samuel Lover in Ireland. There is a portrait in La Belle Assemblée for August, 1824, engraved by H. Meyer from a drawing by W. Behnes, which cleverly preserves her archness of expression; and we get a good profile view from the medallion by Wyon, engraved in relief by the Collas process, and published by Tilt, in the Authors of England, 1834, 4to.

EVENING.

By Rev. John Costello.

From the German of Kinkell.

The daylight wanes, the smiling vision
Of the spring bloom hath well nigh fled;
And like a dying old tradition
Fades in the west the evening—red.
The bird's head 'neath his wing is resting,
The hush of slumber is around;
The weary steed is homeward hasting,
All things their place of rest have found.

Only afar the murmuring river
Glides onward o'er the darkling wold
Its surface like a silver mirror,
Set in a frame of burnished gold;
The sails that o'er it gleam and quiver,
Kissed lightly by the evening wind,
Float to their destined haven ever,
And soon their place of rest shall find.

A sound high over earth's dominions
Of birds in rapid flight is heard,
With rustling of unnumbered pinions
The solemn evening air is stirred;
From sunny southern climes returning,
To build by northern lakes their nest,
There, all the summer months sojourning,
Shall they now find their place of rest.

And thou, my heart! the bird resemblest,
Art like the bark that onward glides,
The longings keen, with which thou tremblest,
Deep in thy inmost pulse abides.
Whether with swift, unceasing, motion
Thou like the bird dost journey on,
Or sailest like the bark life's ocean—
Thou, too, shalt rest when life is done.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.

ENNISKILLEN, a borough and market-town, and a parish, partly in the barony of Magheraboy, but chiefly in that of Tyrkennedy, county of Fermanagh (of which it is the chief town), and province of Ulster, 21½ miles (S.E.) from Ballyshannon, and 80½ (N.N.W.) from Dublin. This place, which takes its name from the island in Lough Erne, in which it is situated, and was formerly called Inniskillen, was, previously to the time of Jas. I., merely a stronghold of Maguire, chieftain of Fermanagh, who had a castle here, which was taken by the English forces under Sir Richard Bingham, in 1594; but no sooner had that general retired, leaving in it a royal garrison, than it was besieged by the forces of O'Donnel and his confederates. A detachment sent to its assistance by the Lord Deputy was totally defeated, and the garrison, after holding out to the last extremity, being compelled to surrender, were inhumanly slaughtered by the assailants, who pleaded the like cruelty on the part of Bingham, when he took the town, as a justification of their revenge. The town, though it holds a conspicuous place in Irish history and is now the capital of the county, is of no great antiquity. The island being considered an important spot for the establishment of a military force, a royal fort was erected there about the commencement of the 17th century; and the advantage of its situation for a town induced Jas. I., in 1612, to make a grant of one-third of it to William Cole, Esq., ancestor of the Earl of Enniskillen, on condition of his building a town upon it, settling in it twenty British families to be incorporated as burgesses, some of whose descendants still hold burgage tenements; and assigning convenient places for a church and churchyard, a market-house, public school, 30 acres for a common, and a site for a prison to be built for the custody of prisoners and malefactors within the limits of the county of Fermanagh. This last condition seems to imply that it was intended to make this the assize town and capital of the county from the very date of its foundation.

On the breaking out of the war in 1641, the town was defended by its founder and governor, then Sir William Cole, who despatched the first intelligence of that event to the English Government; and so active were the inhabitants in opposing the enemy, that they not only repulsed the insurgents with great loss, but also made themselves masters of the castle of Maguire. While the Earl of Ormonde acted in concert with the royalists, this town opposed the Parliamentarian interest and firmly resisted every attack made upon it by the forces of that party; but it was finally compelled to surrender to Sir Charles Coote. During the war of the revolution, the inhabitants firmly adhered to the cause of Wm. III., whom they proclaimed king; they chose Gustavus Hamilton as their governor, and bravely defended the town, which became a refuge for the Protestants of the north-west, from all assaults of the adverse party; and from the embarrassment they caused to James's forces during the siege of Londonderry, the Protestants assembled in the town soon became celebrated as the "Enniskillen men." Lord Galmoy was sent with a detachment of James's army to reduce them, and for this purpose invested Crom castle, their frontier garrison, situated on Lough Erne; after an unsuccessful stratagem to produce intimidation, by ordering two painted tin cannons to be drawn by eight horses towards the fort, the garrison, being reinforced from Enniskillen, made a vigorous sally upon the besiegers, drove them from the trenches, and returned with triumph with considerable booty and the mock cannon which had with so much apparent difficulty been drawn up and planted against them. So successful and formidable were the frequent excursions of this band, that the ruling party in Dublin actually expected them speedily at their gates; and at length a plan was formed for attacking the town at once by three different armies. For this purpose, Macarthy, an experienced officer, who had been recently created a peer, encamped at Belturbet with 7,000 men; Sarsfield, another general equally distinguished, led an army from Connaught; while Fitz-James, Duke of Berwick, prepared to attack it from the North. The Enniskilleners, aware of the movements of the Connaught army only, marched out of the town with great rapidity, surprised the camp and routed the forces with much slaughter. On the approach of the Duke of Berwick, some companies sent from the town to seize a post which they might have defended against his numbers, ventured beyond the prescribed bounds and were cut to pieces; but on the approach of Hamilton, the governor of the town, the Duke of Berwick retired with his forces. Macarthy, at the head of an army which had already defeated Lord Inchiquin in Munster, marched towards Enniskillen and invested Crom castle; a detachment under an officer named Berry was sent to the relief of the castle, but finding it necessary to retreat before a very superior force, which had been detached by the enemy to intercept him, he was pursued, and a skirmish followed, in which the townsmen were victorious. The arrival of the main bodies respectively under the command of Macarthy and Wolsley, the latter, one of Col. Kirk's officers, brought on a general engagement near Newtown-Butler and Lisnaskea, from both which places the battle has taken its name. The inferiority of the Enniskilleners in numbers was counterbalanced by superior resolution and energy; they defeated and pursued the assailants, granting quarter to none but officers; about 2,000 were killed in the engagement, and of 500, who plunged into the lake, only one escaped drowning; about the same number of officers were taken prisoners, among whom was their general, Macarthy.

The town is situated on an island in the narrowest part of Lough Erne, or rather in a strait several miles in length, which connects the great northern and southern expanses of the lake, and in which are numerous inlets. By the charter of Jas. I., granted in 1613, the corporation consists of a provost, 14 burgesses, and all the inhabitants of the island as a commonalty. The same charter conferred upon the entire corporation the privilege of sending two members to the Irish Parliament, which they continued to do till the Union. Enniskillen was the birthplace of Lord Plunket, and gives the title of Earl and Viscount to the family of Cole, by which it was founded.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

On the 24th February, at a general meeting of the Royal Irish Academy, an interesting paper was read by Professor J. P. O'Reilly, C.E., dealing with the orientations and certain architectural details of the old churches of Dalkey Town and Dalkey Island. The chair was occupied by the President of the Academy.

In the course of his paper, the author alluded to the different mentions made of the churches in the early authors of the 18th and 19th centuries, more particularly those given in Wakeman's paper on the Dalkey Island Church, and Mr. Elrington Ball's recent work on the history of Co. Dublin. From these it could be seen that these churches were pre-Norman, and that very little was known as to the time of their construction, or as to the particular saint to whom they were dedicated. Judging from the dates of the festivals assigned to one or other of these saints, and taking into account the direction of the orientation of the old church of Dalkey, he concluded that the St. Bega, to whom the church was dedicated, was the saint venerated at Dunbar, in Scotland, and whose festival was given on the 3rd, 6th, and 7th September, according to the different authorities. The lecturer then described the old church of Dalkey Island, and submitted drawings illustrating its site and form of construction. He discussed the details of the south-east windows of Dalkey Town Church, and showed that its peculiar construction allowed the rays of light to penetrate the church so as to determine the arrival of certain festivals, and that the upper compartment of the window pointed to about the date of September 4th, a very close agreement with the dates assigned as festival days for the St. Bega, to whom the church was dedicated. He compared the window with the corresponding south-east one of Dalkey Island Church, and submitted reasons for the belief that the latter existed and was enlarged by the workmen engaged on the Martello Tower, as mentioned by Wakeman. He then considered the question of the orientation of Dalkey Island Church, and showed that it was intended to be due east and west, and that when the error was discovered, the Greek cross, mentioned as being cut on the rock in front of the church, was carved as a starting point for a true east to west line, which passed through that point and the north-west edge of the building. Referring to the unit of measure employed in the building of the church, Professor O'Reilly gave a series of measurements, from which he concluded that the unit made use of was the Castillian "Vara," or yard. A consideration of this subject raised the general question of the units of measure in use in Ireland at various times prior to the introduction of the British standard measures.

A vote of thanks having been accorded the lecturer, it was unanimously agreed to refer the paper to the Council of the Academy for publication.

Subsequently the Todd Memorial Lecture was delivered by Mr. Edward Gwynn, M.A., F.T.C.D., the subject being "The Legends of Tond Clidna and other places."

THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK.

By CHARLES SMITH, M.D.

Æquum est enim meminisse & me, qui discerem hominem esse et vos, qui Judicetis ut si probabilia dicentur nihil ultra requiratis. Cicero Univers

In Two Volumes.

VOL. I.

The Second Edition, with Additions.

Chapter IV.—Continued.

But to return from Mount Gabriel, justly reckoned the steepest mountain of its length in Ireland, towards the coast, passing by Skull, I proceed west to Leamcon, a pretty seat of Mr. Hull, near a good harbour, between Long Island and the continent. Here are two castles of the Mahonys in ruins; the larger is called Black-castle, built on an island, to which is a very narrow passage easily defenceable; and more west is the castle of Ballydesmond, now Ballydivilin, another old seat of the Mahonys, boldly erected on a rock hanging over the ocean.

More westerly, in a peninsula, formerly called the Aldern-head, stands Crookhaven, once a place of some note, but now a small, inconsiderable fishing-town, near an excellent harbour, and one of the best outlets in Europe for vessels to sail to any place whatsoever. The lands about it are exceeding rocky and barren, a great part of which belong to the see of Cork. Near it are the ruins of an old castle, called Castle-Meghan, said to be built by Meghans, or, according to others, by the O'Heas.

The extreme point of this tract is called Ballyvogy- head, between which and the opposite cape, called Missen-head, anciently the Notium Promontorium of Ptolemy, is a great bay; and another between that and Three-castle-head, so called from three square towers built on it by the Mahonys; then comes the larger bay of Dunmanus, which has its name from Dunmanus castle, erected on the east banks thereof by that sept, and was fortified with walls and flankers. Near it is a good house of Mr. Donovan, with adjacent fish palaces; it is the estate of Sir Charles Moore, Bart. Towards the bottom of the bay is Dunbeacon, another castle of the Mahonys; it was purchased from Mr. Michael Apsley by Sir Richard Boyle, Dec. 9, 1602. Near it is a good house of Mr. Driscol; it is now the estate of Mr. Townshend. This whole peninsula, from Ballydehad village to the bay of Dunmanus is called Ivaugh, and belonged to O Mahon-fune, whose castles I have already enumerated. Crossing the bay of Dunmanus, we come to another peninsula, called Minterbarry, a most barren country, washed on the E. by Dunmanus bay, and by Bantry bay on the W. Towards the N. part the MacCartys, who were known by the name of Mucklagh, had a good seat at a place called Cool-long. All this country is mountainous, rocky, and boggy beyond description.

Here moss-green trees expand the smallest leaf,
Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf,
Here hills, with naked heads, the tempest meet,
Rocks at their sides, and torrents at their feet,
Or lazy lakes, unconscious of a flood,
Whose dull brown naiads ever sleep in mud.
Yet here cotnent can dwell.——— Parnel.

A small river, named Four mile water, so called from its distance from Bantry, falls into the bay of Dunmanus; and near it is a good house of Mr. Blair. The N.W. part of this barony was anciently named Clancahill, and belonged to O'Donovan, as I have already mentioned. Here are few places of any note, except Barnahelly, now Tonson's-town, and Butler's-gift, two new built farm-houses with some improvements.

Dromaleague is a small, inconsiderable village; an accident happened here a few years ago, caused by lightning, which shattered a slate-house; for entering at the east it passed through the west end, and left both walls pierced through in many places, without making any considerable crack, and doing no other damage, although there were many people then in the house. Not far from this place is Castle-Donovan, seated among the mountains formerly the seat of O'Donovan. More easterly is Togher castle; it belonged to the MacCartys, of Glawnacrime, which is still a wild, desolate tract, except a little tolerable land near the castle, where the soil is brown and deep, and produces corn and fruit. To the S. runs a branch of the river Bandon, down to Dunmanway.

A stupendous chain of lofty mountains terminate this barony on the N.W., which runs through the northern parts of Bantry into Glanerought, in Kerry. The principal of these mountains in this county are those of Daunce and Shehy, either of which are little inferior to the mountain of Knockmeledown, in the county of Waterford, whose perpendicular height is 900 yards. At the foot of Shehy is a lake stored with a species of red trout, which never rise at a fly; and I have heard of the same being in the lough near Blarney castle.

Having mentioned everything remarkable in this barony, I shall proceed to describe the islands on the coast, some of which are pretty large.

The island of Cape Clear is the most southern land in Ireland; but it has been misplaced in all our maps and sea-charts. It is a parish of itself, containing 12 plowlands; in the ecclesiastical books it is called Insula Sancta Clara; and in the old Irish MSS. Inish Damhly. The north side bears potatoes, barley, and a little wheat; and the south is mostly a craggy rock. On the N.W. point stand the ruins of a castle, built on a rock in the sea, called Dunanore, i.e., the Golden-fort. There is a very narrow passage, about a yard broad and 10 yards in length, to this castle; this path is high and steep on both sides, the sea on either hands being very deep, so that few but persons well used to it will venture to walk it over; when I got up to the top of the castle, and saw the ocean roaring on all sides of the rock, I wished heartily to be again on the main land. This castle and island formerly belonged to O'Driscol, and were taken, on the 22nd of March, 1601, by Capt. Harvey, who soon after obliged Sir Fineen O'Driscol to submit to Queen Elizabeth.

In this island there are about 400 families, who have a good quantity of sheep and cows, some swine and horses, but all their cattle are very small. The island is scarce able to support its inhabitants, who are often obliged to have provisions from the shore, and in the most plentiful years they never send any to market. Towards the middle of the island is their chapel, a large building, but as destitute of any ornament as a barn. Here most of the inhabitants meet on Sundays and holy days; and near it is the priest's house, who is temporal as well as spiritual judge in his parish, and is absolute governor of the island; but, perhaps, as poor a one as any in Christendom. A little to the east of the castle is a cove, called Tra Kieran, i.e., St. Kieran's strand, on which is a pillar stone, with a cross rudely cut towards the top, that they say was the workmanship of St. Kieran (17),; and near it stand the walls of a ruined church, dedicated to the same saint. This stone they hold in great veneration, and assemble round it every 5th of March, on which day they celebrate the festival of their patron. On the S.W. side of the island is a creek, in which a large vessel may be saved upon occasion; and there is a smaller one on the north side, opposite to it, only fit for boats. Between these creeks is a narrow isthmus, about a quarter of a mile broad, with hills to the east and west, which from the sea makes the island seem to be divided. In the south cove there are from seven fathoms to 18 feet of water, where a very rich vessel, about twenty-six years ago, was saved, being in the greatest distress, having several feet of water in her hold; she came in by the light of a candle from a cabin in the island, and when day appeared the crew found themselves in a snug basin, but in what part of the world they did not know, being directly come from the West Indies.

Towards the west end of the island is a freshwater lough, abounding with a black kind of worm, about two inches long, shaped like a leech, soft, and easily break-

(17) This Saint Kieran was the first Bishop of Saiger, now a part of Ossory. Archbishop Usher says, he was born in this island. Primordium, p. 785.

ing to the touch. The water of this lake is of a most saponaceous abstersive quality; it very readily dissolves soap; and the inhabitants affirm that if a cask in which train oil had been kept was to be laid for a few days in this lough, it would be taken out sweet and clean. A quantity of this water was twice transmitted to Dublin, where it was examined by Dr. Rutty, who affirms he obtained a small quantity of natron from it, to which he imputes the above saponaceous quality. The inhabitants here are generally a very simple, honest people, thieving being a vice little known among them. If a person be found guilty of a crime, he is directly banished to the continent, which is the greatest punishment they can inflict on the criminal, who endeavours all he can to remain on the island. They have no liquor for their ordinary drink, except water or milk; yet very few houses are without a bottle of rum or brandy, which they will generously offer to a stranger. The houses are built with stone, mostly thatched with potato stalks, and these artfully kept down by nets, which cover the whole roof. These nets are made of ropes of straw, the meshes not quite a foot square; to the ends of these, stones are tied, which hanging down round the eves, form no disagreeable sight. There are several villages and hamlets upon the island.

They have 30 or 40 boats belonging to the place, with which they take considerable quantities of fish, and by this means they are enabled to pay their rent. When a bad season comes, they generally run in arrear, but they very honestly clear it off when the fish returns. The principal fish taken here are cod, hake, ling mackerel, &c.; hake is their staple fish, which they salt and dry. The Kinsale fishermen also come hither, and build huts, where they cure their fish, and for this they pay a smart rent. Most of the inhabitants are strong and healthy, and are seldom invaded with disorders, dying generally of old age, chiefly owing to their temperate living, hard labour, and clearness of the air. Brandy-drinking is their only debauch. They are kind to each other, courteous to strangers, who very rarely are seen on the island, and are excellent pilots, being all fishermen. But what is most pleasing, the linen manufacture has got some footing in this island; for I have seen tolerable crops of flax; most of the women spin, and it is said they purge and whiten their yarn to a degree of perfection by means of the soft water of the lake before mentioned.

Many of the rocks of this island are composed of an excellent white freestone, resembling Portland stone; they have also a black kind, proper for flags and hearthstones, which they carry by sea to Cork; and round the island are plenty of crabs and lobsters.

Adjoining to Cape Clear, between it and the main land, is the island of Inishircan, which I take to be Inis-kieran, or the island of St. Kieran, rather than the former. In this island stood the castle of Dunelong, over against that of Dunashad, which castles were possessed by the O'Driscols, and defended the mouth of Baltimore harbour. They were surrendered to Capt. Harvey on the 23rd of Feb., 1601-2, after the defeat of the Spaniards by O'Driscol. There was afterwards a regular fortification erected in this part of the island, which was garrisoned in Queen Anne's time, but it has been for several years dismantled. Near it are the remains of a barrack; and there are some old pieces of iron ordnance still lying among the rocks. Within the walls of the fort, Capt. Lionel Beecher has a good house. About a mile to the S. are the remains of an ancient abbey, founded anno 1460, for Franciscnas, by Florence O'Driscol, built after the model of that of Kilcrea, but this is much smaller. The steeple is a low square tower, from whence runs the nave of the church, with an arcaded wing to the south. Some parts of the building are slated, having been used for fish-houses when the pilchards frequented this coast. This island has very good land in it, and its soil is vastly preferable to that of Cape Clear.

In the bay of Baltimore are several islands, as Spanish island; also the island of Dunegal, a large, fruitful spot; and higher up is another, called Clare island. Midway N.W. between Cape Clear and the main are three islands, called the Calves; the west calf contains 44 acres. These are falsely laid down in all the sea-charts. Carty's island lies between these and the shore, and is larger than any of the Calves.

To the N.W. of Inishircan lies Hare island, a large, fruitful spot; and near it are four small islands, called the Schemes; also along the coast, in the following order, from east to west, are Horse island, containing 100 acres; Castle island, containing 119 acres; Long island, containing 316 acres; and west of all these is a small spot, called Goat island.

All these islands, together with the adjacent coast, produce large crops of fine English barley, by means of sea-sand, which is the manure mostly used.

This barony gave title of Earl to the noble family of Vaughan. John Vaughan, who was knighted for his services in this kingdom, by the Earl of Essex, in Queen Elizabeth's time, was, the 18th of James I., created Lord Vaughan, of Mullingar, and, by King Charles I., Earl of Carbery. His son Richard was created Lord Vaughan, of Emlyn, English honour, 19th of Chas. I.; these titles are now extinct. The last Earl, whose name was John, died January 16th, 1712, in the 74th year of his age. His daughter and sole heiress, the Lady Anne Vaughan, was married to his Grace the Duke of Bolton. It at present gives title of baron to the Right Hon. George Evans, whose father was created Baron of Carbery, May 9th, 1715, the first of George I.

There is a barony of Carbery in the county of Sligo, and also another in the county of Kildare; but they are small, inconsiderable tracts in respect of this barony.

(To be Continued.)

SOME DUBLIN HOLY WELLS

In the published reports of the very interesting lecture on the "Holy Wells of Ireland" delivered in the Father Mathew Hall, Church street, recently by the Rev. George O'Neill, S.J., M.A., the speaker referred to the principal holy wells scattered here and there throughout Ireland dedicated to various saints, and in particular described St. Phelan's Well at Clontarf, St. Augustine's Well at Galway, which was instrumental in effecting a marvellous cure which has been amply attested by leading citizens of Galway, and other wells dedicated to St. Augustine, St. Brigid, the Blessed Virgin, St. Columbkille, St. Patrick, St. Kieran, St. Kevin, St. Canice, St. Enda, and others. The wells in the county Dublin, about 50 in number, were specially sketched, including one close to Merrion, on the road from Donnybrook, on east side of Ailesbury road; Our Lady's Well at Mulhuddart, two at Dalkey, St. Patrick's Well at Nassau street, one in Bailey's timber yard in North Anne street, one under the present roadway in Patrick street, one on the high road from Dublin to the Scalp, beyond Stepaside, at Wellpark; one near Finglas, one at Lusk, Castleknock, Clondalkin, Hill of Lyons, Montpelier, Swords, Lucan, St. Kevin's Well at rere of the fruit shop at corner of Montague street and Camden street; one between Old Connaught and the Scalp, ont at Portrane, one close to the bridge over the Tolka at Drumcondra, one near Coolock, one at Donnybrook, at Malahide, Skerries, Templeogue, Tallaght, Bohernabreena, Glenasmole, one at foot of Kilmashogue Mountain, beyond Rathfarnham; one under the Three Rock Mountain, beneath the old Church of Kilgobbin; one at Jamestown, one at Kill-o'-the-Grange, at Blackrock. Mr. MacArthur writes:—In addition to the celebrated wells in and near Dublin above-mentioned, we have others—Lambay and Feltrim; the Finglas Well is dedicated to St. Patrick; St. Brigid's Well at Rathcoole, St. Kevin's at Ballymore, St. MacCuilin's at Grallagh, St. Morchuda's at Portrane, St. Anne's at Ballinascorney, St. Kenny's at Donabate, St. Maelruan's at Tallaght, St. Benedict's Well, Dalkey Island.

St. John's Well, Kilmainham, was at the now site of the junction of St. John's road and the South Circular road, near the Royal Hospital. Burton, the historian, of Kilmainham, described it as "the Siloam of Kilmainham once, now a neglected rill. Beside it, in the days of yore, the Asiatic templar spake of Jerusalem and laved his hands." The festival was on each 24th June. St. Tintan's Well, Howth, is on the east side of the Hill near the little ruined chantry of that name; the festival here was held each 21st October.

St. Dolough's Well had over it a Latin inscription, translated, beginning:—

> Bethsaida's sacred pool let others tell
> With healing virtues how her waters swell;
> An equal glory shall Fingallia claim,
> Nor be less grateful for her blissful stream.

We had long ago another St. Dolough's Well in the city of Dublin, near the Chapel of St. Dolough, in the lane running from Fishamble street to Wood quay. St. Dolough's Well here was the baptistry a few feet away from the Chapel, and adorned with emblematic fresco paintings. An account in 1747 says: "In Bone street, now Fishamble street, stood formerly a chapel of ease to St. John's Church, dedicated to St. Dolough, an anchorite whose feast is celebrated on the 1st of August, on which day and during its octave is visited a famous well in Fingal, between Belgriffin and Kinsealy, about five miles from Dublin, contiguous to a church sacred to the memory of this vener-

ole solitary whose life was formerly pre-rved at Malahide, but now not to be met ith."

Under the passed-away Church of St. ride's was a famous well; and city wells cluded Mary's Abbey Well, St. James' Well, ie Well in the glen near the Viceregal odge, Phœnix Park—the Fionn-uisge "or ear water" of old—to give some instances.

MUSEUM DEMONSTRATION.

On 24th February Mr. R. M. Barrington gave a monstration in the Museum, Kildare street, der the auspices of the Royal Dublin Society. ie demonstration dealt with the subject of Birds Useful to Farmers," and in the course of s remarks Mr. Barrington dealt at considerable igth with the habits of birds most commonly own to and most liked by farmers, not only Ireland, but elsewhere. A number of such ds, he said, were really not quite so bad as y were generally supposed to be, for though y did certainly manage to accomplish some mage, it was not on quite such a large scale was pretty generally supposed. Amongst m he mentioned the sparrow, which he imed was useful to farmers during practically even months out of the twelve. The thrush d blackbird he described as being invaluable as troyers of grubs, though they were injurious, smuch as they carried the seeds of the briar t hedgerows. The starling had no equal ongst the birds, from the farmer's point of w, as it did practically no mischief, except to es. The wood-pigeon did service by eating cken-weed and other noxious growths, a pro- which it continued for from ten to eleven nths of the year. More or less similar ser- s were rendered by other birds, such as the ow wagtail, bullfinch, and crow, the last- ned of which did an enormous amount of good.

MY GARDEN.

I have a little garden set
With lavender and mignonette,
And here my dial stands to mark
The dawning of each day from dark—
And here, as Beatrice imaged fair,
The strong light shining on her hair,
Closing here eyes in death's repose,
While on her hands the white dove throws
The longed for poppy flowers of sleep—
So I my trys with death would keep,
Beside my garden's dial stone
Like Dante's Beatrice—alone.

My garden of sweet dreams and fancies,
Tall lilies and my purple pansies,
My rosemary for remembering
The love of many a bygone spring;
Were it not best to pass away
In evening hour of quiet day,
Alone beside my gentle flowers,
Who comforted my lonely hours
And blessed me as such beings bless,
With their exceeding loveliness?

Alone—in one swift moment pass,
Leaving no shadow of the grass,
Where oft my earthly form hath shed
A shadow on each garden bed—
All unattended—voiceless prayer
Uttered beside me—everywhere—
Into the flowerless, strange unknown,
Alone—still in God's hands—alone.
—Arabella Romilly, in the "Rambler."

TOUGH GLASS.

C of the so-called "lost arts" appears to v been re-discovered, partially, a least, by Kauffeld, of Matthews, Indiana. It is a s of making glass of extraordinary tough- so that it will withstand rough usage and t changes of temperature without break- The composition of the new glass is the of the inventor. The product is said to te as transparent as ordinary glass, and, s, even a little clearer. Tests that prove rprising toughness of this glass are: Boil- ter in a lamp chimney made of it, and uch a chimney to drive nails. If the chim- first cooled in ice-water and then suddenly a flame it does not crack.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

On 24th Feb., an evening meeting of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland was held at the Society's Rooms, 6 Stephen's green. The President, Mr. John Ribton Garstin, D.L., presided, and the attendance was large

Two Papers were read, one "A List of High Sheriffs of Co. Carlow from the earliest date to the last Century," by Colonel Vigors, and "Celtic Heraldry and the Arms of the Kingdom of Ireland," by Rev. Canon Ffrench, M.R.I.A.

Colonel Vigors, in the course of his Paper, said his list went back to the 14th century, and he had brought it down to the first year of the present century. The first year of the 14th century was his starting point, although there was no doubt sheriffs were appointed a long time before that date. Sheriffs appear to have been sent to this country in the 13th century, and in 1281 there was a report from the Bishop of Waterford complaining that these gentlemen were injurious to the King and also to the people. The total number of names he had got exceeded 300, the first being in 1307, De Vale. There were many blanks in the list up to 1538, when many well-known names occurred—Fitzgerald, St. Leger, Carew, and Kavanagh. One was murdered in the year 1358, and the Abbot of Graigueananagh was fined 40s. Many of the sheriffs were appointed during pleasure and appeared to have held office for many years. It was very possible for some years sheriffs were not appointed, and the Seneschals did their work. The duties of Seneschals appeared to resemble those of the sheriffs, and they were given power to finish "rhymers, Irish harpers, idle men and women, and those who aided them, and all such idle men and women" (laughter).

On the motion of Mr. Reddington Ball, seconded by Canon Ffrench, it was resolved to refer the Paper to the Council to be published.

The President, in putting the motion, said in late years the Lieutenants of counties, who were modern officers, comparatively had rather taken the place the sheriffs previously occupied; still he had no doubt the calling together of the counties was the duty of the sheriff, and he could call on any man to help to keep the peace. It was also part of his duty to see that executions in his county were carried out. He himself had one experience of this kind, and the letter from the executioner was commendably brief. It was: "My terms is 10 guineas and I brings my own ropes" (laughter).

Rev. Canon Ffrench, in the course of his Paper on "Celtic Heraldry," said the arms or badges of which he was about to treat were Imperial bearings or allegorical designs, emblazoned on the shields and standards of the ancients. Necessity required the different nations and tribes should be some well-known sign or badge by which they could distinguish one from the other. In Egypt they found the earliest traces of the use of heraldic symbols, or badges. In Ireland banners bearing various colours seem to have been associated with the different tribes at a very early period. Favourite signs worn by the ancient Irish were a dead serpent and the rod of Moses. Badges and signs seemed to be common enough among Irish tribes, such as the Red Hand of the O'Neills. The Celtic tribes were distinguished by the particular colours worn, and they had ocular demonstration of that in the tartans of the Scotch of to-day, and in Ireland each class was known by the number of colours worn, which was specially regulated by law. The ancient Irish had a heraldry of their own, by which the various tribes were distinguished, one from another, but when they sought for any coat-of-arms of the whole land they were face to face with a difficulty. He was disposed to think the heraldic colour of Ireland for the time being was that of the tribe which supplied the country with the Ard Righ. The arms of Ireland for a great number of years after the Conquest was now borne by Munster alone, and in the time of Edward IV. a commission reported that the arms of Ireland were three crowns, and the meaning to be attached to this was a subject of great controversy. Some held it represented the Three Kingdoms, and others that it represented the Triple Crown of the Pope. How did green obtain its present position as symbolic of the Emerald Isle? One explanation was that it originated with the Ulster Irishmen, who made a blend of orange and blue and obtained green, but there was proof that emerald green was borne on an Irish standard long before their time. It would seem green began to assert itself as the National colour in the 16th century, and it succeeded in establishing itself in the 18th century. One of the probable reasons might be that the Heralds had made green the ground of the Shield of the Province of Leinster, and thus gave it great prominence

A discussion followed, and it was resolved to refer the Paper to the Council to be published.

THE EARLDOM OF DESMOND.

The following interesting note of the Earldom of Desmond appeared in "Notes and Queries," London, April 23rd, 1892, over the signature "Ave, Vale, Salve," but the present writer has some idea that it was subsequently controverted. The title is still held, we believe, by an English nobleman, Lord Denbigh; but, as in the case of Lord Clancarty, his connection with the Geraldines of Desmond is very remote, if not entierly non-existent:—"The last Geraldine Earl of Desmond died A.D. 1607, unmarried, at the age of twenty-nine, in the Tower of London, where he was brought up as a Protestant by Queen Elizabeth, who was his godmother. He is always called "The Queen's Earl" for that reason. She created him Earl of Desmond by a fresh patent dated October 1st, 1600, his father, the Earl Palatine of Desmond, having forfeited his title, having been outlawed for his rebellion, when his estates were also confiscated to the Crown, before he was murdered in 1583. Besides this only son he left several daughters, the eldest of whom, Lady Katherine Fitzgerald, was married to Daniel O'Brien, the brother of the fourth (the great) Earl of Thomond, and he was created Viscount Clare for his services to the English Crown. His grandson, the third Viscount Clare, was outlawed, and his property, about 56,931 Irish acres, was confiscated for his adherence to James II., whom he followed into France after the Battle of the Boyne. His two sons went with him into exile. The eldest died of wounds, unmarried. His brother Charles succeeded as fourth Viscount Clare, commanded the Irish Brigade, and died of wounds at the Battle of Ramillies. In Thomas Davis's ballad he is called 'the brave old lord.' His only son, the fifth Viscount, was heir at law of the eighth Earl of Thomond, his cousin, and was known in France as Count of Thomond before he was promoted to be a Field Marshal after the Battle of Fontenoy, May 12, 1745, when the English were defeated. He left two sons, one of whom died in childhood, and the other aged 19, unmarried, in 1774. The property of the title then ascended to the heir of the line, or rather to the descendants of Honora O'Brien, sister of the third (exiled) Viscount, who had married her kinsman, John Fitzgerald, thirteenth Knight of Kerry. Their son, Maurice, was fourteenth Knight of Kerry, succeeded in his turn by John Fitzgerald, fifteenth Knight of Kerry, who died in 1741, leaving an only son, Maurice, sixteenth Knight of Kerry, who died (having married Lady Ann Fitzmaurice) without offspring in 1779, leaving his estates in Kerry to his only sister, Elizabeth Fitzgerald, who was the wife of Militia Colonel Townshend, of Castletownshend, Co. Cork. They had an only son, Richard Boyle Townshend, M.P. for Dingle in the last Parliament of Ireland. He married in 1784 Henrietta, daughter of John D. Newenham, of Maryborough, Co. Cork, and left several sons, who all died unmarried except the third son, the late Rev. Maurice Fitzgerald Stephens Townshend, Vicar of Thornbury, Gloucestershire, who by his second marriage in 1864 to Jane, daughter of J. H. Hussey de Burgh, of Kilfinane Castle (Co. Cork?) left two sons, and those two sons, Maurice and Hubert, represent the Geraldine Earls of Desmond and the O'Brien Earls of Thomond in 1892."

LITERARY NOTES.

The Royal Irish Academy is the richer by the gift of rare books and manuscripts relating to Irish history made by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy before his death. Including the large collection are letters and autographs of distinguished men extending over a period of 60 years. Perhaps the most interesting item of all is the scrap-book, in which Sir Charles placed his fine collection of portraits and caricatures covering practically the whole of the nineteenth century.

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A Dickens Exhibition will be held at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon street, on March 25, 26, and 27, under the auspices of the Dickens Fellowship. This is the first exhibition of Dickensiana ever held in London. A large number of promises have been received of the loan of MSS. and other relics, and Mr. Matz, the hon. secretary, would be glad of further offers of exhibits, which will be adequately insured. Communications should be addressed to him at 8 Whitefriars street, London, E.C.

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The first thing that strikes one on glancing through the long list of authors in the "Literary Year-Book" for 1903 (George Allen) is that while an overwhelming majority of the gentlemen supply the dates of their birth with a pleasing frankness, only one lady author in twenty is willing to acknowledge how old she is. It may be that our writers of the gentle sex are generally of the opinion of their illustrious predecessor, Madame de Staël, that a "woman is the age she looks." On the other hand, there is only one lady author who "desires her address to be withheld," and, knowing how much she dislikes advertisement, we would not for worlds reveal it.

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On the whole, so far as British authors are concerned, the list seems very full and representative; but there might be some slight improvement in the selection of foreign writers. Among French authors, for instance, M. Abel Hermant, president of the Societe des Gens de Lettres, ought certainly to have been included, and room might well have been found for M. Yves Guyot, who deals so largely with England in his writings on political economy. At all events, both of them have more interest for English people than, for instance, Mdme. Beauregard and M. Edmond Rousse, even though the latter are French Academicians.

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The question of the gains of literature has again cropped up, this time in connection with Mr. Bret Harte, and "A Man of Kent" pertinently reminds an American commentator that there is no melancholy conclusion to be drawn from the fact that Bret Harte left only a few hundred pounds. "Surely the question is not what he left, but what he spent. I know on the best authority that Bret Harte received to the last the highest price for his serial stories, but he did not save; he spent his income."

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Mr. Arnold G. Graves's "Clytaemnestra: a Tragedy," which will be issued shortly, with a preface by R. Y. Tyrrell, Litt.D., is not a Greek play in English, but a Greek story treated from the standpoint of the modern dramatist. In selecting his theme Mr. Graves has chosen perhaps the one subject in Greek tragic literature which lends itself to such treatment—"The Orestea"—a story dealing with emotions, passions, and situations common to all time, and appealing not only to mature scholars and lovers of poetry, but to men, young and old, who are interested in dramatic literature and the analysis of human nature.

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We must confess (writes the "Globe") that the up-to-date treatment of Dickens reminds me rather of that principle of "linked sweetness long drawn out" which the small boy loves to apply to his butter-scotch. "It has not hitherto occurred to anybody," says a contemporary, "to gather together the various prefaces which Dickens wrote to his books." Well, we should rather think it had not Nevertheless, this curious operation is to be performed in a supplementary volume to Messrs. Chapman and Hall's new "Biographical Dickens." That edition is so excellent that we cannot but rather deprecate the Procustean method. True the volume will also contain Dickens's contributions to "Household Words" and "All the Year Round," and other writings not previously collected.

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There is some amusing reading here and there in the section of the "Year-Book" called "The Contributor's Guide." The editors of various periodicals plead for stories with "conventional pleasant endings." One desires "no mud or blood" to be sent him; another solicits articles on subjects treated from a "surprising" point of view; while the conductor of a commercial organ announces that "articles scolding the British manufacturers are not invited." One may add that the "Year-Book" is full of useful information on agreements, royalties, copyright at home and abroad, publications, publishers, and so forth. There is a slip on p. 21 where "Walter" ought surely to be "Douglas" Jerrold. The "Periodical Publications" section wants revision badly. It contains a number of errors.

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Mr. Andrew Lang, in the introduction which he contributes to the George Douglas Brown Memoir volume, just issued by Hodder and Stoughton, has a word in defence of the "Kailyard school." He says:—"That school, I venture to assert, has by dint of a clever nickname come to be unduly despised en masse by persons of culture; I mean the kind of culture that is the child, not of experience, but of casual veerings of opinion. You may call Burns and Hogg Kailyard poets. You may call Scott's best passages of rural life and character and most of Galt Kailyard. Nicknames, like blank verse, are "not argument." Many excellent, some really admirable works have been executed by Kailyarders. Not all of them "wallow naked in the pathetic" or serve up death-bed scenes." Concerning Mr. Brown's story, "The House with the Green Shutters," Mr. Lang says: "I think it is art, but freakish, and, to use a Scotch word for our national characteristic, it is 'thrawn.'"

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It is a wise editor who knows his own son's manuscript. The remark is suggested by an interesting revival—in the pages of the New York "Lamp" (nee the "Book-Buyer")—of the story of Macaulay's first essay. In August, 1815, Zachary Macaulay inserted in his paper, the "Christian Observer," a violent attack on "the present universal and most ruinous practice of novel-reading," written by a correspondent who signed himself "A. A." The censor was not sparing of his adjectives, and he argued that, since man's imagination is corrupt, novels, as its fruit and food, should be utterly annihilated.

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This article was read by young Tom Macaulay, who was then just steeped to the lips in Richardson, Maria Edgeworth, and Fielding. He accordingly wrote a spirited reply to "A. A..," signing himself "Candidus," and reviewing the subject with all the sagacity and championship of his sixteen years. He divided novels into classes, and judged them as follows:—"The bad novels, the foolish and pernicious tales which should be all thrown into the fire. . . . Secondly, the harmless and entertaining, which should be read but occasionally. . . . Such is 'Waverly'; such are 'Evelina' and 'Cecilia,' and such the productions of the immortal Le Sage. Thirdly, the novels of Fielding and Smollett. These writings constitute a peculiar species of fictitious history, and one, I am sorry to say, more obnoxious to censure than most others. At the same time, the man who rises unaffected and unimproved from the picture of the fidelity, simplicity, and virtue of Joseph Andrews and his Fanny, and the parental solicitude of Parson Adams, must possess a head and a heart of stone. Fourthly, the moral novel, which may be read with considerable benefit. . . . Such are the spirited productions of Miss Edgeworth. . . . Fifthly, religious novels, which ought to be read. . . We have not only the authority but the example of Mrs. More our our side; a name loved and venerated by all who love and venerate genius with real Christian piety."

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This article was inserted by Zachary Macaulay, and it produced a storm of replies. He then learned that it had been penned in his own house by his own son. The thunder soon died away in the "Christian Observer," but for years there was a difference of opinion between father and son on the propriety of novel reading, and, as Trevelyan says, the worst was to come; for on Tom's return from Cambridge, Zachary Macaulay had to endure the distinction of being "at the head of a family in which novels were more read and better remembered than in any household in the United Kingdom."

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According to the "American Bookman," the most popular novel in the United States for 1902 was "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," a book which has also had considerable success on this side of the Atlantic. Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Right Way," "The Mississippi Bubble," and "The Virginian" come next, and we are followed by "The Crisis," "The Man from Glengarry," "The Leopard's Spots," "Lazarre," "The Cavalier," and "Sir Richard Calmady." I hear (says the "Literary Lounger" in the "Sketch") that there is a distinct slump in the sales of fiction in the United States, and that it is becomingly difficult to organise a "boom." The fact is, of course, that the reading public is learning a certain amount of discretion, and is becoming tired of having fifth-rate fiction forced upon it by gigantic and flamboyant advertisements.

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A clever piece of fooling (says "The Academy") reaches us from Birmingham. It is called "Everyman's Education: A Morality Play," and its authors are C. W. Mathews and W. C. Mathews. The characters are Knowledge, Various Universities, the Board of Education, and an Out-porter. Sir John Gorst represents (without permission) the Board of Education. Sir John has rather a bad time of it. When the Universities have had their say Learning speaks:—

They've gone.
Perhaps you've had enough of it, Sir John?
SIR JOHN (in despair)
I've had enough of it to turn my brain,
My head is simply splitting with the strain.
I think I'd better cut the matter short,
And go and worry out a draft report.
So while they're out of sight I'll slip away
And make my exit.
LEARNING,
Au revoir.
SIR JOHN,
Good-day.

After which the Universities returns and Learning leads them across the stage:—

They follow her, as nearly in the attitude of Mr. Byan Shaw's "Love Baubles" as the circumstances of the case, and the licenser of plays, permit. They all disappear through the door leading to Chaos—Oxford stooping to pick up a bauble on the way. The lights are low; the shrill triumphal laughter of Learning alone is now audible.

Is Birmingham, then, coming to the rescue?

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

San Jose, California, has just been equipped with a system of electric lighting, the current for which is carried from a point in the heart of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, 173 miles distant from San Jose.

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It is possible that Florida phosphate will meet a serious competitor in the recently discovered deposits on Ocean Island, northeast of the Solomon Islands, as they seem to yield a material superior in quality to the Florida phosphate.

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During the last few years the bow is gradually supplanting the trolley wheel in the European street railway service. The bow consists of a large metallic loop, which rests against the electric wire at right angles. The advantages of the bow are: greater contact surface, continuity of contact, no need of reversing the bow when the direction of the car is changed, or of readjusting the contact in passing curves.

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Franz, the German astronomer, published two years ago an exhaustive treatise on "The Mountains and Craters of the Moon." In this work the latitude and longitude of each mountain and crater were worked out, and since that time his books has been used in all the observatories of the world as the standard. Professor Pickering, of Harvard, has been at work recently on a new atlas of the moon, discovered that no accounts has been taken heretofore of the altitude of the craters. He has discovered that the latitude and longitude measurements of each are greatly affected by the height. All previous measurements used in the study of the moon by astronomers will have to be corrected by the new series of tables, upon which Professor Pickering is still at work.

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Ever since Professor Tyndall first discovered the movements of glaciers, attempts have been made by scientists to ascertain the exact depths of these natural phenomena by boring. Their efforts, however, have not been attended with very conspicuous success, owing to mechanical difficulties that have been encountered. But Professors Blumcke and Hess, from Barvaria, who are well known for their studies of glaciers, have succeeded in boring through the Hintereis glacier in the Otzhal Alps, and found the ice to be 153 metres deep. The machine used for boring was driven by hand, and somewhat resembled that usually employed for experimental boring in mines, but was fitted with special arrangements for washing out fragments of ice from the bore hole to prevent their freezing together again. The expenses of the investigation, which is of incalculable benefit to science, were defrayed by the German and Austrian Alpine Clubs.

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The annual report of Mr. F. T. Allen, U.S. Commissioner of Patents. for the calendar year ending December 31, 1902, has been forwarded to Congress. It appears that during the twelve months its statements embrace there were 48,320 applications for patents filed in the Patent Office, 1,170 applications for design patents, 151 applications for a reissue of patents, 2,602 applications for registration of trade marks, and 1,121 applications for registration of labels. Of these applications there were 27,776 patents issued, including designs; 110 patents reissued, 2,006 trade marks registered, 767 labels and 158 prints. The number of patents that expired was 23,331. The number of allowed applications awaiting the payment of the final fees was 9,284. The number that were forfeited by non-payment of fees was 4,471. The total expenditure of the office were 1.393.345.54 dollars. The excess of receipts over expenditures was 159,513,54 dollars, and the total balance to the credit of the Patent Office in the treasury of the United States was 5,488,984.61 dollars.

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More patents were issued to citizens of the District of Columbia in proportion to population than any other State of Territory in the United States, the ratio here being 1 to every 1,080 of the population. The Patent Office issued 27,886 patents during the year 1902, the largest annual issue in its entire history. The number of mechanical patents issued during the year 1902 is 27,136, exceeding by 1,578 the issue of such patents for the preceding year, which was then the largest number issued by this office in any year. The work of handling this business it should be noticed that the class of mechanical patents, which has increased so largely in numbers during the last year, comprises those cases which involve the largest amount of work in their consideration. The increase of work indicated by the figures given has been met in some degree by the increase in the number of examiners which was provided in the Appropriation Bill for the year 1902-'03.

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The work of classification of patents has progressed satisfactorily during the past year, and the results of this valuable system are now available to facilitate the examination of the question of novelty of inventions. The duties of the assignment division of this office are to record assignments of patents and inventions, and to furnish manuscript copies of records of the office when required. During the year 1902, 24,091 deeds were received for record, of which 22,833 were recorded. Copies of records were also made, which included 16,576,150 words. The number of deeds received was 1,102 in excess of the number for the preceding year, and the number of words written in furnishing copies of records was 2,056,110 more than for the preceding year. These figures serve to indicate the rapid growth of this portion of the work of this office. During the last year Section 4883 of the Revised Statutes was amended by act of Congress, approved April 11, 1902, the change making it no longer necessary that patents should be signed by the Assistant-Secretary of the Interior.

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The recent experiments in America and Europe with the disease germs collected on gelatine plates from the dust of the city streets, demonstrate almost to a certainty that our municipal health would be greatly improved if there were some simple method provided to keep the dust from entering our homes and lungs. The tests made with the germs thus collected indicate that people in large cities are practically living directly over a "Cave of Furies," and that all around exist the bacteria and microbes of a score or more of dangerous diseases. If this dust remained spread over the streets of the city, it would do little harm; but every wind blows it around, and every street cleaner sweeps up enough of it to destroy a whole houseful of people. There is something insidiously dangerous in the street sweeper's broom. Death actually lurks therein far more than in the filthy corners of the streets left untouched by broom or wind. Sunshine destroys more disease germs than any other agency of nature, and when the direct rays of the sun can penetrate to the heap of filth and dirt the destruction is great. The street sweeper's work of stirring up the disease germs of the avenues is consequently partly checked in its direful results by the action of the sun's rays, which have a better opportunity to reach the floating particles of dust than when they are covering the streets in thick layers. But the dust disturbed by the broom in dark streets and alleys is not thus purified.

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The experts appointed by the Paris Medical Society to investigate the subject of street dust in its relationship to diseases and their spread, reported recently that the only safe way to cleanse the public thoroughfares was to flush them with water. One good hydrant, with a fair pressure of water, would do more towards cleaning the streets than half a hundred sweepers. The latter would merely collect the coarse and more visible pieces of dirt and cart them away, while the fine, impalpable dust which contained the dust germs would be left floating around in the air or disturbed in our open windows. Flushing the streets with a good force of water would carry the germs away through the sewers, and in the case of consumptive germs they would be effectually prevented from rising into the upper air for the people to breathe. A pile of filth may reek with poisonous germs, and yet if kept moist the danger to those living nearby may be comparatively small. When the dry, warm weather comes, however, the germs are separated from their environments and float in the air.

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One of the most satisfactory solutions to the dust problem comes from Germany, where a number of chemists have been making extensive experiments with the germs collected from the dust of Berlin and Vienna. By sprinkling chemicals of a powerful nature in the streets once a week, or once every fortnight, all disease germs are destroyed. These chemical disinfectants of the streets, or as they might more properly be called, insecticides, are prepared for ordinary disease germs that are found in the dust of streets, but there are other mixtures suited to specially virulent disease germs that may occasionally find their way into particular streets or cities. In this way it is supposed that there would be little danger of the diseases spreading further by means of the dust. There is every reason to believe that in many of our disease epidemics the dust-laden wind has been an effective agent in carrying them from one street or town to another. Sometimes the clouds of dust have been blown several hundred feet away, and small particles in the upper air have floated around for days before finally dropping to the earth again. In the upper currents of air they might travel a hundred miles before descending low enough to be breathed in by people.

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It has been estimated by German experts, who have made more of a study of these questions than any other nationality, that tropical diseases have in this way been carried by the wind from the mainland to islands ten miles and more in distance. Heretofore it has been said that tropical diseases were more or less local, and that the germs rarely reached an altitude of a few feet. But this must be modified in the case of germs which are carried upward by means of fine dust. While not volatile enough to float to any great distance in the air, they might easily be carried up there by the wind, and then distributed around over a wide area before falling. The germs which are destroyed by the warm rays of the sun would, of course, be killed by this exposure to the direct sunlight, but many of our worst disease germs are not injured in any way by the hot sun. They could easily be carried around indefinitely. When warm, moist, and "muggy" weather comes in our cities, we speak of it as disease-breeding weather, and this probably more aptly describes the conditions than anything else. But such disease-breeding weather would have no injurious effect upon our health if the germs of disease were not already scattered around. Sometimes o few days of warm dry weather, followed by wind, will produce the right conditions to fill the air with the germs. Right after a snowstorm or heavy rain the air is clarified, and there are fewer germs breathed in that at any other time. Every one feels the tonic of such air, and enjoys the mere breathing of it.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

WATERFORD, SEPTEMBER 25.

Yesterday the New City Court-house was opened, on which occasion the Mayor, Recorder, and a number of the Corporation attended. They afterwards adjourned and dined together at the New Assembly Rooms.

DUBLIN, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27.

The exportation of Irish manufactured sail-cloth to a port in the East country has been made this week from hence—a very pleasing circumstance, as the advancement of the sail-cloth manufacture has long been a desideratum with the friends of Ireland.

In consequence of the present confused state of political affairs, a special Council of all the principal Ministers of State has been summoned for Monday next, at the Council Chamber in the Castle, where his Grace the Duke of Rutland, who has been so long absent from the metropolis, is to preside.

The happy and gentle change of weather that succeeded the late stormy winds, has enabled all the vessels stranded on the North Bull to get off. The perishable parts of their cargoes have, however, received considerable damage, as well as the vessels; the Bordeaux man is come up to the quay to be decked.

The Hillsborough packet-boat which went to pieces last Thursday night on the rocks of Donaghadee, is the second instance of the shipwreck of a Government packet between this country and Great Britain since the first establishment of these vessels; and what is still more remarkable, that in neither case a single life was lost.

We hear the proposed surveys respecting the construction and improvement of the Inland Navigations pursuant to the Act of Parliament of the last Session, will be completed before the rising of the next, in order that the legislature may may determine on the most eligible plans, and vote such sums as may be necessary for encouraging their prosecution.

The Druids-Temple discovered on that part of the lands of Killiney, called Mount-Druid, is esteemed to be a much more curious and remote piece of antiquity, than even the Stone Coffins. This Temple, beyond doubt, was erected before the introduction of Christianity by St. Patrick into Ireland; and possibly may be two or three thousand years old. It is composed of a circle of great stones, and contains three altars, with a large circular figure cut in stone, and supposed to represent the Sun, which they worshipped; and a semi-circular figure, on another stone, for purposes to us unknown. The circumference of the Temple is about 135 feet. A more accurate account of these antiquities is shortly expected.

DUBLIN, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1787.

Amongst the circumstances that have contributed to the conjecture of hostilities speedily commencing, is the arrival of a tender in our harbour, for the reception of sailors. This is the forerunner of immediate press-warrants, and accounts for the precipitation and bustle of the mariners in endeavouring to shelter themselves in secure concealment.

By letters from the North of Ireland we learn that some deluded people in the neighbourhood of Armagh, begin to illegally to embody, under the appellation of "Break-of-day Boys."

We have the pleasure of hearing that the fishery on the North-West coast of this kingdom has begun with great success; upwards of seven hundred vessels are fully employed, from the Bay of Galway to Achill-head, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles along shore. The take is abundant, and, if barrels and salt be not wanting, twenty or thirty thousand lasts of two barrels each, may be cured, ready for home use or exportation, by the middle of November next.

Sunday evening, about half an hour before dark, a post-chaise, with a foreign gentleman and his lady, now on their travels, was stopped on Donnybrook road, not a quarter of a mile from Stephen's Green, by four fellows, who robbed them of two curious gold watches, and money to a considerable amount.

The late William Talbot, of Mount-Talbot, county Roscommon, Esq., was remarkable not only for his fine taste in horticulture and the refinements of elegant cultivation, but the more useful and laborious pursuits of reclaiming such divisions of his estates as the hand of nature left untouched and nearly inaccessible. That gentleman having vast tracts of bog, saw that it was his duty to improve every acre he possessed, and that the reclaiming those bogs would prove a considerable accession to his fortune, and no small convenience to his tenantry. To effect this important work, he began by cutting deep and wide drains, extending through the whole in several directions, which having carried off the waters into the adjoining river, Suck, he set many teams of bullocks to plough, at the same time interlaying a stratum of lime and gravel as the furrow opened; after this he parcelled out certain quantities to his tenants to be sown, at the lowest rents; and when they had, by their exertions, brought them to produce excellent crops, he farmed back, at considerable rates, such grounds as the tenantry wished so to dispose of, while those who chose to keep their respective plots were indulged, and received every encouragement to carry them to a higher degree of perfection. Thus Mr. Talbot has the satisfaction to see his estates flourishing and his tenants industrious and happy. What an example to our men of fortune.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29.

The warlike preparations going forward in England have had some effect on our funds, as well as those in London; salt provisions also have felt the concussion, and the price of them is enhanced. It happens, however, at the most favourable season; for if the demand continues, the slaughtering that is just going to begin, will supply any quantity that may be wanted.

Monday night last the postboy conveying the mail from Limerick to Nenagh, was stopped near Newport, by three men, who robbed him of four shillings and tenpence halfpenny; they then swore him if he knew of any money being in the mail, and shook it, lest it might contain cash without his knowledge, after which they suffered him to proceed.

We hear that Cornelius Grogan, Esq., is shortly to be created a Peer, and that his title is to be Lord Baron Johnstown.

CORK, SEPTEMBER 27.

We are concerned to inform our readers that the Whiteboys are now become so daring in the neighbourhood of Mallow, as to keep the inhabitants thereof in perpetual dread of their nightly excursions, which, even in the face of justice, are generally attended with acts of violence and barbarity. Not long ago they forced from the peaceable inhabitants such arms as they had provided for their defence, by means of which they are become really formidable. They have used the severest cruelties to such industrious farmers as presumed to buy tithes, even at the present reduced rates, contrary to their orders; and two nights ago destroyed several parcels of hay and corn, as the occupiers of them had drawn home their harvest without leaving tithe; and last week, as the Rev. William King, Rector of the parish of Mallow, was drawing tithe from Ringrose Atkins, Esq., one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for this county, his men and horses were violently assaulted from behind the out-offices of said Justice, by a shower of stones, in order to intimidate them from drawing said tithes, which they however persisted in doing, and did draw away, and of which attack proper informations are given.

Last Tuesday night a number of them, mounted and armed, went to the house of Denis Currane, of Glasheen, in the South liberties, farmer, which they forced open, and after giving him a desperate blow of a gun on the head, forced him, almost naked, on a bare-backed horse, for having taken his tithe. They also went to the house of Thomas Buckley, of Carrigohane, farmer, whom they treated in like manner, and carried the two to Carrigohane pound, tied them to the gate, and left John Horogan, the pound-keeper, and Denis Haly (whom they swore not to let them be released until ten o'clock the next day), to watch them.

Mr. Ross, our County Ranger, having received information thereof, immediately set off to the place, with a party of the cavalry, and found they were humanely liberated by Nicholas Dunscombe, Esq.; but having found the men, he brought them to town to undergo an examination, and apprehended Horogan and Haly, who were sworn to, and committed by the Mayor to take their trials at the ensuing assizes; and we doubt not these deluded wretches will be convinced the laws of the country must be obeyed, in preference to Captain Right's. Many of the horses rode on that expedition were the property of different people, and some of them so abused, as to be rendered useless to the owners.

From their frequent nightly depredations, we should be led to imagine, their conduct proceeds from a wish they have for the execution of the unfortunate wretch, one of their party, who received sentence of death last assizes, whose fate we have reason to believe, will depend on their peaceful demeanour. The long day he got after condemnation, shows the lenity so conspicuous in the noble Lord who presided as Judge, and nothing can now contribute so much to save his life, as their becoming amenable to the laws.

DRUIDICAL ANTIQUITIES.

The discovery of the ancient graves at Killeny, in the county of Dublin, which in the opinion of many were only a Danish burial place) has, however, excited the curiosity of all lovers of antiquity. The county of Wicklow appears from numerous remains to have been much more peculiarly the favourite abode of the Irish Druids; every day brings to light some monument of their residence there; within this last month several graves have been found on the estate of Mr. Saunder's, of Saunder's-grove, which appear to be of a much earlier date than those discovered at Killeny, as they contain nothing but urns with ashes and burned bones. Two of those urns are in that gentleman's possession, and are of a pale baked earth, with rude attempts at ornament. The graves are about three feet long, and eighteen inches broad, composed of four flag stones set edgeways without a bottom flag, and covered with a large shapeless stone. Many of these stones appear above ground, and seem to indicate more of those graves yet unopened. What strongly countenances the opinion of these being really Druidical, is that several of the neighbouring towns at this day bear the name of the Gods of the Druids, as Baaltinglass, Wodenbooly, etc., etc.

(To be continued.)

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TRISTERNAGH ABBEY, Co. WESTMEATH.



A VENERABLE RUIN NOW DEMOLISHED.

From a drawing by Bigari in the collection of the Right Hon. William Conyngham, reproduced in Grose's "Antiquities of Ireland," 1791.

TRISTERNAGH ABBEY,
CO. WESTMEATH.

The following description of the now anished ruin above depicted, its history nd that of the English family into whose ossession it came is given in the "Parlia- ientary Gazetteer of Ireland," 1844:—

TRISTERNAGH, a townland in the arish of Kilbixy, a barony of Moygoish, o. Westmeath, Leinster. It is situated on the south-west bank of Lough Iron, 2½ miles east-north-east of Ballinacarrigy. Within this townland and on the banks of the lake formerly stood the abbey of Tristernagh, founded either in the reign of Henry II. or almost immediately afterwards, by Geoffrey de Constance or Constantia. The church was a beautiful and magnificent edifice, in the form of a cross, considerable in extent, and built of a blackish coloured stone; and its steeple consisted of a square tower, surmounted by an octagon, and, in 1780, after having suffered much dilapidation, continued to be 74 feet in height. In 1783, this interesting pile was utterly demolished by its present proprietor, Sir Pigot William Piers; and its site was afterwards occupied by a cow-house and a stable. The "tasteless and unfeeling demolisher of the edifice," says Mr. Brewer, "was earnestly solicited by his neighbours to abstain from so wanton an outrage. We are assured that Lord Sunderlin offered to purchase the ruins at a high price, solely with a view to their preservation. The name of

Tristernagh should never be mentioned without an expression of contempt (as regards this transaction) towards that of Sir Pigott William Piers."

Adjacent to the site of the extinct abbey is the neglected and now dilapidated mansion of Tristernagh-house, the residence for several ages of the baronet family of Piers. "This family"—we again quote from Brewer—"entered Ireland in the person of Captain William Piers, an officer in Queen Elizabeth's army, who is noted in history as the officer to whom the famous Shane O'Neil was betrayed, and delivered up, by his Scotch auxiliary forces. It will be recollected that O'Neil was decapitated; and Piers sent the head of the chieftain to London, for which ungracious, but important, service, he was rewarded by Elizabeth with large grants of land, including the estate of Tristernagh, which still remain the property of his descendants. Sir Henry Piers, son of Captain William Piers, and granfather of the historian of Westmeath, was a man of letters, and author of a book of travels. James, son of Sir Henry, embraced the Roman Catholic religion, and became D.D. in that Church. He was royal professor of the Auquitanic College at Bordeaux, and published several literary works. Sir Henry Piers, Bart., the member of this family in which the topographer is most interested, wrote, in 1682-83, a 'Chorographical Description of the County of Westmeath,' which is printed in the first volume of the Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis." Near the entrance to the demesne of Tristernagh stands the ruin of the chapel of Templecross, used as the cemetery of the Piers family, and containing an altar monument to the memory of the first Sir Henry Piers, the author of the book of travels. This chapel is "memorable as the place where the corp-naomh or 'blessed body,' a relic of extraordinary sanctity, was found. The relic consists of a small wooden box, about the size of a pocket Bible, having brass clasps, studded with valuable stones, and marked with a crucifix. Its contents, if any, are unknown; and no hand has been found of nerve sufficient to force it open. It is used as a test of evidence; and an oath on the corp-naomh is considered of peculiar solemnity, which, if given in support of falsehood, is sure to be visited in some dreadful manner on the guilty person. When anyone wishes his statements to be received with implicit confidence, he averts its truth by the corp-naomh that 'arose' at the Templecross."

The following are the annals of the Abbey as given in Walsh's "Ecclesiastical History of Ireland":—

Tristernagh, in the barony of Moygoish, and on the banks of Lough Iron. This priory of canons regular was dedicated to the Virgin Mary (sometimes called the priory of Killbixy), and was indebted for its foundation to Geoffrey de Constantine, in or soon after the days of Henry II. Henry was the first prior, and about the year 1200 the founder granted to the Canons divers liberties and privileges, together with four carucates of land adjoining; the islands in the Lough, and sundry other lads, with a water-mill, in Killbixy; two carucates in Cunemucks, with a mill and two fisheries, &c. Witness whereof, Simon, Bishop of Meath.

The bishops of Ardagh were great benefactors to this priory.

A.D. 1280, Adam was prior.

A.D. 1364, Richard was prior.

A.D. 1412, William was prior.

A.D. 1468, Geoffrey Delamar was prior. Geoffrey was attainted by Parliament of treason for being accompanied with Irish enemies and English rebels, who traitorously robbed, spoiled, and burned Taghmon, in the barony of Delvin, and destroyed many of the King's loyal subjects.

A.D. 1485, Richard Tute was prior.

A.D. 1530, Edmund Nugent, the prior, was made Bishop of Kilmore. Having held the priory until the suppression, he was granted a pension of £26 13s. 4d. during life, from the revenues of his priory, then dissolved.

The priory of Tristernagh paid four marcs annually to the Bishop of Meath.

In 1590, a lease of this priory was made to Captain William Piers; while seven hundred acres of arable, moor, and pasture, with forty messengers, were granted to Robert Harrison.

This magnificent and beautiful edifice, in the form of a cross, and of considerable extent, was built of a blackish stone, the steeple of which was remarkable, being an octagon on the top of a square tower, which, in 1780, though mutilated, was seventy-four feet high. The columns were also octagons, with plain capitals.

This abbey was totally destroyed in 1783.

ANECDOTE.

When Primate Boulter had succeeded in the business of reducing the Gold Coin, Dr. Swift is said to have caused a black flag to be hung out on the top of his Church of St. Patrick, and caused a dumb peal to be rung, with the clappers of the bells muffled. On this occasion of contest the following lines were written by a friend of the Dean:—

At Dublin's high feast sat Primate and Dean,
Both dres'd like Divines, with band and face clean—
Quoth Hugh of Armagh, "The mob is grown bold":
"Ay, ay," quoth the Dean, "the cause is old gold."
"No, no," quoth the Primate, if causes we sift,
This mischief arises from witty Dean Swift."
The smart one replied, "There's no wit in the case,
And nothing of that ever troubled your Grace.
Though with your State-sieve your own notions you split,
A Boulter by name is no Bolter of wit.
It is a matter of weight, and a mere money-job;
But the lower the coin, the lower the mob.
Go tell your friend Bob, and the other great folk,
That sinking the coin is a dangerous joke—
The Irish dear joys have enough common sense
To treat gold reduced like Wood's copper pence.
It is pity a Prelate should die without law;
But if I say the word—take care of Armagh."

TAXES IN FRANCE.

A Frenchman having an income of 4,000 dols. a year pays 1,000 dols. of it in direct and indirect taxes to the Government, according to a very careful investigation of M. Beaurin-Gressier, made for the Societe de Statisque. In other words, the French taxpayer must work 86 days in the year solely to earn what is due to the Treasury.

IRISH BARDS AND IRISH MUSIC.

By REV. CANON FRENCH.

Many who love Ireland with a deep and intense love like to hear stories of her bards and their songs of war and the chase, by flood and field and forest. The bards were a body of privileged men, inferior in rank only to the chief or high lord of the clan, who, in their rainbow robes, followed the King to battle. They were the war correspondents in the brave days of old, who inspired with valour the heroes who lived in high-roofed dwellings of twisted osiers, or dark bog-oak, by mountain, stream, and sea. The power and effect of their bardic music, soft, sweet, and low, sad and spirit stirring, wild and weird, like the wail of the wind-swept harp, was wonderful in effect upon the Gael and gallowglass, in peace or war. Those venerable bards imparted fortitude and fierce passion into the glowing furnace of the fighting warriors of old to do daring deeds, and to win decisive battles under the stern and grand old mountains, upon the moors and moss of ancient Inisfail. At home, where the chieftains sat within their wattled houses, and their kernes reclined on the rushes around the brazier of the burning coals, the pine torch blazing in the bronze link on the oak beam beside the seat of the veteran bard, the tones of the harp appeased an outburst of frenzy on the part of the barbaric master and wild men within the old hall in the days when might was right.

WHEN "THE COULIN" WAS PLAYED WITH CHARMING EFFECT.

The old harps of Erin were somewhat similar to the ancient harps of Egypt and Assyria. They were small in size, and made from the yew tree, wonderfully carved, with large crystals set in many of them. They had no front pillar, and but seven strings in the more primitive instruments. A monument in Kilkenny (circa 800 A.D.) shows a harp such as I have described above. Bronze trumpets, both straight and curved, were used by the bards in marching with the rude gallowglasses to the field of battle, and many of them were believed to possess most astonishing and supernatural power. Horns, hammered bells, harps, bagpipes, and lyres were used in forest and field, in rath, and rude stone tower, and moated temple. Music came as an inspiration, and song likewise, to the bards of early Britain and the Emerald Isle; "o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent," the melting notes of their melodious harps were not believed to be the invention of the bard but the gift of gods. Westward the course of the old eastern musicians took its way to the sacred isles where the sun sank to repose and set in splendour. The great luminary was worshipped in the most distant western isles at a very early period of the world's history.

SOME IRISH SONGS HAVE A RARE BEAUTY.

Music still follows the course of the sun—there is ever a song somewhere. "Music is the voice of God, and therefore divine." The harp, which was confined to the chieftains and upper classes, was in use in Ireland from a remote period. She is the only country that has a musical instrument on her flag. Diodorus Siculus, an ancient bardic historian, quotes from Hecatæus, an earlier writer than he, who describes the music of the harp in the ancient Celtic sun worship. the old style Irish harp was about four feet high, had no pedals, and was strung to the back with straps. The one belonging to King Brian Boru, who was killed at the Battle of Clontarf in 1014, is still preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin. It is

ack with age, and polished, but worm-eaten he old relic is adorned with silver orna-ents. The King's son, Teague, took the harp Rome after the battle, and presented it the Pope, together with the crown and galia that had been worn by his father. A ceeding Pope gave it to Henry VIII., to-ther with the title of "Defender of the ith," and Henry gave it to the Earl of anricarde, in whose family it was held until e beginning of the eighteenth century. It en passed through several hands until 1786. nen the College became its owner. In old Irish poem a bard is represented as ad-essing a fairy by way of inquiry as to its rmer splendour. The musical instrument is ade to reply that a King of Ireland owned in Pagan times, then a priest of Baal, and tly a Christian, who, like David, played on its strings songs of victory to the great essiah.

The late Sir Samuel Ferguson wrote a long dis-tation on a work by Mr. Bunting, in which traced the origin of the Irish harp to gypt. Mr. Ledwich supposes it to be de-ed from the Saxons. The ancient Irish pear to have had two kinds of harps, the uit and the Cachneird-Cruit. The first, a all harp with single cords, used probably in igious rites by both Pagan and Christian. e second, a large instrument with double ing, which was used in war and wassail. rgus, the Fenian bard, used it as an accom-iment to his splendid voice in singing his ebrated odes to Gaul and Oscar. There is allusion to the harp in a very old MS., "Book of Leccan," in an account of the atha d'Daanans, where it is said that usic, melody, and the harmony of strings re their three harpers." In an old number the "Dublin Penny Journal" there is a y interesting description of ancient Irish ps, which is thought to have been written Chevalier O'Gorman, an authority upon h pedigrees. Mr. Bunting makes out that re were no less than five different kinds of ps among the ancient Irish:—

. The Cruit, or high-headed harp.
. The Crom Cruit, or bending harp.
. Clairseach, or common harp.
. The ceirin, or portable harp.
. Craiftin Cruit Craiftin's harp.

consensus of opinion is, however, in favour wo-stringed instruments mentioned already. do's invention of musical notation, gave itional strings to the harps of Ireland. As other musical instruments hold a very ordinate place in Irish history, a brief ce of them will suffice. The bagpipes, ited at first by the mouth, were used by peasantry, and are said to have been in-uced into Ireland from Caledonia. The ple of the woods used vocal melody and d instruments from the days of Tubal n. The wild tribes marched to its (the pipe's music o'er moor and mountain. By waters of lough and glen the scream of pipes were heard centuries ago, as the ist hears it now in the Highlands of Scot-d. Improvements were made in the course ime, first the chanter, instead of the th; second, the union pipes, with the s and keys. In the long ago the Irish r stood out prominently in every picture oor Pat and his cabin. The race of pipers gradually departing, like the booming rn. In the National Museum and the al Irish Academy our readers can see y quaint bronze musical bells. Some are l-made and were hand-struck, othere were and rivetted together. Suspended from r of wood in the old Round Tower the was struck with a wooden hammer. It used to accompany the harp occasionally. ie ancient Irish have various kinds of rpets, such as the Stuic, the Adhare, and Beann Buathall. Numbers of these have found in bogs and railway cuttings all the island. They were made of horn, ze, and brass, and very long. They were blown in battle and the chase. Diarmid blew one on Ben Bulbin when in pursuit of the wild boar through the Sligo mountains. The horn of Fin MacCool could, in an instant, throw all his warriors into a deep slumber! When he blew again a loud and terrible blast, they awoke to follow their leader! In Spenser's "Faerie Queene," Book I., chap. 8, there is an account of such horns and their wondrous effects.

The violin, commonly called the fiddle, and the flute, are so well known that we need only mention them in passing.

"MAN'S MORTALITY."

"The Death of Oscar," and the "Song of the Banshee," are the most ancient airs now existing in Erin.

SONG OF THE BANSHEE.

I.

Oh, ye dead! oh, ye dead! whom we know by the light you give,
From the cold gleaming eyes though you move like men who live,
Why leave you thus your graves,
In far-off fields and groves,
Where the worm and the sea-bird only know your bed,
To haunt this spot where all
Those eyes that wept your fall
And the hearts that bewailed you like your own lie dead.

II.

The Banshee mournful wails
In the midst of the silent, lonely night.

III.

How oft has the Banshee cried,
How of has death untied
Bright links that glory wove,
Sweet bonds entwined by love.

The knowledge of music is supremely valuable, because it enables us to help our brother on life's rough road, and to give to worn and weary workers a little of that brightness and joyousness of song which in many of our homes is an everyday pleasure, but to the third toilers of the slums come like an oasis in the desert. To them life is too often a humdrum affair. They are content to exist,—merely working, eating, and sleeping. Consequently an evening of good music is an indescribable boon, reviving their best feelings, and bringing into play their noblest emotions. What a mighty power is wielded by music! At one time by thunder tones rousing us to enthusiasm, or by solemn or majestic melody filling the mind with a sacred awe, then gently whispering a sweet and tender lullaby, which soothes and pacifies the soul. In 1720 Irish music was printed and published for the first time.

A WAIL UPON THE BREEZE.

War cries, meant originally to keep the fighting men aware of the place of their own clan in the battle, or when scattered in woods and hills, came down to the baronial period, and were used by the Anglo-Norman nobles out of consideration for their Gaelic retainers. The commonest shout was some name of a famous place or a famous man ,with the addition "aboo," a word well fitted for the clamour of a band of fighters, being at once more musical and less wearying to the voice than our "hurrah." The Kildare retainers cried "Crom aboo" in honour of Crom Castle, a citadel in county Limerick, originally a stronghold of the O'Donovans, which one of the Geraldine families named after the town of Kildare. The O'Neills cried out, "Lamh dearg aboo!" because the Lamh dearg, or Red Hand, was the badge of the family and clan. The O'Briens cried, "Lamh Laider!" or "Lauder aboo!" or "Strong Hand aboo!" The O'Donnells, "O'Donnell aboo!" The translation of Geoffrey Keating's "History of Ireland" suggests as the meaning of "aboo" the word "booa" victory; but analogy would point rather to "boa" ("beotha"), lively, awake, spirited, when "aboo" would be an exclamation like the French "alerte!" and "vive!" A parallel in Irish is the well-known "Erin-go-bragh, Erin till Judgment Day!" where "go bragh"—for ever— inplies the same idea of living which the word "beotha" actually contains, since the latter is the Celtic equivalent of Greek "bios." "Yabu!" is the exclamation of Tartar horsemen when urging their steeds forward. While on this topic it may be interesting to note that this Irish word, or its Welsh equivalent, "yu byw," corrupted to "boo" and "boh," is found in our colloquial expression, "He doesn't dare say boo to a goose," in other words, he is too cowardly to sound his war cry in the presence of the most peaceful of birds at his gate.

Tally-ho is the Norman hunting cry—"To the coppice." It was raised in the chase when the red deer was viewed in full career making for the wild-wood. It is raised when hound and horn are heard in pursuit of the fox as he breaks cover from the coppice in Connaught at Noel-tide!

"WE'LL ALL GO A-HUNTING TO-DAY."

COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

Throughout the country photographers are interested in the discovery of S. B. Hargreaves, an architect and photographer of Indianapolis (according to the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat"). Hargreaves has uncovered the secret of colour photography, and recently, before an audience of prominent scientific people of the State, demonstrated its process and its accuracy. The demonstration was conducted in the photo-engraving department of an Indianapolis newspaper, and proved beyond doubt that the inventor has achieved success in discovering the secret which has heretofore baffled all photographic investigators and experimenters.

Hargreaves' discovery was due, in the first place, to an accident. While engaged in the work of making exposures by means of the wet-plate process he accidentally spilled a coat of sensitive solution over the surface of a thin plate mirror. This aroused his curiosity as to what action the light would have on a mirrored surface coated in this manner, and Hargreaves accordingly placed the coated glass in a plate holder, and exposed it in the usual manner.

On flowing, the negative thus secured with a developing solution he was surprised to see a sharp, clear image suddenly appear on the mirror brilliantly coloured with all the colours of the object he had photographed.

Before he could recover from his bewilderment the colour slowly faded from the plate, leaving only a blackened film, with patches of a bright mirrored surface showing through here and there. This action of the chemicals aroused in Hargreave's mind a series of questions, the solutions to which he immediately set about to discover.

What had produced the coloured image? Had he really discovered the process of colour photography so long sought for?

What caused the colours to immediately fade? Hargreaves went to work to complete his accidental discovery.

After a series of unique experiments he has been successful in perfecting the long-sought-for art of colour photography.

His patent papers have been granted, eastern capitalists have agreed to finance the manufacture of the invention, which will, within a short time, be placed upon the market.

The possibilities of this wonderful invention are most extraordinary.

By it the photographer will be enabled to produce exactly all of nature's most delicate colourings and tints, the gay colours of flowers, the brilliant plumage of feathered songsters, the gold of a sunset, the rich colourings of the world's masterpieces, and even the maiden's blush, without losing one iota of detail, expression, shadow, or colouring, just as it is portrayed to the human eye.

PYGMY CAMELS OF PERSIA.

The western part of Persia is inhabited by a species of camel which is the pygmy of its kind. These camels are snow white, and are on that account almost worshipped by the people. The Shah presented the municipality of Berlin with two of these little wonders. The larger is 27 inches high, and weighs 61 pounds. The other is four inches less, but the weight is not given.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.

FETHARD, an incorporated market and post-town (formerly a Parliamentary borough), and a parish, in the barony of Middlethird, county of Tipperary, and province of Munster, 7 miles (N.) from Clonmel, and 78 (S.W.) from Dublin by Urlingford; containing 3,962 inhabitants, of which number, 3,400 are in the town and liberties. This place which appears to have derived its name from the Irish, "Faith Ard," the "summit or hill of the plain," is of considerable antiquity. In 1306 the friars Eremites of the Order of St. Augustine obtained from Edw. I. a full and free pardon for having acquired, contrary to the statute of mortmain, some land for rebuilding their monastery, which had been founded here at a very early period. In 1376 Edw. III. granted to the provost and commonalty certain customs, to enable them to surround their town with walls, and a similar grant was made to them by Henry IV. The monastery, to which was attached a certain portion of the town, was granted, on its dissolution, by Henry VIII. to Sir Edmund Butler, Knt., at an annual rent of 5s. 4d. Irish; and in 1553, Edw. VI. granted the burgesses a new charter, with liberties and immunities similar to those of Kilkenny, which was confirmed and extended by a charter of Jas. I., under which the town is now governed. In 1650, the town was besieged by Cromwell, to whom, after a short resistance, it capitulated on honourable terms; the original articles are still extant and in the possession of W. Barton, Esq., of Grove. It is irregularly built, and contains 626 houses; the inhabitants are supplied with good water from a public pump, and there are some extensive barracks, at present occupied by infantry. The old walls, in which were five gates defended by towers, are much dilapidated. The river Clashanly, or Clashaluin (more correctly Glaisealuin, "the lovely stream," from "Glaise," "a stream," and "Aluin," "lovely"), which rises in the bog of Allen, passes through the town, and gives motion to two flour mills, which, except in dry seasons, are constantly at work, and furnish the principal trade of the town. The market is on Saturday, but, from its vicinity to that of Clonmel, is of very inferior importance. Fairs are held on April 20th, Friday before Trinity Sunday, Sept. 7th, and Nov. 21st, and are well supplied with cattle; the Nov. fair is the largest in the county for fat stock. The town has latterly become a great depot for the sale of culm from the Slievardagh collieries, eight miles distant; it is calculated that 30,000 barrels, or about 5,000 tons, have been sold here in a year.

The corporation, by the charter of Jas. I., consists of a sovereign, twelve chief burgesses, a portreeve, and an indefinite number of freemen, assisted by a recorder, town-clerk, serjeant-at-mace, and other officers. The corporation, under their charter, continued to return two members to the Irish Parliament till the Union, when the borough was disfranchised, and the sum of £15,000 awarded in compensation was paid in moities to Cornelius, Lord Lismore, and T. Barton, Esq. The church is the remaining aisle of an ancient structure of which the chancel is in ruins; it is in the decorated English style, with a venerable tower (in which are four fine-toned bells), and an east and west window of very elegant design, and is 100 feet in length, and 50 feet in breadth. There is also a chapel attached to the Augustinian friary in the town, an ancient edifice with a very handsome east window, the beauty of which is concealed by a modern roof, which intercepts the crown of the arch. At Market Hill is a mineral spring; at Kiltinan is a subterraneous stream; and in the neighbourhood are the remains of many ancient castles, one of which, at Knockelly, occupies about one acre of ground, and is surrounded by a high wall with towers at each angle, and in good preservation.

THE INDUSTRY OF ALGERIA.

The wine industry at the present day constitutes the largest industry in Algeria. Until the last two years it had been going up by leaps and bounds, many large fortunes having been made. During 1900 and 1901, however, the price of wine steadily decreased on account of the abnormal yield in France, and great losses were consequently incurred by those who were forced to dispose of their vintage. The outlook of the wine grower in Algeria is much brighter this year, the crops in France having been greatly damaged by late frosts, wet, and severe hailstorms. The amount of wine exported from Algeria during 1897 was 781,558 gallons; in 1898, 796,049 gallons; in 1899, 945,879 gallons; and in 1900, 549,131 gallons. The other principal products are alfa, cereals, cork, vegetable hair, locust beans, olive oil, fruits, and vegetables, and Italian pastes. The area which alfa occupies in the three departments of Algeria is estimated at more than 12,000,000 acres The principal district, called the "Alfa Sea," is 210 miles by 95 miles, and is bounded on the north by the Tell, on the west by Morocco, on the south by the mountains of Ksowes, and on the east by the Hodna. The producing area is much greater than that actually cut; nevertheless, in order to prevent the loss which would result from bad working, the Governor-General issued an order in 1888 limiting the cutting, sale, and export of alfa. The average production of an acre of alfa is estimated at 8 cwt. after drying and sorting. In 1900 Algeria exported 1,650,235 cwt. of wheat, 1,883,153 cwt. of oats, 1,773,559 cwt. of barley, and 27,496 cwt. of maize. The barley is much in demand in Europe for malting purposes. Algeria produces excellent hard wheat, giving a flour rich in gluten, and consequently very good for the manufacture of Italian pastes and semolina. This industry is annually increasing; the existing works are enlarging and improving their machinery, modern methods of shop management are being introduced, and the output of the various establishments to-day rivals that of France and other countries.

WHOSE LIVES ARE WRITTEN.

An English statistician has figured that from 1000 A.D. to the end of the present century some 30,000 inhabitants of England have claimed the attention of biographers. Of the total adult poulation during these nine centuries one in every 5,000 has attained a title to distinctive commemoration. The ratio varied from century to century. From A.D. 1000 to 1700 the average ratio was one in 6,250; last century it rose to one in 6,000. This century it rises to one in 4,000.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

The MIRACLE of BALLYMOCHAN.

By ALICE M. BOYD.

Little Bridget Joyce sat at the door of her cabin letting the rays of the setting sun stream down on her bare head from a cleft in the mountains; not that she saw the glory of light that illuminated her pale, patient little face, for Bridget was blind, as indeed you could see by the way she stared straight at the slanting glow. Blind she had been for the twelve years of her small life, in an Irish cabin, far away in the heart of the Joyce's country away from civilisation, which meant more than perhaps it would to most of us were we blind, where people are taught those hundred and one little things that fill up their lives, if not usefully (which of us, after all, lead useful lives?) at least busily, and which prevent that endless sitting and waiting which made up the life of Bridget Joyce. For Bridget had never been taught anything—never been taught to use her slim little fingers as children are taught in the blind schools, not even to knit or spin, her natural lot, as wool was too precious to be wasted in teaching slow, uncertain fingers by some unusual method. She had never gone to the school where her brothers and sisters went, if not every day, at least often; for what would have been the use? National school teachers not being trained to pierce that blackness which seemed to separate one small soul from all humanity.

So, cut off from the great education which sight gives to every country child, the teaching of the sky and beasts and the growing things, the everyday education of living—a great training where one does one's own carding, spinning, dyeing, knitting, baking, cooking, and much farming. Bridget sat at the door of the cabin day after day, her little hands folded before her, waiting with all the patience of an Irish peasant nature. For what? She scarcely knew herself. To see if the Blessed Virgin would give her sight one day. For that the power was her's to grant it she knew as well as that she was blind; and if she did not grant it, 'twas that it would prove harmful to her soul. That must be the only reason why the Holy Mother, who was so close to her, would keep her wish from her.

This little wistful Bridget, so ignorant and backward in some ways, had her religious sense abnormally developed; for what had she to do all day but sit and pray—pray for sight, and sometimes, after a burst of natural childish impatience at her dull life, for patience—patience to bear what God's holy will sent her, and not repine.

The one event of her life was the going to Mass on Sunday, guided by her mother's protecting hand, or lifted over difficult places by her big brother Thady, the two most devoted to her in the family; and often on a cold Sunday in winter, when he would fain have stayed at home, Thady would go with his little sister to the chapel to give the child a bit of pleasure, repaid by the look of rapt devotion on her small face as she knelt by his side.

It was of the Blessed Virgin, too, and St. Brigid, her patron saint, and the will of God, that the neighbours spoke when they came near her, with the belief innate in every devout Irish peasant mind that any physical blight comes straight from heaven for the good of the soul.

Thus it came that all the power and energy of little Bridget's mind was centred on the unseen world, and there was a look of rapt saintliness on her pale face which made her look sometimes older than she really was, and sometimes so very childish.

Bridget raised her head and listened as she sat in the glow of the setting sun.

"There's someone comin'," she said to her mother, who was knitting beside her

"Is there so? 'Tis yourself has the good hearin', asthore. Shure I couldn't be hearin' anything at all, at all, so I couldn't."

"'Tis meself has nothin' to be doin' all the time, but larnin' to hear, so it is," said the child wearily. "'Tis small wondher I would be doin' it better nor you."

"So it is, agra," said the mother, tenderly, looking down at her little daughter. "An' shure 'tis yersilf is the good girl always. But mebbe now 'tis Mick O'Grady goin' home from sellin' his ass."

"'Tis not; 'tis the step of a woman, so it is."

"Is it so, then? Aye, ye're right," she added in a minute or two, "'tis Mrs. Coyne. Mebbe she'll be wantin' me to take some of her wool to sell for her to the pattern nixt week, an' she too ould to be going hersilf."

"'Tis a fine evenin', Mrs. Joyce," said Mrs. Coyne, as she came up to the door, and deposited a big bundle on the ground.

"'Deed an' 'tis a fine evenin'! Bridget, the child, heard ye comin' long since, and she says, 'tis the fut of a woman, so it is.'"

"'Tis the Holy Virgin is with her, for shure An' how are ye, Bridget asthore?"

"'Tis well I am, thank ye kindly, ma'am."

"The saints be with you!" ejaculated Mrs. Coyne.

"Well, Mr. Joyce, I just stepped up to see would ye be goin' to the pattern next week?"

"I will so. Is it anythin' I can be doin' for you?"

"'Deed I was wondherin' would you take this bit of wool for me to Tim O'Loughlin's, an' you with an ass?"

"Wid all the pleasure in life, ma'am."

"Then 'tis very thankful to you I am Mrs. Joyce, so I am."

"Sure 'tis nothin' at all," said Mrs. Joyce politely.

"They do be sayin'," continued Mrs. Coyne, "it will be a great day entirely, so it will be for goin' to the Blessed Well at Ballymochan the night before, an' it Our Lady's Day, so it will be. 'Deed an' I'm wondherin' sometimes you don't be takin' Bridget there to it, an' it so powerful for curing sickness."

"It is so," assented Mrs. Joyce.

"Mebbe the Blessed Virgin would give her sight to the child here, an' she prayin' so hard all the time, so she is, so as the Holy Mother would be thinkin' on her for sartin shure."

"That she might," said Mrs. Joyce, "an' they do be sayin' as 'tis wondherful the things as be done there. But 'tis a long way, and' 'tis on the ass she'd have to be goin', an' me an' Thady with her, an' how would I be gettin' the next mornin' to the pattern?"

"Shure enough," acquiesced Mrs. Coyne, "but 'twould be a great thing entirely so it would, an' 'tis like the Holy Mother would hear her, an' she so near a saint herself the child."

"Aye, the Holy Mother would hear her shurely," said Mrs. Joyce, "but I'm thinkin' if she didn't give her the sight of her eyes, an' it harmful to her soul, 'tis the child would be breakin' her heart afther it."

They had lowered their voices to the proper confidential pitch, but the ears that had been sharp enough to distinguish a woman's step before Mrs. Joyce could hear a step at all, did not miss a word of their conversation.

A new light broke in on Bridget. Was it this she had been waiting for all this time Would the Blessed Mother hear her prayers now if she went to the well? She had prayed so hard, so hard that sometimes she had seemed almost to touch the garment of some unseen presence near her, and it would not be for nothing. "It couldn't shure." Her prayers must be answered, if she could but reach the holy place.

But how to get to the well: that was the difficulty.

Bridget clasped her hands and prayed; her lips moving silently, and Mrs. Coyne, passing her a few minutes later, looked down at her, crossed herself, and murmured:

"The blessed saints be with her! 'Tis a saint she is herself entirely, so it is."

Bridget sat very quiet the rest of that evening and the next day, her lips moving in prayer, but after supper her big brother Thady took her up to the hill behind the cabin, scarcely needing to guide her, her feet knew the path so well. She and Thady sat up there on summer evenings, when he used to tell her stories to amuse her, and to bring a smile of interest to her little pale face. It is true a great deal of them she did not understand, they being mostly drawn from his own experiences, which came to him chiefly through his eyes, and such remarks as "You would have known 'twas the track of a water dog by the look of it, so you would," or "'Twas a brown colour, or just the colour of the scrochloch, so it was," conveyed nothing to Bridget, who had never seen the track of a water dog nor knew what was brown was. But she liked to hear it, and doubtless made some kind of meaning of her own out of it, by the light of her inner vision. But to-night she could hardly listen to what Thady was saying, and though she sat quiet by his side, her small hands folded in her lap, there were two bright spots burning in her usually pale cheeks.

All day long she had prayed with a kind of intense feverish hope, that some way might be shown her to make the pilgrimage to the well possible—some way out of the apparently impossible. For to her childish mind the difficulty of Thady and her mother getting to the pattern next day with the donkey seemed insurmountable.

A great deal of their livelihood depended on what they sold there, and the losing of it might mean something very near starvation for some months.

She had eaten next to nothing all day, so that her mother was frightened, and thought she was ill, and she hoped that somehow fasting might propitiate the saints, and towards evening what, with praying and fasting, a kind of mystic vision had come upon her, a state never far off the visionary Celtic nature, and it seemed to her that her prayers were to be granted.

She was sure there had been heavenly voices in the air, and once or twice it had seemed to her that angelic wings had brushed her cheek as she prayed.

"An' as he was walkin' on, shure a big red thing came towards him, so it did; 'twas as red now, mebbe, as the colour of the sky you'd be seein' in the evenin' time, so it was, or mebbe as the colour of your own dress, asthore."

"Was it so now?" answered Bridget, absently.

"But, Thady, agra, don't be moindin' the story at all now; 'tis meself would be wantin' to ax ye somethin'."

Thady stopped short, astonished. Never in the whole course of their existence had Bridget's interest in his stories seemed to flag, and he stared at her, wondering was she really ill, as his mother had thought. Then she looked so pathetic, and her lips trembled, so that he put his arm round her and drew her close to him.

"Och, thin, an' what wud it be, Bridget, mavourneen?"

She was trembling so violently she could hardly speak at first.

"Thady, agra," she said at last, "they do be sayin' as mebbe—och, thin, shure 'tis meself as would be likin' to get me sight like the rist of yis, so it is, an' they do be sayin'——"

"So it is, for shure," said Thady, soothingly. "An' what do they be sayin', asthore?"

"They do be sayin' as mebbe if I could git to the Blessed Well at Ballymochan the Holy Mother would give me me sight."

"The Blessed Well! Och thin!" and Thady stopped in sheer amazement. He had never thought of that before—never; but why not? Now he did think of it—there were wonderful things done there, and he felt so amazed at his own stupidity that he could think of nothing to say for some time, and then he repeated—

"The Blessed Well! Och thin, but why not, asthore?"

Bridget clung closely to him.

"Thady, 'tis the night before the pattern I'd have to be goin', which is Our Lady's Day, an' how wud I git there at all, at all? 'Tis not by meself I could be goin', twilve miles, an' a way I wouldn't be knowin', an' you an' mother an' the ass would be havin' to be at the pattern the nixt mornin'. Agra, 'tis that's the way it is, so it is."

Thady now saw the absolute impossibility of her request.

"Musha, darlin'," he said, "tis you can't be goin' at all at all."

"Och, Thady," persisted Bridget, her voice trembling, "'tis meself has been prayin' to the Blessed Virgin all the day, an' I do be thinkin' she heard me, so I do, an' was sayin' to me as how I should go."

At that moment Bridget did not feel so certain of the answer to her prayers. The misery of her small, white face irritated Thady, irritated him because he felt that he might help it. But he couldn't—no, he really couldn't—give up the pattern and its accompanying delights, so he grew suddenly angry and pushed Bridget from him.

"Och, thin, 'tis yersilf is the bould girl to be wantin' to go at all. 'Tis goin' aginst the Blessed Virgin, so it is, when 'tis harmful it moight be to yer sowl to be havin' your sight for all you can tell, or why else wouldn't you be havin' it now, anyway?"

Bridget felt as if a sudden dash of cold water had been poured over her, but she did not say anything for a moment, only clasped her hands tighter and clenched her teeth; then, after a silence, she said, sadly, but with pathetic docility:

"'Tis so for shure, mebbe." But dark sadness was in her heart, and she drew herself away and rose wearily. "'Tis meself will be goin' in now, I think, for 'tis a great sleep thre is on me; I think 'tis to bed I will be goin'."

In the middle of the night Thady was wakened by stifled sobs. He tried to harden his heart for some time; but his little sister was very dear to him, and, slipping over to her, he took her in his arms and said he would go with her to the well, so he would, for mebbe it was the blessed saints were wishin' it, an' it was not for the pattern he cared at all, so it was not," and Bridget fell asleep in his arms comforted.

Thady, having once given up the pattern, was filled with the virtue of the sacrifice, and worked hard to remove the other difficulties in the way. He walked ten miles one evening to borrow a donkey from a man who was the happy possessor of two, and it was willingly given when the object was known.

In the evenings he and Bridget went up to the hill behind and talked about their plan, and Thady was amply repaid by the happiness on Bridget's face as she listened to his arrangements with rapt attention.

All that week she lived in a kind of mystic ecstacy, praying almost without ceasing from morning till evening, or, if sometimes definite intercession seemed to fail her, she knelt on in a kind of rapt communion with the unseen. She fasted rigorously to prepare herself and make herself fit for this great event of her life, for the miracle which she grew ever more certain day after day would take place, which was to transform the long weariness of her life up to this into a blessing and a joy.

Her pale face grew even paler and smaller under the discipline, but her sightless eyes grew larger and brighter and seemed filled with some spiritual light.

Her mother caught the infection of her devotion, and determined that she, too, must go with her daughter to see the miracle performed; so she induced a neighbour to undertake the charge of her donkey and its burden to the pattern.

Once only did Mrs. Joyce's maternal fore-

sight and terror for the grief the child might be laying up for herself if perchance the Blessed Virgin did not think fit to grant the miracle make her draw her towards her suddenly as she was passing to her prayers, saying, "Sure now, Bridget, agra, if the Holy Mother didn't think right, mebbe, to give you the sight you would be knowin', asthore, that 'twould be for the good of your soul, so you would."

"Och, mother!" cried Bridget, stepping back and putting up her hands to her head, and then, after an effort at self-control, she dropped them, saying slowly, "I wud know for shure, so I wud, that 'twouldn't be for the good of me soul."

But the piteous look of pain on the child's face went through Mrs. Joyce like a knife, and she never ventured to say another word to discourage her.

. . . . . .

It was a heavy, sultry afternoon when the three started on their pilgrimage; Bridget and her mother taking turns on the donkey, and Thady walking beside; but Bridget hardly seemed to notice whether she walked or rode, as her lips moved in silent prayer, for though the really efficacious thing was the station that was to be performed at midnight at the Blessed Well just before the miracle would be performed, to Bridget it all seemed to begin from the moment she left the cabin door.

The traces of the week's fasting and praying were on her small white face, and her look of rapt exhaltation made her more like some early Italian madonna than anything else. She seemed so frail and spirit-like that her mother often looked at her, anxiously wondering would her slight body last through it, but comforting herself with the reflection that she was in the keeping of the saints.

They reached Ballymochan at about ten o'clock at night, and stopped at a small public-house for rest, but Bridget could not be prevailed upon to take anything, but felt her way to a corner of the room and knelt down till they should be ready to take her to the well.

"'Tis for the child, thin, that you'd be goin' to the well, is it?" asked a man, pausing to look at the little figure. "Sure 'tis wondherful the sickness that does be cured there, so it is, an' the Holy Virgin will hear, an' she more like an angel than a child, so she is."

After a time they came and told her it was time to go.

It was a stifling night as they started, breathless and heavy; distant rolls of thunder began to be heard in the distance.

"'Twill be a thunder storm for shure," said a man at the door. "Is it not frightened you'd be to be goin' to the well on a night like this?"

"Och, thin," said another, "what harm would there ever be in it at all an' the Holy Virgin there herself; 'tis not likely as the thunder would ever come within a mile of it."

Several people were already assembled at the well when they arrived. It was a small well in the rocks with a kind of rough shelter put up over it to protect an image of the Virgin decked out according to the rustic idea. All round were offerings of the devout—bits of rags from the wounds that had been healed; crutches left there by those who had come lame, but gone away without need of them; old things of every sort necessary to the sick, and now dispensed with and left as pious offerings. It looked weird and impressive enough, lit up with lamps and a torch on this night of nights in the year, when Our Lady would surely visit her own well and grant the prayers of the faithful if they were ever to be granted in this world at all. Deathly still it all was but for an occasional half audible prayer and the distant roll of thunder coming to them nearer and nearer on the breathless air. Some of the people look anxiously at the sky.

But Bridget seemed unaware of it all. With a look of expectant conviction she went through her station, led from one spot to the other by her mother and Thady, ever ready and watchful to lead her to the next when she rose from her knees.

She knew that the saints were with her—round her—she felt again the brush of angelic wings; music, too, there was like the music she heard in the chapel on Sundays; and voices, surely the voice of the Blessed Mother telling her to go forward and have faith, that she was near.

She rose at the end of the last station with clasped hands, paused for just a second, and then without waiting to be led walked quickly forward. Some new instinct or intuition seemed suddenly to awaken in her. She went straight to the foot of the shrine, fell on her knees, and raising her clasped hands and rapt face to heaven, she cried aloud suddenly—

"Holy Mother of God, if it so be yer blessed pleasure, let me sight come upon me!"

There was a general stir. Her mother and Thady fell on their knees, too, startled into excitement by the sudden cry.

Then suddenly a dazzling flash and a crash, and Bridget started to her feet with a cry.

"Och! Mother of God, the sight is on me; so it is. Och, Mother! Thady! 'tis meself has the sight!"

Mrs. Joyce screamed—"Och, Mary Mother, 'tis the Holy Virgin has heard the child! Och, 'tis meself saw the flames from heaven on her."

"A blessed miracle!" cried one.

"'Tis meself saw the flames an' light all about her!"

"The Holy Mother be praised; 'tis myself saw it, too!"

Bridget covered her face with her hands, and sank on her knees. A sudden terror came upon her, and she pressed her hands tightly over her eyes, unwilling to take the blessing sent from heaven till she was sure it was lawful. Her mother's words rushed suddenly into her mind with deadly vividness. Would she take this thing if it was to be in any way harmful to her soul? Might not her prayers have gained this thing even to her soul's harm; and might it not even now be put before her as a temptation to thrust aside?

In the silence and darkness that followed the strange flash, Bridget's voice rose suddenly clear, trembling a little at first and then steady, but filled with the anguish of sacrifice and renunciation, of renunciation of everything that would make life bright for her.

"Holy Mother of God, if so be that the sight would be harmful to me soul, take it from me again."

A short silence—another flash and crash—and amid the sudden torrent of rain that followed, Bridget took her hands from before her eyes.

Darkness! black, utter darkness; she couldn't see any of the lamps on the shrine that she had always heard were there. She could see nothing at all any more than she had seen all her dark, weary life.

Was this to be it then? Her wish had been sin, and her sight had left her again. She had had it just for that moment. She was clear about that, quite clear; and it was of her own free will she had offered it back. And was she not quite willing? Surely she was not so sinful as that; but her dark life for ever after.—Then clear before her rose the one bright, beautiful fact, the miracle had come. She had been singled out. The Holy Mother had spoken to her, and Heaven seemed near.

Then she collapsed. The strain of the past week told now that the excitement had passed, and she fainted away.

When Bridget recovered consciousness, she was lying with her mother's arms round her in a little shed by the roadside, whence she had been carried for shelter out of the downpour of rain. Most of the pilgrims were gathered round her, forgetful for the moment of their own individual sorrows in the excitement of the miracle.

At first she did not quite realise what had happened; only a sense of calm and the nearness of Heaven seemed about her, and then she gradually remembered all. The miracle and the sacrifice. The sacrifice which gave her a sense of dedication to Heaven, and the knowledge that life would never seem quite the same to her again; never quite so narrow and dull, for had she not been chosen out and been in close communion with Heaven? She felt her mother's arms around her, but vaguely fancied at first that it was the Blessed Virgin enfolding her so tenderly in comfort and recognition of her sacrifice, and all sense of disappointment was effaced in the glad sense of a spiritual victory won.

She was recalled to her surroundings by her mother's awed voice.

"Bridget, agra, is the sight on ye asthore now?"

"Arrah no," she answered dreamily, "shure didn't I give it back to the Blessed Mother an' it harmful to me sowl"

But Mrs. Joyce's sense of disappointment was keen. It seemed to her as if Heaven had taken an unfair advantage, and she burst into tears.

Bridget sat up, and stretching out her arms drew her mother towards her.

"Hush now, mother asthore, 'tis meself is glad entirely, so it is, shure is it me sight I'd be havin' an' it harmful to me sowl. Shure didn't I pray to the Holy Mother to take it back from me if it was hurtful to me? so I did, an' 'tis meself wud do it again. Och, 'tis a great joy an' gladness that is on me this night!"

Such intensity and conviction vibrated in her voice and shone on her pale little face that her mother was awed into silence.

So little Bridget Joyce went back to her mountain home, having attained by one simple moment of exaltation the knowledge that takes the wisest of us sometimes a lifetime to learn—namely, that through self-sacrifice we may possess, if not happiness, at least spiritual illumination—back in perfect peace and contentment to sit with patient folded hands waiting, not now for earthly light, but for the light of those heavenly faces which had been so certainly near her on the night of her miracle at Ballymochan.

Once sitting with her in their favourite seat on the hill behind the cabin. Thady ventured timidly to say to her:

"Bridget, mavoureen, what was it ye saw whin the sight came on ye anyway?"

Bridget was silent for a long time, and then said, "Arrah, thin, how could I say now at all anyway, for 'twould be hard to be knowin' just all of a minute like. But there was an awful noise in the thunder as seemed for to shake me through an' through an' brought the sight on me eyes; an' thin, sure, Thady, agra, I put me hands over them, an' me fearful of the sin mebbe: so how could I be tellin' what I saw only just that I knew the sight was there, so I did for sartin shure."

And Thady, feeling that these things were too subtle for him, said no more.

HOW SMALL IS AN ATOM?

This question, to the solution of which Lord Kelvin has more than once applied his mind, has just received a new answer, presented at a meeting of the Physical Society in London, by Mr. H. V. Ridout. The form of atom dealt with by Mr. Ridout is the smallest particle of matter that can take part in electrolytic action, and is sometimes called an ion. A number of ions go to make up an ordinary atom. Taking the element hydrogen, Mr. Rodout concludes that, in round numbers, 114,500,000 dissociated atoms, or ions, are necessary to form a line one centimetre long. In other words, the diameter of such an atom is about one two-hundred-and-ninety-millionth of an inch. Lord Kelvin, after listening to Mr. Ridout, said the diameter of an ion, as above described, was almost exactly one-half of that which he himself had obtained for a molecule of hydrogen.

KILKELLANE.

Sir—Mr. Owen Bresnan has sent me several valuable items concerning the parish of Kilkellane, which is termed by Lewis, Kilkellane, or Kilcullane, and appears on 'Ordnance Map as Kilcullane. On Ordnance Map the site of the Castle of Kilkellane is marked, which Lewis says was erected in the 15th century by the O'Hurleys,, who were a powerful family in this district, and built several castles in this part of the county of Limerick.

Mr. Bresnan says that there is a well in Kilkellane parish named Tobar Cellain, or Well of St. Cellan, but Cellan is a diminutive form derived from Cell; and as Kilmallock or Cill-Mochellog means church of my Cellog, or of my little Cell, it appears to me that Mochellog of Kilmallock and Cellan of Kilcellane may be the same. In "Calendar of Oengus," p. lxv., we read: "Mo Chelloc (my little, or dear, Cell) i.e., of Cell da Chelloc (Kilmallock) in Ui Cairpri in Munster, sed verius est quod Cillin (little Cill or Cell), son of Cael Odran of Cathair Conchaid." So very little is really known concerning Cellan, Cillin, or Cilline of Kilmallock that his connection with Kilkellane is very interesting.

In the "Life of St. Findchua of Bri-Gobann" near Mitchelstown, in Cork, it is stated that Cairbre Crom, son of Crimthann, King of Munster, was fostered in Cell Cromglaise (Church of the bent stream) by Scellan, and perhaps Scellan, which is a diminutive form of Scell, may be the same as Cellan; for in "Calendar of Oengus," p. cxi., we have Forsluag Scillitarum written, also Lasluag, Scellitarum, and Laslog Chillitarum. Cell Cromglaise has not been identified, but the river of Kilmallock is named Lubach, or "bent," while the river of Kilcellane is named Camog, a diminutive from Cam, "bent." In the "Life of St. Findchua" it is stated that the clans of Niall of the North pitched their camp at Loch Siglenn (or Silenn) in Gort Clainne Neill ("field of Niall's clan"), where a victory was won from them by the Munstermen, led by Findchua and Cairbre Crom, and Loch Silenn, from the heads of the slain warriors of Clan Neill being cast into it, was named Loch Cenn, or "lake of the heads." In the "Book of Rights" it is stated that on the island of Loch Cenn was one of the royal forts of Munster, and in "Chronicum Scotorum," under year, A.D. 856, it is stated that the principal lakes and rivers of Erinn were rendered passable to pedestrians owing to great ice and frost, and that Gorman, son of Lonan, royal heir of Cashel, was slain by the Foreigners, as stated in "Annals of Four Masters, A.D. 853, where O'Donovan's note concerning Loch Cenn is incorrect, for Hennessy ("Chronicum Scotorum") says that Loch Cenn formerly existed to the north of Knockaine. Mr. Bresnan has identified the site of the lake in Kilkellane, and portion of the site is now named Ragamus, or place of horse-radish. The lake was formed by an overflow of the Camog river, and Mr. Bresnan says that there were two crannoges in the lake, the site of one being now called the Island, occupied by a farm house of Mrs. Grace O'Ryan, while the other is called Cnoicin Ceann, or "hillock of the heads," or hillock of (Loch) Ceann.

In "State Paper," A.D. 1200, Kilkellane is mentioned: "From the ford of Scivil towards the east, with the whole marsh to Kilkillin, and Kealkillin itself, the grange of Cathercormi (recte Cathercorni, now Cahircorney), Salcuarin, Bali Ichudin, Bali Inacalligi, from the ford of Crether to Crangulligin, Makelkellan (plain of Kilkellane), and the ford of Seagainlag, the grange of Locgeir (Lough Gur), a moiety of Dungeir (now Knockadoon), the island which belongs to the vill of Locgeir." In "State Paper," A.D. 1288, we read: "John Dandun, 1 knight's fee in Kilkellane, rendering 1 pair of furred gloves or 6d., with suit as above. Nicholas de Pierpoint, 2 carucates in Loychgyr (Lough Gur) by the service of 16d., when, etc., with suit as above, and 1 carucate in Bolger rendering to the Bishop of Emly 5 marks a year without suit." Near Tobar Cellain, but at opposite side of the river, Mr. Bresnan says that there is a large stone circle very similar to the one, about eighty yards in diameter, which is on the summit of the hill of Killalough, close to the southern margin of Lough Gur. Beside the margin of Loch Ceann quantities of human bones have from time to time been found. Close to the public road, and west of Kilcellane Church, is a height, called Clogher, from a high crag which was quarried away some years ago by road-contractors; and a little south of Tobar Cellain is a rock named Carrigacurra. Mr. Bresnan says that the people of Kilcellane have a tradition that the Church of Kilcellane was built at a very early period, and that there was a Franciscan friary there, the foundations of which extend from the present ruinated church to the river. A little to the east of the site of Kilcellane Castle Mr. Bresnan has found sites of the two earthen forts, raised, he considers, for protection of the ford, which may be ford of Seagainlag of State Paper, and at opposite side of river, and on hill named The Faheens (plural diminutive of faitche, "a green"), there is a site of a large rath. Mr. Bresnan has traced the site of the old road which passed over ford, through Kilcellane, Cringer, Kilballyowen, Baggotstown, Gormanstown, Bulgaden, to Kilmallock. On the island of Loch Ceann have been found some beautifully carved stones and stone axes.

The island of Loch Cenn is mentioned in "Cogadh Gaedhel Re Gallaibh," p. 140, as one of the royal forts in Munster which were repaired by Brian Boroihme, and these are the names of the forts: Caisel na righ, Cenn Abrat, Inis Locha Cend, Inis Locha Gair, Dun Eochair Maige, Dun Cliath, Dun Crot, Inis Locha Saiglend, Inis an Ghaill Duibh, Ros na Righ, Cenn Coradh, and Borumha; but in this list as given by Keating, Inis Locha Cend appears erroneously as Inis Locha Ce, and Dun Cliath is named Dun Cliach, the fort of the district of Cliu on Knockaine, the site of which has been noted by Mr. Bresnan in "Dublin Penny Journal," when describing the monuments of Knockaine. Dr. Whitley Stokes, in his Index of places and tribes mentioned in "Lives from Book of Lismore," says that Loch Sileann (or Siglenn), mentioned in the "Life of St. Findchua," is Lough Sheelin, on the borders of Cavan, Longford, and Meath, but this is an obvious mistake. According to "Silva Gadelica" and "Battle of Ventry," there was a hill above Ventry Strand named from Siglenn. I think that the two names, Cellan and Scellan, are quite different; but it has occurred to me that as the two are so alike, that some confusion may have arisen, and I have not been able to obtain particulars of Scellan, who is mentioned by Canon O'Hanlon in "Lives of Irish Saints" at April 11th, and in Donegal Martyrology. In the "Calendar of Oengus," p. xlviii., Hui Scellain of Sliabh Mairge in Queen's County is mentioned. In the "Genealogy of Corca Laidhe," p. 19, Scellan, Colman, and Finan are said to be sons of Al, son of Eidercel; and at page 32 there is a Scellan noted, who is son of Erc, son of Eoghan, son of Conall Claen, son of Geran; and in "Lives from Book of Lismore," p. 336, Brig ingen Amalgada and Cillini and Cellan are connected with Achad Æda; but here Cellini and Cellan are the names of holy virgins of St. Brigit of Kildare Many Irish names are, however, equally applied to males and females, and this will not militate against the equation of Cellan of Kilkellane with Cellin of Kilmallock, and the diminutive terminations, an and in, are the same; for instance, Bulgadin, near Kilmallock, is a personal name derived from Bolg, "a sack," and is in old documents written Belgadan, that is, "little sack-bearer." The ford of Crether, mentioned in "State Paper," is probably to be identified with the ford across the Camoge river, where is now Cloghansoun Bridge. There is a clochan or row of stepping-stones here, and Samhain games were practised here; and hence Cloghansoun. Mr. Bresnan has also traced a row of pillar-stones from the Megalithic monuments on Knockroe, at north-east side of Lough Gur, to Cloghansoun.

In "Genealogy of Corca Laidhe," p. 41, Sigeang is said to be daughter of Fermora of Ara Cliach, and at page 59, the three Fothadhs are the three sons of Fuinnche, daughter of Nar, son of Formora of Ara Cliach, and ever since the site of Loch Ceann which is so close to Knockaine and Knockdere has been made out so accurately by Mr. Bresnan, I have thought it highly probable that it is with Loch Cenn ,or Loch Siglenn, that Sigeang, Fermora and Fuinnche were connected by the old Pagan folk of Ara Cliach. I have noted in a previous article that Fuinnche, who is identified with Liban, is connected with Lough Neagh by the Pagan folk of the Ultonian Ara. I do not think that Nar, the father of Fuinnche of the Momonian Ara, is the same as Eochu, the father of Fuinnche of the Ultonian Ara; but if your readers will examine the mythological notes already given, they will find that Fothadh, which is one of the most important names in the mythology, is also connected with the two Aras. Sigeang appears to me to be an extension of Sigean by means of the guttural, which extension is not so common as that by means of the dental, and we thus get Sigean, which is certainly from the old name Sig, or Sid, mentioned in several old tales; and to this word Sig I also refer Siglend, or Sigliu, the old name of Loch Ceann, just as we must trace the old name Ethlend or Ethliu, Cethlend or Cethliu, to the old words, Et, and Cet.

Dr. Joyce ("Irish Names," vol. i., p. 356), says that Assey (Ath Sidhe), on the Boyne, was named from Sidhe, the son of Dian, and father of Sin, Connected with Cletty. In "Bodleian Dinnshenchas," p. 46, Cletty is said to be named from Clettech, son of Deagha (or Deadha), son of Sin; and in "Trans. O.S. Soc., vol. v., p. 289, Professor Connellan, who has taken his account of the Erne or Clanna Deaghaid (Children of Deagha) from O'Flaherty; and Keating says that the Children of Deagha, located in Munster, were descended from Deagha, son of Sin, son of Ailell of Ara, son of Fiach, son of Aengus Tuirmeach, located in Ulster. Ca Roi of Tara Lupachra is said to have been son

if Daire, son of Deagha, son of Sin, son of Ailell of Ara.

In MacLiag's poem given by Connellan ("Trans. O.S. Soc., vol. v.), it is stated that the Fir Bolg obtained possession of Brugh na Boinne, Cnodba, Tailltin, Tlachtga, Ath Sidi, etc. Ath Sidi means ford of Sid, or Sig, and these three names, Sid, Sig, and Sin, are forms of the same old word, though Sid and Sin are made distinct in the tales. In "Todd Lecture Series," vol. iii., p. 399, we read: "I have fear respecting the woman, namely Sin, daughter of Sig." In "Chronicum Scotorum," p. 42, Hennessy says that Sin was a fairy woman, and refers the reader to "Annals of Four Masters," p. 173. Hennessy explains Sin as storm, but this cannot be accepted, for the variant forms, Sig and Sid cannot mean storm. Perhaps the Dun Sige, or fort of Sig, mentioned in the extract taken from the poem of "Dubhthach Ua Lugair," may have been in Kilkellane; and at any rate Dun Sige lay between the river Suir and Knockaine. O'Curry ("Lectures," p. 286), refers to Siogmall, that is, great Sig, or Sid, of Sidh Neannta in present county of Roscommon. This name Sid, Sig, or Sin, must not be confounded with Sid, a sacred mountain, or mountain deity. Dr. Joyce ("Irish Names," vol. i., p. 304), says that the old name of Templeshanbo, in Wexford, was Seanboth-Sine, the old hut of Sin, which, he says, is a woman's name belonging to the Pagan period. O'Donovan ("Boyish Exploits of Finn") says that "Finn had a sister named Sid, who was proverbial in Ireland for her fleetness of foot, and who was the mother of Caoilte Mac Ronain, also famous for his agility. He had another sister Seogen, who was the mother of Cobhthach, son of Crunnchu." Crunnchu and Ronan appear to be the same, though Crundchu is sometimes made son of Ronan, but Caoilte is often said to be son of Crundchu; and I think that Sigeng, that is, Sigen, may be equated with Seogen. Professor Kuno Meyer ("Battle of Ventry," p. x.), quotes from a poem by "Gilla in Chomded," an account of the birth of Caoilte, son of Sid, the sister of Finn, and the daughter of Cumal. Sid is said to have run a race against the swift horses of Eoghan Mor in the Oenuch of Colman, and immediately after winning the race Sid gave birth to Caoilte. Professor Meyer thinks that this tale has been borrowed from the heroic cycle and transferred to a favourite hero of the Ossianic cycle; but it does not appear to me that Munster has borrowed this tale from Ulster; and I think that the tale of Sid and the tale of Macha have a common source, unless the tale has been transferred from the Fenian to the heroic cycle, for the Fenian cycle is much older than the heroic cycle; and in the so-called Ossianic poems there is material belonging to the oldest period. We have in this district of Ane Cliach preserved by local tradition alone tales of Fer Fi and Ane of Cnoc Aine, and what can be produced from the heroic cycle, which will rival Gar of Loch Gair and Ane of Cnoc Aine; and without the slightest reference to the tale of the Emuin of Macha the character of Sid may be obtained from this tale of the Oenuch of Colman, where was laid to rest kings, and priests, and warriors of ancient Mumu, in their dolmens and stone circles, before Rome was built, or Troy was burnt.—Yours faithfully,

J. F. LYNCH.

HONDURAS RUBBER VINES.

In the Pija Mountains, Honduras, grows vines varying in diameter from four inches to two feet, and attaining a length of 100 feet, from which can be obtained a gum resembling that yielded by the india-rubber trees. Senor Davidi, the governor of the department of Comayagua, recently visited the region where the vines abound. He says that they thrive at great elevations as well as at lower levels in the valleys, and in his opinion the rubber produced from them is superior in quality to the Para article.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

IRISH PLACE NAMES.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Sir—W. Martin will find the name Glasnevin explained as "Streamlet of Naeidhe," and Glasthule as "Streamlet of Tuathal," in Joyce's Irish Names, vol. 1, p. 456. I also venture to suggest to the Rev. F. R. Montgomery Hitchcock that it would much increase the value of his articles if he gave the sources from which he quotes. He tells us, for instance, that Magh Breagh means Plain of the Wolf, but Dr. Joyce says that Meagh Breagh means delightful plain, adopting in his text the explanation given in the Annals of Tighernach, but in note he says that the name must mean Plain of the Bregians, and refers to Crowe's note in Kilk. Arch. Jour., 1872, p. 131. In Bodleian Dinnshenchas, p. 5, the name of the plain is connected with Brega, the name of the ox of Dil, and with Breogan, the eponymous ancestor of the Brigantes.

"Magh Breoga, plain of our origin,
As far as Tuaim Brobain without weakness.
The eldest of the heroes over seas
Breoga (Brega) overcame the Brega (Bregians),"

The name of Breogan, from whom were named the Brigantes, is merely an extension of Breg, which in the tales have various forms, such as Brath, Bruth, etc. In Silva Gadelica, p. 529, we have Brath Mac Dedath, and in Silva Gadelica, p. 523, Brath Mac Detha, for Dedath and Detha are variants of the genitive case of the same name. The Brega and the Brigantes must consequently be equated, and hence the reason why in the article on Magh Femin I drew attention to the plain near the town of Tipperary named from Breogan, to the mention by Ptolemy (130 A.D.) of the Brigantes of Tipperary, to the name Dil, and to the royal oxen, etc. Those names are of extreme importance. Mr. Hitchcock also tells us that Ely O'Carroll derived its descent from Eile, or Ely, seventh in line from Cian, a son of the famous Oilioll Olum. The discovery of the monument of Oilioll Olum was given in the "Dublin Penny Journal," and I also explained that Eile is the genitive case of Fial, who in "Corca Laidhe," p. 61, is made daughter of Eochaid Mac Luchta, and from her it is stated that the district of Eile, or Ely, is named, and there is no appeal from "Corca Laidhe." So though Dr. Joyce, in "Irish Names," says Ely O'Carroll and Ely O'Fogarty were named from Eile, the seventh in descent from Cian, we must accept the explanation given in "Corca Laidhe."

Yours, etc.,

J. F. LYNCH.

IRISH NAME CORRECTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Sir—Your correspondent, the Rev. Montgomery Hitchcock, in his interesting article on the O'Carrolls of Ely, explains "Feara Ceall" as the "men of the churches." It is no such thing. It is "men of the wood," or "of concealment," if you wish, and the succeeding part of the paragraph states as much.

In a former article of his he also makes a rather serious mistake of mixing up the name "Grania Maol" with that of the no doubt excellent lady who was the wife of the Chief of Clan William. "Grania Naol" means "noble Grace" or "Grace of the heroes or nobles," and is a poetic name for Ireland, and altogether quite a different name to that of Grace OMalley (Grania ni Maille). It is true that English-speaking, people, ignorant of the Irish language, have mixed up those two names, the mistake arising in reality from the barbaric English spelling of the lady's name.

This should be no excuse for the Rev. Mr. Hitchcock, who is, no doubt, well acquainted with the language of the Gael, as with the history of the leading families.

EIREANNAC.

March 1st, 1903.

"ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS."

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

My Dear Sir—It may be kind to you, in the interests of science, to point out a considerable error which the writer of the article, entitled "Astronomical Observations," fell into in the last issue of the "Dublin Penny Journal." He says the diameter of Neptune's orbit is five billion of miles (5,000,000,000,000). If he had said five thousand millions (5,000,000,000) in round numbers, he would have been nearer the mark. To do such a journey the express train would want a little over ten thousand years.—I remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,

E. A. SELLEY, O.S.A.

St. John's Priory, John st., W., Dublin,
March 3rd, 1903.

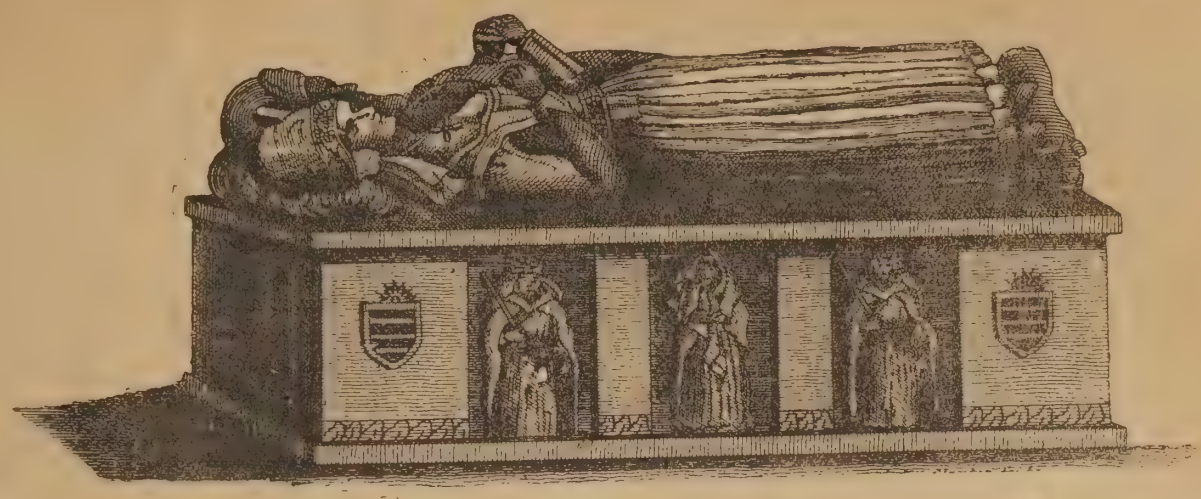
IRISH HANDPRINTS AND FOOTPRINTS IN STONE.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

In an article entitled "Stone Markings," contributed to the "Antiquary" for May, 1891, by the late Miss Margaret Stokes, of Dublin, the following extract originally appeared:—On the occasion of a late visit to the monastery of Bobbio, in the Appennines, founded by the Irish Missionary, St. Columbanus, in the sixth century. I was taken to see a rock on the summit of a mountain called La Spanna, near the cave to which the saint is said to have retired for prayer and meditation. The impression of the saint's left hand is still shown upon the face of this rock, which stands at the boundary of the province of Pavia. The healing power of the patron's hand is believed by the peasantry of the surrounding country to linger still in this hollow marking, and many sufferers have found relief from laying their hand within its palm. Handprints of saintly or divine beings are not so often found as footprints; and, therefore, I looked at this stone-marking with peculiar interest. We have found two instances of veneration for footprints in Ireland. On the Island of Inismurray the imprint of a child's foot may be seen on the right hand of the entrance to the station called Trahanee. The legend is as follows:—"A poor woman carrying her load of kelp along the shore of Inismurray suddenly beheld a Lady of divine beauty and majesty, holding a radiant Child by the hand, who stood on a slab of rock at her feet. The woman, terrified by the vision, dropped her load, and fled to a neighbouring cottage, where she told what she had seen. On returning to the spot, followed by a number of the islanders, they found that the Lady and the Child had vanished; but the mark of the Child's footprint remains to the present day. The other instance is that of an inscribed tombstone in the churchyard of St. Caimin's Church, Iniscaltra, or Holy Island, Lough Derg. It was discovered by the late Sir Thomas Deane in the excavations of the churchyard of St. Caimin's Church in Iniscaltra, when carrying on the works for the preservation of the national monuments and ecclesiastical buildings under the Board of Public Works, 1878-9, and was since stolen by a party of American tourists. This stone was adorned with an Irish cross, and bore the name Cosgraoch Lagnech, with the prints of two footsteps deeply indented in the stone. A stone is said to have been preserved to a late date at Lismore (Co. Waterford), on which the head of the infant Cathaldus, afterwards Bishop of Taranto, in Italy, left its impress, the child having fallen on this stone at the moment of its birth. A similar story is told of the Irish St. Silao, or Sillan, who died on a pilgrimage at Lucca (Italy) in the sixth century. "Miss Stokes was unaware that at a few yards from the old Carmelite Abbey at Kinsale, Co. Cork, is a well in which a stone bearing the mark of a human foot was found. The story goes, that in a time of great scarcity of water one of the monks observed water springing up out of the ground. He went about digging it, and in so doing found the stone, on which was plainly indented the mark of a human foot, supposed to be that of the Blessed Virgin, which by its application and the reciting of the Rosary cures many bed sores." In the county Galway is another stone of this description. Following this, in the parish of Kilbecanty and townland of Carragh is a heap of stones under a large whitethorn tree. On top of the heap is a rude stone cross, and in front of that an oval stone with a hole in the centre. The old people around have a great reverence for this stone, on which they tell you St. Patrick left the impress of his heel when in this part of the country. Until recently pilgrimages were made to this spot, and people suffering from headache touched the stone three times with their foreheads, while reciting the prayers for relief.

Evoc.

THE EUSTACE MONUMENT



IN THE RUINS OF NEW ABBEY. KILDARE.

From the "Anthologia Hibernica," April, 1794.

THE EUSTACE MONUMENT.

A RELIC OF THE PORTLESTERS.

In connection with the drawing of Lord Portlester's Chapel, St. Audeon's Church, Dublin, in our last issue, we give some notes on the history of the Eustace family. The following article on an interesting monument belonging to them in the New Abbey, Kildare, with the picture, which we also reproduce, appeared in the "Anthologia Hibernica," April, 1794:—

This monument was in the ruins of New Abbey, near Kilcullen, in the County of Kildare, till the year 1786, when it was destroyed with the greater part of the ruins, in order to build a Roman Catholic chapel with the stones. But the drawing with which this is accompanied was taken in 1784.

On the tomb, in alto relievo, is the effigies of Sir Roland Eustace, baron of Portlester, and his lady, Margaret Jenico. Sir Roland, who was founder of New Abbey, in the year 1460, is clothed in armour, according to the custom of the times. Lady Eustace is in the fashionable English dress of her age. On her head she wears the cap called a cornet, bound by a fillet or frontlet of gold or silver lace, wrought with the needle in no inelegant pattern. This fillet is tied behind, from which depend long lappets, or rather a kind of veil, which occasionally could be drawn over. On her bosom is a cross of pearls. Her gown is of that species called a kertle, made to sit close, with robings, and as pins were not then in use, made fast by a girdle studded with pearl roses. The skirts are plaited in large and thick folds, and trimmed at the bottom with a flounce. Her shoes are neat, and in the present fashion.

Here observe that the kertle was an English, not an Irish habit, nor did the original Irish ever wear it, though the English settlers constantly did. The Irish ladies wore the gunna, or gown, which was a long, loose robe without sleeves, as represented on O'Connor's monument given in Anth. Hib. vol. i., page 245, and frequently closed by a girdle.

Round the figures, on the outer edge of the tomb, was engraven in relief, in that species of gothic characters called church text, the following inscription:—

"Orate pro anima Rolandi Fitz Eustace de Portlestor qui hoc mo: construxit et fundavit, et qui ob: die Decemb. 19, A.D. 1496, etiam pro anima Margaretæ uxoris suæ."

The time of the decease of the lady is not expressed, as this part of the inscription is much defaced.

On the front of the sarcophagus are three figures in bas relief; that in the middle represents a keener, clothed in the Irish habit; on her forehead she wears the cabhin or keveen, and on her neck and shoulders the shawl or cladhach; her petticoat is also flounced; but she has neither a bodice or kertle; over all, even her head, she wears the Irish fallang or mantle, called also the bratlin or Connaught cloak. The other figures represent two heralds, in the crown, sword, tunic, and cloak of their office; and also on their heads, under the crowns, the long veil or coif, usually worn at funerals. There were some other figures on the opposite side, most of which were defaced, except that of a monk in the habit of his order, at the end. The sacrilegious hands which destroyed this monument were not content with removing the stones which composed it, but also scattered the bones of the founders in various places; sic transit gloria mundi.

THE GRAVE OF MacCAURA.

By Mrs. Downing (nee MacCarthy), born 1815, died 1881.

(The grave of MacCaura is believed to be that of Daniel MacCarthy, at Callan, on the road from Glancrought to Bantry, Co. Cork. This grave is a simple flat stone in memory of this chieftain of the M'Carthys, who fell in a conflict with the Geraldines in 1261, when the latter were defeated with heavy loss).

"And this is thy grave, Mac-Caura,
Here by the pathway lone,
Where the thorn-blossoms are bending
Over the mouldered stone.
Alas! for the sons of glory;
Oh! thou of the darkened brow,
And the eagle plume, and the belted clans,
Is it here thou art sleeping now?

"Oh! wild is the spot, MacCaura,
In which they have laid thee, low—
The field where thy people triumphed
Over a slaughtered foe;
And loud was the banshee's wailing,
And deep was the clansmen's sorrow,
When with bloody hands and burning tears,
They buried thee here, MacCaura,

"And now thy dwelling is lowly—
King of the rushing horde;
And now thy battles are over,
Chief of the shining sword.
And the rolling thunder echoes
O'er torrent and mountain free;
But alas, and alas, MacCaura,
It will not awaken thee.

"Farewell to thy grave, MacCaura,
Where the slanting sunbeams shine,
And the briar and waving fern,
Over thy slumbers twine.
Thou, whose gathering summons
Could waken the sleeping glen,
MacCaura, alas for thee and thine,
'Twill never be heard again."

DUBLIN BRIDGES.

By J. B.

Dublin, in whatever else it may be considered wanting, is by no means deficient in the number or size of its bridges. The River Liffey alone, from the Custom House to Islandbridge, a distance of less than three miles, is crossed in no fewer than ten places by bridges (not counting the railway bridges—viz., the Loop Line and the Great Southern and Western Railway bridge), and when it is taken into account that the distance between the Kingsbridge and Islandbridge is almost a mile it will be seen that the other bridges are very close to each other. It is to the Liffey bridge that the subject of the remarks in this article will be confined.

In very early ages Ireland was intersected by five great roads, all leading from the different parts of the country to Tara. At the place where one of the roads, the one coming from Wicklow, crossed the Liffey, a ford of hurdles was built, and around this ford a town sprung up, which was called Ath Cliath, which means "The ford of the hurdles." This was the ancient name of Dublin, and the ford then built was the first bridge across the Liffey. It is not known at what time the first stone bridge was erected, but it must have been before the Danish invasion. In sinking for the foundations of Whitworth Bridge in 1816 it was found that the foundations of the old bridge, which was erected in the reign of King John, rested on the ruins of a still more ancient bridge of stone. This shows that a stone bridge must have been built across the river at a very early date. Some people may doubt if the art of stone bridge building existed in Ireland at such a remote period, but we must remember that it is hardly probable that a nation which built round towers and churches at that period was ignorant of the art of stone bridge building.

The following is a short historical and descriptive account of the Liffey bridges, commencing at the first nearest the mouth of the river, Butt Bridge:—

Butt Bridge.—This bridge, which is commonly called the Swivel Bridge, was built in 1878, by the Port and Docks Board. It is built so that it can turn on a pivot in the centre of the river, and leave space on each side for ships to pass, but its utility in this direction has been destroyed since the erection of the Loop Line bridge, as no ships can pass under that bridge. At the time of the erection of Butt Bridge a great outcry was raised by some people, who said that it would destroy the view of the Custom House, but the Loop Line bridge already mentioned, built some years later, almost completely cuts off the view of the Custom House from the quays.

O'Connell or Carlisle Bridge.—Built in 1794, this bridge was formerly narrow, but since its rebuilding in 1880 it is one of the finest bridges in the United Kingdom. It rests on three arches, and is about 150 feet long; it enjoys the singular pecularity of being broader than it is long; it has a central pathway which divides the bridge into two roadways, and is crossed by no fewer than four tram tracks. From O'Connell Bridge one of the finest panoramic views of the city can be seen. To the North, Sackville street, with its large buildings and beautiful monuments, conspicuous among the former being the Post Office and the Rotunda, and the more prominent among the latter are O'Connell's and Nelson's. To the East the Custom House and the Harbour. To the South, Westmoreland street, Trinity College, and the Bank of Ireland; and to the West, the long line of quays extending away towards the Park, with the two towers of Christ Church in the distance, rising far above all other buildings.

Wellington Bridge.—Very few people will recognise the metal bridge by this name, yet this is its correct title. It was erected in 1816, and consists of one eliptic arch of cast iron, 140 feet in length, and for several years was considered a great piece of engineering skill. It cost about £3,000, and is used by foot passengers only, on payment of a toll of one halfpenny. It is a somewhat elegant structure, but its appearance is greatly marred by unsightly advertisements.

Grattan or Essex Bridge.—This bridge was originally built in 1678, at a cost of £20,600, and called Essex Bridge, after the Lord Lieutenant of that name. It was re-built in 1755 on a model of Westminster Bridge. In 1874 the tops of the arches were lowered and the bridge made level, and, in addition, was widened by having the footpaths supported by iron wings projecting from the sides of the arches. The total width of the present bridge is 75 feet, or 25 feet broader than the old one. The length is over 200 feet, which is 50 feet longer than O'Connell Bridge. After its rebuilding, in 1874, it was called Grattan Bridge by the Corporation. On this bridge was erected, in 1720, the equestrian statue of George I., which at present is situated in a plot of ground near the Mansion House. It was removed at the rebuilding of the bridge in 1753, and never restored.

Richmond Bridge.—This bridge was opened for traffic in March, 1816. The foundation-stone was laid by Charlotte, Duchess of Richmond, hence the name. It was erected by the Dublin firm of G. Knowles, at a cost of £25,000. It rests on three arches, the keystones of which are ornamented by large heads representing on one side, Peace, Hibernia, and Commerce, and on the other Plenty, the River Liffey, and Industry.

Whitworth Bridge.—This bridge occupies the site of what was undoubtedly the first stone bridge built across the Liffey. In 1214 King John granted permission to the people of Dublin to pull down the old bridge, which was in a dangerous state, and build a new one. In 1385 the bridge collapsed, and was replaced by another, built by the Dominican Friars, in 1428, for the convenience of their students at their school at Usher's Island. It is not known at what time this bridge was replaced. In 1307, we learn that shops were built on the old bridge, and in 1310 King Edward II. sanctioned the erection of a fortified tower on it. In 1573 a public clock was put up on the bridge, and in 1697 lamps were first put up on it for the proper lighting of the river. Near the bridge stood the house of the famous Ussher family, one of whom, John Ussher, published, in 1571, the first book in the Irish language. For many years this bridge was the only means of communication between the city and its suburbs. The present bridge was built in 1816, during the Viceroyalty of Lord Whitworth, and, according to a custom which then prevailed, was called after him.

Queen's Bridge.—Built in 1764, this bridge succeeded Aran Bridge, which was carried away by a flood in 1763. It rests on three arches of hewn stone; the centre one has a span of 45 feet, and each of the others 35 feet. The piers are 7 feet in thickness. The total length of the bridge is about 130 feet.

Victoria Bridge.—At this site in 1670 a wooden bridge was erected which, according to ancient records, was the second bridge built over the Liffey. In the same year some apprentices attempted to destroy it, so as to cut off the military barracks on the opposite side of the river. This led to a fight with the military, who captured some of the offenders, but, on recrossing the bridge with their prisoners, they were attacked by a crowd which had collected, and in the fight which ensued several people were killed. This affray led to the bridge being called "Bloody Bridge"—a name by which it is known to the majority of people to the present day. The wooden structure of 1670 was replaced by a stone bridge, this in turn was replaced by the present handsome structure which consists of one span of iron of about 100 feet, resting on granite abutments.

Kingsbridge.—An ornamental iron bridge of one span of 100 feet, resting on granite supports, was erected in 1827 to commemorate the visit of George IV. to Ireland. It cost about £13,000, which was raised by public subscription.

Sarah Bridge.—Commonly called Islandbridge was named after Sarah Countess of Westmoreland, who laid the foundation stone in 1791. It consists of one graceful arch of 104 feet. It has been called the Irish Rialto on account of its elegant proportions, and is said to be seven feet longer than the famous Venetian Bridge. It connects Kilmainham with the approaches to the Park.

It will be seen from the above accounts that all the present Liffey bridges are quite modern, all, except one, having been built or rebuilt within the last one hundred years. The bridges present a very fine appearance from the quays, a spectator being particularly struck with the neatness of the design of the iron bridges, and the imposing width of O'Connell Bridge. Although it must be confessed that when the tide is out the view of the bed of the river by no means adds to their beauty. However, it is to be hoped that when the main drainage scheme is some time in operation, the general aspect of the sides and bottom of the Liffey will be considerably improved.

TO LEARN LANGUAGES.

A NEW WAY ADVANCED TO MASTER THEM IN A SHORT TIME.

"It doesn't require any great length of time to learn a language if one has patience," said a man who has mastered several languages, "and when I hear a man regret that he is not able to speak French, or German, or Spanish, or some other language unknown to him I cannot conceal my amusement. In nine cases out of ten I might say that the men who express a regret of this sort handle English very poorly if that happens to be their language. The chances are that their vocabularies are extremely limited, and it would probably surprise them to know that, despite the advantages of birth and education, they could not command more than 600 or 700 words in English if their lives depended upon it. Yet they are able to carry on intelligent conversation, and many of them may become forcible and even axiomatic in their sayings, and they plunge into discussions of literature, art, music, and other subjects of such fine elegance, and do it rather successfully, too. Now how long ought it take for a man to learn 600 or 700, or even 1,000 words, in any language? Certainly, it ought not to take any great length of time, and from my own experience I know that it does not. Of course I am not speaking now of mastering so that one can get the full benefit of all the refinements of speech in a particular tongue. But I have in mind the idea of speaking intelligibly in a given language and being able to understand perfectly what is said in return. I have a system which I have worked out, and it has been of vast benefit to me, and has enabled me to learn a number of languages. It occurred to me while I was in Mexico a few years ago on important business. I could not speak a word of Spanish, and I could not understand the language. I concluded that I would learn the language. My plan was simply this: I made up my mind that I would not retire at the close of any day as long as I was there without learning at least three words in Spanish, how to pronounce them and what they meant. That would give me ninety words per month, or something over 1,000 in a year's time. I stuck to the task, and I was there nine months, and as a result of my system I was not only able to converse in Spanish, but carried on my correspondence in Spanish. I don't suppose I could write an essay in the language, but I can speak it, write it, and understand it, and it was all brought about by the three words a day system."

THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK.

By CHARLES SMITH, M.D.

Æquum est enim meminisse & me, qui discerem hominem esse et vos, qui Judicetis ut si probabilia dicentur nihil ultra requiratis. Cicero Univers

In Two Volumes.

VOL. I.

The Second Edition, with Additions.

Chapter V.

A Description of the Barony of Bear and Bantry.

Bear and Bantry compose but one barony (1); it is very large, but barren and desolate, there being but two or three resident clergy in the whole barony; but what it wants in the goodness of the land is amply made up by the noblest bays in the world, that of Bantry being capable of containing all the shipping in Europe. This bay is also called Bear-haven, and has given title of viscount to the family of Berkley, who were Viscounts Fitz-Harding, of Bear-haven. It at present gives title of viscount to the Right Hon. Walter Chetwynd, created Viscount Chetwynd, of Bear-haven, and Baron of Rathdown, in the County of Wicklow, anno 1717, the 3rd of George I.

The town of Bantry is seated at the bottom of this extensive bay on the E. side. It was formerly called Ballygobbin as also the Old town to distinguish it from another settlement, called the New Town, where Ireton had a fortification erected, with four regular bastions, which caused the inhabitants to build near it, but when this fort went to decay, they returned, by degrees, to the Old Town, called Bantry, from its being the chief settlement of this half barony. A few years ago, when the pilchards (2) frequented this bay, it was a very thriving town; but for want of employment, is again fallen into decay. Near it stood a Franciscan abbey, founded anno 1460 by Dermot O'Sullivan, now entirely demolished. In many creeks round this bay are several fish palaces, as they are called, built for saving, preserving, and salting of pilchards of which commodity several thousand pounds worth have been sent from hence to Spain, Portugal, and Italy; but of late years there has not a single pilchard appeared on the coast. The Sullivans had formerly several good seats round this bay; that of Rinedizart was demolished by a ship of war, in Oliver Cromwell's time. They had another at Black-rock, where there is a good house of Samuel Hutchinson, Esq. Three rivers fall into this bay from the N., viz., Moyallah river, being the most easterly, next to Bantry, which empties itself down a steep rock into the bay; neither salmon nor trout can go up into it, so that it is quite destitute of either; the Ouvane, i.e., the middle river; and the western river, called Curloom. In the town of Bantry is a barrack for a foot company, and a decent parish church; it formerly gave title of Baron to Roper, Viscount Baltinglass. The bay of Bantry is 26 miles long, and, in most places, above a league broad; in the midst of it are 40 fathom water. There are few strands round it, the coasts being all high, stupendous rocks. The entrance of this bay is formed by the mountains of Bear-haven to the N.W., and Sheep's-head point to the S.E. On the larboard hand lies the island of Bear-haven; all the W. side is one continued chain of lofty mountains, running far up the country to the N., and dividing the counties of Cork and Kerry; they were anciently called Vallis Juncosa, and were the retreat of the ancient Irish, soon after the arrival of the English, from whence they scarce stirred till the divisions of the houses of York and Lancaster obliged many of the latter to quit the country; upon which the Irish came once more into the lower grounds, to the great annoyance of the remaining English. The island of Whiddy, anciently Fucida Insula, lies opposite to the town of Bantry; it is a pleasant spot, of a triangular form, and the soil is excellent. In it Richard White, Esq., whose property it is, has a deer park, where are both a fresh and salt water lake, at no great distance from each other. The deer are very fat, and this island produces as large mutton as any in the county of Limerick, where the largest in Ireland is said to be; it is not unpleasant to see the small Bantry mutton, which is exceeding fat and good in its kind, compared to this of Whiddy island, and bears no proportion to it as to bigness. In this island are good orchards, and also a profitable hop-yard; it abounds with hares, as the owner suffers none to be killed. Near Whiddy island are some small ones, viz., Horse-island, Hog-island, Chapel-island, and Coney-island; and all these fatten lean horses, in the spring season, to admiration.

From Bantry to Bearhaven, by land, there is nothing remarkable, except the iron furnaces at Comolin, which have been in a thriving condition for some years past; but wood begins to grow very scarce. In the bay of Glengariff, and towards the N.W. part of Bantry bay, they dredge up large quantities of a coral sand, found to be a most excellent manure, and lasts in the ground above 20 years. At Ross Mac-Owen, midway between Bear-haven and Bantry, lives Mr. Murtough O'Sullivan, a person well known in those parts; he and his elder brother, who is commonly called Mac-Fineen Duff, who lives near the river of Kinmair, are the chief remains of the O'Sullivan family in this country. There is in Spain a descendant of O'Sullivan Bear, who is ennobled, and called there Count of Bear-haven; and is also said to be hereditary governor of the Groyne.

Not far from Ross Mac-Owen is one of the largest and highest waterfalls in this kingdom. This cataract is very visible from the town of Bantry, at least 14 miles distant from it. The water is collected from various small rivulets and springs, forming a large lake, on the top of a vast, high, rocky, and almost perpendicular mountain, called Hungry-hill, which is at least 700 yards above the level of the bay of Bantry. The water cascades from the top of this mountain in a beautiful sheet, at least ten yards broad, which expands as it falls; about half the height of the mountain it dashes perpendicular on a prominent rock, from whence a mist arises almost a third part of the hill, which, in some particular stations, the sun's rays playing on it, and meeting with the eye of a spectator, must make a charming appearance; these kind of mists, in such positions, generally reflecting the colours of the Iris; hence it falls, from rock to rock, till it has passed the rugged declivity of Hungry-hill; and before it gains the ocean, it has another fall, cascading, in an arch, over a lower hill; all which make a fine sight as one sails up and down the bay. But those who are curious will not murmur at the labour they may have in visiting every part of this noble cataract; nor will, I hope, the poetical reader at the following description of one, from Mr. Thomson, which very literally agrees with ours:

Thus up the mount, in visionary muse,
I stray, regardless whither; till the stun
Of a near fall of water ev'ry sense
Wakes from the charms of thought: Swift shrinking back,
I stand aghast, and view the broken scene.
Smooth to the shaggy brink, a spreading flood
Rolls fair and placid, till collected all,
In one bright glut, as sinks the shelving ground,
Th' impetuous torrent tumbling down the steep,
Thunders and shakes th' astonish'd country round.
Now a blue wat'ry sheet; anon disper'd,
A hoary mist, then gathered in again,
A darted stream along the hollow rock
This way and that tormented, dashing thick
From steep to steep with wild infracted course
And restless roaring to the humble vale.
With the rough prospect tired, I turn my gaze
Where in long vista, the soft murmuring main
Darts a green lustre.

Thomson's Seasons.

Castle-town, alias Castle-dermot, is a small village, of little note, opposite to the island of Bear-haven, which is about six miles long, is very coarse, mountain-

(1) In this barony are the parishes of Kilmacomoge, Kilcaskin, Killaghaninagh, Kilkaterin, Kilmanagh, and Durrus; it contains 195 plowlands, and 84,132 acres, of which 15,911 are very justly esteemed unprofitable.

(2) On the 3rd June, 1749, Mr. Richard Mead, of this town, to entitle him to a præmium given by the Rev. Doctor Madden, fully proved to the Dublin Society that he had, within the year, catched and cured 380,800 fish of different kinds, six score to the hundred; a prodigious taking for one man! And that this was no casual thing, is evident from Mr. James Young of the same place, his having catched and cured 482,500 herrings, and 231 barrels of sprats the preceding year. If private adventurers, with small funds, are able to do so much, what may we not reasonably expect, if a sufficient stock was raised to establish a general fishery on our coasts?

ous, and rugged, yet is of great use in defending this noble bay from the fury of the S.W. winds; so as vessels within the island may ride secure, according to those lines of the poet:

Nec tamen hoc arctis immissum faucibus æquor
Portus erat, si non volentos insula coros
Exciperet saxis, laxasq; refunderet undas.
Hinc illinc montes, Scopulosæ rupis aperto
Opposuit natura mari flatusq; removit,
Ut tremulo starent contentæ fune carinæ.
Lucan, lib. II.

Nor yet the bending shores cou'd form a bay,
Did not a barrier isle the winds delay,
And break the seas tempestuous in their way.
Huge mounds of rocks are plac'd by nature's hand,
To guard around the hospitable strand,
To turn the storm, repulse the rushing tide,
And bid the anch'ring barque securely ride.
Rowe.

S.E. from Castle-dermot stood the celebrated castle of Dunboy, which, in the year 1602, was taken by Sir George Carew, after a most obstinate and vigorous defence. Crossing a rude, uncultivated country to the W., the river of Kinmare, as it is called, though really a large bay of the ocean, appears. The E. side of the mouth of this river is in this county; and farther up, both sides belong to that of Kerry.

From hence one has a prospect of the Durseys, anciently called Bea Insula. This island is very strong by nature, because of the difficulty of landing, which is convenient but by one narrow entrance, that might be defended by a few hands, and was formerly fortified with a castle, by some mistaken for the ruins of an abbey; besides, it is impossible to arrive at this spot but in a dead calm, the least gale of wind raising such billows, as it is very dangerous for any boat to come near the shore. This seemingly impregnable place was chosen by the Irish, after the defeat of the Spaniards, for their last refuge, if Dunboy should be taken by the English. They committed the custody of it to Connor O'Driscol, son and heir to Sir Fineen O'Driscol, who procured three pieces of Spanish ordnance to be conveyed into this island, with stores, ammunition, and 60 men, which fortified it, as they imagined, against the most potent enemy; but they were soon obliged to surrender it to Captain Rostock who demolished the forts, and brought off the garrison prisoners to the camp at Dunboy, where they were all executed. This island is exceedingly rough and coarse, and is about three Irish miles long.

From the S. part of Bantry bay to the N., there are but two passages by which one can go into Kerry; that on the N. end is a most rugged, dangerous one, called the Priest's-leap, and well known in this country, from whence the road leads over the mountain of Mangerton, justly esteemed one of the highest in Ireland. Among these wild tracts are, here and there, some yew trees remaining, of a very large size; they were formerly in greater plenty, as was also the arbutus or strawberry tree, which is celebrated to flourish in such soils.

Surgit and in solis formosior arbutus antris.
Propertius, lib. I.
Arbutus fairest in wild tracts arise.

There are plenty of red deer in this country; but they are, of late, become exceeding rare.

The castle of Cariganass, which belonged to the O'Sullivans, is built on the river Ouvane, four miles from Bantry. It was an high structure, with a square court, and flanked with four round towers. In it Daniel O'Sullivan, surnamed Caumb, i.e., crooked, kept garrison in Queen Elizabeth's time. But upon Tirrel's flying the country, after the conquest of Dunboy,, this castle, and that of Ardea, were surrendered to the Queen's forces. Near this is a fine oak wood still growing; one Dennis Hurley, aged 96, who died about thirty years since, remembered the cutting down of this wood three different times, and at each cutting the trees were fit for beams, boat-timber, and most other uses. Richard White, Esq., of Bantry, whose land it is, had some time ago occasion to dig out a large piece of oak sunk in a morass, and found the soil about it, for seven feet perpendicular, to be a fat, grazy clay, of the colour of rotten cheese, free from grit, and dissolving readily in the air; the soil produces a very large quantity of rank, swarthy grass. This wood is situated between two mountain rivers, which bring down great quantities of earth and mud that, with the spray and leaves of the trees, compose this kind of soil. This earth, upon trial, did not ferment with acids; but it might probably be an excellent manure for coarse, gravelly grounds.

In returning from Bantry to Carbery, the road is extremely rocky; three miles E. of Bantry there is a valley, called Murdering-glin; in it are a vast quantity of large stones and rocks, thrown together in the same sportive confusion as if they were shot out of the mouth of a prodigious large volcano; and the adjacent hill on the top being hollow, with a rugged, stony edge around it, looks not unlike the mouth of one. About the town of Bantry, on the adjacent hills, are some well-cultivated grounds; and I have seen a meadow belonging to Richard White, Esq., which he reclaimed from a bog, that afforded near double as much hay as I ever saw mowed off the same quantity of land; where the ditches were made to enclose this field, there was a white, coarse clay thrown up, that lay at the bottom of the turfy soil; and where this clay was laid, the grass grew very luxurious, which seems to be no bad hint for the improvement of such drained lands. This clay adds a firmness and solidity to the bog; and yet would probably hurt any other kind of soil, as it is in its own nature cold and impoverishing.

Having described all the baronies S. of the Blackwater, I proceed now, to describe those on the N. of that river.

(To be Continued.)

FORESTRY IN IRELAND.

In a recent issue of "Woods and Forests," Lord Powerscourt gives an interesting description of extensive planting which he has carried out in the Co. Wicklow.

The first plantation which I undertook, he says, was on a mountain opposite Powerscourt, at an elevation of from 700 to 900 feet above the sea, where I enclosed with dry stone walls some 350 acres, in addition to an old plantation, and planted it principally with larch and Scotch fir. The wood was planted about the year 1861 or 1862, and I have been for some years cutting poles out of it of very good growth, and it is now ready for a thinning which will produce prop wood and very shortly even telegraph poles.

I then took in about 200 acres or so of another mountain, and planted it with the same description of trees, with a few oaks interspersed, but this wood has had the misfortune to be burnt twice from careless people throwing lighted matches into the furze with which parts of it were covered, and which had grown up near the roads after having been cut at he time the planting was done. The wood will, therefore, have in great part to be replanted. The success, however, of the unburnt part of this, as well as of the first plantation, induced me to undertake a similar operation on a larger scale, and the method was the same in each case. I employed a small gang of some seven or eight men to build dry walls of about six feet in height, with the stones so plentiful on the ground, round the sites of the intended plantations, that height including a rough, or, as it is called, a Scotch coping, the outer face of the walls being built perpendicular or with a slight batter inwards at the top, and to a certain extent smooth, the coping projecting outwards some six or ten inches to prevent mountain sheep jumping over it, the inside being left quite rough.

In these plantations there was scarcely any drainage to do than merely deepening and straightening a few small mountain streams so as to prevent the water spreading over the ground and soddening it. This large plantation is at an elevation of some 500 feet at the bottom to 900 feet at the top, above the sea. In the walls, both at top and bottom, were made openings, fitted with iron gratings slung at the top and left loose at the bottom, to prevent stones or gravel brought down by floods from stopping up the water ways. The cost of the wall was 11s. per perch of 7 yards, and there are about 1,266 perches of it. I am not very sure as to the extent enclosed, as it has not been surveyed, but I think I am rather under than over the mark in stating it at about 700 Irish acres.

In some parts of the large plantation here, which I call Ballyreagh Wood, from the name of the townland in which most of it is situate, although it extends partly into another townland, the trees were pitted, as I had such a large quantity of trees in the nursery that there was not time sometimes to plant them all out in one season, and some of those which remained over from the season before had grown too large for notching. For the first two or three years the pitted plants appeared

to have the advantage, as they looked larger than the notched ones, but now, in 1833, it would be impossible to tell the difference. The cost of pitting was about one shilling per 100 holes. There was a remarkable difference to be seen also in the trees which had been planted in ground which had formerly been cultivated, from those planted in virgin soil, which had always been pastured by sheep. In the space now occupied by the wood were several small plots which had formerly been potato gardens belonging to cottier tenants who had emigrated in the famine years of 1847 and 1848. The whole hillside was planted at once, including these small plots, and at a distance one could easily see at first where the cultivated land had formerly been, as the trees throve much better on the virgin soil, and looked a much lighter colour, and less healthy on the tilled portions, owing to the exhausted nature of the soil. The trees, however, very soon cured that themselves, by the yearly deposit of their fallen leaves, and now no one could see the difference. The plants were supposed to be put in about 4 feet apart, but, taken as a whole, they were rather under than over that, and about 4,000 per Irish acre may be taken as an average.

On the higher parts the growth has not, of course, been so rapid as below, but still it is fairly satisfactory. On the portion which has been twice thinned the trees stand now at an average distance of 8ft. apart—say, 1,000 trees per Irish acre—and if we value them at 3d. each we have £12 10s. per acre at the present market value. I do not think this is too high, taking the average girth of the larch at ten inches at 6ft. from the ground. For the first ten years it may be prudent to assume that no return whatever will be derived from the plantation; the thinnings up to this time do not more than cover the expense of cutting and the interest on the first crop. But after a lapse of, say, twenty-five years from the time of planting, it is a moderate estimate that, for thirty to forty years, an annual return of 8s. per acre may be obtained, and at the age of forty to forty-five years the crop left standing cannot be worth less than £50 per acre.

No doubt many causes may supervene to affect the value of the plantations, such as variety of soil and situation, and the demand for timber at the time it is cut; but if anything like the present rate of growth is maintained for the next twenty years the estimate stated above of the value of the standing crop will not be too high. On some of the higher parts, the rate of growth being slower, the value will therefore be proportionately less, but it may be questioned whether the shelter afforded to each other by the trees when they get up will not bring them forward nearly as fast as those on the lower level. The average growth of the larch at the first planted parts was little short of thirty inches last year, and there seems no reason why this rate should not continue.

COMETS OF THE NEW YEAR.

Eight periodic comets are due to pay a visit to the sun in 1903. In fact, the perihelion date of one, the Tempel-Swift comet, fell in December, 1902, and that of another, D'Arrest's, comes in January, 1904. Seven of them made their last previous visit in 1900, and one in 1901. But not all were seen then, and it is not expected that all will be visible this time. Some will be hidden behind the sun, and some are supposed to have gone slightly astray under the influence of Jupiter. Their names and perihelion dates are: Perrine, May 5, 1903; Giacobini, May 15, 1903; Spitaler, August 16, 1903; Faye, October 15, 1903; Brooks, December 12, 1903; D'Arrest, January 15, 1904.

AN IRISH HEROINE IN HUMBLE LIFE.

Some years ago, in, we believe, 1896, a will suit was tried by Judge Adams at Limerick in which the matter in dispute was the will of an old woman named Catherine Gavin, who died some time previously at Bruff, in the county Limerick. It does not appear to have been mentioned at the trial that this poor woman was a heroine whose story forms part of the record of that great tragedy, the American Civil War. Her story is told in General Baker's "Secret History of the War," and in other accounts of the great struggle. At the breaking out of the war Mrs. Gavin was a poor widow at Troy, New York State, and supporting her family by her industry. She had a son, Con. Gavin, an idiot, who was sent to the asylum at Albany, and there kindly treated. When a lad in his late teens the supply of men in the Northern Army ran very short, and a bounty of 200 dollars was offered for each recruit. All kinds of frauds were practised by the ruffians called bounty-jumpers. some of those scoundrels carried off, with, is is to be feared, the aid of one of the asylum staff, Gavin and other idiot lads, enlisted them in the Northern Army, and pocketed the bounty. Con Gavin was at once sent to the front; and from that time forward no certain trace of him could ever be discovered. The poor mother, on hearing the news, became nearly frantic, and, leaving her work, managed to get to Washington. There she succeeded in obtaining an interview with President Lincoln, a most kind-hearted man, who gave her letters to some distinguished officers, and then she set out on her great search for "poor Con." It lasted for two years—that is to say, up to the end of the war. On two occasions there was an intermission of some months caused by her resources failing. When this happened she went back to Troy, worked hard at daily manual labour, lived on bread and water, and thus saved enough to renew the search. In pursuit of her quest Mrs. Gavin visited every camp of the army from the Mississipi to the Atlantic, inspected every regiment in the service, and searched every military hospital in the country. She soon became known to the soldiers far and wide. There was little resemblance between this poor Irish washerwoman and Longfellow's famous Acadian heroine—"Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers." And yet both quests sprang from the same source—love—and Mrs. Gavin's search after her son was as thorough as that of Evangeline after Gabriel.

"In seasons and places,
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden,
Now in the tents of grace of the meek Moravian missions;
Now in the noisy camps and the battlefields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns, and populous cities."

Many a night and day were spent by Mrs. Gavin in bivouac and battlefield, and she witnessed some of the principal engagements of the great war. Her story passed from the Northern to the Southern lines, and she was permitted to enter the entrenchments of the Confederacy, and to search some of its hospitals and prisons. When for a moment she rested by some camp fire she would spring up and exclaim, "But I must go and look for poor Con!" and she started forth on her weary round, now passing from bed to bed in a hospital, now scrutinising with keen eye the soldiers of a regiment, now turning over the corpses of the brave as they lay on the battlefield. At one time Mrs. Gavin believed that she had found her son, and an officer was actually put under arrest for concealing traces of his identity. This seems to have ended in nothing; the war-cloud over the fate of Con Gavin was never cleared up. When, many years after the war, the Pension Act was passed by Congress, Mrs. Gavin, as the mother of the soldier who had presumably died in the war, was awarded a pension of £40 a year and arrears thereof for several years. It was the arrears which were litigated about in the will-suit already mentioned. The will was broken, as the poor woman's mind had failed in recent years, but she had not forgotten the famous object of her long search. She had left money "for Masses for the soul of my dear son, Con."

LINKS WITH THE PAST.

On page 12 of "Reminiscences of a Long Life," by the late Rev. Dr. Killen (London: Hodder, 1901), occurs the following notable passage, which illustrates how Irish longevity connects so closely the present time with the now remote seventeenth century:—"Of the senior members of the family, my grand-uncle, James Miller, alone remained. He died early in 1829 in the ninetieth year of his age. He retained his faculties to the last. He was born in 1739—famous as the year of the Black Frost—and could tell what he had often heard of the awful severity of that visitation and of the dearth which followed. He had also traditions of the fifty or sixty years preceding. He had once, in his youth, met with a very aged man, who, as he informed him, passed through "the wars of Ireland," including the conflicts towards the close of the reign of James II., and the Battle of the Boyne. Thus it would appear there is only one link—that is my grand-uncle's—in the chain of tradition connecting me with those who were moving about in the days of William III." A more striking instance, perhaps, of this same sort of living links with the past is that narrated in a foot-note to page 258 of the Rev. A. Coleman's excellent edition of Stuart's "Armagh" (Dundalk: William Tempest)—a work interesting alike to all classes of Irishmen, and now to be had at a considerably reduced price:—"In the year 1784 a very old man and a woman still older met accidentally in the shop of Mr. Robert Cochran, Market street, Armagh. The man, who was a beggar, had accompanied King James in his visit to Armagh, and had afterwards fought at the Battle of the Boyne. The woman, who resided near Hamilton's Bawn, was the widow of a soldier who had carried arms under King William. They quarrelled and scolded each other vehemently about the politics of the previous century. They both, however, coincided with the ancient tradition relative to the houses in which King James had lodged in Armagh. The author of this work (James Stuart) and Mr. Cochrane's family were present at their meeting. The woman lived to the age of 140, her daughter to that of 122." James Stuart, who wrote this note in the original edition of his History of Armagh, first published at Newry in 1819, died September 28th, 1840, and was interred in the Antrim Road Cemetery, Belfast. More remarkable still is the case of this sort recorded in his "Memories of Youghal," by Canon Hayman, who died in 1886. A Youghal doctor still in practice when Hayman wrote his "Memorials," attended professionally a weaver named Kennedy, who died in Windmill lane in 1823, aged 114 years. Kennedy informed this doctor that he had served his apprenticeship to a weaver named Fox, who carried on his business in the North Main street, near the Clockgate, Youghal. Fox, when a boy, stole away from his work in order that he might follow the great funeral from Dungarvan (that of General Jones); and he listened to Cromwell's address over the rmains St. Mary's Abbey Church, Youghal. Fox remembered quite well the appearance of Cromwell in the street, with his slouched hat and military cloak; and he saw him on the 26th of May, 1650, ass with a cavalcade, under the Watergate, embark at the landing-stairs near the Old Fort, and get on board a large frigate, "The President," bound for England."

To the above may be added another example of Irish longevity in the person of Samuel Shields, who died at Molenan, near Londonderry, on Monday, February 15th, 1892, aged 108. Samuel Shields, who was born in the adjoining district of Balloughry, and was a weaver by trade, had a vivid recollection of the incidents of the Rebellion of 1798, and being an eye-witness to the event, often described with great clearness the removal of Napper Tandy and the French prisoners to Lifford Jail, after capture in the "La Hoche," off Lough Swilly. Shields and others walked to Lifford to see the prisoners.—J. C.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Kitton has collected together for the first time, for issue by Chapman and Hall, all Charles Dicken's poems, occasional verses, and songs. The collection will include not only the lyrics from Dicken's operettas, "The Village Coquettes" and "The Lamplighter," but also his political squibs and songs in the "Examiner," "Daily News," and elsewhere. Bibliographical notes supply the circumstances of production, with some anecdotal particulars.

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Messrs. Isbister and Co., London, will issue, on St. Patrick's Day, Seumus MacManus' first novel, "A Lad of the O'Friel's." It is a story of Donegal life in the forties, and contains descriptions of scenery and character in which the writer is apt. The book is also published by Messrs. M'Clue, Phillips, and Co., New York. Mr. MacManus has at present "on the stocks" another novel dealing with the days of the Molly Maguires.

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Messrs. Methuen are publishing the Four Folios of Shakespeare reproduced by photography from perfect copies. Though reprints from the First Folio by facsimile or otherwise have been from time to time published, no reprints of the Second, Third, or Fourth Folios have hitherto being produced. A fine set of the Four Folios cannot now be bought for less than £2,500, and even for a poor set £1,000 would be a low price. A thousand copies of each Folio will be printed on pure linen-paper, and the price of each will be three guineas net. The binding will be paper boards, but the books may also be had bound in full calf in the contemporary style for an additional sum per volume. This is a spirited enterprise, and ought to prove successful.

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The "Literary Year Book" for 1903 leads off with a portrait of M. Maurice Maeterlinck; then follows a survey of the "Year's Work, 1902," by Mr. Herbert Morrah. Mr. Morrah is optimistic on the whole; he thinks that literature is flourishing, and that in the dramatic world there are "signs of abundant life." The "Year Book" continues to increase in bulk; authors join the literary ranks with airy cheerfulness, and if they repent they repent in secret. This year the directory of authors runs to one hundred and sixty pages, and that of publishers, including a useful foreign section, to forty pages. On the civil list there are no fewer than one hundred and seven more or less literary pensioners, the annual grants ranging between £25 and £250.

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The latest Literary Examination Paper set by "Good Words" has "David Copperfield" for subject. Here is the first question:—

1. Explain with reference to the context:—
   i. "That's a settler for our military friend."
   ii. "My foot will be upon my native heath."
   iii. "Touch the Commons and down comes the country."
   iv. "You are playing Booty with my clerk."
   v. "What I wish is that parties was brought up stronger minded."

There follow six more questions, of which the last is: "Transcribe from the columns of the Middlebay 'Times' a valedictory letter (imaginary) to Lord Tennyson from the pen of Wilkins Micawber, Esquire, Junior." Competitions of this kind are very popular, we believe; but does the book selected for the examination paper ever give the competitors any further pleasure?

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Mr. Murray's instances of verb manufacture in the "Spectator" have drawn three letters on the subject. One of the "Spectator's" correspondents writes:—

In six out of the nine instances given by Mr. Murray the novelists or poets he condemns are suported by authority. The "Century Dictionary' gives "hoarse," "husk," "shrill," "tiptoe," "glimpse," "parrot," as verbs, with references to Shakespeare, Spenser, Richardson, etc. Mr. Murray must get used to bad calligraphy. I am convinced that his Guppy must have written, not "yells," but "wells of joy artesianed up his throat"; and if Guppy hath not "enriched our tongue," this effort is distinctly "good."

Then follows a communication from a lady concerning children's coinages:—

Only yesterday when my little girls were playing with a toy hospital, one of them said to the other: "This child seems to be suffering from 'cute neuralgia in the eyelashes; bettn't we give it a dose of cough lozenges?". Again, in speaking of two china dogs, she said: "'Castor' and 'Pollux' look languid this morning; bettn't they have a bath?" Her sister observed to me just now: "What a noise you did make tintacking with that hammer!" "Had not we better," or "they had better," sounds very awkward and cumbersome compared to the brief and convenient "bettn't."

Children, however, are privileged; it is, perhaps, fortunate that they do not write for publication.

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In the current number of "Longman's Magazine" we find some simple and beautiful verses by Mrs. Shorter, entitled "The Child." The child comes to turn hopelessness into gladness:—

"Will you not stay and teach us to be glad?"
The woman cried; "We then, indeed, were blessed."
"I am but little to go forth alone,"
The babe replied, and nestled to her breast.

And so he stayed for many years to play
Beside the hearth, and at each purple eve,
When came the man soft singing from his work,
All full of dreams he could but half believe.

The woman met him on their threshold; spoke
In solemn wonder, with a "Hush!" and "Hark!"
"To-day he drove out Sorrow from the door:
With his small hands he shut her in the dark."

Or, "Go you soft: he slumbers like a bird
That nests, half-singing in his pleasant sleep:
To-day from our hearth-side he thrust out Grief—
This wonder-child did laugh to see her weep."

Then the child becomes a man, goes out into the world, and returns with something of the world's knowledge, so that the mother who watches him sleeping sees that he is "dreaming of another face." The charm of the poem consists in its unaffected simplicity.

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The other night Mr. Pinero delivered in Edinburgh, to the members of the Philosophical Institution, a lecture on "Robert Louis Stevenson: the Dramatist." The plays discussed by Mr. Pinero were "Deacon Brodie," "Admiral Guinea," and "Beau Austin," and the question which the lecturer set himself to answer was this: "Why should Stevenson, the dramatist, take such a back seat . . . in comparison with Stevenson, the novelist, the essayist, the poet?" Part of the answer Mr. Pinero states thus:—

We shall find, I think, that Stevenson, with all his genius, failed to realise that the art of drama is not stationary, but progressive. By this I do not mean that it is always improving; what I do mean is that its conditions are always changing, and that every dramatist whose ambition it is to produce live plays is absolutely bound to study carefully, and I may even add respectfully—at any rate not contemptuously—the conditions that hold good for his own age and generation. This Stevenson did not—would not—do. We shall find, I think, that in all his plays he was deliberately imitating outworn models, and doing it, too, in a sportive, half-disdainful spirit, as who should say "The stage is a realm of absurdities—come, let us be cleverly absurd!"

The point (remarks the "Academy") is a good one, though with whatever intention Stevenson set out in the plays he became at times absolutely and convincingly serious. For Stevenson's essential dramatic talent Mr. Pinero has, naturally, the greatest respect. As example of that talent he quoted the extraordinary story which Stevenson sketched for us in the "Chapter on Dreams."

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Concerning "Beau Austin" and technique, Mr. Pinero said:—

I am not claiming any absolute and inherent superiority for our modern realistic technique, though I do not think it quite so inferior as some critics would have us to believe. But what I do say is that the dramatist is bound to select his particular form of technique, master, and stick to it. He must not jumble up two styles and jump from one to the other. This is what the their language is neither poetry nor prose—the authors of "Beau Austin" have not realised. Their technique is neither ancient nor modern; prose, that is to say, of conceivable human life. The period has nothing to do with it. People spoke, no doubt, a little more formally in 1820 than they do to-day; but neither then nor at any time was the business of life, even in its most passionate moments, conducted in pure oratory.

True enough, no doubt, but Mr. Pinero seems momentarily to have forgotten those conventions of the stage which would seem to make realistic dialogue impossible. If Mr. Pinero ever takes the trouble to read through his own dramas he must be aware that his characters talk as no people ever did talk. And after all, when Mr. Pinero has criticised Stevenson as a dramatist and made out a reasonably strong case, there remains the fact that although we enjoy Mr. Pinero's plays, we have enjoyed Stevenson's more when we have had the chance of seeing them. Two of the Stevenson-Henley plays, at any rate, are literature.

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The "Academy and Literature" recently offered a prize of one guinea for the best letter to the Editor on any current literary topic. Twenty-one replies were received, the following from Mr. M. J. Ebbutt, Lampeter, being awarded the prize:—

EARLY IRISH SAGAS.

"I should like to echo Mr. Garnett's plea for an unperverted translation of the early Irish Sagas. There exists in the Pagan literature of Ireland, a body of evidence as to the life, religion, history, and customs of the unchristianised Celt, of the utmost value to historian, ethnologist, and folklorist. No literature of equal antiquity exists in Europe, but the Homeric poems, and an adequate translation of Irish Sagas, literally faithful and unchanged in tone, might give us even better grounds than we now possess for adopting Professor Ridgeway's ingenious hypothesis that the Homeric Greeks were an invading race of Celts. To prove this, however, we need a cumulative weight of reliable evidence, and this will never be satisfactorily obtained if translators are at liberty to embellish, or omit, at their own will.

"The ethnologists will try to discover the origin of many curious customs of to-day in the earliest records of European Aryan nations, and will find traces of totemism, tabu, exogamy, and other pre-Aryan customs—he will wish to identify Celtic gods with Greek or Roman, and trace the growth of Celtic influence—but how can he do it in security, when the translator may wilfully falsify the whole tone of the work on which he relies? The real lover of human nature, too, will rather see life as it was then, in its crude bloodthirstiness and heroic chivalry, than be shown a refined and idealised twentieth-century version of third century life and humanity.

"On all the grounds, we beg for faithful translations."

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

In order to prevent the substitution of inior goods in an original bottle, an inventor ho has recently secured a patent on his heme, proposes to embed a dime or other coin the body of the bottle, which, he claims, ill be sufficient inducement to secure the deruction of the vessel when it has been nptied.

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Much interest is manifested in the offer of 3,000 dollars cash prize by the St. Louis Vorld's Fair authorities to any person who all successfully transmit without wires elecical energy amounting to one-tenth of a orse power 1,000 feet. This achievement, if erformed, would mark a new step in the evelopment of electrical science. Many exeriments have been made in the direction ggested.

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A photographic copy of the fourth patent sued by the United States was recently seured by the authorities at Washington, who ave been recently engaged in a search to cover some of the oldest papers. The whereouts of the original of this one is not known. was granted on January 29, 1781, and was sued to Francis Bailey, of Philadelphia, and overed a process for "performing punches." he document bears the signature of George ashington, Thomas Jefferson, and Edward andolph.

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In order to mount photographic prints so at they will not subsequently "cockle" when y the usual plan is to wet them thoroughly, id in the case of gelatine prints especially in arm weather this not infrequently presents fficulties to the unpractised hand. A method mounting dry with glue is as follows, and described by Colonel Noverre: Soak for out twelve hours in three or four ounces of ater one ounce of good Scotch glue, and disolve by heat; this can be done most conniently in a carpenter's glue-pot. After solution stir in two drams of glycerine and filter rough fine muslin. This is to be applied to e back of the untrimmed print, and set ide to dry. When dry it may be trimmed, e mount well wetted all over with a soft onge, the print then laid in position, and bjected to pressure between two pieces of ate-glass, employing a roller press or by nply superimposing about 60lb weight. After out fifteen minutes the mounted print can be moved and allowed to dry. The mounting ue should be of such a consistency that it ves a glazed surface to the back of the print drying, but it should not be so thick as to latinate so long as it remains slightly warm.

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It is supposed, of course, that both atoms id molecules are exceedingly small. It difficult, indeed (says a writer in the "Cornll Magazine"), to give a clear idea of the inuteness of their dimensions, or to express eir weights by reference to any of the ordiry standards. But some ideas on this subct will be gained when I say that there are ving organisms, which must themselves be ilt up of many molecules, so small that half million of them would lie in a single layer on e surface of a postage stamp; and again, at it has been calculated that out twenty million million million, or ,000,000,000,000,000,000, molecules of a gas uld be contained by a vessel about as big as medium-sized die; that nearly every such olecule would consist of two or more atoms; d that if the gas were reduced to the solid liquid form, as every common gas can be, se twenty million million million molecules uld be packed into a vessel many, many times smaller, small though this may seem to be.

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Ozotype—a printing method which may be regarded as an auxiliary to carbon printing—was introduced and patented four or five years ago, and whilst at first it claimed a good deal of attention, it appears to have latterly rather hung fire in popularity. Quite simple to perform, it contributes a degree of control and certainty to carbon printing which to many it lacks under ordinary circumstances. Briefly stated, the process consists of printing on the prepared ozotype paper, the sensitive surface of which consists of a bichromate and a manganous salt. This gives a visible image. After washing in water it is squeezed in contact with unsensitised carbon tissue, whereupon the first image is transferred to the carbon tissue, which then needs only to be developed in warm water like an ordinary carbon print. The first and chief obvious advantage is that the manganese image being visible, it may be controlled by printing more or less or locally interrupting the light, as in any print-out process, and the subsequent carbon image follows precisely in depth and gradation. The ozotype print, therefore, is an exact index of what the final print in pigment will be, the formation of the latter being practically automatic.

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Photography of late years has been zealously developed along two totally divergent paths, for there are those whose energies have been directed towards making each stage of the process more mechanical, each step more automatic, whilst others foster every tendency which makes for individuality and personal control. To these latter the very idea of what is called "time development" is obnoxious, and they not unnaturally cling to the belief that they are able by interference with the progress of development largely to influence the ultimate result. To the believer in scientific or time development the Kodak developing machine, which was exhibited and explained at the Camera Club a short time ago, must strongly appeal, whilst to the class of amateur photographers who use a kodak and welcome the facility of the daylight loading system, a developing machine which dispenses with all necessity for thought, judgment, or skill on the part of the user can be but regarded with satisfaction. For the average kodak user, the kodak developing machine is eminently suitable, and was doubtless devised and constructed for him rather than for the more serious worker. The factors which contribute to its success and popularity are the latitude of the present day sensitive emulsion, which makes considerable over-exposure harmless, and the fact that the average kodaker, through carelessness or ignorance, does more harm than good when he attempts to guide the action of the developer, the blind machine being less liable to error than the ignorant person with both eyes open.

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The principle of the developing machine is, however, not quite identical with the time development introduced and set forth by Mr. Alfred Watkins. In the latter the time which elapses between applying the developer and the first appearance of the image is noted, and when multiplied by a given factor, the product is the time required for complete development The time of first appearance will depend on length of exposure, whereas with mechanical development the exposures are assumed to be approximately right, or at least to range within the limitation of under exposure and over exposure, beyond which only special precautions could redeem the negative from failure, and hence in an average spool of six exposures, widely varying in subject and conditions, some may be absolutely correct, but the others must necessarily be relatively wrong, and yet not so much so as to dissatisfy the not very fastidious amateur.

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The order of the three sandstone-producing States whose annual production exceeds in value 1,000,000 dollars has changed within the past year, according to figures recently compiled by the United States Geological Survey. Prior to this time New York held second place, with Pennsylvania third, but now Pennsylvania and New York have changed places. Ohio, the other of the three great sandstone States, is not only still in the lead, but the value of her product has shown a noticeable increase. Ohio's total production during the last year was valued at 2,576,723 dollars, exceeding that of Pennsylvania by 513,641 dollars, and that of New York by 1,245,396 dollars, and her increase over the preceding year is represented by 343,127 dollars. Ohio also holds an interesting place among the stone-producing territories of the world in that here are said to be located the largest sandstone quarries extant, and from these quarries comes the bulk of all the whetstones and grindstones of the country. The value of her grindstone and whetstone product last year was 577,543 dollars. It is this class of Ohio's stone product, too, that is more in demand than her rough stone.

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Of Ohio's great quarries the one at North Amherst is typical of the sandstone mining. The average height of the walls in the largest quarry is a little less than 125 feet, but in places a depth of 175 feet is attained. The circumference of this pit exceeds a mile and a half. To one who has never seen a quarry of huge dimensions a glance down from the edge of the pit, or upward from a central point at the bottom, is a novelty, to say the least. The layers of stone are so distinct that they may be distinguished from one side of the quarry to the other. Another interesting feature is found in the different colours represented by the various strata. There are different qualities of sandstone to be found in the same pit; the kind used for whetstones or grindstones represents one stratum, while that used for building purposes represents another. Bluestone is a kind of sandstone; it is used for flagging and curbing. Sandstone, it will be recalled, is but sand more or less firmly united. Like in the case of the coal mine many years are usually required to exhaust the supply. At North Amherst it is said to be more than thirty years since the great development of the quarries there was begun.

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In one of the city squares of Athens, Ga., stands an interesting relic of the civil war—what is probably the only double-barrelled cannon ever made. It was designed by a resident of Athens for use in the Confederate service, the idea being to discharge a projectile from each barrel simultaneously, the projectiles to be connected by a chain. No chain was found to be sufficiently strong, however, to withstand the strain, and the weapon was never tested in actual warfare. The cannon is made of cast-iron, and was molded at one of the local foundries. It is of 3-inch calibre, having a diameter across the muzzles of 8 inches, and across the barrels of 13 inches, while it is 55 inches in length. It is provided with what is familiarly known as a "touchhole" in the breech, connecting with both barrels, so that it could be discharged by igniting a fuse if desired. The idea of the inventor was to connect the balls by a chain several feet in length, the ends of the chain being fastened into each by staples. Chain-shot was often used in naval battles to carry away the rigging of an enemy. It was discharged once after being built, but unfortunately one barrel for some reason did not "go off." The force of the explosion of the other barrel tore the chain from the ball which remained, and gave a curved motion to the projectile. As a result of this accident, it was considered too dangerous to adopt for use, and was stored away, finally being discovered only a few years ago in a shed. It was then mounted upon its present carriage, and placed in the park for an ornament.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

CORK, SEPTEMBER 27.

Yesterday Alderman William Alexander was sworn into office at the Castle with the usual solemnities; and William Humphry and Brent Neville, Esqrs., as High Sheriffs, took the usual oaths at the Tholsel. His Grace the Lord Lieutenant, and a great number of the nobility and gentry, were afterwards magnificently entertained at the Mansion House, in Dawson street.

One day last week an unknown gentleman went to the bank of Messrs. Latouche, and delivered the sum of one thousand and twenty-four pounds in bank notes, for the use of the fund of the Musical Charitable Society for lending money, interest free, to indigent industrious tradesmen. He took a receipt for the money as the gift of a charitable person, which person it is thought it was himself, as at first he said he was to give a thousand pounds towards the charity, but on being told his notes amounted to twenty-four more than the money. "Well," replied he, "let the receipt be for a thousand and twenty-four pounds."

Last Sunday night the noted Foy, charged with being an accomplice with the late Mr. Fitzgerald, etc., in the murder committed in the county of Mayo, etc., arrived in this city under a military escort from Castlebar, and was committed to the New Prison, in order to stand his trial at the next Commission of Oyer and Terminer.

On Sunday evening last, as Mr. Kennan, attorney, of Capel street, was returning to town on horseback, though the Park, he was stopped under the Phœnix by four fellows, armed with hangers and long knives; they desired Mr. Kennan to dismount, which he was about to comply with, when one of the fellows cut the reins of his bridle, another gave him a punch of the hilt of the hanger under the ribs. Finding himself in this perilous situation, he surrendered his purse, containing 22 guineas, also four English shillings, with which they made off into the wood.

It is said that his Grace the Duke of Rutland is so highly pleased with the Irish workmanship in the construction, taste, and finishing of carriages, that he has bespoke a State coach at a very great price, from an artist of this city, and has allowed him two years to finish it. A thousand pounds is said to have been advanced for this work, and if it equals the royal State coach, the price will amount to three thousand pounds.

Yesterday Mr. Justice Wilson committed to Kilmainham Gaol William Fleming and John Fleming, journeymen gardeners, charged with having robbed a house on Donnybrook road, in the county of Dublin, early that morning, of money and other articles, part of which was found upon them when apprehended, going on board a passage-boat at the basin of the Grand Canal.

Saturday last as Mr. Buckton, of Sandymount, near Irishtown, was drawing home his hay, he found concealed in one of the cocks two loaded pistols, two swords, two chisels, a large iron crow, a quantity of powder and ball, and several implements for breaking open houses. It is thought that a gang of villains is lurking about that place, and that the above articles were conveyed into the hay for the purpose of attempting to break open houses in the neighbourhood the first opportunity.

On Sunday morning last was apprehended by George Lowther, Esq., of Kilbrue, county of Meath, and lodged in Trim Gaol, John and Terence Finegan, Thomas Read and Patrick Coventry, all notorious robbers, and in their possession were found three horses, which different persons have proved to be their property.

Extract of a letter from Drogheda, Sept. 29.

"This day being the festival of St. Michael, Maurice Barlow, Esq., was sworn into the office of Mayor, and George M'Entegart and Charles Evans, Esqrs., Sheriffs for the ensuing year.

"On Tuesday night last Mr. Edwards, Surveyor of this town, and Mr. M'Cartney, seized and lodged in his Majesty's stores here, Scotch goods, to the value of seven hundred pounds—viz., plain, spotted, striped, and stitched muslins; plain and stitched muslins and lawn handkerchiefs; upwards of 1,000 yards of ornamental lawn; sisters thread, silk and cotton cloth.

"We are credibly informed that there is now growing in the garden of Mr. Carroll, innkeeper, Dunleer, a cabbage eleven feet high."

DUBLIN, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1787.

Extract of a letter from Newtownlamavady, September 28th.

"The present serves to give you the earliest information of a melancholy affair which happened last night, about ten o'clock, in Coleraine—Lieutenant Lloyd and Surgeon Jobson, both belonging to the 46th Regiment (two companies of which are quartered at Coleraine), having a dispute, agreed to settle it with pistols, in a room of the inn at that place, which happened to be adjoining the room in which three gentlemen had been sitting. On hearing the report of pistols, the gentlemen forced into the room, but too late to prevent the fatal consequences. Poor Lieutenant Lloyd expired immediately after he had received his antagonist's fire, the ball having passed directly through his heart. Surgeon Jobson escaped unhurt."

Saturday evening Hugh M'Gowran, alias the Morning Star, was apprehended by Alderman Bevan, and committed to the New Prison by Alderman Moncrieffe. As this fellow is a notorious villain, persons who have been lately robbed would do well to see him.

Monasterevan, whose name not long since was scarcely known, is rising into a town of importance. In addition to the extensive storage erected there by the Canal Company, great ranges are built and building by individuals Kilkenny coal, flour, wheat, malt, barley, oats, and timber, daily come up the Barrow in large quantities. Crowds of carriages attend the arrival and departure of the passage boats; the corn and rape markets are beginning. It is computed that there will not be less than 30,000 barrels of rape sold there this year, all raised from bogs hitherto considered of no value.

DUBLIN, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3.

Monday a man of genteel appearance rapped at the halldoor of a person of quality in Dominick street, and requested the servant who opened it to hold his horse, and the other walked upstairs to the lady's apartment, which he had no sooner entered than he pulled out a pistol, and demanded her purse. The lady was so terrified that she was unable to comply, but he rifled her pockets of everything they contained. He then went down stairs, mounted his horse, and was making a deliberate retreat, when the alarm was given. He was pursued by two persons, one on horseback, but not so well mounted as himself, and he made his escape by leaping over a chain that crossed one of the adjacent streets, the pavement of which was repairing.

DUBLIN, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5.

It is observed that our manufactures, fine arts, etc., are in a progressive state, not only in the metropolis, but in its vicinity, which is apparent from a variety of instances, of which the following are mentioned with pleasure:—At the iron-mills in Fortick's lane, near Drumcondra, are made spades, shovels, and other implements of husbandry; likewise a variety of kitchen utensils, etc., equal to any imported. At the White Flint Glass-house, near Ballybough Bridge, that manufacture is successfully carried on by an opulent company. Plate-glass for coaches, etc., are also made and polished near the North Strand. Add to this, another glass-house is erecting on a very extensive scale near the North Wall; and contiguous thereto, the most large and commodious salt-water Bathing-house hitherto constructed in this kingdom, with distinct apartments for ladies and gentlemen, affording a constant supply of water from a great reservoir when the tide is out, which will render it very convenient to the public, as the great road thereto is now putting into perfect repair for carriages and foot-passengers. We cannot conclude these remarks, without taking notice of the progress of the salt works near Ringsend, etc.

No less than three proclamations have issued in consequence of the apprehensions of war. One for encouraging seamen and landsmen to enter themselves on board his Majesty's ships of war. By this able seamen are to receive £3, ordinary seamen £2, and able-bodied landsmen 20s. bounty money. Another for recalling and prohibiting seamen from serving foreign princes and States, and for granting rewards for discovering such seamen as shall conceal themselves. The third is for commanding all the Magistrates in the kingdom to assist the Captain and Officers of his Majesty's ships in impressing seamen, and seafaring men. This proclamation also holds out a reward to the person who conducts seafaring persons to the ship or vessel, of 20s. for each seaman, besides an allowance of sixpence a mile for every mile those may respectively travel.

Several merchants at the other side of the water have given orders to their factors, from the apprehension of hostilities commencing immediately between France and Great Britain, not to ship a single yard of linen cloth, but to lodge whatever quantity they might purchase in warehouses, in order to await the event of the circumstances that so strongly indicate the approach of war.

Saturday morning last, several boats from Carlow and Athy, arrived at the Grand Canal harbour, laden with coal from the pits of Donane and Clough, and a number more are expected in a few days with the same cargo. The trade now carrying on by this branch of inland navigation is so considerable as to equal that of many second-rate seaports, and promises in a few years to repay the charges of that noble work in the most beneficial manner to the public in general, as well as prove a source of wealth to the present and all future companies.

Monday evening, so early as seven o'clock, Mr. Carrol, an eminent farmer in the county of Kildare, was stopped a little beyond the Canal-bridge, on Naas road, by four fellows, who after obliging him to dismount, searched his pockets, form whence they took five guineas and a half, and a silver watch. They then asked what was contained in his saddle-bags, and understanding that there was but two shirts, with a pair of stockings and a pair of shoes, they decamped towards the Commons of Fox and Geese, first cutting the bridle and saddle-girth, to prevent a pursuit.

(To be continued.)

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SIMON'S COURT TOWER,



DONNYBROOK, CO. DUBLIN.

From GROSE'S "ANTIQUITIES OF IRELAND," 1791.

SIMON'S COURT TOWER,

DONNYBROOK, CO. DUBLIN.

(From Grose's "Antiquities of Ireland.")

This ancient structure is situated to the east of the river Dodder, and about a quarter of a mile from Ball's Bridge. From the vestiges of its foundation, the building was of considerable extent, and seems to have been one of those castellated houses so common in Ireland in turbulent ages.

As Simon's Court is the property of the Dean and Chapter of Christ-church, who have large possessions about it, this castle was probably built to secure their granges, their cattle, and corn from the rapacity of the Wicklow mountaineers, who perpetually plundered the vicinity of Dublin.

The arch exhibited in the view and a few walls are all that remain of this edifice. There are winding stairs leading to the top, from whence is a delightful view of the Bay, Donnybrook, the city, and much of its environs.

This view was drawn by T. Cocking, anno 1790.

Simon's Court Castle is the residence of James M'Cann, Esq., M.P., and the Tower shown above is situate in the grounds of his demesne enclosure.

THE MUSIC OF THE GAEL.

ITS SPECIAL CHARACTERISTICS.

By Rev. RICHARD HENEBRY, Ph. D.

I.

Our music is an integral part of our civilisation. Our old life was interwoven with golden threads of music, ever harmonious with the colour scheme of the fabric There was no feeling of the heart, thought of the brain or word from the lips but had each its counterpart in song. Where expression failed music became its complement and carried the thought home. Every action and occupation of a lifetime had its accompanying song. If, then, our language enshrines our nationality and must be preserved, our music, that cannot be divorced from it, must be preserved also.

As our language was ousted by a foreign tongue so, also, a foreign music ousted ours. There is some difference in the operation, however. One may learn our own and the foreign language, but the two systems of music are totally irreconcilable.

Of reliable sources of information concerning Irish music I know only four in existence now. They are—1st. The mouths of the people. True Irish music may still be heard from old women singing, boys whistling, and girls lilting or jigging, as we call it. 2nd. The music of the Irish bagpipe, whereof the chanter still retains, probably roughly, the Irish scale; also fiddlers who still play in the Irish manner. One who has ever heard it can tell at once when a fiddle speaks with the Irish voice. 3rd. The valuable introduction to O'Curry's "Manners and Customs," written by Dr O'Sullivan, late Professor in the Queen's College, Cork A study of this paper will soon convince anyone that the great and practically the only difference separating Irish and modern music is one of scale. But this is a fundamental difference. 4th. The introduction to Bunting's collection of Irish music. Bunting was a person who instituted a contest for Irish harpers in Belfast a little over a hundred years ago. He proceeds from the standpoint of modern music and regards everything not in conformity with it as "imperfect." However, through his teaching we can reconstruct the system of tuning the harp and glean a good deal of valuable information on the method of playing besides. Unfortunately, this book is now excessively rare. It seems a pity when so much useless matter is falling from the press every day, that somebody does not give us the valuable portions of Bunting's book in a magazine or newspaper article. However, it has been used as a source by O'Sullivan, and so probably the whole substance of it may be consulted at any ordinary library.

Outside those there are no authorities on Irish music. Moore's melodies and all published collections must be excluded. Everybody who has turned his attention to the matter must notice the great difference in tone-colour between the rendering of an Irish air, let us say one of Moore's, by a modern singer to piano accompaniment and the same air rendered by an old woman in the traditional manner, who is utterly ignorant of modern music. Also the fiddle in the hands of an old, untrained performer at home speaks Irish, whereas all the art and skill of Herr Joachim could not take a single Irish note out of the same instrument. The reason is that the two musical systems differ fundamentally in scale. The intervals into which the octave is broken to constitute a scale are not coincident and there rise two music schemes that are entirely incommensurable.

There are fundamental differences in scale and in the key system. The differences of interval are minute but subtle, they give the peculiar colour and character to Irish music. It is evident, therefore, that music composed on one of those scales cannot be played on the other; in other words, it is impossible to play Irish airs on the modern scale, or upon a modern instrument. It follows, then, that all collections of Irish music written in the modern notation are wrong, though perfect Irish music may be made from them by a bagpiper, or one who plays the fiddle in the Irish way. For the fiddle has a finger-board that will give infinitesimal variations in tone, according to the stopping position of the finger on the string. On the other hand, the piano has fixed notes, and besides its scale does not exactly coincide either with the Irish or the modern scale. Hence if one attempts an Irish air on that instrument the characteristic tone-colour evaporates immediately and the result is by no means Irish music. This fact is not generally known.

Besides those enumerated already there are in addition differences in phrasing, feeling and technique, or execution. To me there is nothing so wholly discomposing as listening to an Irish air sung with all the saccharine expression of the vaudeville stage to a jangling piano accompaniment. When I compare the wrong tone scheme, the bad phrasing, the pert, exaggerated, hysterical and false expression with the traditional version of the same air as sung by an old woman, with its full, rich intervals and simple feeling, the veritable voice and refrain of the Gaelic heart, the contrast between modern sham and Celtic truth becomes too poignant for my equanimity.

To preserve Irish music the modern kind must be rigidly excluded; tin whistles, brass bands, concertinas, but especially the do, re, mi, fa of the schoolmistress. Let boys be taught the fiddle from traditional players, though the technique of handling that instrument might be borrowed from the modern style. Especially the Irish bagpipes which should not be confounded with the Highland bag-pipe must be brought into fashion again and children must be diligently taught to play them according to the pure method. It is a sample of the virulent ignorance that possessed our fathers concerning their own things that some time ago in the first ecclesiastical seminary which I entered in Ireland, the students were permitted the exercise of every musical instrument with the strict exception of the Irish bag-pipes. To meet the call for instruments the making of chanters might be encouraged, and even flutes and fifes could be holed to sound the notes of the Irish scale, to the very notable profit of Irish music. Little girls should be taught to sing as their mothers do, and every Irish boy should be able to whistle correctly quite a collection of Irish tunes.

In another direction all traditional tunes still extant must be collected as soon as possible from the people so that blunders and perversions of previous collectors may be corrected, especially Moore's, and in order that the great body of unpublished music may be snatched from the mouth of the grave. Persons with a good knowledge of the theory of modern music and a scientific grasp of acoustics must go amongst the people and collect the Irish scale or scales, in fact produce a scientific treatise on our musical system, and devise a method of notation. Then having found our scale our own do, re, mi, fa can be taught our children.

II.

Our literary monuments attest that poetry and music were zealously cultivated in ancient Ireland. The poetic social caste in Ireland with their laws and customs maintained and regulated by the institutes of the State represents a unique development amongst the culture-folk of antiquity. And though poetry was held in such great honour, still there are abundant evidences to show that music divided with it the patronage of the whole nation.

It would be vain to try to collect and set forth anything but a meagre list of the references to music and harping occurring in the old books. However, take the following short story which is typical of those that glorify the skill and wizardry of musicians. I translate from Vol. III. p. 213, of O'Curry's "Manners and Customs." "The harp sprang from the wall afterwards, and nine men were killed. And it came to the Dagda, and he played the triad from which a harper is named, to wit, slumber music and laughing music and weeping music. He played weeping music until their women shed tears, he played laughing music for them so that their women and their boys smiled, he played slumber music for them and the host slept." Many such exhibitions of musical skill are recorded, notably one of Craftine, the celebrated harper, in a remarkable narrative called "Orgain Dind Rig," published by Whitley Stokes in a recent number of the "Zeitschrift f. Celt. Philologie." Such appreciation of the power of music, practically amounting to deification, is not found in the old literature of any other nation.

We find mention of various musical instruments, perhaps twenty in all. Those were horns and pipes of sundry kinds, besides stringed instruments. The last-named kind comprised the Timpan, the "Ochttedach" (the eight-stringed), and the Harps. There were three harps—the "crott," the "menn-chrott," and the "ceis." The "crott" was the principal harp—viz., the one now designated by the vulgar term "clairseach." The "menn-chrott" was a smaller kind, for the name means "kid-harp," and the "ceis" was very probably a small harp used to accompany the "crott." This "ceis" must have gone out of use long ago, for the scholiast who glossed the "Amra Coluimb cille" in the "Lebor na Huidre" some time in the tenth or eleventh century was so ignorant of its use that he gives three or four guesses at its definition. The names of the various portions of the harp are preserved in a poem in the Royal Irish Academy quoted by O'Curry, "Manners and Customs," Vol. III., p. 256. The pertinent stanza which I translate reads like a sad prophecy now. It says:—

"The tuning-key will be lost
The 'teda' (strings) will be broken
The 'cor' will fall from the 'lam-chrann'
And the 'comm' will be carried off by the stream."

The "cor" was the harmonic curve containing the tuning-pegs, the "comm" was the sounding-box, and the "lam-chrann" was the front beam of the harp. The instrument was small, being only about 30 inches high, and rested upon the knees in playing. The modern Italian harp is an entirely different instrument.

There seems to have been a presentiment in the minds of people that the harp was doomed to be lost. Thus Dr. Lynch of Galway, who wrote his great Latin work "Cambrensis Eversus" about the time Cromwell was devastating the country, says, Vol. I, p. 314:—"It may not, therefore, be by any means a useless labour if I succeed in describing accurately for my readers the form of the harp lest it should be involved in the universal ruin which I fear nothing but the hand of God alone can now avert from my country." And thereupon follows his description. However, the harp was destined to live for two cen-

ies longer notwithstanding that Crom-l's soldiers broke every single specimen y could lay hands on. For since the very t day the English had to do with Ireland, l especially during the seventeenth century, is evident from their own writers of that iod, senchaides, rhymers, and harpers were d in particular disfavour because their real ctions of transmitting and perpetuating all t was distinct in the national life and civi-tion were instinctively known. They were ond all classes irreconcilably Irish Irish-n, and hence they were detested and exter-nated.

rom the supernatural powers of execution ribed to harpers in our old literature, and m the evidences in the same sources that sic was such a prominent feature in the ional economy that a special caste was ignated for its cultivation, we may con-de that they really attained a high de-e of proficiency. But we have external dence of the fact, too, though coming from ater period, Giraldus de Barry, called aldus Cambrensis, a Welsh-Norman priest ited Ireland in 1185 in the train of John, of Henry II., King of England. During three following years he composed a opography of Ireland" and a "History of Conquest of Ireland" in Latin. His books filled with the wildest sort of mythological ries, and utterly unreliable. However, if read them carefully he might succeed in ting sufficient grain out of the chaff to er a few pages of foolscap. Those are matters that came under his personal ob-vation and are apparently true. A passage this kind occurs in his "digressio volup-sa," as he called his chapter on music. He s—"It is in musical instruments alone that industry of this nation has attained a dable degree of refinement, surpassing im-asurably the skill of all other nations. Bold l rapid, yet sweet and agreeable, the notes the Irish harp are quite unlike the slow l drawling melody of the British instrument which we are accustomed. It is amazing w correct musical time can be observed in bold and hurried sweeping of the fingers, l how, amid all those quavers and the mazy ltitude of cords the master-hand combines s sweet rapidity, this uneven smoothness, s discordant concord, into a flowing strain harmonious melody."

Subsequently he was struck by "the tink-gs of the small strings under the deep notes the bass." Dr. Kelly in editing Dr. Lynch's Cambrensis Eversus," vol. 1, p. 308, note, otes a musical authority named Galilei, who ote about 1550, as saying that Irish musi-ns kept the nails of their fingers long orming them with care into the shape of e quills which strike the strings of the net." A MS. History of Ireland written out 1636 now in the Royal Irish Academy brary, says "the Irish are much addicted to usick generallly and you shall find but very w of their gentry, either man or woman, but n play on the harp, alsoe you shall not find house of any account without one or two of ose instruments, and they always keep a rper to play for them at their meals and all her times, as often as they have a desire to reate themselves or others which comes to eir houses therewith."

A Mr. Gunn, who published an inquiry re-ecting the performance of the Harp in the ghlands of Scotland, Edinburgh, 1807, re-rks that the instrument was discontinued re in 1734. He gives a rapturous appreciа-n of the playing of one O'Kane, who was id to have frequently drawn tears from his dience. A man named Jamieson, who wrote Introduction to Letters from the North of otland, quoted by Hardiman in the first lume of his Irish Minstrelsy, London, 1831, ys—"The gentlemen of note were educated Ireland, to which country all who adopted sic or poetry as a profession were unifor-lly sent to finish their education till within e memory of persons still living."

(To be continued.)

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.

FETHARD, a small sea-port, post-town, and parish (formerly a Parliamentary borough), in the barony of Shelburne, county of Wexford, and province of Leinster, 15¾ miles (S.) from New Ross, and 81 (S.W.) from Dublin, on the bay of Fethard; containing 2,153 inhabitants, of which number 320 are in the town. This place is supposed to have derived its ancient name, "Fiodh Ard," from the abudance of wood in the neighbourhood, though at present no part of the country is more destitute of timber. Robert Fitz-Stephen, on his first invasion of the country, landed his forces in a bay about a mile to the south of the town, since called Bagenbon bay, from the names of the ships Bag and Bon, both of which, immediately after his landing, he burnt in the presence of his men, telling them that they must either succeed in their enterprise or perish in the attempt. After the settlement of the English in Ireland, this place was given by Strongbow to Raymond le Gros, who had married his sister Basilia, and who is said to have erected a strong fortress here for the protection of his newly-acquired territory. Basilia, with the concurrence of Fitz-Stephen, granted the church lands and tithes of the whole lordship to the abbey of St. Thomas, near Dublin; and some of its earlier lords obtained for the inhabitants a charter of incorporation. The castle afterwards became the episcopal residence of the Bishops of Ferns, and here Alexander Devereux, the last abbot of Dunbrody, and the first Bishop of Ferns after the Reformation, died in 1556, and was buried in the church, in the aisle of which his tombstone still remains. In 1648, the manor of Ferns was exchanged by Bishop Andrews for value belonging to the Loftus family.

The town was incorporated in 1613 by charter of Jas. I., by which the corporation was made to consist of a portreeve and 12 free burgesses, in whom was vested the right of nominating freemen to form a commonalty, and of returning two members to the Irish Parliament. They had also the power of holding a court of record weekly, for the recovery of debts not exceeding five marks, with the privilege of a market and fair; but this corporation has long been extinct. The borough continued to send two members to the Irish Parliament till the Union, when it was disfranchised, and the £15,000 awarded in compensation was paid to Charles, Marquess of Ely, and C. Tottenham, Esq. The neighbourhood abounds with objects of interest, among which are the remains of the abbeys of Dunbrody, Tintern, and Clonmines. On the narrow promontory of Bagenbon Head are the remains of an encampment, said to have been formed by Fitz-Stephen on his landing; and at Fethard are the ruins of a castle, at one angle of which is a round tower in good preservation. Bagenbon Head projects considerably from the line of the coast; the land is high, and the shore bold; the water is deep, with a stiff clay bottom, covered with sand, extending nearly to the base of the cliffs.

HER LONESOMENESS.

When little Elizabeth whispers
Her morning love to me,
Each word of the little lisper's
As she clambers on my knee—
Hugs me and whispers "Mommy,
Oh, I'm so glad it's day
And the night's all gone away!"
How it does thrill and awe me—
"The nights all gone away!"

"Sometimes I wake, all listenin',"
She sighs, "and all's so still!—
The moon and the stars halt-glistenin'
Over the window-sill;—
And I look where the gas's pale light
Is all turned down in the hall—
And you ain't here at all!—
And oh, how I wish it was daylight!
. . . And you ain't here at all!

"And oh," she goes eerily whining
And laughing too as she speaks,
"If only the sun kept shining
For weeks and weeks and weeks!—
For the world's so dark, without you,
And the moon's turned down so low—
'Way in the night, you know,—
And I get so lonesome about you!—
'Way in the night you know!"

CLOUDS WITHOUT DUST.

For 20 years the assertion of Dr Aitken, based on a series of beautiful experiments, that clouds cannot form in the air without dust particles to serve as nuclei for condensation, has been accepted, but now Dr Aitken himself has made a little sensation by disproving his own previous statement. He has found that certain gases, such as hydrogen peroxide, sulphuretted hydrogen and chlorine, when present in the atmosphere, are converted by the action of sunlight into nuclei, upon which cloudy condensation can take place. Accordingly, although dust is ordinarily necessary for cloud formation, yet clouds may form in dustless air miles above the earth. It should be added that when his original conclusion was published Doctor Aitken admitted the possibility that sunshine might create gaseous nuclei, but he has only recently established the fact that it does.

SCIENCE AGAINST GAMBLING.

The republication in English of the famous essay of the great French mathematician, Laplace, on the theory of probabilities serves to recall the harm that has resulted from a lack of general information on this subject. The confirmed gambler and the reckless speculator do not know how continually they fly in the face of the teaching of science. A recent reviewer remarks:—"If in a game of even chances red turns up 20 times in succession, it is still an even chance whether red or black turns up the 21st time: but no amount of mathematical reasoning will enable the gambler to realise that a previous run of bad luck gives no grounds for the expectation of recovering his losses by a run of good 'uck in the future." It was partly to combat the superstitions of gamblers and others that Laplace wrote his essay.

JOHN O'DONOVAN.

BY EBLANA.

I.

Hereditary to O'Donovan of Dun Cuirc
Is this territory as his fortress land.
To him without tribute belongs Maghmoill,
And the level plains down to the Shannon.
—O'Heerin.

In a note in the "Book of Rights," the subject of this article himself tells us that Dun Chuirc was another name for Bruree, as one of the seats of Corc, King of Munster, and as such the possessors held the lands, gan cios (without tribute) extending along the western bank of the River Maigh or Maigue down to the Shannon, or, according to O'Heeran, from the Shannon to the summit of Slieve Logher, and from Bruree to the River Maigue westward to the verge of Kerry.

The reason why the O'Donovans were free from tribute was that they were of the Eoghanacht or Eugenian race, that is, they were descended from Eoghan Mor, the eldest son of Oillol Olum, King of Munster in the second century. This King decreed that his three sons, Eoghan Mor, Cormac Cas, and Cian, and their posterity should be exempt from the payment of annual tribute to the royal household, and declared their possessions Free States.

From their ancestor, Mogha Nuadhat, the whole of the southern half of Ireland was designated Leath Mogha or Moha's Half.

In the course of time the MacCarthys were recognised as the senior branch of the Eugenian line, and according to Smith, the O'Donovans were next in royal dignity and power.

They derived their name from Donabhan or Donovan, son of Cathal, who was killed in a pitched battle by Brian Boroimhe in the year 977.

This was in retaliation for the killing by Donovan of Brian's brother, Mahon, on whose death Brian composed a very pathetic and eloquent poem.

A son of this O'Donovan, also called Cathal, commanded the Hy Cairbre at the Battle of Clontarf.

They were variously known as Chiefs of Clan Cathal from these Cathals, Chiefs of Hy Cairbre Aodhbha or Aeva, the district of West Carberry, in the county Cork, where they resided at Castle Donovan and Dynasts of the Ui Figeinte, one of the great tribes of Munster, situated in the territory between the rivers above-named. They were frequently styled Kings of these places and of Bruree, which was a royal seat; also Coshma and Crom in Limerick. At the latter place they built a castle, of which they were dispossessed by the Fitzgeralds, who adopted from it their war cry—"Crom-aboo"! And so the O'Donovans bade "Farewell to the Maigue." After this they were driven into Corca Luighe by the Fitzgeralds, O'Briens, and Burkes. In the 17th century Edmund O'Donovan, in consequence of a local quarrel, moved from Bawnlahan, in the county Cork, to Gaulstown, in the county Kilkenny, on the 18th of March, 1643, and he was killed at Ballinabeega, in the latter county, in the battle between General Preston and the Duke of Ormond.

In the first volume of the "Kilkenny Archæological Journal," Dr. O'Donovan, in an article on "Language and Burials," gives an account of his namesake, a John O'Donovan, of Slieve Greine, now called Tory Hill. It contains an elegy which begins:—

O John O'Donovan my own grief thou art,
Thou beauteous son of high blood of generosity,

and goes on to recount the names of all the places connected with the family.

He tells us that he was descended maternally from the Gaul Burkes of Ballinlaw and Gaulskill, and through them from the Red Earl.

He says that he heard from his uncle, Patrick O'Donovan, that he (Patrick) was fifth in descent from Edmund Dean, the outlaw or tory, from whom Tory Hill was named, and who was the proprietor of it and of the surrounding townlands in the beginning of the 17th century. This noted hill immediately bordered upon O'Donovan's native place; for he was born at its foot, on his father's farm of ait an eige mor, or Attatimore, meaning "the place of the great house," otherwise called Blackneys, in the parish of Kilcolumb, barony of Ida, and county of Kilkenny.

But, strange to say, he fell into an error as to the date of his birth. No doubt he became so absorbed in matters outside himself, that he relied upon the testimony of others, whose memory had failed them on this point, and never thought of verifying their account at the proper source. Accordingly, he gives the date of his birth as the 3rd of August, 1809. Other accounts have it the 9th of July, in the same year.

But the Rev. William Carrigan, of Durrow, Queen's County, has taken the trouble to search the Register, and this is the result:—

"Attatimore, 26th July, 1806. Bap. Jno., Par.: Edmond Donovan and Ellenor Haberlan. Spo.; Edmond Wall and Ellenor Neal. "J(ohn) Fitzpatrick (P.P.),"

or, as translated from the contracted Latin:—

"Attatimore, 26th July, 1806. Baptism, John, his Parents, Edmond Donovan and Ellenor Haberlan. Sponsors, Edmond Wall and Ellenor Neal. John Fitzpatrick, P.P."

His father died in July, 1817, and on his death-bed repeated several times to his sons, who were present, his descent, and desired his eldest son, Michael, always to remember it.

At nine years of age, young John O'Donovan began Latin and Irish, and though very delicate, made good progress. He transcribed Irish well in 1819.

In 1821 he was sent by his brother to school to Waterford, which was about four miles from their home. Here he learned arithmetic, English grammar, and book-keeping. During the years 1821-2-3, he paid long visits to his uncle, Patrick O'Donovan, from whom he first caught a love for ancient Irish history and traditions, especially those of Wexford, Carlow, and Kilkenny.

In the latter year the lease of his brother's farm of 40 acres expired, and it had to be given up. Accordingly, on the 19th November, Michael O'Donovan set out for Dublin, taking his brother with him, and having secured a situation for himself in a merchant's office, he sent John to a Latin school, again defraying the cost of his education. Here the future Ollave studied for four years.

Then, in 1827, he became acquainted with Mr. Hardiman, author of the "History of Galway" and of "Irish Minstrelsy," who was Commissioner of Public Records. He remained with him till March, 1830, during which time he copied Peter Connell's "Irish Dictionary," to be seen in the British Museum, and other MSS., and also assisting in various literary ways in the office.

At this time he tells us his health got exceedingly bad, and he was invited by his friend Myles John O'Reilly, Esq., of Heath House, Queen's County, to spend some months with him in the country for change of air.

He spent several months with this good friend, during which time his health improved wonderfully.

But he was not idle. Like the busy bee he improved every occasion of laying in a store of honey for future use. And here he found true honey, indeed. He read the works of Ussher Ware and Colgan, and every other book bearing upon Irish history or antiquities. He also acted as tutor to O'Reilly's son.

Neither was his pen idle. He translated the "Book of Fenagh." He also made extracts from the "Annals of the Four Masters" relating to the O'Reilly family. This, no doubt, formed the subject of frequent conversations between him and his host. One of the plans formed was that the latter should reassume the style and title of The O'Reilly. But, unfortunately, his circumstances did not permit of it, and the project was abandoned. Doubtless, it had been O'Donovan's suggestion, or, at all events, it had arisen from his industry induced by gratitude in translating and unfolding the history of the O'Reilly family. He little dream to what it would afterwards lead. His zeal for his friend had been the first inducement to him to study the "Annals"; and this, in time, led him to the Obar Mor, or great work of his life.

It was to this period of his stay at Heath Lodge that allusion was made to him in a poem by his friend, Lageniensis*—"The Land of Leix."

'Twas here in youth the gentle Ollamh trod,
Who little dreamed of future learned fame
When studious pacing o'er th' elastic sod,
He braced by step and thought a vigorous frame.
Later to life emerged that well-known name
He guileless lived, frank, cordial, generous, kind
True sons of rank and talent friends became
Loving as humbler men in him to find,
Leal warmth of heart and soul with intellect combined.

In a note the rev. author of these lines says:—

"Allusion is made to the celebrated Irish linguist, genealogist, historian, antiquary, and topographer, John O'Donovan." He adds, that in after life he enjoyed his friendship, and that he (O'D.) often alluded to the pleasure he afforded him to ramble over Carter's Hill which was convenient to Heath Lodge.

Thus time passed in mingled work and recreation. But O'Donovan realised that he must soon take leave of his friend; and perhaps his decision was hastened by the sad news he received of the death of Edward O'Reilly, the author of the "Irish Dictionary."

He, thereupon, applied to Lieutenant Larcom for employment. He had known Larcom since 1828, when he gave him some lessons in Irish. He soon received a reply offering a situation at a very small stipend.

O'Donovan hesitated, especially as his friend and host was opposed to his acceptance of it, saying that "it would come to nothing."

However, the future ollamh decided that it was better to accept it. It was something, and it was time that he should seriously take up the work of his life. His brother, too, was always at hand to assist him as far as his own straitened means would allow, until such time as it might be no longer necessary. In any case, his health being now restored, it was not right that he should longer remain at Heath House, welcome though he undoubtedly was.

After his return to Dublin he received a letter from Hardiman asking him was it a fact that he had given up his idea of going

* Very Rev. Canon O'Hanlon, author of the "Lives of the Irish Saints," etc.

Maynooth. He replied stating that he uld take some time to consider it. It is ar from this that he had had some idea of ning the priesthood. But he finally relin- ished it. No doubt he felt called to serve s God and his country in the world.

Up to this point we are indebted to his own tobiography for most of the above account his family and early life. The circumstance nich induced him to write it to his friend, e Rev. Dr. Todd, will appear in the proper ace.

And now, in the year 1829, having accepted e post on the Ordnance Survey of Ireland der Petrie, he set to work with a will. It as the Historical Department, and his work as the examination of the Irish MSS. and ecords, with a view to obtaining the nomen- ature to be used on the maps.

He was now thrown into close companion- ip with Eugene O'Curry, George Petrie, e Rev. Drs. Todd and Reeves, James arence Mangan, W. Wakeman, Martin Ha- rty, and others.

During the years 1832-3, O'Donovan wrote any articles on Irish topography and history the old "Dublin Penny Journal" of much lue and originality, and to Duffy's "Hiber- an Magazine."

He also visited nearly every part of Ireland, d recorded the results of his observations beautiful caligraphy, to the Ordnance Sur- y Office in Great Charles street.

Mr. John O'Daly, of Anglesea street, who rchased some of O'Donovan's books, after s death, communicated to the "Kilkenny rchæological Journal" a letter written by at great scholar to his friend, Myles Reilly, Esq., in 1836. He was then but com- encing his archæological studies, and the ters needed revision. But "they throw an teresting light on the laborious investiga- ons which resulted in his becoming a living cyclopædia of Irish historical and topo- aphical lore."

In this letter to Myles O'Reilly, O'Donovan ys he had undertaken to reduce the counties Ireland back to territories. But he expe- nced some difficulty in distinguishing be- ween Dal Riada and Dal Araidhe. About ese two names he also wrote another letter om Finnuisge, or Phœnix Park.

In other communications he describes the vers of Ireland.

The maps contain 144,000 names, including ose of 62,000 townlands. The single volume blished by the Ordnance Survey in 1837, ntains a long Irish text and translation om the "Dinneseanchus," all the work of Donovan.

During that and the following years he la- ured incessantly searching out and identify- g the ancient monuments and remains, Pagan d Christian, cromleachs, pillar-stones, ghams, towers, duns, raths, castles, churches, beys, battle-grounds, etc., besides exploring e surrounding country, and all objects of terest or of history; even the legends con- cted with them he carefully set down, and ten commented wittily upon the more ex- avagant of them. One of these, of Pagan igin, was so grotesque that he announced s disbelief in these words:—

"Why should not the Irish be allowed to ll lies as well as the Greeks and the Romans, ly that they did not do so plausibly or ingeniously?"

But for him many places in Ireland would main to this day unidentified. As an in- ance, he was the first to discover that howle, in Shillelagh, in county Wicklow, the same as the ancient Achaidhabhla, or chadh-na-abhall, the field of apples.

On one occasion when, in pursuance of some these explorations, O'Donovan, accompanied one of his colleagues, the Rev. Dr. Reeves, as proceeding towards Fermanagh, they ere conversing in the Latin language, to e wonder and perplexity of their fellow- passengers. At length some of the latter in- quired whether they were foreigners, and were doubtless convinced that such was the case, by this English reply which they re- ceived:—

"We are from de oder side of de Oder!"

In the year 1840 he lost his brother and earliest friend, Michael O'Donovan, and he had not yet contracted other family ties.

But great and onerous as were his labours on the Ordnance Survey, O'Donovan found time for other work of a kindred nature.

In 1841 he contributed many articles on topography and history to the "Irish Penny Journal," abounding in valuable and original information. Among the best of these were seven essays "On the Origin and Meaning of Irish Family Names."

The readers of this, the new "Dublin Penny Journal," have had an opportunity of perusing these wonderful essays recently in the 17th to the 24th numbers inclusive.

He refutes the errors of Beauford and Val- lencey in their assertion that the Irish, like the French, took their names from the soil, and he proves that, on the contrary, they gave their names to it. Then, too, in the efforts of those writers to sustain their theory, they were obliged to twist and turn the forms of these names out of all reason and character. He gave several instances; among them that of his own name. He denies Beauford's as- sertion that O'Donovan comes from Hy Dun Navan, or chiefs of the hilly country on the river. He admits Bruree to be a dun-abhann, or dun of the river, but justly maintains that his first ancestor of the name was so-called because, according to Mac Firbis, he was a brown-haired chief—Don dubhan.

He denounced the Irish people of the dark days after the Boyne, who changed, trans- lated, or otherwise disguised their names, "which by all manner of means they strove to make English or English-like," and also by the rejection of the prefixes O and Mac. He instances a wretched scion of the great house of O'Neill—a name of European fame, many of whose bearers had so often humbled the power and pride of England, but who had at last been "conquered" by craft or cun- ning and poison—who changed his name from Felim O'Neill to Felix Neele, and who had been epigrammed by MacConby, the poet, in cutting language, ending with:

(To be continued.)

AFTER DEATH.

BY DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"I wonder, love, if after death,
You and I shall sit together,
Talking of our earthly days,
Of the pleasant woodland ways
Where we've walked in soft May weather,
Drinking in the violet's breath?

"I wonder, love, if after death,
You and I shall still remember
Gusty evenings in December,
When we spoke of old-time places,
With the firelight in our faces,
And the wind shrill on the hearth?

"Can it be that we shall meet,
Knowing God, but not forgetting
This orb in its starry setting,
With its June sun and its sleet,
After death?

"Will your face, love, then be fairer;
Will your voice be sweeter, rarer;
Will your steps be dearer, lighter;
Will your eyes be bluer, brighter
After death?

"Oh! if cold should be our meeting—
No clasped arms and no lips greeting—
Woe no human tongue could utter,
Dread no mortal voice could mutter.
Would be death!"

THE UNITED STATES.

DERIVATION OF THEIR NAMES.

Maine.—So called from the province of Maine, in France, in compliment to Queen Henrietta, of England, who, it has been said, owned that pro- vince. This is the commonly received opinion.

New Hampshire.—Named by John Mason, in 1639 (who, with another, obtained the grant from the crown), from Hampshire County, in England. The former name of the domain was Laconia.

Vermont.—From the French "vert" "mont," or green mountain, indicative of the mountainous nature of the State. The name was first officially recognised January 16, 1777.

Massachusetts.—Indian name signifying "the country about the great hills."

Rhode Island.—This name was adopted in 1644 from the Island of Rhodes, in the Mediter- ranean, because of its resemblance to that Island.

Connecticut.—This is the English orthography of the Indian word Quon-ehta cut, signifies "the long river."

New York.—Named by the Duke of York under colour of the title given him by the English Crown in 1664.

New Jersey.—So called in honour of Sir George Cartaret, who was governor of the Island of Jer- sey, in the English Channel.

Pennsylvania.—From William Penn, the founder of the colony, meaning "Penn's Woods."

Delaware.—In honour of Thomas West, Lord de la Ware, who visited the bay, and died there in 1610.

Maryland.—After Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., of England.

Virginia.—So called in honour of Queen Eliza- beth, the "virgin queen," in whose reign Sir Wal- ter Raleigh made the first attempt to colonise that region.

North and South Carolina was originally in one tract, called "Carlina," after Charles IX of France, in 1504. Subsequently, in 1665, the name was altered to Carolina.

Georgia.—So called in honour of George II. of England, who established a colony in that reign in 1732.

Florida.—Ponce de Leon, who discovered this portion of North America in 1512, named it Floriday, in commemoration of the day he landed there, which was the Pasques de Flores of the Spaniards, or "Feast of Flowers," otherwise known as Easter Sunday.

Alabama.—Formerly a portion of Mississippi Territory, admitted into the Union as a State in 1819. The name is of Indian origin, signifying "Here we rest."

Mississippi.—Formerly a portion of the pro- vince of Louisiana. So named in 1800, from the great river on the western line. The term is of Indian origin, meaning "long river."

Louisiana.—From Louis XIV. of France, who, for some time prior to 1763, owned the territory.

Arkansas.—From "Kansas," the Indian word for "smoky water," with the French prefix "arc," bow.

Tennessee.—Indian for "the river of the big bend," i.e., the Mississippi, which is its western boundary.

Kentucky.—Indian for "at the head of the river."

Ohio.—From the Indian, meaning "beautiful." Previously applied to the river which traverses a greater part of its borders.

Michigan.—Previously applied to the lake, the Indian name for a fish-weir. So called from the fancied resemblance of the lake to a fish-trap.

Indiana.—So called in 1802, from the American Indians.

Illinois. From the Indian "illini," men, and the French suffix "ois," together signifying "tribe of men."

Wisconsin.—Indian term for a "wild-rushing channel."

Missouri.—Named in 1821 from the great branch of the Mississippi which flows through it. Indian term, meaning "muddy."

Iowa.—From the Indian, signifying the "drowsy ones."

Minnesota.—Indian for "cloudy water."

California.—The name given by Cortes, the discoverer of that region. He probably obtained it from an old Spanish romance, in which an imaginary island of that name is described as abounding in gold.

Oregon.—According to some, from the Indian oregon, "river of the west."

OUR WEEKLY STORY

THE WHITE ROAD.

BY INGRAM CROCKETT.

It was at the close of a winter day. The sun had set, and low in the west was a luminous carmine paling above a thin, far-curving wood. The air sparkled with frost. A day of sunshine and cloudless blue had but softened the tops of the fantastic snowdrifts; curved them over the grotto-like excavations made by the wind, and hung them with pendants of crystal. The town was wrapped in a haze of smoke, out of which electric lights flashed suddenly like splendid stars. And all around lay the silent whiteness of the rolling hills.

The passers-by on the principal street, a straight road that came over the hills from the country, bustled through the town, and loitered away into the hills again, hardly noticed him as he walked slowly among them. Some, with hearts inclined to charity, saw that he was ragged, but also that his rags overlapped in a manner suggestive of warmth; that his long overcoat was buttoned well over his chest, and so stayed their hands from alms. He might have been a tramp on whom some kind soul had bestowed several suits of cast-off clothing that were now worn all at once; or he might have been a farmer late in returning from his marketing; or, perchance—a passing student seeing the face under the light for a moment, paused, looked back and wondered.

"It has been years, years since I first heard the voice," said he who thus moved through the town, speaking softly. "And often it has been like a far bell heard through the mist—but now"——

He was silent. He had reached the edge of the country with its wide skies and brightening stars, and its long, white road leading on.

"Ah, this is the way," he murmured. "What place do you seek?"

The dreamer, for such he had been called in the old, old days, started and looked up.

"Surely I heard one speak," he said to himself, and then aloud:

"I know not even if it be a place; but I hear a voice constantly like a far bell calling me, and I cannot but follow—indeed when I have turned aside with a will to shut my heart to that voice, I have heard a horrible clangour, as if the iron tongue of a great bell beat upon my brain—and yet often the voice seems so far away I am doubtful if I have heard it at all, and stand waiting, listening, listening."

"But you have no doubt now, and was it not your heart saying, this is the way?"

"Whence is this question? I see only the wide, deep sky and the silent stars, and the long white road leading on. Whence is this question, and who is he that says: 'You have no doubt now.'"

And again he heard, as if it were a faint echo: "You have no doubt now."

"No," said the dreamer, as if impelled by some indwelling power to answer, speaking slowly: "I have no doubt now."

"But why?" Out of the dreamer's heart, or out of the stillness of the night, the question came.

"But why? Here are only the voiceless. How can they answer your heart, how can they assuage your doubt?"

The dreamer lifted his eyes to heaven, and, as he looked, he saw the glory of all the stars. Far through the deeps ran the flame, the colour, the beauty of hope. No longer was he chilled as if face to face with death, above whose shrouded form glittered the cold lights of the great void. No longer was his soul bowed with the "weary weight of all this unintelligible world," for he had suddenly become buoyant, and the silence was thrilled with music ineffable.

And yet he was but a broken man, walking alone, on a winter night, after wandering the road oft travelled during boyhood—the road to the old home in the hills.

The road ran level for a little way, after leaving the town; and yes, there it was on the left, by the gate leading up to an orchard—the cottonwood he could never forget. How broad it was and how tall, lifting its great crown, dark, dome-like, against the stars. During the years he had been gone it seemed to have remained unchanged.

But no; when he went nearer, he found its massive, furrowed trunk showed signs of decay. The road-workers had encroached upon it and cut away some of its anchor roots, and the bark had sloughed off near the ground, exposing a deep, V-shaped hollow. A few withered leaves clung to its branches, the remnants of that countless throng that had so often showered him with cool melody as he had rested there, on many a summer day, while the world went by on the dusty highway. As the memories flooded his soul he leaned against the tree, as one might put his head upon the shoulder of a brother, and for a moment all was blurred. What matter if he be old and poor,, and the way to the home be long—what matter for the bitter weather, the loneliness of the night—here was a friend he had not seen for many years, here was one to greet him, to welcome him back. And what did this friend care for his rags—his failure—his sins—was he not come again to the old faith, the old communion, to enter into rest?

At last leaving the cottonwood, as one leaves a dear comrade, with many a backward glance, the dreamer passed slowly on. He seemed to be the only human being astir. Now and again a gleam of light from some far window was flung across the night, but these soon failed, as sleep descended on the land.

The road had begun to lift in a long slope, and when he reached its crests, the lights of the distant town sparkled in winding rows and cast a mellow glow against the sky. He stood for a while looking at them; but they did not speak to him of warmth, of comfort, of love, of home. And then he turned his face to the descending way, to the shadowy valley, for here the road dipped slowly under overarching trees—the country was more broken, the homesteads more scattered. How often, in his wanderings, he had longed for this spot whence he could look down into his own land. He was glad that the world had passed it by, that its trees still stood, that its fields were overrun with bramble and sassafras, that its fences were zigzag, interwoven with sprouts, overlapped with clematis and wahoo and hazel. He buttoned his coat closer about his throat, and lay down on a bed of leaves under a broad overhanging clump of green-brier.

The climb had tired him; he would rest awhile on the breast of Night. He had heard much of the coldness of the stars, but they did not seem cold to him. Rather they were like bright spirits drawing nearer and nearer, as in that olden time they drew near to the shepherds on the hillside of Bethlehem. From where he lay he could look down the road that melted into darkness under the trees. The wind was asleep. From far-away came the call of the horned owl, but there was no other sound except now and again the trees seemed to whisper to one another.

This was the language his soul longed for—a spirit speech inexpressible. And oh, the lovely stars, an encircling glory. It seemed to him he had never seen them so beautiful, so pure, so benificent. The earth seemed bathed in light as soft as thistle-down, and all the hideous things of men to have been forgiven, forgotten, to have passed away for ever. How sweet the thought that he was about to enter the old boyhood scenes, the hallowed ground; and how fitting that he should be welcomed by the night, by the trees, by his companions of a long life—the stars—and that the road into the valley should be all in white. He lay in a happy reverie. The very touch of the greenbrier, the very smell of the leaves, the kindly shelter of the shambling fence—these wrought in him emotions never to be wedded to words. Presently, piercing a bank of clouds in the east, he saw a crescent of faint rose. It was the full moon showing part of its disc. Then it disappeared, and, after an interval of some minutes, rose slowly, a great golden globe, into the clear sky. The peaks of the clouds out of which it had come were edged with the beautiful light. Far down the road, through a rift in the trees, a shaft of silver lay broken against the darkness. The moon's beauty seemed to add to the stillness. The twigs whitened under its beams, but the shadows were deeper, as if they had suddenly taken shape out of profounder darkness. The dreamer watched the heaped snow in a little cup-shaped leaf on a white oak near by. It had caught a moonbeam full on its breast, and was sparkling in rose and green. It wore the very colours of far El Nath. It, too, rejoiced in the eternal light!

"This, also, is the house of God, and this is the gate of Heaven," murmured the dreamer, as he took up his journey.

How well he remembered this gentle dipping of the road under the dogwoods. It was here he had first met her whom he had "loved long since, and lost a while."

Then the woods were in the full flush of spring; white, and pink, and delicate green. Somewhere near by a chewink was singing. And she, too, was singing when he came suddenly around a bend in the road, and met her face to face; and then in a moment her song had passed into a blush and on into silvery laughter, that was as sweet as the song, and he knew her for the teacher, and deliberately retraced his steps, walking by her side, insisting that where he was going was as near this way as any other. Indeed, he quite forgot where he was going as he looked into her eyes. Miles it may have been, they went that day; he had no thought of the distance, or of the time as they loitered on beneath the dogwoods, gathering spring-beauties and violets. All about them the sunlight was sprinkled through the branches in little flames that wavered and danced over the greening earth, and when these butterfly-like sun-flames rested upon her lovely face, her rich brown hair, she became to him the incarnation of the spirit of beauty, and there was nothing on earth beautiful enough with which to compare her. A dove, like a voice bidding farewell to the world, called through the stillness. A wood-thrush sang somewhere in the blossoms above them, a song like a shower of music of mellow flutes and golden bells. What did he say to her that day? He could not tell. It was all like a lovely dream. Somehow when they had come to a spring in the valley—thrice blessed spring with the

moss around its rocky basin, and its crystal stream—their hands had touched—he had looked one clear instant into her soul—and there was no need of words. Reverently the dreamer trod that way this winter night. There were no blossoms above him now. Yes, folded in ice-cased buds they waited for the spring—and under his feet the spring-beauties and the violets were wrapped safely in an inviolate promise. Ah, surely she who had gladdened his life—she who had been the very flower—the very fragrance of his soul, was not less than the flowers—surely she awaited him in some immortal wood, and there Love should lead them as of old.

Much of the wood had been cut away, but after an hour or more he found the spring. A few Christmas ferns thrust their green blades through the snow. The little cedars that he remembered so well—he had given her a sprig, bidding her note its fragrance—had apparently cared nothing for towering growth, but were clustered on the knoll above the spring in the old familiar way—content to be heart-to-heart friends of the lowly sparrows, ever green amid the joys and sorrows of the year—emblems of the calm, the unfading life to come.

He knelt and looked down into the clear water. In its crystal depths the stars trembled. And the soul of the dreamer leaped to the thought, "Heaven is all about us!" And again he saw her face smiling upon him as on that bright day, long ago, when she had called the spring her mirror, kneeling before it to arrange a flower in her hair.

Slowly, with this memory in his heart, the dreamer again sought the road, that now skirted the base of the hill, with woods on one side and open fields on the other. At the bottom of the hill the road turned abruptly to the left, and crossed the creek, over a long bridge. As a boy, he remembered, he could never cross the bridge in summer without stopping to lean on its railing, and to watch the water slipping by the long grasses and curling into tufts of yellow foam through the drift that lodged there. Far up the creek, from this point, the great sycamores grew. As they had a way of trembling in white spirals up from the deeps where the sky was as blue as the sky above, and the clouds went by in an endless procession, far under the brown water. The water-boatmen, too, would be rippling the water there, and the dragon-flies weaving magic circles of jewelled light.

The bridge appeared almost as he had left it. The trees on the banks were thinner, and new timbers had taken the place of the old, doubtless two or three times. But there were the sycamores bearing the golden moon in their branches, and there, far below, the water slipped by—only now it ran more rapidly, in a narrow current, through banks of fluted mother-of-pearl—and the stars on its bosom were the dragon-flies that dipped and sparkled at the water-brake and were never still. And from the face of the creek a thin white mist arose and floated among the trees in shimmering strands of gossamer. The railing of the bridge was thickly gemmed with frost. Idly the dreamer wrote a word there—over, and over, and over—and when he looked, behold! it was her name.

From the end of the bridge he could see the oaks of Henry Hill that topped the farther side of the valley, and beyond them lay the old home. In dark, broken lines they rose against the sky, and he thanked God that they, too, had been spared with so many of the old landmarks.

Slowly he walked on, stopping now and again to look about him, and to rest against some familiar tree by the way. It was two miles from the bridge to the oaks of Henry Hill, and before he had walked half the distance the sky gradually became overcast, and he felt the touch of snowflakes on his cheek. The stars melted away in the grey haze; the moon hung like a globe of frosted silver high above the tree-tops. The wind awoke and ran sighing through the branches. The sere leaves of the scrub oaks that still clung to their boughs shook chillily. The air grew keener. The feet of the dreamer were growing heavy. Still, at first there arose within him the old boyish spirit, and he smiled at this growing wildness of the night. Several times he caught playfully at the falling snowflakes. But presently he missed the stars, and the benign light of the moon. The landscape was walled in with darkness, and even the white road was like a dim ray of light, a glimmering streak soon dulled and lost in the gloom.

When he reached the oaks of Henry Hill, the snow was falling fast, and utter darkness had fallen over the land. He had grown numb and weary, and groped his way to the shelter of a great white oak, and sat there motionless. And as he looked out through the night, towards the old home, behold the winter was gone and the apple-trees were in bloom. He saw the grey roof of the old homestead rising out of the billows of a pink and white sea, and the brown thrush was singing—ah, such a song! Never before had he so felt the divinity of Nature—never had his spirit so cried out, beholding—yet without words—never had he been so thrilled with the beauty and mystery of it all. And again the scene changed, and he saw the harvest field, and one like unto himself pitching the golden sheaves, and the face of his father—brown, grave, bearded—and the face of his mother so gentle, so benign as she looked upon him. And as the dusk fell he heard the song of the reapers, and the new moon hung lower over Henry Hill, and by its side a little white star. And then he saw her coming through the gathering shadows to where he lay resting beside the sheaves, and her eyes were sweet with love, and she walked as if she came to wake him out of sleep—and bending down, she laid her hand upon his forehead, as softly as the falling of a snowflake, and smiled upon him, and kissed him—and then—he was looking up into her face in a strangely beautiful land, and the night had passed away.

But silently, on Henry Hill, the snowflakes fell—silently, silently—and after a while, at the foot of the oak, there was a spotless mound of white.

THUNDERSTORMS.

Statistics in regard to the frequency of thunderstorms in various parts of the world are given as follows by a German periodical:—Java, 97 days in the year; Sumatra, 86; Hindustan, 56; Borneo, 54; the Gold Coast, 52; Rio Janeiro, 51; Italy, 38; West Indies, 36; South Guinea, 32; Buenos Ayres, Canada, and Austria, 23; Baden, Wurtemberg, and Hungary, 22; Silesia, Bavaria, and Belgium, 21; Holland, 18; Saxony and Brandenburg, 17; France, Austria, and South Russia, 16; Spain and Portugal, 15; Sweden and Finland, 8; England and the high Swiss mountains, 7; Norway, 4 Cairo, 3. In East Turkestan, as well as in the extreme north, there are almost no thunderstorms. The northern limits of the thunderstorms are Cape Ogle, northern part of North America, Iceland, Nova Semelja, and the coast of the Siberian ice sea.

KING BRIAN'S LAST BATTLE

(An Ancient Icelandic Legendary Narrative, taken from "The Story of Burnt Njal," translated by Sir George W. Dasent in 1861.)

Earl Sigurd bade to his feast at Yule Earl Gitli, his brother-in-law, out of the Southern Isles; he had to wife Swanlanga, Earl Sigurd's sister; and then came, too, to see Earl Sigurd that King from Ireland whose name was Sigtrygg. He was a son of Olafrattle, but his mother's name was Kormlada. She was the fairest of all women, and best gifted in everything that was not in her power, but it was the talk of men that she did all things ill over which she had any power.

Brian was the name of the King who first had her to wife, but they were then parted. He was the best natured of all kings. He had his seat in Connaught, in Ireland; his brother's name was Wolf the Quarrelsome, the greatest champion and warrior. Brian's foster-child's name was Kerthialfad. He was the son of King Kylfi, who had many wars with King Brian, and fled away out of the land before him, and became a hermit; but when King Brian went south on a pilgrimage, then he met King Kylfi, and then they were atoned, and King Brian took his son Kerthialfad to him and loved him more than his own sons. He was then full grown when these things happened, and was the boldest of men.

Duncan was the name of the first of King Brian's sons; the second was Margad; the third Takt, whom we call Tann—he was the youngest of them; but the elder sons of King Brian were full-grown, and the briskest of men.

Kormlada was not the mother of King Brian's children, and so grim was she against King Brian after their parting that she would gladly have him dead. King Brian thrice forgave all his outlaws the same fault, but if they misbehaved themselves oftener, then he let them be judged by the law, and from this one may mark what a King he must have been. Kormlada egged on her son Sigtrygg very much to kill Brian, and she now sent him to Earl Sigurd to beg for help. King Sigtrygg came before Yule to the Orkneys, and there, too, came Earl Gitli, as written before. . . Then King Sigtrygg stirred in his business with Earl Sigurd, and bade him go to the war with him against King Brian.

The Earl was long steadfast, but the end of it was that he let the King have his way, but said he must have his mother's hand for his help, and be King of Ireland, if they slew Brian. But all his men besought Earl Sigurd not to go into the war, but it was all to no good. So they parted on the understanding that Earl Sigurd gave his word to go; but King Sigtrygg promised him his mother and the Kingdom. It was so settled that Earl Sigurd was to come with all his host to Dublin by Palm Sunday.

Then King Sigtrygg fared south to Ireland, and told his mother Kormlada that the Earl had undertaken to come, and also what he had pledged himself to grant him. She showed herself well pleased at that, but said they must gather greater force still. Sigtrygg asked whence was this to be looked for.

She said there were two Vikings lying off the west of Man, and that they had thirty ships, and she went on: "They are men of such hardihood that nothing can withstand them. The one's name is Ospak, and the other's Brodir. Thou shalt fare to find them, and spare nothing to get them into thy quarrel, whatever price they ask."

Now King Sigtrygg fares and seeks the Vikings, and found them lying outside off Man; King Sigtrygg brings forward his errand at once, but Brodir shrank from helping him until he, King Sigtrygg, promised him the kingdom and his mother, and they were to keep this such a secret that Earl Sigurd should know nothing about it; Brodir, too, was to come to Dublin on Palm Sunday. So King Sigtrygg fared home to his mother and told her how things stood.

After that those brothers, Ospak and Brodir, talked together, and then Brodir told Ospak all that he and Sigtrygg had spoken of, and bade him fare to battle with him against King Brian, and said he set much store on his going. But Ospak said he would not fight against so good a king.

Then they were both wroth and sundered their band at once. Ospak had ten ships and Brodir twenty. Ospak was a heathen and the wisest of all men. He laid his ships inside in a sound, but Brodir lay outside him. Brodir had been a Christian man and a mass-deacon by consecration, but he had thrown off his faith and become God's dastard, and now worshipped heathen fiends, and he was of all men most skilled in sorcery. He had that coat of mail on which no steel could bite. He was both tall and strong, and had such long locks that he tucked them under his belt. His hair was black.

It happened one night that a great din passed over Brodir and his men, so that they all woke, and sprang up, and put on their clothes. Along with that came a shower of boiling blood. Then they covered themselves with their shields; but for all that many were scalded. This wonder lasted all day, and a man died on board every ship.

Then they slept during the day. On the second night there was again a din, and again they all sprang up. Their swords leaped out of their sheaths, and axes and spears flew about in the air, and fought. The weapons pressed them so hard that they had to shield themselves, but still many were wounded, and again a man died out of every ship. This wonder lasted all till day.

Then they slept again the day after. But the third night there was a din of the same kind, and then ravens flew at them, and it seemed to them as though their beaks and claws were of iron. The ravens pressed them so hard that they had to keep them off with their swords, and cover themselves with their shields; and so this went on again till day, and then another man had died in every ship. Then they went to sleep first of all, but when Brodir woke up, he drew his breath painfully, and bade them put off the boat. "For," he said, "I will go to see Ospak."

Then he got into the boat, and some men with him, but when he found Ospak he told him of the wonders which had befallen them, and bade him say what he thought they boded. Ospak would not tell him before he pledged him peace, and Brodir promised him peace; but Ospak still shrank from telling him till night fell.

Then Ospak spoke and said—"When blood rained on you, therefore shall ye shed many men's blood, both of your own and others. But when ye heard a great din, then ye must have been shown the crack of doom, and ye shall all die speedily. But when weapons fought against you, that must forbode a battle, but when ravens pressed you, that marks the devils which ye put faith in, and who will drag you all down to the pains of hell." Then Brodir was so wroth that he could answer never a word, but he went across at once to his men and made them lay his ships in a line across the sound, and moor them by bearing their cables on shore at either end of the line, and meant to slay them all next morning.

Ospak saw all their plan, and then he vowed to take the true faith, and to go to King Brian, and follow him till his death day. Then he took council to lay his ships in a line, and punt them along the shore with poles, and cut the cables of Brodir's ships. Then the ships of Brodir's men began to fall abroad of one another when they were all fast asleep; and so Ospak and his men got out of the firth, and so west to Ireland, and came to Connaught.

Then Ospak told King Brian all that he had learnt, and took baptism, and gave himself over into the King's hand. After that King Brian made them gather force over all his realm, and the whole host was to come to Dublin in the week before Palm Sunday.

Earl Sigurd Hlodverson busked him from the Orkneys, and Flosi offered to go with him. The Earl would not have that, since he had his pilgrimage to fulfil. Flosi offered fifteen men of his band to go on the voyage, and the Earl accepted them, but Flosi fared with Earl Gitli to the Southern Isles. Thornstein, the son of Hall of the Side, went along with Earl Sigurd, and Hrafn the Red, and Erling of Straumey. The Earl came with all his host on Palm Sunday to Dublin, and there, too, came Brodir with all his host.

Brodir tried by sorcery how the fight would go, but the answer ran thus, that if the fight was on Good Friday King Brian would fall, but win the day; but if they fought before they would all fall who were against him. Then Brodir said that they must not fight before the Friday.

On the fifth day of the week a man rode up to Kormlada and her company on an apple grey horse, and in his hand he held a halberd; he talked long with them. King Brian came with all his host to the Burg; and on the Friday the host fared out of the Burg, and both armies were drawn up in array. Brodir was on one wing of the battle, but King Sigtrygg on the other. Earl Sigurd was in the mid battle.

Now, it must be told of King Brian that he would not fight on the fast day; and so a shieldburg (a ring of men holding their shields locked together) was thrown round him, and his host was drawn up in array in front of it. Wolf the Quarrelsome was on that wing of the battle against which Brodir stood; but on the other wing, where Sigtrygg stood against them, were Ospak and his sons. But in mid battle was Kerthialfad, and before him the banners were borne.

Now the wings fall on one another, and there was a very hard fight. Brodir went through the host of the foe, and felled all the foremost that stood there, but no steel would bite on his mail. Wolf the Quarrelsome turned then to meet him, and thrust at him thrice so hard that Brodir fell before him at each thrust, and was well nigh not getting on his feet again; but as soon as ever he found his feet, he fled away into the wood at once.

Earl Sigurd had a hard battle against Kerthialfad, and Kerthialfad came in so fast that he laid low all who were in the front rank; and he broke the array of Earl Sigurd right up to his banner, and slew the banner-bearer. Then he got another man to bear the banner, and there was again a hard fight. Kerthialfad smote the man to his death at once, and so on one after the other all who stood near him. Then Earl Sigurd called on Thorstein, the son of Hall of the Side, to bear the banner, and Thorstein was just about to lift the banner, but then Asmund the White said—"Don't bear the banner, for all they who bear it get their death." "Hrafn the Red," called out Earl Sigurd, "bear thou the banner." "Bear thine own devil thyself," answered Hrafn. Then the Earl said "'Tis fittest that the beggar should bear the bag," and with that he took the banner from the staff and put it under his cloak. A little after Asmund the White was slain, and then the Earl was pierced through with a spear.

Ospak had gone through all the battle on his wing; he had been sore wounded, and lost both his sons, ere King Sigtrygg fled before him. Then flight broke out throughout all the host. Thorstein Hall of the Sides' son stood still, while all the others fled, and tied his shoe string. Then Kerthialfad asked why he was not as the others. "Because," said Thorstein, "I can't get home to-night, since I am at home out of Ireland." Kerthialfad gave him peace. Hrafn the Red was chased out into a certain river; he thought he saw there the pains of hell down below him, and he thought the devils wanted to drag him to them. Then Hrafn said, "Thy dog, Apostle Peter, hath been twice to Rome, and he would run the third time if thou gavest him leave." Then the devils let him loose, and Hrafn got across the river.

Now Brodir saw that King Brian's men were chasing the fleers, and that there were few men by the shieldburg. Then he rushed out of the wood, and broke through the shieldburg and hewed at the King. The lad, Takt, threw his arm in the way, and the stroke took it off, and the King's head, too, but the King's blood came on the lad's stump, and the stump was healed by it on the spot. Then Brodir called out with a loud voice, "Now, let man tell man that Brodir felled Brian!"

The men ran after those who were chasing the fleers, and they were told that King Brian had fallen; and then they turned back straightway with Wolf the Quarrelsome and Kerthialfad. Then they threw a ring round Brodir and his men, and threw branches upon them; and so Brodir was taken alive. Wolf the Quarrelsome cut open his belly, and led him round and round the trunk of a tree, and so wound all his entrails out of him, and he did not die before they were all drawn out of him. Brodir's men were slain to a man. Fifteen men of the Burner's fell in Brian's battle, and there too fell Hallder, the son of Gudmund the Powerful, and Erling of Straumey.

After that they took King Brian's body and laid it out. The King's head had grown fast to the trunk."

X.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE KEATINGS OF NICHOLASTOWN AND GARRENLEA, CO. TIPPERARY.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Drumcondra, March 3, 1903.

Sir.—Perhaps some of your readers could let me have a little information re. the above families. I believe they held Loghlahery Castle, near Cahir, and buried at Derragrath, and Dangandargan, nigh Cashel. The Keatings of Garrenlea and Knockagh, I have heard, were younger branches of the Keatings of Nicholastown. Unfortunately, there appears to be no historical work relating to Tipperary in the National Library, from which information could be had.—Yours truly,

T.M.

THE ROSCOMMON PEERAGE.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Dublin writes:—Can any reader of the "Dublin Penny Journal" gives an account of the Roscommon Peerage. The last earl died in about 1842, when the title was disputed by Thomas Dillon Boyle. There was allowed a committee of Privileges before the House of Lords at the time. The "Directory" said the last Earl's needy heir was his uncle, Peter Dillon, of Dublin city, which Thomas Dillon of Boyle said was not true.

THE SONG OF THE SILVER SKATES.

I sing the song of the silver skates—
Of cheeks as red as the rose of June,
And the joyous pulse that palpitates
To the merrily measured tune.
And the flood of the full-orbed moon
Flows out of her glistening gates,
As with many a rhythmic sway and swing
I follow the crystal course and sing
The song of the silver skates.

I sing the song of the silver skates,
I float wherever my fancy leads;
The stars' bright sparkle scintillates
In the flash of my flying steeds.
The deep-hushed hollow heeds
And the hill reverberates
The tuneful tinkle whose ripples ring
Till the wandering woodland echoes bring
The song of the silver skates.

I sing the song of the silver skates—
Of the mirth that mellows the frosty air
When the wind's rare wine exhilarates
The hearts of the ones who dare.
Oh, come with me and share
The frolic feast that waits!
And blithesome as the birds of spring
We'll wander where we will and sing
The song of the silver skates.

DR. MAGINN.



FROM A DRAWING BY MACLISE, SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

DR. MAGINN.

A FAMOUS IRISH LITERATEUR OF THE LAST CENTURY.

[The following sketch of the life of the once famous Dr. Maginn (whose picture by Maclise we give above), and appreciation of his literary gifts, was written by another Irishman of considerable literary powers, who made a remarkable figure in perhaps the most remarkable "cause celebre" ever tried. It is from the pen of the late Dr. Kenealy, the counsel for the Claimant in the Tichborne Trial.]

I.

The man who in some golden eventide has walked along the shores of the Great Deep, and watched the sun, after a day of darkness and tempest, gradually sinking in the horizon, until at length its bright disc is hidden altogether in the blue caverns of the ocean, must possess a bosom indeed cold, if he muses not a while on the scene which he has just witnessed. Around him roll the waves, no longer crested with the sunshine, but bearing on their brows the dark shadow of the coming night; before his eyes is spread a vast expanse of water, mingling far off in the distance with the heavens, and offering to the contemplative heart a type of the wide waters of eternity. Silence is in the sky, and by the sandy beach; the ripple of the billow is the only sound that breaks at intervals upon his ear. Slowly and solemnly he paces there, wrapt in reflection, and worshipping in thought the majesty of nature. Anon the sky becomes darker, and the stars walk forth like young brides, all beautiful and gay; and lastly, comes the moon, shining as an angel of poetry, wakening up all the fair and celestial feelings of his soul, making him in love with all creation and created beings, and bringing him, for an interval, under that seraph-like and virtuous spell which every spirit has sometimes felt, and which exalts it for a moment to a kindred with things of ethereal essence. And thereupon the man rests and ponders long.

Like the imaginary picture we have drawn, is the course of genius. Like that sun it speeds onward in majesty and splendour; the hurricane and cloud may wrap it from our eyes, but it shines not the less magnificently in its own place; brightness is in its starry path, and power in its footsteps; like that sun again it performs its course, and fades away into the Abyss of Space; like it is followed by the bright moon, a symbol of the fame which survives its departure. For as the moon is the reflection of the sun's glory, so is fame the reflection of Genius, and both are immortal.

It would be difficult to find anyone to whom the foregoing similitude would better apply, than to the late William Maginn, so long the leading periodical writer of the day—the kind friend, the affectionate and delightful companion—the man, in all the noblest senses of the word. Crossed, and darkened, and embittered by clouds, as many a sunny day has been, was his career while he lived; sorrow had cast her shadow over his soul; poverty and neglect lay upon him like an eclipse; the Hope, which in the morning of his manhood rose resplendently in the distance, and cast around his path imaginary triumphs, tropies, and applause, had disappeared as he proceeded, and like the mirage of the desert, left only wretchedness and disappointment; one by one he had observed those who commenced life with knowledge and intellect far inferior to his own, with prospects less brilliant, and recommendations less powerful, outstrip him in the race, and bear away the honours and rewards, while to him there fell but a scanty apportionment of either; calumny had added materially to the list of his errors, exaggerating those that were but ordinary, and inventing where she could not find a sin, and sneer and sarcasm from the meanest quarters, had done their worst against his character; his heart had begun to grow old and a-weary of the world, and that innate sunshine of the mind which never deserted him, but was present even in the gloomiest circumstances, scarcely supported him amid the many troubles that sprang up like tempests in his path—but immediately he was dead, his life was lamented by universal assent, as if it had been some national calamity; the many who had been politically opposed to him during his whole life, deplored his decease as if one of their own kindred had fallen; Genius came and wept over his bier; Envy masked her bitterness, and followed among his mourners; even those who had pursued him while living, with slander, did not dare to utter one word of detraction over his grave, and his fame at length arose and hovered about his tomb like the silver moonlight.

The variety of his writings proves the amazing versatility of his mind—their excellence is an emblem of its wealth and beauty. Poetry, romance, and criticism, parody, translation, and burlesque—of these there are enshrined amid the vast collection of his compositions, examples as perfect and splendid as any in the language, and such as if presented to the world at one view could not fail to astonish, to gratify, and to instruct it.

As a poet he left behind him writings that breathe of the divinity of genius, and would be sure to immortalise his name, had he bequeathed no other memorials of his intellect, realising as they do, almost to the letter, the praise of Proclus in his dissertation on Plato, "the lineaments of poetry in all their lustre!" As a scholar he was perhaps the most universal of his time, no subject being unknown to him, or beyond the reach of his reading; far more various in his learning than Voltaire, far more profound and elegant than Johnson; rivalled, perhaps, only by Peter Bayle, or that erudite old man, James Roche, of Cork, whose wonderful memory and riches of scholarship, now comparatively unknown, will be the delight of some future time. As a political writer he was once pronounced, by no mean authority, to be "the greatest in the world," and although perfection in that

attainment is scarcely worth the ambition of a lofty mind, it would be hard to name any other author of the present time, except Sydney Smith, who was at once so witty, so philosophical, so elegant and earnest in political discourses. As a conversationist he was known for the liveliness of his fancy, the diversity of his anecdotes, the richness and felicity of his illustrations, the depth and shrewdness of his truths, the readiness of his repartee, and the utter absence of anything like dictation to those who came to listen and to be instructed; "idem lœtus et præsens, jucundus et gravis tum copia, tum brevitate mirabilis. Lastly, as a man, he possessed the most child-like gentleness and simplicity, the greatest modesty, the warmest heart, the most benevolent hand, with the most scanty means. From faults he was not free, from wild irregularities he was not exempt. But great genius is seldom perfect; its excesses must be forgiven when they are counterbalanced by fine qualities. "Summi enim," says Quintilian, "sunt homines tantum." The rock upon which Steel and Burns split, the sole blot upon Addison, the only stigma upon Charles Lamb, that which exiled Fox from the Cabinet of England, and reduced Sheridan to poverty and shame, was the ruin, too, of the late William Maginn. But let us draw over it the veil of charity, and remember that he was a man.

Such is the brief character of Maginn. Let us now follow it with a few anecdotes of his life.

William Maginn was born in July, 1794, in Cork. His father was a schoolmaster of some repute, and was the proprietor of an academy in Marlborough street, in that city, which was then considered the principal one in the south of Ireland, and liberally patronised by the families of the county. The abilities of young Maginn displayed themselves at a very early age, and were so successfully cultivated, that in his tenth year he was advanced far enough to enter Trinity College, his tutor there being Dr. Kyle, afterwards Provost of the University, and subsequently Bishop of Cork. In college he passed through the classes with distinction, gained several prizes, and gave rich promise of his future years; and was the reputed author of a poem, entitled "Æneas Eunuchus," which caused no little excitement, by the eccentricity of its fancy, and the boldness of its thoughts. Returning to Cork, he assisted for some time in the management of the school, and on his father's death, which took place, we believe, when Maginn was little more than twenty, he took on himself the burthen of the entire establishment, and conducted it with singular success. The degree of Doctor of Law was conferred on him in his twenty-fourth year, an unusually early period, and one which we believe is without parallel in Ireland.

Cork was, at that time, in the dawning of that taste for literature, and scientific inquiry, which has since rendered it so celebrated, and conferred on it the name of the Athens of Ireland. A number of ingenious young men had formed themselves into a society for the diffusion of knowledge, and of this club Maginn became a member, and soon distinguished himself above all the others for the depth and universality of his reading. To one of his satirical turn, the opportunity for exercising his wit, which the foibles of the various members presented to him, was too tempting to be overlooked—and accordingly we find him, at this early period, levelling his shafts at such of his associates as were the most prominent in absurdity, priggishness, or pretension—and flinging about him epigrams and jests, as wildly and liberally on the small people of the beautiful city, as in after years on the Chancellors and Ministers of the British Empire.

The publication of "Blackwood's Magazine," which was commenced in 1817, opened a field favourable to the display of Maginn's talents, and he lost no time in availing himself of so popular a medium for the insertion of his lucubrations. In all his contributions there was a profusion of wit and learning which flashed on the public with a splendour to which they were unused. Scarcely one appeared in which there was not something libellous; but the sting was so beautifully applied, and so mitigated by the surrounding fun, that it was difficult seriously to quarrel with the author; and Mr. Blackwood seemed to take as strong a delight in publishing the sarcasms, as Maginn in writing them. The following extracts from Mr. Blackwood's Letters to the Doctor, in 1820, show how heartily the old man enjoyed a scourging article:—

"Edinburgh, 23rd November, 1820

"My Dear Sir—It has been so far fortunate, that this month has been kept back for the article on Captain Parry's Expedition, as it has enabled us to insert your admirable attack on Professor John, which you will see has not lost any of its points by the hands it has passed through. It was his doctrine and discoveries with regard to freezing, and not heat, which "Brewster's Journal" proved to be stolen from the Philosophical Transactions, and therefore your notice of his book on heat was altered. The other alterations, I have no doubt, you will approve of, and, to add to the joke, O. P. is baptised Olinthus Petre, D.D., of T.C.D.

"I fear that you will think that too great liberties have been taken with Holt's letter, but really we felt that they were necessary. I am sure you will not object to such a puppy charlatan as Brande being substituted for Tommy Thompson."

The Doctor had not at this time communicated his name to Blackwood, nor had he, what is much more singular, demanded payment for his writings. The following extract will show that, whatever was the Doctor's delicacy, Blackwood, with his accustomed liberality, acted as became him:—

"I hope you will like this number of Maga, which I think one of our standard ones. I need not say how much it owes to you, and I cannot say how much I owe you for your most effectual assistance. Your contributions have now been so numerous and so valuable, in the truest sense of the word, that I trust you will allow me to return you some acknowledgment, for I cannot repay you for the kind and valuable aid you have given me. If you will not accept money, I trust you will allow me to send you books, and you would do me a singular favour if you would send me a list of those that would be acceptable to you. It is very awkward of me to ask you to do this; but ignorant as I am of what passes, or what you would most prize, I would not like to send you works you did not want, and I must, therefore, beg of you to send me a good long list."

Dr. Moir thus tells the story of the first meeting between Blackwood and Maginn, when the latter paid a visit to Edinburgh:—"I remember having been informed by Mr. Blackwood, that the Doctor arrived in Edinburgh on Sunday evening, and found his way out to Newington, where he then resided. It so happened that the whole family had gone to the country a few days before, and, in fact, the premises, except the front gate, were locked up. This the Doctor managed, after vainly ringing and knocking, to open, and made a circuit of the building, peeping first into one window, and then another, where everything looked snug and comfortable, though tenantless. He took occasion afterwards to remark that no such temptations were allowed to prowlers in Ireland.

"On the morning of Monday he presented himself in Prince's street—at that time Mr. Blackwood's place of business—and formally asked for an interview with that gentleman. The Doctor was previously well aware that his quizzes on Dowden, Jennings, and Cody, of Cork (perfectly harmless as they were), had produced a ferment in that quarter, which now exploded in sending fierce and fiery letters to the proprietor of the magazine, demanding the name of the writer, as he had received sundry notes from Mr Blackwood telling him the circumstances; and on Mr. Blackwood's appearing, the stranger apprised him of his wish to have a private conversation with him, and this in the strongest Irish accent he could assume.

"On being closetted together, Mr. Blackwood thought to himself, as Mr. Blackwood afterwards informed me, 'Here at last is one of the wild Irishmen—and come for no good purpose, doubtless.'

"'You are Mr. Blackwood, I presume,' said the stranger.

"'I am,' answered that gentleman.

"'I have rather an unpleasant business then with you,' he added, 'regarding some things which have appeared in your magazine. They are so and so—would you be so kind as to give me the name of the author?'

"'That requires consideration,' said Mr. Blackwood; 'and I must first be satisfied that——'

"'Your correspondent resides in Cork, doesn't he? You need not make any mystery about that.'

"'I decline at present,' said Mr. B. 'giving any information on that head, before I know more of this business—of your purpose—and who you are.'

"'You are very shy, sir,' said the stranger; 'I thought you corresponded with Mr. Scott, of Cork,' mentioning the assumed name under which the doctor had hitherto communicated with the magazine.

"'I beg to decline giving any information on that subject,' was the response of Mr. Blackwood.

"'If you don't know him, then, sputtered out the stranger; 'perhaps—perhaps you could know your own handwriting,' at the same moment producing a packet of letters from his side pocket. 'You need not deny your correspondence with that gentleman—I am that gentleman.'

"Such was the whimsical introduction of Dr. Maginn to Mr Blackwood; and after a cordial shake of the hand, and a hearty laugh, the pair were in a few minutes up to the elbows in friendship. The doctor remained at this time in Edinburgh, at Mr. B.'s house, for several weeks; and was introduced to Professor Wilson, Mr. Lockhart, R. P. Gillies, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Howison, and other prominent literary characters, as well as several leading and influential members of the Scottish bar. The doctor remained in Edinburgh until the middle of July, when he returned home,"

(To be continued.)

AUSTRALIA'S FIERCE ANTS.

The biggest and fiercest ants in the world are to be found on the far northern plains of Australia. They build hills as big as houses and fight in the most ferocious fashion. A ghastly incident was reported recently by mail from Australia. A man named James Stanley was pinioned to the ground by a falling tree in northern Queensland. He was immediately attacked by bees and huge green ants. When rescued, his body was covered with them. He died in a few minutes after reaching the nearest hospital.

THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK.

By CHARLES SMITH, M.D.

Æquum est enim meminisse & me, qui discerem hominem esse et vos, qui Judicetis ut fi probabilia dicentur nihil ultra requiratis. Cicero Univers

In Two Volumes.

VOL. I.

The Second Edition, with Additions.

Chapter VI.

The Topography of the Barony of Duhallow, with that of Orrery and Kilmore.

The west of this barony (1) is rough and mountainous, but the rest of it, towards the Blackwater, is very fine land, and abounds with limestone quarries. This country seems to have its name from the river Allo, which Spenser celebrates, by whose charming sights one would imagine that this river rather washed the mountains of Helicon than those of this country. It runs through this barony from the borders ofthe county of Limerick, and falls into the Blackwater below Kanturk, where it is joined by a second river, called Con Dalua, i.e., the double stream; the Allo signifying the echoing river. Over each of them are two fair stone bridges at Kanturk, the arches and battlements being composed of rustic work of hewn stone; that over the Allo consists of six arches.

Kanturk, anciently Keantuirk, i.e., a boar's head, probably from one of those animals having been slain here by some Irish chief in former times. It formerly belonged to a branch of the MacCartys, called MacDonough, who forfeited this estate for aiding the rebels in 1641.

In Queen Elizabeth's time, they erected a most magnificent pile near this place, the walls of which remain entire. It was a parallelogram, being 120 feet in length by 80 in breadth, flanked with four square buildings. This structure was four stories high, and the flankers five; all the window frames, coignes, beltings and battlements were of hewn stone; and the whole made a most grand and regular appearance. This castle was represented to Queen Elizabeth as a place of very dangerous importance to belong to a private subject, and was said to be no less than a strong and regular fortress; upon which the lords of the council of England transmitted an order hither to have the work stopped, so that the finishing of this noble building was prevented, which was one of the finest structures erected by any Irish family that I have seen, and very far from being capable to be made any use of, so as to annoy the Government. Thus it remains still in the same condition, the walls having braved all the injuries of time (2). This castle, with the town and manor of Kanturk, belong at present to the Right Hon. the Earl of Egmont, who has also the title of Viscount from this place. I have mentioned his lordship's titles to this manor in a previous chapter of this volume. The town of Kanturk is in a thriving condition, several well-built houses having been erected in it. Here is a neat market-house, but no church nearer than New-market. It is tolerably well peopled, by persons mostly employed in the worsted manufacture. At Curragh, a little to the north of Kanturk, was a castle of the MacCartys; and near it is a most excellent chalybeate water. The soil in this neighbourhood is a whitish clay; in some places it is yellow, brown, and very deep, producing grass in plenty, but very little tillage, except some barley, oats, and potatoes.

Five measured English miles W. of Kanturk is Newmarket, the last place of any note in the N.W. part of the county. It is adorned with a stately house of Boyle Aldworth, Esq., composed of two regular fronts of hewn stone, which stands on the S.E. side of the town. Newmarket consists of one regular street, and is a considerable thoroughfare into the county of Kerry. In it are some well-looking houses, and a decent parish church. To the W. of this place, on the left hand of the road to Blackwater-bridge, stands Castle Mac-Awliff, formerly the chief seat of that sept; and there is also another of their castles at Carigacushin, a mile N.E. of Newmarket.

The castle of Dromagh stands about three miles S.W. of Kanturk; it was built by the O'Kiefs, and was their chief seat; it is well walled, and flanked by four turrets, and inhabited by Mr. Philpot. Near this place, a vein of coal has been discovered, and considerable quantites have been raised; they are not altogether as bright as the Kilkenny coal, but make a lasting fire, with little or no smoke. They have very good culm which covers the large coal, useful in forges and burning lime. The lands hereabouts are coarse, and afford little tillage.

W. of Dromagh is the parish of Cullen; and near the church are some ruins, said to have been an ancient nunnery, not mentioned in any record. This, and the adjacent parishes, are in the diocese of Aghadoe. In this parish are symptoms of the same coal vein; and in it is the ruined castle of Du Aragil, built by the O'Kiefs. A considerable tract of the county of Kerry, called the East Fractions, is in the centre of this parish. Near the church of Nohavel, which stands on the Blackwater, on the verge of this country, is the stump of a round tower, which, with the church, are dedicated to St. Finian, whose festival is here celebrated on the 13th of December.

Near the Blackwater, at Drumshicane, is a good house of Nicholas Chinnery, Esq. Drumshicane was a fortified castle of the O'Kiefs, with turrets, and an high square tower in the centre, all lately demolished. The walls were built of flat stones or flags, exceedingly well cemented.

On the south side of the Blackwater, in the parish of Clonmene, are a range of mountains, called St. Hillary's, whence several rapid rivulets fall into the Blackwater. Clonmene is a good house of Cornelius O'Callaghan, Esq; near it is the parish church; and more east are the remains of the castle of Clonmene, ruined in the wars of 1641. At Clonmene was anciently, according to Colgan, a monastery of Austin friars, founded by the O'Callaghans. After the wars, Sir Richard Kyle settled at this place; he erected iron works near it, cut down a vast tract of wood in this neighbourhood, and considerably improved the country. When the French threatened to invade the kingdom, in 1666, this Sir Richard Kyle offered Lord Orrery to raise a troop of 60 horse, of which his lordship informed the Duke of Ormond, and says, the world had no better men than Sir Richard had, and that he knew him to be an excellent officer. This estate Sir Richard Kyle sold to Richard Newman, Esq. The mountains here, that were formerly covered with wood, are now generally reclaimed; but where the land was bare of trees, it is for the most part, become boggy and unprofitable. Beneath the turfy sod is a bluish, hard, cold gravel, scarce to be penetrated without much labour. Not far from Clonmene is the hill called Knockinclashy, celebrated for a defeat given to Donough, then Lord Muskery, who, with 4,000 Irish, was marching to raise the siége of Limerick, by the Lord Broghill, with 1,000 English, in July, 1651.

About two miles to the N. of Clonmene is Castle-Magner, which, though in the circuit of this barony, is reckoned to be in Orrery. In the rebellion of 1641, this castle belonged to Richard Magner, agent for the Irish inhabitants of Orrery and Kilmore. When Cromwell was at Clonmel, he went to pay his court to him; but being represented as a very troublesome person, and one who had been very active in the rebellion, Cromwell sent him with a letter to Col. Phaire, then Governor of Cork, in which was an order to execute the bearer. Magner, who suspected foul play, had scarce left Clonmel when he opened the letter, read the contents, and

(1). This barony has 13 parishes, viz. Ballydlough, Kilshannick, Clonmene, Drumtariff, Kilmeene, Cullin, Drishane, Nohavel, Clonfert, Knocktemple, Ballintemple, Kilbrin, and Castlemagner, containing 253 plowlands, and 105,748 acres.

(2). Donogh MacCarty, of Kanturk, was killed by Tyrone in that rebellion, and all his lands, in Duhallow, were seized by his kinsman, Dermod Mac-Owen Carty, who was concerned in aiding Tyrone; Cormac MacCarty, the right heir, being then an infant. But Jan. 24, 1611, he petitioned King James I who restored him to his estate, the lord-deputy Chichester being made judge of the affair.

MSS. Sir Richard Cox, in an old council book.

sealing it up, instead of proceeding towards Cork, turned off to Mallow, and delivered it to the officer who commanded there, telling him Cromwell had ordered him to carry it to Col. Phaire. This officer had often preyed upon Magner's lands, for which he was resolved to be revenged. The officer, suspecting no deceit, went with the letter, which greatly amazed the Governor of Cork, who knew him to be an honest man, and immediately sent an express to Cromwell for further directions. Cromwell, being extremely chagrined to be so served, sent orders to let the officer have his liberty, and to apprehend Magner, who took care to get out of his reach. This castle and lands were granted to the family of Bertridge for 49 arrears; it is now the estate of Sir Standish Hartstonge. Not far from Castlemagner is Knockinoss, where, on the 13th of November, 1647, a battle was fought between the half-starved English, under the Lord Inchiquin, and a numerous army of the Irish, under the Lord Taaf, whereon depended the fate of this province, and where the English obtained a complete victory.

About a mile more east is the castle of Loghort, built in King John's reign; it is in the manor of Kanturk, and belongs to the Right Hon. the Earl of Egmont, whose ancestor, Sir Philip Perceval, placed a garrison in it in the rebellion of 1641. But the Irish gained it by treachery, and held it towards the end of the war, when Sir Hardress Waller, with a battery of cannon, reduced it in May, 1650, and gives it the character of a place of great strength in his letter to the Parliament. This castle remained for many years a melancholy proof of the devastation of those times; but it has been of late repaired by the Earl of Egmont. It is 80 feet high, the walls are ten feet thick, and moated round with a deep trench, which is passed by a drawbridge. In one of the upper chambers is an handsome armoury for 100 horse, well furnished with broad-swords, bayonets, pistols, carbines, &c. Here is also a good library, and other apartments; and from the top of this tower is a noble prospect of a great tract of country.

A mile E. of Loghort is Ballyclough, in the barony of Orrery (a considerable part of the parish being also in Duhallow), a pretty village.

The castle of Ballyclough was built by a family of the Barrys, that went by the name of Mac-Robison; a few years ago there was a chalybeate spaw near this place, in good repute, but it is now neglected, being overflown by an adjacent brook.

Castlecorith, now Castlecor, two miles N. of Loghort, the seat of William Freeman, Esq., is an handsome house, fronted with hewn stone, and flanked at each angle with turrets; and near it is a pleasant park, where are the remains of an ancient fortification, in the midst of which stood a castle of the Barrys.

The parish of Kishanick lies on the S. side of the Blackwater, and in the S.E. part of Duhallow. The castle of Drumaneen stands boldly on the Blackwater; it was the chief seat of the O'Callaghans. About the reign of King James I. they created a very stately house on the foundation of the castle, which was ruined in the late wars. The castle bawn is large, and well enclosed with an high stone wall, flanked with round towers; and the whole, though in ruins, from the opposite side of the river, by its lofty situation, has still an august appearance. In King William's wars, the English kept a garrison in this castle for a considerable time, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Culliford.

Orrery and Kilmore constitute but one barony, formerly named Orriria Barria, the Barrys having had possession of the greatest part of this country. The principal place in this barony is Charleville, before called Rathgogan, a corporation, erected at the expense and encouragement of Roger, the first Earl of Orrery, Lord President of Munster; who here kept his presidential court, and adorned this town with a magnificent house (3), built in 1661, to which he added noble gardens and a fine park. This house was burnt down in the year 1690 by a party of King James's soldiers, with the Duke of Berwick at their head, who, after he had dined in it, left it in a flame. Charleville is governed by a sovereign, two bailiffs, and 12 burgesses. In this town the first Earl of Orrery endowed a celebrated free school, who, although he had great offices and a plentiful estate, yet his soul seemed much larger than his fortune.

Broghill (4), which gives title of Baron to the Right Hon. the Earl of Orrery, is a castle and manor that formerly belonged to the Fitz-Geralds; it stands a little to the W. of Charleville. The castle of Kilbolane, about four miles S.W. of the latter, belonged to the Earls of Desmond; but it is said to have been built soon after the coming over of Strongbow, by the Cogans, from whom the Desmond family had this estate. Castleishin, a mile S.W. of the former, was another seat of the Fitz-Geralds, and Castle-dod, two miles S. of Charleville, also belonged to that family; it is now only a modern built house, and is the estate of the Harrisons. A mile S. by W. from Charleville is Ringfort, a good house and plantation of Mr. Vowell. A mile more to the S. is Mill-town, a well-planted improvement, with an handsome canal of Col. Evans. On this place stood formerly a castle of the Fitz-Gibbons; in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Maurice Fitz-Gibbon, of Mill-town, slew John Mac-John Fitz-Gerald, of Kilbolane, and 14 of his followers, being assisted by four of his sons, Fitz-Gerald having instigated the Earl of Desmond to hang one of the Fitz-Gibbon family a little before. This castle was, in the rebellion of 1641, bravely defended against the rebels, by one Mountain, who obliged them to raise the siege. The Irish, having no cannon, attacked the gate with an high machine, made of hurdles, carried on wheels, like one of the old Roman towers; but it was burnt by the besieged.

(To be Continued).

(3). The foundation of this house was laid on the 29th of May, 1661. His Lordship, in a letter to the Duke of Ormond (dated the 11th of Dec., 1662) says:—"That he hopes, by his Grace's favour, to get it made a borough, and have it bear the name of Charleville; it being now called by the heathenish name of Rathgogan." His Lordship adds, "I admit neither presbyter, papist, independant, nor, as our proclamation says, and sort of fanatick to plant there, but all good Protestants; and am setting up manufactures of linen and woollen cloths, and all other good trades."

(4). The following is an extract of the King's letter, for creating Roger Boyle, Esq., baron of Brognill, from the original in Lismore Castle:—"Having taken into our gracious consideration the many eminent virtues, and abilities of our right well-beloved cousin Richard Earl of Cork, and his singular good deserving, as well in planting these remote parts of our dominions, with several English colonies, in setting true religion, and introducing civility and government there, where he found barbarians and superstition; and in the erecting of several churches, castles, towns, and other buildings, at his own charges, for the perpetual security of these countries, and our good subjects inhabiting in them; as also in zealously pursuing all good courses, tending to the advancement of our most important services there; and understanding that he hath many younger sons, whom he breeds in true religion and virtuous discipline, thereby making them worthy and profitable members of that State, etc., we do, by these our letters, confer upon his third son Roger Boyle, the honour dignity, stile and title of a baron of that our kingdom; and constitute and ordain him Lord Boyle, baron of Broghill, in that our realm, etc.

"Dated at Westminster, the 30th of Nov,
Anno 3° Carol. prim."

NIMBUS.

All through the slumbrous afternoon the deft
Cloud-builders of the west, beyond a weird
Sky-wall, involved with many a winding cleft,
Their huge white domes have reared.

The whole mid-heaven blends in one burning white,
Like a vast hollow sun: the faint wind sleeps.
When lo! across the world with noiseless flight
The first great shadow sweeps.

Now rising midway 'twixt the north and west,
Above strange leagues of sudden dusk, the wide
Black nimbus, with its turbulent grey crest,
Hangs like a moonless tide.

Before it flies the gale with cool, wet wing.
From foothills of the far blue ridge it comes.
Already may be heard the muttering
Of its dull, stormy drums.

Flash after flash the long, keen lightnings rive
The leaden walls: the torn trees bend with pain.
And now at last the windy rush and drive
Of the fierce tangled rain.

WHY EARTHQUAKES CAN BE PREDICTED.

Doctor Cancani, after a careful study of Italian earthquakes, finds that all such disturbances strong enough to damage buildings, even to a slight extent, are invariably preceded as well as followed by minor shocks. In other words, an earthquake is not an isolated phenomenon, but is one of a series of disturbances. When the depth of the focus of disturbance is small the tremours last about 10 days, when of moderate depth about three months, and when of great depth possibly several years. Professor Omori, in Japan, has arrived at similar conclusions about minor shocks connected with strong earthquakes.

PLANTS THAT PRODUCE INSANITY.

The United States Department of Agriculture is at present investigating the curious behaviour of certain plants growing on the Western prairies which are known as loco-weeds. "Loco" in Spanish signifies crazy. Cattle and other animals feeding upon loco-weeds suffer a derangement of the brain that prevents co-ordinating movements. Several weeds belonging to the bean family are included in this poisonous category. It has been asserted that a single dose of some of these weeds will cause insanity; but Mr. V. K. Chestnut, of the Department of Agriculture, expresses the belief that several days of feeding are required to produce a bad effect.

HELL IN DUBLIN.

I remember instead of turning to the right down Parliament street, going, in my youth, straight forward under the Exchange and up Cork hill, to the old Four Courts, adjoining Christ Church Cathedral. I remember what an immense crowd of cars, carriages, noddies, and sedan-chairs, beset our way as we struggled on between Latouche's and Gleadowe's Banks in Castle street—what a labour it was to urge on our way through Skinner's row—I remember looking up to the old cage-work wooden house that stood at the corner of Castle street and Werburgh street, and wondering why, as it overhung so much, it did not fall down—and then turning down Fishamble street, and approaching the Four Courts, that then existed, through what properly was dominated Christ Church Yard, but which popularly was called HELL. This was certainly a very profane and unseemly souoriquet to give to a place that adjoined a cathedral whose name was Christ Church; and my young mind, when I first entered there, was struck with its unseemliness. Yes; and more especially, when over that arched entrance there was pointed out to me the very image of the devil, carved in oak, and not unlike one of those hideous black figures that are still in Thomas street, hung over Tobacconists' doors. This "locale" of hell, and this representation of his satanic majesty, were famous in those days even beyond the walls of Dublin. I remember well, on returning to my native town after my first visit to Dublin, being asked by all my playfellows, had I been in hell, and had I seen the devil. Its fame even reached Scotland, and Burns, the poet, in his story of "Death and Doctor Hornbook," alludes to it when he says:—

> But this that I am gaun to tell,
> Which lately on a night befell,
> Is just as true as the deil's in hell,
> Or Dublin city.

As hell has not any local habitation in our city, neither has the devil—but I can assure you reader, that there are relics preserved of this very statue to this day; some of it was made into much esteemed snuff-boxes—and I am told there is one antiquarian in our city who possesses the head and horns, and who prizes the relic as the most valuable in his museum. At any rate, hell to me, in those days, was a most attractive place, and often did I go hither, for the yard was full of shops where toys, and fireworks, and kites, and all the playthings that engage the youthful fancy, were exposed for sale. But hell was not only attractive to little boys, but also to bearded men: for here were comfortable lodgings for single men, and I remember reading in a Journal of the day, an advertisement, intimating that there were "To be let, furnished apartments in Hell. N.B.—They are well suited to a lawyer." (!!) Here also were sundry taverns and snuggeries, where the counsellor would cosher with the attorney—where the prebendary and the canon of the cathedral could meet and make merry—here the old stagers, the seniors of the Currans, the Yelvertons, and the Bully Egans, I have above alluded to, would enjoy the concomitants of good fellowship—there Prime Sergeant Malone, dark Phil. Tisdall, and prior still to them, the noted Sir Toby Butler, cracked their jokes and their marrow-bones, toasted away claret and tossed repartee, until they died, as other men die and are forgotten. The characters of Malone and Tisdall are still preserved in Barataniana, and other satirical or serious records of that day. Sir Toby—I question whether he may not have been the prototype, the "eidolon" of Toby Philpot—has his name and his fame, as an astute negotiator, engraven on the treaty of Limerick, and of course he belongs to history; but as a tavern toper I fear he is almost forgotten. His tomb is in St. James's churchyard, and any one who enters that well-peopled cemetery, must observe it as forming the chief ornament of that ugly place. Sir Toby's remains lie mouldering and liquifying there—but, in sooth, if ever ashes deserved to be vitrified, and melted, and cast into a drinking cup, they were those of this old Hibernian lawyer. It is astonishing how these old fellows could do business coolly in the day, who came to it under the effects of the overnight's hot debauch. Doubtless, it did affect them; and I recollect some anecdotes of the same Toby that show the shifts that this old claret guzzler had recourse to:—Sir Toby was engaged in an important cause which required al lhis knowledge and legal acumen (which were not little), to defend, and the attorney, deeply alive to the importance of keeping Sir Toby cool, absolutely insisted upon his taking his corporal oath that he should not drink anything until the cause was decided; and, of course, sooner than lose the retaining fee, the affidavit was made, but kept as follows:—The cause came on—the trial proceeded—the opposite counsel made a masterly, luminous, and powerful impression on the jury—Sir Toby got up, and he was cool—too cool—his courage was not up to the sticking point—his hands trembled—his head was palsied—his tongue faltered—every thing indicated feebleness—whereupon he sent to "mine host" in hell for a bottle of port and a roll, when extracting a portion of the soft of the roll, and filling up the hollow with the liquor, he actually eat the bottle of wine, and recovering his wonted power and ingenuity, he overthrew the adversary's argument, and won the cause. Reader, I am a rambler by profession, allow me, while I have a hold of Sir Toby, and as you may never hear of him again, to recount another anecdote of him, which proves of him that he was as well an honest as

> A thirsty old soul,
> As e'r cracked a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl.

Engaged in a cause where the counsel opposed to him appeared to carry both the feelings and opinion of the jury, he stood up and said, "Gentlemen of the jury—The cause of our antagonist, though plausible, is bad, if there be truth in the old saying 'that good wine needs no bush, or a good cause no bribery'; here, gentlemen of the jury, is what was put into my hand this morning," holding out a purse of gold, "it was given in the hope that it would have bribed me into a lukewarm advocacy of my client's cause. But, gentlemen, here I throw down Achan's wedge—here I cast at your feet the accursed thing"; and so he went on most ably to state his case and defend his cause; and no doubt but the exhibition of the purse had as much weight as the force of his argument in inducing the jury to give a verdict in his favour.

The attorneys of the old Four Courts, and who passed through the palpable hell to gain access to its darker purlieus, were as distinct as the lawyers of the day from those of modern times. I remember, when a youth, being brought into the office of one of the most eminent in Dublin, who dwelt in that then fashionable resort of attorneys, Chancery lane, instead of residing, as now, in some of the squares, as men of ton and elegance—as the rivals of all that is exquisite in taste, virtu, equipage, and horse flesh. Your attorneys of that day was, to be sure, equally keen, equally conscionable in the length and (Reader, pardon the coinage.) Perhaps it may be as well to stick to the single portrait I have alluded to—my uncle's attorney in Chancery lane—he was not a bad or extra specimen of his race. I remember, when ushered into his back parlour, which served him for office, dressing-room, eating-room, and, I believe, sometimes sleeping-room, what a dusty, dingy, dark, fœtid hole it was. The man was not out of keeping with his domicile—he looked like a great bloated spider in the centre of his cobweb. I have him before my mind's eye, as he waddled off his triangular chair to salute us; his snuff-stained, cadaverous face overhung by a brown scratch wig that stuck awry on his head, and seemed to have grown too small for his cranium; his natural black hair thrusting itself out over his left ear, and hanging extravagantly from his poll behind; his abdomen immensely protuberant, and as his inexpressibles scorned the aid of suspenders to keep them up, they fell apart from his waistcoat, and leaving a goodly share of not quite clean linen to be seen, they hung in loose folds about his thighs, and caused the corduroy of which they were composed, to whistle as he waddled about the chamber. His accent was in the rich broad brogue of the county of Limerick; and nothing could exceed the familiar, gossipping, flattering, slewdering fondness, which he complimented my uncle, who was one of his oldest clients. I have reason to remember Tim —— well; the best part of my worthy relative's property passed into his hands instead of mine, in liquidation of his tremendous volume of a bill hell, and under the encouraging presence of his satanic majesty, I do not remember.

AN INTERESTING TRIBE.

In the annual report of the Bureau of American Ethnology an interesting account is given of the folk lore and traditions of North American Indians, some of which are remarkably quaint. The customs and superstitions of the Navalio Indians, who occupy a reservation of more than 11,000 square miles in the north-eastern part of Arizona and north-western corner of New Mexico, are especially peculiar. Though they still retain their pastoral habits they are slowly developing into an agricultural tribe. They live in hogans or houses of two kinds, one built for the winter and the other for summer. The winter hogans resemble mere mounds of earth hollowed out, and although of rough appearance their builders conform not only to custom but to what amounts to ritual in their construction, with inaugural ceremonies of the most elaborate character. There is no attempt at decoration; a framework is formed of interlocked forked timbers to which are added stout poles for the sides, and the whole is covered with bark and earth. A hogan can usually, with the help of neighbours, be finished in one day, and then begins its dedication. First the good wife sweeps the new house, and the fire is kindled under the smoke hole, when the head of the family comes in and after rubbing a handful of dry meal on the principal timbers and strewing some on the floor, chants a peculiar invocation, asking the gods that evening connected with his home may be delightful.

The Navalio have a tradition that they were taught house building by the God of Dawn, while to the tribes of the plain were given the skin lodges and to the pueblo stone houses. When First-man and First-woman were living in lowest Under-world, their dwelling was a prototype of the present hogan, but instead of a covering of bark and earth its poles were wrapped in a film of sunbeams and rainbows. This Under-world was people by monsters who also lived in huts built after the same fashion, but of different materials. In the east dwelt Tiehoil-hodi in a house of cloud, with thunder guarding his door, while in the south sat the Frog in a dwelling of blue mist. The western mirage afforded a home for the Salt-woman, before whose door the Water-sprinkler dances, and towards the north the Blue Heron built himself a hogan of green weed, with the Tortoise as his gate-porter. When by the power of the Magic Reed manking ascended to the present or fourth world the Dawn god taught them the methods of building best fitted for their several conditions. The hogan is, however, regarded merely as a temporary residence, for when a Navalio dies the beams are pulled down over the corpse, while the remainder is usually set on fire, and the ruin henceforth becomes "tabu" to the bride.

LITERARY NOTES.

Lady Mary Milbanke, Byron's great-grand-daughter, will make a first appearance with a little book of verses, entitled "Fair Children," to be published by Messrs. Burns and Oates.

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"Sarah Grand" has been busy of late preparing material for a new book, but it will not see the light for some time. "Sarah Grand" is not an author who turns out books quickly. The actual writing of "The Heavenly Twins" occupied her for two years.

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Mr. Bryce's new book, promised shortly by Messrs. Macmillan, will be one of the features of the present publishing season. "Biographical sketches" of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield, Dean Bradley, and other of the great men of the century with whom the author was intimately acquainted, promise a volume of quite unusual interest.

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When the relations of and friendship between William I. of Germany and Prince Bismarck are remembered, the correspondence between these two notable history-makers which Mr. Heinemann will issue next month is sure to form entertaining as well as illuminative reading. The "Correspondence," which will extend to two volumes, will include some letters besides those of William I. to and from Bismarck.

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Mr. E. T. Cook has for some time past been hard at work on the Library edition of the works of John Ruskin, which he is editing in conjunction with one of Ruskin's literary executors, Mr. Alexander Wedderburn. The first volume will be ready towards the end of the present month. The edition will be complete, and is the first uniform edition of Ruskin's works that has been published. Each volume will be prefaced by an introduction, bibliographical and biographical. In the preparation of the edition much new matter has been placed at the disposal of the editors.

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All the illustrations inserted by Ruskin in his books and all drawings by him which have hitherto been published will be included. Where possible the original plates will be used. This edition will give a large number of the author's drawings which have not hitherto appeared, as well as numerous hitherto unpublished plates engraved under his personal superintendence. Some of the best portraits of Mr. Ruskin will be inserted as frontispieces. The order of the volumes will, as far as possible, be chronological. The edition, which it is expected will run to about thirty-two volumes, will be strictly limited to 2,000 copies

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Since the first issue of "John Inglesant" to the public by the printing of 750 copies in 1881 the work has run into many editions, and it is computed that at least a hundred thousand copies have been circulated. Some two years ago a sixpenny edition was published, and in the end of last year there appeared a limited edition de luxe of the romance in three volumes, with a photogravure portrait of the author. Mr. Shorthouse's less known works are, "Sir Percival," "Little Schoolmaster Mark," "The Countess Eve," "A Teacher of the Violin," "Blanche, Lady Falaise," and "On the Platonism of Wordsworth," a paper read to the Wordsworth Society.

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Mr. Sidney Lee has been warmly welcomed in the United States. The Lowell Lectures, which he delivered at Boston during last month, in spite of very wintry weather, the "Athenæum" says, attracted crowded and enthusiastic audiences throughout. He also met with very gratifying receptions during February at Harvard and Yale Universities, at Wellesley College for women, and at Brown University, Providence. He has received numerous invitations to extend his tour both in the south and west of the continent far beyond the basis that he arranged before his departure. Although he hopes to be able to enlarge his itinerary somewhat in both directions, he does not propose to change his original plan of returning home by the end of May.

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Nothing that Bret Harte ever wrote had the vogue of his "Heathen Chinee," yet it is stated in the biography of the author by Mr. T. Edgar-Pemberton that in San Francisco, where the poem should have been at once understood and appreciated, it attracted little or no attention. In other parts of the country the verses when reprinted were hailed with delight, and on reaching these countries the chorus of delight was augmented. Indeed, Mr. Pemberton says that it was "The Heathen Chinee" that clenched the growing popularity of Bret Harte's works in England.

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Bret Harte, however, seemed always to deplore the extraordinary interest the verses excited, and he sometimes made half-humorous, half-earnest protest against the constancy with which it was quoted in the newspapers. Mr. Pemberton tells a story in this connection:—

Soon after Bret Harte's first arrival in London his acquaintance was sought by a certain noble lord of high literary reputation, and he was invited to dine at the great man's house. Always anxious to escape being lionised, he told a friend, who was to be of the party, that he should not go if her thought "The Heathen Chinee" would be quoted at table. The well-meaning friend sent a note of warning to their host; but his lordship loved a joke, and, giving his other guests a hint, they talked "Heathen Chinee" and nothing else! At first perplexed and annoyed, Bret Harte soon saw through the little plot, and heartily joined in the laugh he had helped to raise against himself.

The author, when challenged on the subject on one occasion, admitted that his metre was suggested by the threnody in Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon."

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There appear regularly in certain weekly journals advertisements for scarce books, 25s each being offered. That such advertisers are persistent proves that ignorance is widespread as to the approximate value of literary rarities. Of many books for which 25s is at this moment being offered, mention may be made, for instance, of the editio princeps of Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam," of 1859, which, if in good state, would at auction fetch £40 or £50. It is a great question whether journals of standing should accept such advertisements, well knowing what they are, and the loss involved to those who fall into the snare. For those who do not know the approximate value of a book, the safer plan is to consult a trustworthy expert or to send it to a reputable auctioneer of literary property in London. For instance, the copy of Scott's "Tales of my Landlord," which on Thursday realised £30 10s at Messrs. Hodgson's, was deemed by the owner to be worth no more than about £2. Had it been perfect, the work would probably have fetched £50.

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Maxim Gorky's latest play, "At the Bottom," experimentally produced in Moscow, was a great success. It deals with the dregs of the lodging-house and the street, and the regeneration of certain of the characters by means of the simple and loving humanity of an old ex-Siberian convict. The Moscow "Slovo" said of the play:—

This drama is a song; it is a hymn to humanity. It is awful and joyful. Seeing at the bottom decaying, abandoned people, you say to your conscience: "They are already dead: they no longer feel." And you are reconciled, at peace, whatever may happen to them.

But suddenly you retreat in horror. They are still alive!

A marvellous spectacle of indescribable beauty presents itself to our eyes. Beneath the mire, beneath filth, ugliness, vice, loathsomeness, horror, in a lodging-house, among the dregs—the human personality still lives!

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Mr. Andrew Lang has been writing in the "Morning Post" on the subject of circulating libraries. Mr. Lang says—"The more you look, with a mind disengaged, at the mystery of circulating libraries, the more you perceive its roots extending into darkness and infinity, and understand that it has relations co-extensive with the universe." So it has, on general principles, but Mr. Lang, in common with many of us, has found it, in the country at least, of no practical value. Novels you can get by the score, but they are generally the "amateur drivel" which Mr. Lang presumes to have "an eternal attraction." Books which are not novels are to seek. You may ask for them, but you never get them. Mr. Lang concludes:—

Judicious book-buying on the side of the public would be, at least to some people, the most agreeable solution of the problem of how to get books. Unfortunately, the whole house would not contain the books that should be purchased. "The peety is that, in this world, as God made it, ye canna hae a' things as ye would want them," says a philosopher in one of Mr. Stevenson's works. On this general conclusion the wearied intellect courts repose. And yet the ingenuity of man, if man will only exert his ingenuity, may yet find a way of improving lending libraries.

We doubt whether the ingenuity of man will ever attain such heights. The country circulating library does not exist for book lovers.

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The "Letters to a Literary Aspirant" are continued in the current "Blackwood." The engaging uncle who advises his nephew deals with various forms of fiction, including the realistic:—

Realism attends to the ash-buckets, the smell of the fried-eel reservoirs, the bottle-nosed loafer propped up against the wall.

And what would stick in your memory when you came in? Surely the two or three unexpected encounters, the incident that was a little different from other incidents.

Realism remembers the number of lamp-posts passed, the pattern of the pavement flags, the specks of the everyday dust floating in the air.

And it is this that realism calls a picture of life. Hence the necessity for a special course of preparation before handling its delicate tools. The reiteration of the unimportant and the obliteration of the picturesque are the two aims you must keep steadily before your eye.

It all depends, of course, upon what is meant by realism. But "the reiteration of the unimportant and the obliteration of the picturesque" hits off skilfully certain forms of pseudo-realism. The word has come to have a narrow and arbitrary meaning for which it is rather difficult to account. There is a realism of beauty as well as of ugliness.

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From "The Point of View" in "Scribner's Magazine" we extract the following:—

I heard the question brought up, the other day: "Why is it that a description of a painting, couched in terms of music, or of a musical composition, couched in visual terms, is so much more vivid and forceful than a description expressed in terms of the particular art with which it has specially to do?" Why, for instance, do such expressions as "an orchestra of colours," or "a flower-bed of tones," appeal so awakeningly to the imagination?

"Of the truth of the statement," says the writer, "there can be no doubt." There is, however, every doubt (says the "Academy"), no writer of any real literary sense could use such a metaphor as "an orchestra of colours." The writer says later: "Your image must be not only apposite, but startling; it must compel the attention." That is a dangerous saying. From its application proceed those terrifying stridences which make a reviewer's life unhappy.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

The exhibition of relics shown during the recent birthday celebration at Bath was largely attended, and included articles from Ipswich and the "Leather Bottle" at Cobham. Possibly the forthcoming exhibition is to include these articles on their way home. There is a peculiar appropriateness in the site of the exhibition, seeing that the Memorial Hall marks the place where Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller were detained in the Fleet Prison.

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So far as North American snakes are concerned, nearly all those whose scales on the under side, from the vent backwards, extend in one row across the body are poisonous; whereas, those which have a dividing (median) line, and a row of scales on each side of it, are non-poisonous. In North America, omitting Mexico, there are about one hundred and sixty-five species of snakes, of which some twenty (counting the several kinds of rattlesnakes) are venemous. These include the Elpids, or Coral Snakes; the Copperhead (Agkistrodon contortrix); the Water Moccasin (Agkistrodon piscivorus); two species of Sistrurus (Sistrurus miliarium or Ground Rattler, and Sistrurus catenatus or Massasauga); and a number of species of Rattlesnake (Crotalusl), such as the Dog-faced Rattlesnake (Crotalus molossus), the Banded Rattlesnake (Crotalus horridus), the Diamond Rattlesnake (Crotalus adamanteus), the Texas Rattlesnake (Crotalus atrox), the Red Diamond Rattlesnake (Crotalus atrox ruber), the Pacific Rattlesnake (Crotalus lucifer), the Tiger Rattlesnake (Crotalus tigris), the Horned Rattlesnake (Crotalus lepidus), the White Rattlesnake (Crotalus mitchellii), the Red Rattlesnake (Crotalus mitchellii pyrrhus), and Price's Rattlesnake (Crotalus prieei).

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The Coral snakes are very retiring in their habits, and are possessed of a gentle and amiable temperament, but when greatly provoked they can inflict a bite much more venomous than that of a rattlesnake or moccasin of the same size. Apart from the Coral snakes, all other North American venomous snakes may be classed under the name of Pit Vipers or Crotalids. The word "pit" relates to the deep depression found in rattlesnakes, copperheads, and moccasins on both sides of the face between the nostril and the eye. Furthermore, this characteristic applies only to the Crotalids, and its presence at once places the serpent in the "dangerous" category.

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The Copperhead, also known in different localities by the names Upland Moccasin, Chunkhead, Deaf Adder, Pilot Snake, etc, is, perhaps, to be more dreaded than any other American snake. Not having a rattle, it cannot sound an alarm, even if it wanted to, and its danger is increased by the fact that its movements are rapid—much more so than those of the rattlesnake, than which it is also much more aggressive. There is some comfort in the assurance that its poison, in proportion to the quantity, is less virulent, and its bite less dangerous than that of the Rattlesnake. The body of the Copperhead, which species seldom exceeds three feet in length, is strong and thick, ending in a short tail provided underneath with a row of shields. The colour of the upper parts is a beautiful coppery brown, becoming lighter on the sides, with dark-brown spots of a characteristic hourglass-shaped form. It generally inhabits low ground and is found from the 45th parallel of north latitude to the extreme south of the eastern United States. It produces its young alive, like all other crotalids, the average number of the members of a family ranking from seven to nine.

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The Water Moccasin (Agkistrodon piscivorus), which seldom exceeds four feet in length, is a very venomous snake, and is more to be dreaded than the Rattlesnake, as it will attack anything and everything on sight, and without apparent provocation. With its mouth wide open it erects itself boldly and darts forward with a rapid spring. Its colour is a greenish brown, and it may be recognised by a number of dark bands somewhat similar to those of the Copperhead. Its range extends southward from North Carolina; over the whole of North America, and westward as far as the Rocky Mountains. This serpent is especially plentiful near rivers, marshes, and in swampy lands. According to one authority it delights in climbing trees—apparently for the pleasure of basking in the sun. It is reported that some specimens in the Zoological Garden in Berlin became very tame and gentle towards their keeper, who finally handled them without fear. They would take their food—fishes or even raw meat—from the forceps held in his hand. Toward other snakes they were very savage, and it is stated that their bite is dangerous to other poisonous snakes, although not injurious to others of the same species.

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Most conspicuous among the Pit Vipers (Crotalids), which are common to Asia and America, are the dreaded Rattlesnakes. These latter, however, are confined to America. They are distinguished by the jointed, horny appendage at the end of the tail, commonly known as the "rattle." In young specimens the tail ends in a simple "button," which is the last joint of the tail. By the time the snake has reached maturity, twenty or more rings may have been interpolated between it and the scaly portion of the tail.

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The Niagara Falls Power Company suffered from a very remarkable disaster on the night of Thursday, January 29, when lightning struck the cables in the covered bridge that connects the generating station with the transformer house. The bridge is a stone structure, having a slate roof, and crosses the inlet canal. At one end of it stands power house No. 1, in which 50,000 horsepower is generated at a voltage of 2,200. The greater portion of this vast amount of current is conducted by the cables of 1,000,000 cm. capacity across the bridge to the transformer station. The bolt of lightning that came out of the January sky shortcircuited the cables on the bridge, and fire started. Before it was extinguished the interior of the bridge and transformer station, as well as the roof of both, had been badly damaged, while the cable connections across the bridge were totally destroyed. Water thrown into the transformer station by the firemen wet several of the huge transformers, and these were useless until dried out.

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The destruction of the cables on the bridge caused no end of trouble, for it made impossible the distribution of the 50,000 horse-power of the station, with the exception of the rotary service supply to the local electric lines, the arc light station, and the Natural Food Company. None of the generators were injured. However, the electric power supply of several of the tenants of the Power Company's lands, as well as that of the Buffalo and Niagara Falls Electric line, the Lockport-Buffalo line, and of industrial establishments in the Tonawandas, Lockport, and Buffalo, was wholly cut off. All the Niagara power sent to Buffalo passed across the cables on the burned bridge, in order that its voltage might be raised in the transformer station, and Buffalo was without Niagara power for its lighting and trolley service. It would have been hard to find a more vital point at which to attack this great and wonderful generating station. For a brief time the machines in both of the big power-houses were shut down, but as soon as it was found to be possible, which was within an hour or so, the local trolley and lighting services were renewed.

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While several of the industrial establishments at Niagara Falls were forced to shut down, the Buffalo and Lockport public fared much worse than Niagara Falls, because in Buffalo Niagara power enters into the lighting to a great extent, while the energy of Niagara is also used for the operation of the Buffalo and Lockport trolleys. All the Buffalo manufacturing establishments that have come to use Niagara power remained idle on Friday; the day following the Niagara fire, as did also several in the Tonawandas. Lockport was also seriously inconvenienced. In Buffalo many of the papers use Niagara power in the operation of their presses, and its absence forced them to take their forms to other establishments that had a source of power. In Buffalo the International Traction Company greatly cut down the number of cars operated. Its storage battery and steam plant were brought into service.

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The scene of the fire had not had time to cool ere the repair work was in progress. Night and day the men worked under the watchful inspection of Superintendent Barton. By noon on Friday the company was prepared to send 10,000 horse-power to Buffalo, but as this was about to be sent out a short circuit occurred, delaying the transmission until about 4.30 p.m. Later an additional 5,000 horse-power was furnished Buffalo. By Saturday afternoon things were quite normal about the big power plants, and all but one of the local tenants of the Power Company were in the enjoyment of a power supply. Of course, all the effects of the disaster had not been eradicated, but the temporary cable installations gave all desired service, and work went on in the plants that had been idle.

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Some time ago Professor Darwin, of Cambridge, pointed out that, if a star revolved on its axis with a certain velocity, the star would tend to divide into two, and the form it would take before complete separation would be that of a dumbbell, or rather two pears joined top on top. This deduction was purely theoretical. During the past two years an examination of the light changes of some recently discovered variable rays reveals this very condition of things. For example, a star in the Southern sky goes through a certain regular series of light changes in seven hours, indicating that the star is a twin system, the two bodies composing it being in contact. This dumbbell system revolves upon the common centre in seven hours. There is another variable star in the Southern sky the light changes of which show that the two stars composing the system are no longer in contact. Separation has just taken place, the nexus between them is broken, and two worlds, full-born, have started on that outward spiral which in the course of ages will carry them far from one another.

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An exceedingly valuable property of aluminum has recently been discovered, which consists in its application as a whetting agent, the effect produced on cutlery set with it being most astonishing. Though a metal, aluminum possesses the structure of a fine stone, has a strong dissolving power, and develops upon use for honing, an exceedingly fine metal setting substance of greasy feel, while showing great adhesion to steel. The knives, etc., treated with it quickly obtain such a fine, razor-like edge that even the best whet stone cannot produce a like result. Thus knives which had been carefully set on a whet stone, when magnified a thousand times, still exhibited irregularities and roughness in the edge, while the edge of knives sharpened on aliminum, upon exactly the same magnification, appeared as a straight, smooth line.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

DUBLIN, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5.

Tuesday night, a farmer's house near Blessington, was attempted by a gang of robbers, who had already taken down a window shutter, and were on the point of breaking the glass, when twelve labourers, who lay in an adjoining barn, overheard their manœuvres, and sallied out in a body with pitchforks, spades, reaping-hooks, and such weapons as came to hand, which, with a loud scream, little less terrifying than an Indian war-whoop, so intimidated the villains, that they fled with the utmost precipitation, except one who fell, and was immediately stabbed by a pursuer, and soon after expired.

As the villains who have for some time lurked around the Circular road, may soon be expected to pay their compliments in Camden and Charlotte streets, the inhabitants have wisely instituted a patrol of several stout men, armed with muskets and bayonets, and furnished them with a bell, which hangs from their belts. They are not stationary, but walk from the corner of Cuffe street to the turnstile leading to Ranelagh, in such order as to succeed each other every fifteen minutes, by which regulation, neither time, space, or opportunity is given for any acts of depredation or insults. We seriously recommend the same salutary mode to the rest of our genteel environs.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6.

Orders have been received at Cork within the course of these few days, for a very considerable quantity of provisions, which are to be got ready with all possible expedition, and shipped off for the victualling yards at Portsmouth and Plymouth.

Last Sunday a tumultuous and outrageous mob broke into the Gaol of Loughrea, in the county of Galway, and rescued thereout two men under a rule of transportation, as also several felons confined therein for various offences. An association for apprehending and prosecuting the rioters, has, we hear, been entered into by the gentlemen in that neighbourhood, in consequence of which it is hoped these nefarious offenders will be brought to justice.

On Monday last commenced the races of Lucan, which continued with propriety till Thursday, when it was found indispensibly necessary, on account of some rioting that day, for Magistracy to interfere; the High Sheriff of that county attended by a strong guard, went out to that place yesterday, and had the tents struck to prevent any further riot or disorder which might have otherwise happened.

That there is a radical fault in lighting this city (probably owing to the quality of the oil) no one can deny; for although the Commissioners have done everything in their power, yet (except the leading streets) the town experiences almost perpetual darkness. We pay an equal tax, and why should not we be as well lighted as London?

Wednesday last, at the Quarter Sessions at The Tholsel, before Denis George, Esq., Recorder, Anne Codd was found guilty of stripping the child of Mr. Michael Smith to the very shirt, and sentenced to be whipped from the Chapel in Stephen street to the corner of Back lane, this day, to be confined six months, and to give two sureties, in £25 each, for her future good behaviour. Bridget O'Brien, found guilty of felony, was ordered to be burned in the hand, and confined eight months. And James Caffrey, found guilty also of felony, was ordered to be whipped three times round the New Prison on Saturday, the 6th of November.

The two Goffs, who some ago were tried at the Commission for killing the sheep of Mr. Byrne, as also some sheep the property of the Right Hon. the Attorney-General, and acquitted, were tried for killing two sheep, convicted, and had sentence passed upon them accordingly. Patrick Moulds was tried and convicted of stealing a cow, the property of Mr. Jones, and recommended as an object of mercy by the petit jury. Until there is an active exertion on the side of justice, in hanging up all the felons returned from transportation, we shall have no end to constant robbing. Those experienced villains, hardened in iniquity, are prompt to head any gang; and knowing every avenue of escape, it cannot be a surprise that so few of them are detected.

CORK, OCTOBER 1.

Early on Saturday morning the Whiteboys assembled and cropped 27 horses in the parish of Grenagh, belonging to persons who took their tithes.

LIMERICK OCTOBER 4.

Much has been said in the public prints to stimulate the nobility and gentry of Ireland to act with humane attention to their tenantry; we are happy to find that our countryman, the Right Hon. the Attorney-General, stands foremost in the list of good landlords; since he came to the country, he not oly remitted rents to the deserving, but gave large sums to his improving tenants, and renewed several leases that had nearly expired. This is the example worthy of imitation by all our great men, which must make them ear to their dependents, and a real benefit to their country.

DUBLIN, MONDAY, OCTOBER 8.

The house of a poor man, who farms a dairy from a Mr. Landy, between Balbriggan and Balrothery, was broke open by a gang of villains on Thursday night last, who tied all the family hand and foot, and plundered the house of a quantity of cash, with every article of value they could conveniently carry. They got clear off; but every exertion is making in the neighbourhood for their apprehension.

DUBLIN, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1787.

Wilde, who was hanged yesterday at Kilmainham-common, pursuant to his sentence, for stopping and cutting Mr. Gunning, with intent to rob him; at the place of execution made ample confession of the many enormities he had committed; and declared, that if the blunderbuss had gone off, he certainly would have shot the persons he attacked. When cut down, a number of fellows laid hold of the body, and carried it without a coffin, or any other covering, along the Circular road, where they several times attempted to restore him to life, by rubbing his limbs, and trying every other method their sagacity could suggest.

The Dublin Society, it has been often remarked was the first public institution of the kind for the improvement of agriculture and manufactures. To the labours of this society we may attribute in a great measure, the great and useful improvement and extension of tillage in this country, and by them our manufactures, if not forwarded as much as could be wished, were certainly kept alive in the country. It is, therefore, with great pleasure we hear of the establishment of another society on the most liberal principles, the members of which are establishing a Museum for the display and encouragement of the fine arts, mechanics, and manufactures; where all meritorious productions in those branches will, free of any expense to exhibitor or visitor, be submitted to the public inspection, by a perpetual exhibition in a most pleasing style, and in a manner entirely new (there being nothing of this kind as yet in Europe).

CORK, OCTOBER 8.

The riotous spirit of the common people has arisen to a height really alarming, and calls for the active exertions of every gentleman of property and influence. On Sunday evening last, the 30th of September, a disorderly mob assembled at the village of Ring, near Clonakilty, whose numbers could not be less than 1,100, for the purpose, as was given out, of exercising their military skill in a pitched battle between two factious parties. The combat was with difficulty prevented by the Rev. Mr. Townsend, who on receiving information thereof, repaired to the place with a small part of the army and the Police-constables. Several gentlemen of the neighbourhood contributed their ready assistance to suppress the riot; among whom are particularly distinguished Mr. William Moore, Mr. Charles M'Carthy, of Ring; and Mr. Timothy Deasy, jun. It was near midnight before the crowd was quite dispersed.

DUBLIN, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11.

The inhabitnats of this metropolis are, as well as of the kingdom in general, are highly indebted to Lord Ranelagh, for forwarding the great national work, the improvement of the harbour of Dublin, so as to render it safe and commodious for the shipping of all nations. The wall has been carried to an amazing length, considering the shortness of the time; many dangerous sand-banks are removed, and other necessary alterations effected with such judicious attention and spirited activity,, as reflects high honour on his Lordship and those gentlemen connected in the management of this important business, but particularly to the noble Lord who acts as Commissioner without fee or reward.

On Saturday night last the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor visited several of the public markets, and sent to the City Marshalsea twenty-six penny loaves, seized by his Lordship in his perambulations through this city, as being deficient in weight.

Yesterday our active Chief Magistrate fined a baker the sum of £1 19s. 6d. for having a quantity of light bread in his shop; and we are happy to hear that his Lordship has declared his fixed determination to punish with the utmost severity those harpies who daily add to their accumulated hoards of ill-got pelf by grinding the face of the poor. His Lordship's humane attention in this particular cannot fail to produce the most desirable consequence, and must raise him high in the estimation of his fellow-citizens.

Tuesday a number of felons, of both sexes, under a rule of transportation, arrived in this city from different county gaols, and were conveyed to the New Prison, where they are to remain until sent to his Majesty's plantations the first opportunity.

If the police persist in their exertions, there is not a doubt but the roads leading to this city will soon be cleared of the number of villains who have for some time infested them, and committed their depredations on the public. Monday morning early a party of the horse set off for Rush, and apprehended two notorious robbers, whom the safely conducted to town, and lodged in Kilmainham Gaol.

(To be Continued.)

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CASTLEDERMOT ABBEY,



COUNTY KILDARE.

(FROM THE "ANTHOLOGIA HIBERNICA," 1793.)

CASTLEDERMOT, CO. KILDARE.

(From "Anthologica Hibernica," October, 1793.)

Castledermot is situated in the barony of Kilkee and Moon, and though now only a village was a place of considerable strength, surrounded by a wall with four gates. The fabulous Legend informs us, St. Diermit, about the year 500, founded a priory of regular Canons here, when it was named Disart Diarmuda; whence it received the appellation of Tristledermot, which it enjoyed for some ages, is not easy to conjecture. In the 9th century it was plundered by the Danes, at which time there was a celebrated school here, in which was educated Cormac, Bishop of Cashel, and who, on his decease in 907 or 908, was interred in this priory. In this age or the next, the round tower, old church, and the crosses seem to have been erected, as they bear evident marks of belonging to these times.

Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, bestowed on the soldiers who followed him into Ireland large possessions. To Walter de Riddlesford he gave the lands of Murthy and Imayle, in which Castledermot stands, being the ancient patrimony of the O'Tohills or Tools. The third Lord Offaley, marrying the daughter and heir of Riddlesford, became possessed of Castledermot and his other lands, and erected a castle in the town. In 1264, Richard de Rupella, Lord Justice of Ireland, together with Lord Theobald Butler, and Lord John Cogan, were taken prisoners by Maurice Fitz Gerald and Maurice Fitz Maurice, as was the Red Earl of Ulster. The Burkes and Geraldines quarrelled about some land in Connaught, and filled the whole kingdom with war and tumult. A meeting was appointed at Castledermot, when the foregoing outrage was committed, and the prisoners sent to Fitz Gerald's castle of Ley.

In 1302, Thomas, Lord Offaly, founded a monastery for conventual Franciscans in Castledermot, to which the family of Delahoide were great benefactors.

In 1315, Roger Mortimer opposed Bruce, the Scottish invader: a battle was fought at Kells, in Meath: Bruce was victorious, over-ran the country, and took Castledermot, and the next year spoiled the town. Just before this, the Lord Justice made a great slaughter of the rebels at Tristledermot, who had risen against the Government while deeply engaged with Bruce. The latter, after destroying the Franciscan convent in Castledermot, and taking away the books, vestments, and all the ornaments of the church, with the most impious and sacrilegious violence,

was entirely defeated by Lord Edmond Botiller near the town.

In 1328, Thomas, the second Earl of Kildare, died: he built St. Mary's chapel in the convent, and was interred in it, together with his wife Joan, daughter of Richard, Earl of Ulster. In 1414, the Irish rebelled in Leinster; Thomas Crawley, Archbishop of Dublin, and Lord Justice, advanced as far as Castledermot to oppose them.. He continued there with l 's clergy in prayer for their success; the event was answerable to their wishes, for the enemy were defeated with the loss of an hundred men at Kilkea.

A Parliament was held at Castledermot in 1499, on the 26th of August, which granted to the King an impost of twelve pence per pound upon all merchandise imported to be sold, wine and oil excepted. Orders were also made that the nobility should ride on saddles, according to the English fash'on, and should wear their robes in Parliament, and both clergy and laity give the King a subsidy.

In 1532, Gerald, the ninth Earl of Kildare, rebelled, and after destroying the county of Kilkenny with fire and sword, plundered the people of Castledermot, on a fair day, and killed many of them. During the rebellion of 1641, Castledermot was alternately in the hands of opposite parties; in 1650 it was taken by Colonels Reynolds and Hewson. From that time its walls have mouldered to decay, so that now not a vestige remains. The castle and some parts of the monasteries still exist. It has six annual fairs, but no market. The number of houses in 1793 was 163; sixty-three were of lime and stone and slated, the rest cabins. It has no manufactures, and is principally supported by the great post road running through it from Dublin to Cork. The round tower is still used as a belfry, no weak proof of its original designation.. The arch of this tower is semicircular, and seems to have been adorned with the chevron moulding.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

A WELLINGTON SOUVENIR.

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Anselm writes:—I have lately seen a curious coin which was found in the wall of an old building. It is a shade broader than a penny, has stamped on its face the head of the Duke of Wellington, with the words, "Wellington and Erin Go Bragh," and date "1814." On the reverse side is the Irish harp, surmounted by a crown, and the words "Stephen's Green, Dublin." What was the object for which such a curious medal or coin (it has more the appearance of the latter than anything else) was struck?

TO THE EDITOR DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

CUNNINGHAM—Mortogh Cunningham rented the lands of Killeen, in Barony of Cashlea, Co. Limerick, about 400 acres, from Lord Kingston, in the year 1725. He died about six years later. His wife's name was Prudentia, and he had children. Have any of your readers any knowledge of him?

R. S. C.

DR. MAGINN.

A FAMOUS IRISH LITERATEUR OF THE LAST CENTURY

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

By the late Dr. Kenealy, Counsel for the Tichborne Claimant.

II.

From this time until 1828, the doctor constantly contributed to "Blackwood," and the list of his works now lying before us is such as probably no other literary man in the empire could have equalled. In the year 1823, he married; and having giving up his school, went to London, with the intention of seeking his fortune in the wide ocean of literature, dreaming, no doubt, like most young men, of the golden isles of Atalantis, to be found in those watery wilds, and like them doomed to disappointment. His celebrity soon procured him literary employment; and from Murray, "the Anax of booksellers," as Lord Byron called him, he received overtures for the composition of a life of that poet, who had just died. Nothing can more clearly show the high opinion entertained by those best qualified to judge of his abilities than this fact. A young man from an Irish provincial town, who had never written a book, and whose name was little known, entrusted with the biography of one of the greatest of England's poets, by one of the shrewdest booksellers that ever lived, is a spectacle not often seen, and Maginn used to speak of it with no little satisfaction. The papers and letters of his lordship were accordingly placed in the doctor's hands, and remained in his possession for some time, but no steps were taken in the biography, and it was finally entrusted to Mr. Moore. It is fortunate for the memory of Lord Byron that Maginn did not write his life; as, instead of the romantic fictions to which Mr. Moore has treated us, in which the author of "Childe Harold" is represented as a demi-god, or something just less, we should have a picture of the man, unvizored and unrobed, in his true and natural colours; his whole heart and life laid bare, as he himself wished them to be.

The doctor recommended Murray to publish the letters entire with libels, sneers, satires, sarcasms, epigrams, confessions, and intrigues, unmutilated, and unasterisked, and merely prefix to the work such information as would be absolutely indispensable. Had this been done, the world would now be in possession of the most extraordinary compilation that ever appeared; but Murray got frightened—his great friends came about him, and advised and wept, and entreated and implored; and the task of drawing up the "Memoirs," taken from Maginn, was consigned to one who, having been a Whig all his life, knew best what would please his employers, and expunged all those parts in which they were mercilessly shown up. In a moral point of view, perhaps, we have no reason to regret our loss.

In 1824, the doctor, having been appointed by Mr. Murray, foreign editor of "The Representative," a daily paper, then newly established, went to reside in Paris. That publication, did not, however, flourish long, and on its death the doctor returned to London, where, for a time, he earned a scanty livelihood by writing for magazines, annuals, and newspapers. In the "Literary Souvenir" for 1829, appeared one of his most beautiful tales, "The City of the Demons." In the volume which preceded it, is another, entitled, "A Vision of Purgatory." He contributed principally to the "John Bull," then in its glory, and had obtained so great a reputation as a political writer, that on the establishment of "The Standard," by Mr. Baldwin, he was appointed joint editor with Dr. Gifford. In the same year he published "Whitehall," one of the most wild and extraordinary productions of the day; overflowing with madcap wit and quaint learning, and containing sketches of all the leading characters of the time, from George IV., down to Jack Ketch, the hangman. To the last-named office, by an inimitable stroke of humour, he appoints Mr. Tierney, who, having come up to town with an earnest desire to be made Prime Minister, and having in vain solicited that or some other place, finally, in despair, accepts the office of executioner, and performs the last ceremonies of the law on Mr. Huskisson, who, he tells us, "amid the acclamations of surrounding thousands, died easily and instantaneously." This work is very rare, but it will well repay any one who takes the trouble of searching for it through the old bookshops.

In 1830, "Frazer's Magazine" was established, and with the foundation and management of that brilliant periodical, Maginn was most intimately connected. Some disagreement with Blackwood, we believe, led to the birth of this new and powerful rival, and soon attained a circulation the most extensive and respectable of any of the London published periodicals. A popular and delightful feature in this Magazine was the "Gallery of Literary Portraits"—the letterpress for nearly all of which was written by Maginn. These were entirely original in plan and execution, and created a sensation in literary circles, not often paralleled. The exquisite sketches by Maclise added not a little to their attraction. As a whole, they are, we think, the most original and sparkling of the doctor's productions; and when we remember that they were hit off at a moment's notice, we shall be easily able to fancy how meteoric was the intellect from which they emanated. Wit was their principal recommendation. "This," as Sir William Jones said of Dunning, "relieved the weary, calmed the resentful, and animated the drowsy; this drew smiles even from such as were the object of it; scattered flowers over a desert; and, like sunbeams sparkling on a lake, gave vivacity to the dullest and least interesting theme." And we never read them, without involuntarily thinking we hear the doctor speak, for they are perfect resemblances of what his conversation was.

Maginn was now in the zenith of his reputation and circumstances. He mixed in good society—was courted by lords and ladies of rank and fashion, and moved in the glittering circle of the aristocracy. By Lord Lowther, Lord Francis Egerton, Mr. Wilson Croker, and Lady Stepney, he was received with friendship and consideration; and though he lived, bitterly to experience the truth of Dr. Burney's remark—"what Pliny had said of the cinnamon tree, seems applicable to the

great in general, "corticis in quo summa gratia"—nothing but the mere outside is of value—still the warmest of his friends must admit, that their subsequent desertion of him may be attributed not a little to his own want of prudence. By Mr. Croker he is thus described in a letter, which we have had an opportunity of seeing:—"On the few occasions of my having the pleasure of being in his society, his conversation was very lively and original—a singular mixture of classical erudition, and Irish fun. There was a good deal of wit, and still more of drollery, and certainly no deficiency of what is called conviviality and animal spirits. I remember on one occasion having heard from some common friend, that he seemed to be throwng away a great deal of talent on some ephemeral productions. I took the liberty of advising him to direct his great powers to some more permanent objects, and he told me that he contemplated some serious work, I think on the Greek drama, but of this I am not quite sure. It might have been the Greek orators. I had a high opinion of his power to illustrate either."

By our illustrious countryman, Maclise, he is thus described at the period of which we now write:—"With every desire to do what you request, I find myself embarrassed in attributing the slightest memorandum of my acquaintance with the late Dr. Maginn. Does it not strike you to have been precisely the person, of whom it would be most difficult to survey (to one who had not known him) a true impression? I cannot boast of having seen as much of the doctor, as I was anxious of seeing; for, although known to me from my first arrival in London, yet, whether from his own, and perhaps my active occupations, the usual separating tendencies of distractions of town, differences of purpose, etc., our interviews were not after all as frequent as I could have wished; and when I consider over how many years they were spread, anything I could say of him must, of necessity, assume a tone of the highest panegyric, and I find it difficult to satisfy myself in the choice of any expression sufficiently powerful to convey my idea of his great ability, as a writer, and conversationist, and of his excellent nature as a man. He comes before my general recollection always crowded round by the most pleasant associations, and I can conjure him up in particular situations. A morning walk of my early acquaintance, more recently the morning visit, when I had but to listen and be delighted. Indeed his various gifts and brilliant qualities were always met with prompt acknowledgment, and where wit and wits abounded, one always had the satisfaction of seeing him commanding attention." These were the rosy days of his existence. How full of stern philosophy do they appear, when we contrast them with subsequent scenes, and find him, who, but a brief period before was a visitor in lordly places and drawing-rooms, pining away in the dirty cells and garrets of the Fleet.

In the eighth number of "Frazer" appeared Maginn's famous review of "Berkeley Castle," by Hon. Grantley Berkeley. This was written in Frazer's back parlour at the end of the month, when the whole party was heated with punch. It was scribbled off, with his usual facility, in about an hour, Maginn having scarcely once taken his pen off the paper until he had concluded it; and on its being handed over to the publisher to Father Mahony, the latter said:—

"Jemmy, you had better take care what you do—this seems libellous."

Frazer looked at some of the passages to which the priest objected, but merely said:

"Pooh—we have printed worse—we are at the end of the month, and it must go in."

"Very well," was the stoical remark of the priest, and the paper was set up in type and published. The result is well-known.

The conduct of Maginn, on being made acquainted with the assault on the publisher was honourable. He instantly forwarded a note to the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, apprising him that he was the author of the article. Shortly afterwards he received a card from Major Fancourt, M.P., on the part of Mr. Berkeley, in which it was stated that he was desirous to see him on particular business. The doctor immediately waited on Major Fancourt, and it was agreed between them—the doctor in the meantime procuring a second—that a hostile meeting should take place in the evening, at seven o'clock. The place appointed was a field in the New Barnet Road, and Mr. Hugh Frazer, his old friend, acted as the doctor's second. The parties were placed on the ground at a little before seven, and on the first exchange of shots Doctor Maginn fired rather high, which induced Major Fancourt to ask whether the doctor had done it designedly not to fire at his antagonist. Mr. Hugh Frazer answered that he did not know. The pistols were a second time loaded and placed in the hands of the parties, who fired again without effect. The seconds here interfered, but vainly. A third exchange of shots then took place, Berkeley's bullet grazing the heel of Doctor Maginn's boot, and the doctor's bullet grazing the collar of his adversary's coat. The seconds again interfered, and the parties left the ground without any explanation, merely bowing to each other as they departed. Both behaved with the utmost coolness and deliberation, and not a word was spoken on the occasion, with the exception of the word of command, and the question of Major Fancourt with the answer. Warrants had been issued against the parties, but, as we have seen, ineffectually.

We have now brought the doctor to the year 1837, when his difficulties began to assume a more formidable aspect than they had hitherto worn. Since his dismissal from the "Standard" his affairs had begun to get involved, and the temporary and fluctuating engagements which he got on the "True Sun," "Age," etc., etc., did but little to relieve him.

But there was another external attraction which home less agreeable; and as this formed one of the most remarkable features of his life, it would be unpardonable in a biographer not to allude to it—we mean his supposed attachment to Miss Landon. Whatever were the terms on which he stood with that gifted and fascinating creature, certain it is that the strongest friendship subsisted between them, and we should not be wrong if we said, that at least one-fourth of those poems which combine to form "The Drawing-room Scrap Book," while that book was under the guidance of Miss Landon, was contributel by Doctor Maginn. We have been told by one who heard him read, and saw him correct the proof-sheets of that work, that he made no secret to that person, at least, of having contributed much to the Scrap-book; and he used to repeat those poems which he had given to the fair editress, laughing heartily all the time at the little hoax they were playing off upon the public. In more than one of the volumes there are poems with the doctor's name or initials—but this was done to lull suspicion. On Miss Landon's death Maginn was disconsolate, and almost lost his senses for two days.

In 1834 the doctor had resumed his correspondence with Mr. Blackwood, and to the April number for that year, says Dr. Moir, "he sent the exquisite 'Story Without a Tail,' which was followed, in May, by 'Bob Burke's Duel with Ensign Brady,' almost equally good." Among his new contributions to Blackwood, Dr. Moir has omitted to notice his "Tobias Correspondence," which was written in a little garret in Wych street. in the Strand, when the doctor was hiding from the blood-hounds of the law, and is full of the varied experience of his whole literary life. When a friend applied to him for some hints as to how he should write for newspapers, Maginn merely said, "Read the Tobias Correspondence—there is the whole art and mystery of editing a newspaper." Another, who said to him that he had perceived it had been attacked by the daily critics, received for answer, "The reason is, every word of it is true, and my gentlemen of the press don't like that." In 1837, also, were published his "Shakespeare Papers," consisting of some of the ablest and most beautiful dissertations on the characters of our dramatist that adorns the language. They incline a little too much, perhaps to paradox, but their great ability is universally admitted. Combined with his "Essay on Dr. Farmer," and sundry reviews and criticisms on Shakespeare, which have appeared in "Frazer," they form a most valuable and interesting body of facts, surmises, and annotations on our great poet. In the ninety-sixth, ninety-seventh, and ninety-ninth numbers of "Frazer" was published that strange medley of wit and learning, entitled "The Doctor." It was a review of Southey's fantastical work, and the cleverest of any that appeared. No idea of it could be communicated. To be appreciated it should be read.

In January, 1838, appeared the first of the "Homeric Ballads," which were afterwards continued until he had published sixteen. The last prose paper the doctor ever wrote was a "leader" for the "Age," in which he recommended summary execution on the Chartist demagogues—the last poetical essay was the sixteenth "Homeric Hymn," the conclusion of which was dictated to the writer of this memoir from the death-bed of Maginn. In the same year (1838) he translated the "Comedies of Lucian." As translations they require no praise—but, notwithstanding their excellence, they did not form a popular feature in "Frazer," and the publisher returned one or two to the doctor.

(To be Continued.)

AERIAL BAGGAGE SHIFTER.

An aerial luggage transmitter has been erected recently by the London and Southwester Railway Company at their junction at Woking, and is, we understand, in the nature of an experiment, being it is believed, the first appliance of its kind used by any railway company in the kingdom. In briefly describing it "Engineering" states that on the top and down platforms are erected iron towers, each 32 feet 6 inches in height, and set in blocks of concrete. Suspended from tower to tower are four spans of wire cable. The topmost cable, on which the transmitter runs to and fro, is exceptionally strong, and is capable of bearing a strain equal to at least twenty tons. The second cable keeps the transmitter in position, and the third and fourth cables, which are much thinner and are in one length, are for "paying out" and "returning." Each span is 110 feet long, and the height of the transmitter above the railway is 22 feet 6 inches. Attached to the transmitter is an iron cage capable of holding half a ton at one time. The whole is worked by hydraulic power, the engine being on the down side. Above it is a small box in which are the levers working the apparatus. The transmitter is very rapid in its working, taking only thirty seconds to deposit ten hundredweight of luggage from one platform to another. All the experimental trials have been, it is said, most satisfactory and the transmitter is now ready for use.

Ancient Boroughs of Ireland

From Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," 1837.

GALWAY, a sea-port, borough, and market-town, and a county of itself, locally between the baronies of Clare, Dunkellin, and Moycullen, County of Galway, and Province of Connaught, 51¼ miles (N.N.W.) from Limerick, and 101¼ (W. by S.) from Dublin, on the bay of Galway. Though few particulars of its early history are recorded, this place appears to have been regarded from a very remote period as a position of great importance. In the first division of Ireland, ascribed to Partholan, it was one of the chief points of partition; and in the subsequent division of the island between Heber and Heremon, adopted by Conn of the Hundred Battles and Eogan, King of Munster, it was fixed upon as the western termination of that line of demarcation, of which Dublin was the eastern extremity. There is every reason for supposing it to be identical with the "Nagnata," or "Naguata," of Ptolemy, described as the principal city on the western coast. Baxter adopts this opinion, from its original name, "Cuan-na-guactie," signifying in the Irish language, "the port of the small islands," descriptive of its situation both with respect to the isles of Arran at the mouth of the bay, and to the smaller islets in the more immediate vicinity of the town. The power of the Danes having been destroyed by the decisive battle of Clontarf, the people of the surrounding district, aware of the importance of its situation, erected a strong castle for its defence, which so powerfully excited the jealousy of the people of Munster, that Conor, King of that province, in 1132, despatched a body of troops and levelled it with the ground. In 1149, the town and castle, the latter of which had been restored, were taken and destroyed by Turlough O'Brien, King of Munster; but they appear to have soon revived, for, in 1154, the ships of "Galway Dune" were sent to the northern part of this island; and it is recorded that, in 1161, strange ships were seen in the harbour, and that the town took fire; the Annals of Innisfallen notice also another conflagration, in 1170. At the time of the English invasion, the town contained only a few families and some fishermen, under the protection of the O'Flahertys' who then held the castle and the surrounding territory. The first notice of it that occurs after that event is the return of Fiedlim O'Conor, King of Connaught, from the English Court, whither he had gone to lay before the English monarch his complaints against Richard de Burgo. Hugh O'Flaherty, embracing the cause of Fiedlim, fortified the castle of Galway, and in 1230 baffled every attempt of De Burgo to dispossess him; but on the defeat of Fiedlim, about two years after, the town and castle fell into the hands of De Burgo, who, though he lost them again for a short time, ultimately recovered them, and made this place his principal residence and the capital of the province; he secured it with additional fortifications, and established a municipal government under a magistrate of his own appointment. In 1270, the erection of walls for the defence of the town was commenced, and continued at intervals, by grants for that purpose, till the end of that century, when they were completed. The increased security of the place encouraged the influx of strangers, among whom was a number of new settlers, consisting of 13, or according to some, 14 families, known under the appellation of the "tribes of Galway," who enriched themselves by commerce and the purchase of lands.

The town, which rapidly increased in commerce, so as to surpass the rival city of Limerick, was, in 1312, strengthened by the erection of the great gate, and additional works under the superintendence of Nicholas Lynch, surnamed the "Black Marshall." On the death of William de Burgo, the third Earl, who was assassinated by his own servants, a great change took place. That nobleman, leaving only a daughter, the heads of the two younger branches of the family, fearing the alienation of the estates by marriage, threw off their allegiance, and, adopting the Irish customs, assumed the native titles of Mac William Eighter and Mac William Oughter; the former took possession of the town, with the territory towards the Shannon, and led the inhabitants into revolt; but on his returning to his allegiance, tranquillity was restored. In 1375, by grant of a charter of the staple, the merchants of Galway and Connaught were permitted for three years to pay the customs due to the Crown at Galway, which was thus placed on an equality with the cities of Cork, Dublin, and Waterford. In 1396, the town, which had hitherto exercised its corporate privileges only by prescription, obtained from Rich. II. a perpetual grant of the customs for the repair of the walls, and also a charter of incorporation, conferring many privileges, which charter was confirmed in 1402 by Hen. IV. A licence for coining, which had been hitherto confined to Dublin and Trim, was, about this time, granted to Galway by statute, specifying the value and character of the coins to be struck. During the reigns of Hen. VI. and Edw. IV., the commerce of the port extended to many parts of Europe, particularly to France and Spain, whence large quantities of wine were imported. In 1484 a new charter was granted to the town, vesting its government in a mayor and bailiffs, and expressly ordaining that neither the Lord Mac William of Clanricarde, nor any of his family, should exercise any authority within its limits. In 1493 occurred the melancholy execution by the mayor, James Lynch Fitzstephen, of his own son, for murder, whom, to prevent an intended rescue, he caused to be hanged from a window of his house, under which are carved a skull and cross bones in memory of the tragical event.

During the reign of Hen. VIII., frequent disputes between the inhabitants and the men of Limerick arose from a feeling of rivalry, which were eventually terminated by treaty, and to their instigation did the former attribute the revival of a claim made on them by the Earl of Ormonde for prisage of wine, from which they had been previously exempt. The question, however, was decided in favour of Galway by the Court of Star Chamber; the decision was of the highest importance to its merchants, who at that time supplied nearly the whole kingdom with wine, for which purpose they had vaults at Athboy, of which the remains are still to be seen. A royal ordinance was issued at the same time, by which the merchants of Galway were prohibited from forestalling the markets of Limerick; and in 1545 a new charter was granted, defining the limits of the port, which were made to extend from the isles of Arran to the town, and permitting the exportation of all goods and merchandise, except woollens and linens, with exemption from prisage and a confirmation of all former privileges. Edw. VI. granted a confirmatory charter, and the town continued to increase in prosperity; but the tyranny of Sir Edw. Fitton, the first President of Connaught, having excited an insurrection, it was harassed by the incursions of the neighbouring septs, and many of the principal inhabitants were induced to seek protection from Mac William Eighter. In 1579, the inhabitants received a charter from Elizabeth, with reversionary leases of the dissolved monasteries, the fisheries, the cocket, and lands of the value of 100 marks; but a few years after the Earl of Ormonde reasserted his claim to the prisage of wine, which was allowed by the Court of Chancery. About the year 1594, Hugh Roe O'Donnell, having destroyed Enniskillen and burnt Athenry, appeared before the town, and being refused a supply of provisions, set fire to the suburbs, but retreated without doing further injury. In 1660, Lord Mountjoy erected a strong fort on the hill where the Augustinian monastery stood, which completely commanded the town and the harbour; and soon after the accession of Jas. I., the town and lands within a distance of two miles round it were by charter constituted a distinct county, of which the Earl of Clanricarde was appointed Governor, with powers equal to those he exercised as President of Connaught.

Soon after the commencement of the war in 1641, the inhabitants joined the Parliamentarians, and the Earl of Clanricarde invested the town and speedily reduced it to submission; but his exertions to retain it for the King were frustrated by the violence of Capt. Willoughby, commander of the fort, which induced the people to open their gates to the enemy. From the great numbers that fled to the town for shelter during this period of intestine war, the plague broke out in July, 1649, and raged with violence till the April following, during which time 3,700 of the inhabitants fell victims to its ravages. The Marquis of Clanricarde, wishing to borrow £20,000 for the King's service, offered the revenues of Galway and Limerick to the Duke of

Lorraine as security, but the negotiation failed. On this occasion a large and very accurate map of the town was drawn and engraved, two copies of which are still extant. In 1652 the town was invested by the Parliamentary forces under Sir C. Coote, when Preston, the Irish commander of the garrison, having quitted it and embarked for France, the inhabitants surrendered on favourable conditions. On the proclamation of Richard Cromwell as Protector, in 1658, so great a tumult was excited that the corporation was threatened with the loss of its charter. In 1690 the town was put into a state of defence and garrisoned for Jas. II., and in the following year the Protestant inhabitants removed into the western suburbs. After the battle of Aughrim, Gen. De Ginkell, with 14,000 of William's army, laid siege to it; after holding out for some time, it surrendered on the 20th of July, 1691. The works raised by both armies were levelled, the fort near the town was repaired, and a new one erected on Mutton Island, in the bay, for the protection of the harbour. Previously to the disturbances of 1798, 400 of the inhabitants formed themselves into eight companies of volunteers; and on the landing of the French at Kilcummin bay, the merchants supplied Gen. Hutchinson with money, which enabled him to join Gen. Lake with the garrison and yeomanry of the town, who consequently shared in the defeat at Castlebar.

The town is most advantageously situated at the head of the spacious bay to which it gives name, and at the mouth of a river issuing from Lough Corrib, which, after a winding course from that lake through the town, falls into the bay. The more ancient part is built on the plan of a Spanish town; many of the older houses are quadrangular, with an open court and an arched gateway towards the street. Two bridges connect the town with the western district of Iar-Connaught; one built in 1342, which is still in good repair; and the other higher up the stream, a handsome structure built in 1831, and connecting the county court-house and prison. From the latter is a highly interesting view, embracing up the river the fine Elizabethan structure of Menlough castle, on its right bank, and downwards the shipping in the harbour, with the suburbs and the lofty mountains of Clare.

By charter of 29th Charles II., the corporation consists of a mayor, two sheriffs, an indefinite number of free burgesses, a recorder, town clerk, mayor, and two constables of the staple, sword-bearer, chamberlain, water-bailiff, and other officers. The borough appears to have first sent members to a Parliament held at Tristledermot, now Castledermot, in 1377, and notices of the provost and bailiffs being summoned to subsequent Parliaments till 1559 are on record. The right is recognised in the charters of Jas I. and Chas. I., and the corporation continued to send two members to the Irish Parliament till the Union.

No vestiges can be traced of the Franciscan friary without the north gate, founded in 1296 by Sir W. De Burgo; of a Dominican friary near the west gate, previously a cell to the Premonstratensian abbey of Tuam; an Augustinian friary, founded in 1508 by Stephen Lynch and Margaret his wife; a Carmelite friary, a nunnery on an island in Lough Corrib; or an hospital of Knight Templars. There are numerous ruins of ancient castles in the neighbourhood. Among the more distinguished natives of Galway may be noticed Patrick D'Arcy, author of the celebrated "Argument on the Independence of Ireland," in 1641; John Lynch, author of "Cambrensis Eversus," "Althinologia," and other tracts; Roderick O'Flaherty, author of the "Ogygia"; Sir G. L. Staunton, secretary to Lord Macartney, and writer of the account of that nobleman's embassy to Pekin; Walter Blake Kirwan, celebrated as a popular preacher in Dublin; and Richard Kirwan, an eminent chemist nad mineralogist. James Hardiman, Esq., author of the History of Galway, has a villa near the town. Galway gives the title of Viscount to the family of Monckton.

FROM WITHOUT.

The lamps, so lank and ghastly,
Are shivering in the street;
And on my face more fastly
Is borne the blinding sleet.

As shelterless I wander
Without in mist and storm,
The happy fireside yonder
Is blazing bright and warm.

And through the fog more faintly
The casement gleams above,
With light more pure and saintly,
Where rests the one I love.

Me in the gloom she sees not,
Still less she sees how dear
My gloomy heart has loved her
For many a hopeless year.

"Lost hope returneth never;"
I read it as I pass,
In those wild faces, crowding ever
Beneath the shuddering gas.

The children of the city,
We know the stepdame's art,
Who has no mother's pity
Within her stony heart—

Youth! Beauty's ghastly traces!
O love! a fearful sign,
That thus can look the faces
That once were sweet as thine!

The spectres of our city,
For them whom thus I see,
God gives me deeper pity,
With purer love for thee.

THE ROCKING OF LAKE ERIE.

The 250-mile trough of Lake Erie lies approximately in the direction of the west to south-west winds which prevail in that part of the country. Thus the lake offers an excellent opportunity for studying the effects of the wind upon a large body of enclosed water, and very interesting these effects sometimes prove. Rhythmic gusts produce a rocking motion, and great blows from the west or south-west, like that, for instance, which accompanied the Galveston hurricane in September, 1900, sweep the liquid body of the lake eastward, and sometimes cause a rise of eight feet or more at Buffalo in the course of a few hours. As soon as the maximum force of the gale has passed, the water swings back. Continued rockings are observed on days when the strength of the wind fluctuates.

OUR WEEKLY STORY

OUR THREEFOLD WOOING OF MAID AND FORTUNE.

By L. M. SCOTT.

PART I.

The beginnings of our friendship were not essentially unlike the beginnings of friendships among other persons of common ambition, so are not particularly worthy of being detailed. We became acquainted in a little down town restaurant much frequented by newspaper men of meagre salaries. All three of us were trying to write, and trying to write well; and it was this community of desire that first drew us together. Besides, all three of us were poor. Dexter Andrews had had a newspaper position and lost it; Robert Vance had had a considerable newspaper experience in Philadelphia, but had come to New York to get into a wider field, and was still running at large, untethered to any office; and I, Maximilian Henry, had given up a regular salary with one of the dailies for the uncertainties of more ambitious authorship. At that time we were all subsisting mainly on small and infrequent cheques from Sunday editors.

Three months after our first meeting found us living together in one large front room in Twentieth street—a room on the fifth floor of a building which had no elevator, so that it was a saying with us, that when we reached the entry door, after a walk from Park row, we were just half-way home. Here we settled down to do the best that was in us, and, since we were all writing, from the very start we sat as critics upon one another's work, and even gave other than advisory assistance; and soon it came about very naturally that we collaborated in practically everything we wrote. Then, since we were sharing in the labours of composition, we mutually agreed that we should also share in any accruing honour—should use a signature that belonged equally to each of us. What this signature should be was the theme of many futile discussions. Finally an idea presented itself to Vance, which was adopted the instant he presented it to us—that our common work be signed by a composite name made from our surnames. By reason of the superior fitness of my surname for prenominal use, I was permitted to furnish the Christian name for our nom de guerre. Vance was set down next, and Andrews last, because we judged that they sounded best in this order. Thus we incorporated the writer in each of us into one literary personality, and Henry Vance Andrews came into existence. Since I was twenty-five, Vance twenty-two, and Andrews twenty-four, the age of Henry Vance Andrews was seventy-one, or twenty-three and two-thirds—just as it pleases you.

The writings on which we lived were sold, for the most part, to the daily papers—especially to their Saturday and Sunday editions. We divided the newspapers into three lists, and we ruled that all business to be transacted with any paper should be seen to by the one of us on whose list that particular paper was enrolled. Though each of us was Henry Vance Andrews to his assigned editors, by this division we kept from them that, while in a literary way Henry Vance Andrews was a unit, physically he was three. Some weeks we were rich and lived high, and some weeks we were poor and lived very low indeed. I should say that the income of Henry Vance Andrews averaged about that of one newspaper man on a salary.

But besides the things that we wrote for the newspapers and sold, there were the things that we wrote for the magazines and didn't sell. The first we wrote to keep us living so that we might write the second; and these second we talked over and dreamt over, and recast and rewrote, and recast and rewrote

again, till I think our theme was sometimes actually worn away from over-handling. The first we regarded, somewhat condescendingly, as pot-boilers, but few of the petted second ever evidenced a similar ebullient quality.

I was, and am, far from a brilliant writer; I am a plodder, counting for success rather on acquired skill than on any God-given ability, for the last I have not. Andy wrote only passably—and still writes only passably. Andy is a Scotch youth, given somewhat to silence, with steady gray eyes and a square chin, and determination written large all over him. Some day Andy will overpower success. Bobbie is unlike either of us; to recognise that, you have only to note his broad, white forehead, his soft and glowing brown eyes, and his sensitive, mobile mouth. It would gall me to admit that any other man is my superior, but it doesn't gall me to admit this about Bobbie; Bobbie is of a far finer sort than I. In a time to come he will write exquisitely simply because he can't write otherwise—by the grace of God.

But I am getting ahead of myself with my "Bobbie" and my "Andy," and shall have to double to write down that while we were 'Vance" and "Andrews" and "Henry" to one another during the first few weeks together, Vance soon became "Bobbie" and Andrews "Andy," and that, by an evolutionary process, started by Bobbie and suggested to him by my baptismal name being identical with that of an unfortunate royal gentleman who voyaged to Mexico, my Maximilian was transformed into "Emperor," and this, at the demands of vocal economy, was later curtailed to "Emp."

We soon grew to love one another with the almost love of a man for a woman. Once I would have said "with the love of a man for a woman," but that was before I—and the other two—knew how deep and tender the love of a man for a woman could be. We never said that we cared for one another; that isn't the way of young fellows who are just getting into manhood. But I would have set most of the Ten Commandments at nothing for Bobbie's or Andy's sake, and I knew that they would have broken most of them for me or for each other. It is not at all remarkable that I loved them, and that Andy loved Bobbie and Bobbie loved Andy, for Andy was clean and strong and impressively determined, and Bobbie was very like the Keats of my imagination, but withal more strong in spirit. I do not know why they liked me.

That three young fellows, though they are nearer to each other than brothers, can fall in love with the same girl without their love for one another suffering a decrease, will doubtless be set down by the world as improbable; and a part of the world, acquainted with man only in his more selfish development, may declare it impossible. I do not care to debate with these. I desire only to say, very simply, that I know it is possible. It was the experience of Andy, Bobbie, and me.

I shall never forget the first time I saw her. I was on the point of entering our street door one afternoon when I saw come out of a boarding-house, directly apposite, a girl who made me pause with my hand on the knob. She had on a gown of some dark red stuff, and a round red hat whose colour was half smothered by a black veil loosely twisted about it. She looked wonderfully neat, but as much as the trimness of her appearance it was her poise, as she stood an instant on the top step finishing the buttoning of one glove, that compelled my attention.

When she started down the street I, without having consciously willed one thing or another, started to walk rapidly down my side in the same direction. At the end of the second block I crossed and turned back. As we passed I gave her a quick, all-noting look. I think that this was when I began to love her.

After this we saw her quite often, and we knew her among ourselves as "the girl across the street." Bobbie was the first to be introduced to her, and through him Andy and I met her. We then learned that she had a voice and was in New York to cultivate it—a rich and round but rather light contralto. Still later we learned—after we had become good friends she talked very simply and openly to us—that she was an orphan and that her income was barely as large as her expenses when the latter were kept very small.

It is not to be wondered at that we three, having so many tastes in common, all fell in love with her. It would rather be a cause for wonder had we not. We never made mention of our love among ourselves; but, none the less, that each of us did love was silently recognised and silently accepted by the others. And we never spoke of it to her. Three fellows, with but one fellow's salary among them, are hardly in position to talk of love. As for her, she liked us and liked us very much, but as far as we could see she seemed not to distinguish one of us from another in her favour. She was wholesome and fun-loving, and cared for the things it is natural for a girl of twenty to care for; and she was very simple, and was very sweet, and she sang with a voice that seemed the very voice of her soul. If I were a painter and given to idealized womanhood, I should make all my women with hair that is black and waving, and with skin that is clear and dark, and with eyes——

But it would be beyond me to paint the eyes of Mary Gordon.

One afternoon, when I was trying to work an article into shape and Bobby and Andy were out gathering material, there came a letter that made an end of writing for that day. At first I laughed, for I saw only the letter's absurdity; then its serious import appealed to me; and then a germinal idea shot up through the soil of my mind, and I walked the room nervously and eagerly, the while the idea grew into a perfected plan; and now and again I looked steadily, for I know not how long at a time, across the street at the window that was Miss Gordon's. At length I wrote out a reply on our typewriter and put it, unsigned, into an envelope addressed to the letter's author.

I said nothing to Bobby or Andy till after we had come back from dinner and were lounging round our table. Then I drew out the letter and handed it to them.

"This came this afternoon," I said, briefly.

Andy unfolded the sheet of paper, and Bobbie left his chair and leaned over Andy's shoulder; and thus the two read the letter. It ran in this wise:—

"Mr. Henry Vance Andrews, New York City."

"My Dear Mr. Andrews—A vacancy has just occurred on our Sunday staff which it is highly necessary that I fill at once. My predecessor, who, it seems, has used a great deal of your work and been well satisfied with it, recommended you for the place. I write to offer you the position, provided you can go to work immediately. The salary will be thirty-five dollars ($35.00) per week. If you accept I shall want you to report for duty to-morrow morning."

The signature was that of the newly-appointed Sunday editor of one of the daily papers—an absolute stranger to all of us.

The letter fell from Andy's hands to the table, and Andy's hands fell, palms downward, upon the letter, and he turned a dumbfounded face up to me. Bobbie also showed me a face in which there was stupefaction.

"Well!" said Andy.

"Did you ever hear the like?" said Bobbie.

Then suddenly Bobbie, who was ever the quickest of us, smacked his right hand down on Andy's right shoulder. "Say, but isn't this rich?" he shouted, giving Andy's shoulder a smack with each word. "Henry Vance Andrews! Understand!—a job for Henry Vance Andrews! One man's job for the three of us!" And he tumbled over on the couch and lay there howling and kicking his legs in the air.

Andy had to laugh, too; but I had passed this point long ago, and my mind was far ahead.

Suddenly Bobbie sat upright on the edge of the couch. "Say, it's one on the editor, too, isn't it? Suppose he knew that there were three of Henry Vance Andrews?" He went to his back again, and again made frantic semaphoric signals with his legs.

An instant later he sat upright on the edge of the couch a second time, his face now quite serious. "But, say, fellows, that's a good offer, if you only know it. What——"

"As much as the three of us are making now," interjected Andy.

"What are we going to do about it?" concluded Bobbie.

"We are going to accept," said I.

"Oh, you don't say! But don't you think it'll be a little hard on the editor-man when we walk in to-morrow, line up, bow, and say, 'Good morning, sir; we are Henry Vance Andrews'?" Bobbie asked solicitously. Then the show of solemnity left him. "There'll be only one chair and one desk. Andy, you've got to be the bottom man, and, Emp, you've got to sit next. I won't consent to acceptance, positively won't, unless I can sit on top!"

Andy and Bobbie chorused in a long laugh, and I smiled, though I was thinking of something else—of the something I had been thinking of ever since the letter had come.

After a moment I said, very quietly, "One of us is going to take it."

There was something in my voice, something in my face, or something in my manner, that suddenly brought them back to seriousness. Andy glanced at me and was grave, and after a quick look into my face Bobbie slipped silently back to his chair. They waited on me in expectancy.

Now that the time had come for me to speak, it was harder than I had thought. My heart seemed to be throbbing throughout my whole body, and in my head was whirling chaos. My face must have been white and strained, for the face of Andy and the face of Bobbie gradually became so. Looking down I saw that my hands were tightly twisted into each other. I loosened them and put them beneath the table, where they interlocked again.

I bent forward and forced the words from my mouth. "It's enough to keep a wife on," I said.

They gave a start and leaned toward me, suddenly tense and rigid, and wonderment fairly projected itself from their fixed faces. Then for a space there was such a silence as the winking of an eye would have broken.

"Enough to keep a wife on," I repeated at length. Then I gathered my strength for my hardest words. "I love Mary Gordon," I whispered, hoarsely; and my eyes went down as I spoke.

When I looked up again the were sitting just as they were before, save possibly that their faces were more tense and white.

I centred my gaze on Andy. "And you?—you love her?"

For a time I thought he was going to make me no reply. Then his lips twitched. "Yes," he answered.

I turned to Bobbie. "And you?"

Bobbie looked straight into my eyes, but he did not reply. I do not think he could have spoken just then. But I needed no verbal answer.

I began again; after the first this was a little easier. "If I could afford to keep a wife, I'd ask Mary Gordon to marry me."

I looked at Andy and waited.

"I would ask her," he whispered, with dry lips, "if I were making a good salary." His left hand slipped out and laid itself on the editor's letter.

I looked at Bobbie

Bobbie's face suddenly filled with colour, like an empty wine-glass that receives red wine. He dropped his head down upon his folded

arms and his shoulders shook. "God knows I would! I'd give the world to!" he sobbed.

Andy's big right arm slipped across Bobbie's shoulders and remained there; but Andy's eyes stayed with me

"If one of us had that salary he could marry her," I suggested, continuing with the unfolding of my plan.

"If she would have him," amended Andy.

I nodded.

I had now attained the ground toward which I had been travelling. I reached out and took the editor's letter from beneath Andy's hand. "Suppose——" I began, then hesitated. My self-assigned part was not an easy one.

Andy's eyes were still set on me, and in them there were both command and appeal that I go on. And so I began again, in a low voice, speaking straight at Andy.

"Suppose we put the two together—the position and Miss Gordon: the one of us that gets one gets the other."

Bobbie suddenly raised his head and half started from his chair. "What's that?" he cried.

I repeated.

"You don't mean, do you, to put the two together and draw lots for them?" asked Andy in an awed whisper.

"Not that—no. I mean that we all three ask her to marry us, and the one she accepts will get the position. He'll deserve it."

Bobbie rose tremblingly to his feet, and then Andy rose. They stood staring at me, waiting. I never saw Bobbie's eyes look quite so large. I also stood up.

"It's like this," I continued. "Only one of us can take the place. That's clear. We might draw lots for it, of course. But instead of leaving the selection to chance, I'd rather leave it to Miss Gordon. Instead of the one of us that draws the longest straw taking the place, why not have the one take it that Miss Gordon cares for?"

I paused, but neither of them spoke; only continued to stare at me.

"It will be perfectly fair," I went on. "As fair for one of us as for any other. None of us has said a word to her about—about caring for her. I know that. And she has treated us all alike—so it has seemed to me. We'll all ask her, and the one she takes will go to work to-morrow morning. He'll be Henry Vance Andrews. He can use that name, or tell the editor that it's a pseudonym and use his own."

(Conclusion Next Week.)

SAND PAINTING.

One of the most curious native customs of India is that of making sand pictures, or "sand painting," as it is often called. It is generally done on festal days in front of both houses and temples, and it has a religious significance. The sand, which is prepared and sold by natives of the Deccan, is white, red, black, blue, orange, and purple.

A woman who has observed certain preliminary ceremonies takes the sand in her hand, and allowing it to trickle out as she move her arm, forms upon the prepared ground in front of the door curious coloured designs, enclosed with a border, and representing human figures, crosses, semi-circles, or birds.

One explanation of the purpose of these pictures, according to Mr. J. W. Fewkes, is that they are believed to attract good spirits. To step on a sand painting brings bad luck.

This strange custom assumes a scientific importance when it is known that it prevails in almost exactly the same form among the Tusayan Indians in the south western part of the United States. The Pueblos, like the Hindoos, ascribe to the pictures the power of attracting friendly spirits, and they also use them in ceremonials intended to cure the sick. It has been suggested that as far as it goes this fact is an indication that our Indians are related in origin to the native races in India.

The first European discoverers of America thought they had hit upon the eastern extremity of Asia when the name of Indians was given to the red-skinned people whom they found there. Would it not be a singular coincidence if further evidence of community of origin should finally establish the fact that the Indians are really Indians?

JOHN O'DONOVAN.

By EBLANA.

II.

Poor, paltry skulker from thy noble race,
Infielix Felix weep for thy disgrace.

On the other hand, O'Donovan praised the chiefs and others of some of the families to whom the prefixes had been strangers for centuries, but who had lately resumed them. He instances O'Connor Don, O'Grady, O'Reilly, O'Connell, O'Donovan, O'Brien, MacDermott, MacCarthy, O'Neill, and others. He thinks, however, that the secret of this re-awakened pride was due in part, at least, to the fact, that while at home in Ireland, thousands of humble and poverty-stricken inheritors of these great names were ashamed to own to them, owing to their own condition and the flouts and jeers of the new aristocracy—descendants of Cromwell's troopers—yet abroad, the remnants of the "Wild Geese"—the Irish Brigade carried with glory their ancient names, prefix and all, over the battle-fields of Europe, and in the Senate and the Council Chamber and Court of every Continental State.

The Irish Archæological Society was founded in 1840, chiefly through Dr. Todd, and in the following year the first volume of its publication appeared, containing a text and translation with notes of "The Circuit of Ireland." by Murcheartach O'Neill, a poem written in 942 by Cormacan Eigeas. This, too, was the work of O'Donovan, and in it he published the first good map of ancient Ireland.

In 1842 he published "The Banquet of Dun-na-nGeedh" and "The Battle of Magh Rath," two historical tales. It was a quarto of 350 pages, with text, translation, notes, genealogies and appendix.

In this year, 1842, he and his colleagues in the Ordnance Survey met with a cruel disappointment. The English Government, filled with alarm at the revelations of Ireland's former greatness and civilisation, which such of the records as had been published showed, and also begrudging the expenditure of Irish money for mere Irish purposes when so many English objects needed it, suddenly stopped the grant for the historical department. And, therefore, the immense mass of materials which they had collected with such study and labour, mental and physical, for so many years, and at which they had arranged to labour still more, till they were given to a wondering world, had to be locked away from public gaze to await the time—should it ever come—when no foreign intervention or greed should bar their publication.

But although cut off from employment in this matter he found kindred if more precarious means of livelihood in various ways. He published in 1843 "The Tribes and Customs of Hy Many," called O'Kelly's Country, a MS. of 1418, from the "Book of Lecan." In addition to the translation and notes, he added a long Irish treatise on the boundaries of O'Maine, and another on the descent and merits of the O'Maddens. Then there was the "Feilire," or "Calendar of Irish Saints."

In the same year he prepared a text and translation of the "Sanas Chormaic," a glossary by the famous Cormac MacCuillionan, King and Archbishop of Cashel, who lived from 836 to 908. Cormac's work was to gloss his predecessors, and O'Donovan's was to gloss Cormac himself. It was not printed, however, till after his death, when it was published by Dr. Whitley Stokes, who added the translation of another MS. and philological notes of his own. He (O'Donovan) also edited the Poems of O'Dugan and O'Heerin for the Archæological and Celtic Society.

In 1844 O'Donovan published "The Genealogies Tribes. and Customs of Hy Fiachrach," called O'Dowda's Country, the text printed from a MS. of Donald MacFirbis, and accompanied by many extracts from other MSS. with notes, and a splendid map.

In 1845 he wrote his "Irish Grammar" for the use of senior classes in the College of St. Columba, T.C.D. He had been preparing it for seventeen years. In his introduction to it he says:—

"Letters were known not only to the Milesian colony but also to their predecessors, the Tuath De Danaans."

He was aided in this work by Drs. O'Curry and Todd.

"It will always," says Norman Moore, "remain the most interesting treatise on mediæval Irish spoken and written for the last six centuries."

The expenses of its printing and publication were divided between O'Donovan and the College.

A small Irish primer was issued at the same time.

About this time he married Miss Mary Broughton, sister of the wife of Eugene O'Curry, and thus further cemented the already close friendship subsisting between him and that distinguished man.

It, therefore, behoved him to consider his future. For all his immense labour he was very badly paid, indeed. Accordingly he commenced the study of the law, while still continuing his more congenial work, and was called to the bar in 1847.

In 1846 the edited the "Irish Charters" and translated the "Martyrology of Donegal," which were not published till after his death, with index, etc., by Drs. Todd and Reeves.

He also wrote a most learned and painstaking "Supplement to O'Reilly's Irish-English Dictionary," with "Alphabetical List of Abbreviations and Authorities quoted in this work." But he did not live to see it published.

He was in full sympathy with the National aspirations of his country, and on the establishment of the "Nation" newspaper, by Gavan Duffy and his associates, was, with O'Curry, among the first to contribute to its pages.

He also wrote in the "Ulster Archæological Journal" on "Lost Irish MSS.," on "Hugh O'Neill," on the "Last Earl of Desmond," on "Bawns," on the word "Aesar," and on the "Errors of Edmund Spenser.

But now came the great work of his life. Anent this, the Very Rev. Dr. Reeves says:—

"Before the middle of this" (the 19th) "century, Providence placed in Dublin two men who, in their respective departments, did more to advance archæological literature in Ireland than any two men who ever existed; and those two men were John O'Donovan, the great Irish scholar; and the other was George Smith, the publisher."

The public spirit and enterprise of the latter thus received its due meed of praise, and Dr. Reeves added:—

"He took in hand a work of great magnitude and of doubtful remuneration. In undertaking that work he had at hand the command of the services and genius of that wonderful man, John O'Donovan;" and "He" (O'Donovan) "became the most distinguished person that ever took in hand the analysis of Irish monuments and literature. He had a most wonderful faculty for identification of names, had a wonderful store of Irish genealogy in his head, had a most retentive memory, which, coupled with untiring

energy on his part, rendered him a perfect oracle in his line.'

We have seen that many years before, during his visit to Heath House, he commenced that portion of the "Annals" relating to the O'Reilly family in honour and gratitude to his host and friend. He little dreamt then to what it would lead. But now the time had come when he was to carry through and complete this enormous work.

Originally compiled between the years 1632 and 1636, from more ancient books, in the Franciscan Monastery of Donegal, and hence called variously the "Annals of Donegal," the "Annals of Ulster," and of "The Kingdom of Ireland," and from the compilers, the "Annals of the Four Masters." These latter were Michael O'Clery, Cucogry, or Peregrine O'Clery, Conary O'Clery, and Peregrine O'Duigenan.

The family of the O'Clerys had been for centuries the hereditary historians to the O'Donnells, Princes of Tirconnell, from whom they had extensive grants of land in Donegal, and resided at their Castle of Kilbarron, near Ballyshannon. O'Duigenan was a learned antiquary of Kilronan, in Roscommon. They were assisted by the two O'Connerys, also of Roscommon, and whose family had been historians of the Kings of Connaught. The project was first suggested to Michael O'Clery while at Louvain by Hugh Ward, lecturer and guardian of that College.

Michael O'Clery dedicated the work to Fergall O'Gara, Lord of Moy O'Gara and Coolalein, and M.P. for county Sligo in the Irish Parliament in 1634, who was foremost in setting the antiquaries to work, and who liberally bore the necessary expenses. Appended to this dedication is a genealogy of O'Gara.

Of course, this work was compiled entirely in Irish. Dr Charles O'Connor, who lived from 1764 to 1828, published an imperfect edition of these "Annals Rioghachta Eireann," or of the Kingdom of Ireland, up to 1171, translated into Latin and with the Irish text.

And now, in 1846, while O'Donovan was preparing for the work, he was forestalled by Owen Connellan, historiographer to George IV. and Willim IV., and author of an Irish grammar. It was annotated by himself and Dr. Philip MacDermott, with assistance from Sir William Betham's library, and published by Bryan Geraghty, of Anglesea street.

This was the first translation of the work into English, and embraced the period from 1171 to 1616. The Irish text was ommitted.

But valuable and learned, as no doubt this edition was, it did not satisfy the learned critics of the day. Besides, O'Donovan had already in hand a preliminary translation of the second part from Petrie's copy of the "Annals" in the Royal Irish Academy, and had been steadily working at it for many years, his other antiquarian work and his travels through the country being of enormous assistance to him, as evidenced in the surprising width of knowledge and historical and antiquarian acumen displayed therein. Then, too, he was resolved to give the Irish text as well as the translation and notes.

Petrie designed the Irish type; and in 1848 three volumes, comprising the second part of the "Annals," that is, from 1171 to 1616, appeared.

Of course, O'Connellan's edition was nowhere now; and we must acknowledge that it was rather hard upon him, after all his expenditure of time and trouble. Still he might have borne this trial with dignity and resignation, if not with pleasure, considering that the occasion of it was a furtherance of the cause he seemed to have at heart. But he did not elect to do so.

Truth to tell, though labouring in the same field, his point of view was not at all that of O'Donovan. Although an Irishman, and even a Milesian, and engaged in the work he was at and all, he looked at even Irish antiquities as much as it was possible to do so, through English spectacles. He was Irish historiographer to two English Kings, and he held other appointments scarcely more reconcilable with the work he had taken in hand. The very fact that he omitted the O from his name counted for much in his case, though for little or nothing at all in that of most people either at that time or even since, considering its long suppression. Altogether Owen Connellan, as he called himself, was not the man to welcome a more able and more patriotic fellow-labourer in the same field; and accordingly he knew of nothing better to do than to assail O'Donovan with bitterness and scorn. Unfortunately it is an Irish vice, which so often mars the many virtues of the race.

In a paper read before the Royal Irish Academy, the Right Rev. Dr. Reeves stated that it was in consequence of this attack upon him that O'Donovan wrote to the Rev. Dr. Todd, giving his autobiography up to the time when they first knew him. To this we are indebted for most of the facts of O'Donovan's life up to the year 1829. The concluding passages of it in his own words will best convey the nature of his rival's attack upon him:—

"Such is the history of my 'bit of learning' to which my friend, Owen Connellan, alludes, and to such did Sir Guy allude, when he called me a 'Philomath,' which is, as you know, a contemptible name for a 'country schoolmaster.' But I will let them pull away as they like, and will continue my acquisition of a 'bit of learning' as long as my mind is capable of acquiring any."

And he kept his word. He continued to acquire and to give the world the results of his "bit of learning."

By the year 1851 he had completed the second part, which was the first part historically, of the "Annals of the Four Masters," i.e., from the beginning A.M. 2242 down to the year 1171, in three volumes and an index, making in all seven volumes and 4,169 pages.

This latter portion was much more onerous, as he had not the preparations made for it which he had for the earlier part of the work.

The work in its entirety was printed by Gill, and published by Hodges and Smith, with genuine public spirit. From this final work of O'Donovan all later writers on such subjects mostly draw their information.

For this great achievement Trinity College, Dublin, conferred on O'Donovan the degree of LL.D. The Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, awarded him its highest distinction, the Cunningham medal; and he was also elected honorary member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Berlin.

His brother-in-law, friend, and colleague, Eugene O'Curry, thus wrote of it:—

"The translation is executed with extreme care. The immense mass of notes contain a vast amount of information, embracing every variety of topic—historical, topographical, genealogical—upon which the text requires elucidation or correction; and I may add that of the accuracy of the researches which have borne fruit in that information, I can myself, in almost every instance, bear personal testimony. . . There is absolutely nothing left to be desired. . . There is no instance that I know of in any country of a work so vast being undertaken, much less of any completed in a style so perfect and so beautiful by the enterprise of a private publisher."

But besides this "Obair Mor," Dr. O'Donovan, as he was now known, translated, annotated, and edited for the Celtic Society the ancient work known as the "Leabhar na gCeart," or "Book of Rights," originally compoiled by St. enan, the disciple and comharba, or successor of St. Patrick at Armagh, and afterwards revised and added to by King and Archbishop Cormac MacCuillidman, of Cashel, and his scribes at the end of the 9th century. It was transcribed by Giolla Iosa Mor MacFirbis, and from this O'Donovan translated and annotated it. He also wrote a long and learned introduction to it under these heads:—"Of Leabhar na gCeart," "Of The Saltair Chaisil," "Of The Will of Cathaeir Mor," etc., "Of Tomar, King of the Galls of Dublin," "Of the Geasa agus Buadha Riagh Eireann," or the privileges and prohibitions of the Kings of Ireland; "Of The Divisions of the Year Among the Ancient Irish," "Of Chess," etc., "On The Irish Text and Translation," "On the Chariots and Roads of the Ancient Irish." The notes, as in all his works, are copious and clear, and he added an Index.

William Elliott Hudson, who superintended the work as it passed through the press, in acknowledging the services of the various persons concerned in its production, paid special tribute to Eugene O'Curry, "whose intimate knowledge had been made available," and to John O'Donovan, "pre-eminently for the learning and zeal which he has exhibited in the editing and general arrangement of the work. In it will be recognised a further proof of the critical and profound knowledge which he possesses of the language of our country, as well as its topography and history."

For the same society he also edited the "Genealogy of Corca Luighe," or O'Driscoll's Country; Gilbredhis MacComins' Poem on the "Battle of Down," 'and others, with usual translation. These were from the "Books of Lecan and of Ballymote." Then there was likewise the "Genealogy of Ossorian Family," "The Inauguration of Cathal Croudey O'Connor," and, in fact, it is marvellous the amount of work which he produced, besides which he was, with his amiable disposition, ever ready and willing to help other workers with his pen, as if he had nothing else to do.

He also contributed articles on divers antiquarian subjects to the "Ulster Archæological Journal" for the Ossianic Society' among which was one on "The Physical Characteristics of the Ancient Irish." In this he quotes from a French author who visited Ireland in the reign of Diarmaid MacMurrogh, alluding to their nimbleness and swiftness, and again from Froissart:—

"Ireland is one of the yoele countries of the world to make war upon or to bring under subjection, for it is closed strongly and wydely with high forests and great waters and mareshes and places (un) habeytable; it is hard to enter to do them of the country any damage. . . . For a man of arms beying never so so weli horsed, and ran as fast as he can, the Yrisshemen wyll ryn afote as faste as he and overtake hym, yee, and leap up upon his horse behynd hym, and draw hym from his horse."

(To be continued.)

O SINGING HEART.

O singing heart, O singing heart!
Thou wilt not let thy mirth depart,
Though chilled by want, though pierced by pain,
But, like a robin in the rain
While angry skies conspire together,
Mak'st thy own clear and sunny weather.

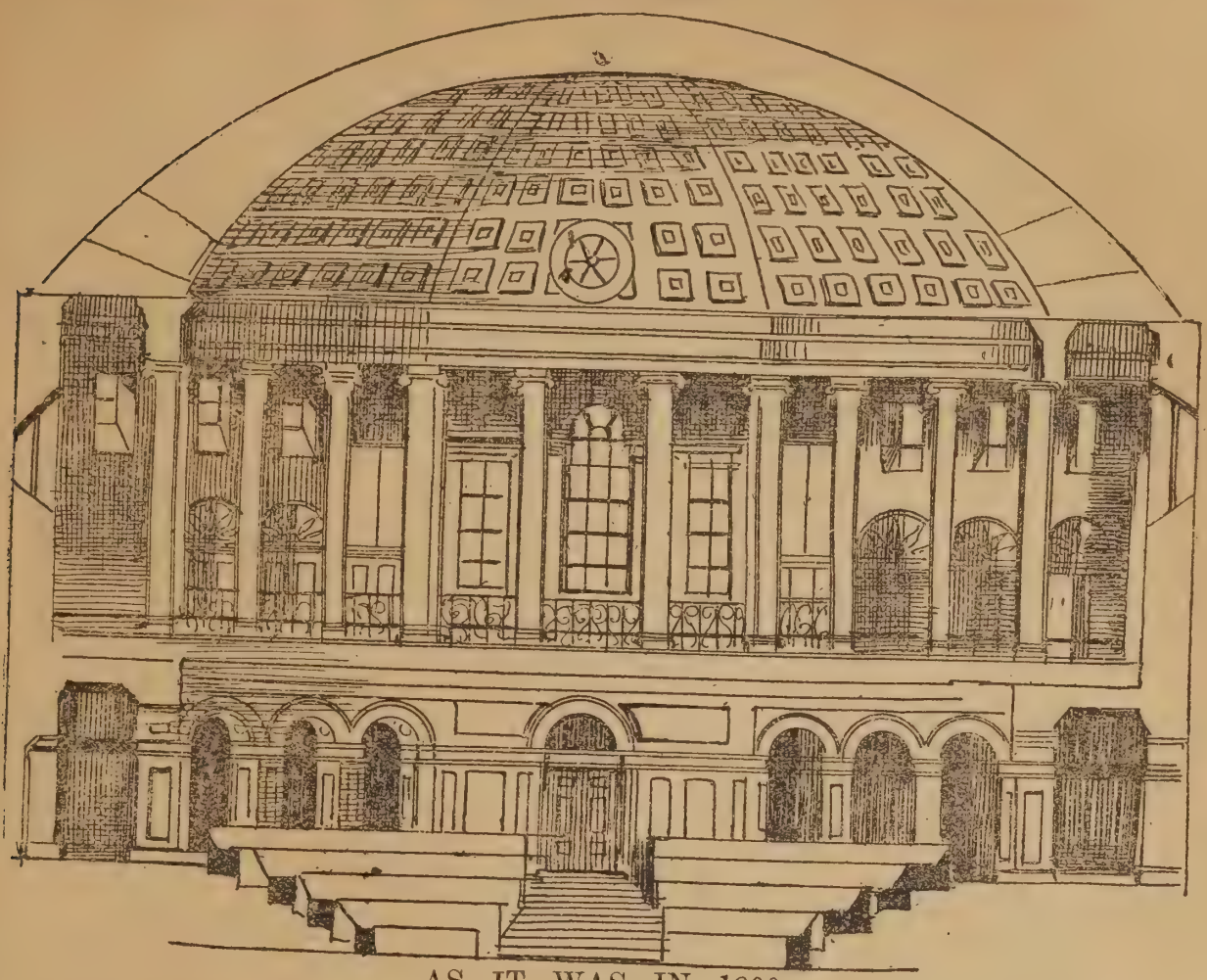
O singing heart, I heard thy song;
The day was drear, the hours were long,
But thou, brave heart, didst win the day
From sodden turf and clouds of grey;
The sunshine like an echo sweet,
Followed thy song with flying feet.

O singing heart, shall I complain?
Thy laughter wakes a sweet refrain
In my sad bosom: glad and free
I'll tune my harp and sing with thee.
Love, hope, shall keep the bosom warm,
And these shall yet outsing the storm.

WORDS FROM INDIAN TONGUES.

At the International Congress of Americanists last October, Dr. A. F. Chamberlain described the contributions of the Algonkin Indians to the spoken and written English of America. More than 130 of our words, he said, had this origin. Among the more common of these words were chipmunk, hickory, hominy, mugwump, powwow, raccoon, skunk, squash, Tammany, terrapin, toboggan, totem, and woodchuck.

INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,



AS IT WAS IN 1800.

THE

IRISH PARLIAMENT HOUSE, COLLEGE GREEN.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

WHAT IT WAS ONCE LIKE.

(From the "New Picture of Dublin," 1821.)

While appropriated to its original purpose, the Irish Parliament House was considered the finest senate-house in Europe. It was commenced in 1729, under the administration of Lord Cartaret, and completed in ten years, at the expense of near £40,000. The work was carried on under the inspection of Sir Lovet Pearce, engineer-general, until his demise, and was finished by Arthur Dobbs, Esq. It is situated in College-green, and placed nearly at right angles with the west front of the College, giving a grandeur of scene to that fine area scarcely surpassed in any city of Europe. It is built of Portland stone, and the grand portico in College-green extends 147 feet. It is of the Ionic order, and though destitute of the usual architectural decorations, derives all its beauty from a simple impulse of fine art, and is one of the few instances of form only expressing true symmetry. The interior fully corresponds with the majesty of its external appearance. During its former destination, the middle door under the portico led directly to the House of Commons, passing through a great hall called the Court of Requests. The commons-room formed a circle, 55 feet in diameter, inscribed in a square. The seats were disposed around the room in concentric circles rising above each other. A rich hemispherical dome supported by sixteen Corinthian columns, crowned the whole. Between the pillars, a narrow gallery was conveniently fitted up for the convenience of the public. A beautiful corridor communicated by three doors with the committee-rooms, coffee-rooms, etc. The House of Lords, to the right of the Commons, is also a noble apartment, ornamented at each end with Corinthian columns. An entablature goes round the room, covered with a rich trunk ceiling, and in a circular recess at the upper end was placed the throne of the Viceroy, under a rich canopy of crimson velvet. In 1785 it was determined to give a distinct entrance to the House of Lords, which was speedily executed by Mr. James Gandon, who erected a noble portico of six Corinthian columns, covered by a handsome pediment. The two porticos are connected by a circular screen wall, the height of the whole building, enriched with dressed niches and a rustic basement. An entrance was afterwards made on the western side from the designs of Mr. Robert Parke. It was completed in 1794. The expense of these additions was upwards of £50,000.

The late House of Lords, which remains unaltered, is now designated the Court of Proprietors. It is 73 feet long by 30 broad, and the walls are ornamented with two large pieces of tapestry, representing the battle of the Boyne and the siege of Londonderry, in a state of excellent preservation. At the upper end stands a statue of his late Majesty in his Parliamentary robes, admirably executed in white marble by J. Bacon, jun., of London, at the expense of £2,000. The pedestal on which it stands is ornamented with figures of Religion and Justice. There is also a fine bust of the Duke of Wellington by Tremcuille. The whole of the building, including court-yards, covers one acre, two roods, and thirteen and a half perches of ground; and on the roof, which is for the most part flat, a regiment of soldiers might be drawn up in time of danger.

THE MUSIC OF THE GAEL.

ITS SPECIAL CHARACTERISTICS.

By Rev. RICHARD HENEBRY, Ph. D.

III.

Edward Bunting, who compiled a valuable collection of Irish music and convened the last meeting of harpers in Belfast in 1792, says in his last volume, p. 73: "Hempson was the only one of the harpers at the Belfast meeting who played the harp with long crooked nails as described by the old writers. In playing he caught the strings between the flesh and the nail, not like the other harpers of his day, who pulled them by the fleshy part of the finger only. His fingers lay over the strings in such a manner that when he struck them with one finger the other was instantly ready to stop the vibration, so that the staccato passages were heard in full perfection. When asked the reason of playing certain parts of the tune in that style his reply was, 'That is the way I learned it' or 'I cannot play it in any other.' He was then 97 years old, the last representative of the old Irish school of harpers." Hardiman says in Vol. I., p. 181:—"The strains of Patrick Quinn, an old Irish harper, who performed publicly in Dublin in 1809, are still remembered with delight." The harp at present in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, was played in the streets of Limerick by a man named O'Neill in 1760. He died in 1818. Indeed, two harpers, the last survivors of a school started by Bunting and others in Dublin about 1800, played in my own village of Portlaw in 1860. And now the art is irrevocably lost. And even the Irish bagpipes, the very last Irish musical instrument, is so despised, and has become such bad form that, but for the happy revival now afoot, it must have ceased to exist within the next few years. I leave to psychologists the following puzzle—How is it that this people, contrary to the use of all other nations, have come to be so that the more a thing is their own, the more it is a special outcome and product of the mind and usage of this race, the more a thing has been hallowed by the touch of their fathers and worn by their fingers, be it thought, tradition, language, literature, poetry, art, music, things of the hearth and the household, the soul and life-spirit of a nation for which all other peoples shed their blood; how is it that the more a thing is thus their own the more this people despise it and regard it as the very dirt? Whoso knows what they have swapped and see the return must bitterly deplore that villainous traffic.

Another evidence of the skill of the old Irish in music is the great body of melody at present in existence either published or still sung, played, or whistled by the people. With them the application of music was almost co-extensive with that of language. There were songs for the wake and for the funeral, songs of the boatman, of the smith, of the milkmaid, of the mower, spinning and weaving songs, lullabys or cradle songs, hunting songs, ploughmen's whistles, besides a wonderful variety of love songs and narrative or ballad airs. The list is practically inexhaustible. There was a corresponding variety in dance music. I can recall three of the tunes that had each a special dance. They were "The Act and Deuce of Pipering," "The Job of Journey-work" and "The Blackbird." There were hornpipes, called also trebles, there were doubles (in 6-8 time) and singles. There were four-hand reels and Scotch reels, jigs and hop-jigs, and such special steps as that called "cover the buckle" which was danced over a stick laid on the ground and was evidently a relic of the old sword dance. It is usual with the ignorant to call all Irish dance tunes "jigs." How much they are mistaken the foregoing list will show; for a jig must be in 9-8 time and have a certain cadence.

For myself I was brought up between two languages and two systems of music. According to my personal tastes, therefore, I am qualified to deliver judgment on both Irish and modern music. My cradle song was in Irish, but since then I have heard some of the world's best vulgar music. Passing over a good deal I have time and again listened to the incomparable fiddling of Herr Joachim, the very highest expression of instrumental music now in existence. Then establishing a rough standard, I shall regard music as analogous to language and its supreme function the conveying of ideas through the medium of emotional expression. Measured by this standard, I think, all prejudice apart, that Irish music is incomparably superior to any other I ever heard. It gives a better imitation of natural sounds that to us are inseparably linked with specific meanings, such as the cry of sorrow, the wail of despair, the shout of joy, the soughing of wind through a door, the storm song of pine-trees, or the rhythmic rattle of a locomotive. That music is for me the more intimate voice of the human soul, it is the complement of language and gives expression to a whole host of subtle subjective states that utterly transcend the power of words. In comparison with it modern vulgar music is as dumb, inarticulate and motiveless as the babbling of children.

Now, let one hear a modern orchestra or a solo singer or any form of vulgar music, and compare it with the playing of an Irish street fiddler or piper, or a ploughboy whistling for his team, or a girl singing to her cow, or an old woman croning a tune, and the difference in rhythm, in expression, in tone-colour, is at once apparent. This difference is the motive of my "voluptuous digression" on the question of music. It is due to a threefold cause that reaches the very fundamental essentials of all music. That is to say:

1. Differences of scale.
2. Differences of keys or tonics.
3. Differences of accent and phrasing.

1. Differences of scale.—Irish music owes its peculiar tone to the scale on which it is composed. There are certain infinitesimal variations from the modern scale, but though slight, they give the colour anl character to Irish music. This question has been examined by Prof. O'Sullivan of the Queen's College, Cork, and published in his introductory volume to O'Curry's "Manners and Customs." Nobody else has ever worked at the problem, although his valuable study has been before the public these twenty years. He discovered that Irish music is composed on the old gapped quinque grade scale built on a chain of fifths. By reason of its constitution it often differs from the modern scale in length of interval. In primitive times the octave comprised only five notes, thus:

1-2x4-5x7-1

Here - represents a tone interval, x a gap of a tone and a half. It will be noticed that the 3rd and 6th notes are wanting. These lacunae were filled later by the insertion of semi-tones under the influence of Gregorian plain-song. Also there is a full tone between the 7th and the octave. That is the "flat 7th" of modern musicians when discussing Irish music. There are only two kinds of interval, viz., tone and tone and a half. Compare the modern scale which would be:

1-2 | 3 .: 4-5 [6-7 :. .:1.

Here there are eight notes with three classes of interval, viz., major tones represented by - ,minor by | and semi-tones by :. It will be seen that the two scales are absolutely incommensurable, and hence, music composed on one cannot be played in the other. Hence, the piano, flute, or concertina, or any instrument tuned rigidly to the modern scale, cannot play Irish music.

2. Differences of keys. Modern music has practically only one scale and the key signature merely indicates that it is played so many tones or semi-tones higher or lower. In Irish music there are five scales, constructed by regarding each note of the scale in turn as the tonic and proceeding from it up to the octave. This was feasible in the Irish scale where each tone was independent of the others. Of course the resulting scales were all different from each other because the gaps occurred in different positions. Thus:

1-2x4-5x7-1
2x4-5x7-1-2
4-5x7-1-2x4
5x7-1-2x4-5
7-1-2x4-5x7

By inserting semi-tones in the gaps of the last scale the character is altogether altered; and thus a player ignorant of a particular musical system makes havoc of its phrasing. Irish music was phrased and accented differently from modern music. I will merely quote what I have already said on this matter: "To me there is nothing so wholly discomposing as listening to an Irish air sung with all the saccharine expression of the vaudeville stage to a jangling piano accompaniment. When I compare the wrong tone-scheme, the bad phrasing, the pert, exaggerated, hysterical, and false expression with the traditional version of the same air as sung by an old woman, with its full, rich intervals and simple feeling, the veritable voice and refrain of the Gaelic heart, the contrast between modern sham and Celtic truth becomes too poignant for my equanimity."

Music is as much a part of our civilisation and nationality as language, and therefore, must be preserved. For the present our only hope is to learn it from its traditional custodians and shun all contact with the modern scale.

(The End.)

MY HARBOUR DOWN IN GALWAY.

BY J. J. DOLAN.

I listened to an argument on harbours recently. The disputants were from Dublin, Cork, and Galway towns in Ireland, a Leith Scotchman, and a New Yorker. They all argued for the harbour merits of their respective localities. After a time the persistency of the Galway man angered the rest, and they combined to belittle his harbour. When they had apparently overpowered him he turned and said: "Boys, you may say what you will, but there's no place like home." Silence prevailed in the group. Each and all must have thought as Galway did, and may God forbid that any worldly condition should be strong enough to deprive men of cradled memories.

A riding stream they have at Cork
A Bay, at Dublin alway,
An ocean entrance to New York,
But a harbour down in Galway.
Though Scots may raise their voice in song,
And boast their friths and Solway
In love of home there's nothing wrong
That's why I sing for Galway.

My birth was near the pleasant place,
And when I'm in the pall way
I hope the Good will give me grace
To rest my bones in Galway,
The humble cot I called my home
Had neither tower nor hallway,
Yet none is good from here to Rome,
My harbour was in Galway.

Good luck attend your homely wit
That knew no bar nor toll way
For loving what was in you knit
Your humble home and Galway.
There never was a place like home.
Denial marks a thrall way.
If I were there I'd never roam
So far from dear old Galway.

THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK.

By CHARLES SMITH, M.D.

Æquum est enim meminisse & me, qui discerem hominem esse et vos, qui Judicetis ut ñ probabilia dicentur nihil ultra requiratis.
Cicero Univers

In Two Volumes.

VOL. I.

The Second Edition, with Additions.

Chapter VI.—Continued.

Five miles S. of Charleville is Annagh, a pretty, thriving village on the estate of the Earl of Egmont; this place, with a large tract of the adjacent land, were, at a very great expense, reclaimed from a deep and dangerous morass, now pleasantly planted and well improved, large drains and canals being cut through the morass, which empty themselves into a branch of the river Awbeg. Here stood a strong castle that, in the wars of 1641, was for years garrisoned at the expense of Sir Philip Perceval, Bart., and, by its situation in the midst of a bog, was deemed impregnable; but it was at last taken, anno 1645, by treachery, and the whole garrison put to the sword, in cold blood, by order of the Lord Castleconnell, who then commanded the Irish army, consisting of 5,000 horse and foot, and who was an inveterate enemy to Sir Philip Perceval, because he had refused to give him his daughter in marriage before the war. This castle was demolished by the late Earl of Egmont, who drained the ground, built the village of Annagh, and established the linen manufacture therein.

Church-town is a small village, prettily planted; in it are the ruins of the old church, called Bruhenny. In the 9th of Queen Anne, an Act of Parliament was obtained by the late Earl of Egmont for removing the site of this church. The new church is a good building, in form of a cross; the chancel is paved with black and white marble, the produce of this country: in this chancel is a vault where several of the house of Egmont are interred.

Burton, near Church-town, was formerly a noble seat of the Perceval family, burned down in the late wars by the same party of King James's forces who burned Charleville. The plantations and improvements are very beautiful and extensive. Here are large orchards, and a noble park. The walls of the house still remain, which show it to have been a large, elegant building, mostly of hewn stone. From Burton to the new parish church there is an handsome avenue, well planted; this place gives title of Baron to its owner, the Right Hon. the Earl of Egmont. The manor of Burton is very large; all the land within it, as well as the royalties, belong to the same nobleman. It would be tedious to enumerate the smaller districts which depend upon, and were incorporated into a kind of honour, by King Charles I. in favour of Sir Philip Perceval, in the year 1637, with the privileges of court baron, court leet, free warren, and all other pre-eminences and royalties under the manor of Burton, which likewise comprehends the castle and manor of Annagh above-mentioned. This patent also grants fairs and markets to the town of Bourton.

Near Burton is Egmont, which gives title of Earl to the same family. Here was formerly a castle, built by the Barrys several centuries ago; in the wars of 1641, it was fortified and garrisoned, at the expense of Sir Philip Perceval, but was taken by the Irish in 1645, with the rest of his castles. And more easterly, on the river Awbeg, is Ballinguile, a good house of Mr. Freeman, with large orchards and numerous plantations; this house was built on the foundation of an ancient castle of the Stapletons, erected soon after the reign of King John.

Buttevant, called in the ecclesiastical books Bothon, by the Irish and Spenser Kilnemullagh, was formerly an ancient corporation, being once governed by a mayor and Aldermen, but by the wars gone to decay; and it is said to have suffered greatly in the last plague of Ireland. There are still to be seen the remains of a wall that surrounded the town; and they also show the traces of an outward wall, which enclosed the other, and took up a considerable circuit of ground. In this place are the remains of a sumptuous ruin of the ancient abbey of friars minors, founded by David de Barry, in the reign of King Edward I., who lies buried therein; he was Lord Justice of Ireland, and his tomb still remains in the choir, opposite the great altar. The walls of the choir, with the nave of the church, and several other buildings, remain entire; also the steeple, which is an high square tower, erected on a fine gothic arch; to the south is St. Mary's chapel, in which are several tombs of the ancient Irish families, viz., the Barrys, the Magners, Fitz-Geralds, Prendergasts, O'Callaghans Donegans, Meads, Dowlings, and Healys. In this chapel are the remains of an altar and two others, in the nave of the church on each side of the choir; in which are other tombs of the Barrys, Nagles, Lombards, and Supples. Beside the above-mentioned tombs, there are others of the Coghlans, MacAuliffs, and O'Kiefs.

On the N.W. side of the abbey stands a ruined tower, said to have been erected by an Earl of Desmond, who retired here; they call it Cullin. On each hand of the W. entrance of the abbey are two huge piles of skulls, which some say were brought hither after the battle of Knockninoss, and was fought but five miles from hence. Near this abbey stands a part of another ruin, said to have been a nunnery, dedicated to St. Owen, or, according to others, to St. John Baptist. The name Buttevant, according to tradition, takes its rise from a word given in a battle fought near this place by David de Barry, who here overthrew the MacCartys, and cried out "Boutez en vant," i.e., "push forward," which is the present motto of the Barrymore family, who take title of Viscount from this place. To the east of the town stand the ruins of the Lord Barry's castle, boldly and strongly erected on a rock over the river Awbeg; the inside of this building forms an octagon, and was no inconsiderable fortress before the present art of besieging places was discovered. Somewhat more to the E. stands the church, which is a modern structure; but the ancient remains of two churches, one dedicated to St. Bridget, and the other to the Virgin Mary, are still visible, both having stood in the same church-yard, which is very uncommon. There are also the ruins of a chapel of ease at Spitle-Bridge, one mile east of Buttevant; this whole town formerly seems to have been an assemblage of churches and religious houses, which being dissolved, consequently went with them to ruin; so that these lines of Mr. Pope may be now justly applied to this place:

The levell'd town with weeds lies cover'd o'er,
The hollow winds through naked temples roar,
Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd,
O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
Windsor Forest.

This town belongs to the Earl of Barrymore; and the new turnpike road from Cork to Limemrick runs through it. Near Kilmacglenine, two miles S.W. of Buttevant, there is a pit of good yellow ochre used for painting. At Ballybeg, on the other side of the river, a small walk from Buttevant, was a monastery of Augustinians, founded anno 1237, and dedicated to St. Thomas by Philip de Barry, being endowed by his son David, who founded the friary of Buttevant, before mentioned; this house and its revenues were granted to Sir Daniel Norton, Knt., in trust for the Lady Norris, wife of Sir Thomas Norris, Lord President of Munster, and mother to the Lady Jephson, wife to Sir John Jephson, who passed a patent for the same. The lands belonging to this abbey contained 2,060 Irish acres, and, by a valuation taken in 1622, were only worth £60 a year; at the same time, the tithes and glebes belonging to it were valued at £200 per ann. more. Some part of the building, particularly the steeple, which was a strong structure, and the east window of the chancel, have outlived the injuries of time. By the holes which remain in the vaulted roof of the steeple, there were here a chime of bells. The traces of the foundation, and an high tower, detached a considerable way to the S.W.,

once a part of this fabric, show it to have been a very large and magnificent structure.

Five miles W. of Buttevant stand the ruins of the castle of Liscarroll, near which, on the 3rd of September, 1642, was fought a battle between the English, commanded by the Lord Inchiquin, and the Irish, under the Lord Mountgarret and other generals, where was slain the valiant Lewis, Lord Viscount Kinalmeaky, Governor of Bandon, and son to the first Earl of Cork. But the victory fell to the English, with the slaughter of 1,500 of their enemies. This battle was fought to the W. of the castle, in which Sir Philip Perceval, before mentioned, kept a garrison for several years at his own expense, and raised many outworks about it in the modern style of fortification. In August, 1642, it was besieged by a regular army, consisting of 7,000 Irish, who, after a very gallant resistance of 13 days, obliged it to surrender. The day following, Lord Inchiquin, coming up with the English army, defeated the Irish, as is above mentioned. The Irish again besieged it, anno 1646, with an army of 5,000 foot and 500 horse, commanded by the Earl of Castlehaven, who then took most of the strongholds in this country, Lord Inchiquin for want of supplies being then obliged to stand upon the defensive. The news of Castlehaven's success had such an effect, that this castle, which had been before so well defended, surrendered without firing a shot, though then in the best posture of defence, and commanded by the same officer, one Captain Raymond, who had defended it so gallantly during the former siege, and who, for his cowardice or treachery, was condemned to be shot, together with another steward of Sir Philip Perceval; but, by his indulgence, they were pardoned. This castle is a parallelogram, or oblong square, of 120 by 240 feet; it was flanked by six great towers, two square and four round; the gateway, which faced the S., was defended by a strong castle, from which, on either hand, were the apartments; the walls were 30 feet high. This castle is said to have been built by King John; it was, at least, erected by some of the Strongbonian adventurers. It was for many years possessed by the Barrys, before it belonged to the Perceval family: Sir Hardress Waller recovered it from the Irish, anno 1650; the breach made by him is still visible, near the S.W. tower, and it has ever since remained in a ruinous condition. This castle has effectually suffered from the loyalty of its inhabitants; the ruins of its several turrets, and other works, afford the imagination a more pleasing idea than the most magnificent structure could well do; as one looks on the wounds of a veteran with more veneration than the most exact proportions of a regular beauty, and as these ruins call to mind the devastation caused by our intestine troubles, the history of those particular places is naturally sought after.

At a place called Kilabrahar, i.e., the church of the brotherhood, was a ruined monastery, but of what order is uncertain; it stood between Church-town and Liscarroll. At Lisgriffin, on the Earl of Egmont's estate, two miles west of Buttevant, several crystals have been found of the Kerry-stone kind; this castle was built in the beginning of King James 1st's reign by one Garret Barry.

A vast extended plain high mountains bound,
Where rapid torrents from each rock resound,
The north, fair Orrery's bleak hills divide
From Limerick's fertile strand, and Shannon's tide;
The eastern border Ballyhowra steep
Proudly impends, and lofty Galtys sweep;
St. Hilary's holy range the south defends,
From deluges th' Iberian ocean sends:
The Paps (5), the Reeks, the Mangerton, not least
Of European mountains, to the west,
With gradual progress rising, horrid stand,
And in one view near half the isle command.
Beneath this tow'ring coast collected rains
With hasty emulation seek the plains:
And new born rivers from their gloomy birth,
Impatient break upon more fruitful earth:
Where fondly gladden'd with the pleasing scene,,
They stay their fury, and enjoy the green.
Thence Aviduff (6) to Youghal's spacious bay,
In hollow murmurs takes her circling way:
And Allo (7), by fam'd Spenser stil'd the strong,
Impetuous from her mountains rolls along.
Kanturk's proud ruins, softens in her course,
And joins her sister, but with half her force.
While gentle Mulla (8), his one favourite theme
Records his muses truth in her slow gliding stream.
Along each precipice by ev'ry flood,
Each craggy brow, and cavern fring'd with wood,
The pine and oak in mighty forests rise,
And crown the mountain tops, and touch the neighb'ring skies.
The vale beneath in wide enamel'd fields,
The earth's best treasure to its owner yields.
What though each craggy boundary contains,
Or beds of copper, coal, or richer veins;
Their flinty bowels mock the miners toil,
The surest riches are a fertile soil,
Where honest labour crown'd with certain wealth,
Brings cheerful innocence, content and health,
The infant year in high grown verdure gay,
Conceals the herds which in their pastures stray.
Their gentle zephyrs summer's heat asswage,
Confess his power, but subdue his rage:
Potent to cherish man, and to adorn,
But impotent to scorch the golden corn,
The sultry dog-star, prone to good and ill,
Has leave to exercise but half his will:
Subservient only to peasant's joy,
Allow'd to bless, forbidden to destroy.
E'en savage winter with his hoary face,
Visits this land with less imperious pace;
Fearful the azure heavens to deform,
Behind the distant hills he leaves the storm,
Where unrestrain'd, the ratling thunder's roll
Shake the firm earth, and rend the vaulted pole;
Thus freed from nipping frosts, and chilling blasts,
The variegated verdure ever lasts.
And here the feather'd choir incessant sing,
Chear'd by the beauties of eternal spring.
In this blest station many castles stand
To awe the rebel and protect the land;
Whose high aspiring towers from afar
The pristine grandeur of their Lords declare.
Kanturk, already nam'd, once rais'd too high
To bear suspicious Albion's sovereign eye,
In haughty fragments of unfinish'd state,
Proclaims the cause of her untimely fate.
Liscaroll next in six tall flankers strong,
(A melancholy object of our song)
Gives its own title to the neighb'ring plain
Ennobled by itself, and Kinalmeaky slain.
From hence the eye directed to the right
Brings Annagh's verdant island to the sight;
Which once encompas'd by a deep morass,
Secur'd the flocks high bounding on her grass;
A mighty bulwark on the border stood
To guard the passage of the miry flood,
Impervious, but by one long trembling way
Of yielding wattles spread on sinking clay,
Which far remov'd from any solid shore,
Defy'd the heavy cannon's distant roar;
The elevated bolts still fell too low,
Nor hurt her ramparts with one feeble blow.
Hence not far distant Burton's groves appear,
Where pines and elms in artful order rear,
Where wand'ring eyes with secret pleasure gaze,
Where bow'rs, and lawns, and crystal rills amaze,
Where sylvan gods disport the live-long day,
And wanton fairies dance the night away.
Next Egmont comes in view, Trinacrian height,
High-rising emblem of its owner's state;
Egmont, which gives to the illustrious race
The highest honour, and the senate's place.
'Twas here, if old tradition's tale be true,
When tyrant Denmark's lordly sons withdrew,
Compell'd by Boirou's arms to fly the land,
They hid their ravish'd plunder in the sand;
Where long committed to the faithful earth,
Ten centuries have yet deny'd them birth;
And yet uncertain lies the shining ore,
Condemn'd, perhaps, to see the sun no more.
And now the muse a distant tract surveys,
So rich, so vast above the muse's praise.
Here rooted to the earth, great Loghort stands
A mole enormous, fam'd in foreign lands;
Founded in justice and a pious cause,
Remains a monument of heaven's applause.
For when the English chiefs invaded first,
The wanton isle in impious riot curs'd,
By them erected this stupendous tow'r,
Right to support, and quell the factious pow'r;
For many ages constant to this end,
This mighty fortress did its plains defend.
In later times, when arms the land defac'd,
A chosen band by its great master plac'd,
Long kept this station, and unshaken stood,
Amidst the storm of war, and tide of blood,
Till false security betray'd the guard,
And one vile miscreant, for a mean reward,
Its maiden state defil'd, and basely sold;
Such the resistless force of all-alluring gold!
But Waller Loghort's rebel power shook,
And from her savage sons the post retook.
Here stay'd the muse, and on her summit sat,
Admir'd her magnitude, her strength, her state.
Deep in amazement ran the prospect o'er,
Such as her eye had scarce e'er seen before.
Beheld immensely high from ev'ry side,
The most luxuriant force of nature's pride:
In vain attempted to survey the land,
And mark each beauty of the high command;
Though more than mortal, yet the visual ray
Travell'd unbounded o'er the wondrous way,
Still wander'd on the yet unfinish'd sight,
And lost itself in atmosphere and light:
Where the blue firmament confounds the green,
And hazy vapours close the rapt'rous scene.

This barony gives title of Earl to the Right Hon. Edmund Boyle, Earl of Orrery, whose ancestor, Roger, Lord Broghill, was so created, September 5th, anno 1660, in consideration of his services in restoring King Charles II., as is expressed in his Lordship's patent of creation; on the 5th of February following, he was made Lord President of the Province of Munster, and in October, 1660, was declared one of the three Lords Justices for the government of this kingdom.

(To be Continued.)

(5) Those are in Kerry.

(6) Spenser's name for the Blackwater.

(7) Spenser makes this river tumble from the mountains of Slewlogher; but they are some miles distant from any part of it.

(8) The Mulla of Spenser, is the river Awbeg, in this county.

ONE OF THE WONDERS OF FRANCE.

Mr. E A Martel, the celebrated explorer of French caverns, has lately been explaining, before the Academy of Sciences, the remarkable variations in the flow of the great natural fountain of Vaucluse. This fountain, which has been famous for ages, and is connected with the romance of Petrarch and Laura, excites the admiration of all travellers. Arthur Young visited it during his travels in France on the eve of the great revolution, and gave a delightful sketch of it in his book. The fountain is so abundant with water that it gives rise to the Sorgue, a small river. Mr Martel says, in fact, that the fountain is the debouchment of a river, which, in the upper part of its course, flows entirely under ground; and he explains the curious irregularities in the quantity and temperature of the water by certain assumptions as to the shape and size of the subterranean cavities that give it passage.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual general meeting of the members of the Royal Irish Academy was held on Monday, 16th instant at the Academy House, Dawson street, for the election of President, Council, and officers for the ensuing year; to receive the report of the Council for the year 1902-3; for the election of members, and of two representatives of the Academy on the Board of Visitors of the Science and Art Museum, etc., in the room of Professor E. Perceval Wright, M.D., and Mr. J. Ribton Garstin, D.L.

The President, Professor Robert Atkinson, LL.D., occupied the chair.

The report stated—The Council regret that the question of the custody of the gold ornaments found in 1896 near Limavady has not yet been decided. But the action of the Crown against the British Museum, in respect of these ornaments, is listed for the present sittings in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, and the Council have reason to hope that it will come on for trial before Whitsuntide. The entire text of the Book of Armagh is now printed off, and the editor is engaged at the preparation of the introduction and appendices, which he hopes to be able to complete before the close of the present year. In the preparation of the Irish Dictionary the editor reports that the work of dividing out the slips has been carried on steadily and continuously during the past year, and has now advanced to the letter N. It is not contemplated to undertake the preparation of any more slips, save in cases where special researches may be found indispensable. An important change has been made dur ng the past year in the method of publication of the transactions and proceedings of the Academy. The Publication Committee, having felt for a considerable time the practical disadvantages of the system of publishing all the papers together in an unclassified form, very carefully considered the whole question. Accordingly, after full consideration, the Committee recommended the Council to publish henceforth the transactions and proceedings of the Academy respectively in three different sections, viz.—(a) Mathematical, Astronomical, and Physical Science; (b) Biological, Geological, and Chemical Science; (c) Archaeology, Linguistic, and Literature, which suggestion the Council adopted. The Academy has lost by death within the year four members and two honorary members in the Section of Science—viz., Sir George Gabriel Stokes, Bart., and Rudolph Virchow. The library has, as usual, received a number of works on Irish subjects through the kindness of their authors. Among these may be mentioned Mr. C. Litton Falkiner's "Studies in Irish History," Mr. Temple Scott's edition of the works of Jonathan Swift, Rev. J. P. Rushe's "Carmel in Ireland," and the Rev. P. S. Dineen's selections from authors who have written in the Irish language. Noteworthy additions to the library have been made by Rev. Maxwell H. Close, who has given some twenty-four works on Irish subjects, besides other important books on architecture and Celtic philology. Special mention should be made of Mr. Close's gift of drawings of Irish Antiquities, which formed the basis of the illustrations to Grose's "Antiquities of Ireland," published in 1795. These are now being arranged for binding in one volume. With the greatest regret the Council have to notify to the Academy that they have received from the Rev. Maxwell Close an intimation of his wish to retire from the office of Treasurer of the Academy. All the gold objects in the museum are now definitely arranged, and labels added to each object of importance. The collection of celts is brought into a more compact space, and the arrangement, by types and finds, more systematically carried out. The case in which the spears and daggers are exhibited is very interesting, as the development of the spear from the dagger is well illustrated by the arrangement, the transitions being clearly marked—probably better marked than in any other collection. The Committee are of opinion that there is great need of a detailed catalogue of the museum, and would suggest, more especially, that a separate descriptive work on the shrines—the chief of which are now deposited in the museum—should be prepared and fully illustrated, as it would certainly meet a demand and be much appreciated by those interested in Irish archaeology.

Professor Purser proposed, and Professor O'Reilly seconded, the adoption of the report.

Dr. Douglas Hyde said he would like to know how far the work of arranging the Irish manuscripts in the Academy had progressed during the year. He would like to have seen some reference made to that matter in the report.

The Chairman observed that that was not the time to raise the matter, the question before them being the adoption of the report.

Mr. Garstin said he was sure they all regretted the retirement of Rev. Maxwell Close fro mthe office of treasurer of the Academy. On that occasion it was meet that they should express the great obligation the Academy was under to Mr. Close for his valuable services to the Academy, extending over a period of twenty-five years, and their regret at his resignation. He hoped that those present would join with him in placing on record their deep sense of the valuable services rendered to the Academy by the Rev. Maxwell Close during his term of office as treasurer of the Academy.

Rev. Father M'Inerney said he had great pleasure in seconding the resolution. Not the least of his reasons for doing so, was, as they were all aware, that Rev. Mr. Close never forgot that the Academy was an Irish Academy, and that it was devoted to Irish interests.

The President, in putting the report and resolution, said he considered it would be a neglect of duty on his part and also a failure in giving expression to his own personal feelings if he did not add a brief word of approval to what had been already said. He was sure that Mr. Close himself felt deep regret at the circumstances which obliged him to relinquish his post. Mr. Close might be sure that the feelings of the members of the Council and the Associates were strong in expressing their sense of sorrow in having to accept his resignation. He (the President) had come to regard Mr. Close as a permanent pillar of the Academy, and it was a great shock to him and to every member of the Council to know that he would have to give up his post. The Academy had never a more loyal and devoted servant (hear, hear), nor had Ireland ever a more loyal and devoted son. He felt certain that the report and resolution would be unanimously agreed to.

The report and motion was unanimously adopted.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The following were elected as president and members of the Council for the ensuing year: President, Robert Atkinson, LL.D., Litt.D. Council—Committee of Science—Grenville A. J. Cole, F.G.S.; Charles J. Joly, Sc.D.; Joseph P. O'Reilly, C.E.; Francis A. Tarleton, LL.D., D.Sc.; Charles R. Browne, M.D.; Thomas Johnson, D.Sc.; Rev. W. R. Westropp Roberts, B.D.; John Joly, Sc.D., F.R.S.; R. Lloyd Praeger, B.E.; Robert F. Scharff, B.Sc., Ph.D.; William E. Wilson, Sc.D., F.R.S. Committee of Polite Literature and Antiquities—Rev. Maxwell H. Close, M.A.; Rev. Edmund Hogan, S.J., D. Litt.; Robert Cochrane, F.S.A.; Louis C. Purser, M.A., Litt.D; Most Rev. Bishop Donnelly, D.D.; C. Litton Falkiner, M.A.; Francis Elrington Ball, Henry F. Berry, M.A.; George Coffey, B.A.I.; Lord Walter Fitzgerald

NEW MEMBERS.

The following new members of the Academy were elected:—Walter Ernest Adeney, D.Sc.; George Herbert Carpenter, B.Sc. (Lond.); Rev. William Carrigan; Conolly Norman, F.R.C.P.I.; Rev. Charles Francis Knox Pooler, M.A., B.D. (Dub.); Reginald Arthur Percy Rogers, M.A. (Dub.), F.T.C.D.; Hugh Ryan, M.A., D. Sc.; William Edward Thrift, M.A. (Dub.); John Henry Wardell, B.A. (Dub.); and Gregg Wilson, M.A., D.Sc. (Edin.), Ph.D. (Freib.).

APPOINTMENT OF TREASURER.

It was unanimously agreed that Rev. Wm. W. Roberts be appointed to the position of treasurer, rendered vacant by the resignation of Rev. Maxwell Close.

SCIENCE AND ART MUSEUM.

Dr. Joly and Mr. J. R. Garstin, D.L., were elected to represent the Academy on the Board of Visitors to the Science and Art Museum. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded Professor E. P. Wright, M.D., who resigned his seat, for his services on the board.

Some matters of general business having been transacted,

The proceedings concluded.

CHINESE MAGIC LANTERNS.

The magic lantern, like porcelain, gunpowder, and printing, may have been an invention of the Chinese. For more than twenty centuries it has been a staple amusement in the Celestial Empire, and has been developed into many forms unknown to the occident. The Middle Kingdom, which has been well termed Topsy Turvy Land, uses the magic lantern in just the opposite manner from what we do, having the light and picture behind the screen, the same as in our parlour amusement of shadowgraphs. The commonest form of the magic lantern in the extreme Orient is a large box supported on a tripod or four-legged table. The box is about 4 feet wide by 2 high, and its front is made of ground glass, oiled silk, or oiled white paper.

Over the box is a light framework of bamboo and cloth which reaches to the ground and conceals the operator from the audience, but leaves the glass exposed to view. A powerful lamp in front of a concave reflector throws a strong light upon the glass or screen, as the case may be. The top of the box and the sides are half open to permit the introduction of small figures. This arrangement gives four distinct classes of instruments. With all four instruments the exhibitions are given in the streets, squares, and market places. They draw audiences ranging from five to thirty, and give an entertainment of from five to fifteen minutes in length. Each spectator is supposed to contribute 1 cash, or a twentieth of a cent. when the hat is passed around. Generous or enthusiastic patrons frequently give from 10 to 15 cash, so that the average performance nets the proprietor about 2 cents. This seems ridiculous to Europeans, but in a land where an able-bodied man can be hired for 5 cents. a day the owner of a successful magic lantern is looked upon as a very well-to-do individual.

The little plays which are written about the magic figures are as conventional as our own immortal Punch and Judy. The "wicked tiger" depicts the career of a dissolute animal who from killing pigs, dogs, and buffaloes, finally eats a beautiful maiden, and is slain by a Mongolian chief in full armour on horseback. "The wicked wife" forms a compact with the devil, squanders her husband's substance in riotous living, and, in the last scene, hangs herself in a blaze of red fire, while the evil one expresses wild joy in extraordinary Oriental gesticulations. "The cruel magician," "the grateful dragon," "the fairy foxes," and other bits of Eastern folklore afford brief sketches which are as familiar as household words.

SALE OF AN INTERESTING DUBLIN MANSION.

The trustees of Molyneaux Retreat, which has for many years past occupied the large old Dublin residence adjoining the Albert Chapel in Peter street, have succeeded in purchasing through the agency of Messrs MacArthur, of Talbot street, the large North Side Mansion in Eccles street, once the residence of the late Isaac Butt, Q C, M P. It occupies a double site, its unusual size and its front being ornamented with some well executed medallions of classical subjects makes it an object of interest to passers by.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Bacon-Shakespeare see-saw has not yet rocked itself to rest. "Is it Shakespeare?" is the title of a book to be issued next week by Mr. Murray. The author veils himself as "A Graduate at Cambridge," and his answer to his own question is "No." He bases his attribution of the plays to Bacon mainly on a study of the sonnets and poems, but we hear also of new revelations and new contemporary evidence.

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In the New York "Reader" for last month, we find an unusually interesting article on Schopenhauer. The writer, Mr. R. V. Risley, secured the information which he sets down from a man who knew Schopenhauer intimately for some months in Frankfort. Schopenhauer's mother was a sentimentalist, his father a grim and passionate man who voluntarily ended his life in a "black canal between two gloomy warehouses." After that the boy sat on a stool in the office of a Jew money-changer. When he grew up he went to Weimar to see his foolish mother, who had taken to writing mystical novels, "now," says Mr. Risley, "worthily forgotten." But an inevitable estrangement ensued, and as inevitably Schopenhauer fell in love; "it was characteristic of his whimsical and piteous bitterness that he should wilfully love below him." The woman's name is unknown—she was an actress; but from that point Schopenhauer's real career began. Yet for twenty years he remained unknown:—

Stumping along the narrow streets with his stick, a disordered sheaf of papers under his arm, he became a gibe with the cellar cheese-mongers and corner beer-sellers of the neighbourhood. With the delicate yellow of the afternoon sunlight patching the bowed and shiny back of his black coat in wavering squares of canary—through the flowing drifts of winter—with the flame-coloured autumn leaves fallen from trees overhead lying unnoticed on his shoulders—he walked unknown.

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It was only when the universities had begun to recognise Schopenhauer that the friend whom Mr. Risley names, Dr. Alan Read, first met the philosopher who "felt his thoughts." From the verbatim sayings of Schopenhauer, given by Mr. Risley, we quote the following:—

No man loves the woman—only his dream.

Fame? I prefer money.

It is less contemptible.

O, yes! I am perfectly willing to do anything which your morality decries—but even to be recalcitrant no longer especially interests me—save that it gives me my only amusement, the wonder of those who do not understand.

I am too tired to care for anything.

I have made one now unalterable mistake in my life—I have not been a fool. I wish to God I could be!

Laugh! Few things are worthy of seriosity—least of all an old man who sneers at the things of his youth begged for in silence.

Besides—the years flow over me like a wave—I am smothered. My brain is stunned with repetitionary detonations. The drums of memory are slack-headed as they beat the funeral farce-dirge of what I have never had—and from the land of to-morrow I hear the echo of a sunset-gun.

Life is only an old coat, by the casting off of which I would be eased—but I lack the bravery of cowardice—which requires less vanity than mine in order to be simple enough to put an end to existence.

Self-realisation kills laughter.

Besides—I am too tired.

The object of life? Having eliminated its joys and its reasons, could I find any object? Why, this glass of Moselle does more to tempt me to remain in life than do all my hopes—for I have so few—I am perhaps the only man in the world who has more expectations than hopes.

A year after the conversations recorded Schopenhauer died in his solitary lodgings. He was found sitting in his big chair, dead.

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Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne has achieved the distinction of being the subject of the "World's" seven hundred-and-eighty-third "Celebrities at Home" article. From it we learn that Mr. Hyne's early tendencies were towards athleticism rather than literature; "he was so good an oar as to be in the University (Cambridge) trial eights, while he materially assisted in working his college boat to a place higher up the river than it had ever attained before." Mr. Hyne is a great traveller, and knows Africa extensively. Concerning Captain Kettle we read:—

It was on his journey home, sailing from New Orleans on a tramp steamer, that he met the redoubtable "Captain Kettle," though not of that name. Passengers not being permitted on that kind of craft, Mr. Hyne had to sign articles before the Consul as doctor or mate, and so as one of the crew Mr. Hyne ran the risk of being shot by the fiery little skipper like any other of his shipmates. But Mr. Hyne's Captain Kettle of his famous "Adventures," he admits, is somewhat of a composite creation, embodying the brave spirit, the foul-mouthed imprecations, and the Methodism of the captain with the accordion-playing of the engineer and the poetical effusiveness of the fourth mate.

We like Captain Kettle (says the "Academy and Literature") but we can never quite forgive Mr. Hyne for depriving him of a leg.

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As is well known, Mr. Spencer has never enjoyed very robust health. In early life he was told by his physician that his health would never improve while he worked so hard and lived alone in lodgings. From the sixties onwards he resided in a boarding-house at 37 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater:—

His recreations now became varied and of inestimable benefit. When lawn-tennis was revived he took it up eagerly; he was always ready to join a picnic or an excursion, when he was as active and sportful as the youngest. He often went to the theatres and the opera, usually in company of friends. He set much store on his annual outing in Perthshire or Argyllshire, where he fished for salmon with the thoroughness which went into everything that he did. His flies were always of his own design. Indoors when in London, to get through the long dull evenings when he had no engagements, he played whist at first and then billiards. He often dined out, steady rather than brilliant. He often dined out, less from choice than for the sake of distraction from toil.

When recovering from a serious illness in 1878, Mr. Spencer dictated his autobiography to an amanuensis, sitting under the trees of Kensington Gardens.

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To promote the "entente cordiale" seems to be the laudable secondary object of the bilingual "Weekly Critical Review," the first number of which has just appeared in Paris. The Editor is Arthur Bles, who has obtained the names of some very distinguished contributors. M. Huysmans contributes a sketch; M. Bourget promises another for No. 2; M. Louis de Fiucard sends some very interesting notes on Flaubert. Two-thirds of the paper is written in English.

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By the death of Miss Ada Ellen Bayly, the "Edna Lyall" of many title-pages, we have lost a writer who at least had earnestness and a reasonably healthy outlook. As literature her books had no great value; they were diffuse and marked by no strong characterisation. Yet "Edna Lyall" had the narrative faculty, and her stories have a freshness which is not so common that we can afford to pass it too lightly by. The problems of "Donovan" were just such problems as cannot be treated in fiction with much actuality; at the same time, their appeal is so wide that books dealing with them are almost sure to be read. The details of Miss Bayly's life give no particular points for comment: she had the usual ups and downs of the literary career, and when "We Two" was published its success came as the usual surprise. Miss Bayly did her best honestly; she interested many thousands of readers, and did none of them any harm, which, after all, is a record of which any writer might be proud.

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The "Monthly Review" prints, under the not very happy title of "A Morning's Work in a Hampstead Garden," an article by Mr. Sidney Colvin concerning Keats's Nightingale Ode. The autograph draft of the poem was given by Keats to his friend, John Hamilton Reynolds; then it passed to Reynolds's sister, and through her to her two sons, Charles and Townley Green. The manuscript came up for sale at Sotheby's not very long ago, and was bought by the Earl of Crewe "at no extravagant price." The document is reproduced in facsimile in the "Monthly Review," and Mr. Colvin says concerning it, "that we have in it Keats's true and original draft of the poem is certain." On which hypothesis he proceeds to point out certain trifling inaccuracies in Charles Brown's record of how and when the ode was written. But we fail to see how Mr. Colvin arrives at his certainty. The manuscript reproduced, as far as its own evidence goes, might very well be a second or third draft. Brown said that the ode was first written on "four or five" scraps of paper; the manuscript in question covers only two half-sheets of notepapers. In absence of further evidence, we should be inclined (says "The Academy") to assume that Brown was right, and that Mr. Colvin's assumption as to this being a first draft, wrong. The matter is of no great importance, but it suggests the necessity of caution in such inquiries. The emendations and cancellings in the draft are of great interest, but for these readers must go to Mr. Colvin's article.

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In an article in the "New Liberal Review" on Lady Gregory's "Poets and Dreamers," Mr. W. B. Yeats contributes some thoughts of his own to the question of the possibilities of Irish nationality and the revival or creation of an Irish literature. Concerning these Galway people, he says—"I do not think imagination has changed here for centuries, for it is still busy with these two themes of the ancient poets, the sternness of battle and the sadness of parting and death." These two themes are, of course, universal, the more primitive the people the stronger being their hold. Later Mr. Yeats says:—

There is still in truth upon these great level plains a people, a community, bound together by imaginative possessions, by stories and poems which have grown out of their own life, and by a past of great passions which can still stir them to imaginative action. One could still if one had the genius, and had been born to Irish, write for these people plays and poems like those of Greece. Does not the greatest poetry always require a people to listen to it? England or any other country which takes its time from the great cities and gets its taste from schools and not from old custom, may have a mob, but it cannot have a people.

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A correspondent of the "Morning Advertiser," apropos of Mr. H. A. Jones's little difficulty with the "Times," has sent to the "Advertiser" particulars of "a wordy protest from the then (1876) manager of Drury Lane Theatre against adverse criticism," which, in that case also, had appeared in the "Times." Mr. Chatterton, the manager, admitted that critics usually treated him with fairness, but that the "Times" had fallen foul of "Richard III." without warrant. Nine years before the "Times" had said that Mr. Barry Sullivan would soon "be acknowledged as the leading legitimate actor of the British capital"; the later critic (or was he the same?) sneered at Mr. Sullivan as "an actor high in favour in America, and on our own provincial stages, but less known, perhaps, in London." And now we have the old story all over again, only in the modern instance it is the author and not the actor who considers himself aggrieved. Well, perhaps we should be grateful to Mr. Jones for a certain amount of mild amusement.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

On the shores of Prince William Sound, Alaska, a cave was recently discovered which contained fourteen wooden canoes with a mummy in each. Stone slabs covered the canoes. A number of stone implements were also fonnd there. The natives who live in the neighbourhood had no knowledge of the cave and its contents, nor any tradition concerning the remarkable find.

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The sand-blast as a substitute for soap, water, and scrubbing brush is a novel idea, but this has been used recently in the renovation of the Government Printing Office and the Treasury Building at Washington. A Chicago company has had a portable plant built for the purpose, and engages in the business of cleaning the fronts of marble building in all parts of the country.

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The contractor for the New York rapid transit subway recently stated that, owing to the great developments in electrical art, a generation of electricity is now only three years. This is a startling announcement, and sets one to thinking. What becomes of all the old machinery, and who pays for the new? How long will it be before a company can install a plant and feel assured that the machinery will not have to come out within a year or two?

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Physicists never tire of efforts to increase the accuracy of their knowledge of the fundamental facts of science. A re-determination of the velocity of light by the Fizeau toothed-wheel method described in school text-books has just been completed at the observatory of Nice. The new experiments are remarkable on acount of the great distance over which the beam of light employed was transmitted. Previously such a beam had been caused to travel about 15 miles, but on this occasion the reflecting mirror was so placed that the total distance traversed by the beam, going and returning, was 57 miles. The mean of 1,109 observations gave for the velocity of light 186,225½ miles per second.

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A year or so ago, when Professor Pupin's invention of a system of inductance coils by which ocean cables could be transformed into telephone lines was announced, many apparently thought that talking across the Atlantic would soon become an accomplished fact. But the question of cost and technical difficulties seem to have stood in the way. Now, however, it is reported that Berlin capitalists, who have acquired rights in the invention, intend to push its application between points on the shores of the Mediterranean, the Baltic and the North Seas. Direct telephonic communication between Berlin and London, and Berlin, Copenhagen, and Stockholm, by the aid of this system, is regarded as feasible.

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News comes from Worcester, Mass., that the Morgan Truck Company has completed and tested with success the largest automobile ever completed. The vehicle has a capacity of ten tons to a load, and is built entirely of steel. The motor used is a steam engine. The boiler is of the torpedo water-tube type. The automobile is so constructed that two or three loading bodies can be used, removing the trucks and running gear and placing them under another body, thus saving an enormous amount in time and expense of loading. The big cranes are attached to the truck, operated by the engine, capable of lifting the largest steel beams or granite blocks. The total daily capacity of the truck is estimated at 400 tons.

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A most interesting and practicable application which has been made recently of this property of aluminum is found in the experiments of M. L. Guillet in the preparation of alloys of aluminum. By mixing the aluminum powder with the oxide of other metal desired in the alloy, and igniting the mass in a crucible, the combustion of a portion of the aluminum furnishes heat to reduce and fuse the remainder of the charge, the result being a metallic alloy of the metals present. In this manner some results have been obtained which may prove of material industrial importance. Especially noticeable are the alloys of aluminum and nickel, and of aluminum and cobalt, these exhibiting an extremely high degree of strength and hardness.

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The long-distance automobile race on the Continent this year will be from Paris to Madrid—a distance over the route chosen of 531 kilometres, or 329¾ miles. The race will be run on three successive days—May 24, 25, 26,. Among the French manufacturers who have entered machines are the following:—Mors, 10 cars; Panhard-Levassor, 12; Renault Freres, 10; Dietrich, 9; Decauville, 4; Ader, 8. The manufacturers of the German "Mercedes" car have entered 6 machines; the makers of the Belgian "Pipe" machines have entered 4; England will be represented by Edge and Jarrott on Napier cars; and America by 2 Matheson machines, built by the motor car company of that name, Grand Rapids, Mich, and by H. S. Harkness and W. K. Vanderbilt, Junr., who will drive special cars which they are having built.

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If your eyesight is good, take care of it. Look away off yonder every time you get to the bottom of a page in reading. If it is defective; let no foolish pride prevent you from wearing the proper glasses. There is no sense in your handicapping yourself in life when a piece of glass before each eye will make your vision as good as it possibly can be. The occulist will not advise you to wear glasses if you do not need them any more than he will prescribe a drug you do not need. Plenty of people, though, do not know that they have defective sight because they have never really seen at all. They have headaches, inflamed eyes, sties, even much graver troubles, from the strain of trying to see with eyes that were put up wrong. There are cases where homicidal insanity has been completely cured when impaired vision has been corrected.—Harvey Sutherland in "Ainslee's Magazine."

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A test has been made at Montreal of a device to check the speed of vessels in an emergency. The device consists of fins, controlled from the wheel-house, which open at right angles to the vessel's side. The experiments were made with the Government steamer "Eureka," 103 feet long, 22 feet wide, and 200 tons capacity. The fins were ten feet long and 3 1-2 feet wide, made of three-eighth inch boiler plate. To hold the fins at right angles there are water cushions worked by rods and pistons from the fin. The cylinders in which the pistons work are four in number, each thirteen inches long with five inches of water pressure, and when the boat was running eleven knots there was no jar when the apparatus was applied. By using one fin only a vessel may be swung upon her own axis. Under a speed of eight miles an hour the "Eureka" was brought to a full stop in her own length when the fins only were used, and in half her length when the engines were reversed.

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Owing to the great advance in the cost of sponges during the last few years, due to the scarcity and results of overfishing and increased demand, the packers in Florida have resorted to "loading" sponges to keep down the prices, so as to appear to continue asking the former prices, whereas, in reality, the cost is twenty to thirty per cent. higher. There are several methods of accomplishing this, such as injecting into the sponge sand and marble dust; also by washing the sponges in a salt solution or by injecting glucose and heavy syrups. To compare the difference between a pure and loaded sponge, take a two-ounce spunge of each grade, wetting them both, and it will be found that the pure article will measure about nineteen inches in circumference or thereabout. The loaded article in comparison will only measure about sixteen inches in circumference and less.

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A sponge in its natural state is a different looking object from what we see in commerce, resembling somewhat the appearance of the jelly-fish, or mass of liver, the entire surface being covered with a thin, slimy skin, usually of a dark colour, and perforated to correspond with the apertures of the canals commonly called "holes" of the sponge. The sponge of commerce is in reality only the skeleton of a sponge. The active part of the sponge, that is, the part concerned in nutrition and growth, is a soft, fleshy mass, partly filling the meshes and lining the canals. It consists largely of cells having different functions; some utilised in the formation of the framework, some in digestion, and others in reproduction. Lining the dilated spaces into which different canals lead, are cells surmounted by whip-like projections. The motion of these projections produces and maintains the water-currents, which carry the minute food-products to the digestive cells in the same cavities. The eggs, which are called larvae, pass out into the currents of the water, and, in the course of twenty-four to forty-eight hours, they settle and become attached to rocks and other hard substances, and in time develope into mature sponges. The depth of the water in which sponge grows varies from ten to fifty feet in Florida, but considerably more in the Mediterranean Sea.

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The "Chicago Chronicle," in one of its recent issues, published an account of the introduction of the telephone into Europe. It seems that at a banquet recently given in Chicago for telegraph and telephone operators, Mr. Fernando Jones made a speech in which he told an anecdote which reflects upon the "Scientific American" no little credit. Mr. Jones stated that he saw and used the first telephone instrument ever made in Europe. "It was in Florence, and in the studio of Preston Powers, a son of Hiram Powers, the sculptor. It came about in this way: One day the mail brought to Mr. Powers a copy of the "Scientific American," which contained an account of a new and marvellous invention called the telephone. In the account were diagrams and particular descriptions, all of which Mr. Power, who had a fine mechanical talent, understood almost at a glance. I then left the city for a short trip, but after a week's absence I returned and called again up my friend. He said he had a wonderful thing to show me. Then leading me into a small room just off the studio, he pointed to a box that was set on another and larger one. It was a rude enough thing, but it had attached to it a tube with a mouthpiece and another tube that was adapted to the ear. There was a wire which extended from the box through the board partition of the little room, and I presently learned that it passed out through the window of the studio and up to his wife's drawing-room in his house. This house was situated on the Porta Romana, and the studio was some five hundred feet below it. Now I was for the first time to see the telephone used. 'Mr. Jones,' he said, 'I am going to ask you to dinner this evening, but first I will telephone my wife that you are coming.' This he did, and the answer came quick, clear, and cheery, 'All right.' That was the only telephone then in Europe, and when I had returned to the United States, there probably were not a dozen in any American city."

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(From the Dublin Newspapers of 1787.)

LONDONDERRY, OCTOBER 9.

In consequence of the very frequent robbery of the mail, the people of Cork, Belfast, and some other towns, have petitioned the Government to establish mail coaches, a measure which, we hope, may be carried into execution in this part of the kingdom also. In the meantime, a stage coach is to run between Strabane and Armagh the beginning of next month; this is a laudable scheme, and deserves the best encouragement of the public, as it will essentially improve our communication with Newry and all the towns upwards.

Two gentlemen of the army last Friday morning started from the barracks of Dublin; the first who entered into the walls of Derry was to gain 200 guineas from the other. One of the gentlemen accordingly arrived here on Saturday about one o'clock, having preformed the journey in 29 hours and a quarter on one horse. The other gentleman did not appear here at all; it is supposed his horse failed him upon the road.

BELFAST, OCTOBER 11.

A meeting of the Sovereign, and inhabitants of the town, was held at the Market-house on Tuesday last, to consider of the most effectual means to establish a Town-guard for the ensuing winter, it seeming to be the general wish of those gentlemen present who were Volunteers, that they should take an active part as usual, in the patrol of the streets, it was unanimously resolved that the Volunteers, and those other inhabitants who are not Volunteers, should take the care of the town upon them every fortnight alternately. With respect to mail coaches, it was the unanimous sense of the meeting that the establishment of one to run between this town and Dublin would be highly beneficial to the community, and was indeed a measure become absolutely necessary, on account of the late frequent robberies of the mail. It was, therefore, unanimously resolved that the Sovereign be requested to have a petition drawn up expressive of the above purpose, signed by him in the name of the inhabitants, and to be forwarded to his Grace the Lord Lieutenant as soon as possible.

DUBLIN, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12.

On Wednesday protections were delivered by order of the Government to the several Captains of his Majesty's Holyhead packets.

I a short time, at least in a series of five or six years, this metropolis will possess several advantages not enjoyed by many other capitals in Europe—the interrupted continuation of its quays from the extreme of the western part of this city to the channel in the harbour, with good embankments on each side, and adorned with spacious edifices and elegant houses, mostly belonging to merchants, may be a circumstance very naturally anticipated. In short, this city will become the admiration of foreigners, who will be, no doubt, led by a laudable curiosity to pay it frequent visits.

Monday evening, so early as six o'clock, Mr. Rooney, of the county of Meath, was stopped near the wood of Corduffe, on Trim road, by a gang of seven fellows, well armed, who threatened instant death on the least outcry. After obliging the gentleman to dismount, they searched his pockets, and even ripped the lining of his clothes, but only found sixteen shillings and some brass, with which they ran off on the noise of an approaching carriage.

DUBLIN, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16.

Yesterday, at one o'clock in the afternoon, a meeting of the principal artists in this city was held at the Royal Exchange, for the purpose of establishing a Museum in this city, for the display and encouragement of the arts and manufactures of this kingdom, when they came to some spirited and proper resolutions, formed a committee, and appointed a second meeting for Friday evening next, at seven o'clock, to be held at the Royal Exchange. The intention of this undertaking is to have a place where all description of ingenious productions of this kingdom shall be received, and daily exhibited to the public, gratis.

By the Revenue Act of last Session it was enacted, that all persons dealing in tobacco or retailing spirits, should make a quarterly return of the stock they have on hand, or forfeit the same, this having been neglected for the last quarter, upwards of £20,000 worth of tobacco was seized in the different shops of the city last week.

A grant, we hear, of five thousand pounds will be made the next Session of Parliament in aid of the works carrying on in our harbour.

On Saturday night last, between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock, a gentleman was stopped at the top of Winetavern street by three footpads, armed with pistols who forcibly dragged him into the entry of the house at the corner of John's lane, where, after robbing him of five guineas in gold, a few shillings in silver, together with his hat, shoe, stock, and knee buckles, they gave him several severe strokes on his head, and, leaving him senseless in the entry, got clear off with their booty, before the gentleman could sufficiently recover himself to alarm the neighbourhood. One of the villains, however, from the gentleman's description, being well known, it is hoped he and his associates will be brought to justice.

Last Saturday the Rev. Mr. Crawley, Minister of Kilgobbin, in the county of Dublin, with two or three persons in his company, having gone into the remote parts of the mountains, situate in that parish, to look after some tithes, although within so small a distance of the metropolis, a new scene of Whiteboyism took place. The inhabitants of those difficult and rugged places being apprised of that gentleman's visiting them, upon his getting among them, began the attack by sounding several horns, which were as speedily answered by others, in order to spread the alarm from place to place, and gather the greater multitude together, when prodigious numbers of women and girls, of all ages, assembled, and vast numbers were seen tripping over every hill; the Male Mountaineers, lest they might be punished for a breach of the laws, withdrew themselves from the battle, and left the matter to those robust Amazons, who committed hostility with such a desperate shower of stones, as instantly threw the opposite party into the utmost disorder and confusion, and made them give way; and the assailants having very warmly pursued their advantage, obliged them to seek their safety very precipitately, by flight, through the bogs and morasses, etc., etc.; and the assailed, in their way, having every now and again, met with fresh assailants, they were desperately wounded and bruised, and with very great fatigue and difficulty, narrowly escaped being stoned to death. The life of one man, however, who stuck in a bog, and was taken prisoner, is despaired of. Luckily for Mr. Crawley he was mounted, who being an elderly gentleman, must otherwise have fallen a victim to the savage ferocity of those rustics, who pursued him so closely, and with such agility for about five miles, through the deep glens, and over the high and rocky hills and precipices, which those parts abound with, that he was constrained to take bogs, stone-walls, ditches, and morasses, as they presented themselves in his way; and after a desperate chase, happily escaped his numerous and agile pursuers, not without slight contusions, however, which he received from some of the stones that were thrown, and himself and his horse very much harassed and fatigued. This outrage committed on Mr. Crawley is the most reprehensible, as it was altogether unprovoked and undeserved, that gentleman having never farmed out his tithes, in said parish; but, on the contrary, has heretofore accepted of whatever the parishioners were willing to pay him, although it never amounted to one-half, if a third, of his dues.

DUBLIN, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16.

Last week a beautiful pleasure boat and a new yawl, built by Mr. Wilithorne, near George's quay, was led through the city to Mr. Dillon's house in Fortick's lane, thence to be brought to his seat in Connaught; it was placed on a low four-wheeled cariage, constructed for the occasion, but which can also be used for the conveyance of corn, hay, timber, or any cumbrous materials.

The villain who robbed Mr. Abbot, of Drumcondra, was whipped from Kilmainham through the Circular Road to the place where he committed the robbery. The serving on board a ship of war being proposed to this hardened offender, he chose to undergo the lash; and as there is no doubt of his future ill designs, it would render the public a benefit to impress him into the sea-service.

DUBLIN, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18.

A general idea being conceived, that nothing would so much contribute to the civilisation of this country as the establishng of Mail Coaches, it is much to be wished that the Postmasters-General would mature some effectual plan for that purpose. Hitherto the impassable state of the great roads has baffled every idea on this subject.

A correspondent remarks that if an additional tax of one penny for fifty miles, and another penny for eighty miles and upwards, were laid upon all single letters, etc., it would be the means of enabling the gentlemen at the head of the Post-Office to devise some effectual plan for the acceleration and safety of correspondence, now become so very precarious from the numerous robberies which have been committed of late. And if, on the part of the Postmasters-General, they were to propose to the several Trustees of Roads, to pay a certain sum of money early, in lieu of turnpike-tolls, which, in case the additional tax was adopted, should be a liberal one: then all impediments would cease: the Trustees would be enabled, with this additional aid, to cause good roads, and make this very desirable measure become equally useful as in the sister kingdom.

Another correspondent remarks that the mode of fencing the roads in this country is a very dangerous obstacle to the establishing of mail coaches, which must of necessity travel by night with equal speed as by day, deep ditches being cut at each side of the road, and the embankment thrown in upon the fields. Whereas, in England, they are the very reverse, the ditches being uniformly, to the field, and the embankment to the roadside. This is a subject for the consideration of such gentlemen as, wishing the prosperity and improvement of their country, take the trouble to inspect the making of public roads through the kingdom.

(To be continued.)

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